

Mckennitt Loreena

"The Bonny Swans"

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October, 1990 - Annaghmakerrig, Ireland...have been striving to create the pieces and shape of The Visit. Brought various books of lyrics, poetry and other influences with me: the Unicorn Tapestries, The Golden Bough. Set some traditional lyrics to music; I am drawn to the harp motif and the essence of a fable in which a girl, drowned by her jealous sister, returns first as a swan and then is transformed into a harp...The countryside of County Monaghan would make an ideal location for a visual interpretation, with its lakes, forests and rolling countryside.

Octobre 1990 - Annaghmakerrig, Irlande...j'ai travaillé à la création des oeuvres et à la mise en forme de The Visit. J'ai apporté avec moi des livres de poèmes, de chansons et d'autres sources d'inspiration: la tapisserie de la Dame à la Licorne, Le Rameau d'or. Mise en musique de chants traditionnels; je suis attirée par le motif de la harpe et l'essence de la fable ou une jeune fille, noyée par une soeur jalouse, est d'abord reincarnée en cygne, puis en harpe...Le paysage du comté de Monaghan, avec ses lacs, ses forêts et ses collines arrondies, serait un cadre parfait pour une interprétation visuelle.

Oktober 1990 - Annaghmakerrig, Irland...habe mich bemüht, Teilstücke und die Form von The Visit auszuarbeiten. Brachte verschiedene Bücher über Lyrik, Poesie und andere Einflüsse mit: die Enhorn Gobelins, The Golden Bough. Habe einige traditionelle Gedichte vertont. Ich fühle mich hingezogen zu dem

Harfen-Motiv und der Essenz einer Fabel in der ein
Maedchen von ihrer Schwester
ertraenkt wird und dann als Schwan wieder erscheint,
um am Ende in eine Harfe
verwandelt zu werden...Die Landschaft von Monaghan
wuerde einen idealen
Hintergrund fuer eine visuelle Interpretation bilden, mit
seinen Seen, Waeldern
und der sanft huegeligen Landschaft.

Octubre de 1990 - Annaghmakerrig, Irlanda...he estado
esforzandome por crear
las partes y la forma de The Visit. Me lleve varios libros
de textos, poesias y
otras influencias; Los Tapices del Unicornio, La Rama
Dorada. He llevado
algunos textos tradicionales a musica; me siento
atraida por el motivo de harpa
y la esencia de una fabula en la que una chica,
ahogada por su hermana celosa,
vuelve primero en forma de cisne y luego se
transforma en un harpa...El campo
de Monaghan seria una localizacion ideal para una
interpretacion visual, con
sus lagos, bosques y su sinuoso paisaje.

A farmer there lived in the north country
a hey ho bonny o
And he had daughters one, two, three
The swans swim so bonny o
These daughters they walked by the river's brim
a hey ho bonny o
The eldest pushed the youngest in
The swans swim so bonny o

Oh sister, oh sister, pray lend me your hand
with a hey ho a bonny o
And I will give you house and land
the swans swim so bonny o
I'll give you neither hand nor glove
with a hey ho a bonny o
Unless you give me your own tru love
the swans swim so bonny o

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam
with a hey ho and a bonny o
Until she came to a miller's dam
the swans swim so bonny o
The miller's daughter, dressed in red
with a hey ho and a bonny o
She went for some water to make some bread

the swans swim so bonny o

Oh father, oh daddy, here swims a swan
with a hey ho and a bonny o
It's very like a gentle woman
the swans swim so bonny o
They placed her on the bank to dry
with a hey ho and a bonny o
There came a harper passing by
the swans swim so bonny o

He made harp pins of her fingers fair
with a hey ho and a bonny o
He made harp strings of her golden hair
the swans swim so bonny o
He made a harp of her breast bone
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And straight it began to play alone
the swans swim so bonny o

He brought it to her father's hall
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And there was the court, assembled all
the swans swim so bonny o
He laid the harp upon a stone
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And straight it began to play alone
the swans swim so bonny o

And there does sit my father the King
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And yonder sits my mother the Queen
the swans swim so bonny o
And there does sit my brother Hugh
with a hey ho and a bonny o
And by him William, sweet and true
the swans swim so bonny o
And there does sit my false sister, Anne
with a hey ho and a bonny o
Who drowned me for the sake of a man
the swans swim so bonny o

Traditional lyrics arranged and adapted by L.M.

Music: L.M.

L.M. - keyboards, vocals, accordion

Brian Hughes - guitars, balalaika

George Koller - bass

Donal Lunny - bouzouki, bodhran

Hugh Marsh - fiddle

Anne Bourne - cello

Rick Lazar - percussion

Assistant producer: Donal Lunny

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