Wpisany przez bluelover Sobota, 18 Czerwiec 2011 08:25 - Zmieniony Środa, 02 Sierpień 2017 08:36

## Sinead O'Connor - Sean-Nos Nua (2002)



01. Peggy Gordon 02. Her Mantle So Green 03. Lord Franklin 04. The Singing Bird <u>play</u> 05. Oro Se Do Bheatha 'Bhaile 06. Molly Malone 07. Paddy's Lamnet <u>play</u>

08. The Moorlough Shoer 09. The Parting Glass 10. Baidin Fheilimi 11. My Lagan Love 12. Lord Baker 13. I'll Tell Me Mama

Personnel \* Sinéad O'Connor - vocals \* Dónal Lunny - acoustic guitar, bouzouki, keyboard, bodhran, bodhran bass \* Steve Wickham - fiddle (except tracks 7, 12 and 13), mandolin, banjo \* Sharon Shannon - accordion \* Alan Branch - percussion on track 12 \* Abdullah Chhadeh - Quanun \* Nick Coplowe - Hammond organ \* Pete Lockett - percussion (except tracks 1, 9, 12 and 13) \* Cora Venus Lunny - violin on tracks 1, 3, 5, 6 and 7 \* Kieran Kiely - whistle on tracks 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 13, accordion on 9 \* Skip McDonald - electric guitar \* Christy Moore - vocals on track 12 \* Rob O Geibheannaigh - flute, strings, whistle on 5 & 10, piano on 9, guitar on 3, banjo on 1 & 4 \* Carlton "Bubblers" Ogilvie - drums, bass, piano \* Bernard O'Neill - acoustic bass

After facing her personal demons on 2000's Faith and Courage, Sinead O'Connor seeks to make peace with her country. But, just as her relationship with Ireland has been one fraught with deep affection and passionate scorn, her interpretation of these traditional Irish songs - embracing subtle nods to reggae and electronica - is set against the conflicting agendas of history and personal belief.

O'Connor has chosen songs usually sung by men, subverting brazen confidence into a tender examination of loss and separation. Her Mantle So Green is brisk with joy, but tells of a young soldier testing his lover by pretending to be dead. Though Molly Malone is sung with quiet dignity, O'Connor's trademark ferocity bubbles under the placid surface.

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Most poignant is Paddy's Lament, describing how starvation sent hopeful Irishmen to America. "When we got to Yankee land, they put guns into our hand," O'Connor spits, her venom tangible. Despite the whistles and fiddles, and sudden flash of Def Leppard style guitar, O'Connor's attempt to wrestle Irish lyricism away from Daniel O'Donnell can only be welcomed. ---Betty Clarke, theguardian.com

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