



«Pepper», Sketis Music, 2007

Just Chains

Subterranean gateway
echoes of gray
i've been wondering lately
whether it's day
in the prison for no-one
stand up and pray
this last time you can go on
don't choose to stay

as it's chains just chains
round your mind
that we've set against humankind

'cross the underworld's borders
come up and run
the weird creatures that caught us
fell one by one
and the breath of the snowstorm
tore us to shreds
it was comma then full stop
all in our heads

as it's chains just chains
round your mind
that you've set against humankind

Hagnir-Erin

Lord Of The Dance

I dance in the circle and the flames leap on high
I dance in the fire and I never, never die
I dance on the waves of the bright summer sea
For I am the Lord of the waves' mystery

I sleep in the kernel and I laugh at the rain
I dance in the wind and through the waving grain
When you cut me down, I care nothing for the pain
In the spring, I'm the Lord of the Dance once again

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said He

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun
I came down from heaven I danced on earth
At Bethlehem I had my birth



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I danced in the scribe and the Pharisee
But they would not dance they wouldn't follow me
I danced for the fishermen, for James & John
They came with me & the dance went on

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said He

I danced on the Sabbath & I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame
They whipped they stripped they hung me high
They left on the cross to die

I danced on the Friday when they sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body they thought I'd gone
But I am the dance & still go on

Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said He

Sydney Carter

Miksi Ne Neijot

1. Miksi ne neijot, miksi ne neijot, miksi ne neijot vetta kantaa, miksi ne neijot vetta kantaa.
2. Lapi jo linnan, lapi jo linnan: ,: lapi jo linnan lahtehesta: ,:
3. Isolleni, isolleni,,: isolleni silmie pestä: ,:
4. Pese jo iso, pese jo iso,,: pese jo iso silmiasi: ,:
5. Mane jo iso, mane jo iso: ,: mane jo iso markkinoille: ,:
6. Osta jo iso, osta jo iso,,: osta jo iso ilveshattu: ,:
7. Pojallesi, pojallsesi,,: pojallesi puolahattu: ,:
8. (Ja) tyttarelle, ja tyttarelle,,: tyttarelle tyynyliina: ,:
9. Emannalle, emannalle,,: emannalle esiliina: ,:

Karelian trad.

Cunla

Who is down there, knocking the window frame? (3x)
Only miss it's Cunla.

Who is out there, knocking the ditches down? (3x)



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Only miss it's Cunla.

Cunla dear don't come any near to me (3x)
Maybe I shouldn't says Cunla.

Who is that down there, taking the clothes off me? (3X)
Only miss it's Cunla.

Who is that down there, tickling the toes of me? (3X)
Only miss it's Cunla.

Cunla dear don't come any near to me (3x)
Maybe I shouldn't says Cunla.

Who is that down there, raking the fire for me? (3X)
Only miss it's Cunla.

Who is that down there, climbing on top of me? (3X)
Only miss it's Cunla.

Cunla dear don't come any near to me (3x)
Maybe I shouldn't says Cunla.

Irish trad.

Korppi

Mikä suuren äänen sorti
äänen mahtavan makasi
joka ennen jokena juoksi
virtana ennen vierä

Päivä pääskyille tulevi
varpusille valkenevi
ilo ilman lintusille
laulain lentäville

Laulan suurella surulla
äänellä alakulolla
kanna lintu kaihojain
musta lintu murhettain

Mikä suuren äänen sorti
äänen mahtavan makasi
joka ennen jokena juoksi
virtana ennen vierä

Kanna korppi huoliani
murhettain musta lintu
oksalle osattomalle



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varvulle varattomalle

Laulan suurella surulla ...

Laulaisin taitaisin
kuin oisin omilla mailla
suvilinnun suusanoilla
kesälinnun kielellä

Laulaisin taitaisin
kuin oisin omilla mailla
maassa heinänä helyisin
kukkana kukoistaisin

Laulan suurella surulla ...

Janne Lappalainen / Sirpa Reiman / finnish trad.

Fifteen Men On A Dead Man's Chest

The mate was fixed by the bosun's pike
The bosun brained with a marlinspike
And cookey's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped by fingers ten;
And there they lay, all good dead men
Like break o'day in a boozing ken
The skipper lay with his nob in gore
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore
And the scullion he was stabbed times four
And there they lay, and the soggy skies
Dripped down in up-staring eyes
In murk sunset and foul sunrise

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo ho and a bottle of rum!
Fifteen men on whole ship's list
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist
Yo ho and a bottle of rum!

'Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead
Or a yawing hole in a battered head
And the scupper's glut with a rotting red
And there they lay, aye, damn my eyes
Looking up at paradise
All souls bound just contrawise
There was chest on chest of Spanish gold
With a ton of plate in the middle hold



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And the cabins riot of stuff untold
And there they lay that took the plum
With sightless glare and their lips struck dumb
While we shared all by the rule of thumb

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo ho and a bottle of rum!
Fifteen men on whole ship's list
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist
Yo ho and a bottle of rum!

'Twas a flimsy shift on a bunker cot
With a dirk slit sheer through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff dry in a purplish blot
Oh was she wench or some shudderin' maid
That dared the knife and took the blade
By God! she had stuff for a plucky jade
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight
With a Yo-Heave-Ho! And a fare-you-well
And a sudden plunge in the sullen swell
Full fathom deep on the road to hell!

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest
Yo ho and a bottle of rum!
Fifteen men on whole ship's list
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist
Yo ho and a bottle of rum!

Hagnir / Allison & Waller (XVII century)

Good Old Spider

There he sits by the fire
In his cobweb empire
Never looking around
Never making a sound

Good old spider
Clever old spider

Making plans for the day
Spinning webs for his prey



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Never giving a thought
To whatever he caught

Good old spider

He is old and he's wise
And he loves little flies
Hangs them up in a row
Round his nest and below

When you meet him he smiles
Full of spidery wiles
And inviting you in
He continues to spin

Good old spider

There he sits by the fire
Like an old country squire
Dinner-plate in his lap
He's a nice little chap

Good old spider

Hagnir-Erin

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!



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Hagnir-Erin

The Rising Of The Moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell tell me why you hurry so
Hush a buachaill, hush and listen and his cheeks were all aglow
I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick and soon
For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
For pikes must be together at the rising of the moon

And come tell me Sean O'Farrell where the gathering is to be
At the old spot by the river quite well known to you and me
One more word for signal token, whistle out the marching tune
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

At the rising of the moon, at the rising of the moon
With your pike upon your shoulder at the rising of the moon

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night
Many a manly heart was beating for the blessed warning light
Murmurs rang along the valley to the banshees lonely croon
And a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon
A thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon

All along the singing river that black mass of men was seen
High above their shining weapons flew their own beloved green
Death to every foe and traitor, whistle out the marching tune
And hurrah! me boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

'tis the rising of the moon, 'tis the rising of the moon
And hurrah! me boys for freedom, 'tis the rising of the moon

Irish trad.