

BROKEN VOWS

8TH Century Irish (abridged)

It is late last night; the dog was speaking of you
It is you are the lonely bird, throughout the wood
And that you may be without a mate until you find me
You promised me and you said a lie to me
That you would be before me where the sheep are flocked
I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you
And I found nothing there but a bleating lamb

You promised me a thing that is not possible

My mother told me not to be talking to you
Today, tomorrow or on Sunday
It was a bad time she took for telling me that
It was, shutting the door after the house was robbed

You have taken the east from me
You have taken the west from me
You have taken what is before me and what is behind me
And my fear is great
You have taken God from me

IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER

Holst/Rossetti

In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow
In the bleak mid-winter, long, long ago

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