

AMHRÁIN
EALAÍNE | IRISH
GHAEILGE | ART
2019 | SONG

Tionscadal na nAmhrán Ealaíne Gaeilge 2019 / Irish Language Art Song Project 2019

Coimisiúnaithe le maoiniú ón gComhairle Ealaíon / Commissioned with funds from the Arts Council

SIN MO SCÉAL / THIS I HEARD

TRÍ AMHRÁN / THREE SONGS

I. An Domhan / The World

Téacs / Text: Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author

II. Íosagán / Isucan

Téacs / Text: Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author

III. Scéal liom díobh / Winter

Téacs / Text: Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author

SOPRÁN & PIANÓ / SOPRANO & PIANO

CEOL / MUSIC: KEVIN O'CONNELL

Sin Mo Scéal / This I Heard | Kevin O'Connell
soprán & pianó / soprano & piano

I. An Domhan / The World

An Domhan

The World

Ná lig, ná lig
An fód sin fút id chroí
Gairid tusa air
Fada a bheir faoi.

Take no oath, take no oath
By the sod you stand upon:
You walk it short while
But your burial is long.

Ná lean, ná lean
An domhan cé,
Ná car, ná car
Seal beag a ré.

Pay no heed, pay no heed
To the world and its way,
Give no love, give no love
To what lasts but a day.

Ná glac, ná glac
Leis an saol seang,
Ná gabh, ná gabh,
Ná tit ina cheann.

Have no care, have no care
For the meaningless earth,
Lay not hold, lay not hold
On its meaningless mirth.

Bhí fear inné,
Ba gheal a ghné,
Ní fhuil inniu
Ach ina chrú faoi chré

A man fair of face
Was here yesterday;
Now he is nothing
But blood beneath clay.

Atá ina rith
Mar théann an mhuir,
Teich uaidh i gcéin,
Id chroí ná lig.

The world is running out
Like the ebbing sea:
Fly far from it
And seek safety.

Le / By: Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author (go luath sna meánaoiseanna / early medieval)
Cóirithe i leagan úr Nua-Ghaeilge / New adaptation in Modern Irish: Alan Titley (2019)
Aistriúchán Béarla / English translation: James Carney

Medieval Irish Lyrics with the Irish Bardic Poet le / by James Carney, Dolmen Press, 1967/1985
Atáirgthe le caoinhead ó Mharjorie Carney / Reproduced by kind permission of Marjorie Carney

Sin Mo Scéal / This I Heard | Kevin O'Connell
soprán & pianó / soprano & piano

I. An Domhan / The World

Nóta ón gCumadóir

Is rabhadh dian atá sa dán seo, gan muinín a bheith agat as an saol ná as nithe saolta, leagan eile den seantéama, 'Níl sa bhfeoil ach féar'. An duine a shiúil amach inné agus é ard agus dóighiúil, tá sé san uaigh inniu. Ná tabhair aird ar nithe saolta, agus ná bí buartha fúthu.

Composer's Note

This poem is a stern warning against trusting too much to the world and earthly things, a variation on the 'all flesh is as grass' theme. The man who walked tall and handsome yesterday is now buried beneath a sod. Take no heed and do not care too much.

Nótaí Scóir

Sa scór seo a leanas tá trí líne de théacs faoin gcliath gutha. Sa líne ar barr tá téacs an amhráin – an fhilíocht. An líne sa lár – seo an tras-scríobh IPA mar threoir fhuaimnithe d'amhránaithe nach bhfuil Gaeilge ar a dtoil acu. Sa líne ar bun tá aistriúchán focal ar fhocal (i gcló iodálach) tugtha den fhilíocht. Tugann sé seo nod d'amhránaithe faoi bhrí agus béim na bhfocal.

Tá na nótaí grásta uile i bpáirt an ghutha ar an mbuille.

I bpáirt an phianó, ciallaíonn marc *staccato* nó *staccatissimo* le nasc gur gá an troitheán buaine a úsáid. Fágтар faoin seinnteoir é an t-athshondas a mheas. Bíodh an stíl seinnte clingireach agus roscach.

Score Notes

In the following score there are three lines of text under the vocal stave. The top line is the song's text – the poetry. The middle line contains an IPA transcription as a guide for those singers unfamiliar with the Irish language. The bottom line is a word-for-word translation (in italics) of the poetry. This gives a hint to singers about the meaning and emphasis of the text.

All grace notes in the vocal part are on the beat.

In the piano part a *staccato* or *staccatissimo* mark with a tie will automatically denote use of the sustaining pedal, the resonance being left to the player's discretion. The playing style should be ringing and declamatory.

Do / For Aimée

Sin Mo Scéal / This I Heard

I. An Domhan / The World

Soprán & Pianó / Soprano & Piano

Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author
(go luath sna meánaoiseanna / early medieval)
Cóirithe i leagan úr Nua-Ghaeilge /
New adaptation in Modern Irish: Alan Titley (2019)

Kevin O'Connell (2019)

Roscach / Declamatory

Soprán / Soprano

Pianó / Piano

Roscach / Declamatory

con pedale

mf

p

f

f

p

mf

p

5

7

Ná lig,
nó lig
Don't let,

ná lig,
nó lig
don't let

An fód sin fút id chroí
An fod sin fut id xii
(The) sod this under you in your heart

Gai - rid tu - sa air Fa - da a bheir faoi.
gə. - ɪd tʌ. - sə ɛɪ fə. - də a vɛɪ fʷi
Short are you on it Long are you under it.

An Domhan / The World | Kevin O'Connell

9

f

Ná lean, ná lean An domh-an cé,
nó l'æn nó l'æn an da:u. wən ke
Don't follow, don't follow (The) world this

11

Ná car, ná car Seal beag a
nó kəi nó kəi sʲæl bʲag a
Don't love, don't love Time short its

13

ré. _____
re _____
reign.

An Domhan / The World | Kevin O'Connell

14

Ná **glac,** ná **glac**
 nò **glek** nò **glek**
 Don't **accept,** don't **accept**

L.C. faoi /
 L.H. under

L.C. ar barr /
 L.H. over

16

p ————— *mf*

Leis an saol seang,
 leʃ an se:əl ʃa:uŋ
 (With) this life narrow

p

18

f

Ná **gabh,** ná **gabh,**
 nò **gev** nò **gev**
 Don't **go,** don't **go**

mf

legato

An Domhan / The World | Kevin O'Connell

19 *ff*

Ná tit i - na cheann. _____
 nɒ tɪt i. - nə x'a:un _____
 Don't fall in its head.

ff L.C./L.H.

21

22

p misterioso

23 *p*

Bhí fear in né, Ba gheal a ghné, Ní
 vi fæ.ɪ i.-ne ba j'æl a jə.'ne ni
 (There) was a man yesterday Light was his visage, (He) is

25

f

fhuil in - niu Ach i - na chrú faoi
 il i. - n'iu ex i. - nə xiu fwi
 not to - day But a stream under

27

p *f*

chré A - tá i - na rith Mar
 xie a. - tɔ i. - nə ɪ mæɪ
 clay That is running As

29

théann an mhuir,
 he:ən ʌn vʷɪ,
 goes the sea

An Domhan / The World | Kevin O'Connell

30

p

L.C. / L.H.

L.D. / R.H.

L.C. / L.H.

31

f

Teich	uaidh	i
tex	u:ig	i
Flee	from	it

f

ff

32

gcéin,	Id	chroí
gen,	id	x.ii
away,	In	your heart

ff

p

34

ff

An Domhan / The World | Kevin O'Connell

36

ná **lig,** **ná** **lig.**
no **lig** **no** **lig**
don't *let (it),* *don't* *let (it).*

L.C. / L.H.

7 7

3 3

3 3

7 7

3 3

7 7

7 7

37

7 7

3 3

3 3

7 7

7 7

(gearr / short)

Sin Mo Scéal / This I Heard | Kevin O'Connell
soprán & pianó / soprano & piano

II. Íosagán / Isucan

Íosagán

Isucan

Íosagán
oiltear liom im dhíseartán:
bíodh ag cléireach iomad séad,
bréagach uile ach Íosagán.

Isucan,
I nurse him in my lonely place;
Though a priest have stores of wealth,
All in vain save Isucan.

Altram oiltear liom im thigh,
ní altram daoir ná aithigh:
Íosa is muintir neimhe uime
lem ucht gach oíche oilim.

The nursling fostered in my house
Is no son of base-born churl;
Jesus comes with heavenly host
To my breast each even-tide.

Íosagán óg mo mhaith shíor
toirbhíreann dom is ní thaiscíonn,
Rí le dtig an uile ní,
trua an té gan a bhithghuí.

Young Isucan, my eternal good,
Bestows, is not withholding;
Woe to him who does not pray
The king with power in everything.

Íosa uasal aingealda,
ní cléireach dochma donái,
oiltear liom im dhíseartán:
mo Íosa mac na hEabhraí.

Jesus, noble, angel-like,
Not a common priest is he;
I nurse, here in my lonely place,
Jesus, son of Jewish maiden.

Mic na n-uasal, mic na rí
téadh siad sin im dhíseartán:
ní leo mo shúil le stór fháil,
dóichí liom ó Íosagán.

Sons of kings, both great and small,
May come this way to visit me;
But my profit is not in them,
I rather choose Isucan.

Canaigí cór a iníona
don fhear ar dual bhur gcíosagán:
atá ina áras thuasagán
cé tá im ucht ina Íosagán.

Chant a choir-song, virgins
For him to whom your rent is due:
In his dwelling high above
And at my breast is Isucan.

Le / By: Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author (go luath sna meánaoiseanna / early medieval)
Aistriúchán Béarla / English translation: James Carney

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II. Íosagán / Isucan

Nóta ón gCumadóir

Díríonn an dán seo ar phaidir Íde Naofa, ina n-iarrann sí go ligfí di an leanbh Íosa a dhiúil. I réamhrá próis den amhrán (nach bhfuil san áireamh anseo) bíonn Íde an-achainíoch ina thaobh: 'Ní ghlacfaidh mé ní ar bith ón Tiarna muna dtugann sé a mhac ó na flaithis dom.' Bhí leagan Béarla den dán seo le Chester Kallman cóirithe ag Samuel Barber mar chuid dá Hermit Songs, Op. 29.

Composer's Note

This poem describes the prayer of St. Ita asking to nurse the infant Jesus. In a prose preamble to the song (not set here) Ita is quite importunate in her demand: 'I will take nothing from my Lord unless he gives his son from heaven.' This poem in an English version by Chester Kallman was also set by Samuel Barber in his Hermit Songs, Op. 29.

Nóta Scóir

Sa scór seo a leanas tá trí líne de téacs faoin gcliath gutha. Sa líne ar barr tá téacs an amhráin – an fhilíocht. An líne sa lár – seo an tras-scríobh IPA mar threoir fhuaimnithe d'amhránaithe nach bhfuil Gaeilge ar a dtoil acu. Sa líne ar bun tá aistriúchán focal ar fhocal (i gcló iodálach) tugtha den fhilíocht. Tugann sé seo nod d'amhránaithe faoi bhrí agus béim na bhfocal.

Score Note

In the following score there are three lines of text under the vocal stave. The top line is the song's text – the poetry. The middle line contains an IPA transcription as a guide for those singers unfamiliar with the Irish language. The bottom line is a word-for-word translation (in italics) of the poetry. This gives a hint to singers about the meaning and emphasis of the text.

Do / For Mary

Sin Mo Scéal / This I Heard

II: Íosagán / Isucan

Soprán & Pianó / Soprano & Piano

Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author
(go luath sna meánaoiseanna / early medieval)

Kevin O'Connell (2019)

Tempo solúbtha / Flexible tempo

♩ = 63

Soprán/
Soprano

Ío-sa-gán, Ío-sa-gán oil-tear liom im dhí-sear-tán:
i:ə-sa-gən i:ə-sa-gən il-təi li:AM im jɪ-fəi-tən
Little Jesus, little Jesus nou-rished with me in my little hermitage

Tempo solúbtha / Flexible tempo

♩ = 63

Pianó/
Piano

5

bíodh ag cléi-reach io-mad sé-ad, bréa-gach ui-le ach
bi:AX eg kle-ɹəx ɹ-məd fe:-əd bre:ə-gəx i-lə əx
may have (a) priest much wealth, lies all but

8

Ío-sa-gán. Al-tram oil-tear liom im
i:ə-sa-gən əl-tɹəm il-təi li:AM im
little Jesus. Foster-son nourished with me in my

10

thigh, ní al - tram daoir ná ai - thigh:
 híg ní el - tiam da:ii nò æ - híg
 house, not a foster - slave or rent-prayer:

12 *f*

Ío - sa is muin - tir neimh - e ui - me
 i:ə - sa is m^win. - tii nev. - ə i. - mə
 Je - sus and host of hea - ven all

13

lem ucht gach oí - che oi - lim.
 lem axt gax i. - hə i. - lim
 to my breast each night I nourish.

14

p

Ío - sa - gán, Ío - sa - gán — óg mo mhaith shíor
 i:ə.-sa-gən i:ə.-sa - gən — og ma vɔ hi:əi
 Little Jesus, little Jesus young, my ever good

sub.p

18

toirbh - ireann dom is ní thais - cíonn,
 t̪i.ɲ. - vi.ɲən d̪am is n̪i haʃ. - ki:ən
 delivers to me and doesn't with-hold

19

f

Rí le dtig an ui - le ní,
 ɲi l̪ɛ d̪iɡ an̪ i. - l̪ɔ ni
 (A) king who can (do) everything,

f *p* *f*

21 *ff*

trua an té gan a
 tru:ə ʌn te gen a
 pity the one who prays not

ff

22

bhith - ghúí.
 vi. - ywi.
 constantly to him.

p

mf

23 *f*

Ío - sa
 i:ə. - sa
 Je - sus

f

6/4

24

ua - sal aing - eal - da, ní cléi - reach
 u:ə - səl æŋ. - əl. - də ni kle. - ɪəx
 no - ble, an - ge - lic, no cleric

25

ff

— doch - ma do - naí,
 — dax. - mə dā. - ni
 gloomy unfortunate,

ff

26

oil - tear liom im dhí - sear - tán:
 il. - tər lɪ:AM im ji. - ʃəɪ. - tɒn
 nou - rished with me in my little hermitage:

mf

27

— mo Ío - sa mac na hEabh - - raí.
 — ma i:ə. - sa mek na ha.u. - - ù
 my Je - sus son of the He - - brew.

f

6 6 3 6

28

p

Mic na n-ua-sal, mic na rí té - adh siad sin im dhí - sear-tán:
 mik na nu. - səl mik na ùi te:əx j̃i:əd j̃m im ji. - ʃəi. - tən
 Sons of nobility, sons of kings come them in my little hermitage:

p

31

Ní leo mo shú - il le stór_ fháil, dói - chí liom ó Ío - sa - gán.
 ni lo ma hu: - il le stoɪ_ v:il_ do:i. - xi li:əm o i:ə. - sa. - gən
 they get not my eye for reward more likely to me from little Jesus.

35 *f*

Ca - nai - gí cór a in - ío - na
 ke. - na.í. - gi kor a in. - í.á. - nə
Sing! *choir,* *o sisters*

36

don fhear ar dual bhur gcíó - - sa - gán:
 dan æi ei du:əl vuɪ gi:á. - - sə. - gɒn
to the man who earns your tribute:

37 *p*

A - tá i - na á - ras thua - sa - gán
 a. - tv í. - nə v. - iəs hu. - sə. - gɒn
who is in his house above

38 *f*

Cé tá im ucht i - na
ke to im Axt I - na
who is in my breast, as

f sonore

40 *p*

Ío - - sa - gán.
i:ə. - - sa. - gən
Little Jesus.

p

**Sin Mo Scéal / This I Heard | Kevin O'Connell
soprán & pianó / soprano & piano**

III. Scéal liom díobh / Winter

Scéal liom díobh	Winter
Scéal liom díobh: damh ag glao, sneachta síor, samhra d'éag.	News I bring Bells the stag, Winter snow Summer past;
Gaoth ard fhuar, íseal grian (gearr a rith), muir gan srian.	Wind high and cold Low the sun Short its course Seas run strong;
Raithneach rua, ceilt ar chló, ardaíonn cadhan a shean-ghlór.	Russet bracken Shape awry, Wild goose raises Wonted cry;
Sníomhann fuacht eití éan, oighear-ré! sin mo scéal.	Cold lays hold On wings of bird, Icy time: This I heard.

Le / by: Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author
(go luath sna meánaoiseanna / early medieval)
Aistriúchán Béarla / English translation: James Carney

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soprán & pianó / soprano & piano

III. Scéal liom díobh / Winter

Nóta ón gCumadóir

Sa dán seo, i bhfocla simplí ach dúisitheach, léirítear gnéithe de thírdhreach geimhridh: grian íseal sa spéir, gaoth fhuar, raithneach rua.

Composer's Note

In words plain yet evocative this poem describes various features of the winter landscape: the low sun, the cold wind, the red bracken.

Nótaí Scóir

Sa scór seo a leanas tá trí líne de théacs faoin gcliath gutha. Sa líne ar barr tá téacs an amhráin – an fhilíocht. An líne sa lár – seo an tras-scríobh IPA mar threoir fhuaimnithe d'amhránaithe nach bhfuil Gaeilge ar a dtoil acu. Sa líne ar bun tá aistriúchán focal ar fhocal (i gcló iodálach) tugtha den fhilíocht. Tugann sé seo nod d'amhránaithe faoi bhrí agus béim na bhfocal.

Seinntear páirt an phianó go han-mhín tríd síos. Bíodh an difríocht idir *legato* agus *staccato* le tabhairt faoi deara ach gan a bheith ró-éagsúil. Sa *legato* is féidir troitheán buaine a úsáid go discréideach.

Score Notes

In the following score there are three lines of text under the vocal staff. The top line is the song's text – the poetry. The middle line contains an IPA transcription as a guide for those singers unfamiliar with the Irish language. The bottom line is a word-for-word translation (in italics) of the poetry. This gives a hint to singers about the meaning and emphasis of the text.

The piano part to be played with great delicacy throughout. The difference between *legato* and *staccato* sections is to be noticeable but not marked. In the former the sustaining pedal may be used discreetly.

Do / For Louise

Sin Mo Scéal / This I Heard

III: Scéal liom díobh / Winter

Soprán & Pianó / Soprano & Piano

Ní fios cé a chum / Unknown author
(go luath sna meánaoiseanna / early medieval)

Kevin O'Connell (2019)

Le sruth / Flowing
♩ = 112

Soprán / Soprano

Le sruth / Flowing
♩ = 112

p legato

p

Scéal liom díobh:
ʃke:əl lɪ:əm di:əv
Story of mine for you (plural):

4

damh ag glao, sneach - ta síor,
dɛv əg glə:e ʃnæx. - tə ʃi:əɪ
stag calling, snow constant,

6

samh - ra d'éag.
sa:u. - rə de:əg
su - mmer expired.

8

Gaoth ard fhuar,
g^we aɪd u:əɪ
Wind high cold

legato

10

í - seal gri - an
i. - fəl gɪi: - ən
low the sun

12

(gearr a rith) muir gan srian.
g^æɪ a ɪɪ m^wɪ gən sɪi:ən
short its run sea unrestrained.

f *p*

14

legato

16 *p* 3

Rai - thneach ru - a, ceilt ar chló, ar - daíonn
 .iæ. - hnəx ru: - ə kelt ei xlo ai. - di:ən
 Bracken rust-coloured, hidden its shape raises

18 *f*

cadhan a shean - ghlór.
 ca:in a h'æn - ylɔɪ
 (a) goose its old voice.

20

21

pp legato

23

p

Sníó - mhann fu-acht
Jní:ə. - vən fu:-əxt
Twists (the) cold

25

ei - tí éan,
ε. - tí e:ən
wings (of) bird,

28

f ben in tempo

oi - ghear-ré!
a:i. - əi.-ɾe
ice - age!

ben in tempo

30

f *p*

Scéal liom díobh / Winter | Kevin O'Connell

31

32

33

34

35

sin mo scéal.
 sin ma fke:əl
 that, my story.

(fada / long)

ff > *p*