

Konkurs recytatorski Poezji Irlandzkiej Październik 2011

Pod Patronatem Konsulatu Irlandii w Poznaniu



REGULAMIN KONKURSU RECYTATORSKIEGO POEZJI IRLANDZKIEJ

I. Założenia Ogólne I Cele Konkursu

1. W konkursie mogą wziąć udział uczniowie szkół gimnazjalnych i ponad gimnazjalnych. (kategoria wiekowa także stanowi kryterium oceny)
2. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych Program-Bell oraz Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu.
3. Wszelkie działania koordynuje pani mgr Katarzyna Lisiewicz, dyrektor Szkoły Języków Obcych Program – Bell (office@program-bell.edu.pl)
4. Cele konkursu:
 - Konfrontacja i ocena umiejętności recytatorskich, aktorskich, muzycznych oraz ogólnej kreatywności młodzieży.
 - Prezentacja poszukiwań twórczych w dziedzinie repertuaru oraz wyrazu artystycznego.
 - Wyłonienie i popieranie talentów artystycznych i twórczych.
 - Kształtowanie i rozwijanie zainteresowań młodzieży współczesną literaturą Irlandii.
 - Rozwijanie wśród uczniów umiejętności wyszukiwania i wykorzystania informacji; formułowania opinii, argumentów i wniosków w wypowiedzi pisemnej oraz prezentacji i obrony opracowanego tematu w formie ustnej
5. Celem Konkursu jest **recytacja fragmentów poezji irlandzkiej w języku polskim albo w języku angielskim lub ich przedstawienia w formie piosenki lub innego utworu muzycznego inspirowanego poezją irlandzką. Propozycje utworów zawierają linki do ich wykonan muzycznych w portalu youtube.**

II. Przebieg poszczególnych etapów

Konkurs przebiegać będzie w dwóch etapach:

a. **Etap szkolny**

Każda szkoła może zgłosić do udziału w Konkursie maksymalnie 12 osób. Szkoła zobowiązana jest do przeprowadzenia wewnętrznych eliminacji, które organizuje i przeprowadza Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Prosimy o zgłaszanie kandydatów przed Konkursem pod adresem elektronicznym: office@program-bell.edu.pl lub pod numerem faxu (61) 855 18 06

b. **Etap rejonowy**

Organizatorzy dokonają weryfikacji poziomu artystycznego i językowego recytacji i prezentacji podczas eliminacji, które odbędą się w dniach 24 października (poniedziałek), 25 października (wtorek), 26 października (środa) 2011 w godzinach od 15:30:00 do 19:00 dla szkół miasta Poznania, szkół z poza Poznania w siedzibie Szkoły Języków Obcych Program-Bell, mieszczącej się w Poznaniu przy ul. Fredry 1, I piętro. Celem eliminacji jest wyłonienie osób recytujących w języku polskim i w języku angielskim lub interpretujących wiersze muzycznie (piosenka poetycka), które zdobędą najwyższą punktację w ramach interpretacji poezji.

III. Finał Konkursu

Finał konkursu będzie miał miejsce 28 października 2011 r. w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu, ul. Solna w godz. od 12:00 – 15:00. W jury konkursowym zasiądą:

- a) aktor
- b) nauczyciel-muzykolog
- c) nauczyciel-anglista

Młodzież otrzyma materiały do 10 października 2011 roku pocztą elektroniczną lub w formie papierowej. Materiały będzie można również znaleźć na stronie: www.program-bell.edu.pl. Będą to proponowane przez organizatorów **fragmenty poezji wybitnych poetów irlandzkich w języku polskim i angielskim, a także wykonania muzyczne poezji przez irlandzkich muzyków, piosenkarzy i poetów. Propozycje muzyczne będzie można obejrzeć w podanych linkach do portalu Youtube.** Istnieje możliwość wybrania własnego fragmentu związanego tematycznie z konkursem. Należy wówczas przynieść na eliminacje tomik z zaznaczonym fragmentem. Podczas trwania konkursu młodzież będzie mogła wziąć udział w quizie dotyczącym znajomości kultury Irlandii. Dla najlepszych przewidziane są atrakcyjne nagrody m.in. ufundowane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program-Bell.

IV. Ogłaszanie i zatwierdzanie wyników konkursu

Oficjalne wyniki ogłasza się w formie komunikatu w miejscu przeprowadzenia konkursu w dniu przeprowadzenia Konkursu.

Zaświadczenia dla finalistów zostaną wydane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program-Bell.

V. Nagrody

Nagrody w Konkursie są ufundowane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program-Bell oraz Ambasadę Irlandii. Są wśród nich :trzy półroczne kursy językowe, nieodpłatne egzaminy Cambridge ESOL; KET, PET, FCE, CAE oraz nagrody książkowe, płyty, koszulki . W ramach nagrody - bezpłatny egzamin ESOL, kandydat



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zostanie zaproszony na test kwalifikujący do egzaminu. Szkoła Bell zapewni również załatwienie wszelkich formalności związanych ze zdawaniem egzaminów. Zdany egzamin Cambridge ESOL oznacza otrzymanie międzynarodowego certyfikatu Cambridge ESOL, który jest uznawany na całym świecie.

“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)

W.B. Yeats

urodzony 13 czerwca 1865 w Dublinie, zmarł 28 stycznia 1939 w Paryżu. Był jednym z najwybitniejszych poetów i dramaturgów irlandzkich i bardzo znaczącą postacią w literaturze XX wieku. Był współtwórcą Abbey Theatre. Yeats uważany za jednego z kluczowych poetów anglojęzycznych, otrzymał nagrodę Nobla w roku 1923.

THE STOLEN CHILD - WB Yeats (sung by the Waterboys)

WHERE dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berries
And of reddest stolen chetries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With afacry, hand in hand,
For the world's morefull of weeping than you
can understand.
Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's morefully of weeping than you
can understand.
Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,.
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears

Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
Come away, O human child!
To to waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For to world's morefully of weeping than you
can understand.
Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.
For be comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
from a world more full of weeping than you
can understand.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jg-oJKYlinQ>

The Song Of Wandering Aengus - WB Yeats (sung by Christy Moore)

I WENT out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.
When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire aflame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran

And faded through the brightening air.
Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lads and hilly lands.
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k-VL41H2Sm0>

Down By The Salley Gardens - WB Yeats (Sung by Mara O Connell)

DOWN by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.
In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C2UZReQGNVI>

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER by Thomas Moore, 1805, - sung by Nina Simone

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,
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?**

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vNu9sbRKsyc>

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.

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.



Louis Mac Neice

Urodzony w roku 1907, zmarł w 1963, należał do pokolenia poetów lat trzydziestych z W.H. Audenem na czele. MacNeice był poetą i dramaturgiem, zdystansowanym do rzeczywistości, jednak o dużej świadomości społecznej i emocjonalnej.

CHARON

The conductor's hands were black with money;
Hold on to your ticket, he said, the inspector's
Mind is black with suspicion, and hold on to
That dissolving map. We moved through London,
We could see the pigeons
through the glass but failed
To hear their rumours of war, we could see
The lost dog barking but never knew
That his bark was as shrill as a cock's crowing
We just jogged on, at each request
Stop there was a crowd of aggressively vacant
Faces, we just jogged on, eternity
Gave itself airs in revolving lights
And then we came to the Thames and all
The bridges were down, the further shore
Was lost in Fog, so we asked the conductor
What we should do. He said: Take the ferry
Faute de mieux. We flicked the flashlight
And there was the ferryman just as Virgil
And Dante had seen him. He looked at us coldly
And his eyes were dead and his hands on the oar
were black with boils and varicose veins
Marbled his calves and he said us coldly:
If you want to die you will have to pay for it.

Louis MacNeice

The Sunlight on the Garden

The sunlight on the garden
Hardens and grows cold,
We cannot cage the minute
Within its nets of gold;
When all is told
We cannot beg for pardon.

Our freedom as free lances
Advances towards its end;
The earth compels, upon it
Sonnets and birds descend;
And soon, my friend,
We shall have no time for dances.

The sky was good for flying
Defying the church bells
And every evil iron
Siren and what it tells:
The earth compels,
We are dying, Egypt, dying

And not expecting pardon,
Hardened in heart anew,
But glad to have sat under
Thunder and rain with you,
And grateful too
For sunlight on the garden.

June Thunder

The Junes were free and full, driving through tiny
Roads, the mudguards brushing the cowparsley,
Through fields of mustard and under boldly embattled
Mays and chestnuts

Or between beeches verdurous and voluptuous
Or where broom and gorse beflagged the chalkland--
All the flare and gusto of the unending
Joys of a season

Now returned but I note as more appropriate
To the maturer mood impending thunder
With an indigo sky and the garden hushed except for
The treetops moving.

Then the curtains in my room blow suddenly inward,
The shrubbery rustles, birds fly heavily homeward,
The white flowers fade to nothing on the trees and rain comes
Down like a dropscene.

Now there comes catharsis, the cleansing downpour
Breaking the blossoms of our overdated fancies
Our old sentimentality and whimsicality
Loves of the morning.

Blackness at half-past eight, the night's precursor,
Clouds like falling masonry and lightning's lavish
Annunciation, the sword of the mad archangel
Flashed from the scabbard.

If only you would come and dare the crystal
Rampart of the rain and the bottomless moat of thunder,
If only now you would come I should be happy
Now if now only.

Paul Durcan

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

WIFE WHO SMASHED TELEVISION GETS JAIL

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

of violence

jail was the only place for them. Leave to appeal was refused.

ŻONA, KTORA ROZBIŁA TELEWIZOR, IDZIE SIEDZIEĆ

"Weszła do domu, wysoki sędzie, i rozwaliła telewizor;
Ja z dziećmi spokojnie oglądałem "Kojaka"
A ona wkroczyła do dużego pokoju i oznajmiła
Że jeśli zaraz nie wyłączę telewizora
Ona po prostu kopnie w ekran;
Nie wyłączyłem, więc ona wyłączyła za mnie -
Pamiętam ten moment dokładnie, bo akurat Kojak
Zastrzelił panią o takim, jak żona imieniu
I warknął w stronę trupa - Dobranoc, królowo Maeve -
I wtedy zdjęła buty i rozwaliła telewizor;
Musiałem zabrać dzieci do matki;
Dotarliśmy do niej przed samym końcem "Kojaka";
(Moja matka, wysoki sędzie, ma do "Kojaka" słabość);
Kiedy wróciłem do domu, żona już usunęła
Resztki telewizora do pojemnika na śmieci
I powiedziała - Nie poślubiłam telewizora
I nie wiem czemu moje dzieci lub dzieci kogokolwiek
Miałyby mieć telewizor za ojca lub matkę,
Lepiej byłoby zejść razem do pubu i porozmawiać
Albo pograć na automatach -
Po czym się odwróciła i poszła z powrotem do pubu."

Sędzia O'Bradaigh powiedział, że żony, co wolą automaty od rodzinnego telewizora
Są zagrożeniem dla rodziny, która jest podstawową komórką społeczną
Podobnie jak telewizor nazwać można podstawową komórką rodzinną
A kiedy, jak w tym przypadku, żona przemocą urzeczywistnia swe upodobania
Jedynym dla niej miejscem jest więzienie. Apelacji nie przyjęto.

FLOWER GIRL, DUBLIN

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

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

Would you please hose some of your hot liquid into me ?
Mother of five to boy at coffee dispenser.
She must be forty at least but as she sips her grounds
-Her Costa Rican grounds-
As she slowly smacks her lips
Trickling her tounge-tip along her liprim
She is a girl not yet nineteen
Haughty as an Englishwoman 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 coloursto the mast.
Will I or won't I ?
And give all my loose change to the flower girl-
All my loose change ?



In The Days Before Rock 'N' Roll

Sung by Van Morrison and Paul Durcan , written by Paul Durcan

Justin, gentler than a man
I am down on my knees
At the wireless knobs
I am down on my knees
At those wireless knobs
Telefunken, Telefunken
And I'm searching for
Luxembourg, Luxembourg,
Athlone, Budapest, AFN,
Hilversum, Helvetia
In the days before rock 'n' roll

In the days before rock 'n' roll
In the days before rock 'n' roll

When we let, then we bet
On Lester Piggott when we met
We let the goldfish go

In the days before rock 'n' roll

Fats did not come in
Without those wireless knobs
Fats did not come in
Without those wireless knobs
Elvis did not come in
Without those wireless knobs
Nor Fats, nor Elvis
Nor Sonny, nor Lightning
Nor Muddy, nor John Lee

In the days before rock 'n' roll
In the days before rock 'n' roll

When we let and we bet
On Lester Piggott 10/1
And we let the goldfish go
Down the stream
Before rock 'n' roll
We went over the wavebands
We'd get Luxembourg,
Luxembourg and Athlone

AFM stars of Jazz
Come in, come in, come in, Ray
Charles
Come in, the high priest

In the days before rock 'n' roll
In the days before rock 'n' roll

When we let and we bet
On Lester Piggott 10 to 1
And we let the goldfish go
And then the killer came along
The killer, Jerry Lee Lewis
A whole lotta shakin' goin' on,
Great balls of fire
Little Richard

Justin, gentler than a man
Justin, Justin, where is Justin now?
What's Justin doing now?
Just, where is Justin now?

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OT_ua50nJ1k

Van Morrison

Pochodzący z Belfastu współczesny poeta i bard irlandzki, zaliczany do pięciu najlepszych tworców ballad i piosenek na świecie, obok Boba Dylana, Johna Lennona, Paula McCartneya i Leonarda Cohena. Muzyka i słowa piosenek Vana Morrisona są na wskroś irlandzkie, choć jego dzieło jako poety i muzyka niosą znamiona absolutnej, ponadczasowej indywidualności i wyjątkowości.

Why I must Always Explain

written and sung by Van Morrison

Have to toe the line, I've got to make the most
Spent all the years going, from pillar to post
Now I'm standing on the outside and I'm waitin' in the rain
Tell me why must I always explain

Bared my soul to the crowd eh but oh what the cost
Most of them laughed out loud like nothing's been lost
There were hypocrites and parasites and people that drain
Tell me why must I always explain

Why, why must I always explain
Over and over, over again
It's just a job you know and it's no sweet lorraine
Tell me why must I always explain (alright)

Well I get up in the morning and I get my brief
I go out and stare at the world in complete disbelief
It's not righteous indignation that makes me complain
It's the fact that I always have to explain

I can't be everywhere at once, there's always somebody to see
And I never turned out to be the person that you wanted me to be
And I tell you who I am, time and time and time again
Tell me why must I always explain

Well it's out on the highway and it's on with the show
Always telling people things they're too lazy to know
It can make you crazy, yeah it can drive you insane
Tell me why must I always explain.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VpIR27cBGIQ>

Crazy Love written and sung by Van Morrison

I can hear her heart beat for a thousand miles
And the heavens open every time she smiles
And when I come to her that's where I belong
Yet Im running to her like a rivers song

Chorus:

She give me love, love, love, love, crazy love
She give me love, love, love, love, crazy love
Shes got a fine sense of humor when Im feeling low down
And when I come to her when the sun goes down
Take away my trouble, take away my grief
Take away my heartache, in the night like a thief

Chorus:

Yes I need her in the daytime
Yes I need her in the night
Yes I want to throw my arms around her
Kiss her hug her kiss her hug her tight

And when Im returning from so far away
She gives me some sweet lovin brighten up my day
Yes it makes me righteous, yes it makes me feel whole
Yes it makes me mellow down in to my soul

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6vS8GKcl9KQ>

Moondance

written and sung by Van Morrison

Well, it's a marvelous night for a moondance
With the stars up above in your eyes
A fantabulous night to make romance
Neath the cover of October skies
And all the leaves on the trees are falling
To the sound of the breezes that blow
And I'm trying to please to the calling
Of your heart-strings that play soft and low
And all the nights magic seems to whisper and hush
And all the soft moonlight seems to shine in your blush

Chorus:

Can I just have one a more moondance with you, my love

Can I just make some more romance with a-you, my love

[Lyrics from: http://www.lyricsfreak.com/v/van+morrison/moondance_20143043.html]

Well, I wanna make love to you tonight

I can't wait 'til the morning has come

And I know that the time is just right

And straight into my arms you will run

And when you come my heart will be waiting

To make sure that you're never alone

There and then all my dreams will come true, dear

There and then I will make you my own

And every time I touch you, you just tremble inside

And I know how much you want me that you can't hide

Chorus

Repeat 1st verse

One more moondance with you in the moonlight

On a magic night

La, la, la, la in the moonlight

On a magic night

Can't I just have one more dance with you my love

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uNsmF9JTpul>

Seamus Heaney

Współczesny, wybitny poeta i pisarz irlandzki, urodził się w roku 1939. W roku 1995 otrzymał nagrodę Nobla, a w roku 2006 nagrodę T.S. Eliot prize. Mieszka w Dublinie.

THE WIFE'S TALE

When I had spread it all on linen cloth
Under the hedge, I called them over.
The hum and gulp of the thresher ran down
And the big belt slewed to a standstill, straw
Hanging undelivered in the jaws.
There was such quiet that I heard their boots
Crunching the stubble twenty yards away.

He lay down and said, 'Give these fellows theirs,
I'm in no hurry,' plucking grass in handfuls
And tossing it in the air. 'That looks well.'
(He nodded at my white cloth on the grass.)
'I declare a woman could lay out a field
Though boys like us have little call for cloths.'
He winked, then watched me as I poured a cup
And buttered the thick slices that he likes.
'It's threshing better than I thought, and mid
It's good clean seed. Away over there and look.'
Always this inspection has to be made
Even when I don't know what to look for.

But I ran my hand in the half-filled bags
Hooked to the slots. It was hard as shot,
Innumerable and cool. The bags gaped
Where the chutes ran back to the stilled drum
And forks were stuck at angles in the ground
As javelins might mark lost battlefields.
I moved between them back across the stubble.

They lay in the ring of their own crusts and dregs,
Smoking and saying nothing. 'There's good yield,

Isn't there?' --as proud as if he were the land itself--
'Enough for crushing and sowing both.'
And that was it. I'd come and he had shown me,

So I belonged no further to the work.
I gathered cups and folded up the cloth
And went. But they still kept their ease,
Spread out, unbuttoned, grateful, under the trees.

NIGHT DRIVE

The smell of ordinariness
Were new on the night drive through France:
Rain and hay and woods on the air
Made warm draughts in the open car.

Signposts whitened relentlessly.
Montreuil, Abbeville, Beauvais
Were promised, promised, came and went,
Each place granting its name's fulfilment.

A combine groaning its way late
Bled seeds across its work-light.
A forest fire smoldered out.
One by one small cafés shut.

I thought of you continuously
A thousand miles south where Italy
Laid its loin to France on the darkened sphere.

NOCNA JAZDA

Podczas nocnej jazdy przez Francję
Nowe były zapachy zwykłości-
Deszcz i siano i las w powietrzu
tworzyły ciepłe przeciągi w otwartym samochodzie

Drogowskazy białe bezlitośnie,
obiecwały, obiecywały Montreuil. bbeville, Beauvais
Które przyszły i odeszły,
Za każdym razem razem spełniając swoją nazwę.

Postępujący zapóźniony kombajn
broczył ziarnem w poprzek swoich świateł.
W lesie dogasało ognisko.
Małe kafejki zamykano jedna po drugiej.

Myślałem o tobie nieustannie
O tysiąc mil na południe, tam gdzie Włochy
Położyły udo Francji, w tej przyciemnionej strefie.
Twoja zwyczajność była tam czymś nowym.

Paul Muldoon

Urodził się w roku 1951 w Północnej Irlandii, poeta post – modernistyczny, opublikował 30 zbiorów poezji. Za swoje prace otrzymał prestiżowe nagrody: Pulitzera oraz T.S. Eliota

The Frog

Comes to mind as another small
upheaval
amongst the rubble.
His eye matches exactly the bubble
in my spirit-level.
I set aside hammer and chisel
and take him on the trowel.

The entire population of Ireland
springs from a pair left to stand
overnight in a pond
in the gardens of Trinity College,
two bottle of wine left there to chill
after the Act of Union.

There is, surely, in this story
a moral. A moral for our times.
What if I put him to my head
and squeezed it out of him,
like the juice of freshly squeezed limes,
or a lemon sorbet?

CYCLING TO DUBLIN by Robert Greacen 1920 -...

Pulling the dead sun's weight through County Meath,
We cycled through the knotted glass of afternoon,
Aware of the bright fog in the narrow slot of breath,
And the cycles` rhyming, coughing croon.

“O hurry to Dublin, to Dublin’s fair city,
Where colleens, fair colleens are ever so pretty,
O linger no longer in lumbering languor,
Gallop the miles, the strait-backed miles without number.”

We were the Northmen, hard with hoarded words on tongue,
Driven down by home disgust to the broad lands and rich talk,
To the country of poets and pubs and cow-dung
Spouting and sprouting from every stalk...

“O hurry to Dublin, to Dublin’s fair city,
Where colleens, fair colleens are ever so pretty,
O linger no longer in lumbering languor,
Gallop the miles, the strait-backed miles without number.”



Gerard Smyth

*Poet, critic and journalist, Gerard Smith was born in 1951. His work include *The Flags are Quiet* (1969); *Twenty Poems* (1970); *Orchestra of Silence* (1971); *World Without End* (1977); *Loss and Gain* (1981). Michael Hartnett observed that “Gerard Smyth is essentially a city-poet; lyrical, passionate...he may do for Dublin in verse what Joyce did for it in prose. “His most recent and highly acclaimed collection *A New Tenancy* appeared in 2004.*

YOU AND I

Now I am no longer I, and you are not you.
Yehuda Amichai

That old keepsake of yours, the troll-face
doll stares at me from across the room.
I am in its gaze, unable to avoid the wicked grin.

The heating system makes cooling-down noises.
We doze and dream. There is no connection
between the dream and what happens in life.

The drumbeat walk of rain on the roof
keeps a steady rhythm, like afterhours music.
Soon the gale will be everywhere –

it can pass through the eye of a needle
or move heaven nearer to earth.
Once more the quieter sounds strive to be heard:

skinflakes dropping, soapy water dripping
from dresses and shirts. We lie still expecting a pause
in the movement that carries life forward.

ON THE TRAIN WITH JUDY GARLAND

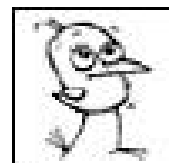
We are leaving the coast,
the seafarer's road to Utopia.
The train sounds weary, it is old stock.
The branch line runs between

dry-stone walls and bushes of gorse.
There are small estuaries,
inlets where the day ends in solitudes
that feel cold and fill with sudden stillness.

We hurtle through provincial stations
and slow down when it's time to stop
for new passengers.
The girl on the seat opposite,

like a young Judy Garland,
has become my three-hour figment
of infatuation. Sometimes she seems
on the verge of speaking

but really she is occupied by what she sees
in nature: the vernal landscape
in the window frame,
the black raincloud like a mascara stain.



Patrick Galvin

Urodził się w 1927 roku, w Cork, irlandzki poeta i dramaturg, znany również jako odtwórca ballad i piosenki irlandzkich. Jego sztuki teatralne były wystawiane w Abbey Theatre w Dublinie I w teatrach w Szkocji i Anglii.

James Connolly written and sung by Patrick Galvin

Where oh where is our James Connolly ?
Where oh where is that gallant man ?
He is gone to organise the Union
That working men they may yet be free.

Oh who then who will lead the van ?
Oh who then who will lead the van ?
Who but our James Connolly
The hero of the working man.

Who will carry high the burning flag ?
Who will carry high the burning flag ?
Who but our James Connolly
Could carry high the burning flag.

They carried him up to the jail
They carried him up to the jail
And they shot him down on a bright May morning
And quickly laid him in his grave.

Who mourns the death of this great man ?
Who mourns the death of this great man ?
Oh bury me down in yon green garden
With union men on every side.

So they buried him down in yon green garden
With union men on every side
They swore they would form a mighty union
That James Connolly's name might be filled with pride.

Where oh where is our James Connolly ?

Where oh where is that gallant man ?
He is gone to organise the Union
That working men they may yet be free.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-IP7m4TuLTQ>

SZALONA KOBIETA Z CORK

Dziś jest Dzień Świętej Anny
Módlcie się za mnie
Jestem szalona kobieta z Cork.

Wczoraj
Na Castle Street
Widziałam dwa gobliny u mych stóp
Widziałam konia bez głowy
Wiozącego zmarłych
Na cmentarz
Koło Turner`s Cross.

Jestem szaloną kobietą z Cork
Nikt ze mną nie rozmawia.

Kiedy chodzę po deszczu
Dzieci rzucają we mnie kamieniami
Starcy prześladują mnie
A kobiety zamykają drzwi.
Gdy umrę
Wierźcie mi
Podpala mnie.

Jestem szalona kobieta z Cork
Niespełna rozumu.

Czasem
Z orłem w głowie
Widzę jak pociąg
Rozbija się na stacji

Gdybym o tym powiedziała
To ludzie by mnie udusili.
I co by mi z tego przyszło?
Jestem szalona kobietą z Cork
Ludzie nienawidzą mnie.



William Allingham – urodził się w roku 1824 w hrabstwie Donegal. jego pierwszy tomik wierszy ukazał się w roku 1850. W roku 1870 został wydawcą *Frazer's Magazine*. wszyscy Irlandczycy znają jego wiersze ze szkoły/

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare '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 hilltop
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist
Columkill 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 hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
For pleasure here and there.

Is 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 dare '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!



CRÍOCH
The end