



# BLOOMSDAY SOCIETY

## *Music & Poetry*

*Dedicado in memoriam al Dr. Jorge Martinell*

**Ateneo Científico, Literario y Artístico de Madrid**

**Miércoles, 28 de octubre de 2020, a las 19:00h**



## PROGRAMME

- **Chris Dove**, My Lagan Love (canción lenta instrumental)
- **Bill Dixon**, “An Arundel Tomb”, Philip Larkin
- **Ana González**, “¿Quién muere?”, Pablo Neruda
- **José Luis Brey**, Poema.
- **Elena Carcedo**, “Sin ti no hay día”, de María Paz Hernández Sanchez.
- **Bill Dixon**, Casement’s Lament, (canción)
- **Michael Connolly**, Answer de AE
- **Pedro Pérez Prieto**, Traducción de Answer de AE
- **Kate Marriage**, “Sleep Now O Sleep Now” de James Joyce
- **Mal Murphy**, “Caoineadh Airt Uí Laoghaire”
- **Ultan Cronin**, “Ag Críost an Síol”
- **Chris Dove**, The Salley Gardens (canción)
- **James Dugan**, “The Dead”
- **Connor Mc Ginn**, Everything is Going to be All Right, by Derek Mahon
- **Jim Trainor** *Somewhere a voice is calling*
- **Liz Mason**, (poema)
- **Bill Dixon**, Full Fathom Five, canción de The Tempest
- **John Liddy**, (poema)
- **Maria Paz González**, (poema)
- **Jean Paul Leon**, (poema)
- **Ophelia Leon**, (poema)
- **Chris Dove**, Roisín Dubh (canción lenta instrumental)
- **Pilar Pastor**, (poema)
- **Bill Dixon**, Love’s Old Sweet Song



•**Chris Dove, My Lagan Love** (canción lenta instrumental)

Donde las corrientes de Lagan cantan canciones de cuna  
Where Lagan streams sing lullabies

Sopla una hermosa azucena.  
There blows a lily fair.

El brillo del crepúsculo está en sus ojos  
The twilight gleam is in her eye,

La noche está en su cabello.  
The night is on her hair.

Y como una lenashee enamorada  
And like a lovesick lenashee

Ella tiene mi corazón esclavizado.  
She hath my heart in thrall.

No tengo vida, no tengo libertad  
No life have I, no liberty,

Porque el amor es el Señor de todo.  
For love is Lord of all.

Y a menudo cuando los escarabajos cuerno  
And often when the beetles horn

Ha arrullado la víspera para dormir,  
Has lulled the eve to sleep,

Me robaré en ella sheiling lorn  
I'll steal into her sheiling lorn

Y a través de la puerta arrastrarse.  
And through the doorway creep.

Allí, en la piedra del grillo,  
There on the cricket's singing stone,



Ella hace el fuego de leña  
She makes the bogwood fire

Y canta en voz baja y dulce,  
And sings in sweet and undertone,

El canto del deseo de los corazones.  
The song of hearts desire.

•**Bill Dixon**, “An Arundel Tomb”, Philip Larkin

**Side by side**, their faces blurred,  
The earl and countess lie in stone,  
Their proper **habits** vaguely shown  
As jointed armour, stiffened pleat,  
And that faint hint of the absurd—  
The little dogs under their feet.

Such plainness of the **pre-baroque**  
Hardly involves the eye, until  
It meets his left-hand **gauntlet**, still  
Clasped empty in the other; and  
One sees, with a sharp tender shock,  
His hand withdrawn, holding her hand.

They would not think to lie so long.

Such faithfulness in **effigy**

Was just a detail friends would see:



A sculptor's sweet commissioned grace  
Thrown off in helping to prolong  
The Latin names around the base.

They would not guess how early in  
Their **supine** stationary voyage  
The air would change to soundless damage,  
Turn the old tenantry away;  
How soon succeeding eyes begin  
To look, not read. Rigidly they

Persisted, linked, through lengths and breadths  
Of time. Snow fell, undated. Light  
Each summer thronged the glass. A bright  
Litter of birdcalls strewed the same  
Bone-riddled ground. And up the paths  
The endless altered people came,

Washing at their identity.  
Now, helpless in the hollow of  
An unarmorial age, a trough  
Of smoke in slow suspended **skeins**  
Above their scrap of history,



Only an attitude remains:

Time has transfigured them into

Untruth. The stone fidelity

They hardly meant has come to be

Their final blazon, and to prove

Our almost-instinct almost true:

What will survive of us is love.



•Ana González, “¿Quién muere?”, Pablo Neruda

Muere lentamente quien no viaja,  
quien no lee,  
quien no oye música,  
quien no encuentra gracia en sí mismo.  
Muere lentamente  
quien destruye su amor propio,  
quien no se deja ayudar.



Muere lentamente quien se transforma en esclavo del hábito  
repetiendo todos los días los mismos trayectos,  
quien no cambia de marca,  
no se atreve a cambiar el color de su vestimenta  
o bien no conversa con quien no conoce.

Muere lentamente quien evita una pasión y su remolino de emociones,  
justamente estas que regresan el brillo  
a los ojos y restauran los corazones destrozados.

Muere lentamente quien no gira el volante cuando esta infeliz  
con su trabajo, o su amor,  
quien no arriesga lo cierto ni lo incierto para ir detrás de un sueño  
quien no se permite, ni siquiera una vez en su vida,  
huir de los consejos sensatos...

¡Vive hoy!

¡Arriesga hoy!

¡Hazlo hoy!

¡No te dejes morir lentamente!

¡No te impidas ser feliz!

•**Michael Connolly**, Answer, de AE

THE WARMTH of life is quenched with bitter frost;  
Upon the lonely road a child limps by  
Skirting the frozen pools: our way is lost:  
Our hearts sink utterly.

But from the snow-patched moorland chill and drear, <sup>5</sup>  
Lifting our eyes beyond the spirèd height,  
With white-fire lips apart the dawn breathes clear



Its soundless hymn of light.

Out of the vast the voice of one replies  
Whose words are clouds and stars and night and day, <sup>10</sup>  
When for the light the anguished spirit cries  
Deep in its house of clay.

•**Kate Marriage**, “Sleep Now O Sleep Now”, de James Joyce

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Sleep now, O sleep now,

O you unquiet heart!

A voice crying ‘Sleep now’

Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter

Is heard at the door.

O sleep, for the winter Is crying

‘Sleep no more!’

My kiss will give peace now

And quiet to your heart –

Sleep on in peace now,

O you unquiet heart!





•Mal Murphy, “Caoineadh Airt Uí Laoghaire”

## **An Irish Lament : Caoineadh Airt Ui Laoghaire**

This is a translation into English of a poem originally written in Irish. It is called Caoineadh Airt Ui Laoghaire – A Cry for Art O’Leary. The poem was composed by a woman, Eileen O’Connell. It is a cry of grief, of revenge, of love, of hatred, and of a deep, frustrated passion for justice. Art O’Leary was Eileen O’Connell’s husband. He was shot by a man named Morris because he refused to sell his horse to Morris for five pounds. According to the 18th century penal law in Ireland, a Catholic had to sell his horse to a protestant, if the protestant asked him, for five pounds or under. O’Leary refused to sell his horse. Morris shot him. Eileen O’Connell composed her Caoineadh – her cry for her husband. This lament was in the oral tradition and spoken on the spot following her husband’s murder, it is in the form of the traditional "caoineadh" or lament following the death of a loved one.

### **A Cry for Art O’Leary**

(from The IRISH OF EIBHLIN NI CHONAILL,  
Translated by Brendan Kennelly)

My love  
The first time I saw you  
From the top of the market  
My eyes covered you  
My heart went out to you  
I left my friends for you  
Threw away my home for you  
What else could I do?  
You got the best rooms for me  
All in order for me  
Ovens burning for me  
Fresh trout caught for me  
Choice meat for me  
In the best of beds I stretched  
Till milling-time hummed for me  
You made the whole world  
Pleasing to me  
White rider of love!  
I love your silver-hilted sword  
How your beaver hat became you  
With its band of gold  
Your friendly homespun suit  
Revealed your body



Your pin of glinting silver  
Glittered in your shirt  
On your horse in style  
You were sensitive pale-faced  
Having journeyed overseas  
The English respected you  
Bowing to the ground  
Not because they loved you  
But true to their hearts' hate  
They're the ones who killed you  
Darling of my heart  
My lover  
My love's creature  
Pride of Immokelly  
To me you were not dead  
Till your great mare came to me  
Her bridle dragging ground  
Her head with your startling blood  
Your blood upon the saddle  
You rode in your prime  
I didn't wait to clean it  
I leaped across my bed  
I leaped then to the gate  
I leaped upon your mare  
I clapped my hands in frenzy  
I followed every sign  
With all the skill I knew  
Until I found you lying  
Dead near a furze bush  
Without pope or bishop  
Or cleric or priest  
To say a prayer for you  
Only a crooked wasted hag  
Throwing your cloak across you  
I could do nothing then  
In the sight of God  
But go on my knees  
And kiss your face  
And drink your free blood  
My man!  
Going out the gate  
You turned back again



Kissed the two children  
Threw a kiss at me  
Saying "Eileen, woman, try  
To get this house in order,  
Do your best for us  
I must be going now  
I'll not be home again."  
I thought that you were joking  
You my laughing man.  
My man!  
My Art O'Leary  
Up on your horse now  
Ride out to Macroom  
And then to Inchigeela  
Take a bottle of wine  
Like your people before you  
Rise up  
My Art O'Leary  
Of the sword of love  
Put on your clothes  
Your black beaver  
Your black gloves  
Take down your whip  
Your mare is waiting  
Go east by the thin road  
Every bush will salute you  
Every stream will speak to you  
Men and women acknowledge you  
They know a great man  
When they set eyes on him  
God's curse on you, Morris  
God's curse on your treachery  
You swept my man from me  
The man of my children  
Two children play in the house  
A third lives in me  
He won't come alive from me  
My heart's wound  
Why as I not with you  
When you were shot  
That I might take the bullet  
In my own body?



Then you'd had gone free  
Rider of the grey eye  
And followed them  
Who'd murdered me  
My man!  
I look at you now  
All I know of a hero  
True man with true heart  
Stuck in a coffin  
You fished the clean streams  
Drank nightlong in halls  
Among frank-breasted women  
I miss you  
My man!  
I am crying for you  
In far derryane  
In yellow-appled Carren  
Where many a horseman  
And vigilant woman  
Would be quick to join  
In crying for you  
Art O'Leary  
My laughing man  
O crying women  
Long live your crying  
Till Art O'Leary  
Goes back to school  
On a fateful day  
Not for books and music  
But for stones and clay  
My man!  
The corn is stacked  
The cows are milked  
My heart is a lump of grief  
I will never be healed  
Till Art O'Leary  
Comes back to me  
I am a locked trunk  
The key is lost  
I must wait till rust  
Devours the screw  
O my best friend



Art O'Leary  
Son of Conor  
Son of Cadach  
Son of Lewis  
East from wooden glens  
West from girlish hills  
Yellow nuts budge from branches  
Apples laugh like small suns  
At once they laughed  
Throughout my girlhood  
It is no cause for wonder  
If bonfires lit O'Leary country  
Or holy Gougane Barra  
After the clean-gripping rider  
The robust hunter  
Panting towards the kill  
Your own hounds lagged behind you  
O horseman of the summoning eyes  
What happened you last night?  
My only whole belief  
Was that you could not die  
For I was your protection  
My heart! My grief!  
My man! My darling!  
In Cork  
I had this vision  
Lying in my bed:  
A glen of withered trees  
A home heart-broken  
Strangled hunting-hounds  
Choked birds  
And you  
Drying on a hillside  
Art O'Leary  
My one man  
Your blood running crazily  
Over earth and stone  
Jesus Christ knows well  
I'll wear no cap  
No mourning dress  
No solemn shoes  
No bridle on my horse



No grief-signs in my house  
But test instead  
The wisdom of the law  
I'll cross the sea  
To speak to the King  
If he ignores me  
I'll come back home  
To find the man  
Who murdered my man  
Morris, because of you  
My man is dead  
Is there a man in Ireland  
To put a bullet through your head?  
Women, white women of the mill  
I give my love to you  
For the poetry you made  
For Art O'Leary  
Rider of the brown mare  
Deep women-rhythms of blood  
The fiercest and the sweetest  
Since time began  
Singing of this cry I woman make  
For my man





- **Ultan Cronin, “Ag Críost an Síol”**

Ag Críost An Síol, Ag Críost and fomhar  
With Christ of the seed, with Christ of the harvest  
I n-Iothlainn De, go dtugtar Sinn  
In the granary of God, may we be taken  
Ag Críost an Mhuir, ag Críost an t-iasc  
With Christ of the sea, with Christ of the fishes  
I lionta De go gcastar sinn  
In the lines of God may we be entwined  
O fhas go h-aois, is o aois go bas  
From growth to age and from age to death  
Do dha laimh a Chríost anall tharainn  
Your two hands o Christ hither draw us  
O bhas go críoch, ní críoch ach athfhas  
From death to the end, not the end, but all eternity  
I bParrthas na nGrast go rabhaimid



In paradise of the blessed may we reside



•Chris Dove, The Salley Gardens (canción)

Author: W. B. Yeats, 1889

Tune: Maids of the Mourne Shore, Trad

It was down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.  
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.

In a field down by the river, my love and I did stand  
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.  
She crossed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,  
But I was young and foolish, and with her did not agree.





•**Connor Mc Ginn**, Everything is Going to be All Right, by Derek Mahon

How should I not be glad to contemplate  
the clouds clearing beyond the dormer window  
and a high tide reflected on the ceiling?  
There will be dying, there will be dying,  
but there is no need to go into that.  
The poems flow from the hand unbidden  
and the hidden source is the watchful heart.  
The sun rises in spite of everything  
and the far cities are beautiful and bright.  
I lie here in a riot of sunlight  
watching the day break and the clouds flying.  
Everything is going to be all right.

***Todo va a salir bien, de Derek Mahon***

¿Cómo podría no sentirme feliz al contemplar  
las nubes aclarándose tras la ventana del dormitorio  
y la marea alta reflejándose en el techo?  
Habrá muertes, habrá muertes,  
pero no tenemos la necesidad de hablar de ellas.  
Los poemas afloran desde una mano no demandada  
naciendo, escondidos, en el seno de un corazón vigilante.  
El sol se alza a pesar de todo  
y las lejanas ciudades se conservan bellas y luminosas.  
Descanso aquí, en un alboroto de luz solar  
observando el amanecer y el vuelo de las nubes.  
Todo va a salir bien.

**Jim Trainor. *Somewhere a voice is calling***

Dusk and the shadows falling  
O'er land and sea;  
Somewhere a voice is calling,  
Calling for me.

Dusk and the shadows falling  
O'er land and sea;  
Somewhere a voice is calling,  
Calling for me.



Dearest, my heart is dreaming,  
Dreaming of you.  
Somewhere a voice is calling,  
Calling for me,  
Calling for me.

•**Bill Dixon**, Full Fathom Five, canción de The Tempest

Full fathom five thy father lies  
Of his bones are coral made  
Those are pearls which were his eyes  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange  
Sea nymphs hourly toll his knell  
Ding dong bell

•**Chris Dove**, Roisín Dubh (canción lenta instrumental)





### **Bill Dixon, Bill Dixon, Love's Old Sweet Song**

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,  
When on the world the mists began to fall,  
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng  
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;  
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,  
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song a twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,  
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,  
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,

Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore.  
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,  
Still we can hear it at the close of day.  
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,  
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Just a song a twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,  
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,  
Comes Love's old sweet song.