

SHAMROCK SHORE

Textes des chansons de l'album

S H A M R O C K S H O R E



C H R I S T I A N F R O M E N T I N

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Follow me up to carlow

(Texte de Patrick McCall 1861-1919 / Air du XVIIe siècle)

Lift, McCahir Og, your face, still brooding over the old disgrace ?
That Black Fitzwilliam stormed your place, drove you to the Fern
Gray said victory was sure, soon the Firebrand he'd secure
Until he met at Glenmalure with Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne

Refrain :

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare, Fiach will do, what Fiach will dare
Now Fitzwilliam have a care, fallen is your star low
Up with halberd, out with sword, on we'll go for by the lord
Fiach MacHugh has given the word : Follow me up to Carlow !

See the swords of Glen Imayle, they're flashing over the English pale
See all the children of the Gael beneath O'Byrne's banners
Roosters of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock
Crow out upon, an Irish rock ? Fly up and teach him manners

From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore
O great is Rory Og Omore at sending the loons to Hades
White is sick, Grey is fled and now for Black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over dripping red to Queen Liza and her ladies

High Germany

(Trad. collecté par Cécile Sharp en 1906)

Oh Polly love, oh Polly, the rout has now begun
And we must go a-marching to the beating of the drum
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me
I'll take you to the war my love, in High Germany

Oh Willy love, Oh Willy, come list what I do say
My feet, they are so tender, I cannot march away
And besides, my dearest Willy, I am with child by thee
Not fitted for the war my love, in High Germany

I'll buy for you an horse, my love, and on it you shall ride
And all my delight shall be on a riding by your side
We'll stop at every alehouse and drink when we are dry
We'll be true to one another, get married by and by

Oh cursed be them cruel wars that ever they should rise
And out of Merry England press many a man likewise
They pressed my true love from me, likewise my brothers three
And sent them to the war, my love, in High Germany

My friends I do not value nor my foes I do not fear
Now my love has left me, I wander far and near
And when my baby it is born and a-smiling on my knee
I'll think on lovely Willy, in High Germany

Paddy's green shamrock shore

(Trad. d'après Packie Manus Byrne)

From Derry Quay, we sailed away on the 23rd of May
We were boarded by a pleasant crew, bound for Americay
Fresh water there we did take on, five thousand gallons or more
In case we'd run short going to New York, far away from the shamrock shore

So fare thee well sweet Liza dear and likewise to Derry town
And twice farewell to me comrade boys who dwell on that sainted ground
If fortune it ever should favour me or I to have money in store
I'll come back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left, on the Paddy's green shamrock shore

We sailed three days and we were all seasick, not a man on board was free
We were all confined unto our bunks with no one to pity poor me
No father dear nor mother kind to hold up my head when t'was sore
Wich made me think more on the lassie I left, on the Paddy's green shamrock shore

Well we safely reached the other side in three and twenty days
We were taken as passengers by a man and led round in six different ways
We each of us drank a parting glass in case we might never meet more
And we drank a health to Old Ireland and Paddy's green shamrock shore

So fare thee well sweet Liza dear and likewise to Derry town
And twice farewell to me comrade boys who dwell on that sainted ground
If fortune it ever should favour me or I to have money in store
I'll come back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left, on the Paddy's green shamrock shore

Spancill Hill

(Michael Considine 1850-1873)

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by
My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly
I stepped on board of a vision and I followed with the wind
And I shortly came to anchor at the cross of Spancill Hill

Enchanted by the novelty, delighted with the scenes
Where in my early childhood I often times have been
I thought I heard a murmur and I think that I hear it still
It's the little stream of water than flows in Spancil Hill

It being the 23rd of June, the day before the fair
When Ireland's sons and daughters in crowds assembled there
The young, the old, the brave and the bold their journey to fulfill
There were jovial conversations at the fair of Spancil Hill

I went into my old home, as every stone can tell
The old boreen was just the same and the apple tree over the well,
I miss my sister Ellen, my brothers Pat and Bill
Sure I only met my strange face at my home in Spancil Hill

I paid a flying visit, to my first and only love
She's as pure as any lilly, and as gentle as a dove
She threw her arms around me, saying Mike, I love you still
She is Mack the Ranger's daughter, she's the pride of Spancil Hill

I thought I stooped to kiss her, as I did in days of yore
Says she Mike you're only joking, as you often were before
The cock crew on the roost again, he crew both loud and shrill
And I awake in California, many miles from Spencil Hill

Cunla

(Comptine traditionnelle)

Who is that there now knocking the window pane
Only me says Cunla
Cunla dear, don't come any near to me
Maybe's I shouldn't says Cunla

Who is that there now tickling the toes of me
Only me says Cunla
Cunla dear, don't come any near to me
Maybe's I shouldn't says Cunla

The Galway Races

(Trad.)

And as I rode out to Galway town to seek for recreation
On the seventeenth of August me mind being elevated
There was multitudes assembled with their tickets at the station
And me eyes began to dazzle and they're going to see the races
With me whack fal the do, fol the diddley idle ay

There were passengers from Limerick and passengers from Nenagh
Passengers from Dublin and sportsmen from Tipperary
There were passengers from Kerry and all quarters of the Nation
And our member Mr Hardy for to join the Galway Blazers
With me whack fal the do, fol the diddlely idle ay

And it's there you'll see confectioners with sugarsticks and dainties
The lozenges and oranges, the lemonade and raisins
Gingerbread and spices to accomodate the ladies
And a big crubeen for thrupence to be suckin' while you're able
With me whack fal the do, fol the diddlely idle ay

And it's there you'll see the pipers and the fiddlers competing
The nimble-footed dancers and they trippin' on the daisies
There was others shout' cigars and lights and bills for all the races
With the colours of the jockey and the price of horse's ages
With me whack fal the do, fol the diddlely idle ay

There was half a million people there of all denominations
The Catholic, the Protestant, the Jew and Presbyterian
There was yet no animosity no matter what persuasion
But failte and hospitality inducing Mr. Paisley

Le corselet

(Trad. Normandie – Ocqueville)

- « Adieu la belle je m'en vas
Puisque mon bâtiment s'en va
Ah ! Je m'en vais dedans l'Irlande
Puisque le roi me le demande. »

- « En Irlande si tu t'en vas
Un corselet tu m'apporteras
Un corselet fait à la mode
Tissé de soie couleur de rose. »

En Irlande étant arrivé
A sa maîtresse n'a plus pensé
Il a pensé à la débauche
Au cabaret comme les autres

- « A ta maîtresse tu mentiras
A ta maîtresse tu lui diras
Tu lui diras que dans l'Irlande
Il n'y avait pas ce qu'elle demande. »

- « J'aimerais mieux la mer sans poisson
Et la montagne sans vallons
Et le printemps sans violettes
Que de mentir à ma maîtresse. »

The wild rover

(Trad.)

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
And I've spent all me money on whiskey and beer
But now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more

Refrain :

And it's no, nay, never
No, nay, never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No, never, no more

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady me money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay
« Such a custom as yours I can have every day »

I then took from me pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She says – « I have whiskeys and wines of the best
And the words that you told me were only in jest »

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And when they've caressed me as oft' times before
I never will play the wild rover no more