

## ATLANTIC SHORE

Chor. Paul Boizot, 2013. Music; Memoria Da Noite (= Memory Of A Night), by Luar Na Lubre (Galicia), from the album Hai Un Paraiso. The song deals with the sinking of the tanker Prestige in 2002, and the subsequent oil spill. Many volunteers helped clean up, and an environmental movement was formed called "Nunca Mais" (= Never Again). Part 1 of the dance can be viewed as normal life, part 2 as a disruption to that, and part 3 as a coming together over adversity.

Rhythm 2/4. Formation; circle. Dance fits to musical phrases, but not always the same music for each part. Each part is the same length – 16 bars of 2/4. Each step is two beats unless marked q = quick, 1 beat. I start the dance at the beginning of the music.

1. Arms V  $\rightarrow$  R, L q, R q; curving step in towards centre L ending up  $\circ$ ,  $\circ \uparrow$  R q,  $\circ \downarrow$  L q; R,  $\circ \leftarrow$  sway L;  $\rightarrow$  R, L. x 2

2. Unjoined. 8 sets of freestyle slow-quick-quick steps starting on R, leaving one's place in the circle and wandering as you wish, moving to rejoin the circle during the later steps.

3. Arms V  $\rightarrow$  R, L; four steps curving in towards centre & arms coming up gradually to high L q, R q, L q, R q, ending up  $\circ$ ;  $\circ \downarrow$  arms coming down gradually to V over the next 4 steps R, L; R, L. x 2

Lyrics;

Madrugada, o porto adormeceu, amor,  
a lúa abanea sobre as ondas  
piso espellos antes de que saia o sol  
na noite gardei a túa memoria.

Perderei outra vez a vida  
cando rompa a luz nos cons,  
perderei o día que aprendín a bicar  
palabras dos teus ollos sobre o mar,  
perderei o día que aprendín a bicar  
palabras dos teus ollos sobre o mar.

Veú o loito antes de vir o rumor,  
levouno a marea baixo a sombra.  
Barcos negros sulcan a mañá sen voz,  
as redes baleiras, sen gaivotas.

E dirán, contarán mentiras  
para ofrecerllas ao Patrón:  
quererán pechar cunhas moedas, quizais,  
os teus ollos abertos sobre o mar,  
quererán pechar cunhas moedas, quizais,  
os teus ollos abertos sobre o mar.

Madrugada, o porto despertou, amor,  
o reloxo do bar quedou varado  
na costeira muda da desolación.  
Non imos esquecer, nin perdoalo.

Volverei, volverei á vida  
cando rompa a luz nos cons  
porque nós arrancamamos todo o orgullo do mar,  
non nos afundiremos nunca máis  
que na túa memoria xa non hai volta atrás:  
non nos humillaredes NUNCA MÁIS.

<http://lyricstranslate.com/en/Memoria-Da-Noite-Memoria-Da-Noite.html#JWMWy2ZxYsPepvDd.99>

Google translation;

At dawn, the port begins to sleep, my love,  
the moon rolls over the waves  
floor mirrors before the dawn  
I keep in the night your memory

I will lost my life again  
when the light breaks into the rocks,  
I will lose the day I learned to kiss  
words of your eyes on the sea,  
I will lose the day I learned to kiss  
words of your eyes on the sea

The mourning came before the rumor came,  
the tide brought it in the shadow.  
Black ships are crossing the morning without a voice,  
Empty nets, without gulls

And they say, they will lie  
to provide the skipper:  
they will want to finalize(close) it with a few coins,  
perhaps,  
Your open eyes on the sea,  
they will want to finalize(close) it with a few coins,  
perhaps,  
Your open eyes on the sea,

At dawn, the port woke up, my love,  
The clock of the bar was stranded  
in the speechless coast of desolation.  
We will not forget it, nor forgive it.

I will come back, I will come back to life  
when the light breaks on the rocks  
because we took all the pride of the sea,  
we will not sink anymore  
because in your memory there is not going back:  
They don't humiliate us NEVER AGAIN