

Poznań-Październik 2015

## Konkurs Poezji Irlandzkiej Październik 2015



*Val Byrne*  
*Yellow Gable, Kilronan*

**PATRONAT HONOROWY:**  
KONSULAT IRLANDII W POZNANIU



**PATRONAT MEDIALNY:**  
Radio Merkury Poznań



Szanowni Uczniowie!

Zapraszam Was do wzięcia udziału w - **XII edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej**, którego finał odbędzie się w Poznaniu 23 października w auli Szkoły Muzycznej II stopnia, przy ul. Solnej w Poznaniu. Dziesięć dotychczasowych spotkań z poezją irlandzką, zarówno tą mówioną, jak i śpiewaną, to dziesięć 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 i 2013 oraz 2014 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 XII Edycji Konkursu Poezji Irlandzkiej, będą, Konsulat Irlandii w Poznaniu, irlandzka szkoła językowa The North West Academy of English z Derry w Irlandii oraz Szkoła Języków Obcych Program.

Wśród nagród za interpretację poezji znajdują się: półroczne kursy językowe w szkole Program 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 2016 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.

**Radio Merkury, Patron Medialny Konkursu**, ufundowało nagrodę specjalną dla najlepszego wykonawcy utworu muzycznego. Nagrodą będzie nagranie piosenki w studiu Radia Merkury. W tym roku członkiem jury Konkursu bę

Serdecznie zapraszam do wzięcia udziału w Konkursie 2015 !

Katarzyna Lisiewicz



## 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. W Konkursie nie mogą wziąć udziału laureaci edycji Konkursu z roku 2013 oraz 2014
3. Organizatorem konkursu są: Szkoła Języków Obcych Program oraz Szkoła Muzyczna II stopnia Gimnazjum i Liceum im. M. Karłowicza w Poznaniu.
4. Wszelkie działania koordynuje Pani mgr Katarzyna Lisiewicz, dyrektor Szkoły Języków Obcych Program ([office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl))
5. 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
6. 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. W wypadku zespołów muzycznych, prosimy o wcześniejsze powiadomienie i uzgodnienie większej ilości uczestników. Szkoła zobowiązana jest do przeprowadzenia wewnętrznych eliminacji, które organizuje i przeprowadza Szkolna Komisja Konkursowa. Prosimy o zgłaszanie kandydatów do dnia 14 października (środa) pod adresem elektronicznym: [office@angielskiprogram.edu.pl](mailto:office@angielskiprogram.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 19 października (poniedziałek), 20 października (wtorek), 21 października (środa) 2015 roku, w godzinach od 14:30 do 19:30 dla szkół miasta Poznania oraz szkół spoza Poznania w siedzibie Szkoły Języków Obcych Program, 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 23 października 2015 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 zasiądą:

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

Młodzież otrzyma materiały do 1 października 2015 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 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.

## 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 English: 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 zapewni również załatwienie wszelkich formalności związanych ze zdawaniem egzaminów. Zdany egzamin Cambridge English oznacza otrzymanie międzynarodowego certyfikatu, który jest uznawany na całym świecie zarówno przez wyższe uczelnie, jak i pracodawców.

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### ***Dermot Healy***

Dermot Healy (18.06. 1947 – 29.07 2014) popularny poeta i pisarz irlandzki, uważany za “mistrza” lub Celtackiego Hemingwaya. Był członkiem grupy Aosdána, (“ludzie sztuki”) – Stowarzyszenia skupiającego najwybitniejszych twórców w Irlandii. Healy mieszkał w County Sligo. Był autorem wielu powieści, w tym “A Goat’s Song” oraz wielu zbiorów wierszy, w tym “What the Hammer”)

## **THE HARES ON OYSTER ISLAND**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

May they be shot straight through the heart  
By a woman in a boat, and then wake to hear

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The bells of the halyards.

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

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

May the hares increase! The inspiration  
They give me prosper. That I learn to make of isolation  
And fear a grand thing.

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

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***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 po mistrzowsku prezentuje swoje wiersze. W roku 1990 piastował zaszczytny tytuł writer-in-residence na uniwersytecie Trinity College w Dublinie. Paul Durcan jest członkiem grupy Aosdana.

## **SUBURBAN LIFE AMONGST THE HIGHER PRIMATES**

Having endured the screeching for a full ten minutes (At first I thought it was just somebody being murdered Or beaten-up)

I decided to forsake the bed and look out the window:

In broad daylight I saw that

It was my next-door neighbour, the Professor of Archaeology, Down in his asphalt garden screeching up at his son

In a monkey-puzzle tree:

"Desist - I say desist- come down out of that tree

And stop that monkey business" screeched the Professor. The boy complied by swinging down off a branch

And although the father aimed a roundhouse kick at him

The boy escaped into the house weeping "Mamma, Mamma". That night, as I rolled in my garden gate from the pub, I observed, across the hedge from me, at a distance of about five feet The Professor in a monkey-suit and behind him his wife

In a see-through evening-gown and a fur stole:

"Bon soir, fellow-primates" I greeted them:

But they did not greet me back: they never do.

## THE HEAD TRANSPLANT

The doctor said to me: Your father needs a new head. So I said to the doctor: You can give him my head.

My days were numbered - broken marriage, cancer, False teeth, bad dreams- so "Yes" was his answer.

Now I lie in my bed wondering away in my head What will my father look like with his new head?

Will he look like a bull with the head of a daffodil

Or like a nonagenarian pontiff with the head of a harlot?

Or like a heavyweight weightlifter with the head of a fox Or like a withered, aged, tree with the sun in its branches?

My dreams and memories will percolate down his legs and arms; My ideas will seep down his spine like the roots of a tree.

And my eyes will swivel in obeisance to their new rotator.

His friends will say: "Quite remarkable the change in Old Harry -

His new head seems to be doing him the world of good.

Jolly lucky that blackguard son of his snuffed it when he did."

And I, when I'm dead, will walk alone in the graveyard, A ghost with no head, an authentic hobgoblin,

A truly real Irishman, a giolla gan ceann.



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### **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.

### **Blackberry-Picking**

Late August, given heavy rain and sun  
For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.  
At first, just one, a glossy purple clot  
Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.  
You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet  
Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it  
Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for  
Picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger  
Sent us out with milk cans, pea tins, jam-pots  
Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.  
Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills  
We trekked and picked until the cans were full  
Until the tinkling bottom had been covered  
With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned  
Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered  
With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.  
We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.  
But when the bath was filled we found a fur,  
A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.  
The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush  
The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.  
I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair  
That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.

Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

## 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.

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### **Joel Smith**

Joel Smith is a writer and photographer who studied English Literature at Trinity College Dublin. Joel is putting together a collection of poems called "Domestic and Foreign Policy" which focuses on themes within the home such as fatherhood and duty as well as wider political issues. His poem was a silver winner at the Dermot Healy International Poetry Competition in 2015. Joel is originally from Omagh in Co. Tyrone but has lived in Manorhamilton, Leitrim for the last 10 years.

### **A Failure I'm Is**

I am an actual  
Factual

Rhetorical  
And fiscal failure.  
I have no money  
No power no fame,  
All of which I can assure you  
I assumed I would assume.  
I am neither Bond nor Bowie nor  
Caesar and yet I stride my  
Own home like a Colossus  
With power over happy and sadness  
Strict and severe or mild and loving  
Ultimate arbiter of screaming and shouting  
Hanging judge in cases of screaming and biting  
Pontifex Maximus of laughing and tickling,  
Of funny dancing.  
Creator of romantic dinners  
(Sometimes burnt and sometimes winners)  
But all in all if you ask my vassals (whom I also serve)  
They would say I think, no I'm sure in answer  
To the question are you happy?  
I am  
I am  
I am  
I am  
I'm is.  
And if I can just remember  
All of this 'I'm is' as well.  
So this dreams dashed figure  
Is in fact transfigured into success  
By daily crucifixion in the outside world.

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### ***Sinead Morrissey***

**Sinéad Morrissey urodziła się w Belfaście w roku 1972. Ukończyła germanistykę w Trinity College w Dublinie.** . Tam też napisała pracę doktorską. Wydała 5 tomików poezji: *There Was Fire in Vancouver* (1996), *Between Here and There* (2002), *The State of the Prisons* (2005), *Through the Square Window* (2009) . Jej tomik *Parallax* (2013) uzyskał prestiżową nagrodę T S Eliota.

### **A Day's Blindness**

He stood up to carry his plate and cup  
to the sink and couldn't see.  
He sat back down. The clocks  
went on consuming Saturday.

He sat on at the table,

rolling crumbs beneath his thumbs  
and waiting, either for what was taken  
to be handed back –  
the fridge, the kettle, his cuff-linked shirt –  
or for the kleptomaniac visitor  
he couldn't shut out

to be done with it, finally,  
and sever the link –  
to haul him up out of his chair,  
into the hall, and through the brown door  
to a garden ruined with hooves  
and there would be

horses set loose from the Bond Yard  
where his father worked  
in the Hungry Thirties,  
their coats engrained with soot  
and their heads encased in steam,  
accusing him.

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## Lighthouse

My son's awake at ten, stretched out along  
his bunk beneath the ceiling, wired and watchful.  
The end of August. Already the high-flung  
daylight sky of our Northern solstice dulls  
earlier and earlier to a clouded bowl;  
his Star of David lamp and plastic moon  
have turned the dusk to dark outside his room.

Across the Lough, where ferries venture blithely  
and once a cruise ship, massive as a palace,  
inched its brilliant decks to open sea—  
a lighthouse starts its own nightlong address  
in fractured signalling; it blinks and bats  
the swingball of its beam, then stands to catch,  
Then hurls it out again beyond its parallax.

He counts each creamy loop inside his head,  
each well-black interval, and thinks it just for him—  
this gesture from a world that can't be entered:  
the two of them partly curtained, partly seen,  
upheld in a sort of boy-talk conversation  
no one else can hear. That private place, it answers,  
with birds and slatted windows—I've been there.

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## *Lindsey Bellosa*

Lindsey Bellosa jest młodą poetką, która mieszka w USA, w Syracuse, NY. Ukończyła National University of Ireland, Galway. Jej wiersze są publikowane zarówno przez wydawnictwa w Irlandii, jak i w USA.

## **Portait**

The eyes: hooded sky  
the rest of the face hangs from—  
little crescent moon.

Now you cast them to me:  
ask your questions, make pleas,  
defy with your white scowl.

Your lips are mine, drooping  
roses; the pink shape of wonder  
and the slope of your cheeks, mine,

but whitewashed of flaws; white  
and pink, translucent as light  
and thin-skinned as an egg.

Blue trails beneath the surface,  
lines of a map, where eyelashes  
linger: catching, giving depth.

Every day you grow arms and legs  
and more looks, like light—  
from me but not mine.

Like my mother in an old video—  
I see me as I see you in me. She sees herself;  
in the mirror, sees her mother.

The fourteen-year-old me in the video:

wiggling, excited for something I didn't know  
yet: bursting from my pink swimsuit—

My mother knew. Lips stitched into a line:  
eyes on the horizon, as mine are now.  
The past comes in like the tide—

and our faces swallow themselves.  
We shrug in and out of them  
like a borrowed sweater;

like the two imprints, potter's  
thumb slips just under your eyes:  
up go the pupils,

up knit the eyebrows—  
always up and away.  
This is the way love travels.

© Lindsey Bellosa

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### **Elaine Feeney**

Elaine Feeney jest poetką młodego pokolenia, w której poezji można między innymi wyczuć odcienie polityczne i społeczne. Studiowała w Cork i Limerick. Opublikowała trzy zbiorki poezji : Indiscipline (2007), Where's Katie? (2010, Salmon) and The Radio was Gospel (2013, Salmon)

### **Bog Fairies**

The heather like  
Pork belly cracked  
Underneath my feet-

The horizon like  
Nougat, melted  
Its pastel line at the heath edge  
Blue fading to white light.

We stacked rows of little  
Houses for bog fairies –  
Wet mulchy sods  
Evaporating under our small palms.

Crucifixions of dry brittle crosses  
Forming the skeleton-  
My narrow ankles parallel to them.

Coarse and tough like the marrow of the soul,  
Like the skeletons crucified under the peat.

*The turf will come good*  
My father said  
*When the wind blows to dry it.*

We dragged ten-ten-twenty bags  
With the sulphury waft of cat piss,  
Along a track dotted with deep black bogholes,  
Then over a silver door, like a snail's  
Oily trail leaving a map for the moon,  
And for bog fairies to dance in the mushy earth-

For us all to glisten in this late summer.

And behind the door  
Once upon some time  
Old women sat in black shawls  
Bedding down Irregulars and putting kettles



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On to boil for the labouring girls.

But I was gone.

I was gone at ten in my mind's eye.  
I was dragging Comrades from the Somme  
I was pulling Concords in line with Swedish giants  
I was skating on the lake in Central Park  
I was crouched in the green at Sam's Cross  
I was touring Rubber-Soul at Hollywood Bowl  
I was marching on Washington with John Lewis  
I was in the Chelsea Hotel with Robert Mapplethorpe,  
He was squatting on my lap with his lens,  
Swearing to Janis Joplin I could find her a shift,  
Nothing is impossible when you blow like that girlfriend.  
I sang Come As You are in Aberdeen with union converse,  
Blue eye liner and mouse holes in my Connemara jumper.

I was anyone but me  
I was anywhere but here  
I was gone

We rushed to hurry before the summer light would fade  
Because animals needed to be washed and fed

And turf needed to be stacked  
And all the talk of our youth  
Would be said  
In whispers and secrets, or written on postage stamps

Because light was the ruler as it was closing in around us,  
Beating us, like the dark on the workmen  
Deep in the channel tunnel that night.

The black light killed the purple heather  
Yet I danced on the crackle in the dust  
I crackled on the dust in the heather  
My dance on the heather turned to dust.

## **Sylvia Plath You Are Dead**

Sylvia Plath you are dead.  
Your tanned legs are dead.

Your smile is dead, and  
Massachusetts will mourn her

Girl on lemonady days  
on sunshiny days

She will mourn her on dark days  
when screaming girls go mad

In maternity wards  
and scream in domestic wards,

And cry handfuls of slathery salty water  
in kitchens over ironing boards.

Sylvia Plath you are dead,  
and girls try rubbing out stretched marks

on their olive silver skin, until they  
bleed. Their tiny babies cry in the halls

until windows framed with candy  
colours, fog over their minds, their aprons, their skirts

their college ways, where there were no lessons on  
crying. Silvery Plath the moon howls at them

taunted by strong winds, out the garden paths  
gusts blow heads off the ivy shoulders,

but heather keeps her low profile  
her head down, smiling.

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**Jessica Traynor**

Młoda irlandzka poetka z Dublina, w roku 2013 otrzymała miano Nowego Pisarza Roku 2013. W roku 2014 otrzymała prestiżowe, państwowe, stypendium poetyckie.

**Sin-Eater**

He blows on his hands to warm them;  
it looks like some ritual, some totem.

Between us, nothing but certainty –  
the death-sound in the old woman's throat –

and uncertainty – the priest's whereabouts.  
Our whispers summon only a flutter in her eyelids.

Someone had mentioned the man down the road  
who lives alone, who gives some kind of absolution,

so here we find ourselves with this stout man  
in a muddied fleece, who breathes on his hands

and places them on the woman's shoulders.  
Tears come first, spilling from her eyes;

those milky shallows that have mirrored us all evening  
clear for a moment as he bows his face to hers.

He doesn't look at her tears, allows her gaze to travel  
to the ceiling above her bed. Only we invade her privacy.

He says nothing. Not one prayer or word of comfort.  
We give him a fifty, and wonder.

Some begin to mutter; one man asks what he did.  
He tells us that at that late stage she had no voice left,

so he took her sins upon himself,  
allowing her to pity him for all he carried.

## 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

## EVERY BREAKING WAVE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC BY U2

U2- irlandzki zespół rockowy, powstały w Dublinie w roku 1976, pod nazwą U2 występujący od 1978[1]. W jego skład wchodzi: Bono, The Edge, Adam Clayton i Larry Mullen Jr..

Do połowy lat 80. zespół zyskał międzynarodowy rozgłos, przede wszystkim za sprawą pełnego pasji wokalu Bono . Zespół wydał wiele albumów, które sprzedały się w milionach kopii.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iYVEik7Lvc4>

Every breaking wave on the shore  
Tells the next one there'll be one more  
And every gambler knows that to lose  
Is what you're really there for  
Summer I was fearless  
Now I speak into an answer phone  
Like every fallen leaf on the breeze  
Winter wouldn't leave it alone  
Alone  
If you go  
If you go your way and I go mine  
Are we so  
Are we so helpless against the tide  
Baby, every dog on the street  
Knows that we're in love with defeat  
Are we ready to be swept off our feet  
And stop chasing every breaking wave  
Every sailor knows that the sea  
Is a friend made enemy  
And every shipwrecked soul knows what it is  
To live without intimacy  
I thought I heard the captain's voice  
But it's hard to listen while you preach  
Like every broken wave on the shore  
This is as far as I could reach  
If you go  
If you go your way and I go mine  
Are we so  
Are we so helpless against the tide  
Baby, every dog on the street  
Knows that we're in love with defeat  
Are we ready to be swept off our feet  
And stop chasing every breaking wave  
The sea knows where are the rocks  
And drowning is no sin  
You know where my heart is

The same place that yours has been  
And we know that we fear to win  
And so we end before we begin  
Before we begin  
If you go  
If you go your way and I go mine  
Are we so  
Are we so helpless against the tide  
Baby, every dog on the street  
Knows that we're in love with defeat  
Are we ready to be swept off our feet  
And stop chasing every breaking wave

## SONG FOR SOMEONE

### LYRICS AND MUSIC BY U2

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N1YPEtpeJcc>

Usage of azlyrics.com content by any third-party lyrics provider is prohibited by our licensing agreement. Sorry about that. You've got a face not spoiled by beauty

I have some scars from where I've been  
You've got eyes that can see right through me  
You're not afraid of anything they've seen

I was told that I would feel  
Nothing the first time  
I don't know how these cuts heal  
But in you I found a right

If there is a light  
You can always see  
And there is a world  
We can always be  
If there is a dark  
That we shouldn't doubt  
And there is a light  
Don't let it go out

And this is a song  
A song for someone  
This is a song  
A song for someone

You let me into a conversation  
A conversation only we could make  
You're breaking into my imagination  
Whatever's in there is yours to take

I was told I'd feel  
Nothing the first time  
You were slow to heal  
But this could be the night

If there is a light  
You can always see  
And there is a world  
We can always be



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If there is a dark

Within and without  
And there is a light  
Don't let it go out

And this is a song  
A song for someone  
This is a song  
A song for someone

And I'm a long way  
From your hill on Calvary  
And I'm a long way  
From where I was, where I need to be

If there is a light  
You can always see  
And there is a world  
We can always be  
If there is a kiss  
I stole from your mouth  
And there is a light,  
Don't let it go out

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## THE BOX

### ***Lyrics and music: Damien Rice***

Damien Rice jest irlandzkim 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.

### **Lyrics and music: Damien Rice**

### "The Box"

Usage of azlyrics.com content by any third-party lyrics provider is prohibited by our licensing agreement. Sorry about that. Don't give me something to hold in my hand

Something else to believe in  
Cause I'm over it  
And your reasons for wanting to stay  
Your reasons for wanting to change  
My reasons for everything are dull to you...

I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box I'm living with  
Well, I could go wild  
But you might lock me up...

And I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box you call a gift  
When I could be wild and free  
But god forbid then you might envy me...

So don't give me love with an old book of rules  
That kind of love's just for fools  
And I'm over it  
And my reasons for walking away  
My reasons for wanting to change  
My reasons for everything are lost with you...

I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box I'm living with  
Well I could go wild  
But you might lock me up...

I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box you call a gift  
When I could be wild and free

But god forbid, then you might envy me...

I have tried...  
Into this box...  
Well I could go wild...  
But you might lock me up...

I have tried but I don't fit  
Into this box you call a gift  
When I could be wild and free  
But god forbid, then you might envy me...

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

## 9 CRIMES

**Lyrics and music: Damien Rice (feat. Lisa Hannigan)**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cgqOSCgc8xc>

Usage of azlyrics.com content by any third-party lyrics provider is prohibited by our licensing agreement. Sorry about that. Leave me out with the waste

This is not what I do  
It's the wrong kind of place  
To be thinking of you  
It's the wrong time  
For somebody new  
It's a small crime  
And I've got no excuse

Is that alright?  
Give my gun away when it's loaded  
Is that alright?  
If you don't shoot it how am I supposed to hold it  
Is that alright?  
Give my gun away when it's loaded  
Is that alright  
With you?

Leave me out with the waste  
This is not what I do  
It's the wrong kind of place  
To be cheating on you  
It's the wrong time  
She's pulling me through  
It's a small crime  
And I've got no excuse

Is that alright?  
I give my gun away when it's loaded  
Is that alright?  
If you don't shoot it, how am I supposed to hold it  
Is that alright?  
I give my gun away when it's loaded  
Is that alright  
Is that alright with you?

Is that alright?  
I give my gun away when it's loaded

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Is that alright?

If you don't shoot it, how am I supposed to hold it

Is that alright?

If I give my gun away when it's loaded

Is that alright

Is that alright with you?

Is that alright?

Is that alright?

Is that alright with you?

Is that alright?

Is that alright?

Is that alright with you?

No...

## VOLCANO

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GHQAkxr0QEk>

by Damien Rice

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licensing agreement. Sorry about that. Don't hold yourself like that

You'll hurt your knees  
I kissed your mouth and back  
But that's all I need  
Don't build your world around volcanoes melt you down

What I am to you is not real  
What I am to you you do not need  
What I am to you is not what you mean to me  
You give me miles and miles of mountains  
And I'll ask for the sea

Don't throw yourself like that  
In front of me  
I kissed your mouth your back  
Is that all you need?  
Don't drag my love around volcanoes melt me down

What I am to you is not real  
What I am to you you do not need  
What I am to you is not what you mean to me  
You give me miles and miles of mountains  
And I'll ask for what I give to you  
Is just what I'm going through  
This is nothing new  
No no just another phase of finding what I really need  
Is what makes me bleed  
And like a new disease she's still too young to treat

Volcanoes melt me down  
She's still too young

....  
I kissed your mouth  
You do not need me

## ELEPHANT

**Lyrics and music: Damien Rice**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LZ0ASiUttc>

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This has got to stop  
This has got to lie down  
Someone else on top

You can keep me pinned  
It's easier to tease  
But you can't paint an elephant  
Quite as good as she

And she may cry like a baby  
And she may drive me Crazy  
'Cause I am lately lonely

So why d'you have to lie?  
I take it I'm your crutch  
The pillow in your pillow case  
It's easier to touch

And when you think you've sinned  
Do you fall upon your knees?  
And do you sit within your picture?  
Do you still forget the breeze?

And she may rise, if I sing you down  
And she may wisely cling to the ground  
Cause I'm lately horny  
So why would she take me horny?

What's the point of this song? Or even singing?  
You've already gone, why am I clinging?

Well I could throw it out, and I could live without  
And I could do it all for you  
I could be strong  
Tell me if you want me to lie  
'Cause this has got to die

This has got to stop  
This has got to lie down, down  
With someone else on top

You can both keep me pinned  
'Cause it's easier to tease  
But you can't make me happy  
Quite as good as me

Well you know that's a lie



## EMBER

### Lyrics and music: Little Hours

Little Hours to młody duet z Donegal. Muzyka, którą grają oparta jest o folk i pop.

Piano / Lead Vocals - John Doherty

Lead Guitar / Backing Vocals - Ryan Mc Closkey

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

You said it's cold outside, I said that it's nice to meet you  
You called yourself one thing, I called you ember  
You struggle with words like love and hate, find a way to complicate it  
It's hard to forget a smile like that, I should have taken more photographs

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

I like the way you fall at night, if I ever feel for you again  
So stare right back and watch it smolder, our state seems a little colder

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

No you never, no you never, never stick around x5  
No you never, no you...

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

## CROSSFIRE

Lyrics and music: Little Hours

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K1k7K443uDI>

Piano / Lead Vocals - John Doherty  
Lead Guitar / Backing Vocals - Ryan Mc Closkey

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

You've got your flaws but we all do  
Though you hold a love that don't belong to you  
Keep reeling away that heart on a string  
For one you resist on everything

Cause I'm just shaking crossfire and waiting  
I'm just shaking crossfire and waiting  
You don't told me when I'm wrong  
Tied your hands and now you're done  
Cause I'm just shaking crossfire and waiting

Sunday morning I awake to a trail of shoes  
Your body like a wire your arms like a noose  
Your arms like a noose

Cause I'm just shaking crossfire and waiting  
I'm just shaking crossfire and waiting  
You don't told me when I'm wrong  
Tied your hands and now your done  
I'm just shaking crossfire and waiting

If the bridges don't heal by morning  
Will anyone come acalling  
Right out of your heart I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling

If the bridges don't heal by morning  
Will anyone come acalling  
Right out of your heart I'm falling, I'm falling, I'm falling I'm falling

Cause I'm just shaking crossfire and waiting  
I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting  
You don't told me when I'm wrong  
Tied your hands and now your done  
Cause I'm just skaking crossfire and I'm waiting  
And I'm just shaking crossfire and I'm waiting

I'm just shaking  
I'm just shaking  
I'm just shaking  
I'm just shaking

CRÍOCH  
The end