

# Morgaine le Fay

Text: D. Karst  
Musik: Morgain

Oh my name is Morgaine  
And they call me Lady Fay.  
I am haunted by the blind  
By the captives of his word.  
All these men followed the new  
Fascinating and the strange.  
This bewildering light the aura of Jesus Christ.

Oh two men in my mind  
The astounding and the wise.  
Goddess made me renounce  
And so we lived separate lives.  
Oh I fought to save my island  
From vanishing in the mist.  
But they fought for the glory of Jesus Christ.

Oh then I betrayed him  
My brother, lover king.  
And the sword I made  
I took it from him.  
Oh admits the final fight  
The ocean depth, devouring his strength  
Holy Excalibur – forever gone and lost.

Now that I am old and grey  
I am standing upon the shore  
Looking down at my island  
That vanished in the fog.  
Seems all gone and I'm alone  
But I have every confidence  
That my island one day will rise again.

# Westwind

Text und Musik: Morgain

The westwind is there where I was born  
The concert master who sets the tone.  
He blew me away from his father's farm  
Up to Dublin town.  
Here I studied, here I worked  
I married, have children seven or eight.  
I never felt home, can hardly wait  
To the day when the wind will turn.

Back home to Baileatha Linn  
To the brightest green, to the deepest blue.  
Back home to Baileatha Linn  
To the purest sea, to the place where I feel back home.

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He blew me away from his father's farm  
Up to Dublin town.  
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I married, have children seven or eight.  
I never felt home, can hardly wait  
To the day when the wind will turn.

Back home...

Listen to the wind can you hear the tune?  
A sad melody is blowing to me.  
Isn't it the whistling of Sean McLair  
Home in my County Clare?

Back home...

# Blarney Stone

Text und Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

It was on the road to Bandon one morning in July  
I met a lovely colleen and she smiled as she passed by.  
She says: I am a stranger and I'm lonely all alone  
Would you kindly tell me where I'd find that little Blarney Stone.

There's a Blarney Stone in Kerry, there's a Blarney Stone in Clare  
There's a Blarney Stone in Wicklow and there's plenty in Kildare  
There's a Blarney Stone in Sligo, and another in Mayo  
Sure a Devil a town in Ireland but you'll find the Blarney Stone.

Sure I know he comes from Galway, I can tell it by his brogue  
Sure there never was a Galwayman, but was an awful rogue  
And since you are a stranger where the River Shannon flows  
And the only Blarney Stone I know is underneath my nose.

There's a Blarney Stone in Kerry...

Her Irish smile was broadened and she winked her roguish eye  
Oh she set me heart a-thumping till I thought I'd surely die  
So he rolled me in his arms and he never made a moan  
And he kissed the blooming roses on the Bandon Blarney Stone.

There's a Blarney Stone in Kerry...

# Sea

Text und Musik: Morgain

The light blue deep in your eye  
Shines as bright as a thousand diamonds.  
I stand here and I face  
The power of the breaking waves.

I see the sunlight dancing on the wide open  
Space of imagination  
Feel a shivering on my skin  
While I hear the sound of freedom.