

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



POZnań*



ORGANIZATOR I SPONSOR:



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

SPONSORZY:



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 mieszkańcy Zielonej Wyspy. Cieszy nas 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 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 Szkole 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 **Andrzeja Szczytko**, członka Jury, zmarłego pięć lat temu, znanego aktora Teatru Polskiego w Poznaniu. Kilukrotnie finał Konkursu zaszczyli 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 znajdują 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 Jamróż (tomjamroz@wp.pl) i pani Katarzyna Andrzejewska, (k.andrzejewska@angielskiprogram.edu.pl)
4. W Jury konkursowym zasiadają:
 - i. Aleksander Machalica, aktor Teatru Nowego
 - ii. Łukasz Chruszcz- aktor teatru Nowego, STA Studio Aktorskie
 - iii. Ewa Nawrot - nauczyciel-muzyk, The Art Of Voice Studio
 - iv. Grzegorz Tomczak -poeta, pieśniarz, kompozytor
 - v. Tomasz Jamróż – 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. 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 zgłaszanie kandydatów do dnia **18 marca 2026** (środa do godziny 23.59) pod adresem elektronicznym: konkurspoezji@angielskiprogram.edu.pl.

b. Etap rejonowy

Zgłoszenie kandydatów do etapu rejonowego następuje jednocześnie z przesłaniem przez Szkołę nagranych utworów kandydata przez WeTransfer na adres SJO PROGRAM: 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 upublicznianie według uznania SJO PROGRAM, pokwitowanie zapoznania się z informacją 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. Ogłaszanie 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 Ewą 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 pdof

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
Columbkil 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 20th 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.

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, 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.

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 ebbd 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

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

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 kruchość i wrażliwość obecne w jej szczerych, 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=RDEMyhIYOmEvYuWJ4D5ygoPveg&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=RDEM7x4RRoB3eF63IRx9b90_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-ooah

[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 (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=RDEM7x4RRoB3eF63lRx9b90_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 , oh
'Cause you can dress up all your pain
But it's not the truth that wears the woman   (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
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

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_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

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

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, 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

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

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, powstały w Dublinie w 1976, pod nazwą U2 występujący od 1978. W jego skład wchodzi: 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-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

Fontaines D.C.

to irlandzki zespół post-punkowy z Dublinu, założony w 2017 roku. Grupa zdobyła międzynarodowe uznanie dzięki surowemu, gitarowemu brzmieniu, wyrazistym liniom basu oraz poetyckim, często społecznie zaangażowanym tekstom 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, szczerość 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

