

# The Countess Cathleen in Paradise

Text: William Butler Yeats

Musik: Morgain

All the heavy days are over;  
Leave the body's coloured pride  
Underneath the grass and clover,  
With the feet laid side by side.

Bathed in flaming founts of duty  
She'll not ask a haughty dress;  
Carry all that mournful beauty  
To the scented oaken press.

Did the kiss of Mother Mary  
Put that music in her face?  
Yet she goes with footstep wary,  
Full of earth's old timid grace.

'Mong the feet of angels seven  
What a dancer glimmering!  
All the heavens bow down to Heaven,  
Flame to flame and wing to wing.

# Union Song

Text und Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

Where oh where is our James Connolly  
Where oh where is that gallant man?  
He's gone to organise the Union  
That working men might yet be free.

They carried him up to the jail  
They carried him up to the jail  
And there they shot him one bright May morning  
And quickly laid him in his grave.

We laid him down in yon green garden  
With Union men on every side  
And swore we'd make one mighty Union  
And fill that gallant man with pride.

Now all you noble Irishmen  
Come join with me for liberty  
And we will forge a mighty weapon  
And smash the bonds of slavery!

# Paddy's Lament

Text und Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

Well it's by the hush me boys,  
And that's to mind your noise,  
And listen to poor Paddy's  
Sad narration.

I was by hunger stressed  
And in poverty distressed,  
So I took a thought I'd leave  
The Irish nation.

I sold me horse and cow,  
My little pig and sow,  
My father's farm of land  
I then departed.  
And me sweetheart Bid Magee,  
I'm afraid I'll never see,  
For I left her there that morning  
Broken-hearted.

Hear me boys,  
Now take my advice.  
To America I'll have you  
Not be coming.  
There is nothing here but war  
Where the murdering cannons roar  
And I wish I was at home  
In dear old Dublin.

Well meself and a hundred more  
To America sailed o'er  
Our fortunes to be making,  
We were thinking.  
When we got to yankee land  
They put guns into our hand,  
Saying "Paddy, you must go  
And fight for Lincoln."

Hear me boys...

Well I think meself in luck  
If I get fed on indian buck  
And old Ireland is the country  
I delight in.  
To the devil I would say  
'God curse Americay'  
For in truth I've had enough  
Of their hard fighting.

Hear me boys...

# To an Isle in the Water

Text: William Butler Yeats

Musik: Morgain

Shy one, shy one,  
Shy one of my heart,  
She moves in the firelight  
Pensively apart.

She carries in the dishes,  
And lays them in a row.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I go.

She carries in the candles,  
And lights the curtained room,  
Shy in the doorway  
And shy in the gloom;

And shy as a rabbit,  
Helpful and shy.  
To an isle in the water  
With her would I fly.

# These are the Clouds

Text: William Butler Yeats

Musik: Morgain

These are the clouds about the fallen sun,  
The majesty that shuts his burning eye:  
The weak lay hand on what the strong has done,  
Till that be tumbled that was lifted high  
And discord follow upon unison,  
And all things at one common level lie.  
And therefore, friend, if your great race were run  
And these things came, so much the more thereby  
Have you made greatness your companion,  
Although it be for children that you sigh:  
These are the clouds about the fallen sun,  
The majesty that shuts his burning eye.

## Brown Penny

Text: William Butler Yeats

Musik: Morgain

I whispered, "I am too young,"  
And then, "I am old enough";  
Wherefore I threw a penny  
To find out if I might love.  
"Go and love, go and love, young man,  
If the lady be young and fair."  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
I am looped in the loops of her hair.

O love is the crooked thing,  
There is nobody wise enough  
To find out all that is in it,  
For he would be thinking of love  
Till the stars had run away  
And the shadows eaten the moon.  
Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,  
One cannot begin it too soon.

# A Faery Song

Text: William Butler Yeats

Musik: Morgain

*Sung by the people of Faery over Diarmuid and Grania, in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech.*

We who are old, old and gay,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,  
Silence and love;  
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,  
And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,  
Rest far from men.  
Is anything better, anything better?  
Tell us it then:

Us who are old, old and gay,  
O so old!  
Thousands of years, thousands of years,  
If all were told.

# Milou

Text und Musik: Benz Wäfler, arr. Morgain

J'ouvre les yeux  
Et je me lève  
Et les rêves  
S'éloignent lentement

Je me lave la tête  
Je bois un café  
Et je sors  
Sans claquer la porte

J'entends la rivière  
L'air est baigné de brouillard  
Je sens l'humidité  
Il fait froid mais j'ai chaud

Les gens sont gris  
Personne ne connaît leur chagrin  
Ils regardent par terre  
Avec des larmes invisibles

Mais un jour n'est pas comme l'autre  
Avance et ne reste pas fermé  
Grimpe sur les murs  
Et danse comme les chats

Les oiseaux suivent les lignes  
Dessinées sur le ciel blanc  
Ils voient les toits et les jardins  
Sous une couverture de neige

Je vois comme ils sont libres  
Viennent et partent sans horaire  
Ils peuvent même lâcher en l'air  
Leur merde sur ceux qu'ils veulent

Quelquefois je me sens comme un plongeur  
Seul pour soi en silence  
Je fuis l'air du monde  
Mais l'eau ne veut pas de moi

Je pense qu'on a le droit  
D'être malheureux et triste  
Mais un cadeau et un miracle c'est  
De jouir des beaux moments

Mais un jour...