

## **Konkurs recytatorski Poezji Irlandzkiej Październik 2011**

Pod Patronatem Konsulatu Irlandii w Poznaniu



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## 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](mailto: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 zasiadą:

- 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](http://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>

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### **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

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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>

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**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>

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**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>**

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***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) 18<sup>th</sup> 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

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

## Van Morrison

**Pochodzący z Belfastu współczesny poeta i bard irlandzki, zaliczany do pięciu najlepszych twórców 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>

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## 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](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.

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## 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  
Wierzcie 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