

take me away

mary murphy

*she's under the water sea shells in hand
up she emerges hair flung around
when she smiles diamonds shine*

*take me take me away again
take me i want to go
she says take me take me away*

*he's sitting beside me book in his hands
what starts as a whisper erupts to a laugh
when he smiles life is fine*

*take me take me away again
take me i want to go
he says take me take me away*

*we wander the hilltops wander the shore
sand and stick houses skipping of stones
fading light fond goodnight*

*take me take me away again
take me i want to go
they say take me take me away*

*i hold the receiver eyes closed so i
can picture the faces etched in my mind
time to go how can they know*

*take me take me away again
take me i want to go
I say take me take me away
Fiaín na sleibhte*

*traditional
translation donncha o'callahan*

*beidh an samhradh linn sar i bhfad
is na mílte crainn faoi bhíath
le tim fiaín na sleibhte
is fraoch bhlaífar ag fas thart timpeall
siúl liom, a stor, siúl liom*

*imeofaimid go leir le cheile
chun tim fiaín na sleibhte a bhailiú
is fraoch bhlaífar ag fas thart timpeall*

siul liom, a stor, siul liom

*togfaidh me tur do mo ghra
i ngar don foinse glinn ghleigheal
is blathanna iomlan na sleibhte
mar chairn beidh siad bailithe
siul liom, a stor, siul liom*

*ma ealoigh mo chroi uaim
beidh gra eile le fail cinnte
san ait le tim fiain na sleibhte
is fraoch bhlaifar ag fas thart timpeall
siul liom, a stor, shiul liom*

in the lee

paul keim

*mist at morning reel-trent
freeman*

*there's romance in the tales
of tiny boats at sea
so the old songs tell
daughter listen to me
throw turf upon the fire
poteen in a glass
my child i give no answers
just life as it has passed*

*once your barefoot father
gazed upon our hands
covered his beard
smiled across the strand
trading salt for salt
sweet for sweet
clutching at the hearts
plain upon our sleeves*

sail my precious one

*sail upon my lee
sail my uncharted water
anchor in my deep*

*summer spun us through the grass
in fall we cried for more
by winter i was full of child
with hunger at our door
so long line in hand
to the currach he did go
hearts heavy pounding
to the plunging of the oars*

*sail my precious one
sail out on the green
sail the traceless reaches
that do no care for thee
sail my precious one
sail upon my lee
sail my uncharted waters
anchor in my deep*

*waiting while the wind howled
i railed against the storm
that robbed me of my heartlife
humbled me with scorn
so sing not of the romance
of tiny boats to me
the only tale i know
lies mute beneath the sea*

tir na n'og

*lyrics-mary murphy
music-paul keim*

*time is a hunter with no fear
no conscience does it keep
seeks us in daylight
stalks us in our sleep
no earthly hiding places
to which we can retreat
preys upon the steadfast
commands strong and weak*

*but o there lies a leafy isle
unearthly and untame
that rises from the watery depths
to tease the mortal flame
tease the mortal flame*

*time is the ticking that beats
beats beneath the skin
for years the winds have shaken
breaths that we draw in
all that has ever ever been
surely shall fade and die
no fist to the heavens above
abate the mournful cries*

*tir na n'og never grow old
land of the forever young
weave through groves of ancient oaks
and fragrant wild rose
in tir na n'og years will float
carelessly fall away
waiting for the voice of neamh
waiting for tir na n'og*

*should neamh come calling
whispering from the deep
fearlessly i would follow
those lilly snow white feet
swiftly would we light upon
gold and craggy shores
sipping from the well of beag
beyond faerie doors*

rose of allendale traditional

*the sky was clear the morn was fair
no breath came over the sea
when mary left her highland home
and wandered forth with me
flowers decked the mountain side
fragrance filled the vale
by far the sweetest flower there
was the rose of allendale*

*sweet rose of allendale
sweet rose of allendale
by far the sweetest flower there
was the rose of allendale*

*where're i wandered east or west
though faith began to lour
consoling still was she to me
in sorrows lonely hour
though tempest wrecked my lonely boat
and rent her quivering sail
one maiden form withstood the storm
the rose of allendale*

and when my fevered lips were parched

*on africa's burning sands
she whispered hope of happiness
and tales of foreign lands
my life has been a wilderness
unblessed by fortunes gain
had fate not linked my lot to hers
sweet rose of allendale*

wondering where the lions are bruce cockburn
translation donncha o'callahan

*wondering where the lions are
smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin*

*sun's up looks okay
the world survives into another day
and i'm thinking about eternity
some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me*

*na leoin ag an doras im' aisling aris
cha uafasach iad is a bhiodh cheana
ach mo smaointe ar an tsioraiocht
is sort neal athais i gcoimead orm*

*wall windows trees waves coming through
you be in me and i'll be in you
together in eternity
some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me*

*thall i lar na guise is an boladh blasta ann
no thios sa ghlann san ait ina raibh an sruth
mo smaointe ar an tsioraiocht
is sort neal athais i gcoimead orm*

*is mo smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin
mo smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin
mo smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin*

huge orange flying boat rises from the lake

*thousand year old petroglyphs doing a double take
pointing a finger on eternity
i'm sitting in the middle of this ecstasy*

*na fir oig ag marshail, clogad ag lonradh sa ghrian
taobh thiar den ghunna, inchinn snasta agus cruinn
is me ag smaoineamh ar an tsioraiocht
is sort neal athais i gcoimead orm*

*and i'm wondering where the lions are
wondering where the lions are
i'm wondering where the lions are
wondering where the lions are
i'm wondering where the lions are
wondering where the lions are
wondering where the lions are*

*na loing ag snamh ar an uisce sa chuain
imeofaimid uatha la eigin faoi lan seol
ag mairnealacht chuig an tsioraiocht
is sort neal athais i gcoimead orm*

*is mo smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin
mo smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin
mo smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin
smaointe ar na leoin
wondering where the lions are*

four seasons

*lyrics-mary murphy
music-paul keim*

*geimhreadh earrach samhradh fomhair
winter spring summer fall
geimhreadh earrach samhradh fomhair
winter spring summer fall*

*buds brood far below the surface
in the glen white with snow
ruffled wings on naked branches
slanted light so swiftly goes
iron kettle leaves brewing
in the cottage on the hob*

*silhouettes gaily dancing
from the mantle up above*

*bend down sow narrow furrows
tawny seeds drop with care
obsidian clay take them under
lie beneath earth's great lair
yonder wakes dormant orchard
yonder neighs a foaling mare
apple trees with blossoms stirring
ancient gifts so soon to bare*

*4-am cock is crowing
hush not 'til midnight chime
heat descends penetrating
incense of petals rise
tranquil be mind and spirit
resting by the river bed
sinking to quiet slumber
dreams so quickly wed*

*mend the thatch where light is seeping
reap the grain before the frost
glory flames red and golden
shaken from trembling boughs
a haon do tri cahir seair
one two three four seasons all
waxing waning rising setting
days of life propelling all*

a painted moon

mary murphy

translation donncha o'callahan

I dreamed again---Bhi briongloid agam aris

A painted moon---Gealach daite

I dreamed I wept---Mise ag caoineadh, im' bhriongloid aris

As colours swept---Is na dathanna faoi shiul

Around the panted moon ---Timpeall na gealai daite

My angel ---Mo aingeal

Bright angel---aingéal geal

red wing

mary murphy

red wing sittin in a tree

red wing voice so free

she knows winters coming soon

not a care or a bother on red wing

*we met on the longest day in june
he held my hand beneath the moon
whispered in my ear my cheeks did bloom
to the colour of a new red rose*

*down in the valley there's a secret spot
where the river begins the meadow stops
there he meets me everyday
there we do our courting*

*he made me a promise said the end of time
could ne'er erase his love and mine
he is my darlin my hearts delight
ach no one kisses like him*

*he gave me a locket with a emerald stone
i gave him a needle made with herring bone
sure likes of him i've never known
he is my luck and fortune*

*he stole my heart on that day in june
when I held his hand beneath the moon
i see him now he'll be here soon
not a care or a bother have i*

rogue's disguise *david somers*
arranged by mary murphy and paul keim
*gypsy rogue coming round the bend
seeking kettles and pots to mend
or pretty maidens he might befriend
singing love will be coming my way*

*don't heed his song for virtue's sake
pots he mends but hearts he breaks
in the end your love he'll take
singing love will be coming my way*

*ask no questions if you don't want lies
don't go looking for truth in his eyes
a handsome face can be a rogues disguise
singing love will be coming my way*

his gypsy love song did turn her head

*she did not heed the words her chaperone said
that very night she slipped from her bed
singing love will be coming my way*

*stealing out the moon was bright
stealing home at dawn's first light
tell me lady did you spend the night
singing love will be coming my way*

*ask no questions if you don't want lies
regret you'll never see in these eyes
i sorely wanted to greet sunrise
singing love will be coming my way*

*that gypsy rogue is heading down the glen
his face you'll never see again
that's the way of life that's the way of men
who sing love will be coming my way*

*now the gypsy lingers atop the hill
singing o my lady i love you still
i would say i do if you would say i will
singing love will be coming my way*

*a turn of heel was her reply
saying don't come looking for love in these eyes
i say farewell you should say goodbye
singing love will be coming my way*

*ask no questions if you don't want lies
don't come looking for love in these eyes
i say farewell you should say goodbye
singing love will be coming my way*

*ask no questions if you don't want lies
don't come looking for love in these eyes
a pretty face can be a rogue's disguise
singing love will be coming my
love will be coming my
love will be coming my way*

mo ghile mear

traditional

*'se mo laoch mo ghile mear
'se mo chaesar, ghile mear
ni fhuaras fein aon suan ar sean
o chuaigh i gcein mo ghile mear*

*bimse buan ar buairt gach lo
ag gui go crua 's ag tuar na ndeor
mar scaoileadh uainn an buachaill beo
's na riomhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhron*

*ni haoibhinn cuach ba suairc ar ndeoin
taid fíorchaoín uasal ar uaithne sport
taid saóite suaite i mhúairt 's i mbron
o scaoileadh uainn an buachaill beo*

*nil seis go suairc ar chruachruit ceoil
ta an eigse i ngruaim gan uaim na meabhair
taid beathaithe buan ar buairt gach lo
o thearnaigh uainn an buachaill beo*

*ni mhaoifad fein ce he mo stor
ta insint sceal ina dhiaigh go leor
ach guim chuigh m'aon mhic de na gcomhacht
go dteigh mo laoch gan baol beo*

song of the wandering aengus

lyrics- W.B. Yates

music- mary murphy

*i went out to the hazel wood
because a fire was in my head
and cut and peeled a hazel wand
and hooked a berry to a thread
and when white moths were on the wing
and moth-like stars were flickering out*

*i dropped the berry in a stream
and caught a little silver trout*

*when i had laid it on the floor
i went to blow the fire aflame
but something rustled on the floor
and someone called me by my name
it had become a glimmering girl
with apple blossoms in her hair
who called me by my name and ran
and faded through the brightening air*

*though i am old with wandering
through hollow lands and hilly lands
i will find out where she has gone
and kiss her lips and take her hands
and walk among long dappled grass
and pluck til time and times are done
the silver apples of the moon
the golden apples of the sun*