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Traditionalni An-Dro ples (Bretonija)

Breton Dance

Traditionalna (Škotska)

John Barleycorn

Traditionalna (Škotska)

Twa Bonnie Maidens

Traditionalni reel (Irska)

The Poison Ivy Leaf

Traditionalna (Anglija)

The Holland Handkerchief

Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738)

Carolán's Cup / The Two William Davises

Traditionalna (Irska)

Cliffs of Doneen

Traditionalni Jig/Reel/Jig (Irska)

T'Athair Jack Walsh / Jennie's Wedding / Monaghan Jig

Traditionalna pomorska (Škotska)

The Bonny Ship the Diamond

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Traditionalna pomorska (Anglija)

The Coasts of High Barbary

Traditionalna pomorska (Anglija)

Fare-thee-Well Cold Winter

Traditionalna (Anglija)

The Rich Old Lady

Traditionalna (Anglija) / Traditionalna jig (Irska)

Newcastle / James Betagh Jig

Traditionalna (Irska)

Pulling the Sea-Dulse

Niel Gow (1727-1807)

Niel Gow's Lament for the Death of His Second Wife

Traditionalna pomorska (Anglija)

The Saucy Sailor

Traditionalna (Anglija / Škotska)

The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies, O!

Nikolaus Newerkla je bil star 18 let, ko je prvič videl morje. Bilo je v Ostendeju v Belgiji, kjer ob jasnem dnevu lahko uzreš bele Dovrske pečine. Tako je bila njegova prva pomorska izkušnja trajektna vožnja v Anglijo. Morje je bilo med potovanjem čez Rokavski preliv nenavadno razburkano in slabost, ki se ga je lotevala, mu je dokazala, da bi bil v preteklih časih zagotovo povsem zanič pomorščak. Kljub temu pa je ostal navdušen nad neizmerno močjo, veličino in lepoto morja.

Kultura in narava Britanskega otočja sta nanj naredili vtis, ki je vplival tudi na njegovo glasbeno ustvarjanje. Skupina Quadriga Consort se je namreč uveljavila z igranjem novih aranžmajev stare tradicionalne in ljudske glasbe britanskega otočja na renesančnih in baročnih glasbilih, s čimer so stare melodije postavili v nove, zgodovinsko informirane kontekste in jih oddaljili od keltskih klišejev in sentimentalnosti v pubih. S tem so želeli ustvariti glasbeno okolje, v katerem ni niti potrebe niti želje po kategorijah, kot so resna ali lahka glasba, folk, pop ali umetniška glasba.

Glasbena zgodovina Anglije, Škotske in Irske se je vedno razlikovala od celinske Evrope. Že raba terc in sekst kot priznanih konsonančnih intervalov se je, na primer, tam pojavila prej. Razlog za to različnost je v dejstvu, da na Otoku meje med umetniško in ljudsko glasbo nikoli niso bile tako trdne kot na celini.

Zaradi iznajdljivih melodičnih linij in raznolikih oblik so pesmi in napevi skoraj neusahljivi. Skladbe so se po ustnem izročilu prenašale iz roda v rod in mnoge izmed njih so še danes popularne ljudske pesmi. Stara besedila so pogosto zamenjala nova, takšna o aktualnih temah ali dogodkih, pri čemer so bili potrebni manjši melodični popravki. Prav zato lahko zapisane ljudske pesmi in napeve razumemo preprosto kot trenutne posnetke skladb v nenehnem spreminjanju, kjer še danes vsak glasbenik sodeluje v tem procesu preoblikovanja.

Ko je ansambel tako potoval skozi glasbo stare Anglije, Irske in Škotske, je odkril svojo strast do ganljivih pesmi o ljubezni in smrti, veselju in bolečini, pa tudi za instrumentalno glasbo in silovite jigs in reele.

Osrednje vodilo, po katerem je Newerkla izbral skladbe za Quadriga Consort, je bilo, da čim bolje ponazori njigovo čustveno energijo in čutnost s pomočjo novih harmoničnih struktur, melodičnih variacij in kontrapunkta. Hkrati pa je bilo bistveno, da ansambel Quadriga zajame tudi razpoloženje teh starih, enoglasnih melodij z uporabo različne instrumentacije glede na nabor starih glasbil, ki jih igrajo.

(Nikolaus Newerkla)

Nikolaus Newerkla was 18 when he had his first glimpse of the sea. It was in Ostend in Belgium, where one can see across to the White Cliffs of Dover on a clear day. And so his very first maritime experience was a ferry ride to England. The sea was unusually rough as he was crossing the English Channel that day, and the resulting queasiness proved to him that he would without a doubt have been utterly useless as a seafarer in olden times. Nevertheless, the fascination for the overwhelming power, size and beauty of the sea remained with him.

The culture and nature of the British Isles made such an impression on him that they also defined his work as a musician. The Quadriga Consort has made a name for itself playing new arrangements of early traditional and popular music from the British Isles on Renaissance and Baroque instruments, thereby putting these old tunes in a new historically-informed context – a far cry from Celtic clichés and ‘pub sentimentality’. Their idea is to create a musical world in which there is neither need nor desire for categories such as serious or light music, folk, pop or art music.

Music history has always taken a rather different course in England, Scotland and Ireland to continental Europe. The use of thirds and sixths as acknowledged consonant intervals, for example, can be found far earlier than in the rest of Europe. The reason for this is that the boundaries between art and folk music were never as strictly drawn as on the continent.

The songs and tunes are virtually inexhaustible, owing to the inventiveness of their melodic lines and their diversity of form. The pieces were passed down orally from generation to generation and many of them have remained popular folk songs in our time. Often the words were updated with new lyrics dealing with current topics or happenings, which made slight melodic adaptations necessary. Thus the notated folk songs and tunes can simply be understood as snap-shots of pieces in a constant state of change, and to this day every artist partakes in this process of transfiguration.

As we undertook a journey through the music of ancient England, Ireland and Scotland, we discovered our passion for the moving songs of love and death, joy and pain, but also for the instrumental music and the boisterous jigs and reels.

The primary motive in Nikolaus' treatment of the pieces selected for the Quadriga Consort was to do justice to their emotional energy and sensuousness by way of new harmonic structures, melodic variations and counterpoint. It was essential, in doing so, to capture the mood of these age-old, single-line melodies, using the various possibilities of instrumentation for our particular constellation of period instruments in the ensemble.

(Nikolaus Newerkla)

O koncertnem programu

Prva skladba, **Breton Dance (Bretonski ples)**, tradicionalni ples v krogu z imenom 'An-Dro', je edina, ki ne prihaja neposredno z Britanskega otočja, temveč iz sosednje Bretanje, katere zgodovina seveda ni nepovezana z britansko, saj so jo okrog leta 500 poselili Briti (od tod tudi ime), ki so pribežali iz Britanije. Povezava med Bretanjo in Britanijo je razvidna tudi iz bretonščine, ki je eden od šestih še živih keltskih jezikov (poleg irske in škotske gelščine, manščine, valižanščine in kornijščine) in edini keltski jezik, ki ga govorijo v celinski Evropi. Značilno za bretonske plesne je, da so dvodelni, prvi del v štiričetrtinskem in drugi v šestosminskem taktu.

Skladba **John Barleycorn** je bila dobro poznana povsod v Angliji, še preden so balado objavili v reviji *Journal of the Folk Song Society* (pribl. 1615). Ječmen (*barley*) je starodavna poljščina in je bil v Evropi vse do 16. stoletja glavno žito za pripravo kruha, poleg tega pa seveda tudi glavna sestavina viskija in piva. Ime John Barleycorn je poosebitev ječmena in se pogosto uporablja tudi kot izraz za močno žganje. V pesmi John Barleycorn poje o mukah, ki jih doživlja, ko ga žanjejo in vežejo v snope, mečejo na vozove, ga mlatijo in namočijo v vodo. Ko je suh, pa ga čaka še zadnje trpljenje – mletje v mlinu.

Besedilo **Twa Bonnie Maidens** je objavil James Hogg v *Jacobite Relics, Volume II* (1819) pod naslovom *Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald's Welcome to Sky*. V izvirniku je bila pesem v gelščini, melodijo pa pripisujejo Turloughu O'Carolanu (1670–1738). Deklici iz pesmi sta Bonnie Prince Charlie in Flora MacDonald. Mladega pretendenta Charlesa Edwarda Stewarta (znanega tudi kot Bonnie Prince Charlie) je leta 1746 namreč porazil cumberlanski vojvoda na Culloden Mooru, nato pa je Charles ob pomoči Flore MacDonald pobegnil na otok Skye ter kasneje s francosko ladjo odplul v Morlaix na bretonski obali.

Quadriga Consort večkrat ohranja tudi tradicijo združevanja različnih jigov in reelov ter s tem ustvarja serije živih tradicionalnih plesnih melodij, ki jih umešča v svoj program. Imena, ki jih nosijo, so tako ustvarjalna kot imena irskih ljudskih glasbenikov. Na programu je reel z nenavadnim imenom **The Poison Ivy Leaf (Strupeni bršljan)**.

The Holland Handkerchief, v originalu znana tudi kot »The Suffolk Miracle«, je zelo strašljiva in skrivnostna pesem. Besedilo se bere kot scenarij holivudskega filma. Polna je drame in čustev ter nosi razplet, ki zaledeni kri v žilah. Nikolaus Newerkla je malce spremenil originalno melodijo in stara balada je postala nekakšna rock balada, le da vloga električne kitare nadomešča čembalo.

Primer ustvarjanja **Turlougha O'Carolana** (slavnega slepega irskega harfista) je **Captain Magan**, takoimenovana 'planxty' (irska skladba za harfo v triolah, počasnejša od jiga), ki je nastala kot poklon nekemu mecenu. O'Carolanovi

About the concert programme

The first piece **Breton Dance**, a traditional circle dance called 'An-Dro', is the only musical piece not directly from the British Isles but from the neighbouring Brittany, France. Breton history is however not unconnected with British history, as it was settled around 500 AD by Britons (hence the name) who had fled from Britain. The relation between Brittany and Britain is also evident in the fact that the Breton language is one of six existing Celtic languages (along with Irish and Scottish Gaelic, Manx, Welsh and Cornish) and the only Celtic language spoken on the continent. Typical for Breton dances are the two parts, the first being in 4/4 and the second in 6/8 time.

John Barleycorn was well-known throughout England long before the ballad was printed in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* (c. 1615). Barley is an ancient crop and was the chief bread grain in Europe up to the 16th century, besides being the main ingredient of whiskey and beer, of course. The name John Barleycorn is the personification of the barley grain and is often used as a term for hard liquor. In the song, John Barleycorn tells of the agony he experiences as he is harvested and bound, gathered up by the farmer and thrown onto a cart. He is then threshed and thrown into water to soak. After being dried again, his final ordeal is being ground in a mill.

The words to **Twa Bonnie Maidens** were published by James Hogg in *Jacobite Relics, Volume II* (1819) as *Prince Charles and Flora Macdonald's Welcome to Sky*. It was originally in Gaelic. The tune is actually attributed to Turlough O'Carolan (1670–1738). The two maidens referred to are Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora MacDonald. Charles Edward Stewart (Bonnie Prince Charlie), the Young Pretender, was defeated by the Duke of Cumberland on Culloden Moor in 1746. Aided by Flora MacDonald, Bonnie Prince Charlie escaped to the island of Skye. He was later taken by a French vessel to Morlaix on the coast of Bretagne.

The Quadriga Consort repeatedly pays tribute to the tradition of stringing different jigs and reels together to form sets of these living traditional dance tunes in its programmes. The given names are as creative as the Irish folk musicians. Here we have a reel with the strange name **The Poison Ivy Leaf**.

The Holland Handkerchief, originally also titled 'The Suffolk Miracle', is a very creepy, mysterious song. The lyrics read like the screenplay of a Hollywood movie, full of drama, emotion and a twist to make your blood run cold. Nikolaus Newerkla tweaked the original melody a little and in his hands this ancient ballad became something of a power ballad. But with a harpsichord instead of an electric guitar.

An example of **Turlough O'Carolan's** (famous blind Irish harper) craft is Captain Magan, a so-called planxty, i.e. a piece that was composed as an homage to a patron. In O'Carolan's case these patrons were contemporaries who

meceni so bili njegovi sodobniki iz irske visoke družbe. Na sporedu sta dva njegova napeva: **Carolan's Cup/The Two William Davises**.

The Cliffs of Dooneen (Dooneenske pečine) je prelepa irska balada o pečinah ob rtu Dooneen blizu obale Beale v severnem Kerryju na jugozahodu Irske, ki jo je napisal Jack McAuliffe iz Lixnawa (okrožje Kerry). Tako je stara le okoli 120 let.

T'Athair Jack Walsh/Jennie's Wedding/Monaghan Jig je še ena serija tradicionalnih irskih jigov in reelov.

The Bonny Ship the 'Diamond' je pesem o lovu na kite na zahodni Grenlandiji v 1820-ih letih. Med letoma 1795 in 1815 so pirati, ki so napadali ladje vzdolž severnoafriške obale (Barbary Coast), oteževali življenje ameriškim pomorščakom. Stara balada, ki sicer izvirno govorila o sporih med angleškimi in francoskimi ladjami, je v tistem času dobila novo besedilo in je od takrat znana kot **On the Coasts of High Barbary**.

Kakšna najdba! Člani Quadriga Consorta so bili navdušeni, ko so odkrili **Fare-Thee-Well, Cold Winter**. Ta pesem ima tako privlačno besedilo in očarljivo melodijo, da je težko razumeti, zakaj obstaja tako malo posnetkov. Gre za staro ljudsko pesem o ločitvah, slovesih in novih začetkih.

The Rich Old Lady je star smešen košček črnega humorja, zato ta groteskna miniaturna ne more priti od drugod kot iz stare Anglije. **The Dancing Master** Johna Playforda je gotovo najbolj znana zbirka tradicionalnih ljudskih pesmi, njena vsebina pa se razkrije v polnem naslovu: »Angleški plesni mojster: ali, Preprosta navodila za plesanje podeželskih plesov z melodijo za vsak ples«. London, Tisk: Thomas Harper. Za prodajo Johna Playforda v njegovi prodajalni v Inner Templu blizu Cerkvenih vrat, 1651. Zbirka vsebuje ne le instrumentalne melodije, temveč tudi plesna navodila za več kot petsto podeželskih plesov. V programu so Quadriga povezali **Newcastle** iz zbirke **The Dancing Master** z **James Betagh Jig** Turlougha O' Carolana.

Pulling the Sea-Dulse je prvovrstna irska ljubezenska pesem: stara vendar brezčasna, izjemno močna in lepa, a hkrati tudi preprosta. Na obali stoji mlada ženska in nabira morske alge. Poslušaj morsko peno in njen hrepeneči pogled blodi po odprtem morju, kjer pluje njen ljubi. »Drži se morska trava kamenja, / drži srce se svoje ljubezni, / naj bo plima al' oseka.«

Lament for the Death of His Second Wife Niela Gowa je čustvena izpoved najbolj znanega škotskega goslača vseh časov.

Hudomušna **Saucy Sailor** je še ena popularna pesem britanskega otočja, ki jo domačini pojejo že od 18. stoletja dalje.

were regarded as belonging to the 'high society' in Ireland at the time. The programme includes a set of two tunes by O' Carolan: **Carolan's Cup/The Two William Davises**.

The Cliffs of Dooneen is a beautiful Irish ballad written by Jack McAuliffe from Lixnaw (County Kerry) about the cliffs around Dooneen Point near Beale, North Kerry in the south west of Ireland. So it is actually only about 120 years old.

T'Athair Jack Walsh/Jennie's Wedding/Monaghan Jig is another set of traditional jigs and reels from Ireland.

The Bonny Ship the 'Diamond' is a song about the West Greenland whale fishing in the 1820s. Between 1795 and 1815, pirates who attacked ships along the North African coast (Barbary Coast) made life difficult for American seafarers. An old ballad that was originally about conflicts between English and French ships was given new lyrics during this period and has since been known as **On the Coasts of High Barbary**.

What a find! Quadriga Consort were absolutely thrilled when they discovered **Fare-Thee-Well, Cold Winter**. This song has such a riveting text and spellbinding melody, that no one would understand why there are hardly any recordings of it so far. An old traditional touching song of separations, farewells and new beginnings.

The Rich Old Lady is a hilarious old bit of black humour; this grotesque miniature could only be from early England.

The Dancing Master by John Playford is probably the best known collection of traditional folk tunes and its exact content is revealed in its full title: 'The English Dancing Master: or, Plaine and easie Rules for the Dancing of Country Dances, with the Tune to each Dance'. London, Printed by Thomas Harper; and are to be sold by John Playford, at his Shop in the inner Temple neere the Church doore, 1651. The collection contains not only the instrumental melodies but also the dance instructions for over five hundred country dances. In this programme Quadriga has connected **Newcastle** from the **Dancing Master** with Turlough O' Carolan's **James Betagh Jig**.

Pulling the Sea-Dulse is the ultimate Irish love song: old yet timeless, possessing great strength and beauty but also simplicity. We see a young woman on the shore, gathering the sea dulse from the rocks. She hears the roar of the surf and her longing gaze wanders over the open sea, where she knows her loved one to be: "Clings dulse to the sea rock / Clings heart to the loved one / Be't high tide or low tide."

Niel Gow's **Lament for the Death of His Second Wife** is a moving melody by the most famous Scottish fiddler of all time.

The humorous **Saucy Sailor** is another song that is popular throughout the British Isles and has been sung at sea since the 18th century.

Tiskane verzije objavljene balade **The Wrangle-Taggle Gypsies, O!** lahko najdemo že leta 1720. Leta 1788 so pesem začeli povezovati z Johnom, šestim Cassilskim grofom, in njegovo prvo ženo, Lady Jean Hamilton. Veliko verzij te pesmi ima srečen konec, čeprav se je zgodovinsko gledano zgodba za cigana in druge iz njegove družine končala tragično, saj so jih obsodili na smrt na vislicah.

Printed versions of the ballad **The Wrangle-Taggle Gypsies, O!** can be found as early as 1720. In 1788 the song became associated with John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, and his first wife, Lady Jean Hamilton. Many versions of the song have a happy ending, although historically the story ended fatally for the gypsy and several others of his group, who were sentenced to be hanged.



Vse od ustanovitve, katere pobudnik je bil čembalist, aranžer in skladatelj Nikolaus Newerkla, se avstrijski ansambel **Quadriga Consort** uveljavlja s tem, da igra staro glasbo, ki se je ne da kategorizirati ne kot »staro glasbo« ne kot »klasično glasbo« ne kot »pop«. Že s svojim prvim programom *Ground* (CD 2003, Založba Harp, Berlin) ja ansambel Quadriga Consort presenetil občinstvo z brezkompromisnimi interpretacijami in nepričakovano svežino izven vseh kategorij.

Kot eden najuspešnejših avstrijskih ansamblov so v dvanajstih letih izdali skupno kar devet zgoščenk, med katerimi so bile prodajne uspešnice (predvsem *On a Cold Winter's Day*, SONY 2012, *Crime and Mystery*, SONY 2014, in *Winter's Delights*, SONY, 2015) in dobitnice nagrad (na primer *Ships Ahoy!*, ALPHA 2011). Ansambel Quadriga je nastopal na številnih pomembnih festivalih v Avstriji, po Evropi in v ZDA.

Ever since the Austrian ensemble **Quadriga Consort** was founded by harpsichordist arranger and composer Nikolaus Newerkla, it has made a name for itself playing early music which defies being pigeonholed as either 'early music', 'classical' or 'pop'. With its first programme *Ground* (CD 2003, Label Harp, Berlin) the Quadriga Consort already surprised audiences with uncompromising interpretations and unsuspected freshness beyond any categorization.

Quadriga, one of Austria's most successful ensembles have released altogether nine CDs within 12 years, among which there were bestsellers (esp. *On a Cold Winter's Day*, SONY 2012, *Crime and Mystery*, SONY 2014, and *Winter's Delights*, SONY, 2015) or prize-winning albums (such as *Ships Ahoy!*, ALPHA 2011). Quadriga has had numerous appearances at renowned festivals in Austria, throughout Europe and the US.

Nikolaus Newerkla

Ustanovitelj in vodja skupine Quadriga Consort se je rodil v Hornu v spodnji Avstriji. Že od mladih let je rad improviziral na klavir in pri tem mešal pop, jazz in klasiko. Svojo glasbeno kariero je pričel kot pianist, a nato odkril dodatno poklicanost še v starih glasbilih na tipke. Med letoma 1999 in 2001 je študiral klavir pri Eike Straub ter basso continuo in improvizacijo pri Kurtu Neuhauserju na Univerzi za glasbo v Gradcu. Prejel je tudi skladateljsko štipendijo avstrijskega društva KIWANIS. Kot pianist in čembalist nastopa z različnimi ansambli in kot solist. Na graški Univerzi za glasbo in dramske umetnosti poučuje klasično komorno glasbo ter se veliko ukvarja tudi s komponiranjem in prirejanjem klasične in pop glasbe. S svetovno znanim ansamblom Quadriga Consort je posnel številne zgoščenke, med katerimi so nekatere mednarodne uspešnice.

Ulrike Tropper se je rodila v glasbeni družini v štajerskem Bad Gleichenbergu v Avstriji. V letu njenega rojstva je njen oče ustanovil 'Big Band Bad Gleichenberg', v katerem je nato že od malih nog pela in igrala trobento in si s tem pridobivala dragocene izkušnje za nadaljnjo glasbeno kariero. V času šolanja se je uveljavila kot jazz pevk. Študirala je na Univerzi za glasbo v Gradcu, in sicer jazzovsko petje pri Ines Reiger, klasično petje pri Elisabeth Batrice in trobento pri Helmutu Arnfelserju. Danes poleg muziciranja poučuje jazz petje na Univerzi v Gradcu.

Ulrike je v svoji karieri doživela kar nekaj uspehov. Sodelovala je z zvezdami jazz scene, kot so Don Menza, Bob Mintzer, Luis Bonilla, Peter Herbolzheimer, John Riley, Kevin Mahogany ali Michael Philipp Mossmann, nastopala z uspešnimi zasedbami in skupinami, snemala zgoščenke ter televizijska in radijska predvajanja v živo tako v Avstriji kot v tujini. Od leta 2016 je Ulrike prvi glas ansambla Quadriga Consort.

Angelika Huemer se je rodila v Linzu v Gornji Avstriji. Svojo kariero je pričela z igranjem na kljunasto flavto in violino na lokalni glasbeni šoli v Bad Leonfeldnu. Nato je študirala kljunasto flavto pri Robertu Ungerju in Robertu Finstru na Univerzi za glasbo v Gradcu ter pri Rahel Stoellger na Univerzi za glasbo na Dunaju in leta 2003 z odliko diplomirala v Gradcu. Udeležila se je mojstrskih delavnic in seminarjev pri Hanu Tolu, Manfredu Zimmermannu, Williamu Dongoisju, Jeana Tuberyju in pri the Amsterdam Loeki Stardust Quartetu. Poleg tega je študirala tudi basovsko violo pri Lorenzu Duftschmidu.

Dominika Teufel se je rodila v Linzu v Gornji Avstriji in odraščala v glasbeni družini. Študirala je glasbo in plesno pedagogiko ter violo da gamba na Univerzi za glasbo in dramske umetnosti na Dunaju ter z odliko diplomirala leta 1998. Študirala je tudi baročno obojo pri Carin van Heerden na Brucknerjevem konservatoriju v Linzu in se udeležila

Nikolaus Newerkla

The founder and director of Quadriga Consort was born in Horn, Lower Austria. From his earliest years he loved improvising at the piano in different styles between pop, jazz and classical music. He began his musical career as a pianist but found an additional vocation in early keyboards. He studied piano with Eike Straub and basso continuo and improvisation with Kurt Neuhauser at the University of Music in Graz from 1999 to 2001. Nikolaus also received the scholarship for composition from the KIWANIS Club of Austria. As both a pianist and harpsichordist, he performs with various ensembles and as a soloist. He teaches classical chamber music at the University of Music and Dramatic Arts in Graz, but is also extensively engaged in composing and arranging classical and pop music. With the worldwide successful ensemble Quadriga Consort Nikolaus has recorded many CDs, some of them international bestsellers.

Ulrike Tropper was born into a musical family from Styrian Bad Gleichenberg, Austria. In the year of her birth her father founded the 'Big Band Bad Gleichenberg'. Being part of the successful big band as a singer and trumpet player since her very early childhood, Ulrike gained valuable experiences for her life as a professional singer and musician. Even during her years in school she made a name for herself as a jazz singer. She attended the University of Music in Graz studying jazz singing with Ines Reiger, classical singing with Elisabeth Batrice and trumpet with Helmut Arnfelser. Today, besides her work as an artist, Ulrike teaches jazz singing at the University in Graz.

Ulrike has had many highlights in her career working together with stars of the jazz scene like Don Menza, Bob Mintzer, Luis Bonilla, Peter Herbolzheimer, John Riley, Kevin Mahogany or Michael Philipp Mossmann, being part of many successful formations and bands, performing concerts and doing CD productions and TV and radio broadcasts in Austria but also abroad. Since 2016 Ulrike is the voice of the early music band Quadriga Consort.

Angelika Huemer was born in Linz, Upper Austria. Playing recorder and violin at the local music school at Bad Leonfelden laid the foundations for her career as a musician. She studied the recorder with Robert Unger and Robert Finster at the University of Music in Graz, as well as with Rahel Stoellger at the University of Music in Vienna and obtained her honours degree and a distinction from the University in Graz in 2003. Furthermore she attended master classes and seminars with Han Tol, Manfred Zimmermann, William Dongois, Jean Tubery and the Amsterdam Loeki Stardust Quartet. In addition to this, Angelika studied the bass violin with Lorenz Duftschmid.

Dominika Teufel was born in Linz, Upper Austria, and grew up in a musical family. She studied music and dance education and the viola da gamba at the University of Music and Dramatic Arts in Vienna and passed with distinction in 1998. She also studied the baroque oboe with Carin van Heerden at the Bruckner Conservatory in Linz

mojstrskih delavnic pri Johanni Valencii, Sussanni Flügel, Katharini Meints, Joseju Vasquezu in Alfredu Bernadiniju. Z obema glasbiloma je nastopala v Avstriji in tujini z ansambli, kot so Wiener Akademie, L' Orfeo Baroque Orchestra in Armonico Tributo Austria.

Laurenz Schiffermüller se je rodil v glasbeni družini leta 1980 v Linzu v Gornji Avstriji. Od leta 1995 igra tolkala, posebno pozornost pa posveča etničnim in zgodovinskim tolkalom kot tudi izdelavi bobnov.

Specializiral se je za ročne bobne različnih kultur, kot je na primer irski bodhran, in študiral z mojstri po svetu. Vedno željan učenja se, ko potuje po svetu v kraje, kot so Kamerun, južna Italija, Maroko, preizkuša v novih tehnikah.

Philipp Comploi je začel z učenjem čela pri sedmih letih. Poleg obiskovanja raznih mojstrskih delavnic je študiral pri Rudolfu Leopoldu na graški Univerzi za glasbo in z odliko magistriral iz komorne glasbe pri profesorju Chii Chouju s triom Alba. S triom Alba nastopa po Evropi, Severni in Južni Ameriki in Aziji, poleg tega pa je tudi iskan vodja sekcije in solist v mednarodnih orkestrih in ansamblih, ki igrajo na historična glasbila, med njimi so Wiener Akademie, La Folia Barockorchester, Bach Consort Wien in Delirio ensemble.

Karin Silldorff se je rodila v Gradcu. Študirala je kljunasto flavto pri Robertu Finstru na graški Univerzi za glasbo in dramske umetnosti in pri Rahel Stoellger na dunajski Univerzi za glasbo in upodabljajoče umetnosti, kjer je z odliko diplomirala leta 2003. Poleg tega se je udeležila mojstrskih delavnic in seminarjev pri Hanu Tolu, Keesu Boekeu in pri the Amsterdam Loeki Stardust Quartetu. Leta 2003 je prejela univerzitetno priznanje za študijske dosežke. Na graškem konservatoriju Johanna Josepha Fuxa poučuje kljunasto flavto in nastopa z različnimi ansambli, kot so kvintet kljunastih flaut Vuenv, ansambel za staro glasbo Morgaine in irska folk zasedba Shenanigans.

and has attended master classes with Johanna Valencia, Susanne Flügel, Katharina Meints, Jose Vazquez and Alfredo Bernadini. She has performed on both instruments in Austria and abroad with ensembles such as the Wiener Akademie, L' Orfeo Baroque Orchestra and Armonico Tributo Austria.

Laurenz Schiffermüller was born in 1980 in Linz, Upper Austria, into a musical family. He has been playing percussion instruments since 1995 and showed special interest in ethnic and historical percussion, as well as drum making. He specialised in frame drums from various cultures, such as the Irish Bodhran, and has studied with masters from around the world. Always interested in learning, he continues to take up new techniques while travelling to places like Cameroon, Southern Italy or Morocco.

Philipp Comploi began with cello lesson at the age of seven. Beside attending various master classes, he studied under Rudolf Leopold at the Graz University of Music and completed his chamber music Master's degree with Trio Alba under Chia Chou with highest honours. He performs with the Trio Alba throughout Europe, North and South America and Asia and is a sought-after section leader and soloist in international orchestras and ensembles specializing in performance with historical original-sound instruments, including the Wiener Akademie, La Folia Barockorchester, Bach Consort Wien and Delirio ensemble.

Karin Silldorff was born in Graz, Styria. She studied recorder with Robert Finster at the University of Music and Dramatic Arts in Graz as well as with Rahel Stoellger at the University of Music and Performing Arts in Vienna, where she graduated with honours in 2003. Furthermore, she attended master courses and seminars with Han Tol, Kees Boeke and the Amsterdam Loeki Stardust Quartet. Karin received the university prize of appraisal in 2003. She teaches the recorder at the Johann-Joseph Fux Conservatory in Graz and performs with various ensembles including the recorder quintet Vuenv, the early music ensemble Morgaine, and the Irish folk band Shenanigans.

Besedila skladb / lyrics

John Barleycorn

Na severu so bili trije kmetje in ko so se srečali,
so prisegli, da mora Barleycorn umreti.
Eden od njih je predlagal utopitev, drugi obešenje,
saj kdor bo še uporabljal ječmen, revež bo umrl.

Ubogi ječmen so stlačili v vrečo hladnega in deževnega dne
in ga peljali na polje ter zažgali v glini.
Zmrzal in sneg sta se začela topiti in rosa je padati pričela,
ko je ječmen dvignil glavo in jih vse presenetil.
S fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-lay jih je vse presenetil.

Ker je poletje in se bliža žetev,
je čas, da vstane sredi polja z brado kakor mož.
Žanjec nato prišel je s svojim srpom in se me barbarsko
lotil,
zaobjel me je v ozkem pasu in me posekal nad kolenom.

Naslednji prišel je vezalec in pogledal je spod čela,
a v moji sredi je bil osat, ki vzel mu je pogum.
Kmet je prišel s svojimi vilami in me prebodel v srce,
kot tatu, falota ali razbojnika so me privezali na voz.
S fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-lay so me privezali na voz.

Mlatilec je prišel z ogromnim cepcem in mi brž polomil
kosti,
to zlomilo bi srce kogar koli, ki slišal bi moje vzdihne in jok,
naslednje, kar so mi storili, je, da so namočili me v vodnjak,
in me pustili tam noč in dan, dokler nisem nabrekli.

Naslednje, kar so storili, je, da so me posušili v peči,
nato pa izrabili še huje – zmleli so me v mlinu.
Privoščili so si me v kuhinji, privoščili na hodniku,
privoščili v veži, med damami vsemi.
S fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-la, med damami vsemi.

John Barleycorn

There was three farmers in the North, as they were
passing by,
They swore an oath, a mighty oath that Barleycorn should
die,
One of them said drown him and the other said hang him
high,
For whoever shall stick to barley grain a-begging he will
die.

They put poor barley into a sack of a cold and rainy day
And brought him down to culm fields and burned him in
the clay,
Frost and snow began to melt and the dew began to fall,
When barley grain put up his head and soon surprised
them all.
With me fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-lay, and soon surprised
them all.

Being in the summer season the harvest coming on,
It's the time he stands up in the field with a beard like any
man.
The reaper then came with his hook and used me
barbarously,
He caught me by the middle so small and cut me above the
knee.

The next came was the binder and looked on me with a
frown,
But in the middle there was a thistle that pulled his
courage down.
The farmer came with his pitchfork and pierced me to the
heart,
Like a thief, a rogue or a highwayman, they tied me to the
cart.
With me fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-lay, they tied me to the cart.

The thrasher came with his big flail and soon he broke my
bones,
'Twould grieve the heart of any man to hear my sighs and
groans,
The next thing that they done to me: They steeped me in a
well,
They left me there for a day and a night until I began to
swell.

The next thing that they done to me: They dried me in a
kiln,
They used me ten times worse than that: They ground me
in a mill.
They used me in the kitchen, they used me in the hall,
They used me in the parlour, among the ladies all.
With me fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-lay, among the ladies all.

Ječmenovo žito je komično žito, ob njem se tarna in toži,
saj kdor spi je ga kozarec al' dva, pozabi na ženo in dom.
Pijanec je umazan mož – najhuje me je zlorabil,
me spravil je v svoj grdi vamp in telebnil ob zid.
S fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-lay telebnil je ob zid.

Dve ljubki deklici

Bili sta dve ljubki deklici in tri ljubke deklice,
prišli z Mincha in prišli s celine,
z vetrom pod nogami in tokavo za komat,
in so zmeraj dobrodošle na Skyju.

*Pridi, pridi, s svojo ladjo in pesmijo,
moji ljubki deklici, moji dve ljubki dečvi!
Noč je temna in vojaki so šli,
in sta zmeraj dobrodošli na Skyju.*

Tam je Flora, moja ljubica, tako fina in ljubka,
in ena visoka in čedna vsa.
Daj eno za kraljico in drugo za kralja.
In sta zmeraj dobrodošli na Skyju.

Pridi, pridi ...

V krošnjah je veter in na morju je ladja,
moji ljubki deklici, moji dve ljubki dečvi!
Ob trljah bom čakal in bdel nad celino.
In sta zmeraj dobrodošli na Skyju.

Pridi, pridi ...

Holandski robček

V našem kraju je živel bogat plemič,
mož visoke časti,
ki imel je hčer strašne lepote,
po imenu 'Srčna radost'.

Mnogo mladcev ji prišlo je dvorit,
a nihče ni mogel je osvojiti,
dokler nekoč ni prišel nek preprostež,
in med vsemi ji najbolj padel v oči.

A ko je izvedel njen oče,
da hči ljubi tega fantiča,
jo je poslal je milje daleč,
le da se ne bi vzela.
Neke noči, ko je ležala v sobi,
iz mraka je vstal njen ljubi.
Poljubil jo je na lica in rekel,
naj vstane in z njim pobegne.

In sedla za njim je na konja,

The barley grain is a comical grain, it makes men sigh and moan,
For when they take a glass or two, they forget their wives and home
The drunkard is a dirty man – he used me worse than all,
He drank me up in his dirty maw and tumbled against the wall.
With me fa-la-la-the-dee, toor-a-lay, and tumbled against the wall.

Twa Bonnie Maidens

There were twa bonnie maidens, and three bonnie maidens,
Cam' ower the Minch, and cam' ower the main,
Wi' the wind for their way and the corrie for their hame,
And they're dearly welcome tae Skye again.

*Come alang, come alang, wi' your boatie and your song,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maids!
The nicht, it is dark, and the redcoat is gane,
And you're dearly welcome tae Skye again.*

There is Flora, my honey, sae neat and sae bonnie,
And ane that is tall, and handsome withall.
Put the ane for my Queen and the ither for my King.
And they're dearly welcome tae Skye again.

Come alang,...

There's a wind on the tree, and a ship on the sea,
My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maids!
By the sea mullet's nest I will watch o'er the main,
And you're dearly welcome tae Skye again.

Come alang,...

Holland Handkerchief

A wealthy squire lived in our town,
He was a man of high renown,
And he had a daughter of beauty bright,
And the name he gave her was his 'Heart's Delight'.

Many young men to court her came,
But none of them could her favor gain,
Till there came one, of low degree,
And above them all, how she fancied he.

But when her father, he came to know,
That his lovely daughter loved this young man so,
Over fifty miles, he sent her away,
All to deprive her of her wedding day.
One night as she lay in her bedroom,
Her love appeared from out the gloom,
He kissed her cheek, and this did say,
Arise my darling and come away.

It's with this young man she got on behind,

ko odjezdila sta hitreje kot veter.
Tako sta jezdila uro in več,
dokler ni zaječal od glavobola.

Takrat je izvlekla holandski robček,
in z njim povezala ljubemu glavo.
Objela ga je in mu dejala,
ljubezen, hladnejši si od gline.

Ko sta prišla do očetovih vrat,
ji rekel je, naj razjezdi, saj je pozna ura.
Razjezdi, ljuba moja, in pojdi spat,
poskrbel bom za hrabrega konja.

In ko je prišla v očetovo hišo,
kdo gre, kdo gre, je oče zaklical.
»Jaz sem, dragi oče, si pome poslal
po slu, ki je moj ljubi?«

O, ne, draga hči, to ne more držati,
tvoje besede so napačne in lažeš mi.
Zakaj ljubi je tvoj umrl na gori
in leži pokopan v zemlji črni.

Takoj je pogumno dekle šlo na grob
in ga skupaj s prijateljicami izkopalo.
Šest tednov že mrzlo njegovo telo je
s holandskih robčkom na glavi ležalo.

Doneenske pečine

Potuj daleč, daleč,
stran od svoje rodne dežele,
daleč prek gora,
daleč prek morske pene.
A od vseh lepih krajev,
ki sem jih obiskal,
se noben ne more primerjati
z Doneenskimi pečinami.

Poglej čez gore,
prelepi razgledi se razprostirajo tam.
Videl boš visoke skalnate gore
prek zahodne obale Clare.
Oh, in mesteci Kilkee
in Kilrush se vidita
z visokih skalnih pobočij
okoli Doneenskih pečin.

Čudovit kraj za postanek
na lep poletni dan,
za opazovanje divjih rož,
ki nikoli ne odmrejo.
Oh, kunci in visoki fazani
se kažejo povsod
in si delajo dom za mladiče
okoli Doneenskih pečin.

And they rode faster than any wind,
They rode on for an hour or more,
Till he cries my darling, my head feels sore.

A Holland handkerchief she then pulled out,
And with it bound his aching head about,
She held him closer, and this did say,
My love you're colder than any clay.

When they came to her father's gate,
He says get down, love the hour is late,
Get down, get down love and go to bed,
And I'll see this gallant horse is groomed and fed.

And when she came to her father's hall,
Who's that, who's that, her own father called,
'Tis I dear father, did you send for me,
By such a messenger, naming he.

Oh no dear daughter, that cannot be,
Your words are false and you lie to me,
For on yon mountain your true love died,
And in the graveyard his body lies.

So straight-ways there went this maiden brave,
And with her friends she exposed the grave,
And there his body, though six weeks dead,
With a Holland handkerchief around his head.

The Cliffs of Doneen

You may travel far far
From your own native land,
Far away o'er the mountains,
Far a-way o'er the foam.
But of all the fine places
That I've ever been,
Sure there's none can compare
With the cliffs of Doneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains,
Fine sights you'll see there.
You'll see the high rocky mountains
O'er the west coast of Clare
Oh the town af Kilkee
And Kilrush can be seen
From the high rocky slopes
Round the cliffs of Doneen.

It's a nice place to be
On a fine summer's day,
Watching all the wild flowers
That ne'er do decay.
Oh the hares and lofty pheasants
Are plain to be seen
Making homes for their young
Round the cliffs of Doneen.

Zbogom, Doneen,
zbogom za nekaj časa.
In zbogom, dobri ljudje,
ki vas puščam za sabo.

Potoki in travniki,
kjer sem posedal
in visoka skalna pobočja
okoli Doneenskih pečin.

Prelestna ladja Diamond

Diamond je ladja, fantje moji,
na poti k Davisovi ožini.
In pristan kar kipi
od lepih, zalih deklic.
Kapitan Thompson ukazuje,
da preplujemo ocean
tja, kjer sonce ne zahaja, fantje moji,
niti tema ne mrači neba.

*Zato razvedrite se, fantje,
naj se srca ne vdajo.
Zakaj, prelestna ladja Diamond
gre kite lovit.*

Vzdolž pristana v Peterheadu,
se gnetejo dekleta,
ogrnjena s šali
in s solzami na licih.
Ne jokaj, ljuba moja,
čeprav ostala boš sama,
a prej zraste roža v grenlandskem ledu,
kot naša se srca premislijo.

Zato razvedrite se, fantje, ...

Na zdravje *Odločnosti*
in *Elizi Swan*,
Na zdravje *Bojevniku iz Montrosea*
in *Diamondu*, ladji slave.
Nosimo bele hlače
in modre suknje.
Ko se vrnemo v Peterhead,
imeli ljubic bomo sto.

Zato razvedrite se, fantje, ...

Ves živ bo dan in noč,
ko se vrnemo fantje z Grenlandije.
Z ladjo, polno olja, fantje moji,
in denarjem v mošnjah.
Zibke se bodo zibale
in odeje raztrgale
in vsako dekle v Peterheadu bo pelo,
»Tiho, moj ljubi.«

Zato razvedrite se, fantje, ...

Fare thee well to Doneen,
Fare thee well for a while.
And to all the kind people
I'm leaving behind

To the streams and the meadows
Where late I have been
And the high rocky slopes
Round the cliffs of Doneen.

The Bonnie Ship the Diamond

The Diamond is a ship, my lads,
For the Davis Strait she's bound,
And the Quay it is all garnished
With bonny lasses round;
Captain Thompson gives the order
To sail the ocean wide,
Where the sun it never sets, my lads,
Nor darkness dims the sky.

*So it's cheer up, my lads,
Let your hearts never fail,
For the bonny ship, The Diamond,
Goes a-fishing for the whale.*

Along the quay at Peterhead,
The lasses stand around,
Wi' their shawls all pulled about them
And the salt tears running down;
Don't you weep, my bonny lass,
Though you be left behind,
For the rose will grow on Greenland's ice
Before we change our mind.

So it's cheer up,...

Here's health to *The Resolution*,
Likewise *The Eliza Swan*,
Here's health to *The Battler of Montrose*
And *The Diamond*, ship of fame;
We wear the trousers of the white
And the jackets of the blue,
When we return to Peterhead,
We'll ha'e sweethearts enoo.

So it's cheer up,...

It'll be bright both day and night,
When the Greenland lads come hame,
With a ship that's fu' o' oil, my lads,
And money to our name;
We'll make the cradles for to rock
And the blankets for to tear,
And every lass in Peterhead sing,
"Hushabye, my dear".

So it's cheer up,...

Obale High Barbaryja

Poglej na premec, poglej na krmo,
preveri vreme z zavetrnega boka.
Pihaj visoko! Pihaj nizko! In tako smo odpluli.
Na vetrni strani je razbitina,
na brezvetrni pa visoka ladja.
Potujemo
vzdolž obale High Barbaryja.

Oj, ste pirati
ali vojaki? smo zaklicali.
Pihaj visoko! Pihaj nizko! In tako smo odpluli.
O, ne, nisem pirat,
ampak vojak, je zaklical nazaj.
Potujemo dol
vzdolž obale High Barbaryja.

Zvili bomo glavno jadro
in ustavili našo ladjo.
Pihaj visoko! Pihaj nizko! In tako smo odpluli.
S seboj imamo pisma,
da jih dostavite domov.
Potujemo dol
vzdolž obale High Barbaryja.

Salva, salva,
vnel se je boj sred morja.
Pihaj visoko! Pihaj nizko! In tako smo odpluli.
Dokler fregata ni končno
razstrelila piratovega jambora.
Potujemo dol
vzdolž obale High Barbaryja.

Milost, milost,
so vpili predrzní pirati.
Pihaj visoko! Pihaj nizko! In tako smo odpluli.
Milost, ki smo jim jo izkazali,
je bila, da smo utopili jih v valovih.
Potujemo dol
vzdolž obale High Barbaryja.

Z meči in pištolami
smo borili se, oh, tri ure.
Pihaj visoko! Pihaj nizko! In tako smo odpluli.
Ladja bila je njih krsta
in morje njihov grob.
Potujemo dol
vzdolž obale High Barbaryja.

Srečno, mrzla zima

Srečno, mrzla zima,
srečno, mrzla slana.
Nič nisem pridobila,
le dragega izgubila.
Pela bom in bila vesela
in ploskala radostno
in spala, ko bom utrujena,
naj gre, srečno mu.

The Coasts of High Barbary

Look ahead, look astern,
Look the weather in the lee,
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
I see a wreck to the windward
And a lofty ship to lee,
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary.

O are you a pirate
Or a man-o-war? cried we.
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
O no! I'm not a pirate
But a man-o-war, cried he.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary.

We'll back up our topsails
And heave our vessel to;
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
For we have got some letters
To be carried home by you.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary

For broadside, for broadside
They fought all on the main;
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
Until at last the frigate
Shot the pirate's mast away.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary

For quarters! For quarters!
The saucy pirates cried,
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
The quarters that we showed them
Was to sink them in the tide.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary

With cutlass and gun,
O we fought for hours three;
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
The ship it was their coffin
And their grave it was the sea.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary

Fare-Thee-Well, Cold Winter

It is fare-thee-well, cold winter,
It is fare-thee-well, cold frost;
There is nothing I have gained,
But a lover I have lost.
I will sing and I'll be merry,
And I clap my hands with glee,
And I rest when I am weary,
Let him go then, farewell he!

Lansko jesen mi dragi
dal je diamantni prstan.
Oh, ne vem, kaj si je mislil,
da sem nečimrna in neumna.
Če se izkaže za nespretnega,
ne bo osvojil mojega srca.
Dokazala bom, da sem načelna,
naj gre, srečno mu.

Dodaj še pest razlogov
in ščep razuma
ter vejo timijana v cvetu
in še več zdrave pameti.
Zmešaj vse skupaj
in takoj vse bo jasno –
to ni fant za hladne dni,
kar naj gre, srečno mu.

Stara bogatašinja

Nekoč je živela stara bogatašinja.
v Londonu prebivala.
Svojega moža je strastno ljubila,
a ljubčka še dvakrat bolj.

Poj I-re-O. Poj k I-re-O.

Odšla je v lekarno,
kot hitro je lahko,
da najde kaj, s čimer bi
svojega moža oslepila.

Kupila je dve ogromni kosti
in ju postregla možu.
On pravi: O, draga moja žena,
sploh te ne vidim.

Če videl bi kam,
šel bi do reke in se utopil.
Ona pravi: Bom šla s teboj,
da se ne izgubiš.

Šla je za njim,
pripravljena, da ga porine.
A stopil je na stran,
in ona padla je na glavo.

Pričela brcati je in vpiti,
glasno, kolikor je le lahko.
On pravi: O, draga moja žena,
sploh te ne vidim.

Ker bil je dobrega srca,
in misleč, da žena plava,
je vzel en velik kol
in potisnil z njim jo v vodo.

It was last fall that my lover
Gave to me a diamond ring.
O, I know not what he thought me,
But a vain and foolish thing.
If he prove to be unskilful,
Cannot win my heart from me,
I will prove a maiden wilful,
Let him go with, farewell he!

Add half a pound of reason,
Half an ounce of common sense,
Add a sprig of thyme in season,
And as much of sage prudence.
Prithee mix them well together,
Then I think you'll plainly see:
He's no lad for windy weather,
Let him go with, farewell he!

The Rich Old Lady

There was a rich old lady
In London she did dwell;
She loved her own man dearly,
but another man twice as well.

Sing to the I-re-O. Sing to the I-re-O.

She went to the doctor's shop,
As hard as she could go,
To see if there was anything she could find
To turn her old man blind.

She got two wallop'g mar' bones
And made him eat them all.
He says: O my dear beloved wife,
I can't see you at all.

If I could see my way to go,
I'd go to the river and drown.
She says: I'll go along with you
For fear you go astray.

She got up behind him
Just ready for to plunge him in;
He stepped a little to one side,
Headlong she went in.

She began to kick and scream
As loud as she could bawl.
He says: O my dear beloved wife,
I can't see you at all.

Him being tender-hearted
And thinking she could swim,
He got him a great, long pole
And pushed her away out in.

*Drži se morska trava kamenja,
drži srce se svoje ljubezni
naj bo plima al' oseka.
Adó, Adé.*

Vlečem travo s kamenja ob oseki,
a nikoli ne izvlečem tvoje ljubezni, fant, naj bo plima al'
oseka.

Adó, Adé ...

Ob oseki proti obali priletijo galebi,
a moje srce leti proti morju, proti morju k tebi.

Adó, Adé ...

Predrzni mornar

Pridi, ljubica, pridi, lepotečka,
pridi in mi zaupaj,
se boš usmilila ubogega mornarja,
ki se je pravkar vrnil z morja?

Briga me ubogi mornar!
Nobenih mornarjev ne maram.
Saj je prečkanje širnega morja
zame velikanska groza.

Raztrgan si, ljubček, umazan si, ljubček,
in tvoja obleka smrdi po katranu.
Poberi se, ti predrzni mornar,
poberi se, Janez Katranski!

Če sem strgan, ljubica, če sem umazan,
če moje obleke smrdijo po katranu,
imam zato v žepu srebrnike, ljubica,
in kupček svetlečih zlatnikov.

Ko slišala ga je to reči,
se vrgla je na kolena.
Poročim se s svojim mornarjem,
saj tako neizmerno ga ljubim.

Mar me imaš za trapčka?
Mar me imaš za norčka?
Poroka z ubogo podeželsko deklo,
v kateri nobene prihodnosti ni?

Prečkal bom slano morje,
šel, kjer travniki so zeleni.
Tebi sem ponudil sebe, ljubica,
drugi ponudil bom prstan.

Saj sem mlad in razigran,
dobrodušen, dober in svoboden.
In figo mi je mar, ljubica,
kaj svet prav o meni.

*Clings dulse to the sea rock
Clings heart to the loved one
Be't high tide or low tide
Adó, Adé.*

Pulling the dulse by the sea rocks at low tide,
Ne'er pull I thy love, lad, be't high tide or low.

Adó, Adé...

Shoreward the sea mew comes flying at low tide,
But seaward my heart flies out seaward to thee.

Adó, Adé,...

The Saucy Sailor

Come, my dearest, come, my fairest,
Come and tell unto me,
Will you pity a poor sailor boy,
Who has just come from sea?

I can fancy no poor sailor:
No poor sailor for me!
For to cross the wide ocean
Is a terror to me.

You are ragged, love, you are dirty, love,
And your clothes they smell of tar.
So begone, you saucy sailor boy,
So begone, you Jack Tar!

If I'm ragged, love, if I'm dirty, love,
If my clothes they smell of tar,
I have silver in my pocket, love,
And of gold a bright store.

When she heard those words come from him,
On her bended knees she fell.
To be sure, I'll wed my sailor,
For I love him so well.

Do you think that I am foolish?
Do you think that I am mad?
That I'd wed with a poor country girl
Where no fortune's to be had?

I will cross the briny ocean
Where the meadows they are green;
Since you have had the offer, love,
Another shall have the ring.

For I'm young, love, and I'm frolicsome,
I'm good-temper'd, kind and free.
And I don't care a straw, love,
What the world says of me.

Pisani Cigani, oj!

Na vrata so prišli trije cigani
in po stopnicah pritekla je gospa, oh!
Eden je pel visoko, drugi je pel nizko
in tretji pel je lepi, lepi Biskaj, oj!

Nato je odvrгла svojo lepo svilen oobleko
in si nadela usnjene hlače, oh!
Razcapane, razcapane cape 'krog naših vrat,
odšla je s pisanimi cigani, oj!

Bilo je pozno ponoči, ko se je vrnil moj gospod,
spráševal po svoji ženi, oh!
Služabniki so vsi govorili:
odšla je s pisanimi cigani, oj!

Osedlajte mi mojega mlečnobelega konja,
Pojdite po mojega poniya, oh!
Da pojezdím in najdem svojo ženo,
ki odšla je s pisanimi cigani, oj!

In jezdil je čez drn in strn,
skoz gozdove in grmovja še,
dokler ni prišel do prostranega polja,
in tam uzrl svojo gospo je, oj!

Kaj te žene, da zapustiš hišo in dom?
Kaj te žene, da zapustiš svoj denar, oh?
Kaj te žene, da zapustiš svojega moža,
da greš s pisanimi cigani, oj!

Kaj mar mi za hišo in dom?
Kaj mar mi za denar, oh?
Kaj mar mi za mojega moža,
odšla sem s pisanimi cigani, oj!

Še snoči si spala na pernatí postelji
z rjuho krasno spodvito, oh!
In nocoj boš spala na hladnem polju,
skupaj s pisanimi cigani, oj!

Kaj mar mi za pernató posteljo?
Z rjuho krasno spodvito, oh!
Saj nocoj bom spala na hladnem polju
skupaj s pisanimi cigani, oj!

The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies, O!

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran this lady, O!
One sang high and another sang low,
And the other sang bonny, bonny Biscay, O!

Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged rags about our door,
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

It was late last night when my lord came home,
Enquiring for his a-lady, O!
The servants said on ev'ry hand:
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

O, saddle to me my milk-white steed,
Go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who's gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

O, he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O!
What makes you leave your new wedded lord?
To go with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money, O!
What care I for my new wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!

What care I for a goose-feather bed?
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field -
Along with the wraggle-taggle gypsies, O!