



« 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 divil'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