

Time after Time

TRANSCRIPT

The songs, poems and speeches from the film *Time after Time*, in the order of their presentation on the film.

1.

The Song of the Wandering Angus
By William Butler Yeats

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire aflame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And some one called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

2.

The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry
Traditional Melody attributed to James Waters
Arranged by Mairéid Sullivan and Ben Kettlewell

An earthly nouris sits and sings
and "aye" she sings ba lily we'n

"O little ken I my bairn's father,
still less the land where he dwells in"

Then one arose at her bed feet
and a grumly guest I'm sure was he
Saying "Here am I, thy bairn's father
although I be not comely"

"I am a man upon the land
I am a silkie in the sea
And when I'm far frae every strand
my dwelling is in Sule Skerry"

"It was na weel" quo' the maiden, fair
"It was na weel indeed" quo' she
"That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerry
should come and aught a bairn to me"

Now he has taken a purse of gold
and he has put it upon her knee
Saying "G'e to me my little young son,
and take thee up thy nouris fee"

"It shall come to pass on a summer's day
when the sun shines hot on every stone
That I will take my little young son
and teach him for to swim the foam"

"And thou shalt marry a gunner guid
and a proud gunner I'm sure he'll be
And the very first shot that e'er he shoots
will kill both my young son and me"

3. The Trooping Fairies By William Butler Yeats

The Irish word for fairy is sheehogue [sidheóg], a diminutive of "shee" in banshee. Fairies are deenee shee [daoine sidhe] (fairy people).

Who are they? "Fallen angels who were not good enough to be saved, nor bad enough to be lost," say the peasantry. "The gods of the earth," says the Book of Armagh. "The gods of pagan Ireland," say the Irish antiquarians, "the Tuatha De Danan, who, when no longer worshipped and fed with offerings, dwindled away in the popular imagination, and now are only a few spans high."

And they will tell you, in proof, that the names of fairy chiefs are the names of old Danan heroes, and the places where they especially gather together, Danan burying-places, and that the Tuath De Danan used also to be called the sloog-shee (sheagh sidhe) (the fairy host), or Marcra shee (the fairy cavalcade).

On the other hand, there is much evidence to prove them fallen angels. Witness the nature of the creatures, their caprice, their way of being good to the good and evil to the evil, having every charm but conscience--consistency. Beings so quickly offended that you must not speak much about them at all, and never call them anything but the "gentry", or else deenee-maha (daoine maithe), which in English means good people, yet so easily pleased, they will do their best to keep misfortune away from you, if you leave a little milk for them on the window-sill over night. On the whole, the popular belief tells us most about them, telling us how they fell, and yet were not lost, because their evil was wholly without malice.

Are they "the gods of the earth"? Perhaps! Many poets, and all mystic and occult writers, in all ages and countries, have declared that behind the visible are chains on chains of conscious beings, who are not of heaven but of the earth, who have no inherent form but change according to their whim, or the mind that sees them. You cannot lift your hand without influencing and being influenced by hoards. The visible world is merely their skin. In dreams we go amongst them, and play with them, and combat with them. They are, perhaps, human souls in the crucible--these creatures of whim.

Do not think the fairies are always little. Everything is capricious about them, even their size. They seem to take what size or shape pleases them. Their chief occupations are feasting, fighting, and making love, and playing the most beautiful music. They have only one industrious person amongst them, the lepra-caun--the shoemaker. Perhaps they wear their shoes out with dancing. Near the village of Ballisodare is a little woman who lived amongst them seven years. When she came home she had no toes--she had danced them off.

They have three great festivals in the year--May Eve, Midsummer Eve, November Eve. On May Eve, every seventh year, they fight all round, but mostly on the "Plain-a-Bawn" (wherever that is), for the harvest, for the best ears of grain belong to them. An old man told me he saw them fight once; they tore the thatch off a house in the midst of it all. Had anyone else been near they would merely have seen a great wind whirling everything into the air as it passed. When the wind makes the straws and leaves whirl as it passes, that is the fairies, and the peasantry take off their hats and say, "God bless them".

On Midsummer Eve, when the bonfires are lighted on every hill in honour of St. John, the fairies are at their gayest, and sometimes steal away beautiful mortals to be their brides.

On November Eve they are at their gloomiest, for according to the old Gaelic reckoning, this is the first night of winter. This night they dance with the ghosts, and the pooka is abroad, and witches make their spells, and girls set a table with food in the name of the devil, that the fetch of their future lover may come through the window and eat of the food. After November Eve the blackberries are no longer wholesome, for the pooka has spoiled them.

When they are angry they paralyse men and cattle with their fairy darts.

When they are gay they sing. Many a poor girl has heard them, and pined away and died, for love of that singing. Plenty of the old beautiful tunes of Ireland are only their music, caught up by eavesdroppers. No wise peasant would hum "The Pretty Girl milking the Cow" near a fairy rath, for they are jealous, and do not like to hear their songs on clumsy mortal lips. Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, slept on a rath, and ever after the fairy tunes ran in his head, and made him the great man he was.

Do they die? Blake saw a fairy's funeral; but in Ireland we say they are immortal.

4.

The Verdant Braes of Skreen

Traditional Irish song

As I rode out one evening fair
By the verdant braes of Skreen
I set my back to a hawthorn tree
To view the sun in the west country
And the dew on the forest glade

A lad I spied by Glenowen's side
And a maiden by his knee
And he was as dark as the very brown wood
And she all whey and wan to see
All whey and wan was she

"Oh, sit you down on the grass," said he.
"On the dewy grass so green
For the wee birds all have come and gone
Since I my own true love have seen
Since I my true love have seen"

"Oh then I'll not sit on the grass," said she.
"Nor be a love of thine
For I hear you have loved a Connaught maid
And your heart's no longer mine," said she
"And your heart's no longer mine."

"Nor I'll not heed what an old man says
For his days are nearly done
And I'll not heed what a young man says
For he's fair to many's the one," said she.
"For he's fair to many's the one."

"But I will climb a high, high tree
And I'll rob a wild bird's nest
And back I'll bring what'er I do find

To the arms that I love best," said she.
"To the arms that I love the best."

5.
The Rocks of Bawn
Traditional Irish song

Come all ye loyal heroes wherever that you be
Don't work for any master till you know what your work will be.
For you must rise up early from the clear daylight of dawn,
And I know that you'll never be a to plough the Rocks of Bawn.

My shoes they are all worn now, my stockings they are thin,
My heart is always trembling, afraid that I'll give in.
My heart is nearly broken from the clear daylight till dawn,
For I know I'll never be able to plough the Rocks of Bawn.

O' hear me gallant Sweeny for your fate I do bemoan
O' the rain is pelting on your face amongst the rocks and stones
Your work is hard and troublesome, though your step is like the fawn
but I know that you won't be able to plough the Rocks of Bawn

My curse upon you Sweeney, for you have me nearly robbed.
You're sitting by your fireside with your dudgeen in your gob,
You're sitting by your fireside from the clear daylight till dawn,
And I know you will never be able to plough the Rocks of Bawn.

6.
Go From My Window
Traditional English song

Go from my window my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The wind is in the West
And the Cookoo's in his nest
And you can't have a harbouring here.

Go from my window my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The weather it is warm, 'twill never do thee harm
But you can't have a harbouring here.

Go from my window my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The wind is blowing high and the ship is lying by
You can't have a harbouring here

Go from my window my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The window and the rain have brought him back again
But he can't have a harbouring here

Go from my window my love, my dove
Go from my window my dear
The devil's in the man that he will not understand
He can't have a harbouring here.

7.
Waly Waly
Traditional

There is a ship, and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep, as deep can be.
But not as deep as the love I'm in.
I know not how I sink or swim.

The water is wide I cannot cross o'er.
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two.
And both shall row my love and I.

I leaned my back up against an oak.
Thinking it was a trusty tree.
But first it swayed, and then it broke.
And so did my true love to me.

O, love is handsome, and love is fine.
Bright as a jewel when first it's new.
But love grows old and waxes cold.
And fades away like the morning dew.

8.
Chief Seattle Speech (1854)
"Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as they swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors, and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed braves, fond mothers, glad, happy hearted maidens, and even the little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits."

9.
In The Garden
Hymn written by C.A. Miles, 1921

I come to the garden alone
while the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses

Chorus
And He walks with me, and He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing
And the melody that He gave to me
With in my heart is ringing.

Chorus

I'd stay in the garden with Him
tho' night around me be falling
But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling.

Chorus

10.
Chief Seattle Speech (1854) Read in Lakota language
Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as they swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors, and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch.

11.
Cherokee Traveler's Greeting
author unknown

I will draw thorns from your feet.
We will walk the White Path of Life together.
Like a brother of my own blood,
I will love you.
I will wipe tears from your eyes.
When you are sad,
I will put your aching heart to rest.

12.
I Am A Rock

Lyrics & Melody: Mairéid Sullivan
Music: Robert "Cass" McEntee

I have seen so many things
I have been so many places
Take me back
Take me where I've never been before

Take my heart, shape my soul
Call it anything you want
but keep me to our goal
Now that I have found you

I will never let you go
Take me to the higher limits
Show me everything you know
Take my heart. shape my soul

Call it anything you want
but keep me to our goal
Stones on the ground - I am a rock
Flowers in the field - I am the grass
Let me take you where you've never been before
Stones on the ground - I am a rock.

13.
Colour Me
By Mairéid Sullivan and Steve Wilson

Colour me
By the river and the water of the deep blue sea
It's just me
Breaking down the walls upon the shifting sand

Chorus:

Something has begun
This dream won't come undone
Crumbling grey clad city walls
Hide our ancient lore
This treasure we have won

Colour me
Painting with a memory that used to be
It's just me
Echoing the music of a distant land
MEMORY - MEMORY - MEMORY - MEMORY - COLOURS ME

14.

Bobby Bunnungur, artist, singer and elder of the Maliburr tribe in Ramingining in North East Arnhem Land, counsels us with his words of wisdom,

"We bring, with our soul and love, freedom. Peace.

People have got to live together. Peace.

We pass on to our children, black and white. Peace.

We are living together, one red blood...doesn't matter we are different colour. We are one."

15.

Traditional Aboriginal song, sung by Michael Dawu, singer and dancer of the Maliburr tribe in Ramingining, North East Arnhem Land.

16.

Feeling Wings

By Mairéid Sullivan

Silent love says so much more
than fiery songs can ever sing
Deep thoughts reach out to explore
and find the hidden spring

I look into my soul
and spread enfolding feeling wings
on high my woman's heart will soar
moving slowly with the winds

And the world will roll along
with a spirit and a power
bringing words to love song
to bind our hearts in one

Oh, love and freedom
you are ever lovely things
we live and die for freedom
to hear love's spirit sing.

17.

Never Drift Apart

By Mairéid Sullivan and Ben Kettlewell

If in my eyes you see love
it is there for you
in the thought that flies

Breathing new life into my dreams

love awakened
when I looked into your eyes.

I have climbed high over many mountain peaks
to find the treasure
that in your eyes I see

Chorus:

Precious love, sweet darling,
dance with me forever
we will never drift apart

Enfold me now my destiny
this embrace will always be
my sanctuary, my sacred place, my peace

This is true love, I have no fear
Now I am anchored
in the music of your heart

Chorus:

Enfold me now my destiny
this embrace will always be
my sanctuary, my sacred place, my peace

Precious love, sweet darling
dance with me forever
we will never drift apart.

Credits

Produced, Filmed and Edited
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Donald McGann and Maggie Pinder
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Bobby Bunnungurr, Maliburr tribal elder, painter, singer, storyteller
Michael Dawu, singer and dancer

Maliburr tribe in Ramingining, Arnhem land
www.waakwaakjungi.com

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Songs, Poetry and Speeches

Native American Speeches Read by Ben Kettlewell

Traditional Cherokee Travellers' Greeting

1854 speech by Chief Seattle, Suquamish

1879 speech by Chief Joseph, Nez Perce

1838 speech by Charles Hicks, Tsalagi (Cherokee)

Speech by Australia Aboriginal Elder - Bobby Bunnungurr

Traditional Aboriginal song sung by Michael Dawu

The Song of Wandering Angus by William Butler Yeats

(With permission from Michael Yeats)

Read by Mairéid Sullivan. Music by Ben Kettlewell

The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry Traditional, Western Isles of Scotland

Sung by Mairéid Sullivan. Music by Ben Kettlewell

From the album, For Love's Caress (1998 Lyrebird Media)

The Trooping Fairies by William Butler Yeats

Read by Mairéid Sullivan. Music for harp composed by Maireid Sullivan

Performed by Donelle Page

The Verdant Braes of Skreen Traditional Irish

Sung by Mairéid Sullivan

From the album, Never Drift Apart (2003 Lyrebird Media)

The Rocks of Bawn Traditional Irish

Sung by Mairéid Sullivan

From the album, Never Drift Apart (2003 Lyrebird Media)

Go From My Window Traditional English

Sung by Mairéid Sullivan

From the album, Never Drift Apart (2003 Lyrebird Media)

Waly Waly (The Water is Wide) Traditional Irish

Sung by Mairéid Sullivan

From the album, Dancer (1994 Lyrebird Media)

In The Garden Hymn by C.A. Miles

Sung by Mairéid Sullivan

From the album, Never Drift Apart (2003 Lyrebird Media)

Perquimans Lament

Composed by Ben Kettlewell (Copyright 2005 Lyrebird Media)

Painted Desert

Composed by Ben Kettlewell (Copyright 2005 Lyrebird Media)

I Am A Rock

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Never Drift Apart

By Mairéid Sullivan and Ben Kettlewell

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Original score by Ben Kettlewell

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