

Celtic Poetry Seisuin, 12:00 pm upstairs - Pugash Hall-Low Tea Room - Balloon Museum



Bill Nevins: introductions and general comments and reading "The Fiddler of Dooney" by WB Yeats



Jeannie Allen playing Irish flute music



Manuel Gonzalez, Albuquerque Poet Laureate and **Sarita Sol Gonzalez**



Don McIver is a performing poet, radio host, educator who recently visited his ancestral Scottish Highlands.



Joseph McKenzie is a Rio Rancho poet who has won poetry performance competitions in Scotland and is proud of his Scottish heritage.



Jules Nyquist is the founder of Jules' Poetry Playhouse, LLC, in Albuquerque, NM. She took her MFA in Writing and Literature from Bennington College, VT. Her books "Behind the Volcanoes" and "Appetites" (Beatlick Press) were finalists for the NM/AZ Book Awards, as well as "Hers" which she edited as part of the Poets Speak Anthology Series, which was a 2017 NM/AZ Book Awards finalist.



Carlos Contreras is an author, performance artist, events organizer with ImmaStar Productions, and a City of Albuquerque Cultural Services official.



Mary Neary Dudley, an Albuquerque poet, is the granddaughter of Molly Cavanaugh & John Neary. Her dad, also John Neary, made certain his kids knew their Irish roots.



John Roche is the author of four volumes of poetry and the editor of eight poetry anthologies. He teaches Creative Writing, helps Jules Nyquist run Jules' Poetry Playhouse in Albuquerque, and has recently published volume 4 of his Poets Speak series, Walls.



Antoinette Nora Claypoole is a Northwest author of acclaimed books of poetry and on Native American contemporary history.



Nathan Brown, recent Poet Laureate of Oklahoma is a nationally known performance poet and musician who will also perform at Sunday Chatter on March 18.



Emmett Dwyer is a motorcyclist, civil rights attorney, Tarot reader and writer from New Orleans. Danni Cuevas is an actress from New Orleans.

CLOSING: Bill Nevins and Jeannie Allen and Nathan Brown and other poets close the show with a "sing-a-long poem", "Bad Luck to the Rolling Water" by Ian Lynch of the Irish band Lankum.

Audience: lyrics are on the back. Please join us on the choruses.

For more information please visit: www.cabq.gov/balloon/events

Bad Luck to the Rolling Water

by Ian Lynch and the Lankum band of Dublin Eire (copyright 2017)

Bad luck to the rolling water, bad luck to the salty brine, I only had the one true love, she swore she would be mine.
Now she's gone and left me and wandered far away, Left me crying here beside the water.

Well Nancy Doyle it was her name, she was a fine young lady, Until she sailed away from me and she almost drove me
crazy.

Well Nancy came from Dublin town, right beside the Poddle, 'Til o'er the sea away from me she chanced all for to
toddle.

CHORUS:

Bad luck to the rolling water, bad luck to the salty brine, I only had the one true love, she swore she would be mine.
Now she's gone and left me and wandered far away, Left me crying here beside the water.

Her eyes were wild and shone bright blue, her laugh was full and hearty, Her humour droll, the life and soul and
centre of every party.

She could drink a pint of whiskey all straight from the can, When the night was done and dusted it was then she'd
hold my hand.

CHORUS:

Bad luck to the rolling water, bad luck to the salty brine, I only had the one true love, she swore she would be mine.
Now she's gone and left me and wandered far away, Left me crying here beside the water.

She might not have been Aurora, a Flora or Diana, But she sang songs in the back tap room along to the ould piana.
She was not Euternatia, nor was she Venus bright, But she could drink much more than you and beat you in a fight.

CHORUS:

Bad luck to the rolling water, bad luck to the salty brine, I only had the one true love, she swore she would be mine.
Now she's gone and left me and wandered far away, Left me crying here beside the water.

Well there she was at work one day pretending to be sober, When up there steps a dandy gent all for to look her
over.

He says 'I have an offer - I think you'll find it grand!

We'll sail away upon the sea smuggling contraband.'

CHORUS:

Bad luck to the rolling water, bad luck to the salty brine, I only had the one true love, she swore she would be mine.
Now she's gone and left me and wandered far away Left me crying here beside the water.

What could I say, what could I do? It was more than I could offer, I had to let her spread her wings, I couldn't try to
stop her, Now she collects fine diamonds vases and antique rugs, With the all the bags of money that she makes from
dealing drugs.

CHORUS:

Bad luck to the rolling water, bad luck to the salty brine, I only had the one true love, she swore she would be mine.
Now she's gone and left me and wandered far away Left me crying here beside the water.

Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy, one thousand times adieu, I'll ne'er forget 'til my dying breath the times I spent with you.
Though now I'm old and feeble and shaking on each knee, If ever you come this way again we'll go upon a spree.

CHORUS:

Bad luck to the rolling water, bad luck to the salty brine, I only had the one true love, she swore she would be mine.
Now she's gone and left me and wandered far away Left me crying here beside the water.

END