

Songtexts to download for the concert

Man in the Moon (14th century)

(adapted into modern English)

Hey, man in the moon, forever
mid-stride, frozen there faltering,
burdened by brushwood and briars,
you've the look of a man who's afraid of a fall,
for frost at its fiercest grips deep in the bones
and thorns will tear right through a shirt.
Who knows when if ever you sleep? Only
the rags on your back and the hedgerows can tell.

Were you born on the moon, were you
raised there? However you got there,
crooked like a friar, crippled over with fear,
you've been there a very long while.
I believe you're there doing time, banished
for thieving that bundle of thorns, caught
and fined by the countryside warden,
and that things haven't turned out so well.

But you've paid your dues, come on home,
stride out down the path you are on.
I'll buy that warden a drink, get him as drunk
as a little drowned mouse, let my girl
work her serious charms on the man
and between us we'll get back your fine.
Come on down, poor man, take the next step.
Reclaim what's yours in the world.

Hey. Man in the moon. You're not listening.
I'm wasting my breath trying to help you
be free. You're one hopeless case, you couldn't
care less for the way things could be. Go to hell
in your wretched torn clothes. I know you've had it
to here with standing up there, and I know
you'll just stand there all night never making
the move. It drives me insane. It's a puzzle...

Song (Rebecca Scott, 1870)

I cannot tell if ever love
Has dwelt within this wayward breast,
But if he did, he has not been
A frequent nor abiding guest.

But once, I dreamt a gorgeous dream
Of some far off delightful land;
Wherein a tall majestic form
Moved by my side and held my hand,

And mingling with the joyous strains
Of myriad birds, from countless trees.
Of cooing doves, and murmuring brooks.
And soft, harmonious hum of bees,

The summer zephyr's soft sweet sigh,
The dancing fountains tinkling fall,
Came the clear accents of a voice,
More dear, more musical, than all.

And from a cloudless, deep blue sky
A glorious summer sun beamed fair.
And luscious fruits, and fadeless flowers,
And rich, resplendent gems were there:

A land of deep, bewildering bliss.
Of melody and light and bloom,
Whose every scene was loveliness.
Whose zephyrs' odorous with perfume.

But brighter, dearer, sweeter far
Than fadeless flowers and cloudless skies,
Than summer sun, or evening star,
Beamed forth the light of soft brown eyes.

Though that radiant dream has passed,
Since then has never ceased to shine
Upon my path the 'wilder light
Of soft brown eyes resembling thine.

Though from my slumber rudely waked,
When thou art near me, still I seem
To see the tall, majestic form
That walked beside me in my dream.

And when upon my waking sense
The accents of thy sweet voice fall,
I seem to recognise the tones
Which made my dreamland musical.

The Poetry Bug (*Colette Bryce 2011*)

Is a moon-pale, lumpish creature
parcelled in translucent skin
papery as pastry
patterned faint as a fingerprint
is quite without face or feature

ear or eye or snout
has eight root-like
tentacles or feelers, rough
like knuckly tusks of ginger
clustered at the front.

The Poetry Bug
Invisible to the naked eye
monstrous in microscopy
it loves the bed or couch
pillow, quilt or duvet
and feeds, or *thrives* I should say
on human scurf and dander
indeed, is never happier
than feasting on the dust
of love's shucked husk
the micro-detritus of us.

Fergus W.B. Yeats (1892)

Who will go drive with Fergus now,
And pierce the deep wood's woven shade,
And dance upon the level shore?
Young man, lift up your russet brow,
And lift your tender eyelids, maid,
And brood on hopes and fear no more.

And no more turn aside and brood
Upon love's bitter mystery;
For Fergus rules the brazen cars,
And rules the shadows of the wood,
And the white breast of the dim sea
And all dishevelled wandering stars.