

A movie poster for Sean Noonan's 'Brewed by Noon: BOXING DREAMS'. The background is a dark, grainy image of a boxing ring with a large, close-up, high-contrast image of a boxer's face in the upper center. In the foreground, a man with dark hair and a mustache, wearing a shiny gold boxing jacket over a black t-shirt, holds boxing gloves. The t-shirt has 'NOONAN' printed on it. The title 'Brewed by Noon' is in a stylized, handwritten font, and 'BOXING DREAMS' is in a bold, blocky font, both in yellow. The overall mood is gritty and dramatic.

Sean Noonan's
Brewed by Noon
BOXING DREAMS

NOONAN

Boxing Dreams

Hold fast to box your dreams
Since soon again they move again
At night dreams spar with your sleep
During the day they lie high in the sky

Make sure to snatch them when they're close
And put them for good
In your box of dreams
For all to see

– Sean Noonan

Courage

Tribute to Rocky Marciano
From "Breastplate II," an ancient Celtic invocation

I call on the seven daughters of the sea
Who shape the threads of long life
Three deaths be taken from me
Three lives given to me
Seven waves of plenty poured for me
May ghosts not injure me on my journey
in my radiant breastplate without stain
May my name not be pledged in vain
May death not come to me until I am old

I call on Senach of the seven lives
Whom fairy women suckled on the breasts of
god Fortune
May my seven candles not be quenched
I am an invincible fortress
I am an unshakeable cliff
I am a precious stone
I am the symbol of seven riches



Morpheus

From an Irish Gaelic dísling or dream poem called "Magic Mist"

I lay down dejected and weeping
In a sheltered wood laden with nuts, by myself
Praying to the bright King of Glory
And no word but mercy on my lips

By my side sat a beautiful fairy maid
In figure and form like a saint
In her face were bright rose
And white – and I know not which lost

"One must remember Morpheus assumes any shape and form."
– Sean Noonan

The Return of the Peanut Butter Queen

Ilylea is the Queen of the land of peanut. She taught her fellow
peanuts the magic of making peanut butter, creating great
prosperity and hope in the land of peanut. Suddenly one day
Ilylea was overthrown by an evil warlord and had to quickly flee.
The land of peanut was troubled for some time until one day all
the peanuts joined together and rebelled against the evil warlord.
Ilylea eventually heard her fellow peanuts singing this song and
then she knew it was safe to come home.

– Sean Noonan

This poem is for you
Mother of everything that lives
Heart of the land
Queen of the nuts
Queen of the woods
Beside the Boann
Queen of the lakes
Queen of the rivers

– Irish Gaelic lyrics from a ninth century poem



Mayrose

An elegy for Nana

Mayrose called me to bed
Since tomorrow she said
You'll be the king for the day instead
The dreams that night were full of snacks
Where I found myself among a stack
Of a hundred flap jacks

The flap jacks looked at me
Their eyes made of syrupy glee
With Mayrose watching me
All of a sudden came a playful burp

Next the rain ended
Soon it cleared up
Then the other part of me
Had to have a turn
To be king for a day instead....

— Sean Noonan

Big Mouth

Lyrics from "Amhran an Tae" ("The Song of the Tea")

HE: You're always talking about the tea
And the day when you do have it no one sees it but you
Away with you and get tobacco for me, for your own good
Or I'll share with you the handle of the spade

SHE: How can I? Where can I get it for you?
But by tying two hens that had eggs last night?
What you had at Christmas you haven't paid for yet
And what I have is little enough for the children

HE: I'm thinking that it's a miserable way
To be working for you and getting nothing out of it
If I went to any man in the country
I'd get tobacco from him and some pay

SHE: I am a long time keeping the house
And you should not notice my drink or my eating
If I should not drink every morning the full of a two-penny skillet
There wouldn't be a drop in my breast for the child

Look

Irish Gaelic lyrics from a ninth century poem

Black eyebrow, smooth tresses
Blue of eye, glowing cheek
Wind stirring your parted locks
Fine women at the fair watching you

Married women pretending not to look
While in front of you they do their hair
With her fingers in her hair
One of them is giving you her gaze

Story of Jones

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
The story of a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On the "six-eight" wheeler he made his fame
The caller called Casey at half past four
He kissed his wife at the station door
Step into the cabin with his orders in hand
Said "Going to take my trip to the promised land."

Casey Jones steppin' in the cabin
Casey Jones orders in hand
Casey Jones steppin' in the cabin
Steppin' in the cabin with his orders in hand

He looked at the watch and his watch was slow (part 2 – 3:27)
He looked at the water and his water was low

He turned to his fireboy and the fireboy said,
"Boy we'll both reach Frisco but we'll be dead."

When he pulled up that Reno hill
He whistled for the crossing with an awful shrill
The switchman knew by the engine's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones

Casey Jones steppin' in the cabin
Casey Jones orders in hand
Casey Jones steppin' in the cabin
Steppin' in the cabin with his orders in hand

When Casey approached a certain place (part 3 – 4:57)
Old No. 9 stared him straight in the face
He looked at the fireboy, said "Boy you better jump
Since there's two locomotives that are bound to bump."

Well Mrs. Jones sat by her bed (part 4 – 6:27)
She got the telegram her poor husband was dead
She turned to the children, said "Now hush your cryin'
For you've got another papa on the Salt Lake line

(anonymous)



Lost in Günter's Wald

It was a wonderful morning in the mountains
And the sun came up like a fiery ball
When all of a sudden a sunbeam shot through the wall
And tickled the nose of a man
Waking him with such a loud sneeze
Throwing him out of bed with a wheeze

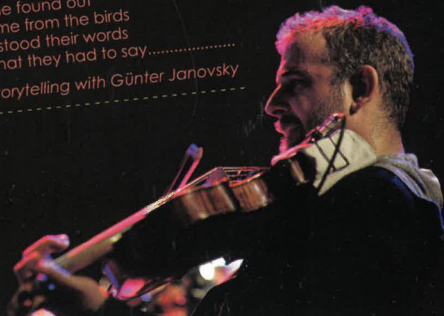
It was Günter who was tickled
He scratched his head and said
"Who was it that nearly tickled me to death?"
He wandered into the wald and the journey began

In the wald Günter began to stare (part 2 - 0:30)
The plants and animals stared back
Suddenly he was tickled by a family of mushrooms
Thrown up high, he landed on his toes

He said, "Who was it that nearly tickled me to death?" (part 3 - 0:49)
They replied, "It wasn't us
But we can sure show you who it was
Come on now, just eat us."

Günter scarfed down the family of mushrooms (part 4 - 2:22)
And presently he found out
The answer came from the birds
Soon he understood their words
And this is what they had to say.....

- wandering storytelling with Günter Janovsky

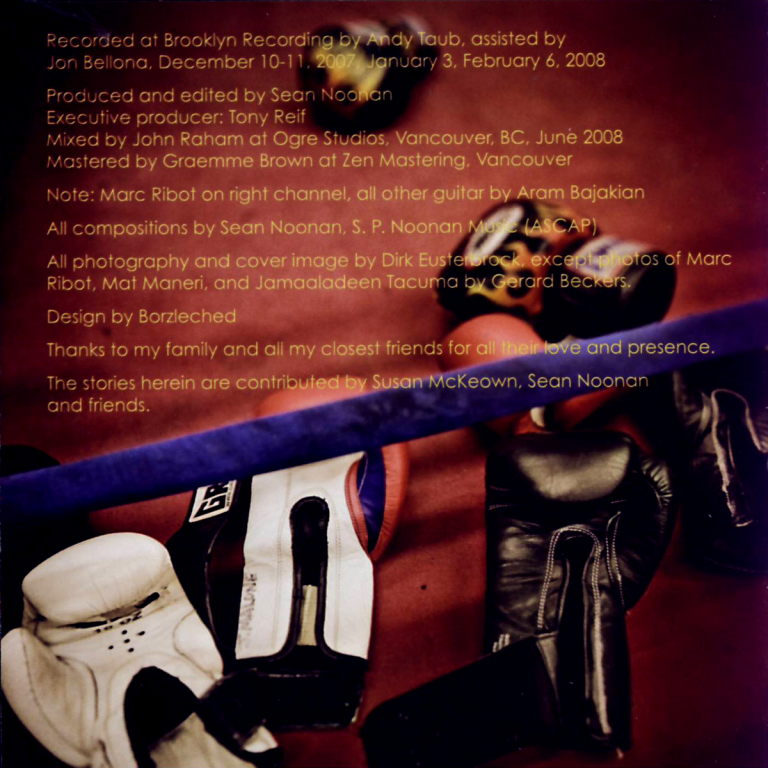






Aram Bajakian / Electric Guitar, Max MSP
Marc Ribot / Electric Guitar
Susan McKeown / Vocals
Abdoulaye Diabaté / Vocals, Conga
Mat Maneri / Viola
Jamaaladeen Tacuma / Electric Bass
Thierno Camara / Electric Bass, Vocals
Thiokho Diagne / Percussion
Sean Noonan / Electro-acoustic Drum Set, Percussion

Round 1/ Boxing Dreams - 3:30
Round 2/ Courage - 5:41
Round 3/ Morpheus - 6:28
Round 4/ Crazy Legs - 9:47
Round 5/ The Return of the Peanut Butter Queen - 2:31
Round 6/ Mayrose - 3:21
Round 7/ Big Mouth - 7:39
Round 8/ Look - 7:12
Round 9/ Story of Jones - 9:18
Round 10/ Over-n-Out - 10:21
Round 11/ Lost in Günter's Wald - 5:10



Recorded at Brooklyn Recording by Andy Taub, assisted by
Jon Bellona, December 10-11, 2007, January 3, February 6, 2008

Produced and edited by Sean Noonan

Executive producer: Tony Reif

Mixed by John Raham at Ogre Studios, Vancouver, BC, June 2008

Mastered by Graemme Brown at Zen Mastering, Vancouver

Note: Marc Ribot on right channel, all other guitar by Aram Bajakian

All compositions by Sean Noonan, S. P. Noonan Music (ASCAP)

All photography and cover image by Dirk Eusterbrock, except photos of Marc
Ribot, Mat Maneri, and Jamaaladeen Tacuma by Gerard Beckers.

Design by Borzleched

Thanks to my family and all my closest friends for all their love and presence.

The stories herein are contributed by Susan McKeown, Sean Noonan
and friends.

A man with dark hair and a beard is lying on his back on a red, textured mat. He is wearing a black singlet, black boxing gloves with orange flame patterns, and red boxing shoes. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. His arms are spread out to the sides, and his legs are also spread out. The background is a solid red color.

Aram Bajakian electric guitar, Max MSP
Marc Ribot electric guitar
Susan McKeown vocals
Abdoulaye Diabaté vocals, conga
Mat Maneri viola
Jamaaladeen Tacuma electric bass
Thierno Camara electric bass, vocals
Thiokho Diagne percussion
Sean Noonan drum set, compositions

- 1 Boxing Dreams
 - 2 Courage
 - 3 Morpheus
 - 4 Crazy Legs
 - 5 The Return of the Peanut Butter Queen
 - 6 Mayrose
 - 7 Big Mouth
 - 8 Look
 - 9 Story of Jones
 - 10 Over-n-Out
 - 11 Lost in Günter's Wald
- Total time: 71:00

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