The Irish Poetry Competition
October 2012

The Meeting on the Turret Stairs by Frederic William Burton (1816-1900)

Under The Honorable Patronage of The Irish Consulate in Poznan
Dear Students,

You are all invited to take part in the IXth edition of the Irish Poetry Contest. We are happy to have this opportunity to encourage you to read and listen to poetry recited or sung to music by the bards in the Emerald Island. Recently there has been a lot of interest in Irish culture in Poland and many students are willing to try their hand at reciting poems or interpreting poetry in music. Similarly to previous contests the prizes will be funded by the Embassy of Ireland in Warsaw, Honorary Consulate of the Republic of Ireland in Poznan as well as by the Szkoła Języków Obcych ProgramkBell.

This year the Contest has gained yet another mentor and sponsor at the same time. It is an Irish language school The North West Academy of English in Derry in Ireland. The owner of the school is John McGowan and his interests and his passion for the music of his country helped us to select musical pieces for the Irish Poetry Contest this year. Furthermore, two main prizes for best interpretation of musical pieces have been funded by this school and they are two week-long language courses in Derry in Ireland. Other prizes include: half-year courses at Program-Bell in Poznan, Cambridge ESOL exams free of charge and books as well as three invitations to public performances during St Patrick’s Day celebrations in March 2013 in Poznan.

We keep our fingers crossed, hoping to see you all at this year’s Contest!
RULES OF IRISH POETRY RECITATION CONTEST

I. General guidelines and objectives of the Contest

1. Students eligible to take part in the Contest are those at junior high and higher schools (age category is one of the elements of evaluation)

2. The Contest organizers are Szkoła Języków Obcych Program-Bell and M. Karłowicz Music School in Poznan

3. All the activities are coordinated by Katarzyna Lisiewicz, M.A., Director of Szkoła Języków Obcych Program-Bell (office@program-bell.edu.pl)

4. Objectives of the Contest:

   • Confrontation and evaluation of participants’ reciting, dramatic and musical skills, especially interpretation of poetry set to music and overall creativity;

   • Presentation of creative endeavours in terms of repertoire and artistic expression;

   • Selection and promotion of artistic and creative talent;

   • Formation and development of young people’s interests in contemporary and historic literature, poetry and music of Ireland;

   • Training students to find and take advantage of information; to formulate opinions, arguments and conclusions in their expression and to present and defend orally projects developed by them.

5. The aim of the Contest is to present works of Irish poetry in English or to present it in the form of a song or another type of musical piece inspired by Irish poetry. The music category also encompasses candidates’ own unique interpretation of pieces listed below. Suggested pieces are accompanied by links to video clips of performances on youtube.
II. SCHEDULE OF INDIVIDUAL STAGES  The contest will run in two stages.

a. School rounds

Each school may enter up to ten entrants maximum – individual students or music groups. The school is obliged to organize preliminaries, which are to be organized and run by the School Contest Committee. All candidates must be entered by October 12 (Friday) by email at office@program-bell.edu.pl or by fax at (61) 855 18 06.

b. Area rounds

The organizers will evaluate artistic and linguistic merits of recitations and presentations in qualifying rounds which will take place on October 15 (Monday), October 16 (Tuesday), October 17 (Wednesday) 2012, between 2:30 pm and 7:00 pm for all schools at Program-Bell Language School in Poznan at Fredry 1. The aim of the qualifying round is to select students reciting poetry or interpreting poetry to music with highest scores for poetry interpretation.

III. CONTEST FINALS

The finals will take place on October 19th 2012 at the Concert Hall of M. Karłowicz Music School at ul. Solna in Poznań between 12:00 and 3:00 pm. The jury will comprise:

i. an actor
ii. a musicology teacher
iii. an EFL teacher
iv. the owner of The North West Academy of English

Participants will receive the materials by email or on paper by October 1, 2012. These materials will also be accessible on the website: www.program-bell.edu.pl. They will be fragments of poems by outstanding Irish poets in English as well as musical performances by Irish musicians, singers and poets. Our musical suggestions will be available to watch on Youtube with appropriate internet links given. It is also possible to make students’ own relevant selections of poetry. It will be then necessary to bring along the volume with the selected piece. During the contest participants will have an opportunity to take part in a quiz on the culture of Ireland. There are many attractive prizes funded by, among others, Program-Bell Language School.
IV. ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CONTEST RESULTS

Formal results will be announced in the form of a communiqué on the site of the Contest. Certificates for finalists will be issued by Program-Bell Language School.

V. AWARDS

The prizes in the Contest will be funded by the Program-Bell Language School, The North West Academy of English and the Embassy of Ireland in Poland. They are: two week-long family-stay language courses in Derry in Ireland, three half-year language courses, Cambridge ESOL exams free of charge – FCE or CAE as well as books, records and t-shirts. The ESOL exam free of charge will involve a qualifying test at the Bell school. Also all formalities connected with these exams will be arranged by the Bell school, and the Cambridge ESOL exam equals obtaining an international certificate which is recognised worldwide.
“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)*
A PRESENT OF BUTTER

A woman gave me butter now,
Good butter too it claimed to be.
I don’t think it was from cow,
And if it was it finished me.

A beard was growing on the stuff
A beastly beard without a doubt,
The taste was sickly s我们的和 rough,
With poison juices seeping out.

The stuff had spots, the stuff wad grey,
I doubt if any goat produced it.
I had face it every day,
And how I wish I had refused it!

This splendid butter had a mane,
The glory of my humble home.
No knife could cut it down again,
It made me sick for weeks to come.

This nasty grease a wrapping had
Like a discarded winding sheet.
Is very aspect was so bad,
I scarcely had the nerve to eat.

This horror had a heavy sink
That left one fuddled, sunned and dead.
I was rainbow-hued, with what you’d think
A crest of plumes above its head.

The salt’s thing it hardly knew,
In fact I think they’d barely met.
It was not white, but rather blue.
I am not quite recovered yet.

I was made of grease and wax and fat,
O thoughts too horrible to utter
You may be sure that after that.
I rather lost my taste for butter.
William Butler Yeats

William Butler Yeats was an Irish poet and playwright, and one of the foremost figures of 20th century literature. A pillar of both the Irish and British literary establishments, in his later years he served as an Irish Senator for two terms.

The Wild Swans At Coole

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty Swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All’s changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake’s edge or pool
Delight men’s eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?
Paul Durcan

Poet Paul Durcan was born in Dublin, Ireland, on 16 October 1944. He was educated at University College, Cork, where he studied archaeology and medieval history

Going Home to Mayo

Leaving behind us the alien, foreign city of Dublin
My father drove through the night in an old Ford Anglia,
His five-year-old son in the seat beside him,
The rexine seat of red leatherette,
And a yellow moon peered in through the windscreen.
'Daddy, Daddy,' I cried, 'Pass out the moon,'
But no matter how hard he drove he could not pass out the moon.
Each town we passed through was another milestone
And their names were magic passwords into eternity:
Kilcock, Kinnegad, Strokestown, Elphin,
Tarmonbarry, Tulsk, Ballaghaderreen, Ballavarry;
Now we were in Mayo and the next stop was Turlough,
The village of Turlough in the heartland of Mayo,
And my father's mother's house, all oil-lamps and women,
And my bedroom over the public bar below,
And in the morning cattle-cries and cock-crows:
Life's seemingly seamless garment and gorgeously rent
By their screeches and bellowings. And in the evenings
I walked with my father in the high grass down by the river
Talking with him - an unheard of thing in the city
But home was not home and the moon could be no more outflanked
Than the daylight nightmare of Dublin city:
Back down along the canal we chugged into the city
And each lock-gate tolled our mutual doom;
And railings and palings and asphalt and traffic-lights,
And blocks after blocks of so-called 'new' tenements -
Thousands of crosses of lonelinesses planted
In the narrowing grave of the life of the father;
In the wide, wide cemetery of the boy's childhood.
The Meeting  On The Turret stairs

I

The meeting on the turret stairs
Is always musically the same;
The same turret, the same stairs;
The same streetcorner, the same lane;
The same treads, the same raisers;
The same noises, the same silences;
The same loop, the same sill;
The same stones, the same spotlights;
The same necessity to watch your step;
The same clinging, the same clasping;
The same nibbling of the other's shoulder;
The same shut eyes, the same rose petals;
The same turning away from one another;
The same circulation, the same percolation;
The same plaits; the same curls;
The same neck, the same torso;
The same girdle, the same sneakers;
The same nappy pins, the same vents;
The same lad, the same dame;
The same diminuendo, the same cascando.

She goes to her bedroom in the turret;
He goes to his motorbike in the basement
Where her brothers, are waiting for him
To present him with an ultimatum;
Either you leave our sister alone
Or we will leave you alone
On Utopia Parkway - your lithe and limber torso
On one side of the highway - your helmeted skull
Galloping down the culvert on the other side.
Either way you must pay
For having dared to run away
With our sister to El Lay.

II

Who would want it any other way?
It is only from the pain of our passing
That we derive our pleasure;
Lads passing one another in 'Books Upstairs'
Overlooking Dame Street,
An ear out for the traffic demise
The pennies are laid on our own eyes.
Seamus Heaney

Seamus Heaney is an Irish poet, playwright, translator, lecturer and recipient of the 1995 Nobel Prize in Literature. Born in 1939 at Mossbawn farmhouse between Castledawson and Toomebridge, he now resides in Dublin. One of modern Ireland’s most distinctive poets, Paul Durcan is renowned as both an outspoken critic of his native country, and as a chronicler of its emergence from the repressions of the 1950s to the contradictions of the present day.

Personal Helicon

As a child, they could not keep me from wells
And old pumps with buckets and windlasses.
I loved the dark drop, the trapped sky, the smells
Of waterweed, fungus and dank moss.
One, in a brickyard, with a rotted board top.
I savoured the rich crash when a bucket
Plummeted down at the end of a rope.
So deep you saw no reflection in it.
A shallow one under a dry stone ditch
Fructified like any aquarium.
When you dragged out long roots from the soft mulch
A white face hovered over the bottom.
Others had echoes, gave back your own call
With a clean new music in it. And one
Was scaresome, for there, out of ferns and tall
Foxgloves, a rat slapped across my reflection.
Now, to pry into roots, to finger slime,
To stare, big-eyed Narcissus, into some spring
Is beneath all adult dignity. I rhyme
To see myself, to set the darkness echoing.
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.
FOLLOWER

My father worked with a horse-plough,
His shoulders globed like a full sail strung
Between the shafts and the furrow.
The horse strained at his clicking tongue.

An expert. He would set the wing
And fit the bright steel-pointed sock.
The sod rolled over without breaking.
At the headrig, with a single pluck

Of reins, the sweating team turned round
And back into the land. His eye
Narrowed and angeled at the ground,
Mapping the furrow exactly.

I stumbled in his hob-nailed wake,
Fell sometimes on the polished sod;
Sometimes he rode me on his back
Dipping and rising to his plod.

I wanted to grow up and plough,
To close one eye, stiffen my arm.
All I ever did was follow
In his broad shadow round the farm.

I was a nuisance, tripping, falling,
Yapping always. But today
It is my father who keeps stumbling
Behind me, and will not go away.
**Pat Ingoldsby**

Pat Ingoldsby is an Irish poet. He has hosted children's TV shows, written plays for the stage and for radio, published books of short stories, and been a newspaper columnist.

**For Rita With Love**

You came home from school  
on a special bus  
full of people  
who look like you  
and love like you  
and you met me  
for the first time  
and you loved me.  
You love everybody  
so much that it's not safe  
to let you out alone.  
Eleven years of love  
and trust and time for you to learn  
that you can't go on loving like this.  
Unless you are stopped  
you will embrace every person you see.  
Normal people don't do that.  
Some Normal people will hurt you  
very badly because you do.

Cripples don't look nice  
but you embrace them.  
You kissed a wino on the bus  
and he broke down and cried  
and he said 'Nobody has kissed me  
for the last 30 years.  
But you did.  
You touched my face  
with your fingers and said  
'I like you.'
The world will never be ready for you.
Your way is right
and the world will never be ready. We could learn everything
that we need to know
by watching you
going to your special school
in your special bus
full of people

who look like you
and love like you
and it's not safe
to let you out alone.
If you’re not normal
there is very little hope
for the rest of us.
Frederick Louis MacNeice

Louis Frederick MacNeice was born in Belfast to John Frederick MacNeice and Elizabeth Margaret MacNeice. He studied at Oxford, where he met writers W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender. In 1930, his final year at Oxford, he was awarded a first in literae humaniores, edited Oxford Poetry with Stephen Spender, and published his first book of poetry, Blind Fireworks. He died in 1963.

Dublin

Grey brick upon brick,
Declamatory bronze
On somber pedestals -
O'Connell, Grattan, Moore -
And the brewery tugs and the swans
On the balustraded stream
And the bare bones of a fanlight
Over a hungry door
And the air soft on the cheek
And porter running from the taps
With a head of yellow cream
And Nelson on his pillar
Watching his world collapse.

This never was my town,
I was not born or bred
Nor schooled here and she will not
Have me alive or dead
But yet she holds my mind
With her seedy elegance,
With her gentle veils of rain
And all her ghosts that walk
And all that hide behind
Her Georgian facades -
The catcalls and the pain,
The glamour of her squalor,
The bravado of her talk.

The lights jig in the river
With a concertina movement
And the sun comes up in the morning
Like barley-sugar on the water
And the mist on the Wicklow hills
Is close, as close
As the peasantry were to the landlord,
As the Irish to the Anglo-Irish,

As the killer is close one moment
To the man he kills,
Or as the moment itself
Is close to the next moment.

She is not an Irish town
And she is not English,
Historic with guns and vermin
And the cold renown
Of a fragment of Church latin,
Of an oratorical phrase.
But oh the days are soft,
Soft enough to forget
The lesson better learnt,
The bullet on the wet
Streets, the crooked deal,
The steel behind the laugh,
The Four Courts burnt.

Fort of the Dane,
Garrison of the Saxon,
Augustan capital
Of a Gaelic nation,
Appropriating all
The alien brought,
You give me time for thought
And by a juggler's trick
You poise the toppling hour -
O greyness run to flower,
Grey stone, grey water,
And brick upon grey brick.
Oliver Goldsmith

Oliver Goldsmith was an Anglo-Irish writer and poet, who is best known for his novel The Vicar of Wakefield, his pastoral poem The Deserted Village, and his plays The Good-Natur'd Man and She Stoops to Conquer.

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.
In Isling town there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.
Thomas Kinsella

Thomas Kinsella (born 4 May 1928) is an Irish poet, translator, editor, and publisher. Kinsella's early work marked him as distinct from the mainstream of Irish poetry in the 1950s and 1960s, which tended to be dominated by the example of Patrick Kavanagh. He received the Honorary Freedom of the City of Dublin in May 2007.[3] As a professor: The Irish Tradition Programme at Trinity College

Mirror in February

The day dawns, with scent of must and rain,
Of opened soil, dark trees, dry bedroom air.
Under the fading lamp, half dressed - my brain
Idling on some compulsive fantasy -
I towel my shaven jaw and stop, and stare,
Riveted by a dark exhausted eye,
A dry downturning mouth.

It seems again that it is time to learn,
In this untiring, crumbling place of growth
To which, for the time being, I return.
Now plainly in the mirror of my soul
I read that I have looked my last on youth
And little more; for they are not made whole
That reach the age of Christ.

Below my window the wakening trees,
Hacked clean for better bearing, stand defaced
Suffering their brute necessities;
And how should the flesh not quail, that span for span
Is mutilated more? In slow distaste
I fold my towel with what grace I can,
Not young, and not renewable, but man.
Derek Mahon

Derek Mahon is a Northern Irish poet. He was born in 1941 in Belfast, Northern Ireland. Derek Mahon was born in Belfast, North Ireland, in 1941. He was educated at Trinity College in Dublin. His books of poetry include The Hudson Letter (Wake Forest University Press, 1996); Selected Poems (1993); The Yaddo Letter (1992); Selected Poems (1991); Antarctica (1985); A Kensington Notebook (1984); The Hunt by Night (1982); His honors include the Irish American Foundation Award, a Lannan Foundation Award, a Guggenheim Fellowship, the American Ireland Fund Literary Award, the Arts Council Bursary, and the Eric Gregory Award.

Derry Morning

The mist clears and the cavities
Glow back in the rubbled city’s
Broken mouth. An early crone,
Muse of fitful revolution
Wasted by the fray, she sees
Her aisling falter in the breeze,
Her oak-grove vision hesitate
By empty wharf and city gate.
Here again, and here at last
It fades into the finite past
Or seems to: clattering shadows whop
Mechanically over pub and shop,
A strangely pastoral silence rules
The shining roofs and murmuring schools;
For this is how the centuries work –
Two steps forward, one step back.
Hard to believe this tranquil place,
Its desolation almost peace,
Was recently a boom-town wild
With expectations, each unscheduled
Incident a measurable
Tremor on the Richter Scale
Of world events, each vibrant scene
Translated to the drizzling screen.
What of the change envisioned here,
The quantum leap from fear to fire?
Smoke from a thousand chimneys strains
One way beneath the returning rains
That shroud the bomb-sites, while the fog
Of time receives the ideologue.
A Russian freighter bound for home
Mourns to the city in its gloom.
Medbh McGuckian


Mr McGregor’s Garden

Some women save their sanity with needles.  
I complicate my life with studies  
Of my favourite’s rabbit’s head, his vulgar volatility,  
Or a little ladylike sketching  
Of my resident toads in his flannel box;  
Or search for handsome fungi for my tropical  
Herbarium, growing dry-rot in the garden,  
And wishing that the climate were kinder,  
Turning over the spiky purple heads among the moss  
With my cheese-knife to view the slimy-well.  
Unlike the cupboard-love of sleepers in the siding,  
My hedgehog’s sleep under his control  
And not the weather’s; he can rouse himself  
At half-an-hour’s notice in the frost, or leave at will  
On a wet day in August, by the hearth,  
He goes by breathing slowly, after a large meal,  
A lively evening, very cross if interrupted,  
And returns with a hundred respirations  
To the minute, weak and nervous when he wakes,  
Busy with his laundry.  
On sleepless nights while learning  
Shakespeare off by heart,  
I feel that Bunny’s at my bedside  
In a white cotton nightcap,  
Tickling me with his whiskers.
William Allingham was an Irish man of letters and a poet, born in 1828, Ballyshannon, died in November 1889. He wrote books: *Robin Redbreast*, and other verses, *dirty old man*, *Sixteen Poems*, *In fairy land*.

**The Fairies**

Up the airy mountain  
    Down the rushy glen,
We dare n'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 hill-top  
    The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray  
    He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist  
    Columbkill 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 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 hill-side,  
    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 the thornies set  
    In his bed at night.
Up the airy mountain  
    Down the rushy glen,
We dare n'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.
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 Platinnimum 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 :

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://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
ON RAGLAN ROAD

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

Luke Kelly was born in Dublin in 1940 and died in 1984 aged 44. He was a founding member of the world famous Dubliners. Born into a working class family his musical style was pan-Celtic. He is considered an Irish icon and is regarded as one of Ireland’s cultural treasures. A bronze statue was mounted to Luke Kelly in Dublin and a monument which was paid for by Bono, Phil Coulter and 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 are an Irish rock band from Dublin and Kildare who are known for their wide range of styles and powerful live performances. They are described as having a "intelligent and witty lyrics". The band is named after the first supersonic aircraft in history. The band has a unique sound in which they deliver a brilliant co-mingling of electronic music and anthemic pop rock.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eQCK7cI0388

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
**Falling Slowly, Once**  
*Lyrics: Kris Allen, music: The Frames (originally)*  

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W0IIdr5TsaU

I don't know you but I want you  
All the more for that  
Words fall through me and always fool me  
And I can't react

You have suffered enough and what with yourself  
It's time that you won

Take this sinking boat and point it home  
We've still got time, raise your hopeful voice  
You had the choice, you've made it now

Falling slowly, eyes that know me  
And I can't go back  
Moods that take me and erase me  
And I'll paint it black

Games that never amount  
To more than themselves  
Will play themselves out

Take this sinking boat and point it home  
We've still got time, raise your hopeful voice  
You had the choice, you've made it now
Lies
Lyrics and music: Glen Hansard

Glen Hansard is the Academy Award winning singer songwriter from Dublin Ireland. Born in 1972 he first appeared as a pianist in the BAFTA winning film titled the Commitments (1991). He plays the guitar and mandolin and co-wrote the song "Falling Slowly" from the film "Once" which won the Academy Award for Best Original Song in 2007. He also earned 10 other nominations and awards between 2007-2008

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
Leave
Lyrics and music: Glen Hansard

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z6wRT1MzmH4

"I can't wait forever", is all that you said
Before you stood up
But you won't disappoint me, I can do that myself
But I'm glad that you've come

Now if you don't mind leave, leave
And free yourself at the same time leave, leave
I don't understand, you've already gone

I hope you feel better, now that it's out
What took you so long?
And the truth has a habit of falling out of your mouth
Well, now that it has come

If you don't mind leave, leave
And please yourself at the same time leave, leave
Let go of my hand
You said what you came to now leave, leave

Let go of my hand
You said what you have to now leave, leave, leave
Let go of my hand
You said what you have to now leave, leave
Run
Lyrics and music: Snow Patrol

Snow Patrol is an Irish/Scottish alternative rock band formed at the University of Dundee in 1994. In 2003 their album Final Straw sold over 3m copies worldwide. Their hit single chasing cars propelled them to international fame and the album sold over 6m copies worldwide. The band plays a mix of alternative rock and power pop.

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

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

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
Open Your Eyes
Lyrics and music: Snow Patrol

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

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
Chasing Cars
Lyrics and music: Snow Patrol

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GemKqzILV4w

We'll do it all
Everything
On our own

Let's waste time
Chasing cars
Around our heads

We don't need
Anything
Or anyone

I need your grace
To remind me
To find my own

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?

I don't quite know
How to say
How I feel

Forget what we're told
Before we get too old
Show me a garden
That's bursting into life

Those three words
Are said too much
They're not enough

All that I am
All that I ever was
Is here in your perfect eyes
They're all I can see

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?

I don't know where
Confused about how as well
Just know that these things
Will never change for us at all

Forget what we're told
Before we get too old
Show me a garden
That's bursting into life

If I lay here
If I just lay here
Would you lie with me
And just forget the world?
Cannonball
Lyrics and music: Damien Rice

Damien Rice is an Irish singer-songwriter, musician and record producer who plays guitar, piano, clarinet and percussion. Rice is an active campaigner and has participated in many Freedom Campaigns. He campaigned widely for the release of Aung San Suu Kyi and wrote and performed the song he wrote for her titled "Unplayed Piano" at the 2006 Nobel Peace Prize Concert in Oslo.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lJbz5HaKCJc

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...
CRÍOCH
The end