PROPOZYCJE UTWORÓW
KONKURS POEZJI I PIOSENKI IRLANDZKIEJ
WARSZAWA PAŹDZIERNIK 2018

POEZJA

Martin Dolan

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

TWO CATS IN CLUJ-NAPOCA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dermot Healy

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

THE HARES ON OYSTER ISLAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May they be shot straight through the heart
By a woman in a boat, and then wake to hear
The bells of the halyards.

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

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

May the hares increase! The inspiration
They give me prosper. That I learn to make of isolation

And fear a grand thing.

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

THE LITTLE WHITE CAT
(author unknown)
18th century (Folk song from the Gaelic)

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

The little mother stood upright,
When she found her little son dead;
She brought him in and made a bed for him,
And then began to lament him.
The little white cat , white, white, white,
The little white cat, Breed's cat.
The little white cat, snowy white
That was drowned in a trench.

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

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

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

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

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

Walter's Martin will put a wooden coffin on him,
And it's he that is able.
And were it not for the time at which he died
We should have every cause for lamenting.
The little white cat , white, white, white,
The little white cat, Breed's cat.
The little white cat, snowy white
That was drowned in a trench.

Seamus Heaney
Jeden z najwybitniejszych poetów współczesnych, noblista z 1995 r., zmarł w 2013 roku w Dublinie. Był poetą na wskroś irlandzkim, któremu irlandzkość nie wystarczała. (...)Do pełnego zrozumienia poezji 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.

KEEPING GOING

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

*

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

*

Piss at the gable, the dead will congregate.
But separately. The women after dark,
Hunkering there a moment before bedtime,
The only time the soul was let alone,
The only time that face and body calmed
In the eye of heaven.

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

*

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

*

Grey matter like gruel flecked with blood
In spatters on the whitewash. A clean spot
Where his head had been, other stains subsumed
In the parched wall he leant his back against
That morning like any other morning,
Part-time reservist, toting his lunch-box.
A car came slow down Castle Street, made the halt,
Crossed the Diamond, slowed again and stopped
Level with him, although it was not his lift.
And then he saw an ordinary face
For what it was and a gun in his own face.
His right leg was hooked back, his sole and heel
Against the wall, his right knee propped up steady,
So he never moved, just pushed with all his might
Against himself, then fell past the tarred strip,
Feeding the gutter with his copious blood.

*

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

TWICE SHY

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

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

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

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

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

Derek Mahon

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

THE THUNDER SHOWER

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

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

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

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

of wailing siren, truck and train
and incoherent cries.

All human life is there
in the unconfined, continuous crash
whose slow, diffused implosions gather up
car radios and alarms, the honk and beep,
and tiny voices in a crèche
piercing the muggy air.

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

Paul Durcan

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

WIFE WHO SMASHED TELEVISION GETS JAIL

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

FLOWER GIRL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paul Muldoon

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

ANSEO

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

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

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

Anthony Cronin

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

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nuala Ni Dhomhnaill

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

BEHEMOTH

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

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

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

Eavan Boland

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

THE POMEGRANATE

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

She will wake up. She will hold
the papery flushed skin in her hand.
And to her lips. I will say nothing.

MICHAEL LONGLEY

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

STORM

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

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

UTWORY MUZYCZNE

E DON'T EAT

LYRICS AND MUSIC: VINCENT MCMORROW

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Am I an honest man and true?
Have I been good to you at all?
Oh I'm so tired of playing these games
We'd just be running down

The same old lines, the same old stories
of Breathless trains and, worn down glories
Houses burning, worlds that turn on their own

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

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

ANAHORISH

LYRICS ACCORDING TO THE POEM OF SEAMUS HEANEY

MUSIC: SAINT SISTER and LISA HANNIGAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAUSING TROUBLE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: SAINT SISTER

https://youtu.be/df3PpzsuVUQ

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

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

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

At least we used to

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

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

[Pre-Chorus]

You on the blue carpet

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

[Chorus]

Causing trouble I hear
Causing trouble I hear

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

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

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

At least I used to

[Pre-Chorus]

You on the blue carpet
We swapped bodies for a while

What was I doing all of those years?

[Chorus]

Causing trouble I hear
Causing trouble I hear

CASTLES
LYRICS AND MUSIC: SAINT SISTER

https://youtu.be/dXD1bcRkab4

My mother is lonely,

My father left early yesterday.

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

And I, I am like my mother,

But I'm like my father, too.

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

My mother is lonely,

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

Her lover's a stranger.

And I, I'm like my mother,

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

Then I'll knock them through.

What are we without our chains?

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

You and I are just the same.

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

And I, I'll build you castles,

Then I'll knock them through.

My mother is lonely,
My father left early yesterday.

SOMEONE NEW

LYRICS AND MUSIC: HOZIER

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

Andrew Hozier-Byrne - ur. 17 March 1990, młody muzyk irlandzki z Bray, County Wicklow. Znany jako Hozier, syn muzyka z Bray, County Wicklow. Hozier jest multiinstrumentalistą i tworzy muzykę z pogranicza soulu, bluesa, a także R&B.

Don't take this the wrong way,

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

Electing strange perfections in any stranger I choose.

Would things be easier if there was a right way?

Honey, there is no right way.

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

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

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

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

Would things be easier if there was a right way?

Honey, there is no right way.

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

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

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

And my heart's already sinned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love with every stranger, the stranger the better

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

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

Love with every stranger, the stranger the better

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

CHERRY WINE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: HOZIER

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5l4iwiDK_IQ

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

As she can be
I walk my days on a wire

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE DON’T LEAVE ME WAITING

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD

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

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

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

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

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

And love, don't leave me waiting

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

IF YOU WANT ME

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GLEN HANSARD. MARKETA IRGLOVA

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

Are you really here

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

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

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

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

FOR YOU

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sd5NlYvhv_Q

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NERVOUS

LYRICS AND MUSIC: GAVIN JAMES

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

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

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

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

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

Who'll take you home? (x3)
Hooooooome
If I let you gooooooooooo

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

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

DELICATE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DebqF9_AXuE

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

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

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

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

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

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

AMIE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zQ1_RhaJznc

Nothing unusual, nothing strange
Close to nothing at all

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

Then something unusual, something strange Comes
from nothing at all

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

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

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

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

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

THE BOX

LYRICS AND MUSIC: DAMIEN RICE

https://youtu.be/DDE_TYmB5Y4

Don't give me something to hold in my hand

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

My reasons for everything are dull to you…

I have tried but I don't fit

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

But you might lock me up…

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

When I could be wild and free

But god forbid then you might envy me…

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

And I'm over it

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

My reasons for everything are lost with you…

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

Well I could go wild

But you might lock me up…

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

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

I have tried…
Into this box…

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

I have tried but I don't fit

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

But god forbid, then you might envy me…

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

CROSSFIRE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LVr_MUVk6Ag&feature=youtu.be

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

Piano / Lead Vocals - John Doherty

Lead Guitar / Backing Vocals - Ryan Mc Closkey

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

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

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

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

Sunday morning I awake

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

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

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

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

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

I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

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

EMBER

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOSING LIGHT

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-370_0bUbyM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOPE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: LITTLE HOURS

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jXlWxyTKcKU

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

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

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

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

WHAT IF THIS IS ALL THE LOVE YOU EVER GET

LYRICS AND MUSIC: SNOW PATROL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIFENING

LYRICS AND MUSIC: SNOW PATROL

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IcHUDBYX26o

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOW TO BE DEAD

LYRICS AND MUSIC: SNOW PATROL

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

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

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

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

ALL WORKS OUT

LYRICS AND MUSIC: THE RIPTIDE MOVEMENT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Believe in me

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

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

LYRICS AND MUSIC: PICTURE THIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh when we were young

Oh when we were young
Oh oh yeah

THIS MORNING

LYRICS AND MUSIC: PICTURE THIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

And I was falling, oh this morning

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

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

And I was falling, oh this morning

NEVER CHANGE

LYRICS AND MUSIC: PICTURE THIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And I'm your man hear me
Scream your name daily
Who I've known for so long
Never change

WHITE PIANO

LYRICS AND MUSIC: AINE CAHILL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BLOOD DIAMONDS

LYRICS AND MUSIC: AINE CAHILL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CRÍOCH

The end