

# Konkurs Poezji Irlandzkiej – marzec 2023



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STUDIO AKTORSKIE

## **Drodzy Uczniowie!**

Zapraszam Was do wzięcia udziału w XIX edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej, którego finał odbędzie się w Poznaniu 17 marca 2023 roku, w dzień Św. Patryka, patrona Irlandii (piątek) w Sali Kameralnej Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia im. M. Karłowicza przy ul. Solnej w Poznaniu. Osiemnaście dotychczasowych spotkań z poezją irlandzką, zarówno tą mówioną, jak i śpiewaną, to osiemnaście wspaniałych przeżyć, które pozostaną nam w pamięci. Historia tych lat pokazała, że młodzież polska rozumie i ceni poezję irlandzką i 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.

W tym roku wybór utworów jest podyktowany szczególnym czasem, w którym przyszło nam żyć, zwłaszcza w kontekście wydarzeń dziejących od kilku dni na Ukrainie się i jako przeciwwaga tych trudnych czasów poświęcony jest miłości, przetrwaniu, czy przemijaniu.

Zaprezentujemy utwory twórców młodych wiekiem, ale dojrzałych autorsko, którzy pragną wyśpiewać swoje życiowe credo.

Początki Konkursu to udział **Ernesta Brylla**, poety i Ambasadora RP w Dublinie jako przewodniczącego Jury, czy **Andrzeja Szczytko**, członka Jury, zmarłego dwa lata temu, znamienitego aktora Teatru Polskiego w Poznaniu. Kilukrotnie finał Konkursu zaszczylicili swoją obecnością Ich Ekscelencje Ambasadorzy Irlandii w Polsce, Emer O'Connel czy Eugene Hutchinson, a także sami poeci, jak **Anthony Cronin**, **Anne Haverty** czy **Martin Dolan**, który współpracował ze szkołą PROGRAM i był jednym z pomysłodawców Konkursu.

W tegorocznej edycji wybór został podyktowany popularnością utworów w poprzednich latach trwania Konkursu. Dlatego w materiałach konkursowych zobaczymy i miejmy nadzieję usłyszymy, wiersz Paul'a Durcana *Wife who Smashed Television Gets Jail*, *Blackberry Picking* czy piosenka Kodoline "All I Want".

Jednocześnie pojawią się nowi twórcy, szczególnie kobiety, jak **Dani Larkin** czy **Lisa Hannigan**, piosenkarki i autorki tekstów, które sięgają wielokrotnie do tradycji celtyckiej i tradycyjnej muzyki irlandzkiej.

Fundatorami nagród XIX Edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej będą: Szkoła Języków Obcych PROGRAM (dawniej Program-Bell), Irish College of English, Studio Aktorskie STA oraz The Art of Voice Studio Ewa Nawrot.

Wśród nagród za interpretację poezji i piosenek znajdują się: **tygodniowy kurs jęz. angielskiego w Irlandii lub Wielkiej Brytanii**, 2 obozy językowe z native speaker'ami **Summer Camps 2023**, 2 egzaminy Cambridge Assessment English, warsztaty teatralne oraz warsztaty emisji głosu i warsztaty muzyczne, a także nagrody książkowe i koszulki oraz bilety na spektakl w Teatrze Nowym z udziałem Aleksandra Machalicy.

Serdecznie zapraszamy do wzięcia udziału w Konkursie 2023!

Koordynatorzy Konkursu: Tomasz Jamróż & Katarzyna Andrzejewska  
Katarzyna Andrzejewska – Zarząd Szkoły PROGRAM

## REGULAMIN KONKURSU RECYTATORSKIEGO POEZJI I PIOSENKI IRLANDZKIEJ 2023

### Założenia Ogólne i Cele Konkursu

1. W konkursie mogą wziąć udział uczniowie klas 7 i 8 szkół podstawowych, oraz szkół ponadpodstawowych (kategoria wiekowa także stanowi kryterium oceny).
2. W Konkursie nie mogą wziąć udziału laureaci edycji Konkursu z roku 2022.
3. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych PROGRAM Sp. z o. o. dalej zwana Szkołą PROGRAM oraz Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu.
4. Wszelkie działania koordynują pan Tomasz Jamróz (tomjamroz@wp.pl) i pani Katarzyna Andrzejewska, ([k.andrzejewska@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:k.andrzejewska@angielskiprogram.edu.pl)) współpracujący ze Szkołą PROGRAM
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. Zadaniem Uczestników jest: **interpretacja fragmentów poezji irlandzkiej w języku angielskim lub ich przedstawienia w języku angielskim w formie piosenki lub innego utworu muzycznego inspirowanego poezją irlandzką. Kategoria muzyczna zakłada także własną, niepowtarzalną interpretację utworu. Propozycje utworów zawierają linki do ich wykonań muzycznych na portalu youtube.**

## I. Przebieg poszczególnych etapów

Uczestnicy otrzymają materiały do 14.02.2023 roku pocztą elektroniczną lub w formie papierowej. Materiały będą także zamieszczone na stronie: [www.angielskiprogram.edu.pl](http://www.angielskiprogram.edu.pl). Będą to proponowane przez organizatorów **fragmenty poezji wybitnych pisarzy i 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 poinformować o tym organizatora Konkursu oraz dostarczyć wraz ze zgłoszeniem kandydata wskazany utwór.

Poniżej zamieszczamy opis, jak przygotować podkład do utworów, do których nie ma w sieci karaoke. Należy skopiować link oryginalnego utworu, otworzyć konwerter youtube na mp3 np.

ten <https://notube.net/pl/youtube-app-v23> albo inny, przekonwertować i zapisać w formacie mp3 w danym nośniku (komputer, telefon), kiedy już będzie mp3 trzeba znaleźć w sieci stronę, która nazywa się Vocal Remover <https://vocalremover.org/pl/>, wstawić link do utworu i wyciąć vocal. Gotowe!

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. Zespół muzyczny traktowany jest jako jedno zgłoszenie. Szkoła zobowiązana jest do przeprowadzenia wewnętrznych eliminacji, które organizuje i przeprowadza Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Zasady przeprowadzenia eliminacji, a zwłaszcza to czy eliminacje odbywają się stacjonarnie czy też za pomocą środków komunikacji na odległość, albo w innej formie, ustala Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Prosimy o zgłaszanie kandydatów do dnia 10 marca 2023 (piątek) pod adresem elektronicznym: [konkurspoezji@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:konkurspoezji@angielskiprogram.edu.pl).

### b. Etap rejonowy

Zgłoszenie kandydatów do etapu rejonowego następuje jednocześnie z przesłaniem przez Szkołę nagranych utworów kandydata, na nośniku: płyta CD, albo pendrive. Dopuszcza się alternatywnie przesłanie nagranych utworów przez WeTransfer na adres Szkoły PROGRAM: [konkurspoezji@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:konkurspoezji@angielskiprogram.edu.pl)

Wraz z przesłaniem nagrania uczestnicy lub szkoła przesyłają na adres Szkoły PROGRAM wszystkie wymagane dokumenty, podpisane przez nich lub rodziców w przypadku uczestników niepełnoletnich (zgoda na uczestnictwo w Konkursie, zgoda marketingowa, RODO).

Podczas etapu rejonowego nie dochodzi do publicznego wykonania utworów przez Uczestników. Członkowie Jury zapoznają się ze wszystkimi nadesłanymi w terminie nagraniami utworów.

Członkowie Jury dokonają weryfikacji poziomu artystycznego i językowego recytacji i prezentacji poprzez oceny przesłanych nagrań. Oceny dokonają członkowie Jury niezależnie, a werdykt zostanie uzgodniony wspólnie i zatwierdzony przez Przewodniczącego Jury. Celem oceny dokonywanej przez Jury jest wyłonienie osób recytujących w języku angielskim lub interpretujących wiersze muzyczne (piosenka poetycka), które zdobędą najwyższą punktację za interpretację poezji oraz walory artystyczne i językowe i zostaną z tego tytułu zaproszone do wzięcia udziału w Gali Finałowej.

Maksymalna liczba punktów:

- za walory artystyczne – 50,
- za walory językowe – 30.

W Jury konkursowym zasiądą:

- a) Aleksander Machalica, aktor: przewodniczący Jury
- b) Łukasz Chruszcz- aktor, STA Studio Aktorskie
- c) Ewa Nawrot - nauczyciel-muzyk, The Art Of Voice Studio
- d) Tomasz Jamróż – nauczyciel- anglista, koordynator Konkursu
- e) Katarzyna Andrzejewska – anglistka, dyrektor Szkoły PROGRAM

## II. Gala Finałowa

Gala Finałowa będzie miała miejsce 17 marca 2023 roku w Sali Kameralnej Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu, ul. Solna 12, w godzinach od 10:00 do 15:00.

Podczas trwania Gali Finałowej zaproszeni na nią Uczestnicy zaprezentują swoje utwory na żywo oraz będą mogli wziąć dodatkowo udział w quizie dotyczącym znajomości kultury Irlandii. Dla najlepszych uczestników tego quizu przewidziane są atrakcyjne nagrody ufundowane przez Szkołę PROGRAM. Przewidziany jest także konkurs dla nauczycieli (z nagrodami) oraz rozmowy z Koordynatorem Egzaminów Cambridge panią Moniką Runowską, dotyczące egzaminów Cambridge.

Organizatorzy zastrzegają, że o każdym czasie będą mogli według swojego uznania i bez uzasadnienia zrezygnować z przeprowadzenia Gali Finałowej stacjonarnie w miejscu określonym powyżej i przeprowadzić Galę Finałową za pomocą środków komunikacji na odległość. W takim wypadku szczegóły zostaną przekazane w drodze wiadomości e-mail.

## III. Ogłaszanie wyników Konkursu

Oficjalne wyniki ogłasza się w formie komunikatu Jury podczas Gali Finałowej. Zaświadczenia dla finalistów zostaną wydane przez Szkołę PROGRAM.

## IV. Nagrody rzeczowe \*

Nagrody rzeczowe przyznaje Jury. Nagrody w Konkursie są ufundowane przez Szkołę PROGRAM, Irish College of English, Studio Aktorskie STA oraz The ART Of Voice Studio Ewa Nawrot.

Nagrodą **Grand Prix** jest tygodniowy kurs języka angielskiego w Irlandii lub Wielkiej Brytanii. Poza tym nagrody obejmują: dwa 11-dniowe obozy ( Szczecinek, Łądek lub Pogorzelica) języka angielskiego z native speakerami, warsztaty teatralne Studia Aktorskiego STA, warsztaty emisji głosu z Ewą Nawrot Art of Voice Studio, egzaminy Cambridge Assessment English: B2 First lub C1 Advanced oraz nagrody książkowe, płyty, koszulki a także 2 dwuosobowe bilety na premierę spektaklu w teatrze Nowym z udziałem Aleksandra Machalicy.

Dla osób przystępujących do egzaminu Szkoła PROGRAM zapewni 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.

\*Nagrody rzeczowe o wartości powyżej 2000 zł podlegają opodatkowaniu zgodnie z art. 30 ust. 1 pkt 2 ustawy o pdof

**Paul Durcan** - (ur. 16 października 1944 w Dublinie) – współczesny poeta irlandzki, absolwent University College w Cork, gdzie studiował archeologię i historię średniowiecza. Jego twórczość ceniona jest za autoironiczny dowcip i kpiarską analizę kondycji irlandzkiego mężczyzny w społeczeństwie.

W 1974 Durcan otrzymał nagrodę Patrick Kavanagh Award, a w 1975 został wydany jego pierwszy samodzielny tomik poetycki *O Westport in the Light of Asia Minor*.

## **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 didn't turn it off, so instead she turned it off -  
I remember the moment exactly because Kojak  
After shooting a dame with the same name as my wife  
Snarled at the corpse - Goodnight, Queen Maeve -  
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 the pub talking  
Or playing bar-billiards -  
Whereupon she disappeared off back down again to the pub.'  
Justice O'Brádaigh 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 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.

**William Butler Yeats**, Irish poet, dramatist and prose writer, widely considered one of the greatest poets of the English language of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. He published his first works in the mid-1880s while a student at Dublin's Metropolitan School of Art. His early accomplishments include *The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems* (1889) and such plays as *The Countess Cathleen* (1892) and *Deirdre* (1907). In 1923, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. He went on to pen more influential works, including *The Tower* (1928) and *Words for Music Perhaps and Other Poems* (1932). Yeats, who died in 1939, is remembered as one of the leading Western poets of the 20th century.

## W.B. Yeats "When You are Old"

*When You Are Old* is written from the perspective of a young person imagining the one who rejected his love, when she is old. A novel expression of unrequited love, it remains one of the most popular love poems by W B Yeats.

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

## William Butler Yeats "The Second Coming"

The Second Coming is regarded as one of the most important works of Modernist poetry. It is one of the most influential poetic works of the 20th century and the most famous poem by William Butler Yeats.

Turning and turning in the widening gyre  
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;  
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,  
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere  
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.  
Surely some revelation is at hand;  
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.  
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out  
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi  
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert  
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,  
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it  
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.  
The darkness drops again; but now I know  
That twenty centuries of stony sleep  
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,  
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,  
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?"



## William Butler Yeats "Death"

NOR dread nor hope attend

A dying animal;

A man awaits his end

Dreading and hoping all;

Many times he died,

Many times rose again.

A great man in his pride

Confronting murderous men

Casts derision upon

Supersession of breath;

He knows death to the bone --

Man has created death.

**Patrick Kavanagh**, Irish poet and writer. The son of a shoemaker who owned a small farm, he left school at about the age of 12 and thereafter largely taught himself about literature. His poetry collections include *The Great Hunger: A Poem* (1971), *Come Dance With Kitty Stobling, and Other Poems* (1960), *A Soul for Sale: Poems* (1947), and *Ploughman and Other Poems* (1936), and his most celebrated novel is *Tarry Flynn* (1948). Many critics and Irish literary figures called him the nation's best poet since William Butler Yeats, and one of his long poems, "The Great Hunger," is widely regarded as a work of major importance.

### Patrick Kavanagh "On Raglan Road"

On Raglan Road on an autumn day I met her first and knew  
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue;  
I saw the danger, yet I walked along the enchanted way,  
And I said, let grief be a fallen leaf at the dawning of the day.

On Grafton Street in November we tripped lightly along the ledge  
Of the deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passion's pledge,  
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts and I not making hay -  
O I loved too much and by such and such is happiness thrown away.

I gave her gifts of the mind I gave her the secret sign that's known  
To the artists who have known the true gods of sound and stone  
And word and tint. I did not stint for I gave her poems to say.  
With her own name there and her own dark hair like clouds over fields of May

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet I see her walking now  
Away from me so hurriedly my reason must allow  
That I had wooed not as I should a creature made of clay -  
When the angel woos the clay he'd lose his wings at the dawn of day.

**Padraic Colum** ( 1881 – 1972) was an Irish poet, novelist, dramatist, biographer, playwright, children's author and collector of folklore. His first poems were published in 1902 and the first production of one of his plays was in 1903. Padraic acted for a short time with the Irish National Theater Society, but concentrated on writing after his first play was produced. He left his job in 1904 determined to make a living as a writer.

## **Padraic Colum "An Old Woman Of The Roads"**

O, to have a little house!  
To own the hearth and stool and all!  
The heaped up sods against the fire,  
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains  
And pendulum swinging up and down!  
A dresser filled with shining delph,  
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day  
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,  
And fixing on their shelf again  
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night  
Beside the fire and by myself,  
Sure of a bed and loth to leave  
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road,  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house - a house of my own  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

**Eileen Carney Hulme** ( 1953 – present) was born in Edinburgh of Scottish/Irish descent. She has lived and worked in Europe and the UK and is currently practising and teaching Complementary Therapies in the North East of Scotland.

Her poems have appeared in numerous small press magazines and anthologies and her first major collection entitled *Stroking The Air* was published by Bluechrome in 2005...

## **Eileen Carney Hulme “Belonging”**

We never really slept,  
just buried clocks  
in the sanctuary  
of night  
every time I moved  
you moved with me,  
winged eyelashes  
on your cheek returns a kiss  
small spaces of silence  
in between borrowed breaths  
arms tighten  
at the whisper of a name  
all the words of the heart  
the unanswered questions  
are at this moment  
blue rolling waves  
tonight our souls rest  
fragrant in spiritual essence  
candle-flamed, undamaged  
utterly belonging.

**Seamus Justin Heaney** – irlandzki poeta, laureat nagrody Nobla w dziedzinie literatury. Oprócz poezji Heaney zajmował się też krytyką literacką, dramaturgią oraz tłumaczeniem: m.in. w 1999 wydał wierszowane tłumaczenie staroangielskiego poematu heroicznego Beowulf. Popularyzował również literaturę, biorąc często udział w programach radiowych i telewizyjnych jej poświęconych.

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 Heaneya 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)

## Seamus Heaney "The Railway Children"

When we climbed the slopes of the cutting  
We were eye-level with the white cups  
Of the telegraph poles and the sizzling wires.

Like lovely freehand they curved for miles  
East and miles west beyond us, sagging  
Under their burden of swallows.

We were small and thought we knew nothing  
Worth knowing. We thought words travelled the wires  
In the shiny pouches of raindrops,

Each one seeded full with the light  
Of the sky, the gleam of the lines, and ourselves  
So infinitesimally scaled

We could stream through the eye of a needle.

## Seamus Heaney - Blackberry Picking

Late August, given heavy rain and sun  
For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.  
At first, just one, a glossy purple clot  
Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.  
You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet  
Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it  
Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for  
Picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger  
Sent us out with milk cans, pea tins, jam-pots  
Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.  
Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills  
We trekked and picked until the cans were full  
Until the tinkling bottom had been covered  
With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned  
Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered  
With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.  
We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.  
But when the bath was filled we found a fur,  
A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.  
The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush  
The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.  
I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair  
That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.  
Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

**Patrick Henry Pearse** (also known as Pádraig Pearse; Irish: Pádraig Anraí Mac Piarais; An Piarsach; (1879 – 1916) was an Irish teacher, barrister, poet, writer, nationalist and political activist who was one of the leaders of the Easter Rising in 1916. He was declared "President of the Provisional Government" of the Irish Republic. His most popular poems are: The Wayfarer, The Mother, The Fool, Mise Eire ( I am Ireland).

### **Patrick Pearse "The Wayfarer"**

The beauty of the world hath made me sad,  
This beauty that will pass;  
Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great joy  
To see a leaping squirrel in a tree,  
Or a red lady-bird upon a stalk,  
Or little rabbits in a field at evening,  
Lit by a slanting sun,  
Or some green hill where shadows drifted by  
Some quiet hill where mountainy man hath sown  
And soon would reap; near to the gate of Heaven;  
Or children with bare feet upon the sands  
Of some ebb'd sea, or playing on the streets  
Of little towns in Connacht,  
Things young and happy.  
And then my heart hath told me:  
These will pass,  
Will pass and change, will die and be no more,  
Things bright and green, things young and happy;  
And I have gone upon my way  
Sorrowful.

**Austin Clarke** ( 1896- 1974) był jednym z wiodących irlandzkich poetów po W. B. Yeats. Pisał także sztuki teatralne, powieści i wspomnienia.

### **Austin Clarke " The Lost Heifer "**

When the black herds of the rain were grazing,  
In the gap of the pure cold wind  
And the watery hazes of the hazel  
Brought her into my mind,  
I thought of the last honey by the water  
That no hive can find.

Brightness was drenching through the branches  
When she wandered again,  
Turning sliver out of dark grasses  
Where the skylark had lain,  
And her voice coming softly over the meadow  
Was the mist becoming rain.



**Anthony Cronin** (ur. 1928 w hrabstwie Wexford, zm. 28 grudnia 2016)– irlandzki poeta, powieściopisarz, krytyk literacki.

Wybitny poeta i pisarz w krajobrazie literatury irlandzkiej. Jego wiersze czule odnoszą się do stosunków międzyludzkich, a uczciwo z jaką się odnosi do doświadczeń człowieka świecie porusza. Niektóre wiersze tryskają humorem, a wszystkie charakteryzuje niezwykła poetycka inteligencja autora. W roku 1983 otrzymał nagrodę Marten Toonder Award za zasługi dla literatury irlandzkiej. Jeden z członków założycieli Aosdány.

What It Is Not

It is not just the natural culmination  
Of a jolly romp between boy and girl,  
She is her white shorts,  
He in his check.

It is not good  
Like fresh fruit salad,  
Or a brisk walk on a winter's  
Afternoon,  
Or a trot around the park,  
Or a blue open day by the sea.

It is not a progression of friendship  
Or comradeship,  
Or liking,  
Though there may be friendship  
Comradeship  
And, hopefully,  
Liking.

And not of tenderness either,  
Though there may be tenderness  
Before or after.

Or even of love,  
Though there may be sometimes be love  
Both before and after.

But these things can often preclude it  
Because it is not for people in their  
Full humanity at all,  
An expression of their goodness,  
Their nobility,  
Their poetry.  
Though of course there may be poetry  
Both before and after.

## Pat Ingoldsby

Nie wiadomo ile ma lat, gdyż nigdy nie zdradził, kiedy się urodził. Pat sam wydaje swoje poezje i nawet sam je sprzedaje na ulicach Dublina. Bardzo lubi to zajęcie, gdyż poznaje nowe osoby i z nimi rozmawia. Jest bardzo kolorową postacią i pisze zarówno świetne opowiadania, jak i wiersze.

## Pat Ingoldsby "For Rita With Love"

You came home from school  
on a special bus  
full of people  
who look like you  
and love like you  
and you met me  
for the first time  
and you loved me.  
You love everybody  
so much that it's not safe  
to let you out alone.  
Eleven years of love  
and trust and time for you to learn  
that you can't go on loving like this.  
Unless you are stopped  
you will embrace every person you see.  
Normal people don't do that.  
Some Normal people will hurt you  
very badly because you do.

Cripples don't look nice  
but you embrace them.  
You kissed a wino on the bus  
and he broke down and cried  
and he said 'Nobody has kissed me  
for the last 30 years.  
But you did.  
You touched my face  
with your fingers and said  
'I like you.'

**Dani Larkin**, is a singer-songwriter and folk musician from the Armagh-Monaghan border. Her sound is inspired by the Irish traditional melodies she was raised with, her songs are reminiscent of Celtic folk tales.

Her debut album *Notes for a Maiden Warrior*, released June 2021, has received widespread critical acclaim.

## Love Part Three

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Rqfpyfu7gw>

Oh sing to me, sweet.

Oh sing to me sweet.

Wrap your arms around me, sweet.

Wrap your arms around me, sweet.

Listen to the whispering woods.

Listen to the whispering woods.

Oh Howl with me, sweet.

Oh Howl with me, sweet.

Won't you wonder with me, sweet?

Won't wonder with me, sweet?

Listen to the whispering woods.

Listen to the whispering woods.

Tell me it's alright, tell me it's alright.

Tell me it's alright, tell me it's alright.

Tell me it's alright, tell me it's alright.

Tell me it's alright, tell me it's alright.

Tell me it's alright, tell me it's alright.

Tell me it's alright, tell me it's alright.

Listen to the whispering woods.

Listen to the whispering woods.

Eeh. Eeh. Eeh. Eeh.

Oh sing to me, sweet.

Oh sing to me, sweet.

Wrap your arms around me, sweet.

Wrap your arms around me, sweet.

## Samson and Goliath

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pc96aNBeBMk>

Here I am, in front of you.  
Battling the storm. What have I become?  
Here I am, in front of you.  
Battling the storm. What have I become?

For I am no Samson Goliath can bring me down.  
I am no Samson, smite me where I stand and take my crown.

Though the apple never falls, far from the tree.  
I have fallen and you can't see me.  
Is this the end. Is this eternity? Is there no Godsend? Is that not for me?

For I am no Samson Goliath can bring me down.  
I am no Samson, smite me where I stand and take my crown.

(Interlude)

I am no Samson Goliath can bring me down, me down.  
I am no Samson, smite me where I stand and take my crown, take my crown, take my crown.

Here I am, in front of you.  
Battling the storm. What have I become? What have I become? What have I become?

**Lisa Hannigan** (born Lisa Margaret Hannigan on February 12th, 1981) is an Irish singer-songwriter and musician. Originally coming to public attention in 2001 as the female vocalist from Damien Rice's best-selling breakthrough albums *O* and *9*, she began her solo career in 2007. Since then she has released the albums *Sea Sew* (2008), *Passenger* (2011) and *At Swim* (2016). Hannigan's music has received award nominations both in Ireland and the USA.

## Lisa Hannigan – Fall

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bYubEn15eH4>

[Verse 1]

Hide your horses, hold your tongue  
Hang the rich and spare the young  
Who drain the spirits from the jars  
Hop the fences, steal the cars  
Run on fumes and from the law  
And burn for us right through the fall

[Verse 2]

Harbour ladies call your name  
Brush your hair like it could be tamed  
Hitch their dresses past the knees  
Spill them to the floor like keys  
They swing the bridges one and all  
And burn for us right through the fall

[Chorus]

All our running ahead, all our running ahead  
All our running ahead, all our running ahead

[Verse 3]

Time will seize the captain's wheel  
A mutiny we've come to feel  
When where we're aiming's gone from view  
With everything we thought to do  
Oh, the devil won't have me  
I wonder who will, I wonder who will  
All our running is a crawl  
And burns for us right through the fall

[Chorus]

All our running ahead, all our running ahead  
All our running ahead, all our running ahead  
All our running, all our running  
All our running, all our running

## Lisa Hannigan - Knots

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nYdPtcx-4mo>

It was early in the morning  
We were sitting on the stoop  
There wheeled away a starling  
And I thought that I would, too  
Oh, for all I knew  
I was lost through and through

In my high heels  
And my old dress  
With my new keys  
In the wrong city

I-I-I, I tie the knots to remember in my heart  
So I choke and I sputter to a stop  
I am a borrower and lender of the lot

I walk away asleep  
And chalk an outline round the scene  
This shadow play of whiskey talk  
A heavy denier dream  
Oh, let it be  
I was lost in him and me

In my high heels  
And my old dress  
With my new keys  
In the wrong city

I-I-I, I tie the knots to remember in my heart  
So I choke and I sputter to a stop  
I am a borrower and lender of the lot

In my high heels  
And my old dress  
With my new keys  
In the wrong city

In my high heels  
And my old dress  
With my new keys  
In the wrong city

I-I-I, I tie the knots to remember in my heart  
So I choke and I sputter to a stop  
I am a borrower and lender of the lot

I tie the knots to remember in my heart  
I tie the knots to remember in my heart  
So I choke and I sputter to a stop

## Lisa Hannigan - Undertow

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISnaQAv77JE&list=OLAK5uy\\_l0rvbdIZM9LikAzP9YqhWWQCAX4aVt2JI&index=5](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISnaQAv77JE&list=OLAK5uy_l0rvbdIZM9LikAzP9YqhWWQCAX4aVt2JI&index=5)

I wanna swim in your current  
Carry me out, up and away  
I wanna float  
On every word you say

Want to be underneath your weather  
Every cloud and ray of sun  
I wanna float  
In between every one

In between every one

I wanna sink down like a stone  
You never lost me, you never broke  
I wanna be adrift on your radio  
Oh take me under, take me home

The undertow

I wanna be, all of a sudden  
Every wave and undertow  
I wanna float  
Everywhere I go

Everywhere I go  
Everywhere I go  
Everywhere I go

I wanna sink down like a stone  
You never lost me, you never broke  
I wanna be adrift on your radio  
Oh take me under, take me home

I wanna sink down like a stone (the undertow)  
You never lost me, you never broke (the undertow)  
I wanna be adrift on your radio (the undertow)  
Oh take me under, take me home (the undertow)

I wanna sink down like a stone (the undertow)  
You never lost me, you never broke (the undertow)

I wanna be adrift on your radio (the undertow)  
Oh take me under, take me home (the undertow)  
I wanna sink down like a stone (the undertow)  
You never lost me, you never broke (the undertow)  
I wanna be adrift on your radio (the undertow)  
Oh take me under, take me home

The undertow



**Andrew John Hozier-Byrne** (born 1990), known professionally as Hozier is an Irish singer-songwriter and musician. Hozier's music primarily draws from folk, soul and blues genres, often using religious and literary themes in his work. He had his international breakthrough after releasing his debut single "Take Me to Church", which has been certified multi-platinum in several countries, including the US, the UK, and Canada.

[Hozier - Take Me To Church - Bing video](#)

## LYRICS AND MUSIC: HOZIER

### “Take me to Church”

My lover's got humour  
She's the giggle at a funeral  
Knows everybody's disapproval  
I should've worshipped her sooner  
If the Heavens ever did speak  
She is the last true mouthpiece  
Every Sunday's getting more bleak  
A fresh poison each week  
'We were born sick,' you heard them say it  
My church offers no absolutes  
She tells me 'worship in the bedroom'  
The only heaven I'll be sent to  
Is when I'm alone with you  
I was born sick, but I love it  
Command me to be well  
Amen. Amen. Amen  
Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life  
Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life

If I'm a pagan of the good times  
My lover's the sunlight  
To keep the Goddess on my side  
She demands a sacrifice  
To drain the whole sea  
Get something shiny

Something meaty for the main course  
That's a fine looking high horse  
What you got in the stable?  
We've a lot of starving faithful  
That looks tasty  
That looks plenty  
This is hungry work  
Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life  
Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life  
No masters or kings when the ritual begins  
There is no sweeter innocence than our gentle sin  
In the madness and soil of that sad earthly scene  
Only then I am human  
Only then I am clean  
Amen. Amen. Amen  
Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life  
Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life

## Hozier: Cherry Wine

### Lyrics and Music Hozier

[Hozier - Cherry Wine \(Official Video\) - Bing video](#)

Her eyes and words are so icy  
Oh but she burns  
Like rum on the 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 momma, 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 fall on 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

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

Her fight and fury is fiery  
Oh but she loves  
Like sleep the 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  
And I can have this some of the time

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

**Glen Hansard** (born 1970) is an Irish songwriter, actor, vocalist and guitarist for the Irish group The Frames, and one half of folk rock duo The Swell

Falling Slowly

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD. MARKETA IRGLOVA

[Glen Hansard, Marketa Irglova - Falling Slowly \(Official Video\) - YouTube](#)

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

**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.

## DELICATE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DebqF9\\_AXuE](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DebqF9_AXuE)

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?  
Brings a change for you and me

## Remember

Lyrics and music: Damien Rice

[Damien Rice - I Remember - YouTube](#)

I remember it well  
The first time that I saw  
Your head around the door  
'Cause mine stopped working

I remember it well  
There was wet in your hair  
I was stood in stare  
And time stopped moving

I want you here tonight  
I want you here  
'Cause I can't believe what I found  
I want you here tonight want you here  
'Cause nothing is taking me down, down, down...

I remember it well  
Taxied out of a storm  
To watch you perform  
And my ships were sailing

I remember it well  
I was stood in your line  
And your mouth, your mouth, your mind...

I want you here tonight  
I want you here  
'Cause I can't believe what I found  
I want you here tonight want you here  
Nothing is taking me down, down, down..

**Kodaline** – irlandzki zespół muzyczny, grający alternatywnego rocka. Początkowo znany jako 21 Demands. Zadebiutowali kawałkiem Give Me A Minute, który znalazł się na Irish Singles Chart w marcu 2007 roku. W 2011 roku zespół zmienił nazwę na Kodaline.

[Kodaline - All I Want \(Part 2\) - Bing video](#)

## **Kodaline All I Want**

All I want is nothing more  
To hear you knocking at my door  
Cause if I could see your face once more  
I could die a happy man I'm sure  
When you said your last goodbye  
I died a little bit inside  
I lay in tears in bed all night  
Alone without you by my side

[Hook]

But if you loved me  
Why'd you leave me?  
Take my body  
Take my body  
All I want is  
And all I need is  
To find somebody  
I'll find somebody  
Like you, oh oh oh  
Like you, like you

[Verse 2]

Cause you brought out the best of me  
A part of me I'd never seen  
You took my soul and wiped it clean  
Our love was made for movie screens

[Hook]

But if you loved me  
Why'd you leave me?  
Take my body  
Take my body  
All I want is  
And all I need is  
To find somebody  
I'll find somebody  
But if you loved me  
Why'd you leave me?  
Take my body  
Take my body  
All I want is  
And all I need is  
To find somebody  
I'll find somebody

[Interlude]

[Chorus]

But if you loved me  
Why'd you leave me?  
Take my body  
Take my body  
All I want is  
And all I need is  
To find somebody  
I'll find somebody



With or Without You – ballada rockowa grupy **U2**, pochodząca z jej wydanego w 1987 roku albumu, The Joshua Tree. Jest ona jednym z najpopularniejszych utworów zespołu. W marcu 1987 roku piosenka została wydana jako singel, stając się pierwszym nagraniem grupy, który znalazł się na szczycie amerykańskiego zestawienia Billboard Hot 100. Mała płyta utrzymywała się tam przez trzy tygodnie. W Wielkiej Brytanii singiel zajął czwarte miejsce.

## **U2: With or Without**

[U2 - With Or Without You \(Official Music Video\) - Bing video](#)

See the stone set in your eyes  
See the thorn twist in your side  
I'll wait for you  
Sleight of hand and twist of fate  
On a bed of nails she makes me wait  
And I wait, without you

With or without you  
With or without you

Through the storm we reach the shore  
You give it all but I want more  
And I'm waiting for you

With or without you  
With or without you  
I can't live  
With or without you

And you give yourself away  
And you give yourself away  
And you give  
And you give  
And you give yourself away

My hands are tied  
My body bruised, she's got me with  
Nothing to win and  
Nothing left to lose

And you give yourself away  
And you give yourself away  
And you give  
And you give  
And you give yourself away

With or without you

With or without you  
I can't live  
With or without you  
Oh

With or without you  
With or without you  
I can't live  
With or without you

With or without you

**Sinead O'Connor** „Nothing Compares 2 U” – singel Sinéad O'Connor z 1990 roku.

Piosenka została napisana jeszcze w latach 80. przez Prince'a. Sinéad O'Connor nagrała własną wersję na swój drugi album, I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got. Cover ten osiągnął wielki sukces, docierając do pierwszych miejsc list przebojów w wielu krajach, w tym zdobywając szczyt prestiżowego zestawienia Billboard Hot 100 w Stanach Zjednoczonych[1]. Utwór pozostaje największym przebojem O'Connor w jej karierze. Teledysk do piosenki nakręcono w Paryżu. W 2004 utwór został sklasyfikowany na 162. miejscu listy 500 utworów wszech czasów magazynu Rolling Stone.

## Sinead O'Connor „Nothing Compares 2 U”

[Nothing Compares to you by -Sinead O'Connor \(Lyrics\) - Bing video](#)

It's been seven hours and 15 days  
Since you took your love away  
I go out every night and sleep all day  
Since you took your love away  
Since you been gone, I can do whatever I want  
I can see whomever I choose

I can eat my dinner in a fancy restaurant  
But nothing  
I said nothing can take away these blues  
'Cause nothing compares  
Nothing compares to you

It's been so lonely without you here  
Like a bird without a song  
Nothing can stop these lonely tears from falling  
Tell me baby, where did I go wrong?  
I could put my arms around every boy I see  
But they'd only remind me of you

I went to the doctor, guess what he told me  
Guess what he told me  
He said, "Girl you better try to have fun, no matter what you do"  
But he's a fool

'Cause nothing compares, nothing compares to you

All the flowers that you planted mama  
In the back yard  
All died when you went away  
I know that living with you baby was sometimes hard  
But I'm willing to give it another try

Nothing compares

Nothing compares to you

Nothing compares

Nothing compares to you

Nothing compares

Nothing compares to you

**Ed Sheeran**, właśc. Edward Christopher Sheeran (ur. 17 lutego 1991 w Halifaksie ) – brytyjski piosenkarz, autor tekstów, gitarzysta, producent muzyczny i aktor, wykonujący muzykę z pogranicza popu, rocka, folku i hip-hopu.

## Perfect

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2Vv-BfVog4g>

I found a love for me  
Oh, darling, just dive right in and follow my lead  
Well, I found a girl, beautiful and sweet  
Oh, I never knew you were the someone waiting for me

'Cause we were just kids when we fell in love  
Not knowing what it was  
I will not give you up this time  
But darling, just kiss me slow, your heart is all I own  
And in your eyes, you're holding mine

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark with you between my arms  
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favourite song  
When you said you looked a mess, I whispered underneath my breath  
But you heard it, darling, you look perfect tonight

Well I found a woman, stronger than anyone I know  
She shares my dreams, I hope that someday I'll share her home  
I found a love, to carry more than just my secrets  
To carry love, to carry children of our own

We are still kids, but we're so in love  
Fighting against all odds  
I know we'll be alright this time  
Darling, just hold my hand  
Be my girl, I'll be your man  
I see my future in your eyes

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark, with you between my arms  
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favourite song  
When I saw you in that dress, looking so beautiful  
I don't deserve this, darling, you look perfect tonight

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark, with you between my arms  
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favourite song  
I have faith in what I see  
Now I know I have met an angel in person  
And she looks perfect

I don't deserve this  
You look perfect tonight

## Galway Girl

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XjHr-6Zl5P8>

[Chorus]

She played the fiddle in an Irish band  
But she fell in love with an English man  
Kissed her on the neck and then I took her by the hand  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance"

[Verse 1]

I met her on Grafton street right outside of the bar  
She shared a cigarette with me while her brother played the guitar  
She asked me what does it mean, the Gaelic ink on your arm?  
Said it was one of my friend's songs, do you want to drink on?  
She took Jamie as a chaser, Jack for the fun  
She got Arthur on the table with Johnny riding a shotgun  
Chatted some more, one more drink at the bar  
Then put Van on the jukebox, got up to dance

[Chorus]

You know, she played the fiddle in an Irish band  
But she fell in love with an English man  
Kissed her on the neck and then I took her by the hand  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance"  
With my pretty little Galway Girl  
You're my pretty little Galway Girl

[Verse 2]

You know she beat me at darts and then she beat me at pool  
And then she kissed me like there was nobody else in the room  
As last orders were called was when she stood on the stool  
After dancing the céili singing to trad tunes  
I never heard Carrickfergus ever sung so sweet  
A cappella in the bar using her feet for a beat  
Oh, I could have that voice playing on repeat for a week  
And in this packed out room swear she was singing to me

[Chorus]

You know, she played the fiddle in an Irish band  
But she fell in love with an English man  
Kissed her on the neck and then I took her by the hand  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance"  
My pretty little Galway Girl  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my Galway Girl  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my Galway Girl  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my Galway Girl

[Verse 3]

And now we've overstayed our welcome and it's closing time  
I was holding her hand, her hand was holding mine  
Our coats both smell of smoke, whisky and wine  
As we fill up our lungs with the cold air of the night  
I walked her home then she took me inside  
To finish some Doritos and another bottle of wine  
I swear I'm gonna put you in a song that I write  
About a Galway Girl and a perfect night

[Chorus]

She played the fiddle in an Irish band  
But she fell in love with an English man  
Kissed her on the neck and then I took her by the hand  
Said, "Baby, I just want to dance"  
My pretty little Galway Girl  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my Galway Girl  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my Galway Girl  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my Galway Girl

**This is not a complete list and students can choose a track from any Irish singer/songwriter:**

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

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

**CRÍOCH**  
**The end**

