

Poznań-Październik 2013

Konkurs recytatorski Poezji Irlandzkiej Październik 2013



Maisie Parker

PATRONATY HONOROWE:
AMBASADY IRLANDII W POLSCE
KONSULATU IRLANDII W POZNANIU



Szanowni Uczniowie!

Zapraszam Was do wzięcia udziału w specjalnej, jubileuszowej - **X edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej**, którego finał odbędzie się w Poznaniu 25 października. Dziewięć dotychczasowych spotkań z poezją irlandzką, zarówno tą mówioną, jak i śpiewaną, to dziewięć wspaniałych przeżyć, które pozostaną nam w pamięci. Historia tych lat pokazała, że młodzież polska rozumie i ceni poezję irlandzką i według opinii Pana **Johna McGowana**, jurora i sponsora Konkursu z roku 2012, potrafi ją zinterpretować nie gorzej niż rodowici mieszkańcy Zielonej Wyspy. Cieszy mnie niezmiernie, że inicjatywa szkoły Program-Bell przyjęła się wśród młodzieży w naszym regionie i dzięki niej anglojęzyczna poezja Irlandii stała się lekturą i przedmiotem interpretacji słownych i muzycznych.

Fundatorami nagród X Edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej, będą Ambasada Irlandii w Warszawie, Konsulat Irlandii w Poznaniu, irlandzka szkoła językowa The North West Academy of English z Derry w Irlandii oraz Szkoła Języków Obcych Program-Bell.

Wśród nagród za interpretacje poezji znajdują się: półroczne kursy językowe w szkole Program-Bell w Poznaniu, nieodpłatne egzaminy Cambridge English oraz nagrody książkowe i słowniki, a także cztery zaproszenia do publicznego wykonania nagrodzonych utworów muzycznych w czasie obchodów Dnia Św. Patryka w marcu 2014 w Poznaniu.

Ponadto dwie główne nagrody za najlepszą interpretację utworów muzycznych to ufundowane przez **The North West Academy of English z Derry** dwa tygodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Irlandii.

Miło mi Was powiadomić, że tegoroczny Konkurs Poezji Irlandzkiej w Poznaniu zostanie otwarty przez **Jego Ekszelencję Ambasadora Irlandii w Polsce, pana Eugene Hutchinson'a**.

Obecność Pana Ambasadora jest dla Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej w Poznaniu szczególnym zaszczytem i pozostanie piękną kartą w historii tego wydarzenia. Serdecznie zapraszam do wzięcia udziału w Jubileuszowym Konkursie 2013!

Katarzyna Lisiewicz
Program-Bell



REGULAMIN KONKURSU RECYTATORSKIEGO POEZJI IRLANDZKIEJ

Założenia Ogólne i Cele Konkursu

1. W konkursie mogą wziąć udział uczniowie szkół gimnazjalnych i ponadgimnazjalnych.
(kategoria wiekowa także stanowi kryterium oceny)
2. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych Program-Bell oraz Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia Gimnazjum i Liceum 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, w tym interpretacji poezji śpiewanej oraz ogólnej kreatywności młodzieży.
 - Prezentacja poszukiwań twórczych w dziedzinie repertuaru oraz wyrazu artystycznego.
 - Wyłonienie i popieranie talentów artystycznych i twórczych.
 - Kształtowanie i rozwijanie zainteresowań młodzieży współczesną i dawną literaturą, poezją i muzyką Irlandii.
 - Rozwijanie wśród uczniów umiejętności wyszukiwania i wykorzystania informacji, formułowania opinii, argumentów i wniosków w wypowiedzi oraz prezentacji i obrony opracowanego tematu w formie ustnej
5. Celem Konkursu jest: **recytacja fragmentów poezji irlandzkiej w języku angielskim lub ich przedstawienia w formie piosenki lub innego utworu muzycznego inspirowanego poezją irlandzką. Kategoria muzyczna zakłada także własną, niepowtarzalną interpretację utworów, wyszczególnionych w poniższym zbiorze. Propozycje utworów zawierają linki do ich wykonania muzycznych na portalu youtube.**

I. Przebieg poszczególnych etapów

Konkurs przebiegać będzie w dwóch etapach:

a. **Etap szkolny**

Każda szkoła może zgłosić do udziału w Konkursie maksymalnie 6 wykonawców, w tym osoby indywidualne oraz zespoły muzyczne. Szkoła zobowiązana jest do przeprowadzenia wewnętrznych eliminacji, które organizuje i przeprowadza Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Prosimy o zgłaszanie kandydatów do dnia 15 października (wtorek) 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 21 października (poniedziałek), 22 października (wtorek), 23 października (środa) 2013 roku, w godzinach od 14:30 do 19:30 dla szkół miasta Poznania oraz szkół spoza 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 angielskim lub interpretujących wiersze muzycznie (piosenka poetycka), które zdobędą najwyższą punktację w ramach interpretacji poezji.

II. Finał Konkursu

Finał konkursu będzie miał miejsce 25 października 2013 roku w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia Gimnazjum I Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu, ul. Solna 12, w godzinach od 13:00 do 16:00. W jury konkursowym zasiadają:

- a) aktor
- b) nauczyciel-muzyk
- c) nauczyciel-anglista
- d) dyrektor The North West Academy of English

Młodzież otrzyma materiały do 15 października 2013 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 angielskim, a także wykonania muzyczne przedstawione przez irlandzkich muzyków, piosenkarzy i poetów. Propozycje muzyczne będzie można obejrzeć w podanych linkach do portalu Youtube.** Istnieje możliwość wybrania własnego fragmentu związanego tematycznie z konkursem. Należy wówczas 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 .

III. Ogłaszanie i zatwierdzanie wyników Konkursu

Oficjalne wyniki ogłasza się w formie komunikatu w miejscu i dniu przeprowadzenia Konkursu. Zaświadczenia dla finalistów zostaną wydane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program-Bell.

IV. Nagrody

Nagrody w Konkursie są ufundowane przez Szkołę Języków Obcych Program-Bell, Szkołę The North West Academy of English oraz Ambasadę i Konsulat Irlandii w Polsce. Wśród nich są : dwa jednodniowe kursy językowe w Derry w Irlandii z pobytem u rodziny, trzy półroczne kursy językowe, nieodpłatne egzaminy Cambridge ESOL: FCE lub CAE oraz nagrody książkowe, płyty, koszulki. W ramach nagrody - bezpłatny egzamin Cambridge English - kandydat zostanie zaproszony na test kwalifikujący do egzaminu. Szkoła Program- Bell zapewni również załatwienie wszelkich formalności związanych ze zdawaniem egzaminów. Zdany egzamin Cambridge ESOL oznacza otrzymanie międzynarodowego certyfikatu, który jest uznawany na całym świecie zarówno przez wyższe uczelnie, jak i pracodawców.

“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)

Paul Durcan

Urodził się w Dublinie w 1944 roku, studiował na University College Cork. Jest bardzo popularnym poetą w Irlandii, znanym z wieczorów poetyckich, na których świetnie prezentuje swoje wiersze. W roku 1990 piastował zaszczytny tytuł writer-in-residence na uniwersytecie Trinity College w Dublinie. 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.

Diarrhoea Attack at Party Headquarters in Leningrad

An attack of diarrhoea at Party Headquarters in Leningrad
Was not something I imagined ever happening to me
Which is perhaps partly why it did happen to me.
The presidium had barely taken its place
Under the iconic portraits of V.I.Lenin and M.S.Gorbachev
When I could feel the initial missiles
Firing down the sky of my stomach
Setting in motion something that was irreversible –
The realpolitik of the irreversible.
The only consolation was that I was wearing underpants.
The fact is that sometimes I do not wear underpants.
Oddly enough I was wearing red underpants
Which I had originally purchased in Marks & Spencer`s
The first explosion resulted in immediate devastation –
The ensuing explosions serving only to define
The innately irreversible dialectic of catastrophe.
I whispered magnanimously into the earhole of my interpreter.
He reciprocated that since he also had „a trauma of the intestine”
We should both take our leave immediatement and he showed me
Such fraternal solicitude that in my mind`s eye
I can still see Lenin peering down at me
As if he were peering down at nobody else in the hall.
A black Volga whisked us back to our hotel and ignominy-
My ignominy – not anybody else`s ignominy – and that night
Over cups of tea we discussed the war in Afghanistan,
Agreeing that realistically it appeared an insoluble problem,
Yet hoping against hope that somehow it would be solved
And that – as you put it, Slava – “Russian boys come home”.
There is nothing necessarily ignominious about anything.

Seamus Heaney

Jeden z najwybitniejszych poetów współczesnych, noblista z 1995 r., zmarł w piątek rano w Dublinie w wieku 74 lat. Był poetą na wskroś irlandzkim, któremu irlandzkość nie wystarczała. (...)Do pełnego zrozumienia poezji Heaney'a 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. Głęboko osadzona w irlandzkiej rzeczywistości, jest jednak często jej empatycznym, choć przenikliwie krytycznym, adwersarzem.

Cały tekst:

http://wyborcza.pl/1,75475,14523433,Niosl_ze_soba_Irlandie_Seamus_Heaney_nie_zyje.html#ixzz2elcbpx6D

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.

The Otter

When you plunged
The light of Tuscany wavered
And swung through the pool
From top to bottom.

I loved your wet head and smashing crawl,
Your fine swimmer's back and shoulders
Surfacing and surfacing again
This year and every year since.

I sat dry-throated on the warm stones.
You were beyond me.
The mellowed clarities, the grape-deep air
Thinned and disappointed.

Thank God for the slow loadening,
When I hold you now
We are close and deep
As the atmosphere on water.

My two hands are plumbed water.
You are my palpable, lithe
Otter of memory
In the pool of the moment,

Turning to swim on your back,
Each silent, thigh-shaking kick
Re-tilting the light,
Heaving the cool at your neck.

And suddenly you're out,
Back again, intent as ever,
Heavy and frisky in your freshened pelt,
Printing the stones.

Derek Mahon

Interesował się literaturą 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. Potem jeszcze otrzymał nagrody literackie w latach 2007 i 2009.

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 rackets 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.

The Seasons

1.

Day-stars like daisies on a field of sky.
The nuclear subs are keeping sinister watch
while sun heat focuses on the cabbage-patch.
What weird weather can we expect this July?
Tornado, hail, some sort of freak tempest?
The bonfire month, and another storm brewing:
I hear it sing I' th'wind, and among the leaves.
But out here in the hot pastures of the west,
no Google goggling at our marginal lives,
there are still corners where a lark can sing.

2.

We prospered and made hay while the sun shone.
Now autumn skies, yellow and grey, sow rain
on summer debris, Ambre Solaire, crushed bracken,
we clear the dead leaves from a blocked drain
and tap barometers since the weather's taken
a sudden turn for the worse. Contentious crows
congregate of an evening at St Multose';
the harvest hymns float out from Gothic windows
on Maersk, docked sailing-boats and guesthouses
closed for the winter now the guests have gone.

3.

The reading period, and on the writing desk
quarto and lamplight in the early dusk.

If we don't travel now we hibernate
with other locals at the Tap Tavern
beside an open hearth, our winter haven.

Glowing cinders nuzzle the warm grate
while outside, ghostly in a starlit street,
creaking signs and a novelistic breeze.

Urgent footsteps fade into the night
leaving us to our pub talk and reveries.

4.

A fly-dazzling disc in the open door,
hung on a ribbon, catches the light and blinks
as the sun spokes on gardens and seascapes,
drawing up dew, exposing hidden depths,
old shipwrecks visible from the air. A northern
draught blows flower scents to the blue horizon;
a yawl, Bermuda-rigged, shakes out its linen
watched by the yachties, blow-ins, quiet drunks
and the new girls with parasols in their drinks.
Springs gush in a shower of flowering hawthorn.

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

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 whip-lash,
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 w krajobrazie literatury irlandzkiej. Obecnie, już po osiemdziesiątce, nadal pisze doskonałą i głęboką poezję. Jego wiersze czule odnoszą się do stosunków międzyludzkich, a uczciwość z jaką się odnosi do doświadczeń człowieka w świecie, porusza. Niektóre wiersze tryskają humorem, a wszystkie charakteryzuje niezwykła poetycka inteligencja autora. W roku 1983 otrzymał nagrodę Marten Toonder Award za zasługi dla literatury irlandzkiej, a w 2003 zaszczytny tytuł Saoi grupy Aosdana.

What It Is Not

It is not just the natural culmination
Of a jolly romp between boy and girl,
She in her white shorts,
He in his check.

It is not good
Like fresh fruit salad,
Or a brisk walk on a winter's
afternoon,
Or a trot around the park,
Or a blue open day by the sea.

It is not a progression of friendship,
Or comradeship,
Or liking,
Though there may be friendship,
Comradeship
And, hopefully, liking.

And not of tenderness either,
Though there may be tenderness
Before and after.

Or even of love,
Though there may sometimes be love
Both before and after.

But these things can often preclude it
Because it is not for people in their
Full humanity at all,
An expression of their goodness,
Their nobility,
Their poetry.

Though of course there may be poetry
Both before and after.

Thomes Moore

Thomas Moore - pod pseudonimem "Th. Little" ogłosił swój pierwszy zbiór romantycznych wierszy miłosnych "The Poetical Works". Sławę przyniósł mu pieśni "Irish Melodies" do których muzykę pisał J. Stevenson. Opiewały one piękno krajobrazu, tradycję oraz folklor Irlandii. Uznanie zdobyły jego dwie satyry "The Two - Penny Post Bag" oraz "The Fudge Family in Paris". Po śmierci Byrona, jego znajomegowydał jego listy i dzienniki pod tytułem: "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron with Notices of His Life".

In His Study At sloperton Cottage

I

A writer is a worm;
Ipon itself turns the screw
In clay cells of its own bastilles;
Voluntary incarceration.

`A prima donna of the carceral life' –
Is how our leading novelist puts it.

A creature whom you will find
On the sunniest, snowiest day of the year
Not gambling about the laden meadows
With the other creatures of the wood –
The soft pink girls in their long black
overcoats,
The squirrel, the fox, the kare, the
hedgehog –
But down in the nightshade of his donjon
Scribbling by the light of the basement
area;
Down in the dungeon of his own ribcage
Scribbling by the light of his own throat;
Down the tubes of his own larynx
Scribbling by the light of his own fear.

II

To be a writer
Is to be buried
Alive, fires thing
Every morning.

I emerge from my bunker
At noon holding my head
Having written
Or as likely
Having not written
`Lalla Rookh` .

Carrying in my hand a poker
Thinking that it is not a harp
I stand blinking in daylight
Trying to remember
Who the blazes I am,
Where the blazes I am going,
What the blazes I am doing with a
poker in my hand
Which I know very well is not a harp
I am a very doughty, very glowing, very
colcic little Irishman
Held-up in rush-hour traffic in East
Ham.

Spike Milligan

Genialny komik, Spike Milligan (właściwie: Terence Alan Milligan), odnosił sukcesy na wielu płaszczyznach. Był komikiem, aktorem, muzykiem, autorem serii książek. Urodził się w Indiach. Ojciec, Irlandczyk, był kapitanem w brytyjskiej armii. Jego najbardziej znany wiersz komiczny, On the Ning Nang Nong został uznany za najbardziej popularny i lubiany wiersz roku 1998 roku.

UWAGA, osoby, które zdecydują się na wybór wierszy Spike'a Milligan'a proszone są przedstawienie interpretacji minimum dwóch wierszy.

Maveric

Maveric Prowles
Had Rumbling Bowles
That thundered in the night.
It shook the bedrooms all around
And gave the folks a fright.
The doctor called;
He was appalled
When through his stethoscope
He heard the sound of a baying hound,
And the acrid smell of smoke.
Was there a cure?
'The higher the fewer'
The learned doctor said,
Then turned poor Maveric inside out
And stood him on his head.
'Just as I though
You've been and caught
An Asiatic flu -
You musn't go near dogs I fear
Unless they come near you.'
Poor Maveric cried.
He went cross-eyed,
His legs went green and blue.
The doctor hit him with a club
And charged him one and two.
And so my friend
This is the end,
A warning to the few:
Stay clear of doctors to the end
Or they'll get rid of you.

Scorflufus

There are many diseases,
That strike people's kneeses,
Scorflufus! is one by name
It comes from the East
Packed in bladders of yeast
So the Chinese must take half the blame.

There's a case in the files
Of Sir Barrington-Pyles
While hunting a fox one day
Shot up in the air
And remained hanging there!
While the hairs on his socks turned grey!

Aye! Scorflufus had struck!
At man, beast, and duck.
And the knees of the world went Bong!
Some knees went Ping!
Other knees turned to string
From Balham to old Hong Kong.

Should you hold your life dear,
Then the remedy's clear,
If you're offered some yeast - don't eat it!
Turn the offer down flat-
Don your travelling hat-

Put an egg in your boot - and beat it!

On the Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong
Where the Cows go Bong!
and the monkeys all say BOO!
There's a Nong Nang Ning
Where the trees go Ping!
And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.
On the Nong Ning Nang
All the mice go Clang
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!
So its Ning Nang Nong
Cows go Bong!
Nong Nang Ning
Trees go ping
Nong Ning Nang
The mice go Clang
What a noisy place to belong
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

Sometimes we Cry

Van Morrison, pochodzący z Belfastu współczesny poeta i bard irlandzki, zaliczany jest 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 dzieła jako poety i muzyka niosą znamiona absolutnej, ponadczasowej indywidualności i wyjątkowości.

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

Sometimes we know, sometimes we don't
Sometimes we give, sometimes we won't
Sometimes we're strong, sometimes we're wrong
Sometimes we cry

Sometimes it's bad when the going gets tough
When we look in the mirror and we want to give up
Sometimes we don't even think we'll try
Sometimes we cry

Well we're gonna have to sit down and think it right through
If we're only human what more can we do?
The only thing to do is eat humble pie
Sometimes we cry

'Fore they put me in a jacket and they take me away
I'm not gonna fake it like Johnnie Ray
Sometimes we live, sometimes we die
Sometimes we cry

Sometimes we can't see anything straight
Sometimes everybody is on the make
Sometimes it's lonely on the lost highway
Sometimes we cry, sometimes we cry

Gonna put me in a jacket, and take me away
I'm not gonna fake it like Johnnie Ray
Sometimes we live, sometimes we die
Sometimes we cry, sometimes we cry

Sometimes we live, sometimes we die
Sometimes we cry, sometimes we cry

Moondance

<http://vimeo.com/m/44983820>

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

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

Days like these

http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=BteIwbKU_iQ&desktop_uri=%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DBteIwbKU_iQ

When its not always raining therell be days like this
When theres no one complaining therell be days like this
When everything falls into place like the flick of a switch
Well my mama told me therell be days like this

When you dont need to worry therell be days like this
When no ones in a hurry therell be days like this
When you dont get betrayed by that old judas kiss
Oh my mama told me therell be days like this

When you dont need an answer therell be days like this
When you dont meet a chancer therell be days like this□
When all the parts of the puzzle start to look like they f it
Then I must remember therell be days like this

When everyone is up front and theyre not playing tricks
When you dont have no freeloaders out to get their kicks
When its nobodys business the way that you wanna live
I just have to remember therell be days like this

When no one steps on my dreams therell be days like this
When people understand what I mean therell be days like this
When you ring out the changes of how everything is
Well my mama told me therell be days like this

Oh my mama told me
Therell be days like this
Oh my mama told me
Therell be days like this
Oh my mama told me
Therell be days like this
Oh my mama told me
Therell be days like this

The Town I Loved So Well

Song writer: Phil Coulter

Phil Coulter was born on the 19th February 1942. He lists his occupation as a Songwriter and Musician. In a career which spans over 45 years he has won 23 Platinum Discs, 39 Gold Discs, 52 Silver Discs, 2 Grand Prix Eurovision Awards, 5 Ivor Novello Awards, 3 American Society of Composers, a Grammy Nomination, a Meteor Award and a Rose d'or d'Antibes. Phil describes the song "The Town I loved So Well" as the "most autobiographical tune" he has ever written.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GH8fuEcNubs>,

In my memory I will always see
the town that I have loved so well
Where our school played ball by the gasyard wall
and we laughed through the smoke and the smell
Going home in the rain, running up the dark lane
past the jail and down behind the fountain
Those were happy days in so many, many ways
in the town I loved so well

In the early morning the shirt factory horn
called women from Creggan, the Moor and the Bog
While the men on the dole played a mother's role,
fed the children and then trained the dogs
And when times got tough there was just about enough
But they saw it through without complaining
For deep inside was a burning pride
in the town I loved so well

There was music there in the Derry air
like a language that we all could understand
I remember the day when I earned my first pay
And I played in a small pick-up band
There I spent my youth and to tell you the truth

I was sad to leave it all behind me
For I learned about life and I'd found a wife
in the town I loved so well

But when I returned how my eyes have burned
to see how a town could be brought to its knees
By the armoured cars and the bombed out bars
and the gas that hangs on to every tree
Now the army's installed by that old gasyard wall
and the damned barbed wire gets higher and higher
With their tanks and their guns, oh my God, what have they done
to the town I loved so well

Now the music's gone but they carry on
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken
They will not forget but their hearts are set
on tomorrow and peace once again
For what's done is done and what's won is won
and what's lost is lost and gone forever
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
in the town I loved so well

RIDE ON

Lyrics: Jimmy MacCarthy Music: Christy Moore :

Christy Andrew Moore jest piosenkarzem i muzykiem folkowym, urodzonym w 1945 r. Jest uważany za największego żyjącego muzyka Irlandii. Christy jest socjalistą i jego piosenki odzwierciedlają jego zapatrywania polityczne. W roku 2011 na festiwalu w Oxegen Christy wykonał „Ride On” wraz z zespołem Coldplay.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5wnEVoyukU4>

True you ride the finest horse I have ever seen
Standing sixteen, one or two, with eyes wild and green
And you ride the horse so well, hands light to the touch
I could never go with you no matter how I wanted to

Ride on, see you, I could never go with you
No matter how I wanted to
Ride on, see you, i could never go with you
No matter how i wanted to

When you ride into the night without a trace behind
Run your claw along my gut, one last time
I turn to face an empty space, where once you used to lie
And look for a spark that lights the dark
Through a teardrop in my eye

Lies

Lyrics and music: Glen Hansard

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

I think it's time, we give it up
And figure out what's stopping us
From breathing easy and talking straight

The way is clear if you're ready now
The volunteer is slowing down
And taking time to save himself

The little cracks they escalated
Before we knew it was too late
For making circles and telling lies

You're moving too fast for me
And I can't keep up with you
Baby, if you slow down for me

I could see you're only telling lies, lies, lies
Breaking us down with your lies, lies, lies
When will you learn?

The little cracks they escalated
And before we knew it was too late
For making circles and telling lies

You're moving too fast for me
And I can't keep up with you
Maybe if you'd slow down for me

I could see you're only telling lies, lies, lies
Breaking us down with your lies, lies, lies
When will you learn?

So plant the thought and watch it grow
Wind it up and let it go

The Voyage

Christy Moore

Christopher Andrew Moore the Irish Folk singer and songwriter was born in Newbridge County Kildare on the 7th May 1945. In 2007 christy was voted Ireland's greatest living musician in RTE's People of the Year Awards. Christy is a socialist and a lot of his songs reflect his view of the world. He has written and performed many political songs in support of left wing groups in El Salvador and Palestine

http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=_surYSjPZQA&desktop_uri=%2Fwatch%3Fv%3D_surYSjPZQA

I am a sailor, you're my first mate
We signed on together, we coupled our fate
Hauled up our anchor, determined not to fail
For the hearts treasure, together we set sail
With no maps to guide us we steered our own course
Rode out the storms when the winds were gale force
Sat out the doldrums in patience and hope
Working together we learned how to cope

Chorus:

Life is an ocean and love is a boat
In troubled water that keeps us afloat
When we started the voyage, there was just me and you
Now gathered round us, we have our own crew
Together we're in this relationship
We built it with care to last the whole trip
Our true destination's not marked on any charts
We're navigating to the shores of the heart

Chorus 2x

ON RAGLAN ROAD

Lyrics according to poem by Patrick Kavanagh, music: Luke Kelly

Luke Kelly urodził się w Dublinie w 1940 roku, zmarł w 1984 w wieku 44lat. Urodził się w rodzinie robotniczej, jego styl muzyczny to „pan-Celtic”. Uważany jest za irlandzką ikonę i oraz za dobro kultury Irlandii. Posąg z brązu był zadedykowany Luke Kelly w Dublinie i został opłacony przez Bono, Phil Coulter i Enya Snow Patrol

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8xvkvFviIj8&feature=related>

On Raglan Road of an autumn day
I saw her first and knew
That her dark hair would weave a snare
That I might one day rue
I saw the danger and I passed
Along the enchanted way
And said let grief be a fallen leaf
At the dawning of the day

On Grafton Street in November
We tripped lightly along the ledge
Of a deep ravine where can be seen
The worth of passion's pledge
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts
And I not making hay
Oh I loved too much and by such by such
Is happiness thrown away

I gave her gifts of the mind
I gave her the secret signs
Known to the artists who have known
The true gods of sound and stone
And word and tint I did not stint
I gave her poems to say
With her own name there
And her own dark hair
Like clouds over fields of May

On a quiet street where old ghosts meet
I see her walking now
Away from me so hurriedly my reason must allow
That I had loved not as I should
A creature made of clay
When the angel woos the clay
He'll lose his wings at the dawn of day

Eve the Apple of My Eye

Lyrics and music by Bell X1

BellX1 to irlandzki zespół rockowy z Dublina i Kildare, którzy znany jest z łącznie wielu różnych stylów i hipnotyzujących występów na żywo. Często ich teksty komentowane są jako "inteligentne i dowcipne". Nazwa zespołu pochodzi od pierwszych samolotów naddźwiękowych w historii. Zespół posiada wyjątkowe brzmienie, w którym w sposób idealny pomieszanie jest muzyki elektronicznej i przebojowego pop rocka.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eQCK7cI03B8>

You left it, I sent it

I want it back

You left it, I sent it

I want it back

If I had you here, I'd clip your wings

Snap you up and leave you sprawling on my pin

This plan of mine is oh so very lame

Can't you see the grass is greener where it rains

You left, I died,

I went and you cried

You came, I think

But I never really know

I've served my time

I've watched you climb

The wrong incline

But what do I know

Accept it, Don't let it

Turn the screw

Accept it, And let it

Scream back at you

Now this applies both equally to you and I
The only thing we share
Is the same sky
These empty metaphors
They're all in vain
Like can't you see the grass is greener where it rains

In the garden Snake was a charmin'
And Eve said let's give it a try
Now lead us not into temptation
But no matter how hard I try
When in the garden and
Snake is a charmin'
And Eve says let's give it a try
Eve is the apple of my eye

And I lie behind you
And a cradle you in the palm of me
And I pat your hair down
I think will we sink or swim?
'Cause we could do either on a whim

When Your Mind's Made Up

Lyrics: Kris Allen, music: The Frames (originally)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wtVSfINZA4I>

So, if you want something
And you call, call
Then I'll come running
To fight
and I'll be at your door
When there's something worth running for

When your mind's made up
When your mind's made up
There's no point trying to change it
When your mind's made up
When your mind's made up
There's no point trying to stop it

You see
you're just like everyone
When the shit falls all you want to do is run away
And hide all by yourself
When you're far from me
there's nothing else

When your mind's made up
When your mind's made up
There's no point trying to change it
When your mind's made up
When your mind's made up
There's no point even talking
When your mind's made up
When your mind's made up
There's no point trying to fight it
When your mind....
When your mind....
...There's no point trying to change it

So
If you ever want something
And you call, call
Then I'll come running

The Storm, It's Coming

Lyrics and music: **Glen Hansard**

Glen Hansard urodzony w 1972 roku pojawił się jako pianista w BAFTA filmu zwycięskiego zatytułowanego Commitments (1991). Gra na gitarze i mandolinie, jest współautorem piosenki "Falling Slowly" z płyty "Once", która otrzymała Oscara za najlepszą piosenkę w 2007 roku. Zdobył również 10 nominacji oraz innych nagród w latach 2007-2008

http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=Y4u7Cy9LMB8&desktop_uri=%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DY4u7Cy9LMB8

Naked from the fee
From the decade of the bees
On a new road
With no true know that see it

There's doubt in every face
And there's a liar on the stage
And what good is it
If you don't hear him say of believing

Every clap brings out a warning
Get ready for the storm, it's coming
Yeah, it's coming

So slap back in the face
For a city county race
And the coin drops in the box
Don't change the meter

There's a storm and it's a raging
In the belly of the slaving
It's coming, it's coming
It's coming, it's coming

And when the wind howls at your gate
Already it is too late
It's coming, it's coming

Run

Lyrics and music: Snow Patrol

Snow Patrol jest to irlandzko / szkocki zespół rockowy założony na Uniwersytecie Dundee w 1994 roku. W 2003 roku ich album Final Straw sprzedał się w ponad 3 mln egzemplarzy na całym świecie. Ich przebój Chasing Cars przyniósł międzynarodową sławę, a album sprzedał się w ponad 6 mln egzemplarzy na całym świecie. Zespół gra mieszankę alternatywnego rocka i popu.

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

I'll sing it one last time for you

Then we really have to go
You've been the only thing that's right
In all I've done

And I can barely look at you
But every single time I do
I know we'll make it anywhere
Away from here

Light up, light up
As if you have a choice
Even if you cannot hear my voice
I'll be right beside you dear

Louder louder
And we'll run for our lives
I can hardly speak I understand
Why you can't raise your voice to say

To think I might not see those eyes
Makes it so hard not to cry
And as we say our long goodbye
I nearly do

Light up, light up
As if you have a choice
Even if you cannot hear my voice
I'll be right beside you dear

Louder louder
And we'll run for our lives
I can hardly speak I understand
Why you can't raise your voice to say

Slower slower
We don't have time for that
All I want's to find an easy way
To get out of our little heads

Have heart, my dear
We're bound to be afraid
Even if it's just for a few days
Making up for all this mess

Light up, light up
As if you have a choice
Even if you cannot hear my voice
I'll be right beside you dear

Open Your Eyes

Lyrics and music: Snow Patrol

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

All this feels strange and untrue
And I won't waste a minute without you
My bones ache, my skin feels cold
And I'm getting so tired and so old

The anger swells in my guts
And I won't feel these slices and cuts
I want so much to open your eyes
'Cause I need you to look into mine

Tell me that you'll open your eyes [x4]

Get up, get out, get away from these liars
'Cause they don't get your soul or your fire
Take my hand, knot your fingers through mine
And we'll walk from this dark room for the last time

Every minute from this minute now
We can do what we like anywhere
I want so much to open your eyes
'Cause I need you to look into mine

Tell me that you'll open your eyes [x8]

All this feels strange and untrue
And I won't waste a minute without you

The Lightning Strike

Lyrics and music: Snow Patrol

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S0BDS0-ZwOw>

What if this storm ends?
And I don't see you
As you are now
Ever again

A perfect halo
Of gold hair and lightning
Sets you off against
The planet's last dance

Just for a minute
The silver forked sky
Lit you up like a star
That I will follow

Now it's found us
Like I have found you
I don't want to run
Just overwhelm me

What if this storm ends?
And leaves us nothing
Except a memory
A distant echo

I want pinned down
I want unsettled
Rattle cage after cage
Until my blood boils

I want to see you
As you are now
Every single day
That I am living

Painted in flames
All peeling thunder
Be the lightning in me
That strikes relentless

What if this storm ends?
And I don't see you
As you are now
Ever again

A perfect halo
Of gold hair and lightning
Sets you off against
The planet's last dance

Just for a minute
The silver forked sky
Lit you up like a star
That I will follow

Now it's found us
Like I have found you
I don't want to run
Just overwhelm me

Cannonball

Lyrics and music: Damien Rice

Damien Rice jest irlandzki piosenkarzem, piszącym teksty do piosenek a jednocześnie producentem muzycznym, który gra na pianinie, gitarze, klarnecie i perkusji. Damien jest aktywnym działaczem i brał udział w kampanii manyFreedom. Bardzo dużo działała na rzecz uwolnienia Aung San Suu Kyi, oraz napisał i wykonał piosenkę, której nadał tytuł "Unplayed Piano" w 2006r. na gali Pokojowej Nagrody Nobla w Oslo.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IJBz5HaKCJc>

Still a little bit of your taste in my mouth
Still a little bit of you laced with my doubt
Still a little hard to say what's going on

Still a little bit of your ghost you witness
Still a little BIT of your face I haven't kissed
You step a little closer EACH DAY
That I can't say what's going on

Stones taught me to fly
Love taught me to lie
Life taught me to die
So it's not hard to fall
When you float like a cannonball

Still a little bit of your song in my ear
Still a little bit of your words I long to hear
You step a little closer TO ME
So close that I can't see what's going on

Stones taught me to fly
Love taught me to lie
Life taught me to die
So it's not hard to fall
When you float like a cannon

Stones taught me to fly
Love taught me to cry
So come on courage!
Teach me to be shy
'Cause it's not hard to fall
And I don't WANNA scare her
It's not hard to fall
And I don't wanna lose
It's not hard to grow
When you know that you just don't know

Remember

Lyrics and music: Damien Rice

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1fqdeR_f9-8

I remember it well
The first time that I saw
Your head around the door
'Cause mine stopped working

I remember it well
There was wet in your hair
I was stood in stare
And time stopped moving

I want you here tonight
I want you here
'Cause I can't believe what I found
I want you here tonight want you here
'Cause nothing is taking me down, down, down...

I remember it well
Taxied out of a storm
To watch you perform
And my ships were sailing

I remember it well
I was stood in your line
And your mouth, your mouth, your mind...

I want you here tonight
I want you here
'Cause I can't believe what I found
I want you here tonight want you here
Nothing is taking me down, down, down...

Hill of Thieves

Cara Dillon

Cara Dillon jest piosenkarka i tworca tekstów piosenek o charakterze poetyckim . Urodzona w Dungiven Co Derry, śpiewa Folk Pop and oraz piosenki o tradycyjnym, irlandzkim charakterze. Cara wygrała wiele prestiżowych nagród, w tym: nagrodę BBC Radio 2 oraz Folk Award za Najlepszy Album Roku.

http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=nfpG6nVcoCY&desktop_uri=%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DnfpG6nVcoCY

For too long time I've been a stranger here
To the hills above Glenshane
And your rocks and your rain
Where the silent souls haunt the Priory walls
In the wind they sing "Come away, come away"

To the murmuring stream with the town below
And the babbling swell of winding Roe
And you still might hear the great O'Cahan Clan
"Come away", they say "to the Benedy Glen".

Where the Hound of the Plain has walked this land
And the loneliest mile, with a sword in his hand
And his blood runs still, in every stream and glen
And his home can be seen from the Hill Of The Thieves

For too long time I've been a stranger here
To the hills above Glenshane
And you rocks and your rain
Where the silent souls haunt the Priory walls
In the wind they sing "Come away, come away"

Black is the Colour

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=97hp3adHaEk>

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She's the sweetest smile, And the gentlest hands,
I love the ground, Whereon she stands.

I love my love and well she knows,
I love the ground, whereon she goes,
I wish the day, it soon would come,
When she & I could be as one.

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She's the sweetest smile, And the gentlest hands,
I love the ground, Whereon she stands.

I go to the Clyde and I mourn and weep,
For satisfied, I ne'er can be,
I write her a letter, just a few short lines,
And suffer death, a thousand times.

(Guitar)

Black is the colour of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some roses fair,
She's the sweetest smile, And the gentlest hands,
I love the ground, Whereon she stands.

CRÍOCH
The end