

# Konkurs Poezji i Piosenki Irlandzkiej – marzec 2026



## PATRONAT HONOROWY

Ambasada Irlandii w Warszawie  
Honorowy Konsulat Irlandii w Poznaniu

## PATRONAT HONOROWY

Prezydent Miasta Poznania

## PATRONAT MEDIALNY

Radio Poznań



**POZnan\***

**R**  
Radio  
Poznań

## ORGANIZATOR I SPONSOR:

**program**  
A N G I E L S K I

Szkoła Języków Obcych PROGRAM sp. z o.o.  
[www.angielskiprogram.edu.pl](http://www.angielskiprogram.edu.pl)  
<https://www.facebook.com/angielskiprogram.poznan>

## SPONSORZY:



 CAMBRIDGE

**Drodzy Uczniowie!**

**“Poetry in my opinion must be honest before anything else and I refuse to be 'objective' or clear-cut at the cost of honesty.”**

***Louis MacNeice (1907-1963 )***

Zapraszamy Was do wzięcia udziału w **XXI edycji Konkursu Poezji i Piosenki Irlandzkiej**, którego finał odbędzie się w Poznaniu **27 marca 2026 roku** (piątek) w Sali Koncertowej Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia im. M. Karłowicza przy ul. Solnej 12 w Poznaniu. Dwadzieścia dotychczasowych spotkań z poezją irlandzką, zarówno tą mówioną, jak i śpiewaną, to dwadzieścia 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 mieszkańców Zielonej Wyspy. Cieszy nas niezmiernie, że inicjatywa szkoły PROGRAM (dawniej Program-Bell) przyjęta się wśród młodzieży w naszym regionie i dzięki niej anglojęzyczna poezja Irlandii stała się lekturą i przedmiotem interpretacji słownych i muzycznych.

W tym roku zobaczymy i usłyszymy interpretacje utworów uznanych poetów i muzyków, często uhonorowanych Nagrodą Nobla. Zaprezentujemy także utwory twórców młodych wiekiem, ale dojrzałych autorsko, którzy pragną wyśpiewać swoje życiowe credo.

Konkurs odbywa się pod patronatem Ambasady Irlandii w Warszawie oraz Honorowego Konsulatu Irlandii w Poznaniu.

W przerwie Konkursu serdecznie zapraszamy wszystkich uczestników Koncertu Finałowego na konkurs o Szkołę PROGRAM z nagrodami. Zaprezentujemy również zdjęcia z poprzednich Konkursów Irlandzkich. To już 21 lat!

W czasie przerwy będzie też możliwość porozmawiania na temat egzaminów Cambridge z Panią Moniką Runowską, Centre Exams Manager.

Początki Konkursu to udział **Ernesta Brylla**, poety i Ambasadora RP w Dublinie jako przewodniczącego Jury, czy **Andrzejego Szczytka**, członka Jury, zmarłego pięć lat temu, znamienitego aktora Teatru Polskiego w Poznaniu. Kilkukrotnie finał Konkursu zaszczycili swoją obecnością Ich Ekscelencje Ambasadorzy Irlandii w Polsce, Emer O'Connel czy Eugene Hutchinson oraz Dr Seán Ó Riain, Szef Sekcji Politycznej Ambasady Irlandii, a także sami poeci, jak **Anthony Cronin, Anne Haverty** czy **Martin Dolan**, który współpracował ze szkołą PROGRAM i był jednym z pomysłodawców Konkursu.

Fundatorami nagród XXI edycji Konkursu Poezji i Piosenki Irlandzkiej będą: **Irish College of English** z Irlandii, Szkoła Języków Obcych PROGRAM (dawniej Program-Bell), Studio Aktorskie STA i The Art of Voice Studio Ewa Nawrot.

Wśród nagród za interpretację poezji i piosenek znajdą się: **tygodniowy kurs języka angielskiego w Irlandii**, 1 obóz językowy z native speaker'ami **Program Summer Camps 2026**, 2 egzaminy Cambridge, warsztaty teatralne oraz warsztaty emisji głosu i warsztaty muzyczne, a także nagrody książkowe i koszulki oraz bilety na spektakl w Teatrze Nowym.

**Serdecznie zapraszamy do wzięcia udziału w Konkursie 2026!**

Koordynatorzy Konkursu: Tomasz Jamróz oraz Katarzyna Andrzejewska  
Katarzyna Andrzejewska – Zarząd Szkoły PROGRAM

## **REGULAMIN KONKURSU RECYTATORSKIEGO POEZJI I PIOSENKI IRLANDZKIEJ 2026**

### Cel i Założenia Ogólne Konkursu

1. Celami Konkursu Recytatorskiego Poezji i Piosenki Irlandzkiej są:
  - promowanie kultury Irlandii, a zwłaszcza poszerzanie znajomości jej literatury, poezji i muzyki,
  - kształtowanie i rozwijanie zainteresowań młodzieży współczesną i dawną literaturą, poezją i muzyką Irlandii,
  - rozwijanie i poszerzanie wśród młodzieży znajomości języka angielskiego oraz umiejętności posługiwania się nim w zaawansowanych i wyrafinowanych kontekstach kulturowych oraz formach wypowiedzi,
  - 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.
2. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych PROGRAM Sp. z o. o. dalej zwana SJO PROGRAM oraz Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu.
3. Działania z ramienia SJO PROGRAM koordynują: pan Tomasz Jamróz ([tomjamroz@wp.pl](mailto:tomjamroz@wp.pl)) i pani Katarzyna Andrzejewska, ([k.andrzejewska@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:k.andrzejewska@angielskiprogram.edu.pl))
4. W Jury konkursowym zasiądą:
  - i. Aleksander Machalica, aktor Teatru Nowego
  - ii. Łukasz Chrząszcz - aktor teatru Nowego, STA Studio Aktorskie
  - iii. Ewa Nawrot - nauczyciel-muzyk, The Art Of Voice Studio
  - iv. Grzegorz Tomczak -poeta, pieśniarz, kompozytor
  - v. Tomasz Jamróz – nauczyciel- anglista, muzyk, koordynator konkursu
  - vi. Katarzyna Andrzejewska – anglistka, dyrektor Szkoły PROGRAM, koordynator konkursu
5. W konkursie mogą wziąć udział uczniowie klas 7 i 8 szkół podstawowych oraz uczniowie szkół ponadpodstawowych.
6. W Konkursie nie mogą wziąć udziału laureaci edycji Konkursu z roku 2024.
7. 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 wykonan muzycznych na portalu youtube.**

## **I. Przebieg poszczególnych etapów**

Uczestnicy otrzymają materiały do **13.02.2026** 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.

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 zgłoszanie kandydatów do dnia **18 marca 2026** (środa do godziny 23.59) 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 nagranego utworu kandydata przez WeTransfer na adres SJO PROGRAM: [konkurspoezji@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:konkurspoezji@angielskiprogram.edu.pl). Dopuszcza się alternatywnie przesłanie na adres szkoły Program (ul. Fredry 1, 61-701 Poznań) nagranych utworów na nośniku elektronicznym np. pendrive. Wraz z przesłaniem nagrania uczestnicy albo szkoła, przesyłają na adres SJO PROGRAM wszystkie wymagane dokumenty, podpisane przez uczestników pełnoletnich, a w przypadku uczestników niepełnoletnich przez ich rodziców / opiekunów (zgoda na uczestnictwo w Konkursie, oświadczenie w zakresie zgody marketingowej i na utrwalanie obrazu i dźwięku oraz na ich używanie i upublicznanie według uznania SJO PROGRAM, pokwitowanie zapoznania się z informacjami w zakresie 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 muzycznie (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. Uczestnicy są oceniani w ramach kategorii wiekowych, do których przyporządkowują ich organizatorzy.

Maksymalna liczba punktów:

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

## **II. Gala Finałowa**

Gala Finałowa będzie miała miejsce **27 marca 2026** roku w Sali Koncertowej 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 w kolejności ustalonej przez organizatorów.

Przewidziany jest także konkurs dla uczestników (z nagrodami) oraz rozmowy z Koordynatorem Egzaminów Cambridge panią Moniką Runowską, dotyczące egzaminów Cambridge.

W przerwie Konkursu odbędzie się prezentacja zdjęć z poprzednich edycji Konkursu.

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.

Przesłanie wiadomości email na ostatnio znany organizatorom adres skrzynki poczty elektronicznej uważa się za skuteczne doręczenie tej wiadomości.

## **III. Ogłoszanie wyników Konkursu**

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

## **IV. Nagrody rzeczowe \***

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

Nagrodę **Grand Prix** ufundowała Szkoła Irish College of English z Malahide w Irlandii wspólnie ze SJO PROGRAM. Jest to tygodniowy kurs języka angielskiego w Irlandii. Poza tym nagrody obejmują: jeden 10 lub 7-dniowy obóz (Tleń, Szczecinek lub Wicie) języka angielskiego z native speakerami Program Summer Camps 2026, warsztaty teatralne Studia Aktorskiego STA, warsztaty muzyczne z Eva Nawrot Art of Voice Studio, egzaminy **Cambridge University Press & Assessment**: B2 First lub C1 Advanced w sesji czerwcowej 2026 oraz nagrody książkowe, koszulki a także 2 dwuosobowe bilety na spektakl w Teatrze Nowym w Poznaniu.

Dla osób przystępujących do egzaminu Szkoła PROGRAM zapewni załatwienie wszelkich formalności związanych ze zdawaniem egzaminów. Zdany egzamin **Cambridge University Press & Assessment** 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 podatku dochodowym na przychody z tytułu działalności gospodarczej.

## A Compilation of Poetry

### I SHALL NOT DIE FOR YOU (*author unknown*)

O woman, shapely as the swan,  
On your account I shall not die  
The men you've slain-a trivial clan-  
Were less than I.

I ask me shall I die for these;  
For blossom-teeth and scarlet lips ?  
and shall that delicate swan-shape  
Bring me eclipse ?

well shaped the breasts and smooth like skin,  
The cheeks are fair, the tresses free;  
And yet I shall not suffer death,  
God over me.

Those even brows, that hair like gold,  
Those languorous tones, that virgin way;  
The flowing limbs, the rounded heel  
Slight men betray.

The spirit keen through radiant mien,  
Thy shining throat and smiling eye,  
Thy little palm, thy side like foam-  
I cannot die.

O woman, shapely as the swan,  
In a cunning house hard-reared was I;  
O bosom white, O well-shaped palm,  
I shall not die.

## Thomas Moore

Before Yeats and Heaney, there was Thomas Moore (1779-1852), who was born in Dublin and was well-known as a singer and entertainer during his lifetime (sometimes under the name 'Anacreon Moore'). He was also one of the people responsible for burning Byron's memoirs after his fellow poet died in 1824.

'The Last Rose of Summer' was written in 1805, while Moore was staying at Jenkinstown Park in County Kilkenny, Ireland. He's thought to have been inspired by a specimen of Rosa 'Old Blush' in particular. The poem is often sung, set to a traditional tune called 'Aislean an Oigfear' (or 'The Young Man's Dream').

### THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
To give sigh for sigh ...

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one.  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone?

## William Allingham

(19 March 1824 – 18 November 1889) was an Irish poet, diarist and editor. He wrote several volumes of lyric verse, and his poem "The Faeries" was much anthologised. But he is better known for his posthumously published *Diary*, in which he records his lively encounters with Tennyson, Carlyle and other writers and artists. His wife, Helen Allingham, was a well-known artist, watercolourist and illustrator.

### THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkill he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again

Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
    Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
    But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
    Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
    Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
    Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
    For pleasure here and there.  
If any man so daring  
    As dig them up in spite,  
He shall find their sharpest thorns  
    In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
    Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
    For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
    Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
    And white owl's feather!

## 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 Oisin 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.

### 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.

## 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?

## WHAT THEN

His chosen comrades thought at school  
He must grow a famous man;  
He thought the same and lived by rule,  
All his twenties crammed with toil;  
“*What then?*” sang *Plato’s ghost*. *What then?* ?

Everything he wrote was read,  
After certain years he won  
Sufficient money for his need,  
Friends that have been friends indeed;  
“*What then?*” sang *Plato’s ghost*. *What then?* ?

All his happier dreams came true-  
A small old house, wife, daughter, son,  
Grounds where plum and cabbage grew,  
Poets and Wits about him drew:  
“*What then?*” sang *Plato’s ghost*. *What then?* ?

“The work is done”, grown old he thought,  
„ According to my boyish plan;  
Let the fools rage, I swerved in naught,  
Something to perfection brought”,  
*But louder sang the ghost*, „ *What then?*”

## 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.

### 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.

### 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.

## **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, dramatopisarstwem 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.

## 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.

## 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).

### 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 ebbed 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.

## Eavan Boland

was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1944. One of Ireland's preeminent contemporary poets, she is the author of *A Poet's Dublin* (Carcanet Press, 2014) and *A Women Without a Country* (W. W. Norton, 2014), among others. She died on April 27, 2020.

## HEROIC

Sex and history. And skin and bone.  
And the oppression of Sunday afternoon.  
Bells called the faithful to devotion.

I was still at school and on my own.  
And walked and walked and sheltered from the rain.

The patriot was made of drenched stone.  
His lips were still speaking. The gun  
he held had just killed someone.

I looked up. And looked at him again.  
He stared past me without recognition.

I moved my lips and wondered how the rain  
would taste if my tongue were made of stone.  
And wished it was. And whispered so that no one  
could hear it but him. Make me a heroine.

## Anthony Cronin

(ur. 1928 w hrabstwie Wexford, zm. 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.

### 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.'

## A Compilation Of Songs

### Emma Langford

stała się stałym elementem irlandzkiej sceny folkowej i songwriterów. Jako podróżująca po świecie trubadurka, Langford nazywa miasto Limerick w południowo-zachodniej Irlandii swoim domem. W 2017 roku Langford wydała album *Quiet Giant*, który przyniósł jej nagrodę RTÉ Folk Award dla Najlepszego Wschodzącego Artysty oraz nominację do Irish Post Music Award w kategorii najlepszy irlandzki artysta folkowy. Od tego czasu była dwukrotnie nominowana do nagrody dla Najlepszego Piosenkarza Folkowego oraz raz do nagrody za Najlepszy Oryginalny Utwór na RTÉ Folk Awards.

### THE WINDING WAY DOWN TO KELL'S BAY

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_wAyxC-esnw&list=RDEM2MMoo6p3FpHq5uYJmuVNpw&start\\_radio=1](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_wAyxC-esnw&list=RDEM2MMoo6p3FpHq5uYJmuVNpw&start_radio=1)

Oh the road stretches out before your feet  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay  
And the Golden sunset's like no other they say  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay  
Where sorrow's met with smiling eyes  
And a great black cloak brushed with stars for a sky  
And the old trees lean in there to whisper a tale  
All the winding way down to Kell's Bay

There's a song in the heart of the people you'll meet  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay  
Yes a joke to be shared and a drink to be drunk  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay  
And the green Kerry Hills overlooking the sea  
And the fuschias are blooming so brightly and sweet  
And the ocean could carry our worries away  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay

On the winding way down, on the winding way down  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay  
Yes the ocean could carry our worries away  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay

There's a saint on the hillside i dteach deas beag buí  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay  
Lean isteach leat a stóirín agus lig do scíth  
On the winding down to Kell's Bay  
And when the bell rings then we'll all head away  
On the winding road down to Kell's Bay

Where the ocean could carry our troubles away  
On the winding way down to Kell's Bay

## CLOSED BOOK

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6YQu8QVPoBs&list=RDEM2MMoo6p3FpHq5uYJmuVNpw&index=7>

You're a closed book, and I can't read your meaning  
Written in your sullen look, as you stand up there screaming  
and I lie awake wondering talking in my head  
Is it real, is any of it more than me?  
Or am I a dead man walking?

There's a dreadful fish, and through my blood-stream swimming,  
Whispering your written words, the worst of which I'm dreaming,  
and I stand and raise an empty glass to your wisdom unexplained  
Is it real, is any of it more than me?

Have the words and letters changed?

There's a reason well that we don't turn your pages  
Locked up in your chosen hell, you've rolled the rock of ages  
and we turn and face a camera with the focus ever shifting  
Is it real, is any of it more than me?  
Are we more than lost souls drifting?

At least I came, didn't I?  
and I was there, wasn't I?  
and now I'm here, aren't I?  
and what more can you look for  
In these eyes, in these eyes, in these eyes of mine?

So I lie awake wondering  
and I turn and face a camera  
and I stand and raise an empty glass

So I lie awake wondering, talking in my head  
Is it real, is any of it more than me? Or am I dead man walking?

## Imelda May Laoise

to irlandzka piosenkarka i autorka tekstów, znana z unikalnego stylu łączącego rockabilly, blues, jazz i soul. Jej charakterystyczny głos oraz dynamiczne występy przyniosły jej międzynarodowe uznanie. May zdobyła popularność dzięki takim przebojom jak *Johnny Got a Boom Boom* i *Mayhem*, a jej twórczość często eksploruje tematy miłości, wolności i kobiecej siły.

### CALL ME

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KY5u496Y6kA>

Put it down then I pick it back up,  
Praying for your name to pop up,  
Telling me that your still in love, still in love with me.

No matter how hard I hope,  
No matter how much I want,  
No matter how bad I'm broke,  
You still don't,

Call, call, call, call me,  
You've taken all the time you need,  
If our love, if our love, if our love, means anything,  
Baby please call, call, call, call me.

Can't sleep I'm scared to dream,  
I'm remembering everything,  
That you said, that you said to me,  
When I was yours and you were mine and I didn't have to wait all night for you to

Call, call, call, call me, you've taken all the time you need,  
If our love, if our love, if our love, means anything,  
Baby please call, call, call, call me.

Don't you miss me, don't you need me, don't you leave me this way.  
Aren't you lonely, don't you want me, how many times must I say

Call, call, call, call me, you've taken all the time you need,  
If our love, if our love, if our love, means anything,  
Baby please call, call, call, call me.

Oh call, call, call, call me.  
If our love, if our love, if our love, means anything,  
Baby please call, call, call, call me.

## WHEN IT'S MY TIME

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QKeTvB\\_HDGM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QKeTvB_HDGM)

Wash me in water, that flows from your side  
Bathe me in blood, that you gave when you died  
Carry me over, to the other side

When it's my time lord  
When it's my time

But until then, Can you hold my hand?  
Don't know what I'm doing  
and I don't understand

Help me!  
I'm calling your name  
Oh, hold me close and ease my pain

I'm not a saint, but I'm not the worst  
Yes, I'm a sinner. But I'm not the last or the first  
Deep down inside, oh you know that I'm good  
and I just done the best, done the best that I could

Oh I love you  
Said 'I love you' out loud  
And I'm your child  
and that I'm so proud  
so wrap me up in your holy shroud  
oh take me home, but just don't take me now

Wash me in water, that flows from your side  
and bathe me in blood, that you gave when you died  
Carry me over, to the other side

When it's my time, Lord  
When it's my time

Oh, when it's my time, Lord  
When it's my time

## SIXTH SENSE

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-\\_44\\_hu6Eo8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-_44_hu6Eo8)

Getting one kiss closer to kill  
My resistance to your kind of thrill  
And your lips let me know that you're real  
Can't commit this crime, can't ignore  
You got my love-stained heart on the floor  
So I surrender, can't take it no more

I got a sixth sense, baby 'bout you and me  
I pretend not to wanna but it's haunting me at night and day, yeah  
I got a sixth sense, baby 'bout you and me  
I'm damned if I show it but I can't shake this feeling away  
Just can't shake it away

When you touch me rub-a-dub-dub  
You got my mind in the gutter of love  
Down on my knees, I can't get enough  
I swear I saw you once in a dream  
Jumped out a window, we kissed in the sea  
And we were good, in my fantasy

I got a sixth sense baby 'bout you and me  
I pretend not to wanna but it's haunting me at night and day, yeah  
I got a sixth sense baby 'bout you and me  
I'm damned if I show it but I can't shake this feeling away  
Just can't shake it away

I see it in the stars, I feel it in my bones  
It's written in the cards, just like we've always known

I got a sixth sense, baby 'bout you and me  
I pretend not to wanna but it's haunting me at night and day, yeah  
I got a sixth sense, baby 'bout you and me  
I'm damned if I show it but I can't shake this feeling away  
Just can't shake it away

## Lilla Vargen

to północnoirlandzka piosenkarka o delikatnym, soulowym i poruszającym głosie. Jej pseudonim, który w języku szwedzkim oznacza „Mały Wilk”, idealnie oddaje kruchosć i wrażliwość obecne w jej szczerzych, przepełnionych tęsknotą utworach. Jej muzyka przyciąga uwagę dzięki subtelnym, emocjonalnym aranżacjom, a sama Lilla Vargen zyskała wiernych słuchaczy, którzy doceniają jej autentyczność i głębię przekazu.

## SALITARY

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0fKuteSAa0M&list=RDEMyhIYOmEvyuWJ4D5yqoPveg&start\\_radio=1](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0fKuteSAa0M&list=RDEMyhIYOmEvyuWJ4D5yqoPveg&start_radio=1)

Feels like I'm chasing  
For a moment of your time  
You leave without warning  
I'd say you're out of line

I'll be waiting in the crowd  
Still longing to be found

Don't you say that you still want me  
I'm solitary  
Don't pretend you know me better  
I'd rather be solitary  
And I feel alone when I'm with you  
I can't hide it anymore  
And when I try to pull you closer  
I'm still solitary

Thought I would be stronger  
I was afraid to speak  
Wrapped around your finger  
No one else can see  
See upcoming pop shows  
Get tickets for your favorite artists

I'll be waiting in the crowd

Still longing to be found

Don't pretend you know me better

I'd rather be solitary

And I feel alone when I'm with you

I can't hide it anymore

And when I try to pull you closer

I'm still solitary

And while I'm breaking

I know you'll stay the same

But I'll be waitin'

Still longing for you to change

Don't you say that you still want me

I'm solitary

No, don't pretend you know me better

I'd rather be solitary

And I feel alone when I'm with you

I can't hide it anymore

And when I try to pull you closer

I'm still solitary

## **COLD**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6fEUqBpJGno&list=RDEMyhIYOmEvyuWJ4D5yqoPveg&index=3>

Am I wasting all my time

Waiting for you to make this right?

People like you, they never change

Are we bound to stay the same?

Am I a fool for loving you?

Am I a fool for loving you?

'Cause I know you'll either

Let me go or let me down

You know that I'd never

Have the guts to kick you out

Relying on someone so cold

Is better than no one

Is it wrong for me to lie?

'Cause that's what I do sometimes

And when you're in the wrong

Half my mind tells me it's my fault

Am I a fool for loving you? (Oh)

Am I a fool to believe in you?

Am I a fool for loving you?

Am I a fool to believe in you?

'Cause I know you'll either

Let me go or let me down

You know that I'd never

Have the guts to kick you out

Relying on someone so cold

Is better than no one

Is better than no one

Am I a fool for loving you?

Am I a fool to believe in you?

(x2)

'Cause I know you'll either

Let me go or let me down

You know that I'd never

Have the guts to kick you out

Relying on someone so cold

Is better than no one

## **Loah (Sallay Matu Garnett)**

to irlandzka piosenkarka i autorka tekstów o wyjątkowym, eklektycznym stylu, łączącym soul, R&B, folk oraz wpływy afrykańskie, co wynika z jej mieszanych irlandzko-sierra leoneskich korzeni. Jej muzyka jest pełna emocji i głębi, a wyjątkowy głos i bogate aranżacje nadają jej utworom niepowtarzalny charakter. Loah zdobyła uznanie za swoje oryginalne brzmienie, często określane mianem "art-soul", oraz za współpracę z artystami takimi jak Hozier.

### **THE BAILEY**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LIPkUNI1RLg&list=RDEM7x4RRoB3eF63lRx9b90\\_JA&index=6](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LIPkUNI1RLg&list=RDEM7x4RRoB3eF63lRx9b90_JA&index=6)

We go down to the waterside  
And climb down, down a precipice  
We go down to the waterside  
And climb down, down a precipice

[Bridge]

Then one by one, we jump in  
I am terrified, I am terrified  
Then one by one, we jump in  
I am terrified, I am terrified

[Chorus]

This is love, this is government  
These are twenty-four of our seven sins  
This is hell, it is paradise  
We are here, we can share it  
How we go there so easily for a moment, for a man  
Oh I hold my heart in my hands, you may love it, if you can

[Verse]

Then we swim out, to where the swell is clear  
I can see, I can see miles from here  
Then we swim out, to where the swell is clear  
I can see miles from here

[Bridge]

Then one by one, the swell takes us home  
It is very cold, it can be very cold  
Then one by one, the swell takes us home  
It is very cold, it can be very cold (Where your home is)

[Chorus]

This is love, this is government  
These are twenty-four of our seven sins  
This is hell, it is paradise  
We are here, we can share it (Here, oh!)  
How we go there so easily for a moment, for a man  
Oh I hold my heart in my hands, you may love it, if you can

[Instrumental Interlude]

Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh  
Oh-oh-oh-oh-ooaah

[Chorus]

This is love, this is government  
These are twenty-four of our seven sins (Twenty four, our seven sins)  
This is hell, it is paradise  
We are here (Here)  
We can share it  
How we go there so easily (so easy to love it, so easy to love it) (For a moment)  
For a moment (so easy to love it, so easy to love it)  
For a man&x2028; (so easy to love it, so easy to love it) (man, oh!)  
Oh I hold my heart in my hands (so easy to love it, so easy to love it)  
You may love it (love)  
If you can

## THIS HEART

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hSIRCy-Hl6E&list=RDEM7x4RRoB3eF63IRx9b90\\_JA&index=25](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hSIRCy-Hl6E&list=RDEM7x4RRoB3eF63IRx9b90_JA&index=25)

[Verse]

Let me introduce my name  
Been a long time coming  
But you were too weak to understand  
And so unseen I've held your hand

[Bridge]

Oh in your speech be justified (Ah, ah, ah, oh, oh)  
Calm as a fire burning mortar  
They'll cut you so quick  
But your blood is true you are sanctified

[Chorus]

This Heart bathed by a summer rain  
This hurt humbled by a child in pain  
These words wild as any mother  
Who's torn from her flesh asunder  
Your serve bind us to the earth we rise  
Your nerve look us in the eyes we're fine  
Our fight lustrous as our nature  
Our love sweetest operator

[Post Chorus]

All da tem you delay, lay  
All da tem de gal you go soba  
All da pray wae you pray, pray  
All da pray de you heart go bette  
One tem gal na for change, change  
One tem gal na for change, change  
One tem gal na for change, change  
All da pray de gal you de pray...

[Verse]

I'm breathing my love into you still  
Coiled and vulnerable as it is  
When your form is changing  
And your hopes are failing  
Girl you got to lay it down&#x2026; oh  
'Cause you can dress up all your pain  
But it's not the truth that wears the woman&#x2026;&#x2026; (ooh yeah)

[Bridge]

Oh in your speech be justified (Ah-ah-ah, ah, ah-ah-ah)  
Calm as a fire burning mortar  
Cut you so quick  
But your blood is true you are sanctified

[Chorus]

This Heart bathed by a summer rain  
This hurt humbled by a child in pain  
These words wild as any mother  
Who's torn from her flesh asunder  
Your serve bind us to the earth we rise  
Your nerve look us in the eyes we're fine  
Our fight lustrous as our nature  
Our love sweetest operator

[Post Chorus]

All da tem you delay, lay  
All da tem de gal you go soba  
All da pray wae you pray, pray  
All da pray de you heart go bette  
One tem gal na for change, change  
One tem gal na for change, change  
One tem gal na for change, change  
All da pray de gal you de you de pray

[Outro - All sections sang simultaneously]

All da tem you delay, lay  
All da tem de gal you go soba  
All da pray wae you pray, pray  
All da pray de you heart go bette  
One tem gal na for change, change  
All da pray de gal you de you de

Oh in your speech be justified  
Calm as a fire burning mortar  
Oh we collide  
But your blood is true  
Oh your blood is true  
Oh your love is true  
Oh you're sanctified

Miserere mei  
Cor mundum crea in me  
Creatra cor mundum crea in me  
Cor mundum crea in me  
Cor mundum crea in me, mei

## **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.

## **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

## 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

## UNDERTOW

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISnaQAv77JE&list=OLAK5uy\\_I0rvbdIZM9LlkAzP9YqhWWQCAX4aVt2JI&index=5](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISnaQAv77JE&list=OLAK5uy_I0rvbdIZM9LlkAzP9YqhWWQCAX4aVt2JI&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

## 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.

### UNKNOWN / NTH

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LbztOHrFhK0>

You know the distance never made a difference to me  
I swam a lake of fire, I'd have walked across the floor of any sea  
Ignored the vastness between all that can be seen  
And all that we believe  
So I thought you were like an angel to me

Funny how true colours shine in darkness and in secrecy  
If there were scarlet flags, they washed out in the mind of me  
Where a blinding light shone on you every night  
And either side of my sleep  
Where you were held frozen like an angel to me

It ain't the being alone (sha-la-la)  
It ain't the empty home, baby (sha-la-la)  
You know I'm good on my own (sha-la-la), sha-la-la, baby  
You know, it's more the being unknown  
So much of the living, love, is the being unknown

You called me "angel" for the first time, my heart leapt from me  
You smile now, I can see its pieces still stuck in your teeth  
And what's left of it, I listen to it tick  
Every tedious beat going unknown as any angel to me

Do you know, I could break beneath the weight  
Of the goodness, love, I still carry for you?  
That I'd walk so far just to take  
The injury of finally knowing you

It ain't the being alone (sha-la-la)  
It ain't the empty home, baby (sha-la-la, sha-la-la, la-la-la)  
You know I'm good on my own (sha-la-la), sha-la-la, baby  
You know, it's more the being unknown  
And there are some people, love, who are better unknown

## WORK SONG

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nH7bjV0Q\\_44](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nH7bjV0Q_44)

Body's workin on empty  
Is that the kinda way to face the burning heat?  
I just think about my baby  
I'm so full of love I could barely eat  
There's nothing sweeter than my baby  
I never want once from the cherry tree  
Cause my baby's sweet as can be  
She give me toothaches just from kissin' me

When, my, time comes around  
Lay me gently in the cold dark earth  
No grave can hold my body down  
I'll crawl home to her

Boys, when my baby found me  
I was three days on a drunken sin  
I woke with her walls around me  
Nothin in her room but an empty crib  
And I was burnin up a fever  
I didn't care much how long I lived  
But I swear I thought I dreamed her  
She never asked me once about the wrong I did

When, my, time comes around  
Lay me gently in the cold dark earth  
No grave can hold my body down  
I'll crawl home to her

My babe would never fret none  
About what my hands and my body done  
If the Lord don't forgive me  
I'd still have my baby and my babe would have me  
When I was kissing on my baby  
And she put her love down soft and sweet  
In the low lamp light I was free  
Heaven and hell were words to me

When, my, time comes around  
Lay me gently in the cold dark earth  
No grave can hold my body down  
I'll crawl home to her

When, my, time comes around  
Lay me gently in the cold dark earth  
No grave can hold my body down  
I'll crawl home to her

## 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

[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, klarownie 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

[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 known  
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 known  
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 known

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

## 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](#)

### 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

## U2

irlandzki zespół rockowy, powstał w Dublinie w 1976, pod nazwą U2 występujący od 1978. W jego skład wchodzą: Bono, The Edge, Adam Clayton i Larry Mullen Jr.

### 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

## **Sinéad O'Connor**

była irlandzką piosenkarką, kompozytorką i autorką tekstów, znaną z charakterystycznego głosu, bezkompromisowej postawy i silnego zaangażowania społecznego.

## **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

## Ed Sheeran

właśc. Edward Christopher Sheeran (ur. 17 lutego 1991 w Halifax ) – 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-BfVoq4g>

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-6ZI5P8>

[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 outstayed 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

## Fontaines D.C.

to irlandzki zespół post-punkowy z Dublina, założony w 2017 roku. Grupa zdobyła międzynarodowe uznanie dzięki surowemu, gitarowemu brzmieniu, wyrazistym liniom basu oraz poetyckim, często społecznie zaangażowanym tekstem inspirowanym literaturą i życiem miejskim.

### I LOVE YOU

I love you, I love you, I told you I do  
It's all I've ever felt, I've never felt so well  
And if you don't know it, I wrote you this tune  
To be here loving you when I'm in the tomb  
I've eddied the heart now, from Dublin to Paris  
And if there was sunshine, it was never on me  
So close, the rain, so pronounced is the pain  
Yeah  
Well, I love you, imagine a world without you  
It's only ever you, I only think of you  
And if it's a blessing, I want it for you  
If I must have a future, I want it with you  
System in our hearts, you only had it before  
You only open the window, never open up the door  
And I love you, I love you, told you I do  
Selling genocide and half-cut pride, I understand  
I had to be there from the start, I had to be the fucking man  
It was a clamber of the life, I sucked the ring off every hand  
Had 'em plying me with drink, even met with their demands  
When the cherries lined up, I kept the spoilings for myself  
'Til I had 30 ways of dying, looking at me from the shelf  
Cloud-parting smile I had, a real good child I was  
But this island's run by sharks with children's bones stuck in their jaws  
Now the morning's filled with cokeys tryna talk you through it all  
Is their mommy Fine Gael and is their daddy Fianna Fáil?  
And they say they love the land, but they don't feel it go to waste  
Hold a mirror to the youth and they will only see their face  
Makes flowers read like broadsheets, every young man wants to die  
Say it to the man who profits, and the bastard walks by  
And the bastard walks by, and the bastard walks by  
Say it to him 50 times and still the bastard won't cry  
Would I lie?  
I love you, I love you, I told you I do  
It's all I've ever felt, I've never felt so well  
And if you don't know it, I wrote you this tune  
To be here loving you when I'm in the tomb  
System in our hearts, you only had it before

Echo, echo, echo, the lights, they go  
The lights, they go, the lights, they go  
Echo, echo  
Selling genocide and half-cut pride, I understand  
I had to be there from the start, I had to be the fucking man  
It was a clamber of the life, I sucked the ring off every hand  
Had 'em plying me with drink, even met with their demands  
And I loved you like a penny loves the pocket of a priest  
And I'll love you 'til the grass around my gravestone is deceased  
And I'm heading for the cokeys, I will tell them 'bout it all  
'Bout the gall of Fine Gael and the fail of Fianna Fáil  
Now the flowers read like broadsheets, every young man wants to die  
Say it to the man who profits, and the bastard walks by  
And the bastard walks by, and the bastard walks by  
Say it to him 50 times and still the bastard won't cry  
Would I lie?

## **CMAT (Ciara Mary-Alice Thompson)**

to irlandzka artystka pop-country z Dublina, która wyróżnia się charyzmatycznym wizerunkiem, ironicznymi, a jednocześnie bardzo osobistymi tekstami oraz nietypowym podejściem do muzyki country i popu. Jej twórczość łączy humor, szcerość i emocjonalną intensywność, dzięki czemu szybko zdobyła uznanie krytyków i publiczności.

## **EURO-COUNTRY**

I went away to come back like a prodigal Christian  
I lost a little weight, yeah, and gained it back when I missed him  
I learned a lot from my being here  
How I had to be on my own, yeah  
And now I feel just like Cú Chulainn, I feel like Kerry Katona

My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(The mam and the dad)  
My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(The present is past)  
Everything I thought that I could be  
(He cut it in half)  
My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(I do all he asks)

I never understood what this way of living could do to me  
All the mooching 'round shops, and the lack of identity  
So tryna be what he wasn't born, all this pop star USA  
I think we're gonna die trying, I wish we weren't this way

My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(The mam and the dad)  
My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(The present is past)  
Everything I thought that I could be  
(He cut it in half)  
My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(I do all he asks)

All the big boys, all the Berties  
All the envelopes, yeah, they hurt me  
I was twelve when the das started killing themselves all around me (All around me)  
And it was normal, building houses  
That stay empty even now, yeah  
And no one says it out loud but I know it can be better if we hound it

My Euro, Euro, Euro Country

(The mam and the dad)  
My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(The present is past)  
Everything I thought that I could be  
(He cut it in half)  
My Euro, Euro, Euro Country  
(I do all he asks)

**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
- Fontaines D.C.
- CMAT

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

**CRÍOCH**

**The end**

