



« Away From The Shore », студия «Форпост» Music, 2000

### **Personal Jah**

Before there was light there was darkness  
And god was all dressed up in gray  
He flew over turbulent waters  
And darkness was hiding the way

I was the sheriff but now i'm bob!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Oh my personal jah!

So god made the stars and the starlight  
To shine on the world from above  
And lit up the sun in the heavens  
To show us the meaning of love

I was the sheriff but now i'm bob!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Oh my personal jah!

He painted the sun a bright yellow  
And then splashed the heavens with blue  
And now that the picture was perfect  
Away he contentedly flew

I was the sheriff but now i'm bob!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Oh my personal jah!

*Hagnir-Erin*

### **As I Roved Out**

And who are you, me pretty fair maid?  
And who are you, me honey?  
And who are you, me pretty fair maid?  
And who are you, me honey?  
She answered me quite modestly,  
"I am me mother's darling."

cho: With me too-ry-ay  
Fol-de-diddle-day  
Di-re fol-de-diddle  
Dai-rie oh.

And will you come to me mother's house,  
When the sun is shining clearly (repeat)  
I'll open the door and I'll let you in  
And devil'o one would hear us.

So I went to her house in the middle of the night  
When the moon was shining clearly (repeat)



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She opened the door and she let me in  
And divil the one did hear us.

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit  
And she led him to the stable (repeat)  
Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse,  
To eat it if he's able."

Then she took me by the lily-white hand  
And she led me to the table (repeat)  
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,  
To drink it if you're able."

Then I got up and made the bed  
And I made nice and aisy (repeat)  
Then I got up and laid her down  
Saying "Lassie, are you able?"

And there we lay till the break of day  
And divil a one did hear us (repeat)  
Then I arose and put on me clothes  
Saying "Lassie, I must leave you."

And when will you return again  
And when will we get married (repeat)  
When broken shells make Christmas bells  
We nmight well get married.

Irish trad.

From Folksongs & Ballads popular in Ireland, Ossian Publications

Note: An Irish variant of Trooper & the Maid

### **Uncle Mathew**

Uncle Mathew's in good mood as usual  
Writing letters at the bedroom window  
Blossoming flowers from his own garden  
A weary hand on someone's shoulder.

He's got nothing to say.

A cup of tea and a morning paper  
Easy breakfast with a little pleasure  
Sticky porridge with a bottle of porter  
A weary hand that rocks the cradle.

He's got nothing to say.

Uncle Mathew's in good mood as usual  
Wooden chairs around the round table



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Raincoats hanging on the holfasts in the hall  
Shuffled cards, dim light of candles.

He's got nothing to say.

Элаин  
(музыка - Хагнир; 5.95)

### **Norwegian Wind**

Midnight croon,  
Gleam in the stream,  
Edge of the sky  
Touched by the wing.  
Norwegian wind,  
Long way from home,  
Lost empty road  
Will never gone.

Scabbard on my sling,  
Harp in my hand,  
River of green,  
Trace on the sand,  
Dying shallow birds,  
Cloudless night,  
Shadows of the trees,  
Everything is quite.

Wind from the sea,  
Carry my boat,  
Away from the shore,  
Away from the shore...

Norwegian wind,  
Moonlight in the stream,  
Edge of the sky  
Touched by the wing.

Wind from the sea,  
Carry my boat,  
Away from the shore,  
Away from the shore...

Элаин  
(музыка - Хагнир; 7.95)

### **About A Mouse**



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Have you heard about a helpless mouse  
Living in her house,  
She's been married over a year  
But mister Mouse has disappeared...

Bumble-bee is her only friend  
All the flowers are in his command  
She is trembling with the fear  
Bumble-bee will dry her tears

Have you seen the curious mouse  
Living in her own house,  
She is at her child's bedside,  
Smiling sweetly like a bride...

Элаин  
(музыка - Хагнир; 1.97)

### **Train From Nowhere**

Trembling light from the windward side  
Middle of the sleepless night  
The empty carriage of the sleeper train  
Nothing more, never again.

She is waiting behind the wall of rain  
Looking forward to seeing her brother again  
So easy to scare her seen from behind  
In the quite nothing to hide.

The empty carriage of the sleeper train  
Passing through the wall of rain  
Screaming ravens, barren fields  
Uneasy light upon the hills

Элаин  
(музыка - Хагнир; 6.95)

### **Severance**

Among the boundless sky  
Where the deep moon shudders  
With the shiver of pale  
In the overflow  
Of the eyes  
Of december



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Full grains waits deep  
Under the frozen ground  
Rushing along  
Through the snowstorm  
Wolves of the thunder clouds  
Mourn from the fiord

Then the western coast  
Responds to me  
Keep your oak  
Hearing the wind

Элаин  
(музыка - Хагнир; 15.9.98)

### **Till I End My Song**

Blinding swan  
In the setting of the river's mirror  
Deprived of the fear  
Splash of the oar  
Moonlight shakes across the silver  
Current is so clear

Love me till I end my song

End of the night  
Breeding of the empty meadows  
Fallen from my lips  
Strings of the harp  
Serpent hidden in the heather  
Shudder of the wing

Wait me till I end my song

(В.Бедов-Элаин)

### **Follow Me Up To Carlow**

(The Marching Song Of Fiach MacHugh)

Lift, MacCahir Og, your face  
Brooding o'er the old disgrace  
That black Fitzwilliam stormed your place  
And drove you to the fern!  
Grey said victory was sure —  
Soon the firebrand he'd secure;



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Until he met, at Glenmalure,  
Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne!

Chorus:  
Curse and swear, Lord Kildare!  
Fiach will do what Fiach will dare —  
Now, Fitzwilliam, have a care:  
Fallen is your star low!  
Up with halbert! Out with sword!  
On we go, for, by the Lord  
Fiach MacHugh has given his word!  
Follow me up to Carlow!

See the swords of Glen Imayle  
Flashing o'er the English Pale!  
See all the children of the Gael  
Beneath O'Byrne's banners!  
Rooster of a fighting stock  
Would you let a Saxon cock  
Crow upon an Irish rock?  
Fly up and teach him manners!

Chorus:  
From Tassagart to Clonmore  
Flows a stream of Saxon gore  
Och, great is Rory Og O'More  
At sending loons to Hades!  
White is sick, and Lane is fled,  
Now for black Fitzwilliam's head  
We'll send it over dripping red —  
To Liza and her ladies!

Patrick Joseph McCall