

# Konkurs Poezji Irlandzkiej

Październik 2018



Connemara Landscape with Musicians, Allan Kenny

## PATRONATY HONOROWE:



Ambasáid na hÉireann  
Embassy of Ireland  
Ambasada Irlandii

Ambasada Irlandii w Warszawie  
Konsulat Irlandii w Poznaniu

## PATRONAT MEDIALNY:



Radio Poznań

## ORGANIZATOR:



Szkoła Języków Obcych Program sp. z o.o.

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## Szanowni Uczniowie!

Zapraszamy Was do wzięcia udziału w XV edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej, którego finał odbędzie się w Poznaniu 19 października w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia im. M. Karłowicza przy ul. Solnej w Poznaniu. Czternaście dotychczasowych spotkań z poezją irlandzką, zarówno tą mówioną, jak i śpiewaną, to czternaście wspaniałych przeżyć, które pozostaną nam w pamięci. Historia tych lat pokazała, że młodzież polska rozumie i ceni poezję irlandzką i według opinii Pana Johna McGowana, jurora i sponsora Konkursu od 2012 roku, potrafi ją zinterpretować nie gorzej niż rodowici mieszkańcy Zielonej Wyspy. Cieszy mnie niezmiernie, że inicjatywa szkoły Program (dawniej Program-Bell) przyjęła się wśród młodzieży w naszym regionie i dzięki niej anglojęzyczna poezja Irlandii stała się lekturą i przedmiotem interpretacji słownych i muzycznych.

Fundatorami nagród XV Edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej będą: Konsulat Irlandii w Poznaniu, Ambasada Irlandii w Warszawie, The North West Academy of English z Derry w Północnej Irlandii oraz Szkoła Języków Obcych Program (dawniej Program-Bell).

Wśród nagród za interpretację poezji znajdują się: półroczne kursy językowe w szkole Program w Poznaniu, egzaminy Cambridge Assessment English, warsztaty teatralne oraz nagrody książkowe, a także kilka zaproszeń do publicznego wykonania nagrodzonych utworów muzycznych w czasie obchodów Dnia Św. Patryka w marcu 2019 roku w Poznaniu.

Ponadto dwie główne nagrody za najlepszą interpretację utworów muzycznych to ufundowane przez **The North West Academy of English z Derry** dwa tygodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Północnej Irlandii.

Poznańskie **Radio Poznań**, jak co roku od wielu lat, pozostaje Patronem Medialnym Konkursu. Serdecznie zapraszamy do wzięcia udziału w Konkursie 2018 !

Katarzyna Lisiewicz – koordynator Konkursu

Katarzyna Andrzejewska – Zarząd Szkoły PROGRAM



## REGULAMIN KONKURSU RECYTATORSKIEGO POEZJI IRLANDZKIEJ

### Założenia Ogólne i Cele Konkursu

1. W konkursie mogą wziąć udział uczniowie klas 7 i 8 szkół podstawowych, oraz szkół gimnazjalnych i ponadgimnazjalnych (kategoria wiekowa także stanowi kryterium oceny).
2. W Konkursie nie mogą wziąć udziału laureaci edycji Konkursu z roku 2016 oraz 2017.
3. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych Program oraz Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia Gimnazjum i Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu.
4. Wszelkie działania koordynuje pani mgr Katarzyna Lisiewicz, współpracująca ze Szkołą Języków Obcych Program (kasialisiewicz@gmail.com)
5. Cele konkursu:
  - Konfrontacja i ocena umiejętności recytatorskich, aktorskich, muzycznych, w tym interpretacji poezji śpiewanej oraz ogólnej kreatywności młodzieży.
  - Prezentacja poszukiwań twórczych w dziedzinie repertuaru oraz wyrazu artystycznego.
  - Wyłonienie i popieranie talentów artystycznych i twórczych.
  - Kształtowanie i rozwijanie zainteresowań młodzieży współczesną i dawną literaturą, poezją i muzyką Irlandii.
6. Celem Konkursu jest: **recytacja fragmentów poezji irlandzkiej w języku angielskim lub ich przedstawienia w formie piosenki lub innego utworu muzycznego inspirowanego poezją irlandzką. Kategoria muzyczna zakłada także własną, niepowtarzalną interpretację utworów, wyszczególnionych w poniższym zbiorze. Propozycje utworów zawierają linki do ich wykonan muzycznych na portalu youtube.**

## I. Przebieg poszczególnych etapów

Konkurs przebiegać będzie w dwóch etapach:

### a. Etap szkolny

Każda szkoła może zgłosić do udziału w Konkursie maksymalnie 8 wykonawców, w tym osoby indywidualne oraz zespoły muzyczne. Szkoła zobowiązana jest do przeprowadzenia wewnętrznych eliminacji, które organizuje i przeprowadza Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Prosimy o zgłaszanie kandydatów do dnia 12 października (piątek) pod adresem elektronicznym: [office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl), podając imię i nazwisko kandydata, klasę i szkołę, do której uczęszcza oraz tytuł i autora wybranego utworu.

### b. Etap rejonowy

Organizatorzy dokonają weryfikacji poziomu artystycznego i językowego recytacji i prezentacji podczas eliminacji, które odbędą się w dniach 15 października (poniedziałek), 16 października (wtorek), 17 października (środa) 2018 roku, w godzinach od 9:30 do 19:30 dla szkół miasta Poznania oraz szkół spoza Poznania w siedzibie Szkoły Języków Obcych Program, mieszczącej się w Poznaniu przy ul. Fredry 1, I piętro. Celem eliminacji jest wyłonienie osób recytujących w języku angielskim lub interpretujących wiersze muzycznie (piosenka poetycka), które zdobędą najwyższą punktację w ramach interpretacji poezji.

## II. Finał Konkursu

Finał konkursu będzie miał miejsce 19 października 2018 roku w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia Gimnazjum I Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu, ul. Solna 12, w godzinach od 10:00 do 14:00. W jury konkursowym zasiądą:

- a) aktor
- b) nauczyciel-muzyk
- c) nauczyciel-anglista
- d) dyrektor The North West Academy of English

Młodzież otrzyma materiały do 5 października 2018 roku pocztą elektroniczną lub w formie papierowej. Materiały będzie można również znaleźć na stronie: [www.angielskiprogram.edu.pl](http://www.angielskiprogram.edu.pl). Będą to proponowane przez organizatorów **fragmenty poezji wybitnych poetów irlandzkich w języku angielskim, a także wykonania muzyczne przedstawione przez irlandzkich muzyków, piosenkarzy i poetów. Propozycje muzyczne**

**będzie można obejrzeć w podanych linkach do portalu youtube.** Istnieje możliwość wybrania własnego fragmentu związanego tematycznie z konkursem. Należy wówczas przynieść na eliminacje tomik z zaznaczonym fragmentem. Podczas trwania konkursu młodzież będzie mogła wziąć udział w quizie dotyczącym znajomości kultury Irlandii. Dla najlepszych przewidziane są atrakcyjne nagrody ufundowane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program. Przewidziany jest także konkurs dla nauczycieli (z nagrodami) oraz prezentacja nt egzaminów Cambridge.

### **III. Ogłaszanie i zatwierdzanie wyników Konkursu**

Oficjalne wyniki ogłasza się w formie komunikatu w miejscu i dniu przeprowadzenia Konkursu. Zaświadczenia dla finalistów zostaną wydane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program.

### **IV. Nagrody**

Nagrody w Konkursie są ufundowane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program, Szkołę The North West Academy of English oraz Konsulat Irlandii w Polsce. Wśród nich są : dwa tygodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Północnej Irlandii z pobytem u rodziny, trzy półroczne kursy językowe, warsztaty teatralne Studia Aktorskiego STA, egzaminy Cambridge Assessment English: B1 First lub C1 Advanced oraz nagrody książkowe, płyty, koszulki. W ramach nagrody - bezpłatny egzamin Cambridge Assessment English - kandydat zostanie zaproszony na test kwalifikujący do egzaminu. Szkoła Program zapewni również załatwienie wszelkich formalności związanych ze zdawaniem egzaminów. Zdany egzamin Cambridge Assessment English oznacza otrzymanie międzynarodowego certyfikatu, który jest uznawany na całym świecie zarówno przez wyższe uczelnie, jak i pracodawców.

*“Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests  
I’ll dig with it.”*

Seamus Heaney  
“Digging”

## **Martin Dolan**

Urodził się w roku 1967 w Dublinie. Jego pierwsza sztuka "The Broken Kiss" została wystawiona podczas Międzynarodowego Festiwalu w Dublinie. Martin pracował przez wiele lat jako wydawca i dziennikarz, a także wykładał na uniwersytecie UAM w Poznaniu oraz w Omanie. Jego pierwszy zbiorek poezji "Rustaq", ukazał się w roku 2017. Wkrótce zostanie przełożony na język polski i wydany w Polsce. Jego powieść "Pre-Spring" ma ukazać się w tym samym terminie.

### **Two cats in Cluj-Napoca, Romania**

Look at the two of them!  
When they're not licking themselves,  
They're licking one another,  
As though it's going out of fashion.

Clui, these two, without a whisker of doubt.  
Ana says: "Nadir and zenith of moon  
Can only be truly seen from a different angle.  
The real moon can only be seen

From a uniquely different perspective.  
"What do you mean?" asks Oscar,  
"Would you not just kiss my nose?"  
"I will not"., she snaps. Patiently, Oscar relies:

"How then, Madam, do I see the real moon?"  
"Look at it upside down, from a different angle.  
Take a right hand turn near your hips-  
"Round the corner from your hole-Gaze upwards!"

So he did, and the moon stopped  
Being feline, and every cursed thing.

God was suddenly not a dog, not a wrestler on TV,  
Yet He was thoroughly in His element,

His perfect delight, revealing true moon at last,  
And the antics of His cats, as though  
Like them and moon, He'd never, Himself,  
Been seen in such magnanimous grace before.

## **Dermot Healy**

Popularny poeta i pisarz irlandzki (ur. 18.06. 1947 – zm. 29.07 2014), nazywany “mistrzem” lub celtyckim Hemingwayem. Był członkiem grupy Aosdána (ludzie sztuki) – stowarzyszenia skupiającego najwybitniejszych twórców w Irlandii. Healy mieszkał w County Sligo. Był autorem wielu powieści, w tym “A Goat’s Song oraz wielu tomików wierszy, w tym “What the Hammer”.

### **THE HARES ON OYSTER ISLAND**

Praise be the hares on Oyster  
As they curl on the stone beach  
And look across at Rosses!

Do they take that shape to look good-  
A soul looking toward heaven  
But not ready to go yet?

When I take the binoculars and see the blur of the hare  
Separating itself from the blur of the stones  
The disturbance eases.

The hare that always turns back a moment  
To look steadfastly into the sights  
Of the rifle that will kill him

Bounces forward, looks back into my eyes,  
Bounces forward, looks into my daughter's eyes,  
And settles comfortable,

Comforting me in my turn.  
Praise be the hares on Oyster Island!  
Put there by huntsmen. Loved by poets.

And gone at last beyond the reach of dogs.  
They eat with the sheep and the guinea hens,  
And run short distances between bouts of contemplation.

May they have long lives,  
The hares that afford us a break  
From the language that would explain them.

May they be shot straight through the heart  
By a woman in a boat, and then wake to hear



The bells of the halyards.

That nature allowed me  
A moment to look back the way I've come  
And feel, this time, I'm safe for a while.

To be like the hares that sit out there beyond smell,  
Beyond touch, secure on their pads as they sit  
Up and remember!

May the hares increase! The inspiration  
They give me prosper. That I learn to make of isolation  
And fear a grand thing.

Let the hare sit! Let the hare sit on the moon!  
And may we all be shot straight through the heart  
By a woman in a boat.



## THE LITTLE WHITE CAT (author unknown) 18<sup>th</sup> century (Folk song from the Gaelic)

The little gray cat was walking prettily,  
When she found her little son stretched dead  
And 'twas only a year since her family  
Were cast out and drowned in a trench.

The little white cat , white, white, white,  
The little white cat, Breed's cat.  
The little white cat, snowy white  
That was drowned in a trench.

The little mother stood upright,  
When she found her little son dead;  
She brought him in and made a bed for him,  
And then began to lament him.

The little white cat , white, white, white,  
The little white cat, Breed's cat.  
The little white cat, snowy white  
That was drowned in a trench.

Andrew, the blind, had some of her family,  
And they came together to lament him,  
I am sure if Barry hears it,  
He will regret the death of Breed's cat.

The little white cat, white, white, etc.

He broke no chest, nor lock of the neighbors,  
Nor did he destroy the cows' butter.  
And you never heard such discourse,  
As the mice had in telling it.

The little white cat, white, white, etc.

His eye was grey, his walk was pretty,  
His step was light and active:  
And I'd rather far be going to the clay  
Than that the province of Munster should hear of it.

The little white cat, white, white, etc.

The little white cat would hump his back  
As big as a three pint jug.

Wasn't he a fine show for the gentry to see,  
Poll, Breed's pretty little cat?

The little white cat, white, white, etc.

Walter's Martin will put a wooden coffin on him,  
And it's he that is able.

And were it not for the time at which he died  
We should have every cause for lamenting.

The little white cat , white, white, white,  
The little white cat, Breed's cat.  
The little white cat, snowy white  
That was drowned in a trench.

## Seamus Heaney

Jeden z najwybitniejszych poetów współczesnych, noblista z 1995 r., zmarł w 2013 roku w Dublinie. Był poetą na wskroś irlandzkim, któremu irlandzkość nie wystarczała. (...)Do pełnego zrozumienia poezji Heaney'a trzeba przygotować się jak do podróży na biegun północy - ona żyje historią Irlandii, jej kulturą i obyczajowością. Gawędzi jej językami, wędruje przez jej krajobraz i tryska jej humorem. Bywa też przenikliwie krytycznym adwersarzem irlandzkiej rzeczywistości.

Cały tekst:

[http://wyborcza.pl/1,75475,14523433,Niosl\\_ze\\_soba\\_Irlandie\\_Seamus\\_Heaney\\_nie\\_zyje.html#ixzz2elcbpx6D](http://wyborcza.pl/1,75475,14523433,Niosl_ze_soba_Irlandie_Seamus_Heaney_nie_zyje.html#ixzz2elcbpx6D)

### Keeping Going

The piper coming from far away is you  
With a whitewash brush for a sporran  
Wobbling round you, a kitchen chair  
Upside down on your shoulder, your right arm  
Pretending to tuck the bag beneath your elbow,  
Your pop-eyes and big cheeks nearly bursting  
With laughter, but keeping the drone going on  
Interminably, between catches of breath.

\*

The whitewash brush. An old blanched skirted thing  
On the back of the byre door, biding its time  
Until spring airs spelled lime in a work-bucket  
And a potstick to mix it in with water.  
Those smells brought tears to the eyes, we inhaled  
A kind of greeny burning and thought of brimstone.  
But the slop of the actual job  
Of brushing walls, the watery grey  
Being lashed on in broad swatches, then drying out  
Whiter and whiter, all that worked like magic.  
Where had we come from, what was this kingdom  
We knew we'd been restored to? Our shadows  
Moved on the wall and a tar border glittered  
The full length of the house, a black divide  
Like a freshly opened, pungent, reeking trench.

\*

Piss at the gable, the dead will congregate.  
But separately. The women after dark,

Hunkering there a moment before bedtime,  
The only time the soul was let alone,  
The only time that face and body calmed  
In the eye of heaven.

Buttermilk and urine,  
The pantry, the housed beasts, the listening bedroom.  
We were all together there in a foretime,  
In a knowledge that might not translate beyond  
Those wind-heaved midnights we still cannot be sure  
Happened or not. It smelled of hill-fort clay  
And cattle dung. When the thorn tree was cut down  
You broke your arm. I shared the dread  
When a strange bird perched for days on the byre roof.

\*

That scene, with Macbeth helpless and desperate  
In his nightmare--when he meets the hags agains  
And sees the apparitions in the pot--  
I felt at home with that one all right. Hearth,  
Steam and ululation, the smoky hair  
Curtaining a cheek. 'Don't go near bad boys  
In that college that you're bound for. Do you hear me?  
Do you hear me speaking to you? Don't forget!'  
And then the potstick quickening the gruel,  
The steam crown swirled, everything intimate  
And fear-swathed brightening for a moment,  
Then going dull and fatal and away.

\*

Grey matter like gruel flecked with blood  
In spatters on the whitewash. A clean spot  
Where his head had been, other stains subsumed  
In the parched wall he leant his back against  
That morning like any other morning,  
Part-time reservist, toting his lunch-box.  
A car came slow down Castle Street, made the halt,  
Crossed the Diamond, slowed again and stopped  
Level with him, although it was not his lift.  
And then he saw an ordinary face  
For what it was and a gun in his own face.  
His right leg was hooked back, his sole and heel

Against the wall, his right knee propped up steady,  
So he never moved, just pushed with all his might  
Against himself, then fell past the tarred strip,  
Feeding the gutter with his copious blood.

\*

My dear brother, you have good stamina.  
You stay on where it happens. Your big tractor  
Pulls up at the Diamond, you wave at people,  
You shout and laugh about the revs, you keep  
old roads open by driving on the new ones.  
You called the piper's sporrans whitewash brushes  
And then dressed up and marched us through the kitchen,  
But you cannot make the dead walk or right wrong.  
I see you at the end of your tether sometimes,  
In the milking parlour, holding yourself up  
Between two cows until your turn goes past,  
Then coming to in the smell of dung again  
And wondering, is this all? As it was  
In the beginning, is now and shall be?  
Then rubbing your eyes and seeing our old brush  
Up on the byre door, and keeping going.

## Twice Shy

Her scarf a la Bardot,  
In suede flats for the walk,  
She came with me one evening  
For air and friendly talk.  
We crossed the quiet river,  
Took the embankment walk.

Traffic holding its breath,  
Sky a tense diaphragm:  
Dusk hung like a backcloth  
That shook where a swan swam,  
Tremulous as a hawk  
Hanging deadly, calm.

A vacuum of need  
Collapsed each hunting heart  
But tremulously we held  
As hawk and prey apart,  
Preserved classic decorum,  
Deployed our talk with art.

Our Juvenilia  
Had taught us both to wait,  
Not to publish feeling  
And regret it all too late -  
Mushroom loves already  
Had puffed and burst in hate.

So, chary and excited,  
As a thrush linked on a hawk,  
We thrilled to the March twilight  
With nervous childish talk:  
Still waters running deep  
Along the embankment walk.

## Derek Mahon

Literaturę interesował się od dzieciństwa. Studiował w Trinity College w Dublinie oraz na Sorbonie w Paryżu. Jakiś czas przebywał w Kanadzie i USA. Wydał kilka tomików poezji. Obecnie mieszka w Kinsale, Cork. W roku 2007 otrzymał nagrodę David Cohen Prize for Literature. W latach 2007 i 2009 otrzymał inne nagrody literackie.

### The Thunder Shower

A blink of lightning, then  
a rumor, a grumble of white rain  
growing in volume, rustling over the ground,  
drenching the gravel in a wash of sound.  
Drops tap like timpani or shine  
like quavers on a line.

It rings on exposed tin,  
a suite for water, wind and bin,  
plinky Poulenc or strongly groaning Brahms'  
rain-strings, a whole string section that describes  
the very shapes of thought in warm  
self-referential vibes

and spreading ripples. Soon  
the whispering roar is a recital.  
Jostling rain-crowds, clamorous and vital,  
struggle in runnels through the afternoon.  
The rhythm becomes a regular beat;  
steam rises, body heat—

and now there's city noise,  
bits of recorded pop and rock,  
the drums, the strident electronic shock,  
a vast polyphony, the dense refrain

of wailing siren, truck and train  
and incoherent cries.

All human life is there  
in the unconfined, continuous crash  
whose slow, diffused implosions gather up  
car radios and alarms, the honk and beep,



and tiny voices in a crèche  
piercing the muggy air.

Squalor and decadence,  
the rackety global-franchise rush,  
oil wars and water wars, the diatonic  
crescendo of a cascading world economy  
are audible in the hectic thrash  
of this luxurious cadence.

## Paul Durcan

Urodził się w Dublinie w 1944 roku, studiował na University Collage Cork. Jego pierwszy indywidualny zbiór poezji *O Westport in Light of Asia Minor* otrzymał w roku 1975 nagrodę Patrick Kavanagh Award. Kolejne zbiory poezji to *Teresa's Bar* (1976), *Sam's Cross* (1978), *Ark of the North* (1982), *Jesus, Break his Fall* (1983) i *Going Home to Russia* (1987). Jego *The Berlin Wall Café* (1985) zostało wyróżnione przez stowarzyszenie London Poetry Book Society, a za *Daddy, Daddy* (1990) otrzymał nagrodę Whitebread Poetry Prize. W roku 1990 piastował zaszczytny tytuł writer-in-residence na uniwersytecie Trinity College, Dublin. Z bardziej współczesnych publikacji należy wymienić *Give Me Your Hand* (1944), *Christmas Day* (1996), *Greetings to Our Friends in Brazil* (1999) i *Cries of an Irish Caveman* (2001). Paul Durcan jest członkiem grupy Aosdana.

## WIFE WHO SMASHED TELEVISION GETS JAIL

"She came home , my Lord, and smashed-in the television:  
Me and the kids were peaceably watching Kojak  
When she marched into the living-room and declared  
That if I didn't turn off the television immediately  
She'd put her boot through the screen;  
I remember the moment exactly because Kojak  
After shooting a dame with the same name as my wife  
Snarled at the corpse-Goodnight, Queen Meave-  
And then she took off her boots and smashed –in the television;  
I had to bring the kids round to my mother's place;  
We got there just before the finish of Kojak:  
(My mother has a fondness for Kojak, my Lord);  
When I returned home my wife had deposited  
What was left of the television into the dustbin,  
Saying – I didn't get married to a television  
And I don't see why my kids or anybody else's kids  
Should have a television for a father or a mother  
We'd be much better off all down in a pub talking  
Or playing bar-billiards-  
Whereupon she disappeared off back down again to the pub"  
Justice O'Bradaigh said wives who preferred bar-billiards to  
family television  
were a threat to the family which was the basic unit of society  
As indeed the television itself could be said to be a basic unit of  
the family  
And when as in this case wives expressed their preference in  
forms of violence  
jail was the only place for them. Leave to appeal was refused.

## FLOWER GIRL, DUBLIN

Afternoon in Winter  
I sit in Robert Robert's café  
Watching men and women  
Especially women,  
I am crazy about women.

Just because I am a man without a woman  
Does not mean that I have no interest in women  
In fact I am preoccupied with fundamentally nothing else  
I read all of Nietzsche when I was seventeen.  
Then it was time to grow up.

Would you please hose some of your hot liquid into me?  
Mother of five to boy at coffee dispenser.  
She must be forty at least but as she sips her grounds  
-Her Costa Rican grounds-  
As she slowly smacks her lips  
Trickling her tonguetip along her liprim  
She is a girl not yet nineteen  
Haughty as an English woman in Shanghai  
She is wearing a red cloche hat, grey wool overcoat  
Black low high-heel shoes.

I see in today's newspaper a black-and white photograph  
Of a woman in a black mini-skirt at the opening  
Of the Sean McSweeney retrospective last night  
( There is a man who can paint – not many can  
Since the Great Yeats died in 1957 )

But such as that photo causes a stir in me  
-an abstract stir in me-  
It is as nothing compared to that glimpse of ankle  
-sheer ankle-  
Of the mother of five in the red cloche hat  
-Would you please hose some of your hot liquid into me ?

Time to go-home. I dally to loiter  
In the doorway of the café semaphoring to myself  
In the shopwindow opposite, my bowler hat,  
My frock coat, my gleaming galoshes.  
A flower girl with a single red rose in her hands  
Is passing the time of day with the mother of five  
Not making any particular pitch to sell.

### **Timorousness entices me to my right**

But I know, Jack, I know  
I should step briskly to my left,  
Proffer the single red nose to the mother of five,  
Nail my colours to the mast.  
Will I or won't I?  
And give all my loose change to the flower girl-  
All my loose change?

## Paul Muldoon

Urodzony w 1951 roku w Irlandii Północnej poeta postmodernistyczny, opublikował 30 zbiorów poezji. Za swoje prace otrzymał prestiżowe nagrody: Pulitzera oraz T.S. Eliota

## ANSEO

When the master was calling the roll  
At the primary school in Collegelands,  
You were meant to call back Anseo  
And raise your hand  
As your name occurred.  
Anseo, meaning here, here and now,  
All present and correct,  
Was the first word of Irish I spoke.  
The last name on the ledger  
Belonged to Joseph Mary Plunkett Ward  
And was followed, as often as not,  
By silence, knowing looks,  
A nod and a wink, the master's droll  
'And where's our little Ward-of-court?'

I remember the first time he came back  
The master had sent him out  
Along the hedges  
To weigh up for himself and cut  
A stick with which he would be beaten.  
After a while, nothing was spoken;  
He would arrive as a matter of course  
With an ash-plant, a salley-rod.  
Or, finally, the hazel-wand  
He had whittled down to a whip-lash,  
Its twist of red and yellow lacquers  
Sanded and polished,  
And altogether so delicately wrought  
That he had engraved his initials on it.

I last met Joseph Mary Plunkett Ward  
In a pub just over the Irish border.  
He was living in the open,  
in a secret camp  
On the other side of the mountain.  
He was fighting for Ireland,  
Making things happen.  
And he told me, Joe Ward,  
Of how he had risen through the ranks  
To Quartermaster, Commandant:  
How every morning at parade  
His volunteers would call back Anseo  
And raise their hands  
As their names occurred.

## **Anthony Cronin**

Wybitny poeta i pisarz literatury irlandzkiej. Obecnie, już po osiemdziesiątce, nadal tworzy doskonałą i głęboką poezję. Jego wiersze poruszają czułością, z jaką pisze o stosunkach międzyludzkich. Niektóre wiersze tryskają humorem, a wszystkie charakteryzuje niezwykła poetycka inteligencja autora. W roku 1983 otrzymał nagrodę Marten Toonder Award za zasługi dla literatury irlandzkiej, a w 2003 zaszczytny tytuł Saoi grupy Aosdana.

### **Birthday Thoughts**

Now that I have come to this unlikely age,  
Some insight may be expected of me,  
Some truth, some sort of  
Final truth it may be.  
I expect it of myself.

At this age you're supposed to be a bit wise,  
If not maybe as wise as those Celtic philosophers  
Who live on mountainsides  
Where the wind blows from afar,  
Clenching their pipes in their teeth,  
And have spiritual experiences  
Which they put into books  
That reach the bestseller lists.

I live in Ranelagh.  
I watch the clouds break  
Almost overhead.  
Light pours from the winter sky.

But I have no insight into  
The `problem of existence`.  
I am as ignorant about it now  
As I ever was – and that was completely.  
If pushed I will admit  
That I am inclined to think  
That it is peculiar  
That we have this yearning  
For proportion and harmony and truth,  
This great thirst  
For rightness.  
Aquinas listed among his proofs for God  
That we have an innate knowledge of right and wrong,  
And well, I agree.

But I mean a different kind of rightness  
For which we all have a great thirst,  
Which we must have got from somewhere,  
A yearning which in most lives is brutalised  
From the housing estate and the school onwards.

But I say, I'm inclined to think -  
If I were to say any more than 'inclined'  
I would really be on the incline,  
The slippery slope-  
The next thing I would know  
And the thing after that  
I would be trying to make other people know.

But I have no message of hope or love.  
Actually, I do know a bit about love,  
Have had it, as you might say, dinned into me.  
But what I know does not amount to the message,  
The serene and optimistic message  
The fellows up beyond the last bog have arrived at  
By staring into those distances,  
Their pipes between their teeth.

I stare at the wall of the front yard  
Which has a brief patch of sunlight on it.  
Not much, you may say,  
Not as good as the Atlantic distances  
And the metaphors and the connections,  
But in its way convincing enough.  
And anyway, it will have to do.



## Nuala Ni Dhomhnaill

Nuala Ni Dhomhnaill jest jedną z najznakomitszych poetek irlandzkich, które piszą w języku irlandzkim. Jej poezja jest tłumaczona na angielski przez największych poetów tego kraju, takich jak: Seamus Heaney, Medbh McGuckian, and Paul Muldoon. Zarówno tematy irlandzkie, jak i język są bardzo istotne dla jej poezji. Dominuje tematyka irlandzka poczynając od mitów staro-celtyckich po detale życia współczesnego.

## Behemoth

A martyr this morning, as ever, to cramps and pains  
I organize myself to face the day.  
I show a leg, put my shoulder to the wheel,  
Daub paint on my eyelids and stick a couple of long  
Hairpins in my desperate mane to hold it—  
Too much trouble even to brush my hair.

I start on the spot on this heavy, sluggish,  
Difficult, heartbreaking work, the reason no doubt  
I was first put on the earth.  
I take the same little plastic brush that I use  
On good days to spread melted butter on pastry.  
And gradually lay bare with insect patience,  
Sifting away like an ant, with a hunter's eye, or

The sharp ear of a trespassing pig, alternately huffing  
And puffing and effing and blinding: in the wet sand,  
The painful lines of our horror, the bordered frame of fear,  
That lays us low so often in the bogs of despond.  
You'd take it as first for a boat's skeleton, a kind  
Of Sutton Hoo for our people, but soon its true shape appears:  
Biblical Behemoth, the monster of all the old tales.

## **Eavan Boland**

Irlandzka poetka, autorka, profesor. Jej dzieła nawiązują do irlandzkiej tożsamości narodowej i roli kobiet w historii Irlandii. Od 1995 wykładowca na Stanford University.

### **The Pomegranate**

The only legend I have ever loved is  
the story of a daughter lost in hell.  
And found and rescued there.  
Love and blackmail are the gist of it.  
Ceres and Persephone the names.  
And the best thing about the legend is  
I can enter it anywhere. And have.  
As a child in exile in  
a city of fogs and strange consonants,  
I read it first and at first I was  
an exiled child in the crackling dusk of  
the underworld, the stars blighted. Later  
I walked out in a summer twilight  
searching for my daughter at bed-time.  
When she came running I was ready  
to make any bargain to keep her.  
I carried her back past whitebeams  
and wasps and honey-scented buddleias.  
But I was Ceres then and I knew  
winter was in store for every leaf  
on every tree on that road.  
Was inescapable for each one we passed.  
And for me.  
It is winter  
and the stars are hidden.  
I climb the stairs and stand where I can see  
my child asleep beside her teen magazines,  
her can of Coke, her plate of uncut fruit.  
The pomegranate! How did I forget it?  
She could have come home and been safe  
and ended the story and all  
our heart-broken searching but she reached  
out a hand and plucked a pomegranate.  
She put out her hand and pulled down  
the French sound for apple and  
the noise of stone and the proof  
that even in the place of death,  
at the heart of legend, in the midst  
of rocks full of unshed tears  
ready to be diamonds by the time  
the story was told, a child can be  
hungry. I could warn her. There is still a chance.  
The rain is cold. The road is flint-coloured.  
The suburb has cars and cable television.  
The veiled stars are above ground.

It is another world. But what else  
can a mother give her daughter but such  
beautiful rifts in time?  
If I defer the grief I will diminish the gift.  
The legend will be hers as well as mine.  
She will enter it. As I have.  
She will wake up. She will hold  
the papery flushed skin in her hand.  
And to her lips. I will say nothing.

## STORM

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: MICHAEL LONGLEY

Poeta irlandzki, jeden z twórców nowoczesnej szkoły liryki w Irlandii Północnej. Ukończył filologię klasyczną w Trinity College w Dublinie. Debiutował w 1969 tomem *No Continuing City*. Laureat prestiżowych nagród literackich. Poeta był wieloletnim dyrektorem wydziału literatury i sztuki w City Council w Irlandii Północnej. W 2001 roku otrzymał złoty medal za poezję od Królowej Elżbiety II.

Almonds and vines and lawns  
drink up the last  
of shallow, short-term water  
then suck on the black depths  
with a draw mightier  
than the moon's. And suck.  
In sudden places the ground  
puckers and caves.  
Far westward, China smokes.  
Nobody sees the rains fail  
until they have.  
Tableland mesas crack.  
In the mountains the snowpack thins,  
meltwater now brown  
reluctant drops.  
Cities gasp in the sun's stare.  
Faucets cough  
and families turn inwards.  
There must be somebody to blame.  
Better ourselves than no-one.  
We brag  
of damage done

but whether we could truly  
dry all rain, bake all earth,  
science does not know.  
The wastefulness was all  
ours but this fetid heat  
could be a planetary  
impersonal adjustment  
like an ice age,  
so it might well be wise  
to keep always  
facepaint and ash about us.  
When the last clouds  
wagon-train off,  
loincloth and invocation will be  
the one hope for last  
woman and last man discovering  
she's pregnant.

## E DON'T EAT

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: VINCENT MCMORROW

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kR3HRMO7nZg>

James Vincent McMorrow is an Irish singer-songwriter. As of 2016, he has released 3 studio albums (Early in the Morning, Post Tropical and We Move). His song "Glacier" was used as part of an advertising campaign for the Spanish Lottery and his cover of the Chris Isaak song "Wicked Game" was used in the official trailer for the sixth season of the TV show "Game Of Thrones". He won an European Border Breakers Award in 2012 for the success of his first album beyond Ireland

If this is redemption, why do I bother at all?  
There's nothing to mention, and nothing has changed  
Still I'd rather be working for something, than praying for the rain  
So I wander on, until someone else is saved

I moved to the coast, under a mountain  
Swam in the ocean, slept on my own  
At dawn I would watch the sun cut ribbons through the bay  
I'd remember all the things my mother wrote

That we don't eat until your father's at the table  
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust  
Never once has any man I've met been able to love  
So if I were you, I'd have a little trust

Two thousand years, I've been in that water  
Two thousand years, sunk like a stone  
Desperately reaching for nets

That the fishermen have thrown  
Trying to find, a little bit of hope

Me, I was holding all of my secrets soft and hid  
Pages were folded, then there was nothing at all  
So if in the future I might need myself a savior  
I'll remember what was written on that wall  
That we don't eat until your father's at the table

We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust  
Never once has any man I've met been able to love  
So if I were you, I'd have a little trust

Am I an honest man and true?  
Have I been good to you at all?  
Oh I'm so tired of playing these games  
We'd just be running down  
The same old lines, the same old stories  
of Breathless trains and, worn down glories

Houses burning, worlds that turn on their own

So we don't eat until your father's at the table  
We don't drink until the devil's turned to dust

Never once has any man I've met been able to love  
So if I were you my friend, I'd learn to have just a little bit of trust

## ANAHORISH

**LYRICS according to the poem of Seamus Heaney**

**MUSIC: SAINT SISTER and LISA HANNIGAN**

<https://youtu.be/7ORA-VMMgmw>

Zespół Saint Sister stworzyły w listopadzie 2014 roku dwie dziewczyny, Morgan MacIntyre i Gemma Doherty. Ich muzyka czerpie z wczesnych celtyckich tradycji i nawiązuje do muzyki folkowej lat sześćdziesiątych, a także do elektronicznego popu. Słychać w niej soulową harmonię głosu i elektroakustyczną harfę.

My 'place of clear water,'  
the first hill in the world  
where springs washed into  
the shiny grass

and darkened cobbles  
in the bed of the lane.  
Anahorish, soft gradient  
of consonant, vowel-meadow,

after-image of lamps  
swung through the yards  
on winter evenings.  
With pails and barrows

those mound-dwellers  
go waist-deep in mist  
to break the light ice  
at wells and dunghills.



## CAUSING TROUBLE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: SAINT SISTER

<https://youtu.be/df3PpzsuvUQ>

Came by to tell me how you've changed  
You got a new girl, she keeps you sane

And you don't think of me like that  
I hold the moment in the gap

But honey I know you  
We dance to Elvis in the kitchen

At least we used to

And honey you know me  
We danced from Belfast to the Basin

When you sang, "And it stoned me"  
Well it stoned me

[Pre-Chorus]

You on the blue carpet

We swapped bodies for a while  
What was I doing all of those years?

[Chorus]

Causing trouble I hear  
Causing trouble I hear

You said, "darling it's a shame"  
Was I intent on staying strange?

Take that car out of my garden  
We should have left it on the island

Honey I know you  
Doesn't that count for something?

At least I used to

[Pre-Chorus]

You on the blue carpet  
We swapped bodies for a while

What was I doing all of those years?

[Chorus]

Causing trouble I hear  
Causing trouble I hear

## CASTLES

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: SAINT SISTER

<https://youtu.be/dXD1bcRkab4>

My mother is lonely,  
My father left early yesterday.

My sister is tired,  
Her lover's a liar.

And I, I am like my mother,

But I'm like my father, too.

And I, I'll take their answers,  
Paint them as something new.

My mother is lonely,

My father speaks only to himself.  
My sister's in danger,

Her lover's a stranger.

And I, I'm like my mother,

But I'm like my father too.  
And I, I'll build you castles,

Then I'll knock them through.

What are we without our chains?

I will carry on this name.  
What are we without our chains?

You and I are just the same.

And I, I'm like my mother,  
But I'm like my father.

And I, I'll build you castles,

Then I'll knock them through.

My mother is lonely,  
My father left early yesterday.

## SOMEONE NEW

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: HOZIER

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ax3qCW319nk>

**Andrew Hozier-Byrne** – urodzony w 1990, młody muzyk irlandzki z Bray, County Wicklow. Znany jako Hozier, syn muzyka z Bray, County Wicklow. Hozier jest multiinstrumentalistą i tworzy muzykę z pogranicza soulu, bluesa, a także R&B.

Don't take this the wrong way,

You knew who I was with every step that I ran to you,  
Only blue or black days,

Electing strange perfections in any stranger I choose.

Would things be easier if there was a right way?

Honey, there is no right way.

And so I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new  
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new  
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

There's an art to life's distractions,  
To somehow escape the burning weight, the art of scraping through,

Some like to imagine,  
The dark caress of someone else, I guess any thrill will do

Would things be easier if there was a right way?

Honey, there is no right way.

And so I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new  
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new  
I wake at the first cringe of morning,

And my heart's already sinned.

How pure, how sweet a love, Aretha, that you would pray for him.

'Cause God knows I fall in love just a little, oh, a little bit every day with someone new

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new  
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new  
I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day

Love with every stranger, the stranger the better

Love with every stranger, the stranger the better  
Love with every stranger, the stranger the better

Love with every stranger, the stranger the better  
Love with every stranger, the stranger the better

Love with every stranger, the stranger the better

I fall in love just a little, oh a little bit every day with someone new [Repeat 'til end]

## CHERRY WINE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: HOZIER

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5l4iwiDK\\_IQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5l4iwiDK_IQ)

Her eyes and words are so icy  
Oh but she burns  
Like rum on a fire  
Hot and fast and angry

As she can be  
I walk my days on a wire

It looks ugly, but it's clean  
Oh mamma, don't fuss over me

The way she tells me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or closed fist would be fine  
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Calls of guilty thrown at me  
All while she stains  
The sheets of some other  
Thrown at me so powerfully  
Just like she throws with the arm of her brother

But I want it, it's a crime  
That she's not around most of the time

Way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or closed fist would be fine  
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Her fight and fury is fiery  
Oh but she loves  
Like sleep to the freezing  
Sweet and right and merciful  
I'm all but washed  
In the tide of her breathing

And it's worth it, it's divine  
I have this some of the time  
Way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or closed fist would be fine  
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

## LOVE DON'T LEAVE ME WAITING

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hgG2rljJqH4>

Love, you've been hesitating  
You've been hanging on for that sign too long  
And love, you've been leaving me waiting  
And I don't know why or what it is I've done

And love, don't leave me guessing  
Oh, love, don't keep me  
Show yourself to me

And time, you've been erasing  
You've been running out on me  
And tongues, you've been a talking  
You've been saying what you really mean

And love, don't leave me waiting  
Oh, love, don't keep me  
And love, don't leave me guessing  
Oh, love, don't keep me  
Show yourself, show yourself

And love, don't leave me waiting

Oh, love, don't keep me  
And love, don't leave me guessing  
Oh, love, don't keep me  
Show yourself to me

## IF YOU WANT ME

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD. MARKETA IRGLOVA

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eJslMr6NefE>

Are you really here

Or am I dreaming  
I can't tell dreams from truth  
For it's been so long  
Since I have seen you

I can hardly remember your face anymore  
When I get really lonely  
And the distance calls its only silence  
I think of you smiling  
With pride in your eyes  
A lover that sighs  
If you want me  
Satisfy me  
If you want me  
Satisfy me  
Are you really sure  
That you believe me  
When others say I lie  
I wonder if you could  
Ever despise me  
You know I really try  
To be a better one to satisfy you  
For you're everything to me

And I do what you ask me  
If you let me be free  
If you want me  
Satisfy me  
If you want me  
Satisfy me  
If you want me  
Satisfy me  
If you want me  
Satisfy me

If you want me  
Satisfy me  
If you want me  
Satisfy me



## FOR YOU

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sd5NlYvhv\\_Q](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sd5NlYvhv_Q)

Gavin James is an Irish singer-songwriter. He released his debut album "Bitter Pill" last November and it reached the Platinum level for number of sales in Ireland. This helped him to win the Choice Music Prize. He has already performed on US television, appearing on both James Corden's "Late Late Show" and Jimmy Kimmel Live!

Maybe I'll forget and maybe I won't  
I'm stuck in the moment

And so far from home  
Cause loving nobody  
It's breaking my heart  
But you'll never know this  
Wherever you are

Well maybe I don't give up easily But I know this is hard to see But I wish time would slow down  
So I could keep your heart around If I can make you stay another day I'll wait another day for you, and for you

Maybe I'm love drunk, I wish that I'd known

What you would say if time would slow down  
So I could keep your heart around  
If I can make you stay another day  
I'll wait another day for you

Well maybe I don't give up easily  
Oh but I know this is hard to see  
But I know time won't slow down  
So I can keep your heart in my hands  
Oh but maybe if you stay a little while  
You might feel like I do for you

## NERVOUS

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jn-k66pQ0H4>

I promise that I'll hold you when it's cold out  
When we loose our winter coats in the spring  
Cause lately I was thinking I never told you  
That every time I see you my heart sings

Cause we lived at the carnival in summer  
We scared ourselves to death on a ghost train  
And just like every ferris wheel stops turning  
Oh I guess we had an expiration date  
So I won't say I love you, it's too late  
And ooooooooooh  
Oooooohoooooooooh

And ooooooooooooooh  
Ooooooooooooooooooh  
Cause every time I saw you I got nervous  
Shivering and shaking at the knees  
And just like every song I haven't heard yet no  
I didn't know the words in front of me

In front of me, and ooooooooooh  
But I don't wanna know

Who'll take you home? (x3)  
Hooooooooome  
If I let you gooooooooooooo

And oooooohhhhhh (x3)  
Oooooooooooooooooohhhhhh  
Now that you're on someone else's shoulders  
The winter winds are colder on my own  
Maybe we will meet when we get older  
Maybe we won't  
So I won't say I love you if you don't

And no you don't  
So I won't say I love you if you don't

## DELICATE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DebgF9\\_AXuE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DebgF9_AXuE)

Damien Rice jest irlandzki piosenkarzem, autorem tekstów i jednocześnie producentem muzycznym. Gra na pianinie, gitarze, klarnecie i perkusji. Damien jest aktywnym działaczem i brał udział w kampanii Freedom. Bardzo dużo działał na rzecz uwolnienia Aung San Suu Kyi, oraz napisał i wykonał piosenkę, której nadał tytuł "Unplayed Piano" w 2006 r. na gali Pokojowej Nagrody Nobla w Oslo.

We might kiss when we are alone  
Nobody's watching  
We might take it home  
We might make out when nobody's there  
It's not that we're scared  
It's just that it's delicate

So why do you fill my sorrow  
With the words you've borrowed  
From the only place you've know  
And why do you sing Hallelujah  
If it means nothing to you  
Why do you sing with me at all?  
We might live like never before

When there's nothing to give  
Well how can we ask for more  
We might make love in some sacred place  
The look on your face is delicate  
So why do you fill my sorrow  
With the words you've borrowed

From the only place you've know  
And why do you sing Hallelujah  
If it means nothing to you  
Why do you sing with me at all?  
why do you fill my sorrow  
With the words you've borrowed  
From the only place you've know

And why do you sing Hallelujah  
If it means nothing to you  
Why do you sing with me at all?

**AMIE**

**LYRICS AND MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zQ1\\_RhaJznc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zQ1_RhaJznc)

Nothing unusual, nothing strange  
Close to nothing at all

The same old scenario, the same old rain And  
there's no explosions here

Then something unusual, something strange  
Comes from nothing at all

I saw a spaceship fly by your window  
Did you see it disappear?  
Amie come sit on my wall  
And read me the story of O  
And tell it like you still believe  
That the end of the century

Brings a change for you and me  
Nothing unusual, nothing's changed  
Just a little older that's all  
You know when you've found it,  
There's something I've learned  
'Cause you feel it when they take it away  
Something unusual, something strange

Comes from nothing at all  
But I'm not a miracle  
And you're not a saint  
Just another soldier  
On the road to nowhere  
Amie come sit on my wall

And read me the story of O  
And tell it like you still believe  
That the end of the century  
Brings a change for you and me  
And Amie come sit on my wall  
And read me the story of O  
And tell it like you still believe

That the end of the century  
Brings a change for you and me

## THE BOX

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE

[https://youtu.be/DDE\\_TYmB5Y4](https://youtu.be/DDE_TYmB5Y4)

Don't give me something to hold in my hand

Something else to believe in  
Cause I'm over it  
And your reasons for wanting to stay  
Your reasons for wanting to change

My reasons for everything are dull to you...

I have tried but I don't fit

Into this box I'm living with  
Well, I could go wild

But you might lock me up...

And I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box you call a gift

When I could be wild and free

But god forbid then you might envy me...

So don't give me love with an old book of rules  
That kind of love's just for fools

And I'm over it

And my reasons for walking away  
My reasons for wanting to change

My reasons for everything are lost with you...

I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box I'm living with

Well I could go wild

But you might lock me up...

I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box you call a gift

When I could be wild and free  
But god forbid, then you might envy me...

I have tried...

Into this box...

Well I could go wild...  
But you might lock me up...

I have tried but I don't fit

Into this box you call a gift  
When I could be wild and free

But god forbid, then you might envy me...

I could be wild and free  
But god forbid, then you might...

## **CROSSFIRELYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LVr\\_MUVk6Ag&feature=youtu.be](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LVr_MUVk6Ag&feature=youtu.be)

Little Hours are a young Donegal duo who have become the latest Irish act to land a major label record deal after signing to RCA, a division of Sony Music which is the former home of Elvis Presley and current label of Kings of Leon.

Piano / Lead Vocals - John Doherty

Lead Guitar / Backing Vocals - Ryan Mc Closkey

Hey girl you've had your fun, now I'm listening  
Tied your hands behind your back, now they're blistering  
Fill up all my nights with strange pen and paper  
Twist and turn the words trying to shape her

You got your flaws, but we all do  
You hold a love that don't belong to you  
You went away with my heart on a string  
You exist on energy

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

You don't hold me when I'm wrong, tied your hands and now you're  
numb I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

Sunday morning I awake

Your body like a wire, your arms like a noose, your arms like a noose

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting  
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

You don't hold me when I'm wrong, tied your hands and now your  
numb I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

If the bruises don't heal by morning will anyone come a  
calling Right out of your heart I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm  
falling

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting  
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting  
You don't hold me when I'm wrong, tied your hands and now your numb

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

I'm just shaken, I'm just shaken, I'm just shaken.

## EMBER

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0ogNMXDTZSI>

You said it's cold outside, I said that it's nice to meet  
you You called yourself one thing, I called you ember

You struggle with words like love and hate, find a way to complicate  
it

It's hard to forget a smile like that, I should have taken more photographs

Oh ember, you never stay long  
Oh ember, never sticks around

Run like the wind and fall like the rain, if I ever feel for you again,  
So stare right back and watch it smolder, outside seems a little colder

Oh ember, you never stay long  
Oh ember, never sticks around

No you never, no you never, never stick around  
No you never, no you never, never stick around  
No you never, no you never, never stick around  
No you never, no you never, never stick around  
No you never, no you never, never stick around  
No you never, no you...

You said it's cold outside, I said that it's nice to meet you



## LOSING LIGHT

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-370\\_0bUbyM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-370_0bUbyM)

The last time that I saw you  
We never saw the end, I know  
Tell me if I'm right or wrong  
We didn't see it get darker  
We didn't know it got later  
We never knew we were losing light

I'll be your lifeboat  
Don't fall like a house of cards when the wind blows  
Too afraid of what you found, to make your way home

The last time that I saw you  
You were too afraid to be alone  
Tell me if I'm right or wrong  
In the cold sea water  
Burying me in shining fire  
No one told us when we were young

That I'd be your lifeboat  
Don't fall like a house of cards when the wind blows  
Too afraid of what you found, to make your way home  
So you fly just to hit the ground on the way down  
You get high just to hide the scars from yourself now  
From yourself now

And I, I wanna see you light up  
I don't wanna see the curtains close  
And I, I wanna see you light up  
I don't wanna see the curtains close  
And I, I, I wanna see you light up  
I don't wanna see the curtains close

I'll be your lifeboat  
Don't fall like a house of cards when the wind blows  
Too afraid of what you found to make your way home  
So you fly just to hit the ground on the way down  
You get high just to hide the scars from yourself now

The last time that I saw you  
We never saw the end, I know  
Tell me if I'm right or wrong

## HOPE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jXIWxyTKcKU>

I can feel the heart beat  
Of another place  
And it teases me  
I can hear the sound of  
Your cheeks and your teeth  
And it pleases me  
But now the thrill is leaving me

Just call it hope, it's on the horizon  
Want me to go, you know that I'll run  
Just call it hope, it's on the horizon  
If I watch this go then you know that I'm done  
I can like the taste of the smoke on your lips  
I never realized but now the thrill has passed me by

Just call it hope, it's on the horizon  
Want me to go, you know that I'll run  
Just call it hope, it's on the horizon  
If I watch this go then you know that I'm done

Just call it hope, it's on the horizon  
Want me to go, you know that I'll run

## WHAT IF THIS IS ALL THE LOVE YOU EVER GET

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: SNOW PATROL

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D52qnC7dJcQ>

Snow Patrol are an Irish rock band formed in 1994 consisting of Gary Lightbody (vocals, guitar), Nathan Connolly (guitar, backing vocals), Paul Wilson (bass guitar, backing vocals), Jonny Quinn (drums), and Johnny McDaid (piano, guitar, backing vocals). Initially an indie rock band, the band rose to prominence in the early-mid 2000s as part of the post-Britpop movement.

Woah, what if this is all the love you ever get?  
Woah, you'd do a couple things so differently, I bet  
Woah, what if this is all the love I ever know  
Woah, I'd say the words that were so hard to say, don't go

So you've fallen in love  
So you've fallen apart

What if it hurts like hell  
Then it'll hurt like hell  
Come on over, come on over here  
I'm in the ruins too  
I know the wreckage so well  
Come on over, come on over here

Woah, what if this is all the love you ever get?  
Woah, you'd not worry so much about counting your regrets  
Woah, what if this is all the love I'm ever shown  
Woah, I'd not be so scared to run into the unknown

So you've fallen in love  
So you've fallen apart

What if it hurts like hell  
Then it'll hurt like hell  
Come on over, come on over here  
I'm in the ruins too  
I know the wreckage so well  
Come on over, come on over here  
What if this is all the love you ever get?  
What if this is all the love you ever get?  
What if this is all the love you ever get?

## LIFENING

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: SNOW PATROL

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lcHUBYX26o>

A hand upon my forehead, the joking and the laugh  
Waking up in your arms, a place to call my own

This is all I ever wanted from life, this is all I ever wanted from life  
This is all I ever wanted from life

Ireland in the World Cup either North or South  
The fan club on the jukebox, the birds and yes the bees

This is all I ever wanted from life, this is all I ever wanted from life  
This is all I ever wanted from life

Words of reassurance but only if they're true  
Just some simple kindness, no vengeance from the gods

This is all I ever wanted from life, this is all I ever wanted from life  
This is all I ever wanted from life

To share what I've been given, some kids eventually  
And be for them what I've had, a father like my dad

This is all I ever wanted from life, this is all I ever wanted from life  
This is all I ever wanted from life

This is all I ever wanted from life, this is all I ever wanted from life  
This is all I ever wanted from life

## HOW TO BE DEAD

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: SNOW PATROL

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hNSGCVPPXvk>

You said it's cold outside, I said that it's nice to meet you  
Please don't go crazy, if I tell you the truth  
No you don't know what happened  
And you never will if  
You don't listen to me while I talk to the wall  
This blanket is freezing, it's been out in the hall  
Where you've had me for hours  
Till I'm sure what I want  
But darling I want the same thing that I wanted before  
So sweetheart tell me what's up I won't stop no way

Please keep your hands down  
And stop raising your voice  
It's hardly what I'd be doing if you gave me a choice  
It's a simple suggestion can you give me sometime  
So just say yes or no  
Why can't you shoulder the blame  
Coz both my shoulders are heavy  
From the weight of us both  
You're a big boy now so let's not talk about growth  
You've not heard a single word I have said...  
Oh, my God

Please take it easy it can't all be my fault  
I haven't made half the mistakes  
That you've listed so far  
Oh baby let me explain something  
It's all down to drugs  
At least I remember taking the and not a lot else  
It seems I've stepped over lines  
You've drawn again and again  
But if the ecstasy's in the wit is definitely out  
Dr. Jekyll is wrestling Hyde for my pride

## ALL WORKS OUT

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: THE RIPTIDE MOVEMENT

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CshpZTyEqs0>

The Riptide Movement are four lifelong friends from Lucan. There is an authenticity in everything they do. It permeates their sound and defines their approach. They are dreamers with a plan, on the journey of a lifetime.

I can't bear to see you this way  
Your heart is heavy  
Your eyes plain to see  
I know you feel lost  
I know you feel scared  
I know you feel down

I'm with you every step of the way  
Tomorrow's a new day

It all works out  
It all works out  
It all works out  
It all works out

Your smile was fading, fading from you  
Your mind is troubled  
I know you, I see it in you  
I know we'll get through this  
I know we'll get by  
I know we can do it

I'm with you every step of the way  
Tomorrow's a new day

It all works out  
It all works out  
It all works out  
It all works out  
Ohhh, ooohhhh, ohhhh, ohhhh!!!

I am with you, I have your back  
You have my heart too

I would never leave you this way  
I will carry you-ou every step of the way  
Tomorrow's a new day

It all works out  
It all works out  
It all works out  
It all works out

Believe in me  
Believe in me  
Believe in me  
Believe in me  
Believe in me

## WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: PICTURE THIS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ss9ij6bda2U>

Picture This are an Irish Alternative band. The band consists of Seán Kenny on guitar and vocals, Daniel Herley on drums, Graham Halton on piano and Seán Brophy on bass guitar. Seán sings in an ancient Irish dialect that is incomprehensible to the modern Irish person.

Oh we burned, bridges in our hearts  
And we learned how to grow apart and it hurt  
When we were young  
Now we've grown and we did this all on our own  
Raised on the streets of our home  
When we were young

We had fights and we made up  
All these nights getting way too drunk  
And I, oh I...

I'd do it all again tonight  
Relive all of the stupid fights  
I wanna be the person I was when we were young  
You know we really had the life  
The girls would wait for us outside  
I wanna be the person I was when we were young

Oh we tried, our best to stay past midnight  
Steal your dad's car and just drive  
When we were young

We had fights and we made up  
All these nights getting way too drunk  
And I, oh I...

I'd do it all again tonight  
Relive all of the stupid fights  
I wanna be the person I was when we were young  
You know we really had the life  
The girls would wait for us outside  
I wanna be the person I was when we were young

Oh when we were young  
Oh when we were young  
Oh when we were young

I'd do it all again tonight  
Relive all of the stupid fights  
I wanna be the person I was when we were young  
You know we really had the life  
The girls would wait for us outside  
I wanna be the person I was when we were young



Oh when we were young  
Oh when we were young  
Oh oh yeah

## THIS MORNING

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: PICTURE THIS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Kg9UjA3nb2c>

Do you love me? Or do you just hate being alone?  
And are you hurting? Why must you be so cold?  
Why are you like this? Is it because of what happened before?  
It must be priceless, being loved in the dark

Can you tell me now, what I am to do?  
Can you show me how, how to make it true?

Because this morning, I woke up next to you  
And I was falling. But I guess it just fell through  
Oh this morning, I turned to look at you  
But you were gone, and I just don't know what to do

And do I love you? Or do I just hate being alone?  
And does it hurt you, hearing me be this cold?  
Why am I like this? Is it because of what happened before?  
It must be priceless, being loved in the dark. Being loved in the dark

'Cause this morning, I woke up next to you  
And I was falling. But I guess it just fell through  
Oh this morning, I turned to look at you  
But you were gone, and I just don't know what to do

And I was falling, oh this morning

The late night talks, the offstage calls, the shoulder every time  
The summer walks, and all we've thought of all we've left behind  
There's nothing now, but distance how did we end up this way?  
We can try to fix this, but I think it's far too late  
(I think it's far too late.)

Because this morning, I woke up next to you  
And I was falling. But I guess it just fell through  
Oh this morning, I turned to look at you  
But you were gone, and I just don't know what to do

And I was falling, oh this morning

## NEVER CHANGE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: PICTURE THIS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=olQ2XR9A5YI>

There's a thousand things  
I've wanted to say  
But I've never been brave  
No, I've never been brave  
And you deserve  
The whole world  
An island to yourself  
You're an island in yourself  
And I think its time, that I tell you  
How I feel, this is how I feel  
And I get lost, when I'm with you  
And you'll hear me say

Never change, baby  
Stay the same, lady  
That I've known for so long  
Never change

There's a hundred places  
I've wanted to see  
Would you see them with me?  
Would you see them with me?  
And I don't care, where we go  
'Cause you are home, you are my home  
And we can stay, in cheap hotels  
Let's just pay, to entertain ourselves  
And I get lost, when I'm with you  
And you'll hear me say...

Never change, baby  
Stay the same, lady  
That I've known for so long, and I'm your man hear me  
Scream your name daily, who I've known for so long  
Never change

And I will take you with me  
Everywhere I go  
Pack your bags and leave it baby  
I want you to know  
That loving you is easy  
I thought I'd tell you so  
And I want you to know...

Never change baby  
Stay the same lady  
Did I move for so long?

Never change baby  
Stay the same lady  
Did I move for so long?  
And I'm your man hear me  
Scream your name daily  
Who I've known for so long  
Never change

## WHITE PIANO

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: AINE CAHILL

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F5TRZi59CVs>

Áine Cahill (born 16 August 1994) is a pop singer-songwriter from County Cavan, Ireland. She spent her childhood heavily involved with her local GAA club, Ballyhaise, then discovered her love of music at the age of 16. She is inspired by current music, citing Lady Gaga, Lana Del Rey and Marina and the Diamonds as her main influences but combines that with her love of classic Jazz from the 1950s. Cahill's unique sound and writing style captivates the listener; her storytelling evoking emotion and vivid imagery, allowing the audience to escape into her world.

It's a Friday night and I'm all alone  
Well I'm sitting on the couch in my living room drinking champagne on my own  
Watching TV and running my fingers through my hair  
Thinking about how my life would be so different if you had of been there  
But you were taken away from me when I was just a child  
When I never knew the way you loved or the way that you smiled  
You were taken away from me when I was just a little girl  
I thought how could someone do this 'cause my mamma is my world

So I sit down and I play my white piano,  
Oh it's the only thing you gave to me before you had to go  
So I sit down and I play my white piano,  
It's the only thing I have left of you, it's all I'll ever know,

It's a Friday night, I'm thinking about you  
About how you never tried to love me, or never wanted to  
Laying in my bed I'm starting to tear  
When I've taken all my meds and my sleeping pills just wishing you were here

But you were taken away from me when I was just a child  
And I never knew the way you loved or the way that you smiled  
You were taken away from me when I was just a little girl  
I thought how could someone do this 'cause my mamma is my world

So I sit down and I play my white piano,  
It's the only thing you gave to me before you had to go  
So I sit down and I play my white piano,  
It's the only thing I have left of you, it's all I'll ever know,

And I bring that white piano with me everywhere I go  
Cause I dream of you, my family too, it's what I'm yearning for  
White Piano

**BLOOD DIAMONDS**  
**LYRICS AND MUSIC: AINE CAHILL**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sEmCiOrI55M>

Blood diamonds are my best friends  
I'm keeping them forever, they're with me 'til the end  
I don't really care if no one understands  
Got my possessions, don't need anybody else

And I don't really think I am greedy  
Say I [?] everything, no one will believe me  
Spending all my money on all these fancy things  
Buying all my diamonds for all my diamond rings  
I'm the biggest bitch in the world, and I wear

Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Don't really care about anybody else  
Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Don't care where they come from 'cause they're pretty on my neck

A blood diamond is like my child  
No one can ever know, only they can make me smile  
Don't wear fake fur, only the real thing  
I pair them with my pearls and all my blood diamond rings

And I don't really think I am greedy  
Say I [?] everything, no one will believe me  
Spending all my money on all these fancy things  
Buying all my diamonds for all my diamond rings  
I'm the biggest bitch in the world, and I wear

Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Don't really care about anybody else  
Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Don't care where they come from 'cause they're pretty on my neck

And I don't care once I get what I want  
I don't have no guilt, I have diamonds to flaunt  
Greed is a sin and I'm a sinner  
Giving is for losers, taking is for winners

Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Don't really care about anybody else  
Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Don't care where they come from 'cause they're pretty on my neck

Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Blood diamonds, blood, blood diamonds  
Blood diamonds, diamonds, diamonds

**This is not a complete list and students can choose a track from any Irish singer/songwriter. Here are some of our popular choices from previous competitions:**

- U2
- Sinead O Connor
- Van Morrison
- Westlife
- Hozier
- Kodaline
- Glen Hansard
- Damien Rice
- Dubliners
- Pogues
- Undertones
- Little Hours
- Gavin James
- Niall Horan
- Cranberries
- Snow Patrol

Please provide us with a copy of the chosen song and artist.

# CRÍOCH

## The end

