

Play a Little Irish for Me

(Andrée Nolen & Tad Tuleja)

slow jig time

August 2024

On a drizzly morning in Galway
I'd found a good spot in the lane
I was just after tuning my fiddle
When a figure stepped out of the rain

D A
G D
G D
D A

Bent and cloaked from the weather
With eyes as bright as the morn
She said "Sure would you play me some Irish,
For I've been too many years gone"

Oh play a little Irish for me
Play a little Irish for me
A jig or a reel only play what you feel
And play a little Irish for me

G D
Bm A
G Bm
D A D

Tell me good mother I asked her
From what fair country you've come
May I know the name of your people
If my fiddle finds you a song

Sure I come she said from no country
But a land that waits to be born
Where never a stranger wants for bread
And never a hope is forlorn

Oh play a little Irish for me
Play a little Irish for me
Ballad or reel only play what you feel
And play a little Irish for me

As my eyes fell shut and my hand fell still
My bow found a rare melody
Emeralds sparkled in the rain
Like tears of the wandering *sidhe*

Then I heard my voice in the thunder
In a moment of uncanny calm
And when I awoke at the very last stroke
The rain and the figure were gone

Oh play a little Irish for me
Play a little Irish for me
Jig or reel only play what you feel
And play a little Irish for me

From that day on I've been longing
In weather both foul and fair
To meet once again that figure
And that magical air

And I fancy I hear her whisper
Be she human or one of the *sidhe*
You may find your voice in the thunder
If you play a little Irish for me

Oh play a little Irish for me
Play a little Irish for me
Be it ballad or reel only play what you feel
And play a little Irish for me