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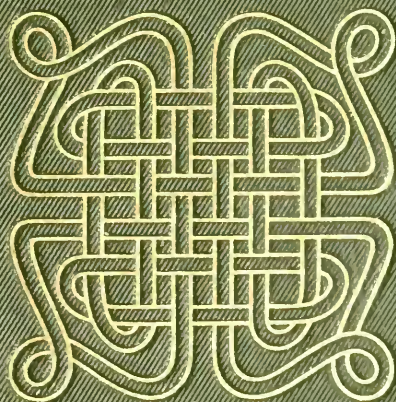


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OLD IRISH FOLK MU- SIC AND SONGS

P.W. JOYCE



CORRECTION.

Page 48, top: second note of second
stave, B. Change this B to A.



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OLD IRISH
FOLK MUSIC AND SONGS



OLD IRISH FOLK MUSIC AND SONGS

A COLLECTION OF 842 IRISH AIRS AND SONGS
HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

EDITED, WITH ANNOTATIONS,

FOR

The Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland.

BY

P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.,
President of the Society

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PREFACE.

A SPECIAL feature of this Collection of Irish Music is that it consists of tunes hitherto unpublished, as stated on the title-page.* But this statement requires some qualification.

First:—I have sometimes printed here different *settings* or *versions* of airs already published elsewhere, when I considered that my present settings were better, or when for other reasons I deemed it desirable: but I have always directed attention to cases of this kind. It will be observed that I reject some of my own inferior settings for better ones, just as I do those of others.

Secondly:—In “Part II.” I have reprinted—with due notice in each case—a few airs published for the first time in my two previous books, “Ancient Irish Music” and “Irish Peasant Songs in the English Language”; inasmuch as these airs were necessary to accompany the words of the songs given in that Part.

Thirdly:—The words of some of the Songs in Part II. have appeared in previous publications: but in all cases my versions exhibit variations from previous printed copies: variations that restore—so far as lay in my power—the real original words of the several peasant poets. These songs are given here in order to make up—what has never yet been published—a good representative unmixed collection of Anglo-Irish Peasant Songs.

Fourthly:—Though I have taken all reasonable precaution—more perhaps than the occasion required or deserved—against repeating here airs already published, I cannot be quite sure that I have completely succeeded. For as bearing on this point we must remember that upwards of 90 different collections of Irish Music have been published, of which a useful list has been compiled by Dr. Grattan Flood, and may be seen in his “History of Irish Music” (2nd ed., p. 337). And since he printed that list other large collections have appeared. It may then be taken for granted that with the utmost vigilance it is practically impossible to wholly avoid repetition in forming a new collection: and if it should be found that—in spite of all precautions—I have made some lapses, no great harm

* In this respect it is like Dr. Petrie’s “Ancient Music of Ireland,” Hoffmann’s edition of another part of the Petrie Collection, and my “Ancient Irish Music.” To the first two the qualification more or less applies; but not to the last. All three are mentioned again below.

holding—a few involuntary repetitions, and nothing more. But even in these cases there is some compensation, for it will probably be found that my present settings are nearly always different from those already published.

The book that—in this respect—I was most careful about is the great collection of Dr. Petrie's airs recently edited for "The Irish Literary Society, London," by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. In this book are included (1) many airs previously published in Petrie's "*Ancient Music of Ireland*" (1855); (2) many that are contained in Hoffmann's edition of another part of the Petrie collection (1877); (3) many of those which were published for the first time in my "*Ancient Irish Music*" (1872), and which in fact were—and are still—copyright;* and (4) a number—forming the great body of the collection—of airs that had not appeared in print before.

The gross number of airs in the "Stanford-Petrie" Collection (as for convenience I call it throughout this book) is 1582; and making allowance for those already published, as above stated, and for some inadvertent repetitions in the book itself, we have a large residue of airs never previously published—the largest collection of the kind that has ever appeared—a noble treasure-store of Irish melody. I read through every one of the 1582 airs in this book, and, so far as lay in my power, I have avoided repeating any of them, excluding even those contributed by myself to Dr. Petrie more than fifty years ago—a very large number—nearly 200—most of which bear my name all through the book.

As I have often to refer to particular tunes in this Stanford-Petrie Collection it may be as well to remark that the airs in it are given by the Editor just as Dr. Petrie left them—reproduced without any change.

I have excluded also the whole of the hundred airs contained in my "*Ancient Irish Music*," with the few exceptions already referred to.

I have examined the collection lately published by Captain Francis O'Neill of Chicago—"The Music of Ireland"—and I do not think I have reproduced any of his airs. But it was only when a good part of this book of mine was printed that his second volume—"The Dance Music of Ireland"—came into my hands; and I find that one or two of his dance tunes have been repeated here, though in different versions.

The reader must be cautious not to draw hasty conclusions from mere titles; for a good many of the names of my airs are similar to or identical with those given to totally different airs in the Stanford-Petrie Collection, as well as in other printed books. Sometimes I have directed special

* EXCEPT ONE (No. 311, 2), AND 5 above, which were taken, not direct from the three printed sources, but from the Petrie MSS., which were in Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's hands: (p. 111, 112).

attention to this ; but in most cases not, contenting myself with the general warning given here.

To sum up then :—I may claim that the statement made in the opening sentence of this Preface—namely, that the airs in this volume have not hitherto been published—is substantially true.

This book is divided into Four Parts, of which Parts I. and II. are from my own special collection. A good portion of these two Parts consists of tunes and songs drawn from my memory, like many of those in my “Ancient Irish Music.” I spent all my early life in a part of the county Limerick where music, singing, and dancing were favourite amusements. My home in Glenosheen, in the heart of the Ballyhoura Mountains, was a home of music and song : they were in the air of the valley ; you heard them everywhere—sung, played, whistled ; and they were mixed up with the people’s pastimes, occupations, and daily life. Though we had pipers, fiddlers, fifers, whistlers, and singers of our own, wandering musicians were welcomed ; and from every one some choice air or song that struck our fancy was pretty sure to be learned and stored up to form part of the ever-growing stock of minstrelsy. As I loved the graceful music of the people from my childhood, their songs, dance tunes, *keens*, and lullabies remained in my memory, almost without any effort of my own : so that ultimately I became, as it were, the general, and it may be said the sole, legatee of all this long-accumulating treasure of melody.

It will be seen then that my knowledge of Irish music, such as it is did not come to me from the outside in after-life, or by a late study, as a foreign language is learned, but grew up from within during childhood and boyhood, to form part of my mind like my native language.

When I came to reside in Dublin, and became acquainted for the first time with the various published collections of Irish music, I was surprised to find that a great number of my tunes—many of them very beautiful—were unpublished, and quite unknown outside the district or province in which they had been learned. This pleasant discovery I made in the year 1853 through my acquaintance with Dr. George Petrie—the founder of scientific Irish Archaeology—who was then engaged in editing his “Ancient Music of Ireland.” Mainly through his example, and indeed partly at his suggestion, I set about writing down all the airs I could recollect—a task followed up for years, and which in fact is hardly yet ended. Then I went among the people—chiefly in the south—during vacations, noting down whatever I thought worthy of preserving, both music and words. In this way I gradually accumulated a very large collection. All these I placed in Dr. Petrie’s hands from time to time.

down to about 1850; and I have good reason to believe that they are still among the Petrie papers. But I kept copies of all, as a precaution.

In 1851 the "Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland" was founded in Dublin, of which Dr. Petrie was President and John Edward Pigot and Dr. Robert Lyons (both of whom are mentioned again below) were Hon. Secretaries. The outcome of the labours of this Society was the appearance, in 1855, of "The Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland," edited by Dr. Petrie. In this work (one volume and part of a second) there are altogether 182 airs,* of which 23 are mine, and, with one or two accidental exceptions, are acknowledged to me in the book by the Editor.† Long subsequently (1877), 10 others of mine were printed (from the Petrie MSS.) in Hoffmann's edition of a further portion of the Petrie Collection.‡ Ultimately, Dr. Petrie's MS. collection (including all that I had given him) was placed in the hands of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who edited from them the work already mentioned above (p. vi), in which are included 105 of my airs, with my name affixed to most of them.

In 1872 I published on my own account, and from my own manuscript collection, "Ancient Irish Music," containing 100 airs never printed before.

It will be seen then that more than 300 of my airs have already been printed in the above-mentioned publications. All of these I have excluded from the present book.

These personal details and others like them through the book, will I hope be excused; inasmuch as they are given simply as a necessary part of the history of the airs in this volume. They may be turned to use at some future time by students of Irish Music.

As to Part II.—A collection of "Irish Folk Songs in the English Language, with the words set to the proper Old Irish Airs"—a special description of its contents will be found at the beginning (p. 173).

Parts III. and IV.—The materials for these two Parts were placed in my hands a few years ago by Mrs. Lyons, widow of the late distinguished physician Dr. Robert Lyons of Dublin, and by her brother, Mr. James Pigot of Dublin, sister and brother of the late John Edward Pigot, barrister.

* Knowing only a small part of Dr. Petrie's whole collection.

† In the foregoing book, 23 pp. 41, 50, 62, 64, 92, will be found descriptions of those of the Munster Collection I was previously acquainted with, written by me for Dr. Petrie at his request.

‡ In this book the names of the contributors are not acknowledged, though Hoffmann had done him the good example of Petrie's invariable practice. The tunes contributed by me were numbered 73, 75, 76, 78, 81, 74, 76, 82, 100, 114, 131, 147, 148, 177, 189.

CORRECTION.

Preface, page viii, last two lines of
Text—

“ Mr. James Pigot ”

should be

“ Mr. Thomas F. Pigot ”.

and of the late David R. Pigot, Master of the Court of Exchequer, Dublin. The first portion came from Mrs. Lyons; the second some time afterwards from her brother. The whole MS. collection consists of about a dozen separate volumes of various sizes—some very large—with many smaller books, stitched pamphlets, and separate sheets and leaves. Mrs. Lyons and her brother placed these MSS. in my hands—unasked—from purely patriotic motives: and it was my good fortune that they selected me in particular, as being—so they were good enough to say—the person they thought most likely to turn them to good account. By their instructions the whole collection will be placed in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, when I have quite done with them.

This great mass of MSS. includes two separate collections—about half and half as to quantity; the one made by William Forde, a well-known musician of Cork—brother of the talented young Cork artist Samuel Forde—the other by John Edward Pigot. They were both made in or about the period from 1840 to 1850.

The first portion consists of one very large volume and six smaller, all marked on the covers in gilt letters, "FORDE COLLECTION"; with some pamphlets and sheets. "Part III." of the present book consists of airs from this collection. For years after I had commenced seriously to write down and collect Irish music I had been hearing of Forde, and I became aware that he had left a large collection. But where his MSS. were kept I never ascertained, though I earnestly wished to see them: and, in fact, I feared they were lost or hopelessly scattered. But no sooner had I begun to examine Mrs. Lyons's MSS., than I discovered to my great delight that I had come upon the very books I had long been dreaming about.

As for the smaller books in this Forde collection, they need not be noticed further here, as the Irish airs in them are copied into the large one. This is a folio volume $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $10\frac{1}{2}$, with 422 pages written out from beginning to end on both sides of the leaves, all in Forde's beautiful uniform music-hand. A considerable proportion of the contents consists of airs already published, with this important feature, however, that the writer gives as many versions of each as he could procure—or as he considered worth recording—with other airs that are not exactly settings or versions, but are related to the main type by some similarity of structure: all this evidently in preparation for an elaborate essay. It is here especially that Forde shows his wide knowledge of Irish airs, with their structure, variations, and inter-relations.

But there are also in this book great numbers of airs with only a single setting—and many with two or three—never printed, contributed by various

people, or taken down by him from players and singers. It is from these that the great majority of the airs I have taken from the book have been copied. They were collected chiefly from the Munster counties, and from a district in the north west comprising the county Leitrim and the adjacent portions of the counties of Sligo, Galway, Mayo, and Roscommon, a district never thoroughly examined before for the purpose. Forde spent some time in Ballinamore, a village in the county Leitrim: and here, as well as in other strapping places over all that large district, he took down airs from all the pipers, fiddlers, singers, and amateur collectors he could find. These are all named in connexion with the several airs; and—so far as I have copied their airs—I have transferred their names faithfully into this book. By far the most remarkable country musician he met with was Hugh O'Beirne, a fiddler of Ballinamore, of whom a brief account will be found at pp. 276, 297, below.

Dr Petrie never saw this great volume of Forde's, though he had access to the books of John Edward Pigot, from which he took a great number of airs. He has a few tunes in his "Ancient Music of Ireland" acknowledged to Forde: but these were obtained indirectly from friends, and not from Forde himself or from his book.












Forde intended his Collection for publication; and he went so far as to print a Prospectus, of which two of the printed copies are inserted at the beginning of the MS. Volume, dated 1st January, 1845. It opens with the following general description of the intended work:—"A General Collection of the Music of Ireland, Ancient and Modern, with Dissertations on the peculiar nature and the Antiquity of this remarkable Style of Music, and on its importance in throwing light upon the early History and the origin of the Irish People." This is followed by a detailed statement of the contents of the book.

But this project never came to anything; and William Forde died in London in 1850. It is much to be regretted that his Essays were never written out or printed, for he had a profound and extensive knowledge of Irish music in all its varieties and relations. Among his papers, now in my keeping, I find some materials in the shape of short notes: but these cover only a very small part of his subject; and very little could be made out of them.

The "Pigot Collection" (represented in "Part IV.") was made by John Edward Pigot, an enthusiastic lover of the music, language, and literature of Ireland. I had the advantage of some acquaintance with him, which, though slight, has left a very pleasant memory of his gentle, agreeable personality. This collection consists of two large MS. volumes paged

consecutively, with many smaller ones: all containing airs written in by various persons, including Mr. Pigot himself. He gathered up some MSS., chiefly in Munster; but here, as in the Forde collection, the airs re-appear in the larger volumes. But Mr. Pigot was an earnest collector of Irish airs on his own account. He took down tunes from numerous singers and instrumentalists all over Munster and Connaught, and he copied from MSS. borrowed from friends, many of whom have graven their names on the modern history of Ireland. Among these were Thomas Davis, the noble-minded leading spirit in the Young Ireland movement; John Windele, the distinguished Cork antiquary; Denny Lane of Cork, a well-known literary man; James Hardiman, the historian of Galway and editor of "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy"; William Elliott Hudson, a devoted student and writer on Irish subjects, editor of the musical part of "The Citizen" (for which see Joyce's *Social History of Ancient Ireland*, vol. i., p. 593); and Miss Mary Eva Kelly, then of Portumna, better known as "Eva," the writer of many fine national ballads in "The Nation," who subsequently married Dr. Kevin Izod O'Dogherty, and who, happily, is still living in hale old age, and resides in Australia (see p. 381, below). It is to be observed that some of these contributors also gave airs to Forde.

I have said that Dr. Petrie took numerous airs from Mr. Pigot's books. I was obliged of course to avoid copying these, so far as they appear in print—as they do in great numbers—in Petrie's "Ancient Music of Ireland" and in the Stanford-Petrie Collection; a circumstance that very materially diminished the number of airs that I might otherwise have taken from this Pigot Collection.

"Narrative" Airs.—There is a class of $\frac{3}{4}$ -time airs—Petrie calls them "Narrative" airs—with a characteristic that marks them off with great distinctness, not merely on paper, but also to the ear—from others of the same time-measure. Their peculiarity consists in the structure of the bars, viz.:—Of the three crotchets (or crotchet values) of each bar, the middle one* is almost always either  or , while the first and third, though variable, are very often or generally . Thus the bars are commonly formed in either of the two following ways:—|    | or |    |: and the more nearly all the bars of the air conform to these models the more strongly marked is its "Narrative" character. But so long as the middle member of the bars all through is  or  the air will remain a

* These observations apply to the airs of this class in the present volume and to all others of the same class barred like them. But what is the middle crotchet in these tunes is the first crotchet in tunes with Petrie's barring. See on this point p. xiii, below.

"Narrative" one, instantly recognizable by the ear, no matter how the first and third may be varied.

Dr. Petrie, though he does not analyse tunes of this class, has noticed them in some very interesting observations (Ancient Music of Ireland, Introd. xvii, and p. 45), and has given them the above-mentioned designation of "Narrative" airs. This term indeed is not in the least descriptive of their characteristics; but inasmuch as they form so distinct a class that it is convenient to have some special term for them, and as I cannot invent anything better, I will retain Petrie's designation.

Observe, the formation of the bars after the manner described above constitutes the characteristic and essence of airs of this class; so that if the middle crotchet (or crotchet value) of the bars of any ordinary $\frac{3}{4}$ -time air be changed throughout to ♩ or ♩ (usually requiring some other trifling non-essential alterations in the first and third suitable to the altered form, merely to give the air a finish), it is converted into a Narrative one. For instance, No. 147, p. 74, below, written in the following manner, becomes a very good Narrative air:—

Narrative.



There are in use two different methods of barring Narrative airs, which are shown in No. 429, p. 241. Dr. Petrie always followed the mode shown by the light-line bars. On the other hand, William Forde—an excellent authority—deliberately adopted the other in his great MS. Collection. And different musicians use the one or the other, according to judgment or fancy. In Moore's Melodies there are half a dozen Narrative airs, some of which are barred one way, some the other.

In early life I used the barring shown by the heavy lines at p. 241; it came naturally, and I adopted it, as it were instinctively. But after I had become acquainted with Dr. Petrie, in veneration for him I adopted his method and followed it up in my "Ancient Irish Music." Now, however,

on carefully weighing the matter, I have come to the conclusion that the barring shown by the heavy lines falls in more naturally with the flow of these airs; and accordingly I have adopted it all through this book.

The above analysis and description of the structure of the bars of Narrative airs apply to those in this book, and to those elsewhere similarly barred; but with a slight and obvious modification, indicated in the note at p. xi, above, they hold good for the other barring. For no matter how these tunes are barred, they are still, all the same, "Narrative" airs. Airs of this class will be found in every collection of Irish Music: but they are seldom found outside Ireland.

The airs numbered as follows in this book are all "Narrative":—16, 102, 160, 166, 170, 177, 195, 226, 257, 300 ($\frac{6}{4}$: better $\frac{3}{4}$), 313, 317, 329, 331, 362 (partly), 365, 385, 386, 394, 395, 422, 429, 458, 505, 519 (partly), 567, 653 (partly), 656 (partly), 662, 680, 739, 786, 809, 822.

Origin of Various Settings.—We know that most or all Irish airs, like the popular airs of other countries, have various settings or versions. In most cases these are the result of gradual and almost unintentional alterations made by singers and players; just as the words and phrases of a living colloquial language become gradually altered. But it is highly probable—indeed, I might say it is certain—that some versions were directly and deliberately made by skilled musicians, who changed the time, or rate of movement, or both, with more or less change in the individual notes, often with the result of wholly altering the character of the air. In this manner—as I believe—one of each pair of the following tunes was formed from the other: but it is not easy to determine in each case which was the original:—Thaumamahulla (Moore's "Like the bright lamp that shone"), and Seanduine Crom (p. 13, below); Patrick's Day and the Bard's Legacy (Moore's "When in death I shall calm recline"); "Air bhrúach na Carraige báine" (Petrie's *Anc. Mus. of Irel.*, p. 142), and the Foggy Dew (p. 31, below); Sláinte Rígh Philip, and An Gamhuin geal bán (p. 12, below). And it would be easy to select other pairs similarly related. On this point, see also my "Ancient Irish Music," p. 22.

Irish and Danish Folk Music.*—Guided by the authority of our ecclesiastical and secular literature, we are able to follow with certainty the general history of Irish music to a period much earlier than the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. In our ancient records music

* This article was written by me for the *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, London (1906), and it is reprinted here from that *Journal*, with a few slight additions.

identifies itself so intimately with the life of the people of Ireland, that its history is as old as the history of the Irish race itself.

But to trace the history of particular airs is quite a different matter. The old Irish musicians, so far as we are aware, used no musical notation. It is certain, indeed, that the airs forming the great body of our music are of very remote antiquity; but we are not able to trace their exact form and setting farther back than the time when they first began to be written down. In this respect we are in exactly the same position as our Scotch neighbours, as it is well expressed by Mr. George Farquhar Graham in his Introduction to "Wood's Songs of Scotland":—"Unfortunately no musical MSS. containing Scottish airs have come down to us of an earlier date than the seventeenth century. We have, therefore, no positive proof of the actual existence of any of our own airs until that time, although we have no doubt that many of them existed in a simple and rudimentary state long previously."

I once attempted to trace the history of particular airs far behind the seventeenth century, being led to this investigation by a casual circumstance. More than twenty[-five] years ago an accomplished harper from Sweden, named Sjoden, visited these countries, and remained for some time in Dublin, where he charmed us all with his masterly rendering of national airs of various countries on his magnificent harp—more than seven feet high. Conversing with him one evening, he told me that he often heard the people of Copenhagen whistling and singing our "Cruiscin lán"—the Scotch "John Anderson, my Jo." I was impressed by this statement, and I thought that there might be other airs besides the "Cruiscin lán" common to the two countries. If this were found to be the case to any considerable extent, it seemed a fair inference that those particular airs were as old as the time when there was frequent inter-communication as well as intimate relations between the people of the two countries. This would bring us back to the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. For, so far as I am aware, there was no intercourse worth mentioning between the two nations after that period.

On this point we must remember that the relations of the Irish and Danes in old times were not always those of strife. There was much friendship and much intermarriage. We know all this direct from history; and the records are corroborated by an examination of family names. We have in Ireland numerous names of Danish origin, such as MacAuliffe, Danaber, Reynold, MacManus, Cotter (MacOttir), Doyle, Bruadar, &c. Only two months ago I saw over a shop door in Tramore the name *Brodar*—the very name of the Dane that killed Brian Boru at Clontarf.

On the other hand, I was lately told by a friend who had just returned

from a visit to Denmark, that he was much astonished at the number of names obviously Irish that he saw over shop doors in Copenhagen ; such as Niall, Kormak, Karthie, Fagan, &c.

If the names have survived in the two branches, why not the airs ? And I thought it just possible—indeed I half hoped—that in Danish collections of popular music I might light on versions of our “Molly Astore,” “Garryowen,” “The Boyne Water,” “Patrick’s Day,” “The Groves of Blarney,” &c.

In order to hunt this matter up, I procured from a well-known publisher in Copenhagen three fine collections of Scandinavian popular traditional music, mostly with words—Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian—containing 294 Danish melodies (including twelve of the Farøe Islands), 223 Swedish, and 161 Norwegian. All are accompanied with elaborate notes ; but it was tantalizing that I could not read one word of them ; for they are all—as well as the songs—in Danish.

The music I could read, however ; and I went over the three collections, air by air. In general character and structure the Danish airs approach nearer to Irish than do the Swedish and Norwegian ; but I may say at once that on the whole the result of my search was disappointing. I could find no considerable number of Danish airs either identical with, or closely resembling, those of Ireland. Yet I found a few.

First as regards the “Cruiscin lán,” which first set this inquiry in motion. It appears—according to a note in “Wood’s Songs of Scotland”—that in a collection of old popular *Swedish* ballads with airs published at Stockholm in 1816 there is an air “in which several passages remind us strongly of ‘John Anderson, my Jo’” (the “Cruiscin lán”). I have never seen this collection ; but among the Danish melodies in my possession I find the following simple air, of which the first part, consisting of four bars, may be said to be identical with the opening strain of our “Cruiscin lán.” But probably this air is not the same as the one mentioned above, as in the Swedish collection of 1816.

SJÆLLÆNDISK VISE.

Allegretto.

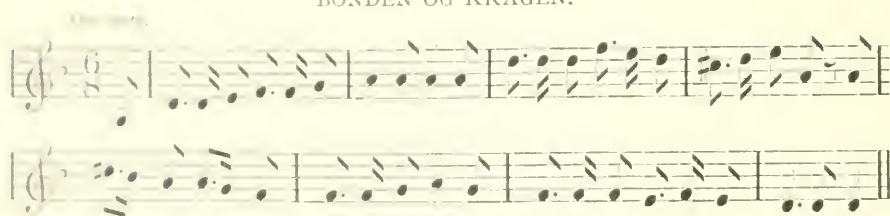


Towards the end of my Danish collection, there are eight airs all brought together, without words ; all called “reels”—evidently dance music—which

are startlingly like Irish and Scotch hornpipes and reels; rather, indeed, identical with them as a class. One, I know, is absolutely the same as one of our Irish hornpipes. I have known it all my life, and in early days I often heard it called "The Blacksmith's Hornpipe." It will be found at page 52, below.

The last specimen I will select is a very graceful short Danish melody. I give it as an example of those Danish airs that closely resemble ours in structure and sentiment; though I cannot call to mind any of our airs that can be identified with it. Yet, if instead of being found in a Danish collection, it happened to be taken down from the singing of an Irish or Scotch peasant, it would be at once accepted as an Irish or Scotch air; only if it were Irish there would be fewer of the quavers dotted, and the C in the fourth bar would not be sharpened.*

BONDEN OG KRAGEN.



ONE VERSE OF SONG:

Da bonden han vilde ad Skoven gaee
 Tral-lal-le-ra fal-de-ra fal-de-ri-ra.
 Han der-en Krage hop-pen-de-saae
 Tral-lal-le-ra fal-de-ra tral-le-ra.

My acquaintance with Scandinavian popular music is too slight to enable me to pronounce with certainty on the eight "reels" above mentioned; but I am under the impression they are not Danish at all. They may possibly have been brought to Denmark in recent times by an Irish fiddler or piper, or learned here and brought northwards by a Danish musician. We know but too well that many of our best airs have been abstracted and appropriated in a similar manner by other non-Irish collectors (see p. xxii, below). But whatever may have been their origin, it seems to me evident that all are quite modern, so that they afford no help in our main inquiry. There remains then only the "Cruiscin lán." If many such instances had been discovered, we might be in a position to draw a conclusion; but a single air will not enable us to form an opinion. I have said enough

* I think it probable that this C was put in by the musician who took down the air, and not by the Danish peasant who sang it for him. See next page.

however to show that this matter is well worth a more careful investigation; but whoever wishes to follow it farther with any hope of success must examine not merely one but every collection of Scandinavian folk music that can be procured.

No Sharp Seventh in Minor Airs.—The correct native Irish singers and players never sharpened the seventh note of airs in the minor mode. This sharp seventh, whenever it is found in printed Irish music, is the work of modern musicians: it does not exist in old Irish airs. Accordingly, in this book the seventh note of minor airs is never sharpened. But, on the other hand, the sixth note of Irish airs in the minor is often sharpened.

[The following short Article—the result of considerable investigation—is reprinted from my book, “A Social History of Ancient Ireland” (vol. i, p. 587): published in 1903.]

Harmony among the Ancient Irish.—The ancient Irish must have used harmony, as appears from Giraldus’s mention—in the passage quoted at p. 573 [Social Hist. of Anc. Irel., vol. i.]—of the little strings tinkling under the deeper tones of the base strings: and this is borne out by several words and expressions in native Irish writings. There are at least seven native words for concerted singing or playing, indicating how general was the custom:—*cómseinnm*, *coicetul*, *aídbse*, *cepóc* or *cepóg*, *claiss*, *clais-cetul*, and *foacanáid*.

Cómseinnm is from *cóm*, ‘together,’ and *seinnm*, ‘playing’: ‘playing together.’ This word occurs in an instructive illustrative note by the commentator on the *Amra* (for which see the Soc. Hist. of Anc. Irel. or the Smaller Soc. Hist.) explaining *ceis* (kesh), in one of its applications, as “a small *cruit* or harp that accompanies a large *cruit* in *comseinnm* or concerted playing”:* showing a harmonic combination of instrumental music.

As *cómseinnm* was applied to the music of instruments, *coicetul* refers to the voice, meaning, as it is explained in Cormac’s Glossary (p. 43), ‘singing together,’ from *cetul*, ‘singing.’

When the poets had been freed at Drumketta by the intercession of St. Columba (Soc. Hist., vol. i., p. 456), the Preface to the *Amra* tells us that “they made a mighty music [by all singing together] for Columba [to honour him]: and *aídbse* [ive-shě] is the name of that music.” And in another part of the Preface it is said that “they used to make that music [i.e. *aídbse*] singing simultaneously” [*i n-oenfhocht*].† In one of the old glosses of the *Amra*, it is stated that among the people of Alban or

* Stokes in Rev. Celt., xx. 165.

† Rev. Celt., xx. 43. See also O’Curry, Man. & Cust., II. 246.

Scotland the *ardhu* or chorus-singing was called *ceppóg* [keppoge]. But this word was used in Ireland too. Ferloga, in the Tale of Mac Dathó's Pig, says to Conobar:—"The young women and girls of Ulster shall sing a *ceppóg* round me each evening"; and Amergin the poet, lamenting the death of Aithirne (Soc. Hist., vol. i., p. 453), says:—"I will make a *ceppóg* here, and I will make his lamentation." It appears from all these references that the *ardhu* or *ceppóg* was a funeral song.

Clais [clash], Lat. *classis*, means a 'choir,' a number of persons singing together †. In one of the Zeuss Glosses persons are mentioned as singing the Psalms *for clais*, ‡ i.e. 'in choir'; and from this again comes *clais-cetul*, 'choir-singing's.

The Latin *succino* (i.e. *sub-cano*, 'I sing under,' or in subordination to another—'I accompany') is glossed in Zeuss (429, 16; 880, 27), by the Irish *foacanim* which has precisely the same meaning, from *foa*, 'under'; and *canta* 'I sing'. The existence of the native *foacanim* indicates very clearly that it was usual for one person to accompany another. Moreover, 'singing under' (*foa*), or subordinate to, another, could not mean singing in unison or in octave, but what we now mean by the expression "singing a second," i.e. in simple harmony.

Ceól, 'music,' and *binnius*, 'melody—sweetness,' are, in the old writings, distinguished from *cuibdius*, this last being a further development, to be understood no doubt as harmony. Thus in an ancient passage quoted by Prof. Kuno Meyer in "Hibernia Minora" (p. 27), it is said that "David added *binnius* and *cuibdius* to the Psalms," meaning apparently that he put melody to the words, and harmony to the melody. And farther on in the same passage:—The Holy Spirit inspired in Asaph's mind the *ceól* or 'music' [i.e. the melody merely] and the sense that are in the Psalm; "and David added *cuibdius* or harmony to them." That *cuibdius* means 'harmony' appears also from O'Davoren's Glossary—which was compiled from ancient authorities—where he defines *riun*, a certain kind or arrangement of music, as [*ceól*] *co cuibdius ina aghaidh*, [music] "with *cuibdius* against it." It is to be noticed, too, that in Cormac's Glossary (p. 163, 2), the word *lymphonta* is used as applicable to the music of the timpan.

In some of the above examples—though not in all—the "singing or playing together" might mean merely in unison or in octaves; but coupling all the Irish expressions with that of Cambrensis, we must conclude that

† O'Davoren, *Min. & Cust.*, (i. 371, 373, 374). It. Texts, i. 100, 105, 106; Hib. Minora, 64, 13.

‡ Woulfe, in It. Texts, i. 425. "Class."

§ O'Dav. Gloss., 23. "Choir."

¶ Seeley, *Univ. SS.*, 1891, 3143.

‡ O'Dav. Glossary, 110; O'Dav. *Min. & Cust.*, ii. 252.

the Irish harpers and singers used harmony, though no doubt it was of a very simple kind.

The Various Kinds of Dance Tunes.—"The Dance tunes that prevailed in the Munster counties, twenty-five or thirty years ago [i.e. about 1845], were chiefly the Reel, the Double Jig, the Single Jig, the Hop Jig, and the Hornpipe. The Reel was in common, or two-four, time. The Double Jig was a six-eight time tune, the bars of which usually consisted of six quavers in two triplets. The Single Jig was also six-eight time; but here the triplet of the Double Jig was generally, though not invariably, represented by a crotchet followed by a quaver. The Hop Jig, or, as it was also called, Slip Jig, or Slip Time, was a nine-eight time tune (almost peculiar to Ireland). The Hornpipe was in common, or two-four, time; it was played not quite so quickly as the Reel, and was always danced by a man unaccompanied by a partner. All these dance tunes, except the last, took their names from the manner in which they were danced. Besides these, there were 'Set Dance' tunes, *i.e.* tunes with some peculiarity of time, measure, or length, which required a special sort of dance, that had to be learned and practised for each particular tune. A Set Dance was always danced by a man without a partner."* (See note †, p. viii, above.)

Pace of Movement.—"In connexion with the subject of time or movement, I will venture an opinion that our song tunes are generally played and sung (by present-day performers) too slowly: while, on the other hand, the dance music is often played too fast; and in both cases the sentiment of the air is injured—sometimes utterly destroyed. To understand and appreciate a song tune, the ear of the listener must, as it were, catch the pace of the melody, which is extremely difficult when it is played too slowly, and still more so if it be overloaded with harmony. And in this manner a tune exquisitely beautiful when understood, may be made to a listener—even though he be a skilled musician—quite unintelligible, and devoid of all sentiment. On this subject Bunting makes the following very correct and interesting observations:—"The world is too apt to judge of our music as of a peculiarly plaintive character, partaking of our national feelings in a political point of view, and melancholy in proportion to the prospects of its composers. Nothing can be more erroneous than this idea. When the meeting of the harpers took place at Belfast in 1792, the editor, being selected to note down the tunes, was surprised to find that all the melodies played by the harpers were performed with a much greater degree of quickness than he had till then been accustomed to. The harpers made those airs assume quite a new character, spirited, lively, and energetic,

* From Preface to my "Ancient Irish Music" (1872).

certainly according much more with the national disposition than the languid and tedious manner in which they were, and too often still are, played among fashionable public performers, in whose efforts at realizing a false conception of sentiment the melody is very often so attenuated as to be all but lost.' (Ancient Music of Ireland, page 18.)**

Total Number of Irish Airs.—It may be interesting to give some estimate of the total number of different Irish airs, approximating as closely as the nature of the inquiry will permit.

Huntings three volumes (1796, 1809, 1840) contain about 295 airs: Petrie's "Ancient Music of Ireland," 182: Hoffmann's edition of another part of the Petrie Collection, 202: my "Ancient Irish Music," 100: the tunes in these four collections (with some exceptions) not having been published before, and not repeating each other. I estimate—after a careful examination—that in "Stanford-Petrie" there are 1000 airs not printed elsewhere. Making allowance for some overlapping in these five collections, we may take it that they contain at least 1600 distinct airs. Captain Francis O'Neill's two volumes contain a gross number of 2851. The great majority of these tunes are however well known, and have been previously published: but I believe that 500 of them appear there for the first time. This present book of mine contains 842 not previously published. As to the 90 publications given by Dr. Grattan Flood (p. v, above)—leaving out of consideration those of them mentioned here—by far the greatest number of their airs have been repeated many times,—printed over and over. Here our estimate must be a somewhat vague one: but I suppose that in the whole of these volumes we could pick out 200 airs not found duplicated elsewhere.

All this means a pretty safe sum-total of about 3100 different Irish airs now in print.

There still remain, *in known mss. within reach*, abundant materials for another volume of hitherto unpublished airs at least as large as this, which may be obtained from the following sources:—

1. A large number are to be found in my MSS., and in the Forde and Paget Collections, which I have not used up, and which I could lay my hands on at any moment.

2. I have reason to believe that among Dr. Petrie's MS. papers there are numerous airs not yet printed.

3. In Trinity College, Dublin, there are several MS. volumes of airs collected by the late Rev. Canon Goodman of Skibbereen, Co. Cork. And although a large proportion of these have been already printed, a good number remain suitable for the new volume.

* From Preface to my "Ancient Irish Music."

4. For several years past the members of the Dublin Féis Ceóil have been taking down, from pipers, fiddlers, and singers, airs that were considered to be unpublished. All this collection remains, either in MS. or in phonograph: but of course it would be necessary to sift the contents carefully.

5. In the National Library, Dublin, there is what is called "The Joly Collection," an immense number of books of Irish music, nearly all printed. I have looked at, but not examined, these; and I believe a large proportion are the very books mentioned in Dr. Grattan Flood's List. Still a careful search would probably bring to light a number of tunes that have not yet been published, or published only in obscure books, now practically inaccessible.

These five sources would, I fully believe, yield 1000 airs not printed before, which would fill a volume about the same size as this.

Outside of all these, there still remain two other sources from which supplies could be drawn for still another volume as large as the last, and containing fully as many airs.

1. I have good reason to believe that there are, in several parts of the country, in possession of private persons, numerous old MS. books in which, it is certain, many unpublished airs would be found, just as I found many in the MSS. sent to me from various places, as described in the body of this book.

2. All through the country there are persons—especially old people—who can sing, whistle, or play vast numbers of airs that have never yet been written down.

Here are two regions awaiting exploitation and careful collecting. The mines indeed are not so rich as when they were worked by Bunting, Petrie, Forde, Pigot, and myself; but sufficient golden ore remains to reward the labours of intelligent and judicious collectors.*

* Much good work in this direction has been done—and is still doing—by the "Irish Folk Song Society," established in London, of which the founder and the moving spirit is the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Milligan Fox. The Journal of this Society—of which several numbers have been published—contains a great deal of interesting matter relating to Irish Music and Songs, and many tunes taken down from the people in various parts of the country. This Society well deserves to be supported and encouraged.

There is also an English "Folk Song Society" (London), of which I think the chief inspiration is the Hon. Secretary, Miss Lucy Broadwood. They have done splendid work in the collection of English Folk Music and Songs, of which the outcome is the "Journal of the Folk Song Society," containing numerous Folk tunes and songs and much English Folk Music literature. I notice this publication here because it contains many Irish airs taken down chiefly from Irish people resident in England, but partly also collected here in Ireland—all acknowledged as Irish, but most already printed.

When these two additional volumes have been published—as I think they ultimately will be—we shall have a grand total of more than 5000 different Irish airs in print.

In this connexion I must remind the reader that Ireland was, for generations, down to times within our own memory, the hunting-ground of Scotch, English, and even Continental collectors, who have appropriated scores upon scores of our airs—and these generally among the best—and made them their own. And besides this, the great Irish harpers of the seventeenth and previous centuries were in the habit of making long visitations among the kings and chiefs of Scotland, playing their best compositions, which were eagerly picked up; and there the melodies remain to this day, and are found in every collection of Scotch airs.

The editors of future volumes will however have no easy task:—first, to determine what tunes are worth preserving; and secondly, and much the hardest part of their work, to avoid—so far as lies in their power—publishing what has been already printed.

We have a well-sustained and fairly continuous history of Irish Music from the earliest period of historical record and tradition; and of course the art of musical composition must have been cultivated from the very beginning. That the practice of composition continued down to a late period we know from our historical and biographical records. In my opinion it began to decline in the eighteenth century; flickered on fitfully into the beginning of the next; and finally became extinguished in 1847, the year of the great famine. But although the composers became extinct, or ceased composing, a very large part of their work—as we have seen—still remains.

“In early times they had no means of writing down music; and musical compositions were preserved in the memory and handed down by tradition from generation to generation; but in the absence of written record many were lost. It was only in the seventeenth or eighteenth century that people began to collect Irish airs from singers and players, and to write them down.”* It is highly probable that the airs that have been lost in the long lapse of time would at least equal in number those that have been preserved to us.

From this brief survey we may obtain an idea of the vast profusion of Irish melodies; and I think it may be fairly claimed that Ireland has produced and preserved a larger volume of high-class Folk Music than any other nation in the world.

P. W. J.

Dublin, 20th Jan., 1909

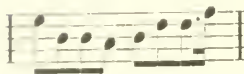
* Joyce's "Smaller Social History of Ancient Ireland," p. 292.

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CORRECTIONS.

47. Immediately before the last bar of "Dainty Davy" (p. 48) insert this bar:—



141. Middle par., first line; for '34' read '35'.

150. Middle par., first line; for '8' read '9', and for 'Repining' read 'Pining'.

156. "The Eagle's Whistle": correct bar 7 of First Part to this:—



245 and 300. "The Miller's Maggot": "Nobe's Maggot." Instead of "Maggot," a dram,' read:—"Maggot," a whim or fancy, a fanciful air, a dram.'

297. Par. near top, first line: for '5' read '6'.

299. Par. at bottom, first line; for '87' read '88'.

APPEAL FOR IRISH MUSIC.

ON two occasions—the first some years ago, the second last November—I made an appeal in the Newspapers to all who possessed MSS. of Irish Music to send them to me, that I might copy those airs I deemed worthy of preservation, with a view to publication. The results in both cases were most satisfactory. I received MSS.—either directly to myself, or indirectly through my friends—from places all over Ireland; and I may add that, to all who requested it, I returned their MSS.

This is a similar appeal; for notwithstanding all the MSS. sent to me on the two former occasions, I have reason to believe that numerous others still remain through Ireland. Those who respond will be doing a good work for their country; for the airs sent to me are sure to be published, and thereby preserved; whereas if they remain scattered where they are, they run a good chance of being lost to Ireland.

I will, as before, return MSS. to those who desire it, and will, of course, acknowledge in print in all cases, as I have done throughout this book.

P. W. JOYCE.

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PART I.

THE JOYCE COLLECTION.

OLD IRISH FOLK MUSIC AND SONGS.

1. *MO CHREACH A'S MO DHÍACHAIRT*: MY SORROW AND TROUBLE. (Equivalent to "alack and well-a-day.")

From the singing of Joe Martin of Kilfinane Co. Limerick, 1852. He sang an Irish song to it, of which this is the first verse:—

Mo chreach a's mo dhíachairt gan ceó draoichte air na bóithribh,
A's go siubhalfhainn san oídhche le'm chroidhe geal na glóire.
Mo phócaidhe bheith a líonadh le geal phísidhe cróineach,
Ná sásacht súd dom' inntinn agus lúidhe síos le cóbach.

Alas and alas, that there is not a fairy-fog on the roads,
And that I might walk in the night with thy fair sweetheart of glory.
If my pockets were to be filled with white crown pieces—
That would not content my mind, and to be married to a clown.



2. *RÁISIONA BHL'-A-HUBHLA*: THE RACES OF BALLYHOOLY.

From memory, as learned in my young days. The Irish song that gave name to this fine air—of which I heard fragments in my youth—commemorated the fate of a number of peasants who were shot down in the neighbourhood of Ballyhooly near Fermoy Co. Cork, while resisting the collection of tithes, early in the last century (about 1825). The poet utters a prophecy, which has come to pass, that the particular church for which these tithes were assessed would be levelled, till not one stone remained on another.

I have a copy of the whole song written in English letters phonetically; but it is such gibberish that I can make nothing of it. The first line however is plain

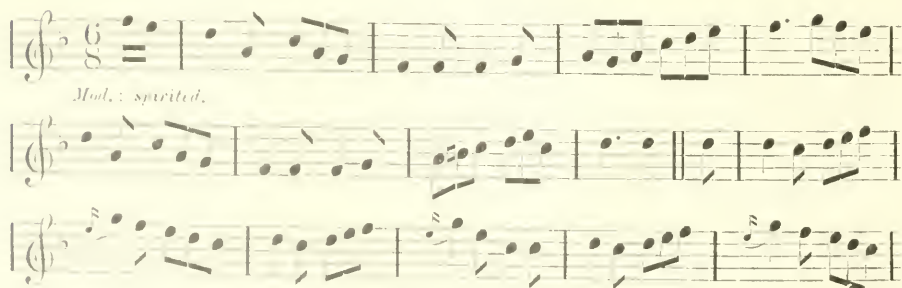
enough :—Tá sgeul agum an innsinnt s'ná smuainim gur breug é : “I have a tale to tell, and I don't think it is a false one.”

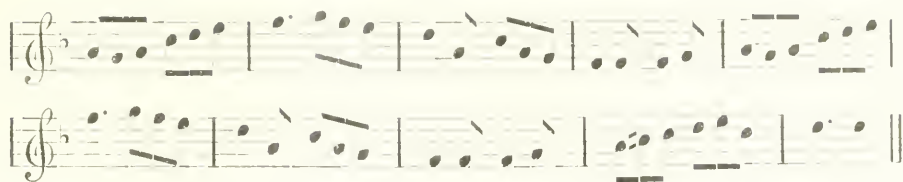


3. THE ORANGEMAN.

In the year 1852 when I was busy drawing up from my memory, for Dr. Petrie, all the airs I could think of—and for that purpose commonly carried a bit of music paper in my waistcoat pocket—I woke up from sleep one night whistling this fine air in a dream : an air which I had forgotten for years. Greatly delighted, I started up : a light, a pencil, and bit of paper, and there was the first bar securely captured : the bird was, as it were, caught and held by the tail. I have never seen this air written elsewhere, except in one Co. Limerick MS., where the setting however is inferior to mine. I give it here from ancient memory.

Oh, didn't you hear of the glorious news
That happened at Ballyhooly :
Dan Tutty the gauger was caught and thrashed
By Paddy and Timothy Dooly.





4. MORAN'S RETURN.

Written down from singers about 1844.



5. SO NOW COME AWAY.

Taken down from a ballad-singer while she was in the act of singing at the fair
of Trim fifty years ago.



6. *PILIB RUADH*: RED PHILIP.

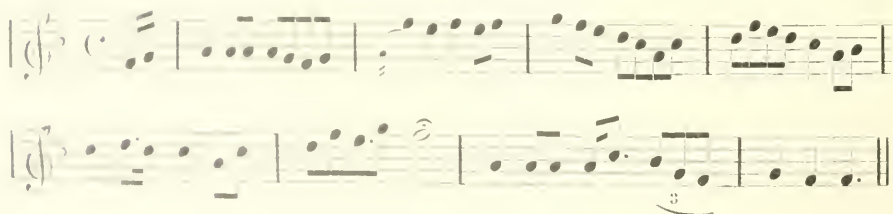
Phil Gleeson of Coolfree near Ballyorgan in the Co. Limerick, from whom I took down this air (about 1852), had a memory richly stored with Irish airs, songs, and folklore. He was a noted singer, and such an inimitable whistler that at some distance he was able to puzzle the best ear as to what sort of *musical instrument* he played.



7. CORK AND SWEET MUNSTER.

I have known this tune from my earliest days. There was a song to it of which I remember but one verse:—

I travelled this country round and round,
From city to city and seaport town;
But of all the fine places that ever I did see,
Cork and sweet Munster, ochone, for me.



8. *AN BOUCHAIL BREOIGHTE: THE SICK BOY.* HORNPIPE AND
SONG AIR. ("Sick," *i.e.*, sick in love).

From my own memory—as I learned it in childhood.



9. *PADDY'S GREEN ISLAND.* SONG AIR (about the same pace as Moore's
"Dear Harp of my Country.")

This graceful air I copied from a MS. lent me by the late John O'Daly, of Anglesea Street, Dublin.



OLD IRISH FOLK MUSIC AND SONGS.

10. THE ANGLER.

There was a song to this air which was well known in Limerick, about a young man who went out fishing, and met with better luck than he expected. I have a full-sheet copy of the whole song, but the first and last verses will be sufficient here. I write the air from memory.

As I roved out one morning down by a river side,
To catch some trout and salmon where the stream did gently glide;
Down by the brook my way I took and there by chance did spy
A lovely maid all in the shade, who smiled and passed me by.

With hand in hand we walked along down by her father's place;
Her parents they were satisfied when first they saw my face.
The banns were quickly published and joined we were for life:
So instead of trout or salmon—O, I caught a virtuous wife.

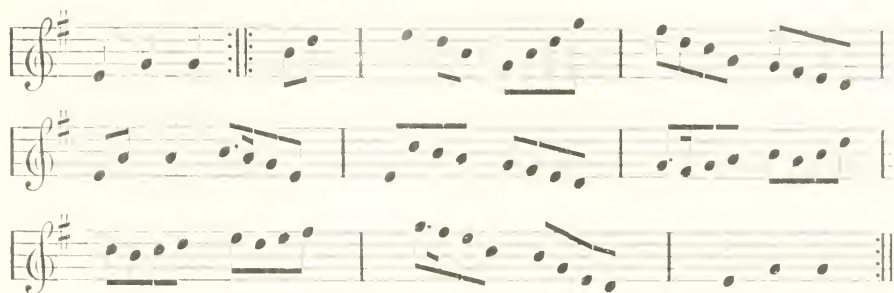
I often heard the Limerick people sing to this air Byron's two-verse poem beginning "I saw thee weep."



11. TOM IS GONE TO THE FAIR. HORNSPIPE.

From memory, as I heard it played in early days.



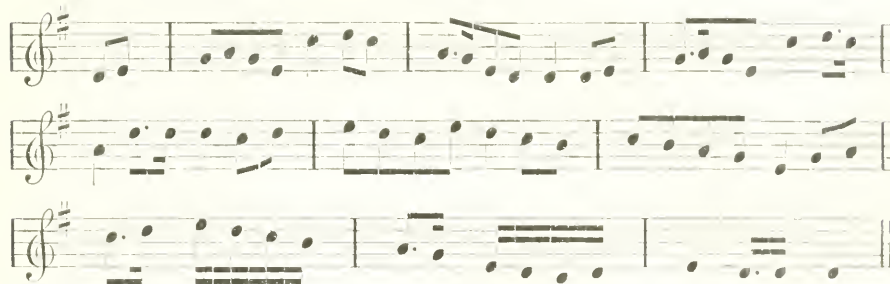


12. SWEET COLLEEN RUE.

I learned this air from hearing it often sung at home when I was a child. I find an almost identical setting in Forde's Collection, given to him by Mr. Deasy of Clonakilty Co. Cork.

One evening fresh and fair as I roved to take the air,
Down by the pleasant water my way I did pursue ;
Advancing by its side where the stream did gently glide,
'Twas there I first espied my sweet Colleen Rue.

Mod. : rather slow.



13. THE RIVER ROE. SONG AIR.

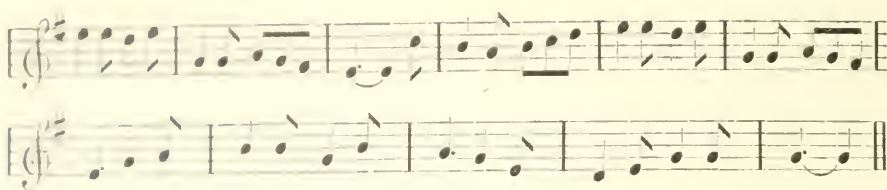
Written from memory. I have a copy of the song all about a lady who went "a-bathing in the Roe." The air is also called "Henry the Sailor Boy," about whom there was a song:—

"The captain gave him fifty pounds the moment he did land ;
"And that day young Henry married was unto his Mary Ann."

The River Roe is in Derry county; and this is an Ulster air.

Moderate time.

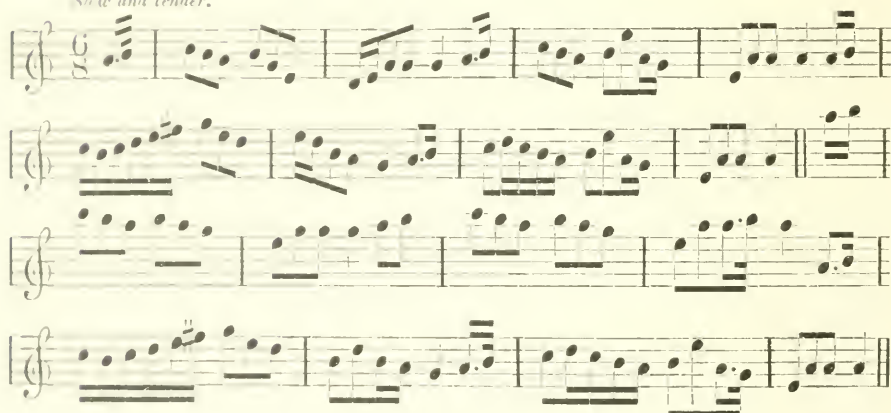




14. MY SORROW IS GREATER THAN I CAN TELL.

From James Keane of Kilkee, 1876.

Slow and tender.

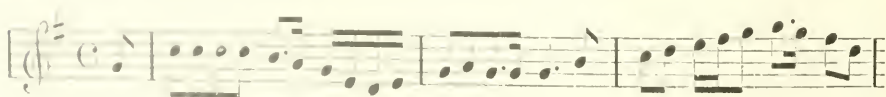


15. THE NORTH OF AMERIKAY.

Learned when I was a child and now written from memory. There was a song to it which was composed during the American war, as this first verse indicates:—

The seventeenth of June last by the dawning of the day,
 Our ship she cast an anchor and landed in the bay;
 Then our brave heroes bold they quickly marched away
 To fight the Boston rebels in the north of Amerikay.

"The Battle of King's Bridge," the English version of the words of this song, may be seen in the "Journal of the Folk Song Society," Vol. II, p. 90. The air bears some slight resemblance to mine.



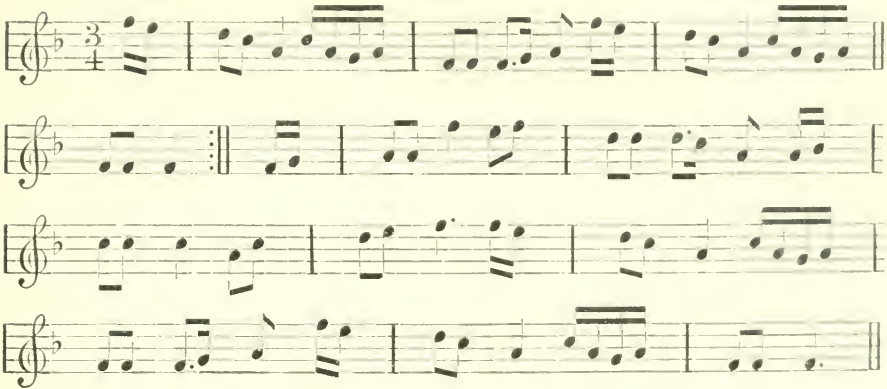


16. *AN GADAIGHE GRÁNA* (The Goddhee Grawna): THE UGLY THIEF (i.e. Death).

Written from memory, as I learned it at home when a child. There is a good setting in the Pigot Collection, where it is called "Castle Hyde," showing that that celebrated song was sometimes sung to it. There was an Irish song to this air in which Shauneen gives an account of his encounter with Death. The following is a free translation of the first verse into Munster-English dialect.

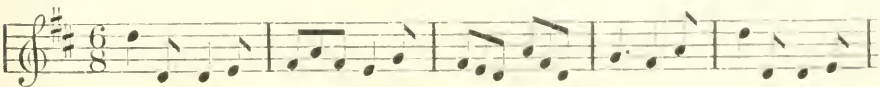
On the road to Lim'rick as I walked fornenst it,
 I met ould Death by a ditch side there :
 The ugly thief with his poll against it,
 Looked down on me with a dreadful stare.
 "Welcome poor Shauneen, how far are you walking ?
 I'm a long time stalking by the ditch for you."
 "Wisha my bones are exhausted, and there's no use in talking,
 My heart is scalded, a Wirrastru."

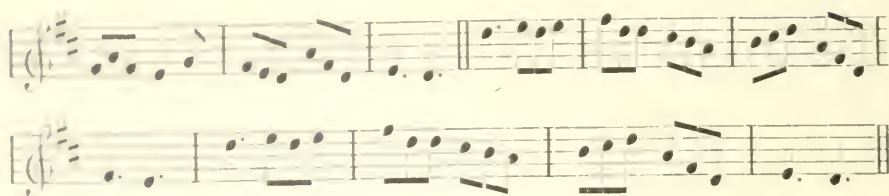
Rather slow.



17. LIGHTLY TRIPPING. A SET DANCE.

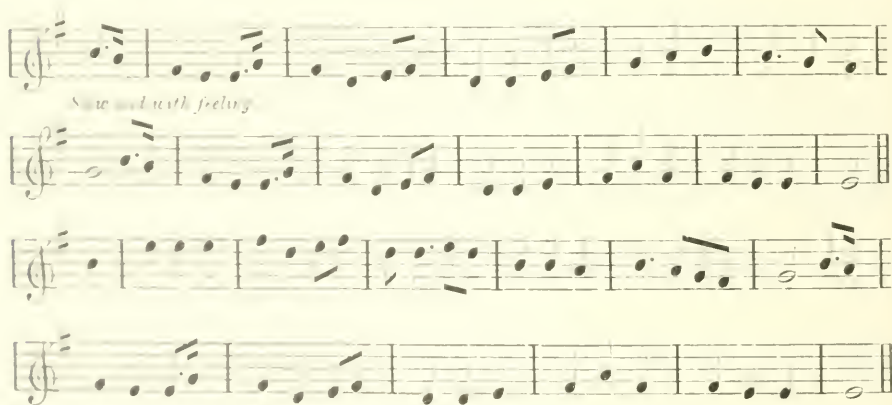
Taken down from Ned Goggin, the professional fiddler of Glenosheen Co. Limerick, about 1848.





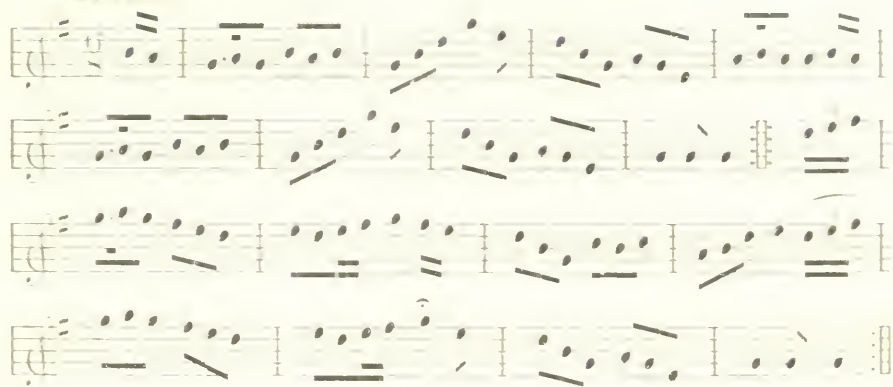
18. AN GAMHUIN GEAL BAN: THE FAIR-HAIRED WHITE-SKINNED CALF (a term of endearment for a girl).

Taken down more than fifty years ago from James Buckley, a Limerick piper. It is a version of *Sleinte Rígh Philip*, an air which has been already printed more than once: but this setting is so good and so characteristic that it deserves to be preserved. I have an Irish song to this air all about the *Gamhuin Geal bán*. (See "The Priest and the Rake" farther on).



19. CHALK SUNDAY. JIG AND SONG TUNE.

From Davy Condon, thatcher, of Ballyorgan, 1844. Chalk Sunday was the Sunday after Shrove Tuesday, when those young men who should have been married, but were not, were marked with a heavy streak of chalk on the back of the *Sunday suit*, by boys who carried bits of chalk in their pockets for that purpose, and lay in wait for the bachelors. The marking was done while the congregation were assembling for Mass: and the young fellow ran for his life, always laughing, and often singing the concluding words of some suitable doggerel such as:—"And you are not married though Lent has come!" This custom prevailed in some parts of Limerick, where I saw it in full play: but I think it has died out.

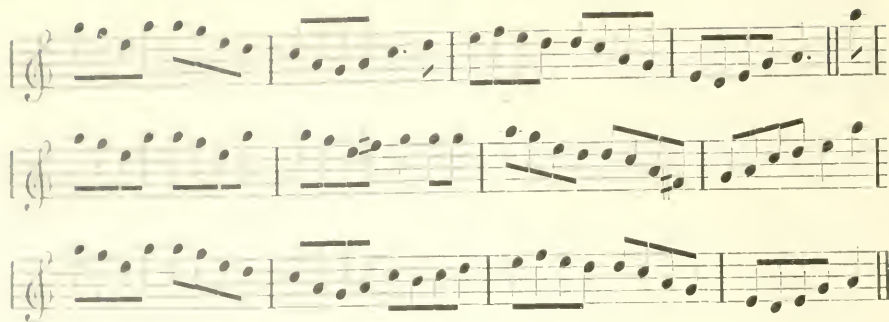


20 AN UNNOTING ROOM: THE SPOILED OLD MAN



21 JOHNNY FROM GANDSEY 92 Gandsey





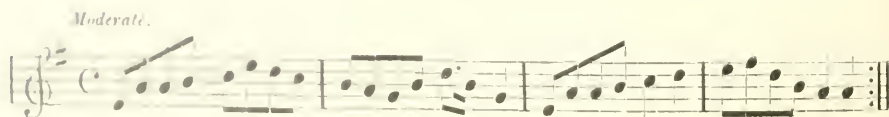
22. THE PIPER'S WIFE.

From the singing of Mrs. Mary MacSweeney of Glenosheen Co. Limerick, about 1848.



23. THE WEDDING RING. SONG AIR.

From Lewis O'Brien of Coolfree : 1852.





24. THE LOVER'S STORY.

From the singing of Joe Martin of Kilfinane Co. Limerick.

With feeling.



25. CHERISH THE LADIES. JIG.

Taken down from the playing of Ned Goggin the Glenosheen fiddler.



26. *SLÁN LEAT GO BRÁTH*: FAREWELL FOR EVERMORE.

From Norry Dwane of Glenosheen, 1846.

Slow and sad.

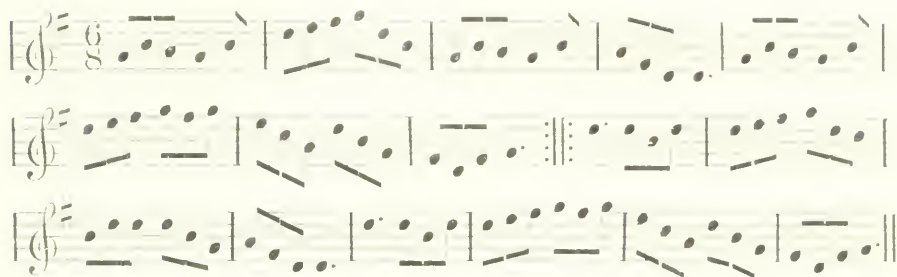
27. THE SILVERMINES. REEL.

Written from memory. In Stanford-Petrie there is a different reel (or a very different setting) with this name, which was given to Petrie by me. Silvermines in Tipperary near Nenagh.



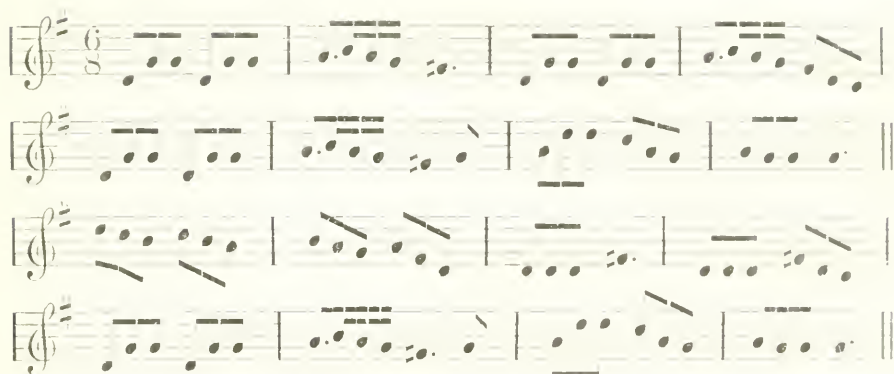
28. DOWN WITH THE TITHES: also called The Widow and Maiden.

Written from memory. I find a copy also in a very old MS.



29. THE BALL AT THE HOP. Jig.

Taken down about 1850 from John Hickey of Ballyorgan Co. Limerick.

30. *MACHAIRIDHE'S NÓINIVIDHE*: FIELDS AND DAISIES.

From Bill Sheedy, life-player: Fanningstown Co. Limerick: 1844.

Mod.





31. KNOCKFIERNA.

Taken down about 1851 from the singing of Joe Martin of Kilfinane Co. Limerick. Knockfierna, a well known *fairy hill* rising from the great Limerick plain, on the summit of which the fairy king Donn Fierna has his palace.

Slow.



32. THE KERRY JIG.

I learned this jig in early days from hearing pipers and fiddlers play it; and it has remained in my memory ever since.





33. YE NATIVES OF THIS NATION.

To this air there was a violent political and Jacobite song, composed by a man named Barnaby O'Hanlon, a turner, a native of Donegal, who settled down and worked in our neighbourhood for some time. I learned both air and words in my childhood by merely hearing the people about me singing the song. I give two half verses here; but I have a full copy.

Our ancestors formerly great valour they have shown,
Great exploits for Ireland's rights since James's war was known;
Likewise the valiant Sarsfield his losses did bemoan,
When he reproved St. Ruth for the losing of Athlone.

Referring to the destruction of King William's artillery train by Sarsfield (Lord Lucan), during the siege of Limerick, this peasant song has the following striking passage:—

We rode with brave Lord Lucan before the break of day,
Until we came to Kinnagown where the artillery lay;
Then God He cleared the firmament, the moon and stars gave light,
And for the battle of the Boyne we had revenge that night.*

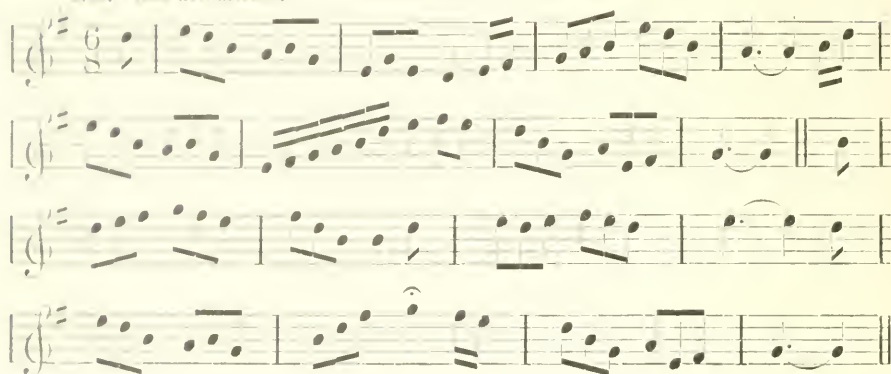


* See the ballad in "Ballads of Irish Chivalry," by Robert D. Joyce, M.D., p. 11. Any History of Ireland will tell about the loss of Athlone and the destruction of King William's siege train.

34 MY DARLING IS ON HIS WAY HOME. SONG AIR: not a Jig.

Taken down in my young days from Norry Dwane of Glenosheen.

Mod. con. well marked.



35. THE CROWS ARE COMING HOME.

From the whistling of Phil Gleeson of Coolfree: about 1851.

36 LAMENT FOR *DONOVCH AN BHAILE-AODHA* (Donogh of Ballea).

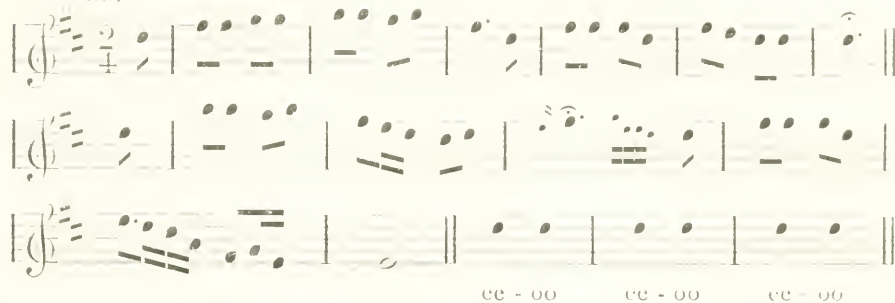
From the whistling and singing of Phil Gleeson: 1851.

The Irish ode, or lament, of which the following is the air, was sung for me by Phil Gleeson: but there is no need to give it here, as it will be found in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. ii., p. 272. It was composed by a well-known Munster Gaelic poet of the 18th century, Timothy O'Sullivan, commonly called *Tioblaí Ghriothaí*, "Timothy of the Irish Compositions," to commemorate the death of Donogh Mac Carthy of Ballea Castle near Carrigaline, 8 miles S.-E. of Cork.

As to Phil Gleeson's traditional manner of singing the ode—which he learned

of course from older people:—To the note D at the end of the air he hanted, in monotone, a sort of *cronaun* consisting simply of the continued repetition of the two vowel sounds, *ee-oo ee-oo ee-ee*, &c., which was prolonged *ad libitum*: the change from *ee* to *oo* being made at intervals of about a crotchet. Occasionally he ended the *cronaun* by suddenly sliding his voice up to the third, fifth, or octave—a common practice in laments, nurse tunes, plough whistles, &c.

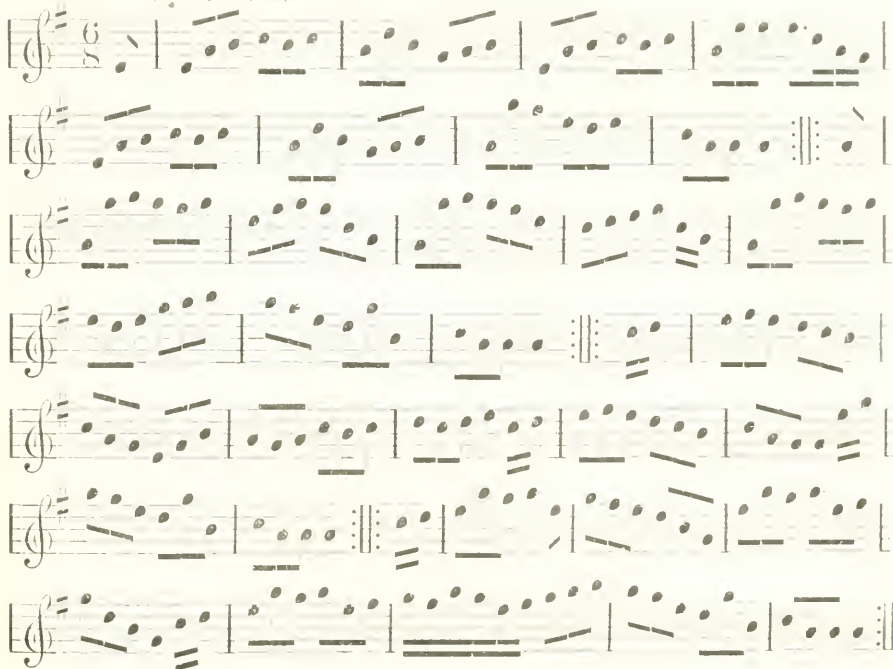
Slow.



37. BILLY FROM BRUFF: JIG AND SONG AIR.

From Jack Sheedy: a very old man: 1849. Bruff in Co. Limerick.

Moderately and gracefully.



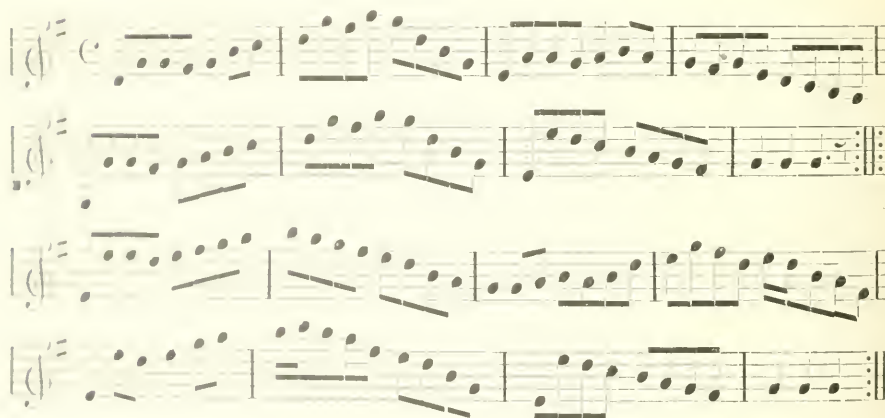
38 O, *TABHAIR DILAM DO LÁMH*: O, GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

From the singing of Norry Dwane of Glenosheen: 1857.



39. ARDLAMON (in Limerick): HORNSPIPE.

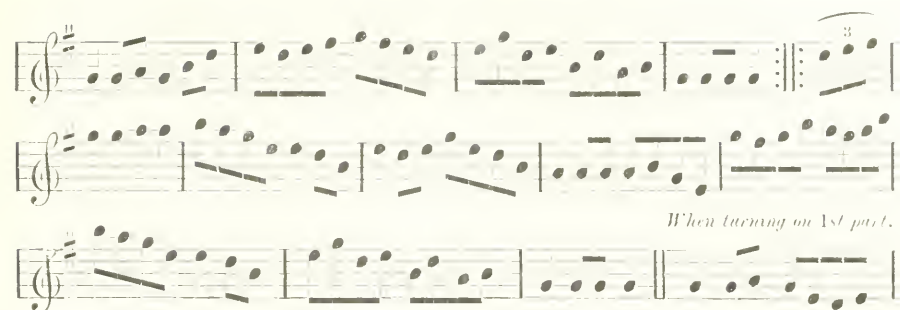
From Davy Cleary, piper and dancing-master, Kilfinane: 1842.



40 DWYER'S HORNSPIPE.

This was a great favourite as a dance tune, and I learned it in boyhood from pipers and fiddlers.





41. IF ANY OF THOSE CHILDREN OF HUNGER SHALL CRY.

This is a song of the time of the American War of Independence. I learned it when a child from hearing it often sung: and two verses (with the air) have remained in my memory.

If any of those children of hunger shall cry,
I hope you will relieve them, that are now standing by;
I hope you will relieve them from hunger thirst and cold,
While we are in America like jolly soldiers bold—

With a fal-lal-li-da.

If any such news should come into this land
That we valiant soldiers are sunk in the sand,
Which causes many fair maidens' hearts for to weep,
Let them hope that our vessel will return o'er the deep—

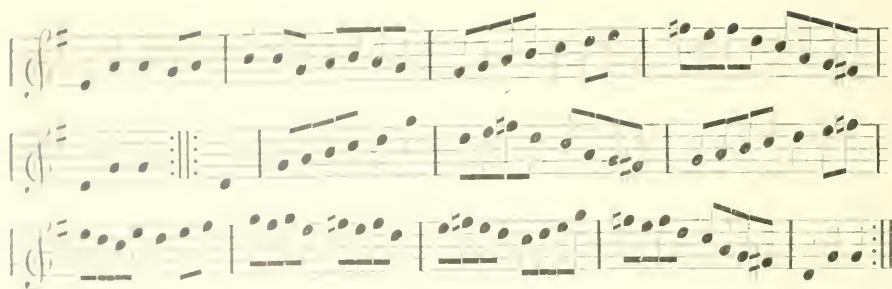
With a fal-lal-li-da.



42. MISS REDMOND'S HORNPIPE.

Sent to me a good many years ago by Mr. (now Dr.) W. H. Grattan Flood of Enniscorthy Co. Wexford.





43. LONG TIME I COURTED YOU, MISS.

Air and one verse of song given from memory, as I heard them in early life at home.

“Long time I courted you, Miss,
 But now I've come from sea,
 We'll make no more ado, Miss,
 But quickly married be.”
 “Long time you courted Sally—
 With false vows you filled her head,
 And Susan in the valley,
 You promised her you'd wed.”

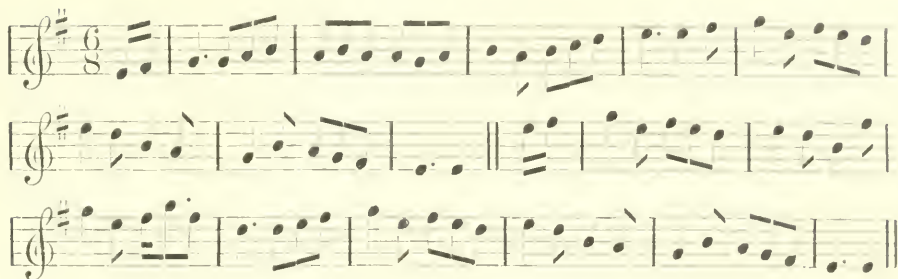
Chorus.

And sing oh, the storm is now gone down,
 The ship is in the bay;
 The captain and the sailors all
 Are roving far away.



44. SADDLE THE PONY. SONG AIR: not so quick as jig time.

Taken down about sixty years ago from the whistling of Joe Martin of Killinane Co. Limerick.



45. THE PEARL OF TH' IRISH NATION.

Air and Song from early memory.

There is a song to this air written by Patrick O'Kelly, a wandering peasant poet of the beginning of the last century, who discloses his name in the last verse: a custom found in other songs. (For a notice of him see my "Social History of Ancient Ireland," I. 451.)

Though many there be that daily I see
 Of virtuous beautiful creatures,
 With red rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
 And likewise comely features:
 Yet there is none abroad or at home,
 In country or town or plantation,
 That can be compared to this maiden fair—
 The Pearl of th' Irish Nation.

P was a part and A was an art,
 And T was a teacher of strangers,
 R, I, and C make number three,
 And K will be keeper of chambers.
 K will be king when E cannot reign,
 Double L will lie in its station:
 Y will be young and in perfect bloom—
 The Pearl of th' Irish Nation.



46. *MO BHRON A'S MO DHÍTH*: MY SORROW AND MY LOSS.

Written down from singers about 1846.



47. DING, DONG, BELL.

From memory, as I heard it sung by children, when I was myself a child. 'The clerk' is the person who attends the priest and gives the responses at Mass.

Ding, dong, bell, call the people, call the people,
Ding, dong, bell; the priest is on the altar;
Ding, dong, bell; call 'em quickly, call 'em quickly,
Ding, dong, bell; the clerk is coming also.

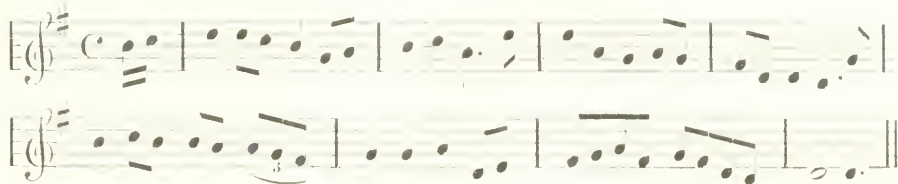


48. 'T WAS IN THE END OF KING JAMES'S STREET.

This air has clung to my memory from the dim days of my childhood. I remember four lines of the song; from which it appears that it belongs to Dublin, and commemorates some forgotten Dublin tragedy.

'Twas in the end of King James's Street
Young *Square* Brown and Miss King did meet.

She plunged into the Liffey that runs so deep,
And her own sweet life she ended.



49. BALLINAMONA ORO.

This air was familiarly known all over Munster, and was in constant requisition for songs, often of a satiric and comic character. Clinton calls it "The Wedding of Ballinamona." The choruses were always something like this:—

With my Ballinamona Oro, Ballinamona Oro,
Ballinamona Oro, the girl of sweet Cullen for me.

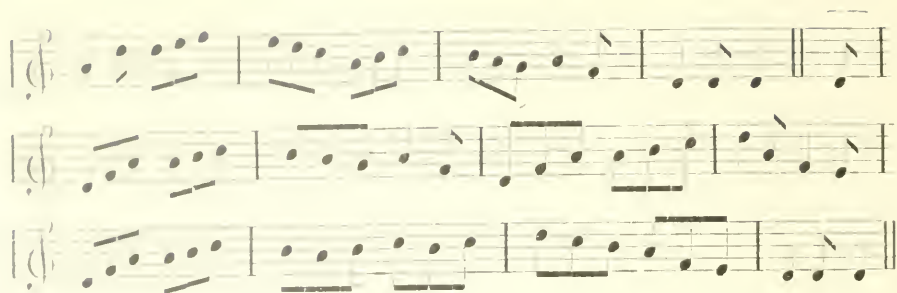


50. THE NIGHT'S PAST AND GONE.

From Joe Martin : about 1852.

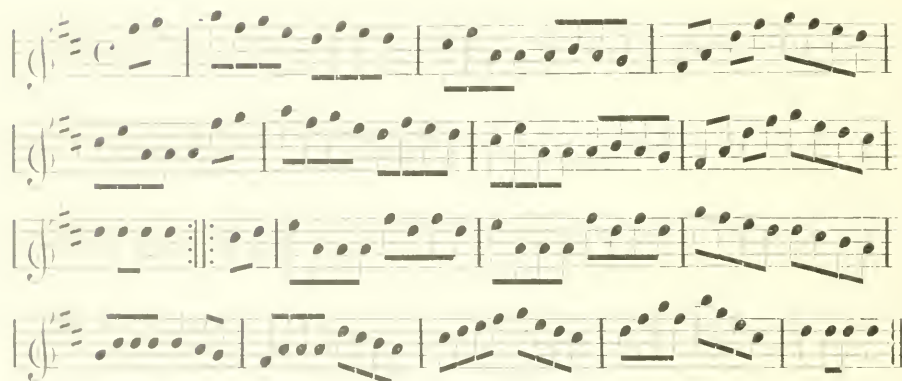
Lively ; but not too fast.





51. CAPTAIN JOHN'S HORNPIPE.

Learned in childhood from fiddlers.



52. GAILY WE WENT AND GAILY WE CAME.

From Phil Gleeson of Coolfree.

Waltz up. Common time.





53. ONE EVENING FAIR.

I learned both the air and the words of this song at home in early youth. Of the words I can recall the following three verses:—

One evening fair as I roved out down by a river side,
I heard a lovely maid complain—the tears rolled from her eyes:—
“It was a cold and stormy night”—those sad words she did say—
“When my love went on the raging main, bound for Amerikay.

“My love he was a fisherman, his age was scarce eighteen,
“He was a handsome young man as ever yet was seen :
“My father he has riches great, and O'Reilly was but poor,
“And because he was a fisherman he could not him endure.

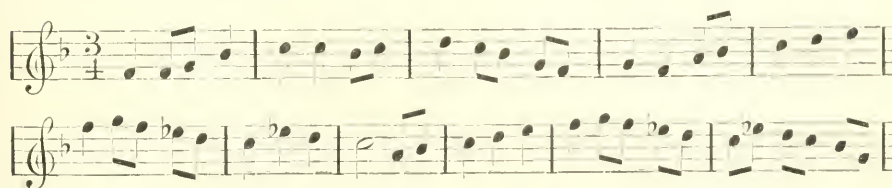
“Says my mother then to me:—‘My dear, this case is bad indeed,
“‘Therefore my loving daughter I hope you will take heed ;
“‘If you be fond of Reilly, let him leave this counterie,
“‘Your father said his life he'd take, so shun his companie.’”

Moderately slow.



54. SONG AIR: NAME UNKNOWN.

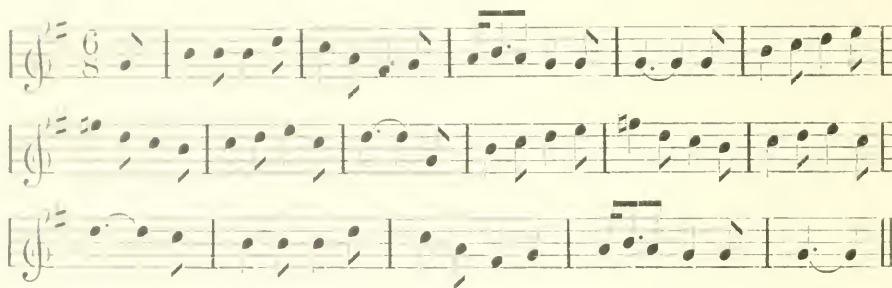
From the singing of Alice Kenny, the same interesting old woman from whom I took down the *Ceó draoidheachta*. See my *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 42.





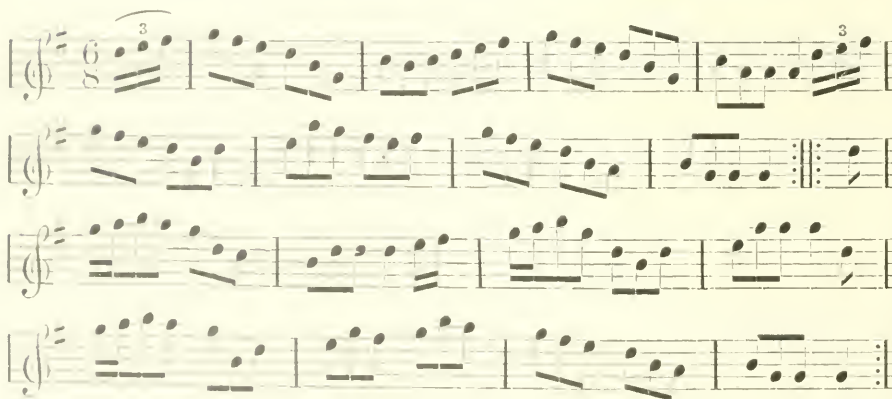
55. THE PRETTY GIRLS OF ABBEYFEALE.

From memory, as I learned it from my father: a good setting is given in Chappell; but I believe it is Irish. Abbeyfeale a town in Co. Limerick.



56. YOUNG JENNY THE PRIDE OF OUR TOWN. JIG AND SONG AIR.

From Davy Cleary, piper and dancing-master: Kilfinane: 1844.



57. MAIRGHIREAD NA ROISTE: MARGARET ROCHE.

Bunting gives two settings of this air, which he calls *Róisín dubh* (The Little

Black Rose). But it is universally known all over Munster as *Mairghread na Róiste*: and I believe that Bunting has given it a wrong name. The air called *Róisín dubh*, which is known, not only in Munster, but all over Ireland, is entirely different. It will be found in Petrie's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, in a major setting; and in my "Irish Music and Song," in its proper minor setting. The setting I give here of *Mairghread na Róiste* differs a good deal from both of Bunting's settings of the air he (wrongly) calls *Róisín Dubh*. It is more purely vocal. It has remained in my memory since boyhood, with the first verse of the Irish song, which tells a sad story. Margaret Roche was condemned to be burned alive for murder. On her condemnation her brother set out post haste for Dublin and was successful in obtaining a reprieve, but arrived home just an hour too late. He then composed a lament of which I give the first verse.

A Mháirghréad, a Mháirghréad, a Mháirghréad na Róiste
 Na g-croibhne geala, na bh-fáinnighe órdha:
 Do bhi duine a's fichid a láthair do phósda,
 A's ní'l éinne beó a bhaineas leat, a láthair do dhóighte.

O, Margaret, Margaret, Margaret Roche
 Of the white hands, of the golden ringlets:
 There were one and twenty people at your wedding;
 And no one living belonging to you at your burning.

Slow and sad.



58. THE FOGGY DEW.

I learned this air when I was a child. Compare it with "*Air thaobh na carraige báine*": Petrie, *Ancient Music of Ireland*, p. 143.

When I was a bachelor airy and young,
 I followed the bachelor's trade,
 And all the harm that ever I done
 Was courting a pretty maid.
 I courted her for the long summer season,
 And part of the winter too,
 Till at length we were married—myself and my darling,
 All over the foggy dew.

Bunting, in his 1840 volume, gives a different air with the same name.

Tenderly

59. SLIEVE ELVA.

Taken down in 1876 from the singing of James Keane of Kilkee, who was then 83 years of age; whose memory was richly stored with Irish music, and with songs both in Irish and English. He told me at the time, with the greatest confidence and cheerfulness, that he had two years more to live, as his father, grandfather and great-grandfather all died at 85. Slieve Elva a mountain in Clare.

Slow; and with expression.

60. I BRIDLED MY NAG.

Air and words learned in early life from hearing the people sing the song. The hero was evidently what sporting people now call a "welsher."

I bridled my nag and away I did ride
Till I came to an alehouse hard by a town side,

There I saw three gentlemen throwing at dice,
 And they took me to be some noble knight :
 With my right fol-ol de diddle, right fol-lee,
 And in my pocket but one pen-nee.

I ordered a quart of the beer that was strong
 And in that quart I ordered a dram* ;
 I fell drinking and they looking on,
 And they took me to be some nobleman :

Chorus.

I took the dice and I threw one,
 And as it happened I chanced to win :
 If they should win and I to lose,
 What had they to take but an empty purse :
 With my right fol-ol de-diddle right fol-lee,
 And in my pocket I've gold plen-tee.



61. THE NEW-MOWN MEADOWS. REEL.

Written from memory.



* That is, a glass of whiskey. This mixture, commonly seasoned with a shake of pepper, is what the country people used to call "powder and ball."



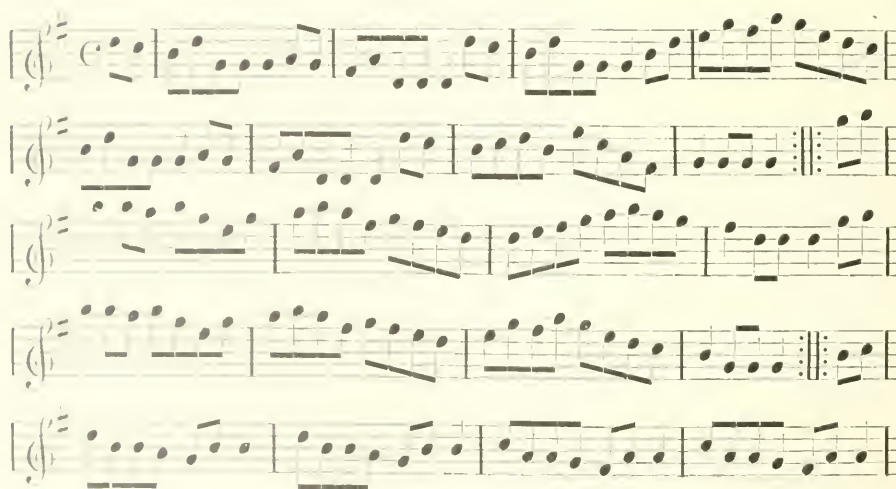
When turning on 1st part.

62. THE SPRING LAMBS.

From Joe Martin of Kilfinane: 1852.

Slow and expressive.

63. PRIME'S HORNPIPE.





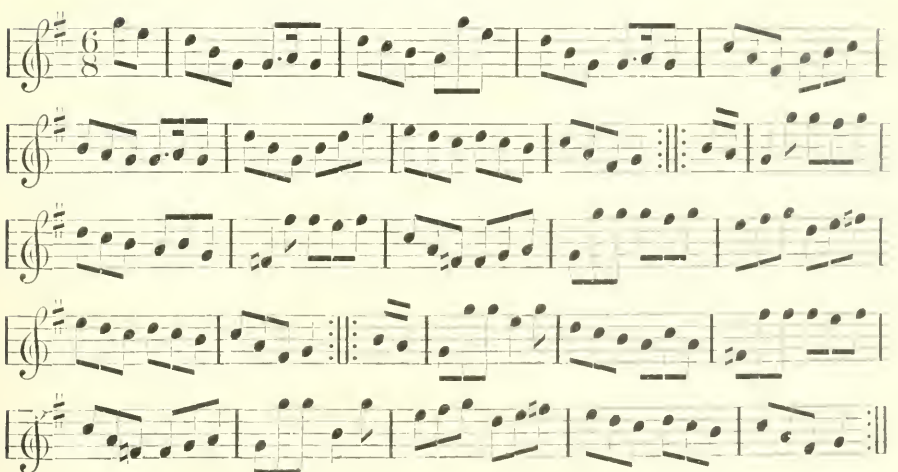
64. THE FLURRY REEL.

Written from memory.

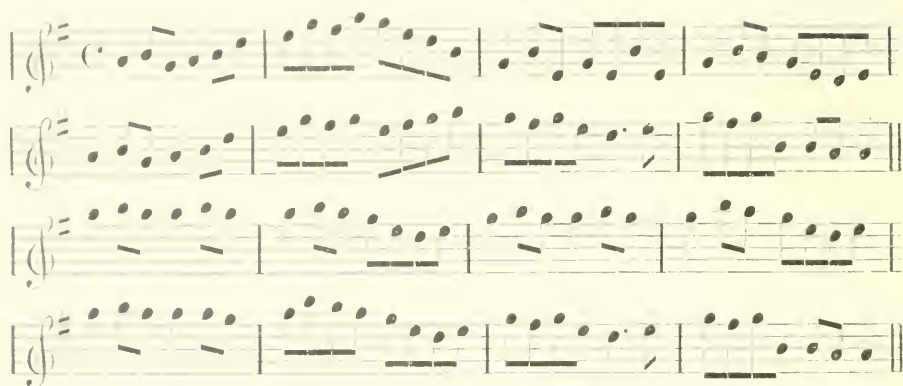


65. OLD JERRY DOYLE. JIG.

From John Dolan of Glenosheen: 1845.

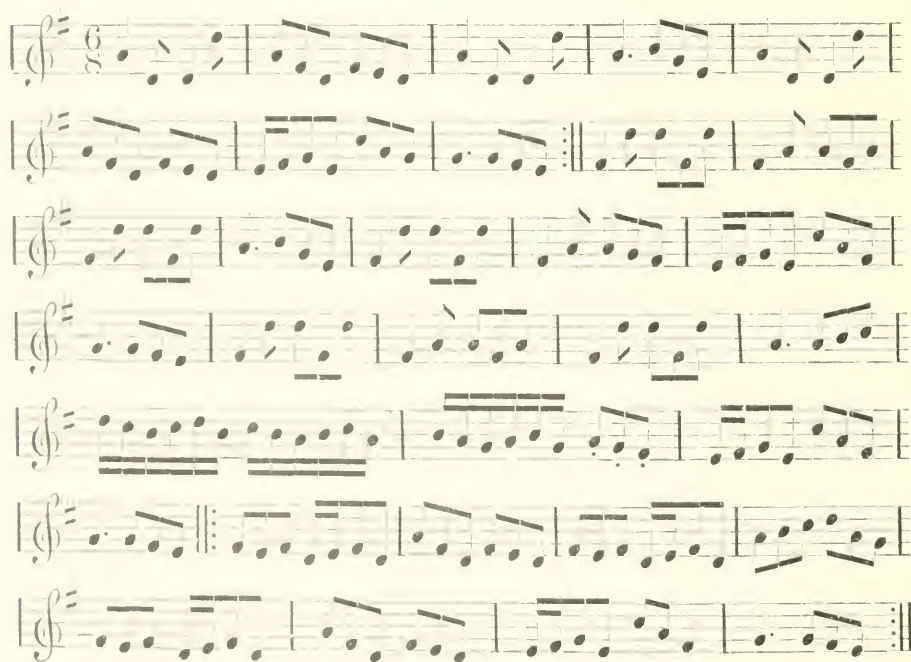


66. DOWN THROUGH THE BROOM. REEL.



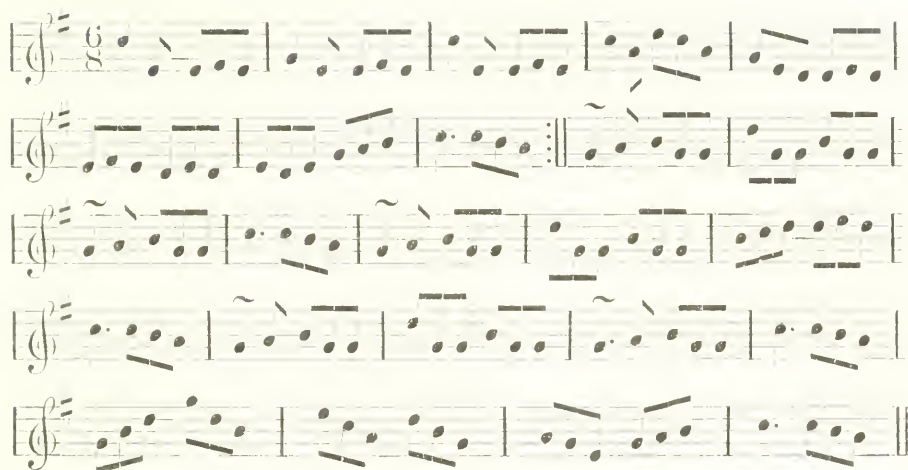
67. THE CHORUS JIG.

A great favourite with pipers. Written from memory. There is a different air with this name—called a *jig*—in Bunting's 1840 collection.



68. ROGER THE WEAVER. JIG.

From memory.



69. KITTY, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

I write this from memory, with one verse of a song I heard sung to it:—

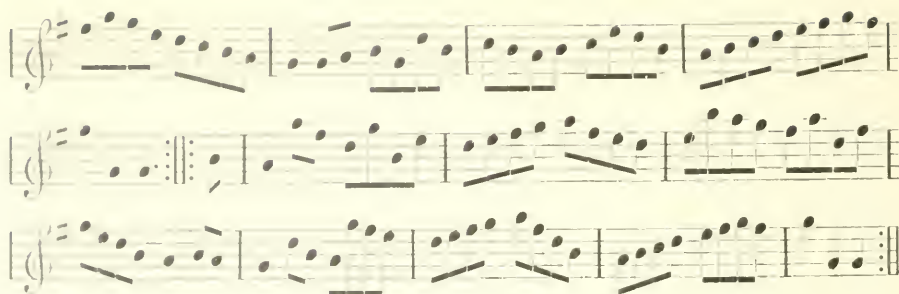
Oh, Kitty, will you marry me? or Kitty I will die;
 Then Kitty, you'll be fretting for your loving little boy;
 Oh, Kitty, can't you tell me will you marry me at all;
 Or else I'll surely go to sleep inside the churchyard wall.



70. THE GREYHOUND. HORNPIPE.

From Mick Dinneen, Coolfree Co. Limerick: 1852.





I learned the following 71 airs (to "My love is coming home") with their scraps of songs, in my boyhood—for the most part unconsciously and without any effort—by hearing them played and sung in my father's house or in the neighbourhood. Subsequently—after I had come to live in Dublin—I wrote them down from time to time, according as I was able to recall them or as they occurred to my memory, as it were accidentally. From the same source—memory—also I have given the airs numbered 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 27, 28, 32, 33, 40, 41, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 58, 60, 61, 63, 64, 66, 67, 68, and 69, in the preceding pages, as well as most of the airs and songs in Part II. below.

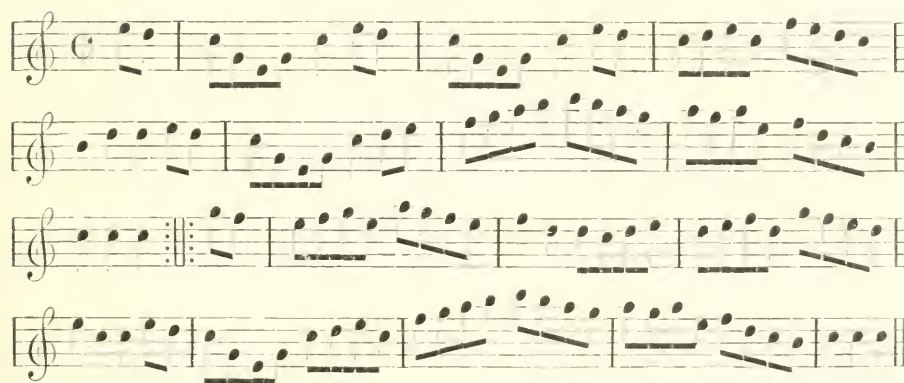
71. COIS TAOIBH A CHUINN: BESIDE THE HARBOUR.

When I learned this tune from the singing of my grandmother, about 1850, she was then 90 years of age: and she told me that she learned it by hearing it played on the violin by *her* grandmother. There is a setting in Stanford-Petrie: but the version I give here is considerably different, and is, I think, much finer. This was a "Piece," i.e. an instrumental tune somewhat longer and more elaborate than the ordinary 2- or 3-Part airs.

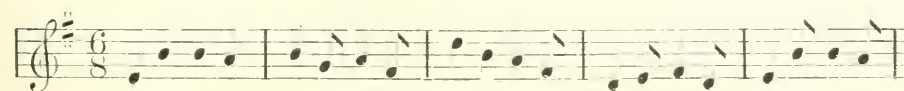


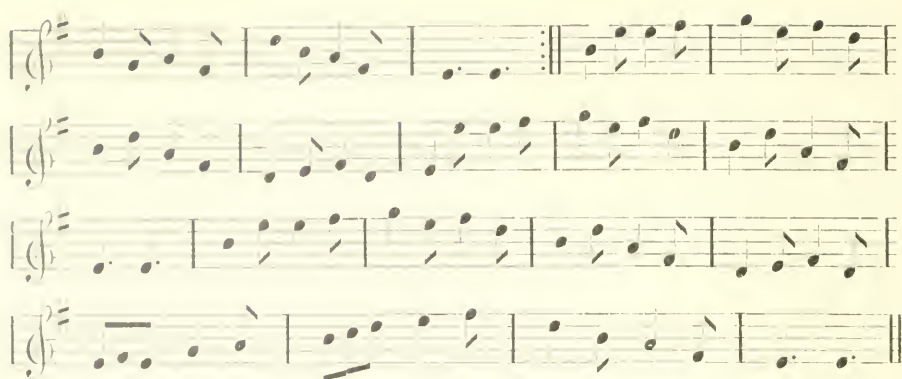


72. MY FIDDLE. HORNPIPE.

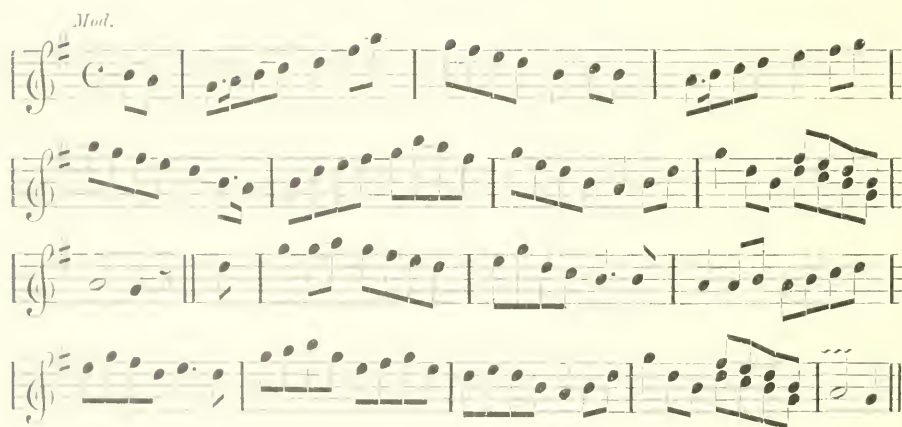


73. COCK YOUR PISTOL, CHARLIE. SINGLE JIG AND SONG AIR.

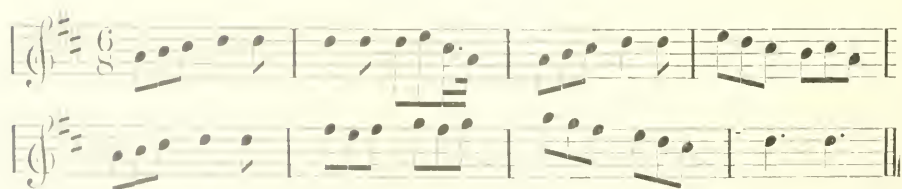


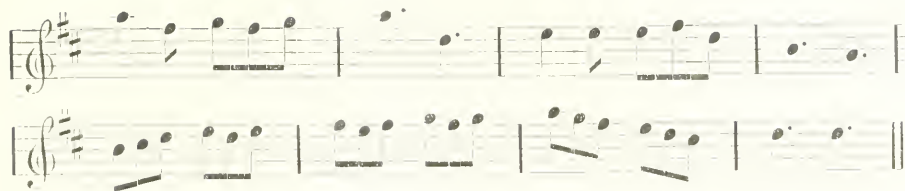


74. THE ROAD TO KILMALLOCK.



75. WALKING BY MOONLIGHT.





76. I RAMBLED ONCE. JIG.



77. GLENLOE. REEL.





78. THE BANKS OF GLENOE.

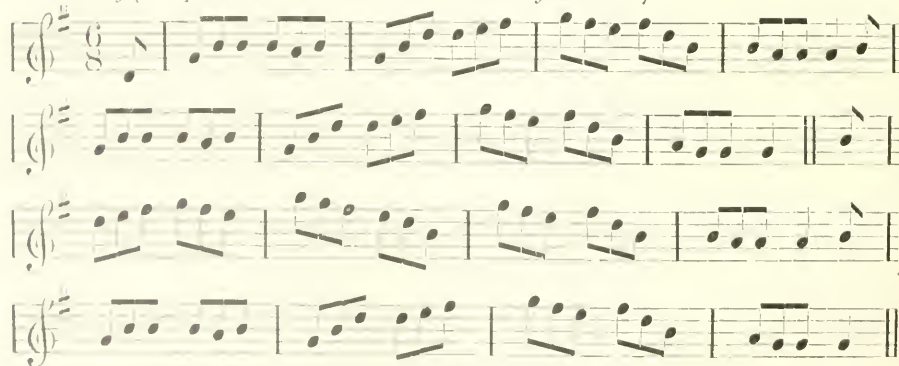
Tune up your fiddle and rosin your bow,
And play us a tune on the banks of Glenoe.



79. CONNOLLY'S ALE. SONG AIR.

On Saturday night you're as willing as I am
To take a full jorum of Connolly's ale.

Lively (same pace as Moore's "And doth not a meeting like this").



80. ALONG THE OCEAN SHORE.

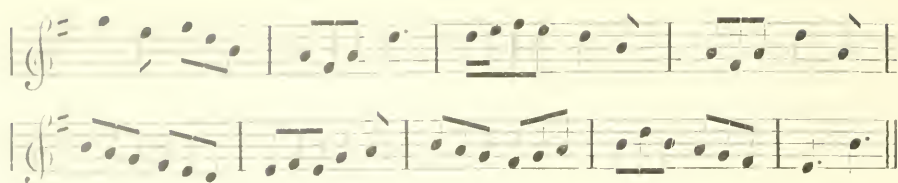
Slow and tender.

81. AN BUACHAILLÍN DONN: THE BROWN-HAIRED BOY.

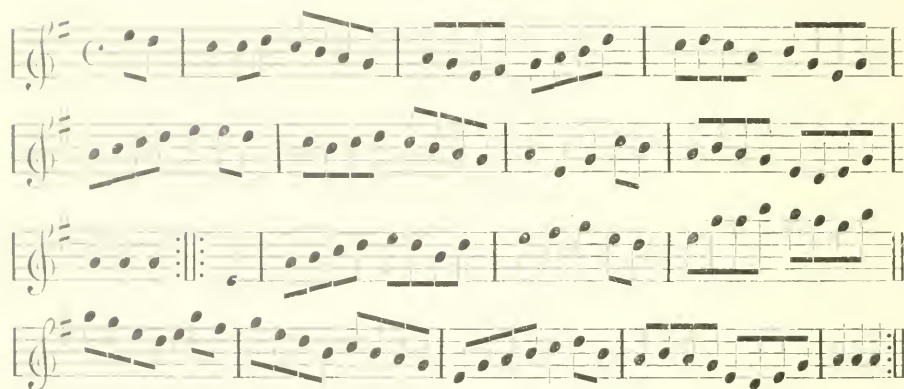


82. HURRY THE JUG. A SET-DANCE JIG.





83. THE FROST IS ALL OVER. HORNPIPE.



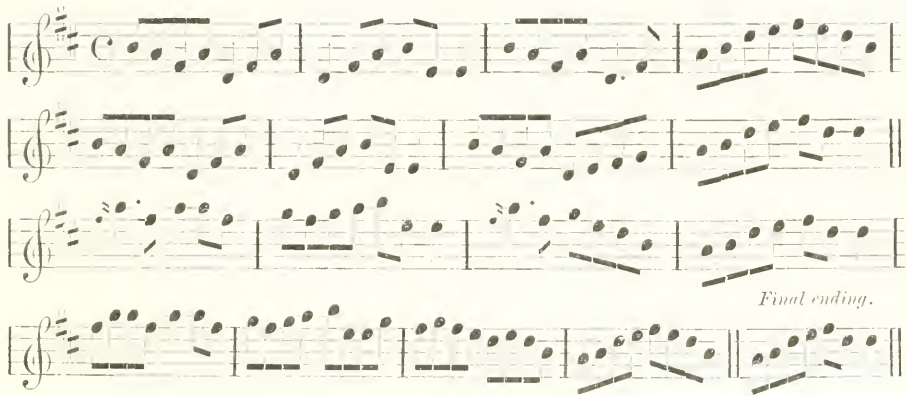
84. THE FIFER'S REEL.

From memory.





85. REEL.



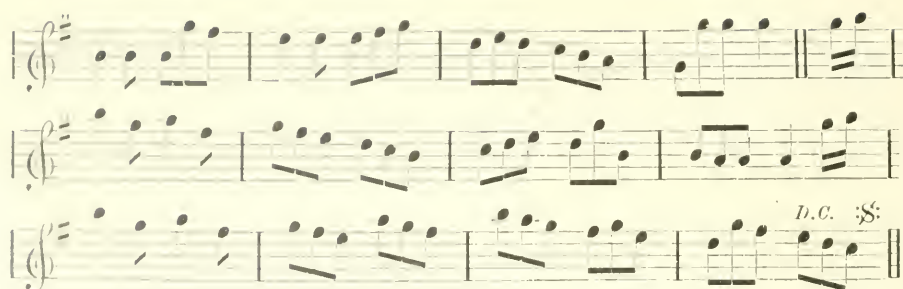
86. THE ROSE OF CLOONOE. SONG AIR.



87. EVEN AND ODD, LIKE TOM WITH HIS HOD.

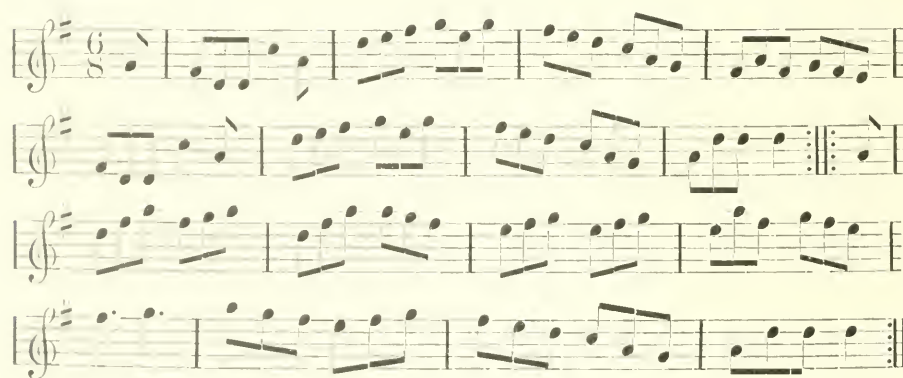
Tom Curtin was a lame hodman whose lameness was accentuated when he was carrying his loaded hod.





88. I'M A MAN IN MYSELF LIKE OLIVER'S BULL.

The Olivers were the local landlords of my native place sixty or seventy years ago. The name of the tune was quite a common saying, and was applied to a confident, self-helpful person.

89. *ACUSHLA GAL MACHREE*: THOU FAIR PULSE OF MY HEART.

I think of you by day, my love :
 At night for you I pray, my love :
 Alone or with my comrades 'tis you I always see :
 That God may send the time, my love,
 When I can call you mine, my love ;
 To cherish and to guard you, *acushla gal machree*.

Slow and tender.

90. ALL ROUND MY HAT.

All round my hat I will wear the green willow :
 All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day ;
 And if anyone should ask me the reason that I wear it,
 I'll tell him that my true-love is gone far away.

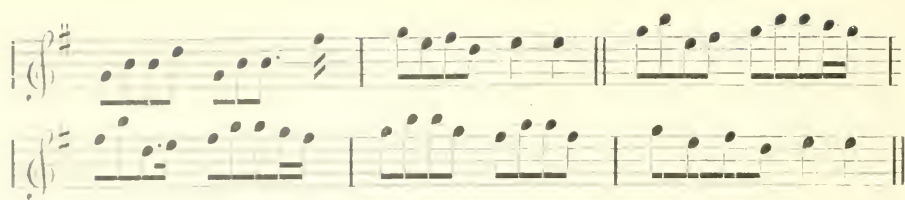
Mod. : with expression.

91. DAINTY DAVY WAS A LAD.

I know nothing about this, farther than that the air and a bit of the song remain in a remote corner of my memory from dim old times.

Dainty Davy was a lad ;
 He sold the shirt upon his back,
 To buy his wife a looking-glass,
 To see how nice her beauty was :
 So there was dainty Davy !

Spirited : not too fast.



92. *GLOUNTHAUN ARAGLIN EETING: THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE VALE OF ARAGLIN.*

The Araglin is a small river in the Co. Waterford flowing through a very pretty glen, the subject of an Irish song to this air, of which I have a full copy: written by a Waterford man living in England. The first verse is given here.

Slán do chuirim o'm chroidhe ieat, a bhaile tar taoide anonn,—
 Go gleanntán Araglin aoibhinn mar a scaiphear an fionn 'sa leann;
 Ba bhinne liom glór na ngadhar ann gach maidin bhog aoibhinn cheódhach,
 'Ná an te úd do mharbhadh na mílte le dartaibh a's draoidheacht a cheoil.

I send a farewell from my heart to thee, thou little spot over there beyond the sea,
 To the pretty little vale of Araglin, where the wine and the ale are plentifully poured out.

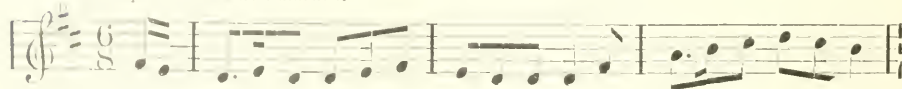
Sweeter to me was the cry of the hounds there, on a mild misty morning,
 Than [the melody of] that man [Orpheus] who used to overcome the beasts with the powers and the spells of his music.

Mod.



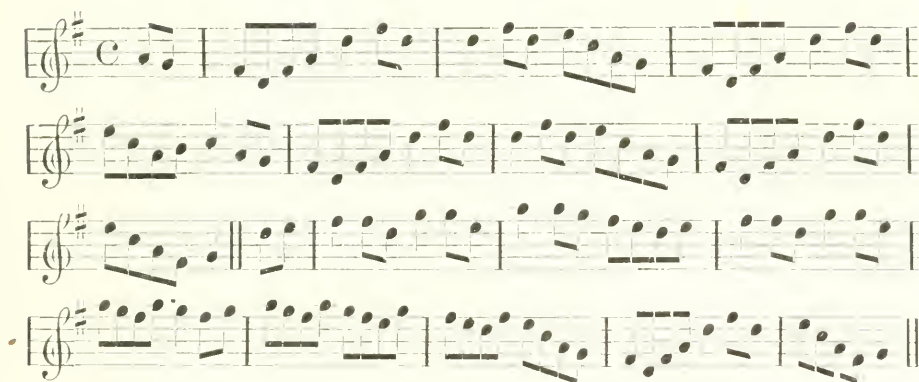
93. *RORY THE BLACKSMITH FROM IRELAND. SONG AIR.*

With spirit: time well marked.





94. THE QUEEN'S COUNTY LASSES. REEL.



95. AN CEANNUIGHE SUGACH (Canny-Soogagh): THE JOLLY PEDLAR.

I am a young pedlar that rambles this nation o'er,
 From seaport to seaport and market towns galore,
 Among jolly comrades I spend my money free,
 And the brave *Canny Soogagh* is noted in each counterie.

Moderate : with spirit.



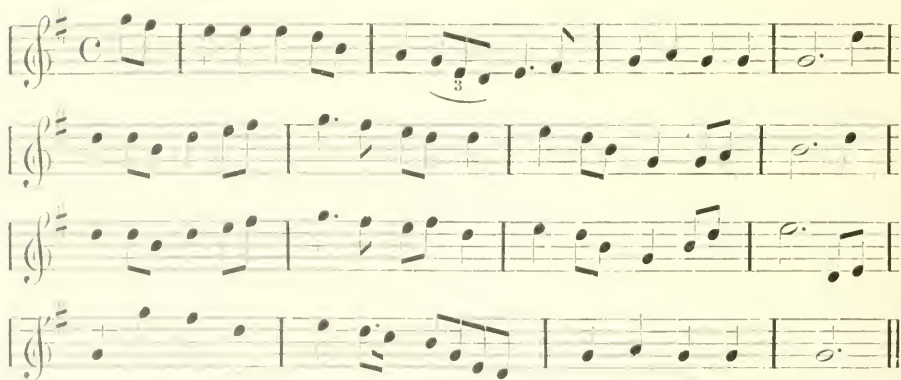
96. LOCH NA GARR.

Byron's "Loch na Garr" was often sung by the Limerick people to the following slow Irish air, which may be compared with "The bunch of green rushes that grew at the brim" (Moore's "This life is all chequered").

Slow.



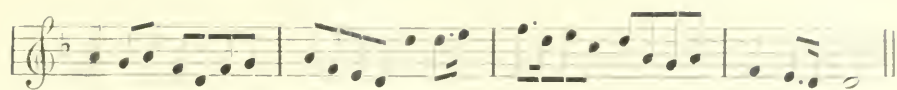
97. THE GIRL OF KNOCKLONG.



98. THE GREEN WOOD

Slow.





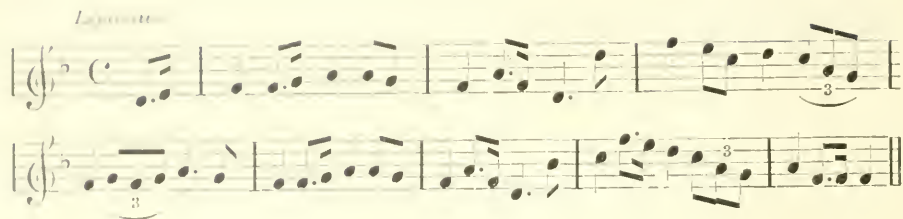
99. TRIP IT ALONG. JIG AND SONG AIR.



100. MARY LEE. JIG AND SONG TUNE.

Lively.

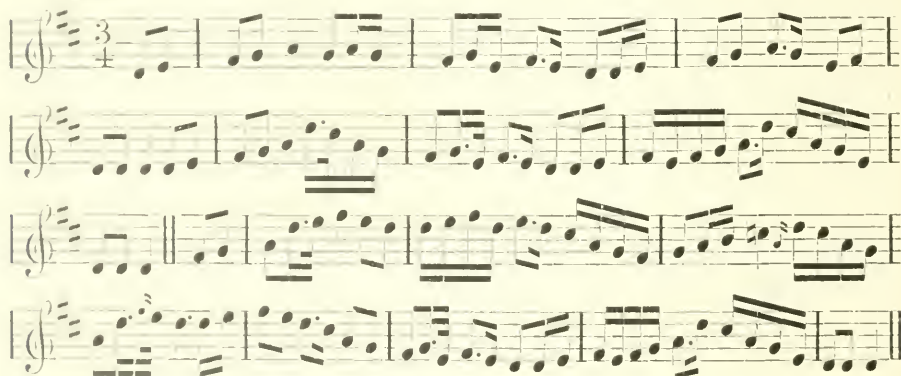
101. POOR JACK NUNAN.



102. AN BOUCHAIL CAOL DUBH: THE BLACK SLENDER BOY.

Dr. Petrie gives three settings of this beautiful air in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*: all instrumental. I give here, from memory, the Munster *vocal* rendering—very much simpler—as I heard it from the old singers hundreds of times.

Slow and with great expression.



103. THE BLACKSMITH'S HORNPIPE.

A short notice of this tune will be found in the Preface.





104. THE ROSE THAT THE WIND BLEW DOWN.

Spirited: time well marked.105. AN CAILÍN DEAS RUADH: THE COLLEEN DHAS RUE:
THE PRETTY RED GIRL.

I give this fine air as I learned it in early days from singers; but an instrumental setting, much ornamented, will be found in Bunting, 1840, page 66. It is there given in the major; but I always heard it sung and played in the minor. There was an Irish song to it of which I remember the first verse:—

A bhean-a'-tighe shéimh cuir a déirc amach cun a doill;
Beidh mo phaidir chun Dé a-cur séun agus rath air do chloinn:
Dá m-beidh mo bhean agum fhéin ní bheith mo léintín daithte air mo dhruim;
A's go bh-fuil sí a g-Cill-teun, mo leun, agus leac air a druim.

O gentle woman of the house, give alms to the blind man;
My prayer to God will be to give prosperity and good luck to your children:
If I had my own wife my shirt would not be soiled [as it is] on my back;
But alas, she lies in Kiltane with a stone at her head.

Of this whole song there was a free translation, which was very generally known and sung, of which I can recall the following three verses. They give an admirable picture of the sturdy professional beggarman, as he flourished, and as I well remember him, before 1847.

Of all trades a-going, begging it is my delight ;
 My rent it is paid and I lay down my bags ev'ry night :
 I'll throw away care and take a long staff in my hand,
 And I'll flourish each day courageously looking for chance.

With my belt round my shoulder and down my bags they do hang ;
 With a push and a joul't it's quickly I'll have them yoked on ;
 With my horn by my side, likewise my skiver and can ;
 With my staff and long pike to fight the dogs as I gang.

To patterns and fairs I'll go round for collection along,
 I'll seem to be lame and quite useless of one of my hands ;
 Like a pilgrim I'll pray each day with my hat in my hand,
 And at night in the alehouse I'll stay and pay like a man.

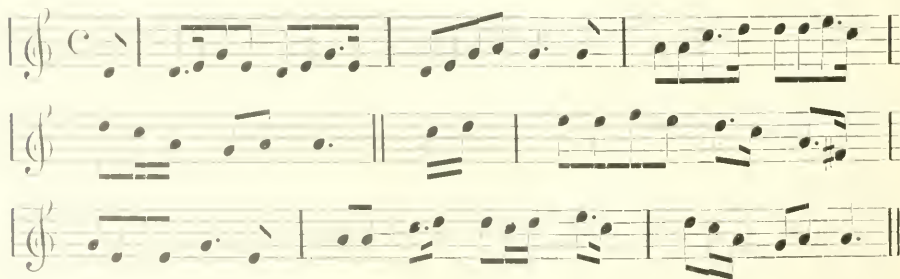
With expression.



106. FROM THEE ELIZA I MUST GO.

The Munster people—as I have stated elsewhere in this book—sang several of Burns' songs to native Irish airs. The song "From thee Eliza I must go" I have often heard sung when a boy, always with the following Irish air. Compare with "Una" in my "Ancient Irish Music."

Slow.



107. *GA GRÉINE*: THE SUNBEAM.

108. THE ENCHANTED WHITE DUCK.

A little boy is changed by *draoidheacht* or enchantment into a white duck, and in this disguise he is killed and eaten by his own family. Our servant Biddy Hickey used to tell the whole story, sometimes reciting, sometimes singing, sometimes chanting in a monotone: but it has all faded from my memory except the following weird little fragment with its tune, which took strong hold of my childish fancy.

My mamma cut me and put me in the pot;
 My dada said I was purty and fat;
 My three little sisters they picked my small bones,
 And buried them under the marble stones.

The English folk-tale called "The Story of Orange" (for which see "Journ. of the Folk-Song Soc." Vol. II. p. 295) corresponds with this, and some versions of the words come very close to the verse I give here. But there is nothing in the English air that in the least resembles our Irish tune.

Slow.



109. RICHARD'S HORNPIPE.





110. *MÓIRÍN NI CHEALLA*: MOREEN O'KELLY: OR
THE PILGRIMAGE TO SKELLIG.

On the Great Skellig rock in the Atlantic, off the coast of Kerry, are the ruins of a monastery, to which people at one time went on pilgrimage—and a difficult pilgrimage it was. The tradition is still kept up in some places, though in an odd form. It is well within my memory that—in the south of Ireland—young persons who should have been married before Ash-Wednesday, but were not, were supposed to set out on pilgrimage to Skellig on Shrove-Tuesday night: but it was all a make-believe. It was usual for a local bard to compose what was called a “Skellig List”—a jocose rhyming catalogue of the unmarried men and women of the neighbourhood who went on the sorrowful journey—which was circulated on Shrove-Tuesday and for some time after. Some of these were witty and amusing: but occasionally they were scurrilous and offensive. They were generally too long for singing; but I remember one which—when I was very young—I heard sung to the following spirited air. It is represented here by a single verse, the only one I remember. (See also “Chalk Sunday,” p. 12 above). The air may be compared with “The Groves of Blackpool” in Petrie’s *Ancient Music of Ireland*.

As young Rory and Moreen were talking,
How Shrove-Tuesday was just drawing near;
For the tenth time he asked her to marry;
But says she:—“Time enough till next year.”
“Then ochone I’m going to Skellig:
O, Moreen, what will I do?
’Tis the woeful road to travel;
And how lonesome I’ll be without you!”

With spirit: time well marked.





111. FAREWELL TO PEGGY.



112. SHO-HO, OR LULLABY.

Gentle: rather slow.



113. WHEN THE SNOW AND THE FROST ARE ALL OVER.
SONG TUNE.

Playful; not too fast.



114. FOXY MARY.



115. UNTO THE EAST INDIES WE WERE BOUND.

Unto the East Indies we were bound our gallant ship to steer,
And all the time that we sailed on, I thought on my Polly dear :
'Tis pressed I was from my true love the girl whom I adore,
And sent unto the raging seas where stormy billows roar.

Our captain being a valiant man upon the deck did stand,
With a full reward of fifty pounds to the first that should spy land :
Then up aloft two boatmen go unto the maintop so high—
An hour is past, and then at last—" 'Tis land, 'tis land!" they cry.



116. THERE'S A CHICKEN IN THE POT.

There's a chicken in the pot for you young man :
 There's a chicken in the pot for you young man :
 The meat for thee,
 And the broth for me,
 And the bones for the tar with his trousers on.



117. THEN YOU SHALL BE A TRUELOVER OF MINE.

When I was a child, I often heard this song sung by our servant Biddy Hickey. A young man pays his addresses to a lady much above him ; and she, in her pride, imposes a number of hard—or impossible—conditions before she will consent to marry him. I remember the air, and just two verses of Biddy's song. This same idea is found also in English folksongs : and with a similar burden : but their air is different from mine.

Choose when you can an acre of land—
 As every plant grows merry in time—
 Between the salt water and the sea strand,
 And then you shall be a truelover of mine.

Plough it up with an old ram's horn,
 As every plant grows merry in time :
 Sow it all over with one grain of corn—
 And then you shall be a truelover of mine.



118. I SEE THE MOON.

On the first appearance of the new moon, a number of children linked hands and danced, keeping time to the following verse—

I see the moon, the moon sees me,
 God bless the moon and God bless me :
 There's grace in the cottage and grace in the hall ;
 And the grace of God is over us all.



119. THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

Many settings of this air have been published. I give one here which I think has not yet seen the light.



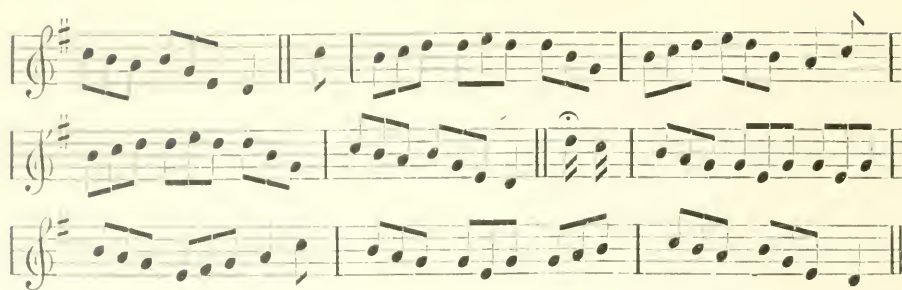
120. *FRAOCH A'S AITENN*: HEATH AND FURZE. REEL.121. I'LL GO HOME IN THE MORNING AND CARRY A WIFE
FROM ROSS. SONG AIR.

122. JUST IN THE HEIGHT OF HER BLOOM.

There was a song to this air, supposed to be sung by a young man who got married to a pretty girl with a high education, but who turns out a very bad housekeeper. The only part I remember is the chorus:—

So beware of those boarding-school lasses,
And never by beauty be led:
The girl that all others surpasses
Is one that can work for her bread.





123. *AIR MO GHABHÁIL DHOM AIR AN M-BÓTHAR SHLIGIGH:*
AS I WALKED ON THE ROAD TO SLIGO.

Playful.



124. THE LADY IN THE BOAT.

Mod. : time well marked.



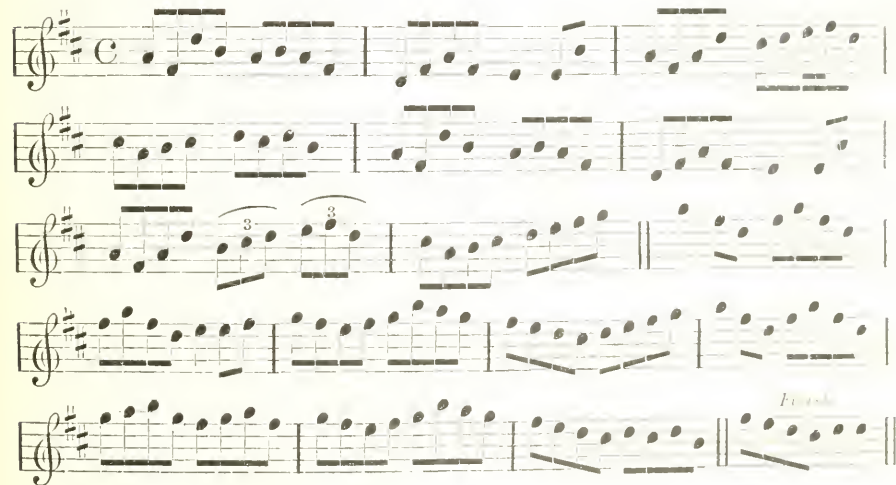


125. THE SHAMROCK REEL.



126. REEL.

I find a setting different from mine in a small obscure publication, "The Knight of St. Patrick," long since out of print.



127. THE "CLAUR BUG DALE" (IR. *AN CLÁR BOG DÉL*):
THE SOFT DEAL BOARD.

Also called by two other names—*Caiseal Mhumhan*, "Cashel of Munster"; and *Cois na Bríghde* [Cush na Breeda], "Beside the river Bride" (Bride a river in Cork and Waterford).

In the Stanford-Petrie collection there are six settings of this beautiful air, scattered through the book; but the one I give here differs from all. It is the characteristic Munster version, as I heard it scores of times in my youth, played by the best fiddlers and pipers, and sung by the accomplished traditional singers.

The original Irish song of *Clár bog dél*, better known in Munster by the name of *Caiseal Mhumhan*, will be found in Edward Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs*, p. 168. It was a universal favourite sixty or seventy years ago. Another song to the same air, which held as high a place in popular estimation, was one composed by a well-known Gaelic poet, the Rev. William English, beginning with—" *Cois na Bríghde, seal do bhíosa, go sígach samh*"—"While I dwelt by the [river] Bride, pleasantly and tranquilly." This will be found in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," second series, p. 120.

I once heard "Cashel of Munster" sung under peculiarly pleasant and characteristic circumstances, when I was a mere child. The people of the village had turned out on a sunny day in June to "foot" the half-dry turf in the bog at the back of Seefin mountain which rises straight over Glenosheen: always a joyous occasion for us children. Dinner time came—about 1 o'clock: each family spread the white cloth on a chosen spot on the dry clean bog-surface. There might have been half a dozen groups in that part of the bog, all near each other, and all sat down to dinner at the same time: glorious smoking-hot floury savoury potatoes,* salt herrings (hot like the potatoes), and good wholesome *bláthach*, i.e. skimmed thick milk slightly and pleasantly sour—a dinner fit for a hungry king.

After dinner there was always a short interval for rest and diversion—generally rough joyous romping. On this occasion the people, with one accord, asked Peggy Moynahan to sing them a song. Peggy was a splendid girl, noted for her singing: and down she sat willingly on a turf bank. In a moment the people clustered round; all play and noise and conversation ceased; and she gave us the *Clár bog dél* in Irish with intense passion, while the people—old and young, including myself and my little brother Robert—sat and listened, mute and spellbound.

I have good reason to fear that the taste for intellectual and refined amusements—singing, music, dancing, story-telling, small informal literary clubs and meetings, etc.—once so prevalent among the people of my native district, which often expressed itself in scenes such as I describe here, is all gone; and we shall never witness the like again. *Is mear an truagh é*: more's the pity!

Slowly and tenderly.



* This was before the great potato blight of 1846. Irish potatoes have never been the same since that year.



128. THE BANKS OF THE ROSES.

There is a setting in Stanford-Petrie with the name, "The Banks of the Daisies." The version I give here is different.

If ever I get married it's in the month of May,
 When the fields they are green and the meadows they are gay,
 When my true love and I can sit sport and play
 All alone on the banks of the roses.



129. THE FAIRY DANCE. REEL.

The Donegal setting of this will be found in the "Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society."





130. THE JOYS OF WEDLOCK.

Mod. : time well marked.

131. THE PIPER IN THE MEADOWS STRAYING. HORNPIPE.





132. SPLA-FOOT NANCE.

There was a half-comic song to this air, composed in my own time by a local bard, ridiculing a neighbour, a big bony ungainly girl, universally known as "Spla-foot Nance." I remember just one verse:—

There was Spla-foot Nance :
 To try her chance,
 She took a notion of a man :
 She stood on her toes
 And says she—"here goes ;
 I'll cock my cap at Shaun MacCann."
 So Spla-foot Nance
 Began to dance
 And off to Shaun's little house she ran ;
 But his mother rushed out
 With a terrible snout :—
 "How daar you come coortin to Shaun MacCann !"

With spirit.



133. THE MATCHMAKER.

A matchmaker is one who negotiates marriages between young people. Some persons—generally old women—knowing and discreet—adopted match-

making as a sort of profession—and a very profitable business it generally was : *goodies* and presents galore.

Slow and tender.



134. MOLL HALFPENNY.

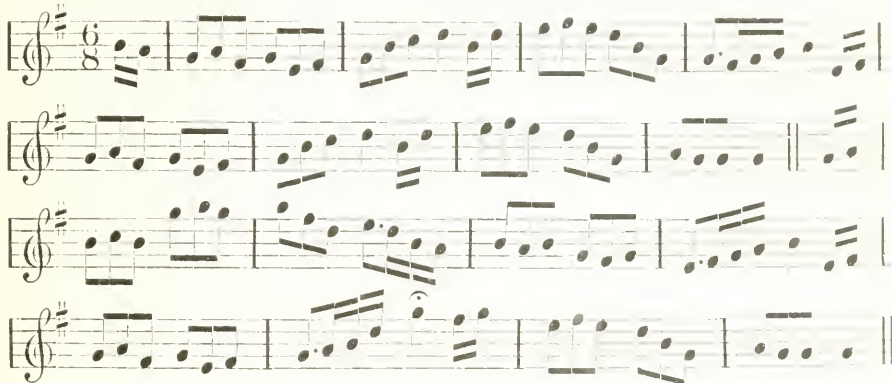
This name is the same as "Molly MacAlpin," and the air is a dance setting, and also a song setting—a very good one too—of the fine air (Molly MacAlpin) to which Moore wrote his song, "Remember the glories of Brian the Brave."





135. THE MAID OF MY CHOICE IS SWEET KITTY MAGEE.

Graceful and with spirit (same pace as Moore's "They may rail at this life").



136. STRIKE UP, YE LUSTY GALLANTS.

The ballad with this title appears to be of English origin, and as such it is mentioned in Chappell's "Popular Music of the olden time." It celebrates a seafight between an English warship—the "Rainbow"—and a pirate vessel commanded by "Bold Captain Ward" in which the captain was defeated and taken prisoner. I heard the ballad sung in my native place in my youth to the air given below, with which also I give three verses from memory. The uniform tradition among the people whom I heard sing the song was that Captain Ward was an Irishman, one of the family of Ward or Mac-an-Bhaird of Donegal. But whatever may be thought of his nationality or about that of the ballad, the air I give here is Irish, and is quite different from the one given by Chappell.

Strike up, ye lusty gallants, with music sound your drum;
 We have decreed a robber that on the seas has come:
 His name it is bold Captain Ward—right well it doth appear,
 There was never such a robber found out this many a year.

.

Then he sent in unto our king the fifth of Januarie
 To ask if he would let him in and all his companie:

“And if your king doth let me in till I my tale have told,
I’ll bestow him for my ransom full thirty tons of gold.”

“O nay, O nay,” then said our king, “how could such a thing e’er be?
To yield to such a robber myself could ne’er agree;
He that deceived the Frenchman, likewise the king of Spain;
And how could he be true to me that was so false to them?”

Spirited.



137. HOW ARE YOU NOW, MY MAID ?



138. THE SCOLDING WIFE.

Soon after I was married a happy man to be,
My wife turned out a saucy jade, we never could agree;
I dare not call the house my own or anything that's in't;
For if I only speak a word she's just like fire from flint.

My very hair I dare not cut, my clothes I dare not wear,
She even takes them all away and leaves me cold and bare.
She rails at me when I am sick, she's worse when I am well;
Ah, now I know a scolding wife exceeds the pains of hell.



139. WHEN MY LOVE IS NEAR ME. SONG TUNE.

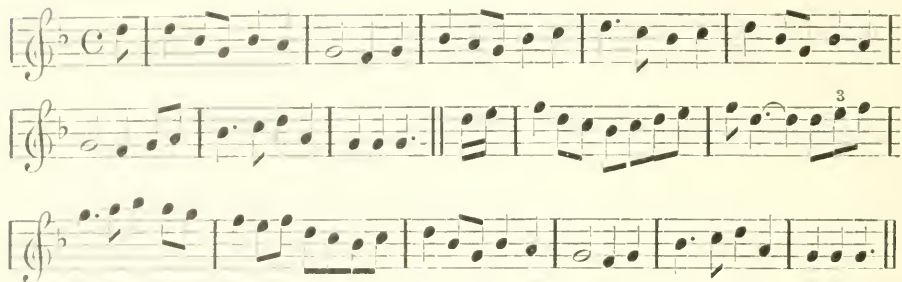
Spirited: time well marked.

140. KING CHARLES'S JIG. SET DANCE.



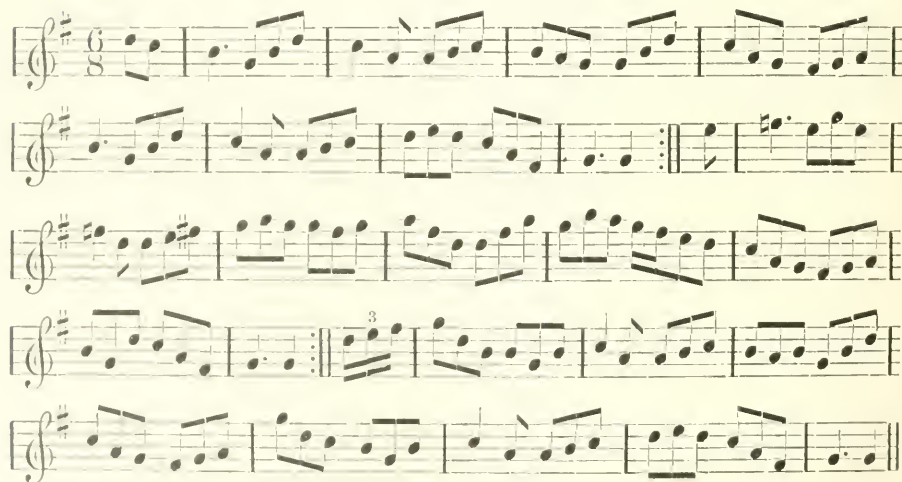


141. MY LOVE IS COMING HOME.

Tenderly.

I took down the following 6 airs (to "O Mary my Darling") from James Buckley, a Limerick piper, about 1852.

142. GREEN SLEEVES.



143. OLD PHILIP ARMOUR.

First part like the Scotch, "Thro' the wood, Laddie."



144. THE FIELD WHITE WITH DAISIES.

With expression.



145. AIRGEAD CAILLIGHE: THE OLD WOMAN'S MONEY.





146. THE BAY AND THE GREY. JIG AND SONG AIR.

147. *A MHÁIRE 'S A MHÚIRNÍN*: O MARY, MY DARLING.

There are two settings of this in Stanford-Petrie, different from each other, and both different from mine. Both are in the major scale; but the tune should be in the minor: so I took it down from James Buckley, and so I heard all others play and sing it. Moreover, the ornamented setting given below, copied from Mr. Pigot, is also in the minor. There is a bad (major) setting in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," 2nd ser., p. 224, where will also be found the pleasing Irish peasant song of which this is the air. I give the tune here, partly to restore it to its proper minor form, and partly because it gives me an opportunity to record a good specimen of the variations and ornamentations which Munster fiddlers and pipers were fond of introducing into this and many other slow airs; such as *Róis geal dubh*, *An rabhais ag an g-carraig*,* *Seadhan O'Duibhúidhir an Ghleanna*, etc.

* The plain version of *An rabhais ag an g-carraig* will be found in my "Irish Music and Song," p. 10; and the same tune with good variations in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," 1st ser., p. 286, which I believe was given him by Mr. John Edward Pigot.

The musicians always played the simple unadorned melody first; after which came the ornamented form, or "Variations."

Plaintive.



148. *A MHAÍRE, 'S A MHEIRNÍN: O MARY, MY DARLING.*

With the variations and ornamentations of the Munster pipers and fiddlers (from the Pigot MSS.). Here it will be observed that each part is lengthened to ten bars (instead of eight as in the simple melody): this, no doubt, to give more scope for the ornamentations.

I heard O'Hannigan, a great Munster piper—blind—play these variations. (in Mitchelstown, Co. Cork: 1844)—the runs all staccato—with amazing brilliancy and perfection of execution.





The following 3 airs (with others) from Mick Dinneen of Coolfree, Co. Limerick: 1853.

149. MY LOVE IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME. SONG TUNE.

Moderate time.



150. DO DHEARCAS AN SPÉIR-BHEAN NA H-AONAR NA SUIDHE:
I SAW THE BRIGHT LADY A-SITTING ALONE.

With feeling.





151. MY EVELEEN GAVE ME A SECRET TO KEEP. SONG AIR.

Mod.: time well marked.

152. O, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY FAIR MAID?

This and the next are from Donegal.

"O, where are you going, my pretty fair maid,
 So early? come tell to me now."
 "I'll tell you the truth, kind sir," she said,
 "I've lost my grey spotted cow."

Lively.

153. AM I THE DOCTOR YOU WISHED FOR TO SEE?

“Am I the doctor you wished for to see?
 Am I the young man you sent for to me?”
 “O, yes, dearest Willie, you can kill or you can cure:
 For the pain that I feel, my dear, is hard to endure.”



154. AN CNUICÍN RUADH: THE RED LITTLE HILL.

This air and the next from Norry Dwane, Glenosheen, Co. Limerick: 1850.

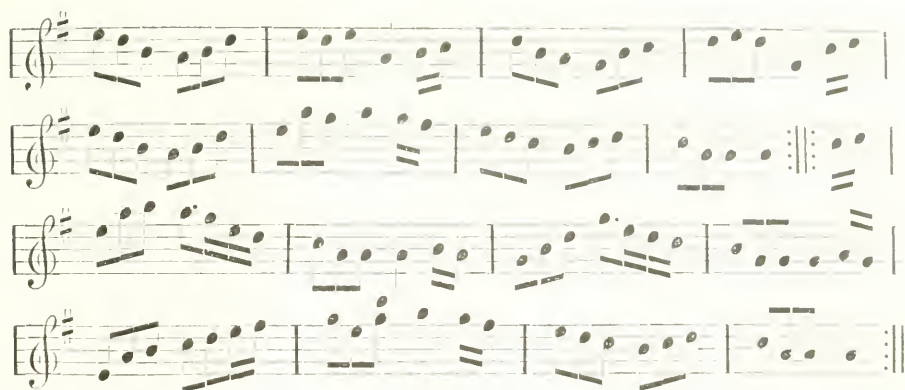
With expression.



155. TÁ ME SÁSTA LE M' STÁID: I'M CONTENT WITH MY LOT.

Graceful and spirited: time well marked.





156. REEL.

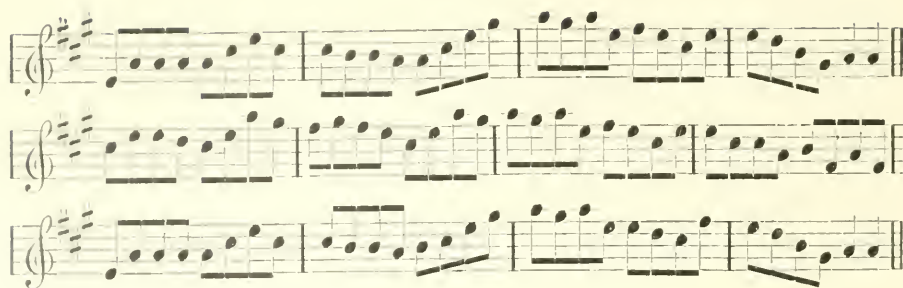
Sent to me years ago by Mr. (now Dr.) Grattan Flood of Co. Wexford.



157. ROCKMILLS HORNPIPE.

Copied from an old Cork music book. Rockmills near Mitchelstown, Co. Cork.





The following 4 airs from Phil Gleeson (see p. 6).

158. THROUGH THE WILD WOODS ALONE.

With feeling.



159. THE RAVEN'S NEST.

Rather slow.





160. *MO CHAILÍN DONN DEAS AS MISI SIUBHAL LE CHÉILE*:
 MY PRETTY BROWN-HAIRED GIRL AND MYSELF A-WALKING
 TOGETHER.

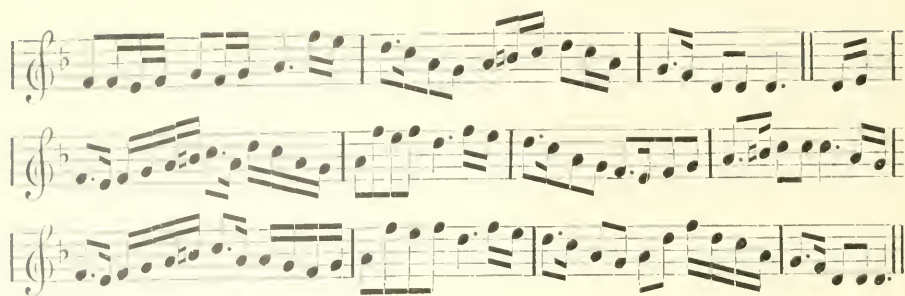
Rather slow.



161. THE CHIEFS OF OLD TIMES.

Slow.





162. CAOIN: KEEN OR LAMENT.

From the Rev. Father Gaynor of Cork; as he heard it scores of times. I have inserted bars: but the time of these keens is very uncertain, and the barring is mostly conjectural. The keeners indeed hardly confined themselves by phrasing or barring at all.

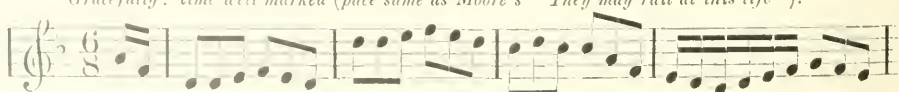


The following 5 tunes (to "Come, all ye fair maidens") I took down from Ned Goggin the professional fiddler of Glenosheen Co. Limerick (1844 to 1850).

163. JEM THE MILLER. SONG AIR.

Not so fast as a jig. This beautiful tune has a strong smack of Carolan at his best; though I do not think it was composed by him.

Gracefully: time well marked (pace same as Moore's "They may rail at this life").

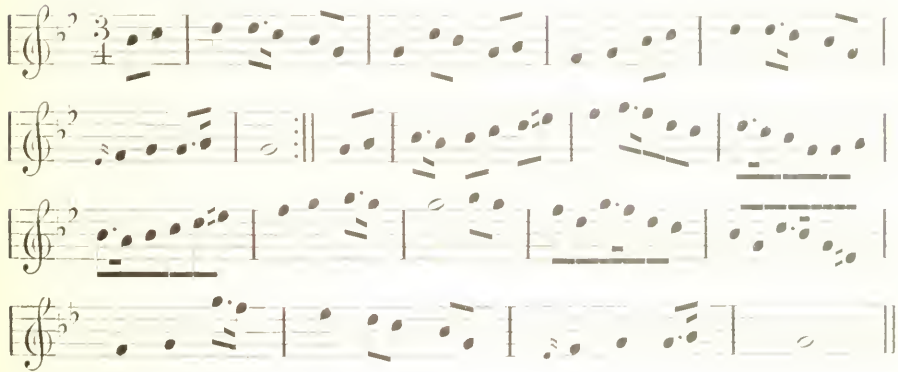


THE JOYCE COLLECTION.



164. AN STAIL GRAOI: THE STRONG STEED.

Slow and with expression.



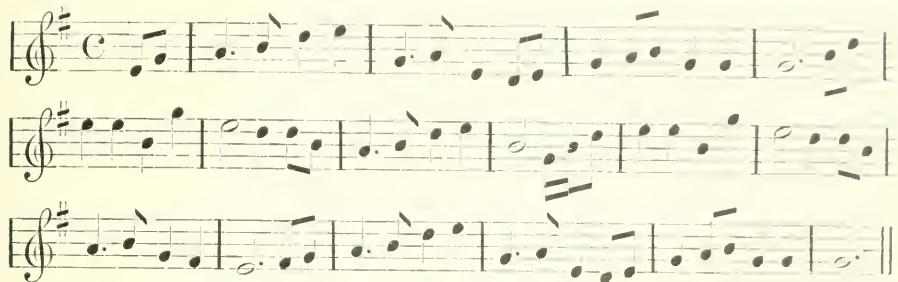
165. MY DARLING BOY IS FAR AWAY.

Slow.

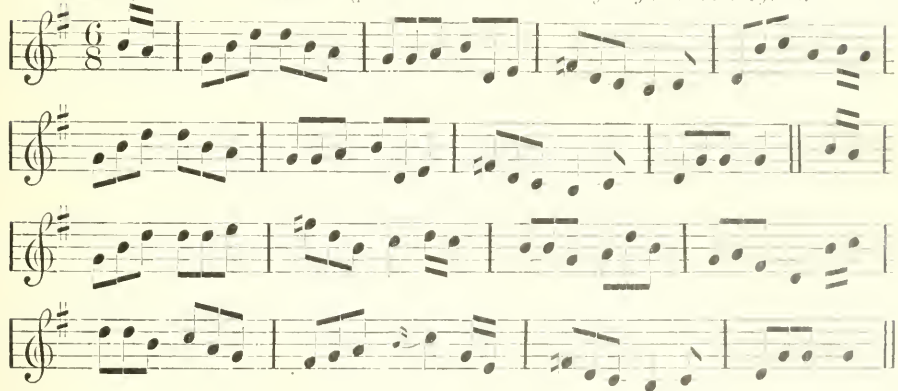


The 5 tunes that follow from the singing of my aunt, Mrs. Mary MacSwainy of Cork, and of Glenosheen Co. Limerick (1844-1855).

168. THE CUTTING OF THE TURF.

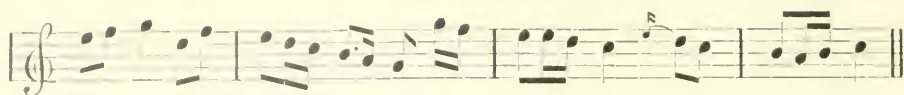
Mod.

169. THE DANCE BY THE OLD SALLY TREE. SONG AIR.

With spirit: time well marked (pace same as Moore's "They may rail at this life").

170. WHEN I CAME TO MY TRUELOVE'S WINDOW.

Slow and with expression.



171. THE FAIR GIRL MAKING HAY. SONG TUNE AND SINGLE JIG.



172. THE GOLD-HAIRED MAID.

Mod. : or rather slow.

The following 3 tunes from Lewis O'Brien of Coolfree Co. Limerick: 1845.

173. *AIR MO GHABHAIL DHOM TAOIBH BHIAILE-ATHA-CLATH:*
AS I WAS WALKING BESIDE DUBLIN.

Moderate time.



174. *MO STÓIRÍN O MHÚSCRAIDHE:* MO STOREEN FROM
MUSKERRY. SONG AIR.

One half of this tune is given in Stanford-Petrie, No. 1090, from an imperfect copy supplied to Petrie by me.

Lively.



175. HERE'S A HEALTH TO OUR LEADER. SONG AIR AND MARCH.

I heard this tune played on the Highland pipes by Lewis O'Brien when I was very young. It was on a Sunday, when good old Dr. Ryan, bishop of Limerick (who Confirmed me), was coming to administer Confirmation. The parishioners,

led by their saintly and active parish priest, Father Darby Buckley, met him in a body at the bridge of Barrabunoky, with Lewis O'Brien at the head of the procession, playing all the time, with the grand blue ribbons flying from the tops of the pipes overhead. And in this manner we escorted the Bishop in honour and glory to the chapel.

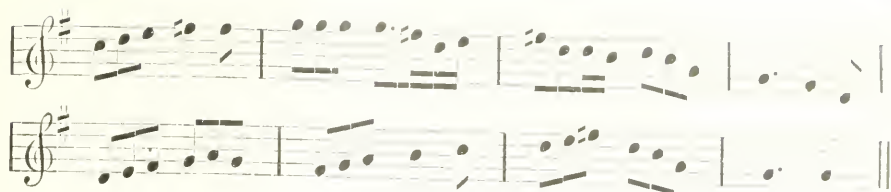


The following 12 tunes (to "Mary from Blackwater side") from the whistling of Joe Martin of Kilfinane Co. Limerick, a rambling working man with a great knowledge of Irish airs and songs, and much natural musical taste.

176. THE SNUG LITTLE GIRL FROM BANSHA. SONG AIR.

Bears a close resemblance to *Ag an mbóithrín buidhe* of Petrie (Ancient Music of Ireland). There was a song to this air, the subject of which was "The snug little Girl," but I have not been able to procure a copy of it. A "snug little girl" is one who has a *snug* comfortable fortune. Bansha, a well known village in Tipperary at the mouth of the Glen of Aherlow.





177. THE THRUSH AND THE BLACKBIRD ARE SINGING.

Slow and with expression.



178. THE OLD RAMBLER.

Slow and tender.



179. *ARÉIR A TÉIRÍGHIG SCEUL DHOM TRÉM NEULTA:*
LAST NIGHT A STORY CAME TO ME IN MY DREAMS.

Tenderly.

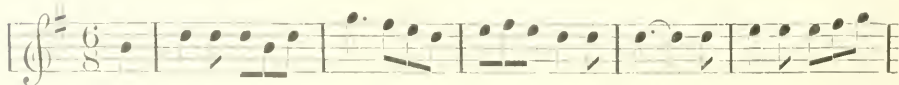


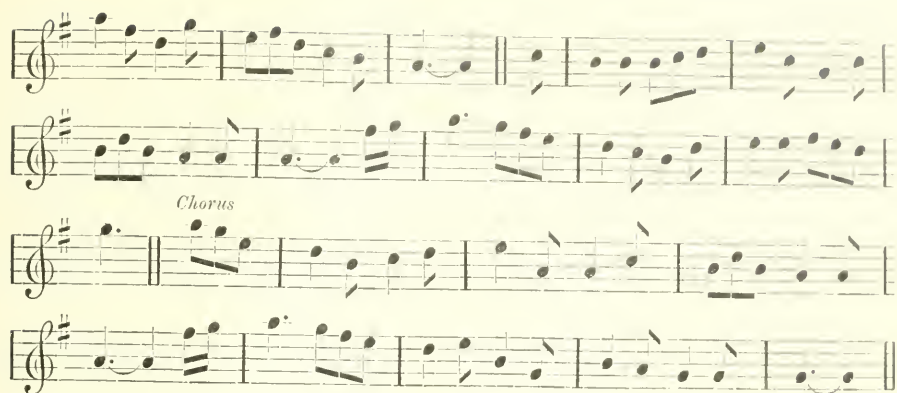
180. FAREWELL TO KINSALE.

Slow and with expression.

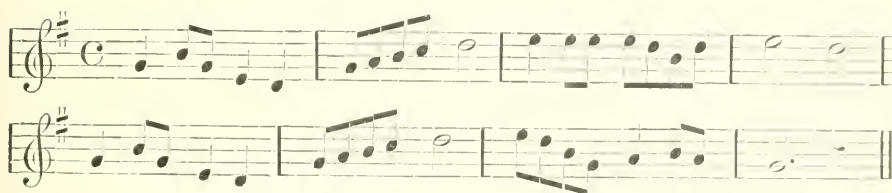


181. HAMMER AND TONGS. SONG AIR.

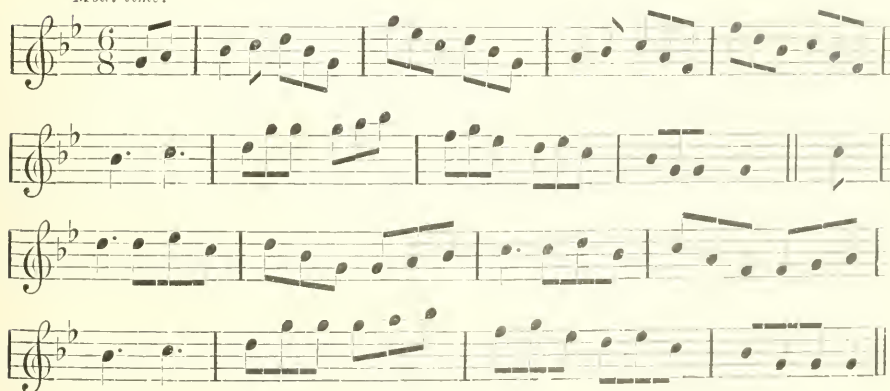




182. SAILING IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.



183. THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS. SONG AIR.

Mod. time.

184. THE HIGH-FLIER. SONG AIR.

"High-flier," a girl that goes in for style and fashion.

With spirit.



185. HE HAS COME BACK TO ERIN. SONG AIR.

Lively.



186. A SHEÁDHAIN, A BHRÁTHAIR GHAOIL: O JOHN, MY COUSIN.

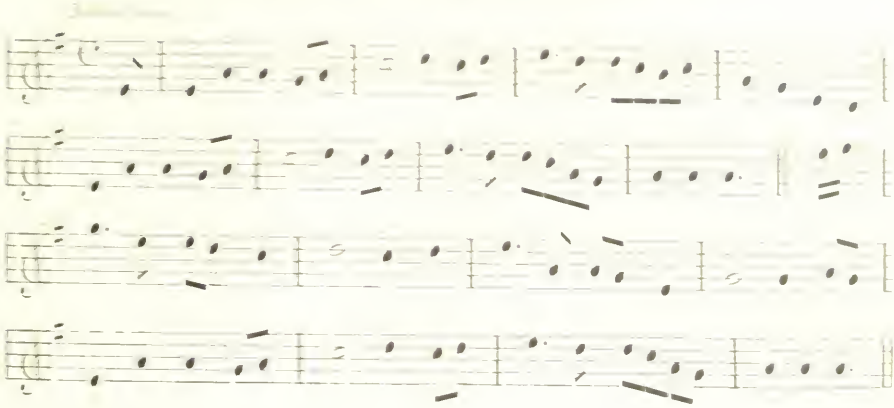
Also called *Cúilfhionn mhúinte shéimh*: The gentle refined fair-haired girl.

Moderate time: tenderly.

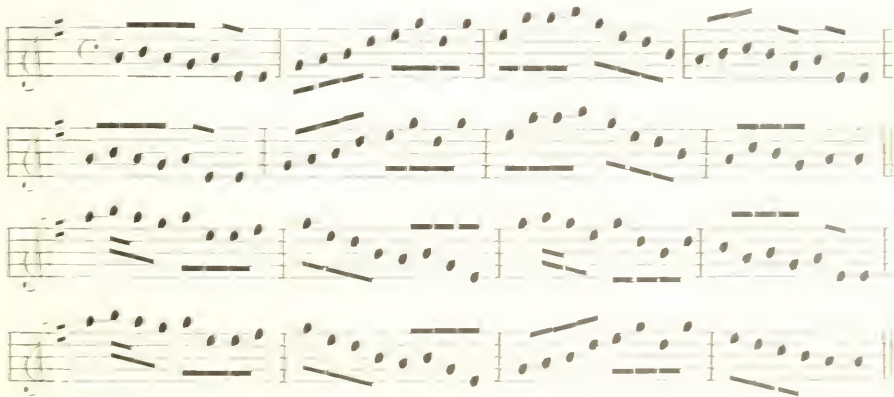


THE JONES COLLECTION.

187 DIANA FROM BACKWATER SIDE

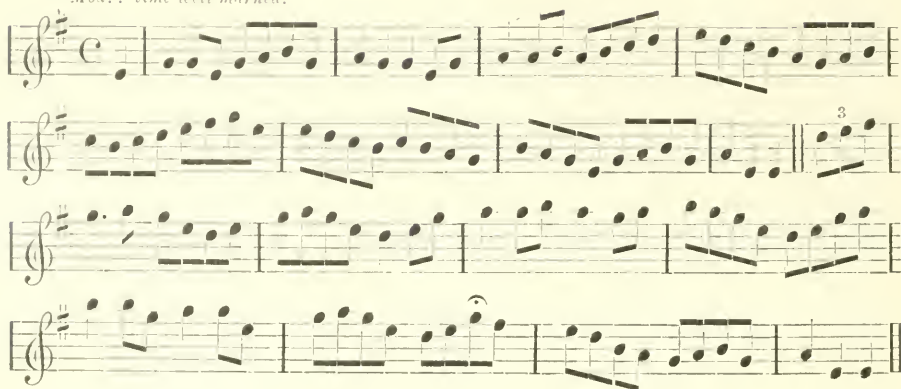


188 THE COTTAGE IN THE GROVE REEL.



all but unintelligible. I have restored it to what I believe is the correct form.

Mod. : time well marked.



190. THE LARK IN THE BLUE SUMMER SKY. SONG AIR.

Not intended for a jig.

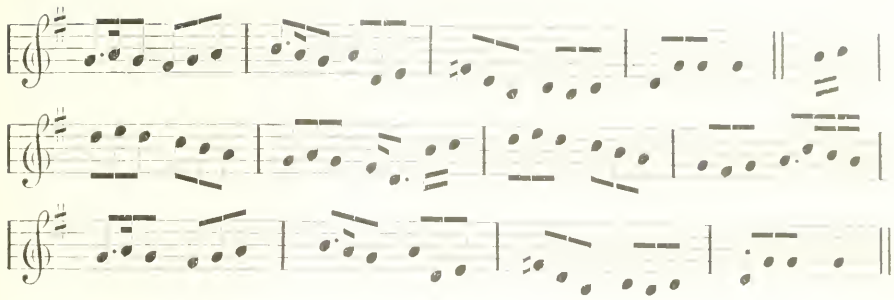
Mod. : time well marked.



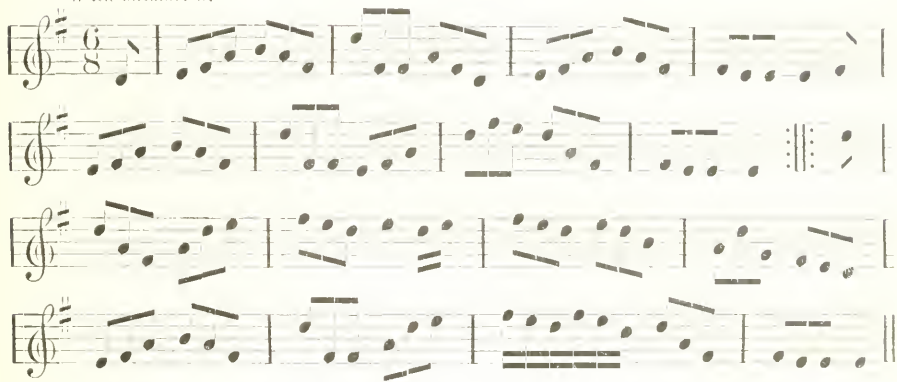
191. KERRY FOR ME. SONG AIR.

Mod. : time well marked.

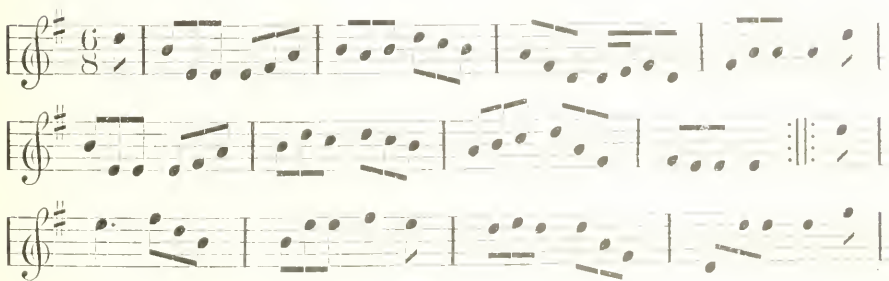




192. UNA'S NEW GOWN. JIG AND SONG TUNE.

With animation.

193. THE HOUSE OF CLONELPHIN. Jig.





194. THE YEW TREE.

195. *IS BEAG AN TARRTHÁIL GHEÓBHUS MO DHRATHÁIRÍN:*
IT'S LITTLE PROTECTION MY BROTHER WILL GET.

This air and the next from the late R. J. O'Mulrenin of Dublin, the well-known Irish scholar; a native of Limerick.





196. THE GREEN BANKS OF THE MAIGUE.

Rather slow.

The following 5 airs (with others) were sent me by Mr. Victor Power of Leap Co. Cork, a good amateur violinist, with much knowledge of Irish music: about 1875.

197. AREIR AS ME AG MACHTNAMH AIR BHEARTAIBH AN T-SAOGHAIL: LAST NIGHT AS I WAS THINKING OF THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

Slowly and mournfully.



198. ANNIE O'BRIEN. A LAMENT.

Slow and with feeling.

199. TO MYROSS WOOD I CHANCED TO STRAY.

Myross is near Leap.

Slow.



200. FIRE ON THE MOUNTAINS.

With great spirit: not too fast.



201. KILKENNY RACES.

"With dashing vigour" (Mr. Power's Note).





Mr. Michael Kilkelly of Athlone sent me the following 3 airs : 1889.

202. JIG.



203. ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO CONNAUGHT. JIG AND SONG TUNE.

Mod. : time well marked.





204. REEL.



205. HIBERNIA'S LOVELY JANE.

From the Rev. Maxwell H. Close of Dublin: taken down by him in 1839 from the singing of Pat Walker, a Wicklow man.



206. THE MAGUIRE'S MARCH.

From Mr. Charles Morris of Enniskillen: 1880. Mr. A. P. Graves's song "The March of the Maguire" ("Irish Song Book") is set to a different air.



207. AN IRISH MINUET.

Sent to me by Mr. Ormond Ossian Flanagan of Tannersville, Green County, New York. Noted by Miss Emer Eileen Flanagan from the singing of Daniel Shevlin (an Irishman) living in the same place.



208. THE CONVICT OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. SONG TUNE.

Noted by Miss Una Eideen Flanagan of Tannersville, Green County, New York.

Moderate time.

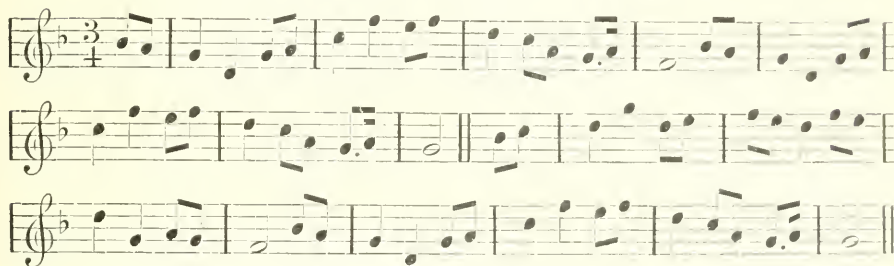




209. NEWRY MOUNTAIN.

This and the next were sent to me in 1875 by Mr. W. M^cKimmin of Newry, who says he remembers both from childhood.

At the foot of Newry Mountain clear water does flow,
There lives a wee lassie far whiter than snow;
The blackberry blossom round her fair neck does twine,
She's a nice little girl, and she says she'll be mine.



210. DRIMIN DHU DHEELISH.

This is not a version of Bunting's Drimin dhu (Dear Black Cow: 1840 collection, p. 32): it is a different air, which I have not seen before.

CHORUS (written phonetically).

As O ru drimmin dhu, och O ru agraw,
As O ru Drimmin dhu, go dhee tu slaun.

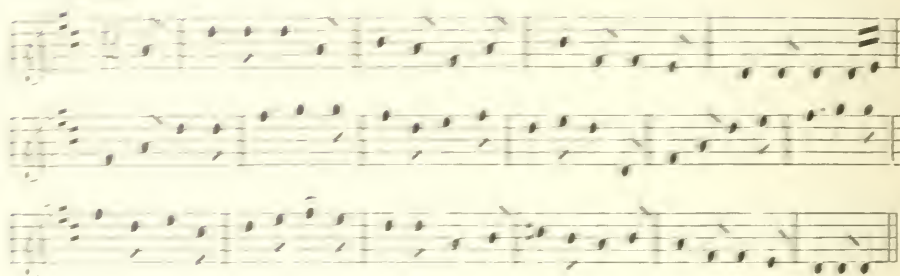
Melancholy.



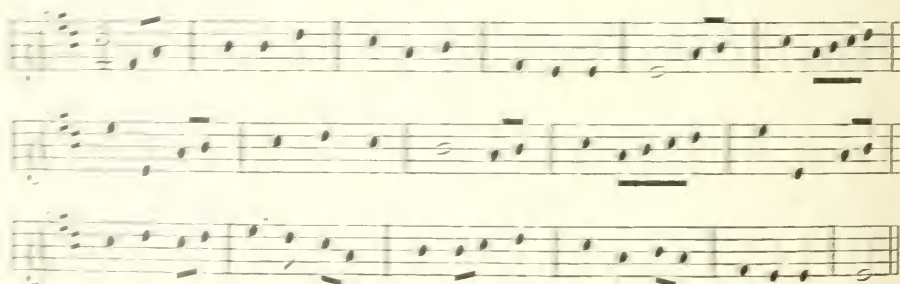


211 ALLEN'S REFUSAL

Thoroughly known from Mr. James O'Sullivan, Brandon National School
and elsewhere.

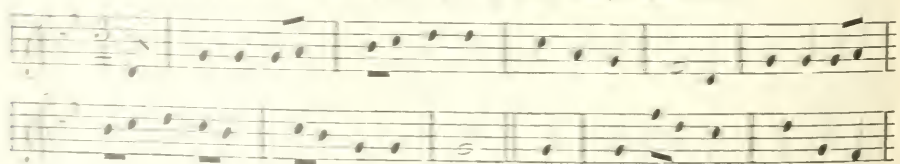


212 NATTY AT HER WHEEL



213 SINGLE AND FREE

One young man last week I walked down by noon bush,
I heard two birds singing — a blackbird and a thrush;
I asked them the reason they sang in such glee,
and they answered they gave, they were single and free.





214. HOME ACROSS THE FORD.

From Mr. Hugh Cregan, an Irishman residing in Chester (about 1885).

Mod. time.



The following 4 airs were sent to me by an anonymous correspondent from Dundalk.

215. THE FLAG OF GREEN.

Mod. time.



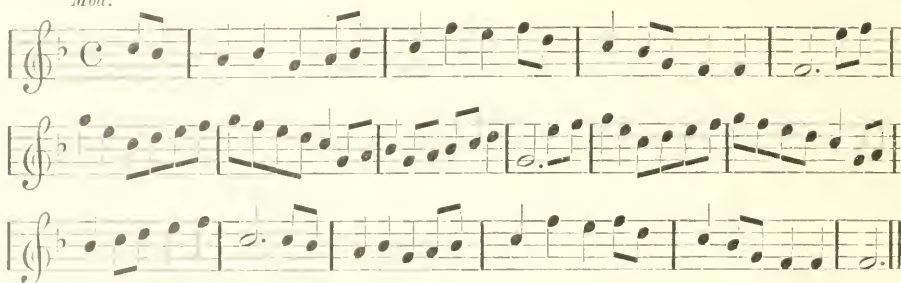
216. THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

With life.





217. THE COLLEEN DHAS: THE PRETTY GIRL.

Mod.

218. WE ARE BOLD VOLUNTEERS.



219. SHANNON'S FLOWERY BANKS.

Slow.

220. THE FAIR OF DUNMORE, OR THE JUICE OF THE BARLEY.

Taken down from Mr. Patrick Hynes, a native of Mayo (Dunmore is in Galway).



221. THE RIGHTS OF MAN. HORNPIPE.

From Mr. Matthew Archdeacon, National School, Banteer Co. Cork: 1875.



222. BLARIS MOOR.

In 1797 four young militiamen were tried by Court Martial in Belfast for connexion with the United Irishmen, convicted, and immediately afterwards

shot at a place called Blaris or Blaris Moor in the County Down, near Lisburn; an event that caused intense and widespread indignation in Ulster. To commemorate this, a spirited ballad of eight verses—of the characteristic peasant type—was composed, the author of which was believed to be Garland the “Lurgan Poet.” It may be found, as published by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, in *The Weekly Nation* of Dec. 11, 1897, where Mr. Sullivan gives the history of the whole transaction. He also gives the air, as he heard it sung in the County Cork by his father. But I have come across three other airs that claim partnership with the words; and as all four are good, I give them here. The first was given to Forde of Cork by MacDowell the sculptor, an excellent authority on Ulster popular music; and it is likely to be the proper air. Of this, there is another setting in Forde, and still another, different from both, in the Goodman collection.* That the ballad should have been sung to so many different airs and settings, in Munster as well as in Ulster, indicates its widespread popularity. The following is the last verse:—

In coffins, they were hurried,
 From Blaris Moor were carried,
 And hastily were buried,
 While thousands sank with grief;
 Crying “Grania,† we much wonder
 You rise not from your slumber,
 With voice as loud as thunder,
 To grant us some relief!”

(222) BLARIS MOOR.

From the collection of Forde: obtained by him from Mr. MacDowell.

Slow and with expression.

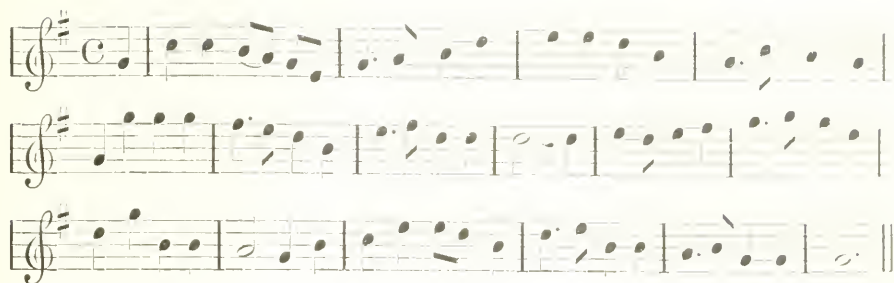


* On closer examination I now believe that the three airs from the northern province (222, 223, 224), and the two settings in Forde and Goodman, are, all five, variants of one single melody. But Mr. Sullivan's air is different from all.

† “Grania,” i.e. Grania Waile: Ireland.

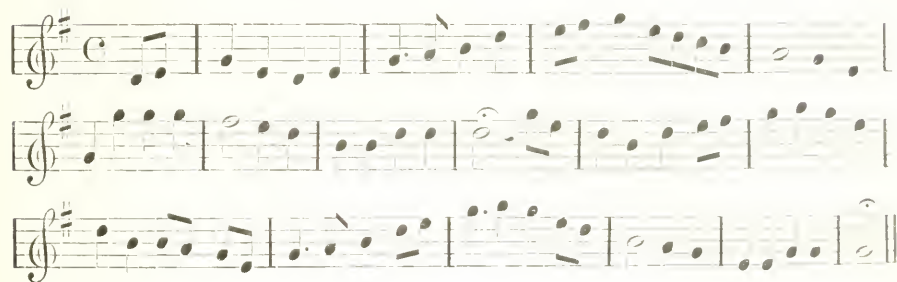
223. BLARIS MOOR.

From Mr. J. C. MacGowan, Newtownards.



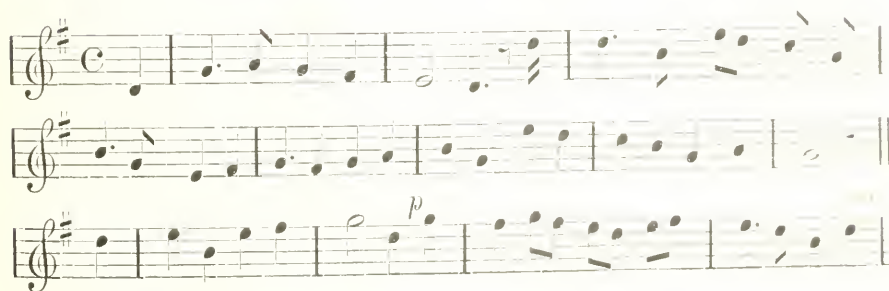
224. BLARIS MOOR: OR "THE TRAGEDY."

From Mr. J. C. MacGowan of Newtownards: 1873.



225. BLARIS MOOR.

From Mr. T. D. Sullivan, as he learned it in Cork.





The following 24 tunes (to "The Girl of Bruree") were copied from two very old well-written manuscripts lent to me in 1873 by Mr. J. O'Sullivan, of Bruff, Co. Limerick.

226. IN DEEPEST SORROW I THINK OF HOME.

Tenderly.



227. GUIRY'S REEL.

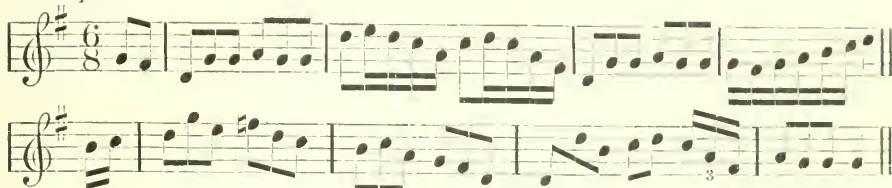


228. AN OLD MAN HE COURTED ME.

The setting I gave to Dr. Petrie long ago is in Stanford-Petrie with my name :
but I think the following version better.

An old man he courted me fond and lovingly,
An old man he courted me—believe me if you can,
An old man he courted me—to my sorrow he married me :
So, maids, never while you live wed an old man.

Spirited.

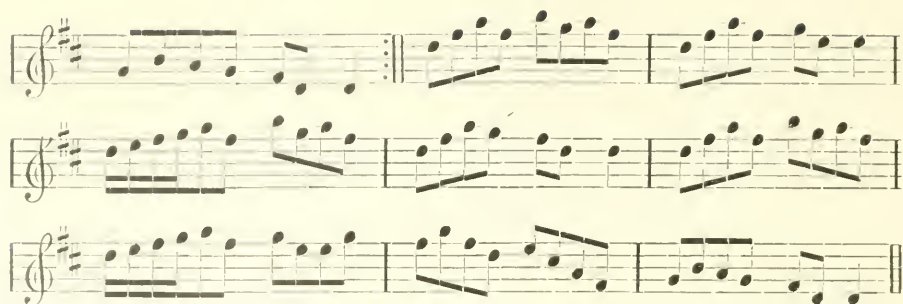


229. THE GIPSY HORNPIPE.

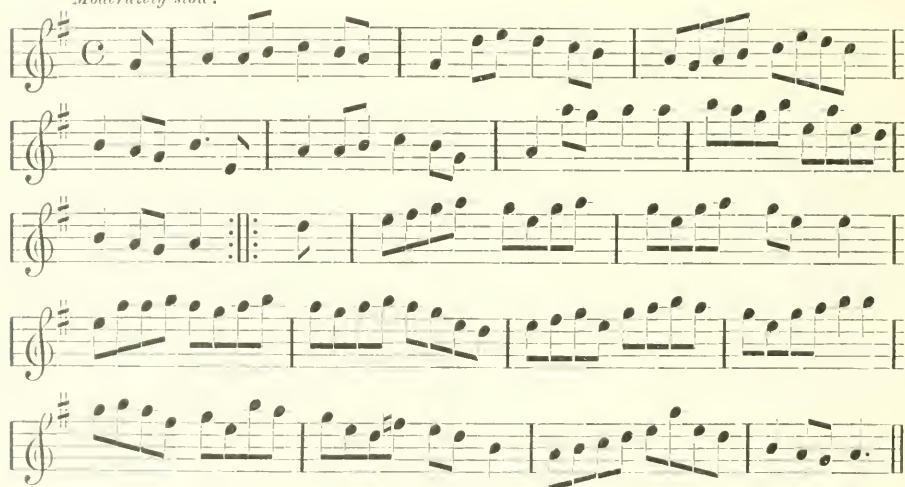


230. MY LOVE IS IN THE HOUSE. REEL.



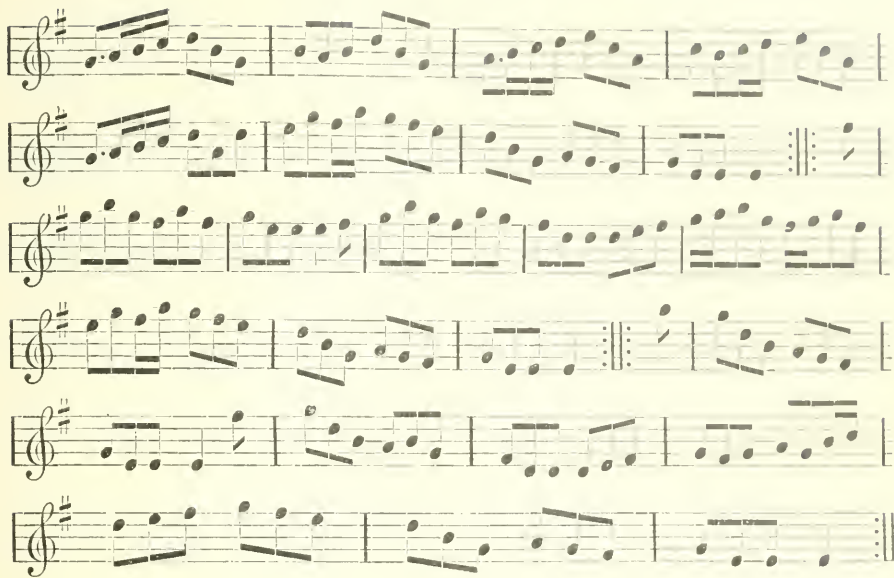


231. THE DEW ON THE GRASS. SONG AIR.

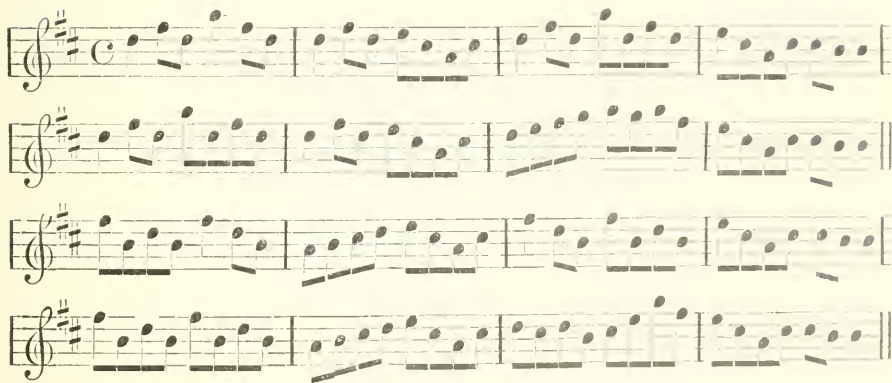
Moderately slow.

232. THE RAKES OF KINSALE. Jig.



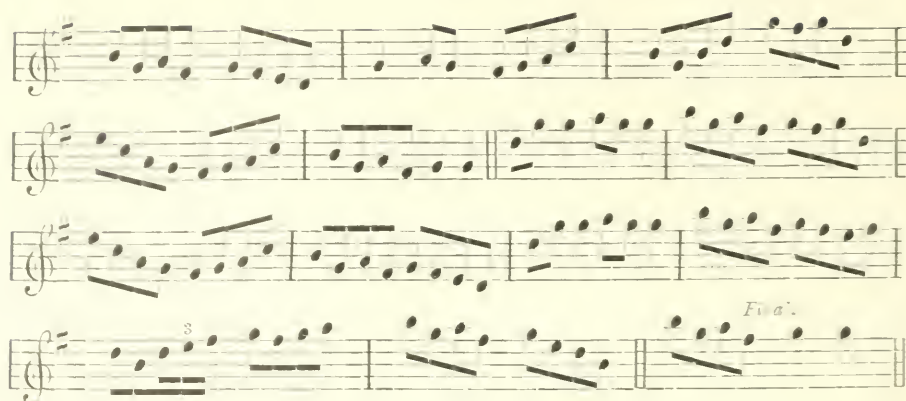


233. CASTLECONNELL LASSES. REEL.

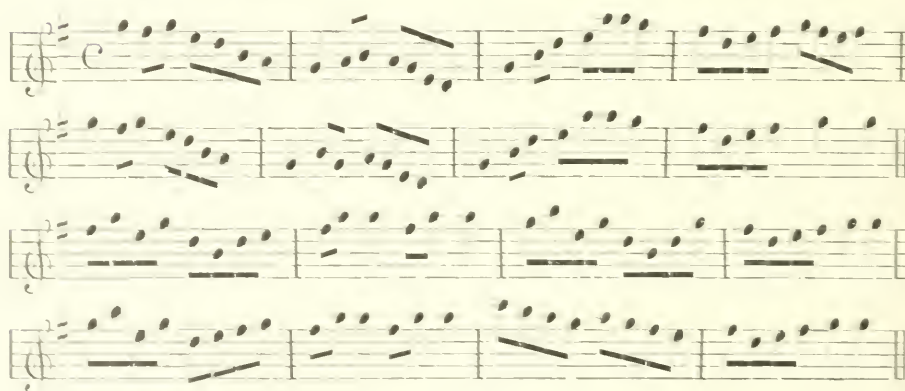


234. THE STRAWBERRY BANKS. REEL.

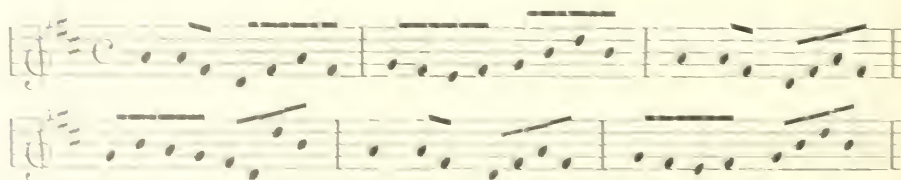


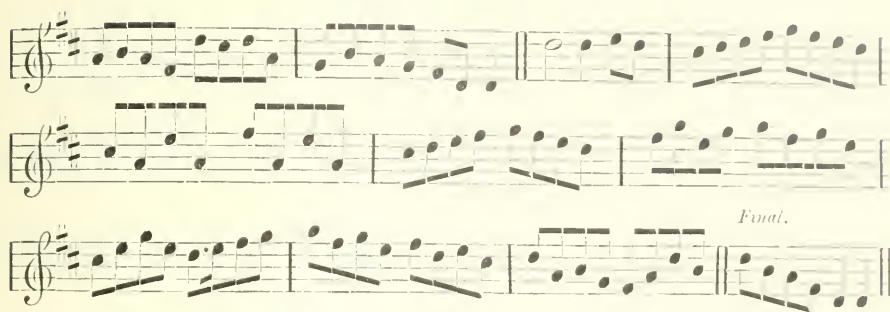


235. THE TYPRID LASSES. REEL.



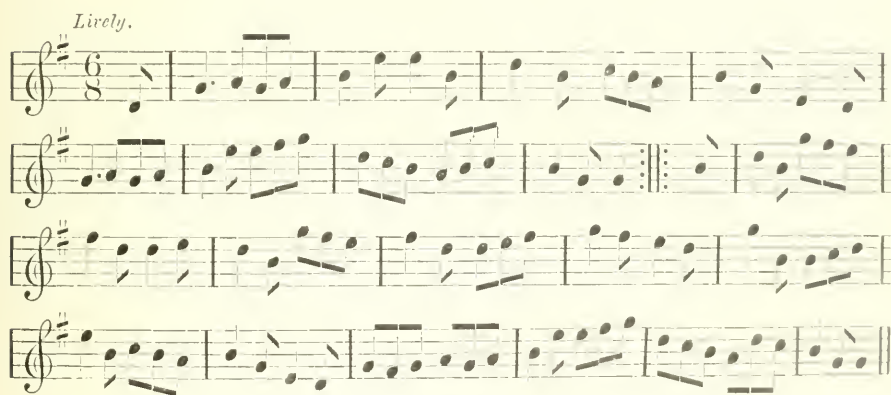
236 CAREY'S DREAM. REEL.





237. THE YELLOW HORSE. SONG AIR.

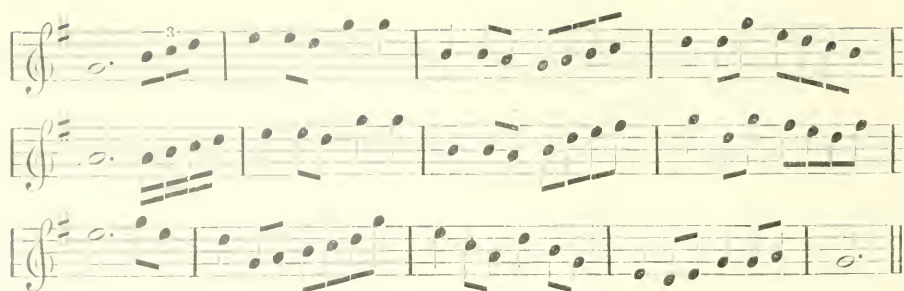
In Stanford-Petrie and Bunting are several airs called "The Yellow Horse" and *An Gearrán buidhe* (same meaning): but this tune is different from all.



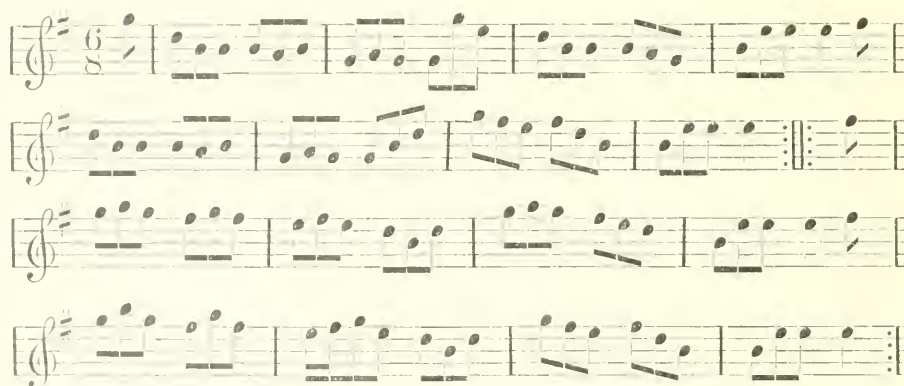
238. WHEN MY OLD HAT WAS NEW.

Sir Samuel Ferguson has written a ballad with this title.

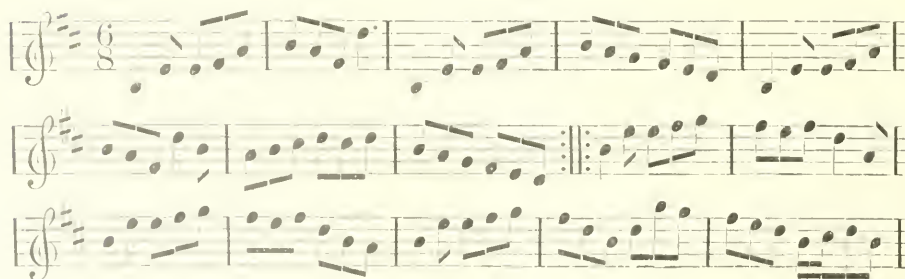


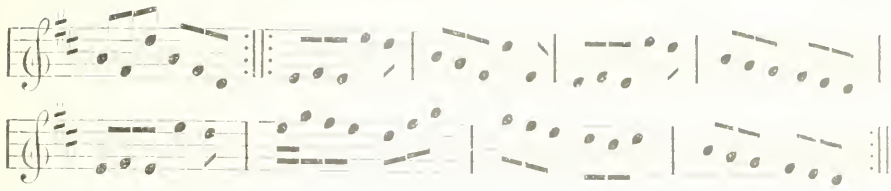


239. THE SHAMROCK. SONG AND DANCE TUNE.

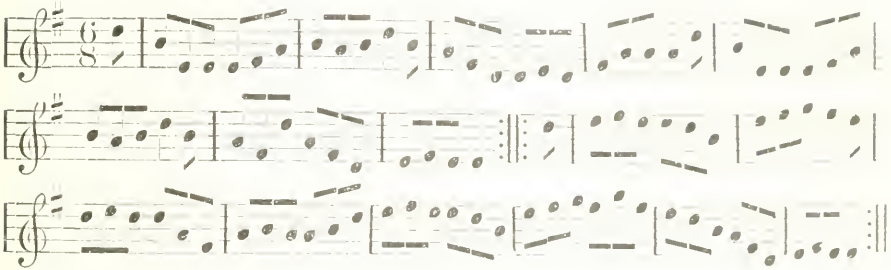


240. CONNOLLY'S JIG.

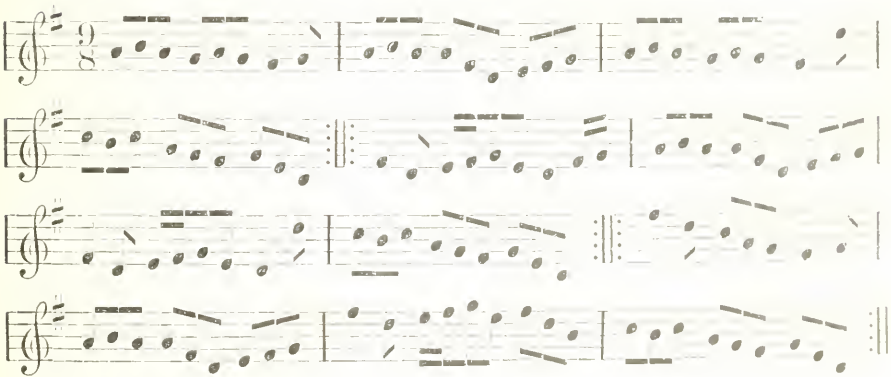




241. MRS. MARTIN'S FAVOURITE. Jig.

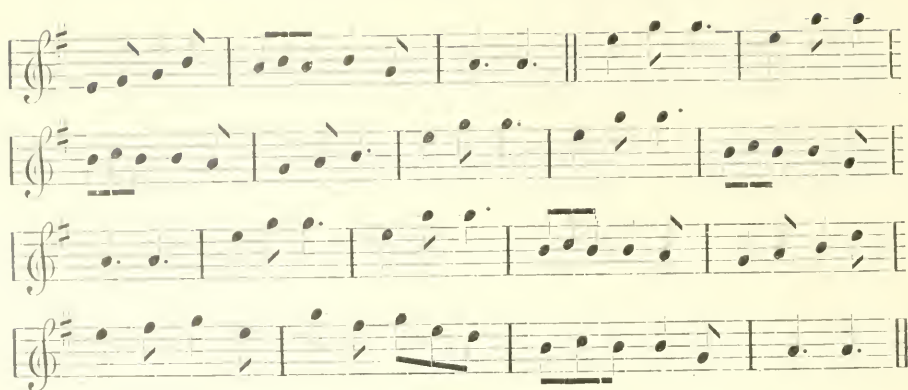


242. FURNILL'S FROLIC. Hop Jig.

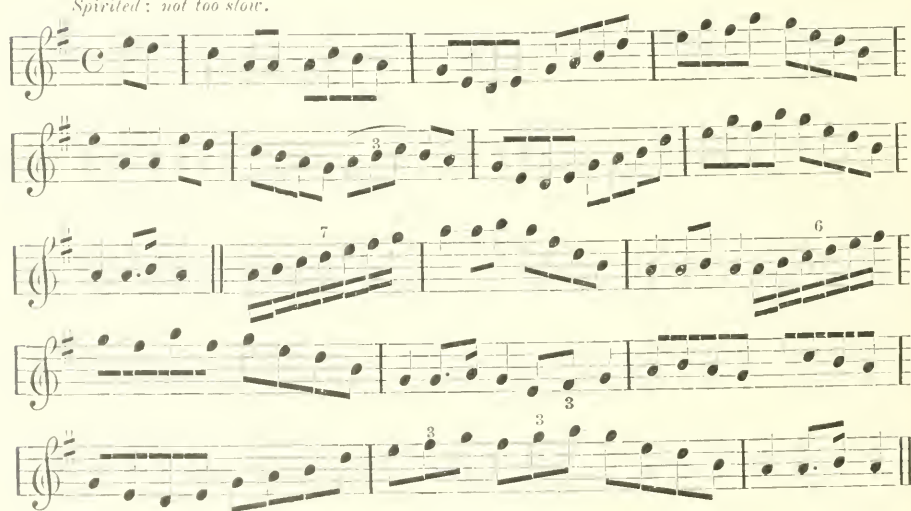


243. FOLLOW ME DOWN TO CARLOW. Jig.



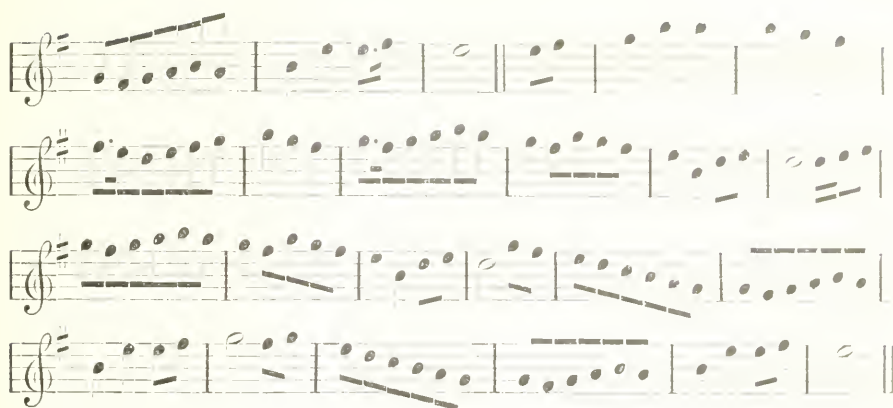


244. AN BHEAN BHOCHT: THE POOR WOMAN. SONG AIR.

Spirited: not too slow.

245. CAROLAN'S RAMBLE TO CASHEL.

Mod. time: or rather slow.



246. THE LEMONFIELD RANGERS (A HUNTING CLUB). SONG AND

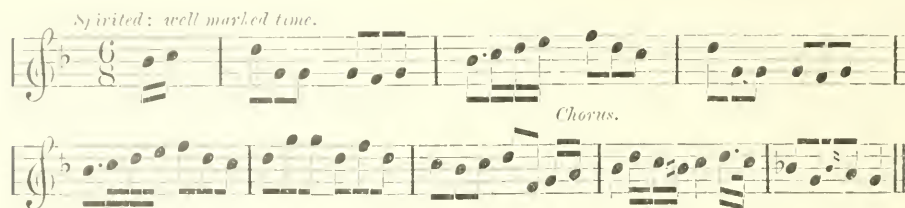
Mod. time.

247. HE THOUGHT OF THE CHARMER. SONG AND

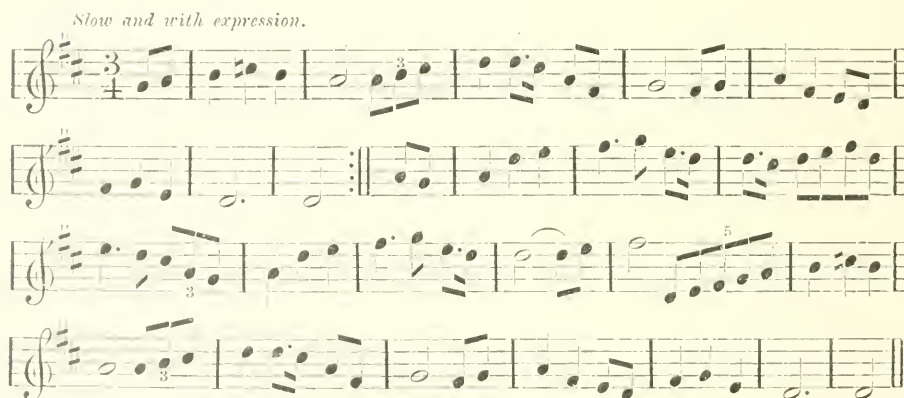
With life.

248. MY NAME IS BOLD KELLY. SONG AIR.

There is a different air with this name in Stanford-Petrie, which was contributed by me. But some mistake has crept in; for this is not the name I gave it. The spirited air I give here I remember from childhood as "My name is Bold Kelly," as well as a verse or two of the song about Bold Kelly himself.



249. THE GIRL OF BRUREE.



250. FELIX.

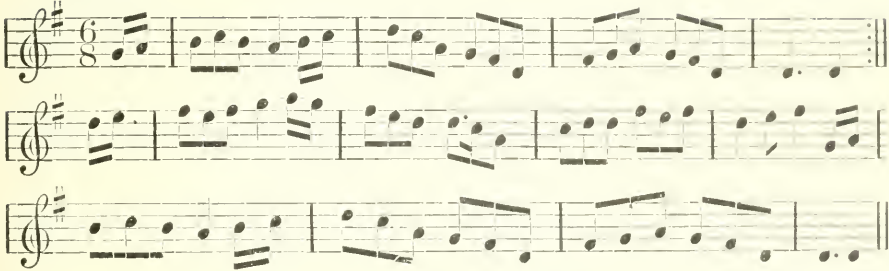
In connexion with the above I give, from my own memory, the following lively air, with one verse of the song. One of the two is obviously derived from the other. They are a good illustration how an air may be totally altered in character and expression by a change of time and rate of movement, with some—more or less—variation in the notes. (See Preface on this point.)

This air was a favourite theme; for I find in the Forde and Pigot Collections many tunes, altered indeed, but evidently modelled on it and with different names.

Oh, Felix, my honey,
I've value and money,

A snug and compact little farm ;
 Three acres of ground,
 With a ditch all around,
 To keep the potatoes from harm :
 A headland of flax
 Without tithe or tax ;
 Dark yarn that the fine frieze is made of ;
 Geese and turkeys galore,
 And myself to the fore :—
 Now, Felix, what are you afraid of ?

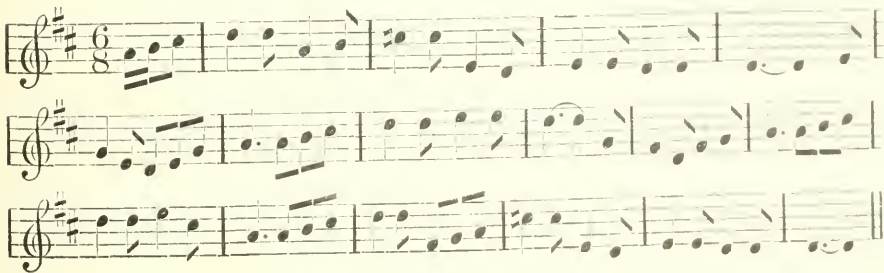
With spirit.



The following 34 airs (to "She's the dear Maid to me") were sent to me from time to time during 1884 by Mr. Francis Hogan of South Lodge, Brenormore, near Carrick-on-Suir, a good musician and a great enthusiast in Irish music and songs. He must have been then well over seventy years of age. Some of these he wrote from memory, and others he copied from MSS.

251. 'THE POUND OF TOW.

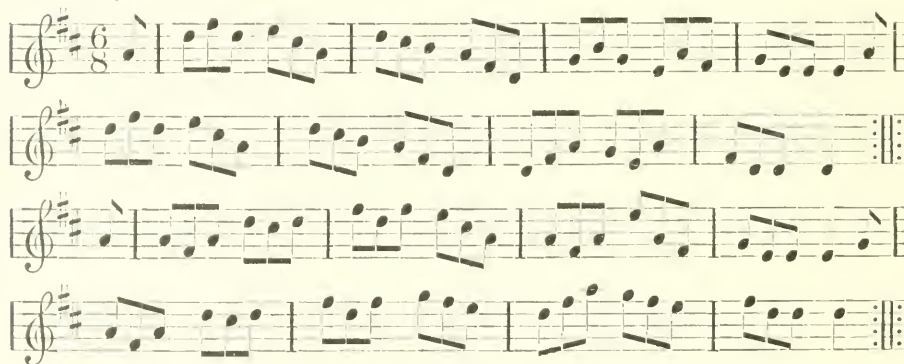
If your wife and my wife were in a boat together,
 Fifty miles from every port without an oar or rudder,
 Fifty miles from every port and there to let them go,
 Never to return again to spin the pound of tow.



252. THE IVY LEAF.

Rather slow.

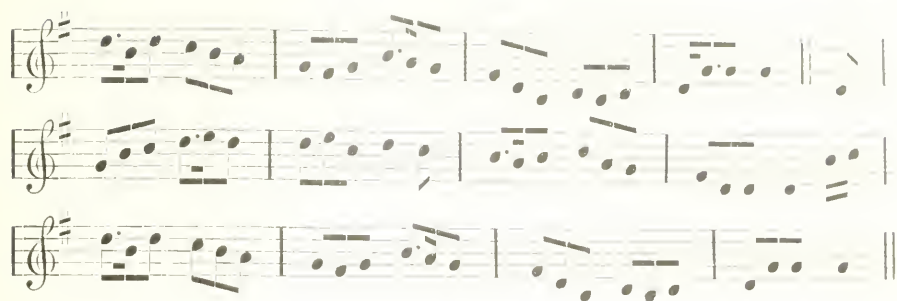
253. JIG AND SONG AIR.

Lively.

254. AN BUAILTEÁN MÓR; THE HEAVY BOOLTHAUN.* SONG AIR.

With life; time well marked.

* Boolthaun, the striking part of a flail.



255. MY DEAR, WE'LL GET MARRIED IF LOVE COMES ON.

Slow.

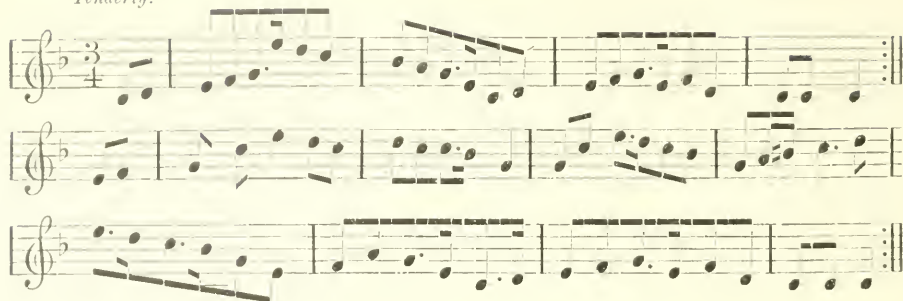
256. CHARMING MARY NEILL.

Air and song probably from Donegal. There are other airs with this name.

I am a bold undaunted youth, my name is John McCann,
 I'm a native of sweet Donegal convenient to Strabane;
 For the stealing of an heiress I lie in Lifford jail,
 And her father says he'll hang me for his daughter Mary Neill.



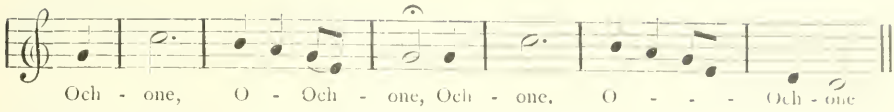
257. ADIEU TO O'REILLY.

Tenderly.258. *BARRAIDH NA G-CRAOBH*: THE TOPS OF THE BRANCHES.*Slow and with feeling.*259. *KEEN*: LAMENT.

Four married women came from their homes to their father's wake, and *keened* him in the following strain. There are Irish words, but I cannot make them out, they are so corruptly written. The wake was at Kilcash in Tipperary, and the whole scene occurred about the year 1800. Mr. Hogan's mother was one of the four mourners.

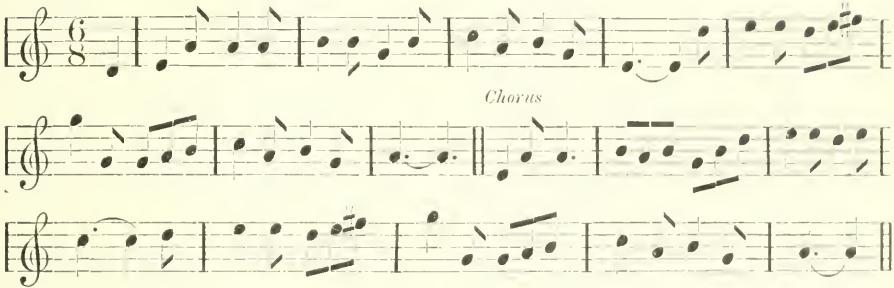
Very slow and sad.

Chorus.



260. THE BARLEY MALT. SONG AIR: NOT A JIG.

With spirit.



261. THOMAS AVOCKA FROM BALLYNEAL CROSS. SONG TUNE:
NOT A JIG.

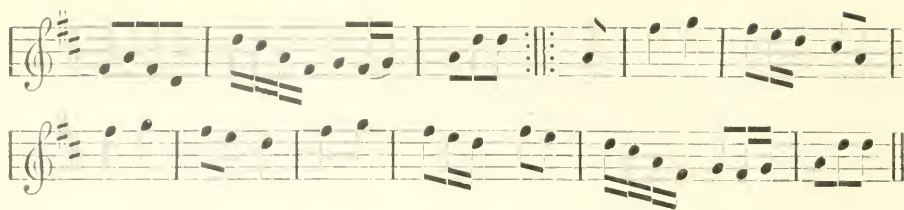
With spirit.



262. THE GARRAUN BWEE: THE YELLOW HORSE (see p. 115).

With great spirit.





263. AN M-BEIDHEDH AGUM COITE NA' BADA: HAD I A COT OR
A BOAT. SONG AIR.

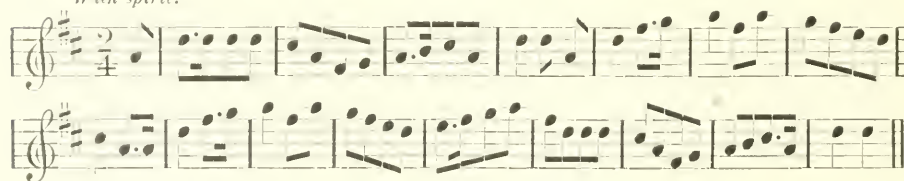
With animation.



264. THE SHANAVEST AND CARAVAT.

In my Ancient Irish Music (p. 32) is a different air with this name. "Shanavest" and "Caravat" were the names of two fighting factions in and around Co. Kilkenny, about the beginning of the last century.

With spirit.



265. THE WHEAT IS READY FOR REAPING NOW.





266. I MUST BE MARRIED IF THIS IS THE WAY. SONG AIR.

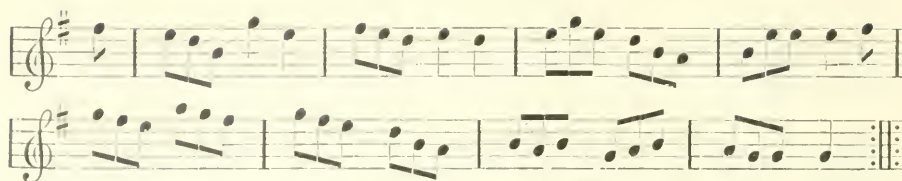


267. *SÍOS AIR AN ÚRLÁIR*: DOWN ON THE FLOOR.



268. THE CARAVAT JIG. (See p. 120.)



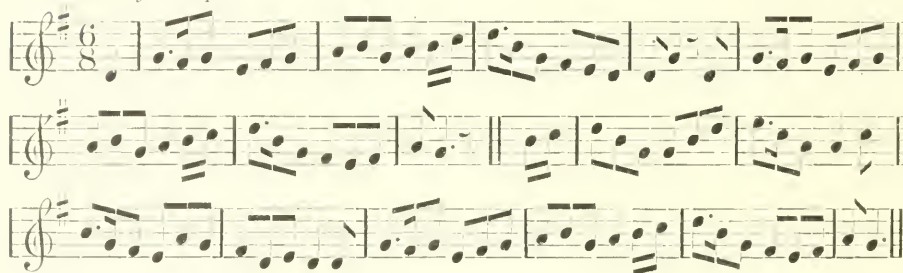


269. THE TRIP WE TOOK OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

I have a whole song to this air on a ballad-sheet, beginning:—

One night as the moon luminated the sky,
When I first took a notion to marry.

With life and spirit.



270. AN FEAR BOCHT SCALLTA: THE SCALDED POOR MAN.

(Scalded: vexed, mortified). SONG AIR.

Mod.



271. AN SÚSA DUBH: THE BLACK BLANKET. SONG AIR.

Staccato. Mod.

272. THE REAL IRISH TOPER.

Now drink away, my boys, and don't you be dry,
 For handfuls of money we'll surely let fly;
 'Tis many a long year in the cold grave we'll lie
 Where whiskey nor beer won't be near us.

Spirited.

273. A h-UISCIDHE CHROIDHE NA h-ANAMMAV: OIL, WHISKY, HEART OF SOULS.

The Irish song with the above opening will be found in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," I. 140; and also in Edward Walsh's Irish "Popular Songs," with a metrical translation in the same measure. This song will sing to either of the two following airs:—

With spirit.



274. O, WHISKEY, HEART OF SOULS. (Another air for the same words.)

With spirit.



275. ORO, 'SE DO BHEATHA A BHAILE: ORO, WELCOME HOME!

A HAULING-HOME SONG.

The "Hauling home" was bringing home the bride to her husband's house after marriage. It was usually a month or so after the wedding, and was celebrated as an occasion next only in importance to the wedding itself.

The bridegroom brought home his bride at the head of a triumphal procession—all on cars or on horseback. I well remember one where the bride rode on a pillion behind her husband. As they enter the house the bridegroom is supposed to speak or sing:—

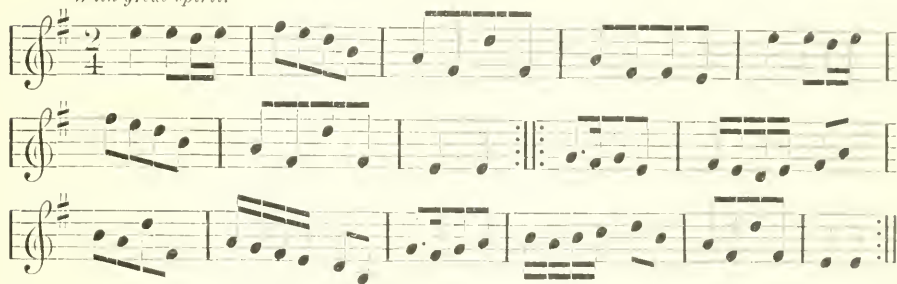
Oro, sé do bheatha a bhaile, is fearr liom tu ná céad bo bainne:
Oro, sé do bheatha a bhaile, thá tu maith le rátha.

Oro, welcome home, I would rather have you than a hundred milch cows:
Oro, welcome home, 'tis you are happy with prosperity [in store for you].

Here is Mr. Hogan's note on this air:—"This song used to be played at the 'Hauling Home,' or the bringing home of a wife. The piper, seated outside the house at the arrival of the party, playing *hard* [*i.e.* with great spirit]: nearly all who were at the wedding a month previous being in the procession. Oh, for the good old times!"

This tune is called in Stanford-Petrie an "ancient clan march": and it is set in the Major, with many accidentals, but another setting is given in the Minor. I give it here as Mr. Hogan wrote it, in its proper Minor form. In several particulars this setting differs from Dr. Petrie's two versions. It was a march tune, as he calls it: but the *March* was home to the husband's house. Dr. Petrie does not state where he procured his two versions. (See "Bring home the bride," below).

With great spirit.



276. THE THREE JOLLY TOPERS. SONG AIR.

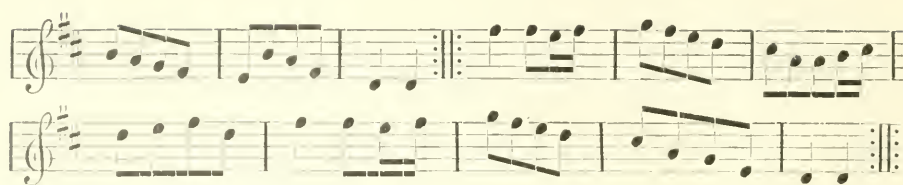
With spirit.



277. OLD IRISH QUADRILLE.

With spirit: not too fast.



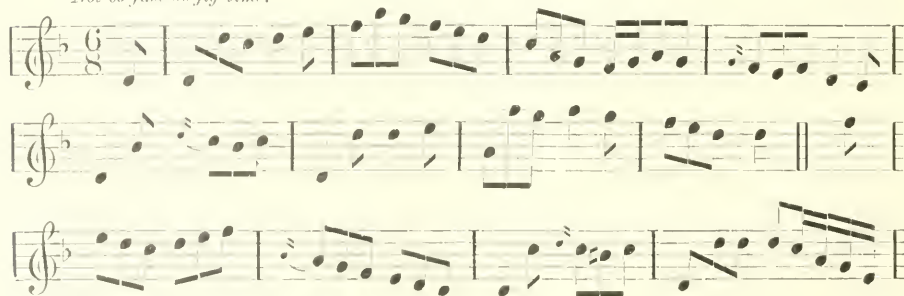


278. THE BANKS OF KILLALOE. SONG AIR.

Lively.

279. ABHRAN BUADHA: SONG OF VICTORY.

This tune—which Mr. Hogan copied from a ms.—is a very beautiful *Planxty*, evidently composed by Carolan. I do not believe it has ever seen the light before now.

Not so fast as jig time.



280. THE GARRAUN BWEÉ: THE YELLOW HORSE. (See pp. 115, 125.)

With spirit.



Chorus.



281. THERE WAS A YOUNG COUPLE. SONG AIR: NOT A JIG.

With animation.



282. JIG AND SONG AIR.



283. THIS FAIR MAID TO THE MEADOW'S GONE.

This fair maid to the meadow's gone
 To pull the flowers just as they spring,
 And every perch she a flower does pull
 Until she has her apron full.



284. THE MORNING DEW.

Gracefully.





285. SHE'S THE DEAR MAID TO ME.

The words of this rude, though very popular, ballad were printed from a broadsheet in Duffy's Ballad Poetry of Ireland. I have also a copy on a printed sheet not differing materially from this. I give the opening verse here. Hugh Reynolds was executed in Cavan in the year 1820, for housebreaking and attempted abduction. Pretty full details of the tragedy are given by Duffy along with the song. I knew "Catherine MacCabe" about fifty years ago: but she was then a married woman, and of course bore a different name. The air has not been printed till now.

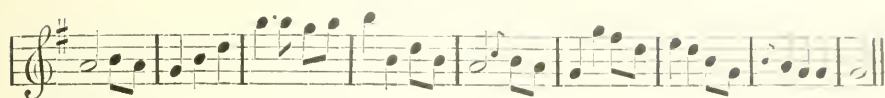
My name it is Hugh Reynolds, I come of decent parents,
Near Cavan I was born as you may plainly see;
By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
My life it is betrayed—she's the dear maid to me.*

Mournfully.



The 18 airs that follow (as far as "Brave Donnelly") have been sent to me during the last seven or eight years by Mr. Patrick O'Leary of Gaignamanagh, Co. Kilkenny, a good amateur musician with a great knowledge of the popular airs of that part of Ireland. Most of these he wrote down from his own memory.

* An Irish idiom, meaning "I have paid dearly for her"—"she has cost me dearly."



289. AN OLD REEL.



290. THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

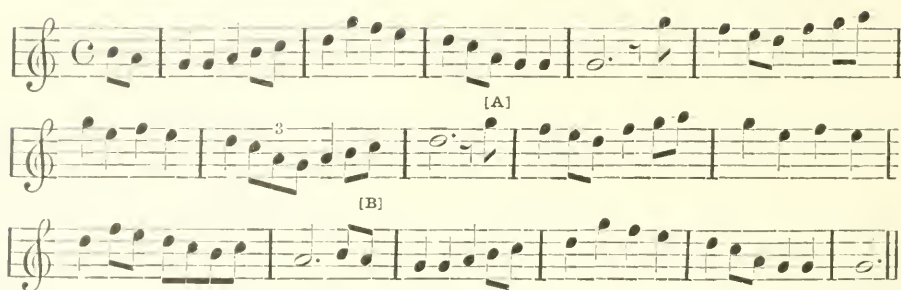
I have the song composed to this air about "Young Jane and her Gallant Hussar."

Moderately slow.



291. AIR.

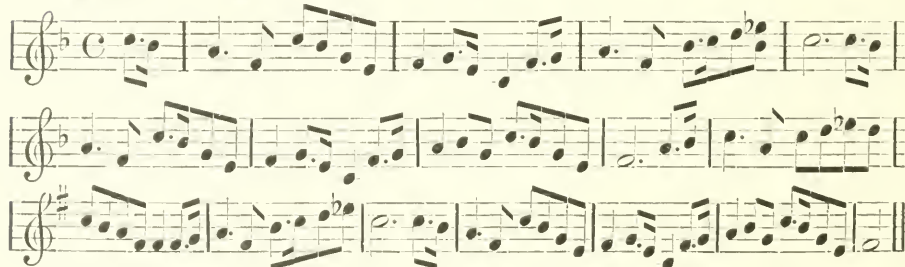
I have added the phrase from A to B from my own memory of this air.



292. AS I ROVED OUT ON A MAYDAY MORNING.

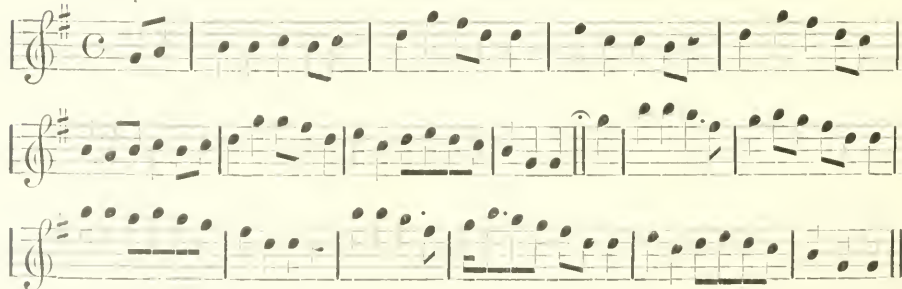
County Wicklow air.

Mod. time: or rather slow.



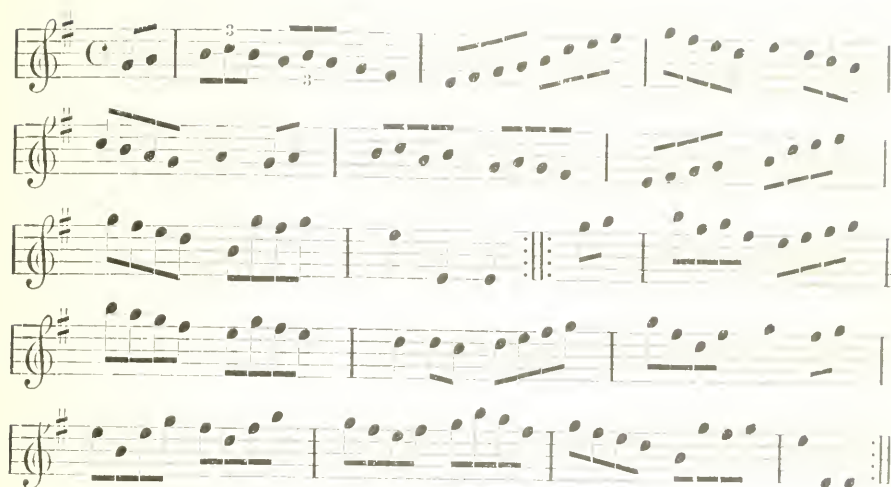
293. REEL AND SONG AIR.

With spirit.



THE JOYCE COLLECTION

294. HORNPIPE.



295. REEL.



296. MY OWN DEAR COLLEEN DHAS.



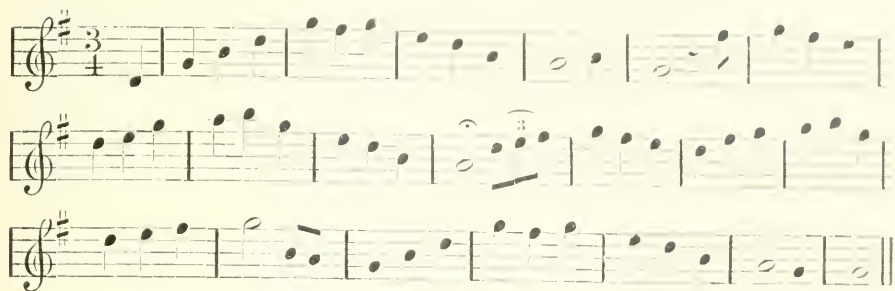
297. THE WEXFORD REBEL.

Slow : with feeling.

298. AIR.

Slow and with feeling.

299. TINNEHINCH CASTLE.



300. THE CROPPY BOY.

To be distinguished from the other air of the same name, below.



301. THE DEVIL IN DUBLIN.



302. AIR.



303. BRAVE DONNELLY. SONG AIR.

This was Dan Donnelly, the great Dublin boxer of the beginning of last century.

With life.



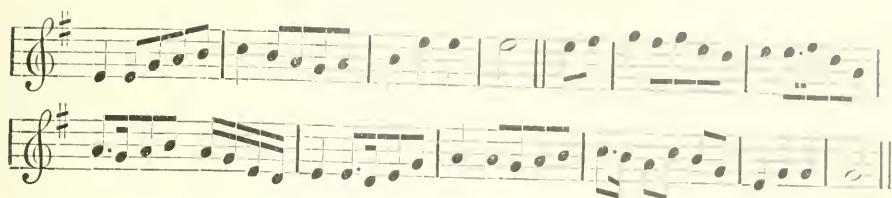
I copied the 9 tunes that follow (to "Paddy Shown More") about 1873 from a MS. lent me from near Lough Conn, County Mayo.

304. BRIGHID NÍ MHÁILLE: BRIGID O'MALLEY.

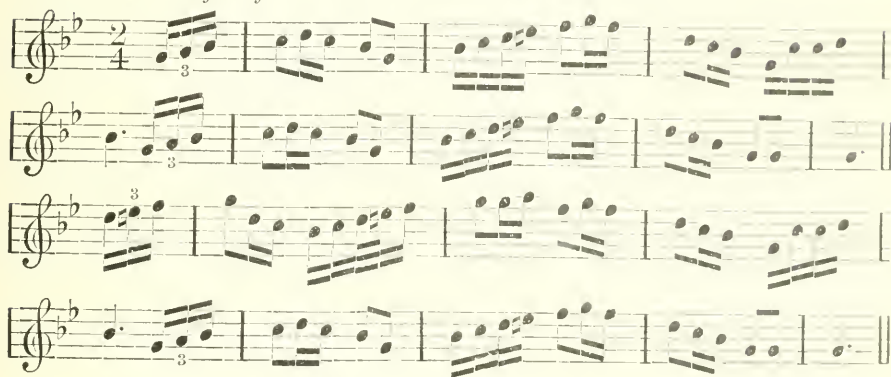
Carolan's song to Brigid O'Malley is given by Hardiman in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, I. 74. This is the proper air too, and not "Lough Sheelin" (Moore's "Come, rest on this bosom"), as Hardiman states at p. 128 of the same volume.

Rather slow and with expression.





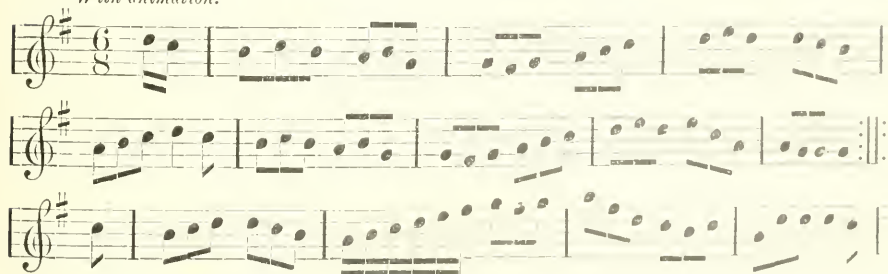
305. FAREWELL TO LOUGH CONN.

Slow and with feeling.

306. CEARC AGUS COILLEACH A D-IMTHIGH LE CHÉILE:

A HEN AND A COCK WENT OUT TOGETHER. SONG TUNE.

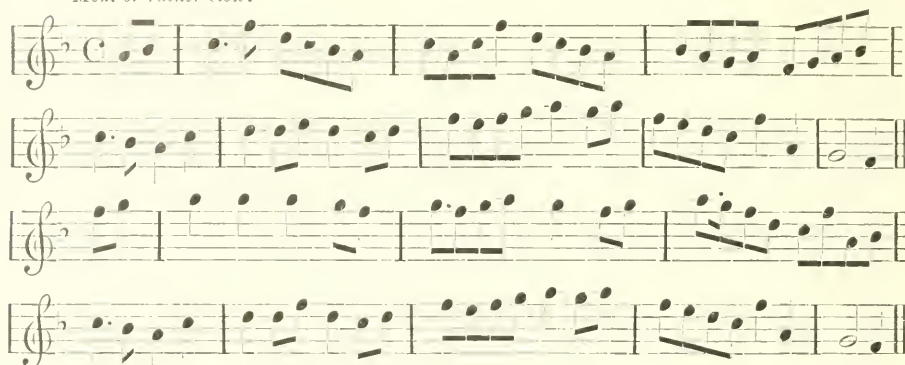
Connaught version : different from Petrie's Munster version ("Anc. Mus. of Irel.")

With animation.



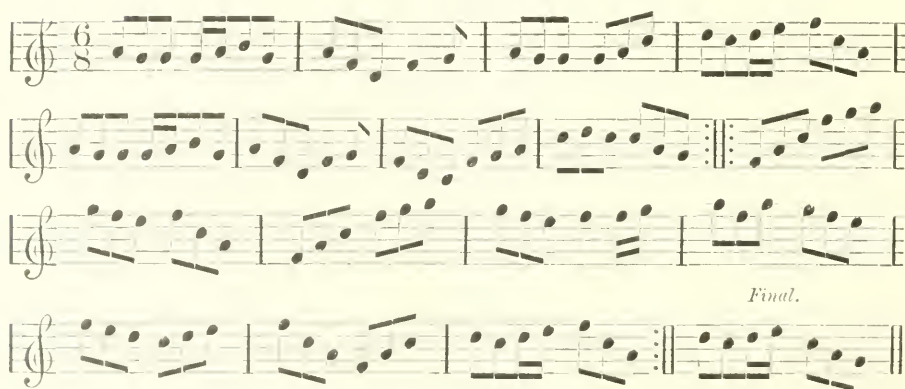
307. *TA DHA UILLIAM DAÍBHÍS ANNSAN ÁITSE*: THERE ARE TWO WILLIAM DAVIS'S IN THIS PLACE.

Mod. or rather slow.

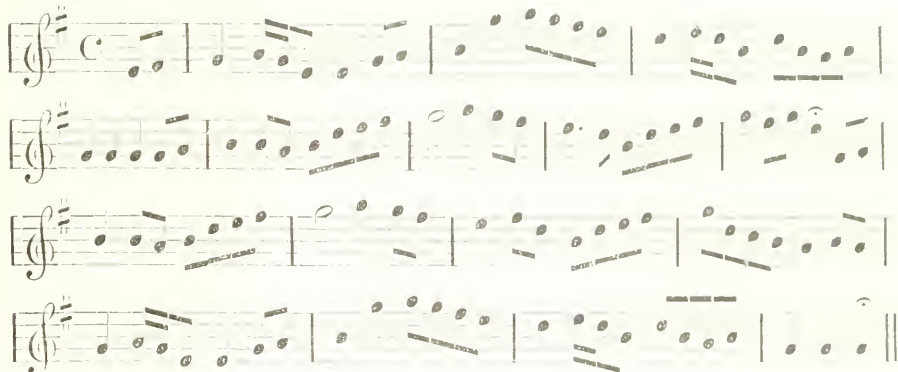


308. NEGUS FOR GENTLEMEN. SONG AIR AND JIG.

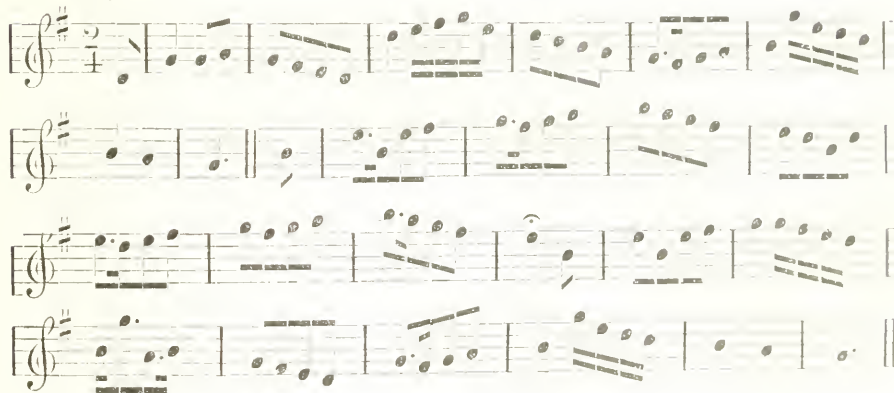
(See "Punch for Ladies," below).



309. MY OWN DEAR MAID.

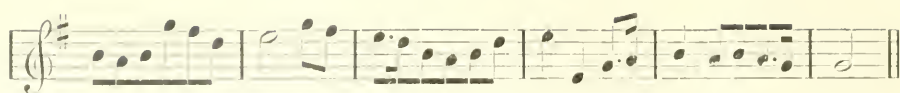
Mod.: or rather slow.

310. AIR.

Mod.

311. TIGH NA G-CEILLIGHE A G-CLOCH: THE HOUSE OF THE KIELYS ON THE CLIFF.

Rather slow.



312. PADDY SHOWN MORE.

Mod. : or rather slow.

The following 5 airs (to "The Sailor Boy") were sent to me in 1873 by Mr. J. C. MacGowan of Newtownards, a good amateur Musician.

313. THE SHIP WENT DOWN WITH ALL ON BOARD.

Mr. MacGowan informs me that this air was current in Donaghadee since his childhood, and that many ballads were composed to it, all Laments for the loss of vessels or sailors.

Slow.



314. JOHN MACANANTY'S WELCOME HOME. SONG AIR.

For John MacAnanty, the Fairy King of Scrabo, near Newtownards, and
 "John MacAnanty's Courtship," farther on.

Mod. : time well marked.



315. OLD SIBBY.

Mr. MacGowan learned this air about 1840 in Newtownards, from a very old woman, who brought it from her native Munster.

Slow.



316. THE SONG OF THE BLACKBIRD.

Mr. MacGowan traced the history of this air for at least a hundred years.



317. THE SAILOR BOY.

Rather slow.



Mr. J. McKenzie of Newtownards, a great lover of Irish Music and of the corresponding folk songs, sent me the following 21 airs (to "Waterloo") about 30 years ago.

318. VALENTINE O'HARA. (A Highwayman.)

There was a song to this air telling about—

"A bold young man named Valentine O'Hara,
Whose friends resided nigh the hill of Tara."

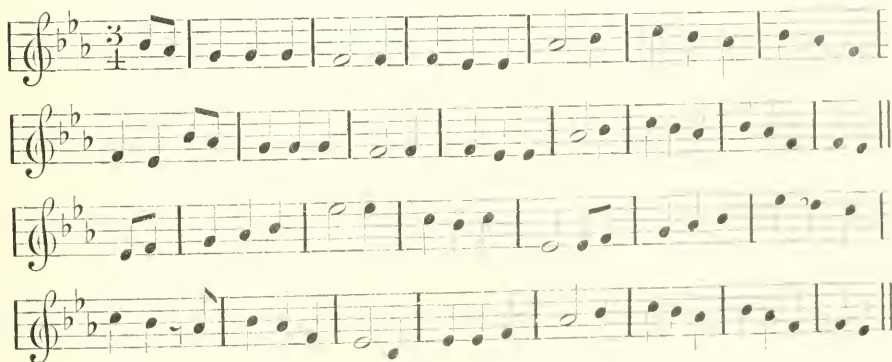
“He enlisted”—as Mr. M^cKenzie goes on to say—“but being treated badly, deserted and took to the road. He made a great sum of money, but lost it all in a sudden death at Tyburn.” I suppose the hero of this song is the same as “Bold Val O’Hara,” who has given his name to another air which will be found farther on.



319. AS WE SAILED FROM THE DOWNS.

The song tells of the wreck of a vessel on the coast of the Co. Down on its way from London to Belfast.

As we sailed from the Downs near fair London town,
 It's then we had fine pleasant weather ;
 For two days or three we'd a very calm sea,
 And our good ship she wrought with much pleasure.
 But then rose a fog, and our vessel did log,
 You could scarcely observe our slow motion,
 When to our surprise the storm did arise,
 And the billows did foam through the ocean.

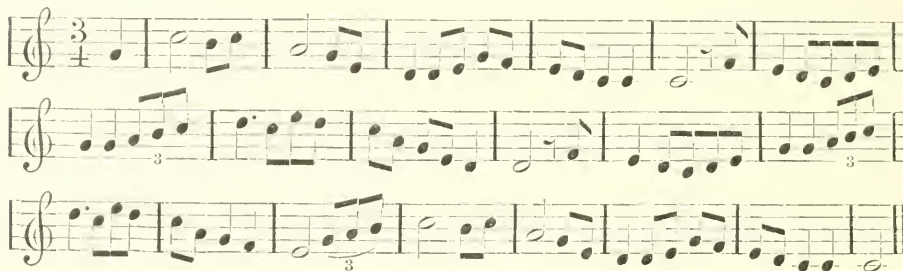


320. DOWN IN THE LOWLANDS.

Mr. M'Kenzie says :—" This is as I always heard it sung by Irish girls. The other setting I sent you was the Scotch style of singing it."



321. DIDN'T YOU PROMISE YOUR OWN SWEET BRIDE I WOULD BE?



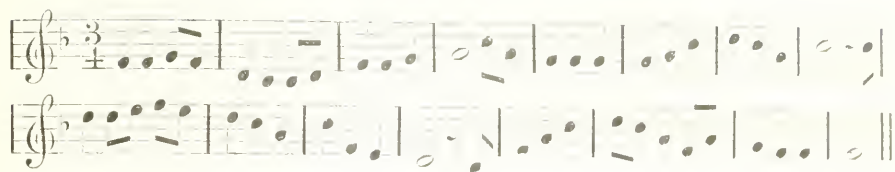
322. BALLINDOWN BRAES. ULSTER AIR AND SONG.

I have known this air and part of the song from boyhood days, when I learned them from an Ulster girl. But Mr. M'Kenzie's setting is better than mine.

Being young like myself—O, he said he would be
Both father and mother and all things to me;
He would dress me in silks and in satins so fine,
And the bright gold and silver in my tartan should shine.
But false was his heart—O, and false were his ways;
He decoyed me far far from sweet Ballindown Braes.



323. WITH MY LOVE ON THE ROAD.



324. CRUEL DELANY.



325. THE MANTLE SO GREEN.

As I went a-walking one morning in June,
To view the green fields and the meadows in bloom,
I espied a young damsel, she appeared like a queen,
With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green.



326. MY DARLING BOY IS GONE.

A favourite around Ballymoney and in some parts of Tyrone. A despairing love song was sung to it.

Slow.

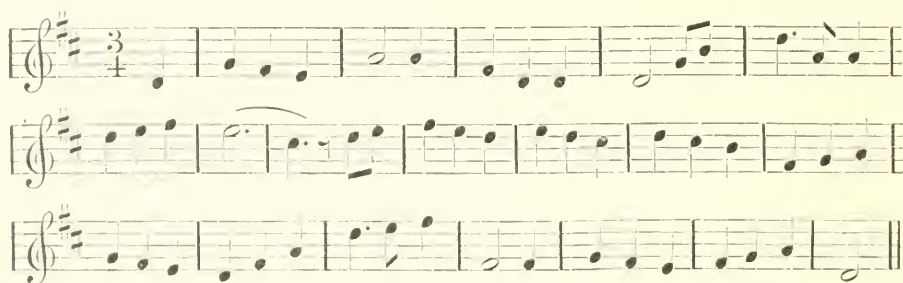




327. THE MERMAID.

A beautiful mermaid visited a ship by moonlight. The captain tried to detain her: but she chanted a song that threw captain and crew into a trance, and so she escaped. "One of the best of the old northern airs" (Mr. M'Kenzie).

O were my men drunk or were my men mad,
 Or were my men drownèd in care—O,
 When they let her escape, which made us all sad?
 And the sailors all wished she was there—O, there,
 And the sailors all wished she was there.



328. MY LOVELY IRISH BOY.

Popular in and around Ballycastle in Antrim, about 1850.

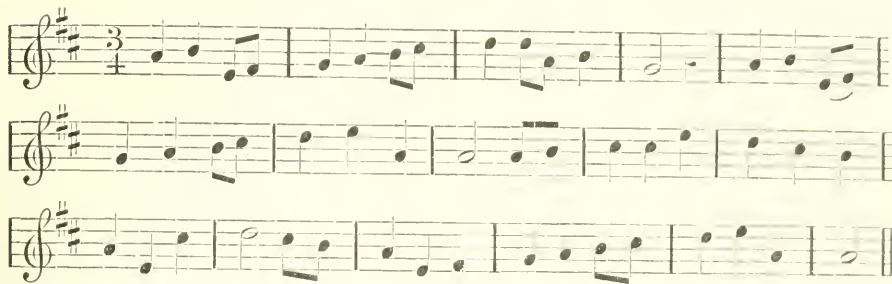
Once I was courting a lovely Irish boy,
 He called me his honey and he said I was his joy;
 He talked to me of love and he promised me to wed;
 But when he found my money gone my lovely boy fled.



329. ELIZA: OR, WHEN I LANDED IN GLASGOW.

Mr. M'Kenzie says:—"This is an air that may be heard in Antrim, or on the opposite coast of Scotland. But it is only sung by Irish."

Now to conclude and to finish my song
I mean to be married and that before long:
For I have a spirit above my degree,
I would scorn to love anyone who would not love me.



330. THE LADIES DRESSED IN THEIR GARMENTS SO GREEN.

Mr. M'Kenzie says:—"This air was popular in Ballycastle (in Antrim) about 1840 and long before that. I often heard it played on the harp."

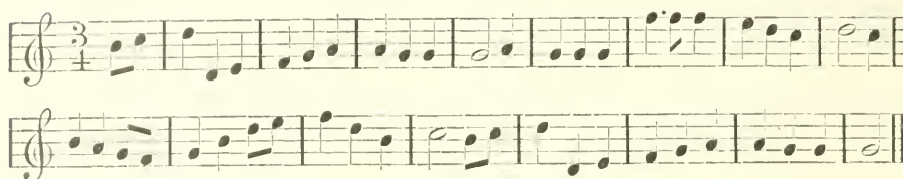


331. THE JACKET BLUE.

"What kind of clothes does your William wear,
Or what was the colour of your William's hair?"
"Genteel he was, not at all like you,
For you advise me, for you advise me,
To slight my sailor with his jacket blue."



332. THE RAMBLER.



333. IT WAS ON A FRIDAY MORNING.



334. THE GIPSIES CAME TO LORD M——'S GATE.

In the district around Newtownards, a version of the Scotch ballad, "The Gypsies cam' to our lord's yett," was sung to this (Irish) air.



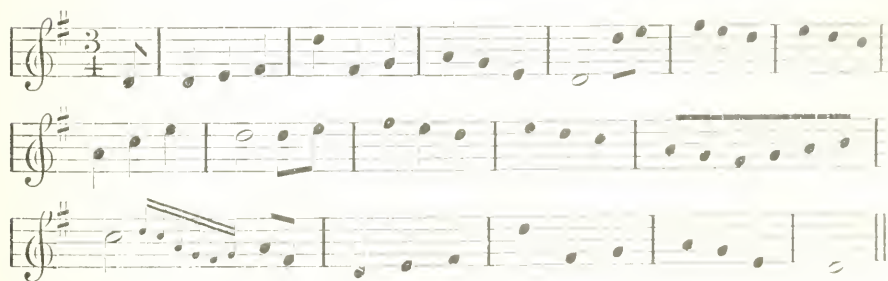
335. THE BREEZE FROM SCOTLAND WILL BRING MY LOVE.



336. THE LASSES OF DONAGHADEE.

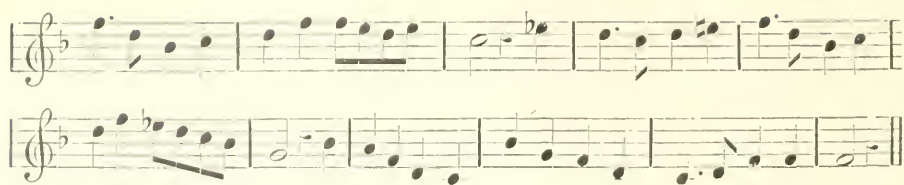


337. THE PRAISE OF PRINCE CHARLIE.



338. WATERLOO.





The following 8 airs (to "The Cows are a-milking") I received, in 1884 and 1887, from Mr. John Healy, Teacher of Smithstown National School near Castlecomer Co. Kilkenny. He was then over 70 years of age, and had learned these tunes in early life.

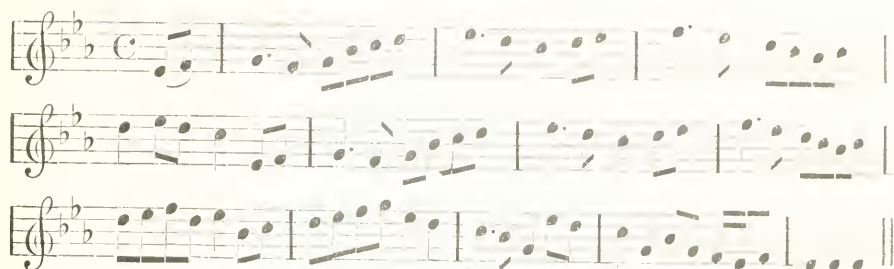
339. SHEARING THE SHEEP.



340. WHILE MAUREEN IS FAR AWAY.



341. AIR.



342. REEL.



343. JIG.





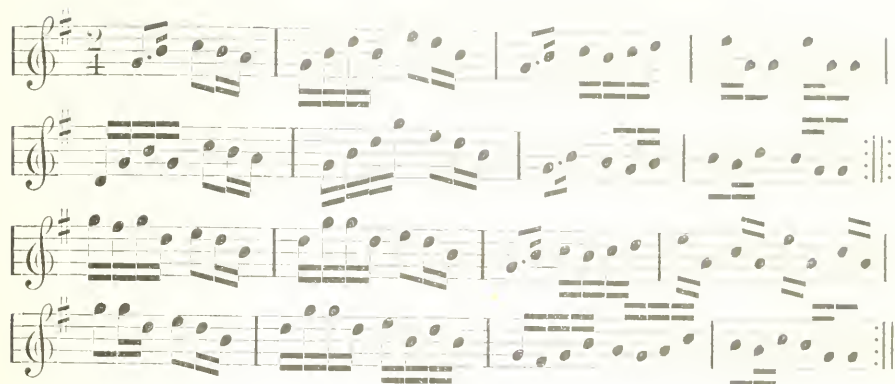
344. HOP JIG.



345. A DOUBLE JIG.



346. THE COWS ARE A-MILKING. REEL.

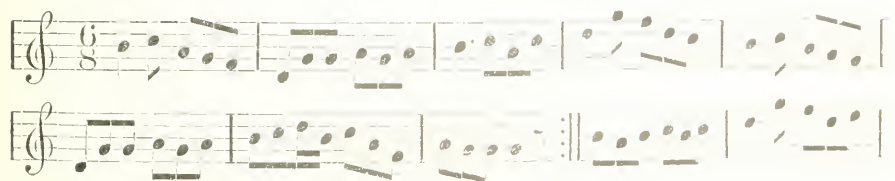


I copied the following 8 airs (to "The Repining Maid" from a MS. evidently written by a skilled fiddler with much musical taste, from Limerick, but the name of the writer nowhere appears.

347. BURNS'S DREAM. Jig.

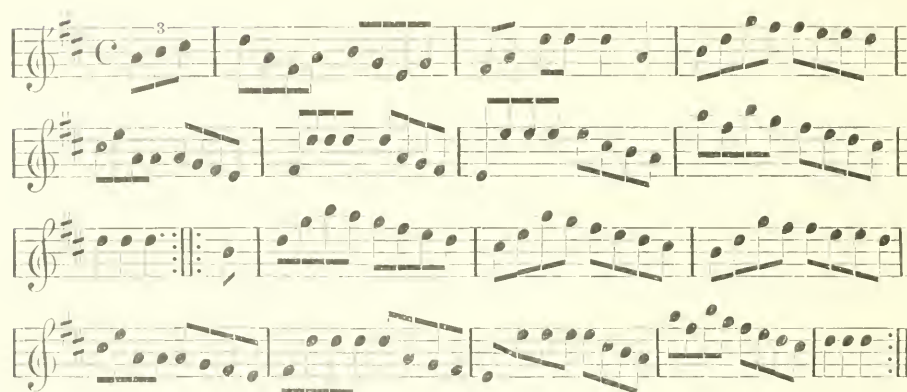


348. THE RAKES OF NEWCASTLE WEST. Jig.





349. CORDICK'S HORNPIPE.



350. GALLAGHER'S FROLIC.

I have several settings of this fine tune (though not published), but none so good as this and the following version, which were both written by the same hand in the MS.

Moderate time.



1 2

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

tr

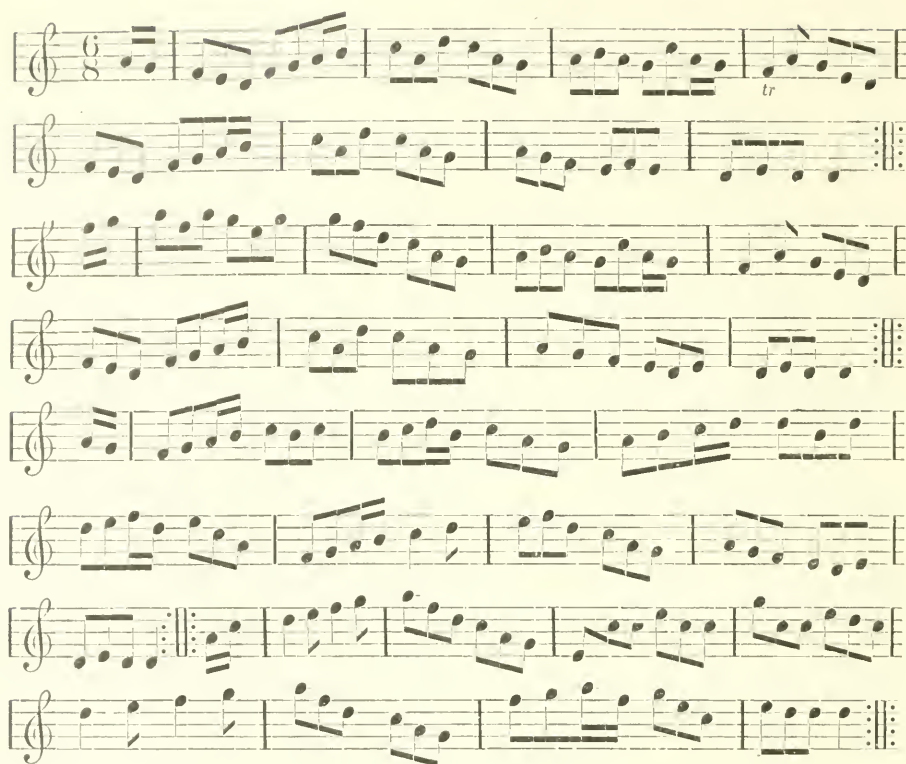
tr

tr

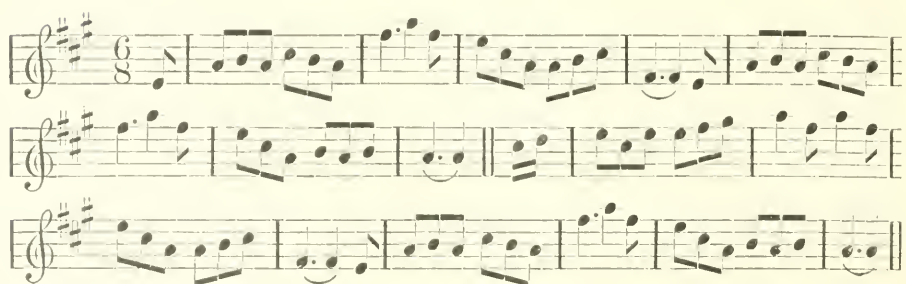
Finol.

351. GALLAGHER'S FROLIC.

Another version.



352. ROSIN THE BOW.

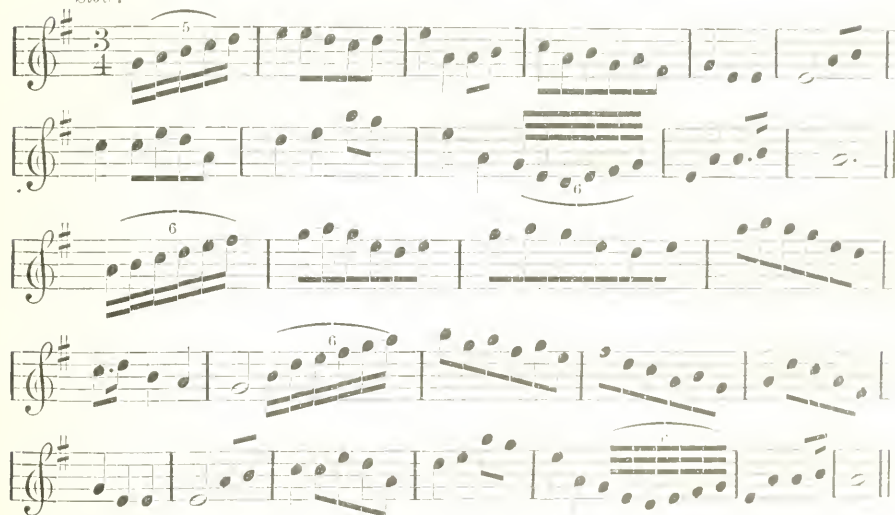


353. THE MAJOR. SONG AIR.

f. Time well marked.

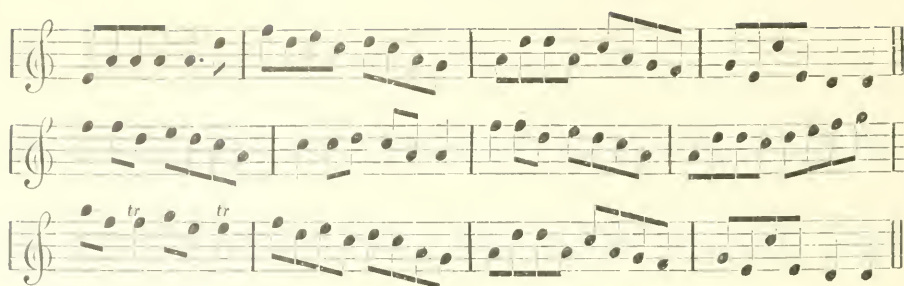
354. THE LADY IN THE SUN.

There were some irregularities in the phrasing, which I have corrected.

Slow.

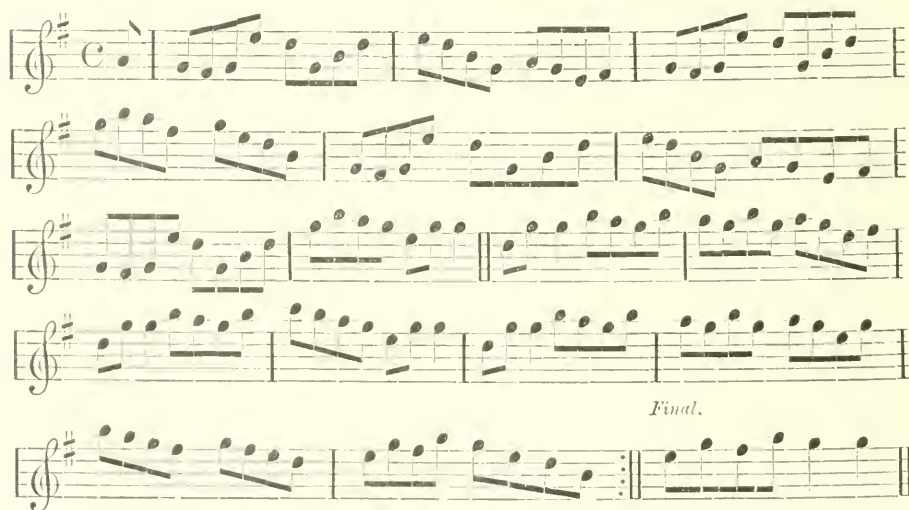
355. THE PINING MAID. REEL.





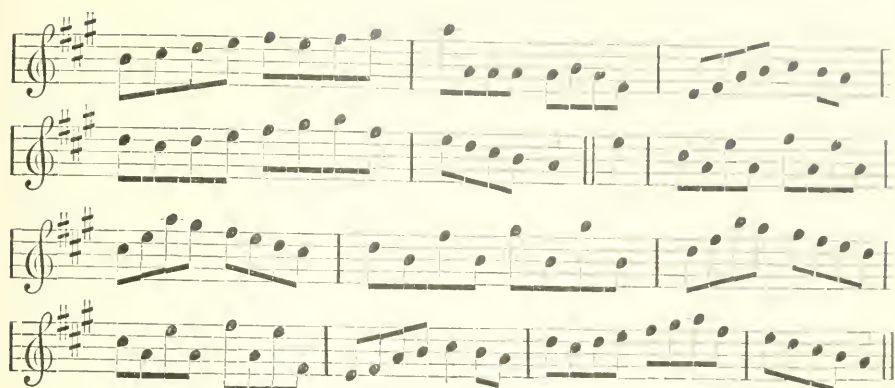
The following 5 tunes (to "The Boys of the Lake") I got about 20 years ago from Mr. M. Flanagan of the Hibernian Military School, Phoenix Park, Dublin, a good player on the Union pipes. Mr. Flanagan picked them up in North Kildare.

356. THE LASS OF BALLINTRA. REEL.



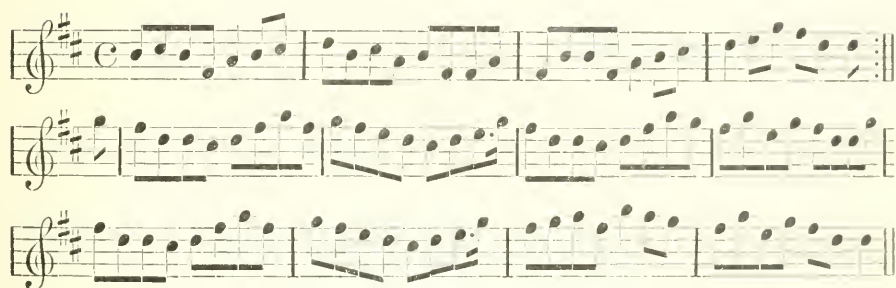
357. LADY CARBURY. REEL.





358. THE DUNBOYNE STRAW-PLAITERS. REEL.

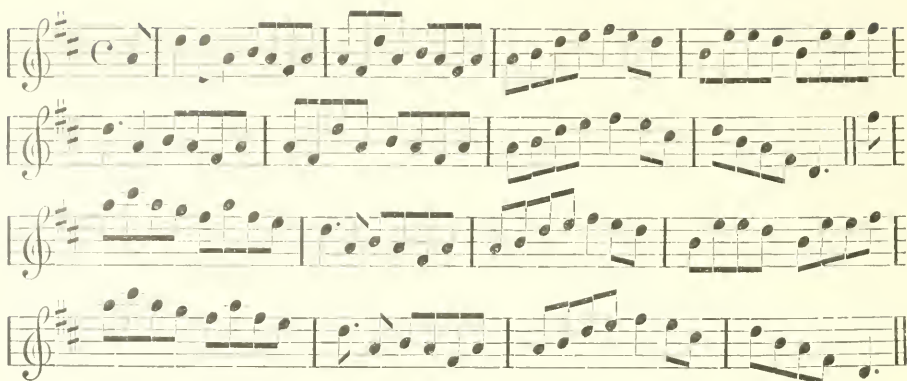
The name points to a vanished local industry of Dunboyne, Co. Meath.



359. CASTLE KELLY (near Tallaght, Dublin). REEL.



360. THE BOYS OF THE LAKE. REEL.



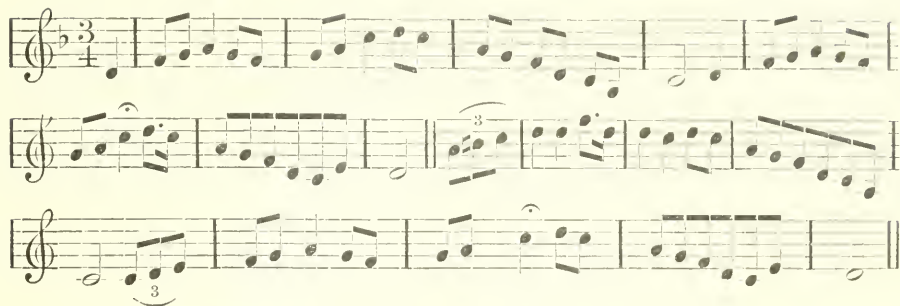
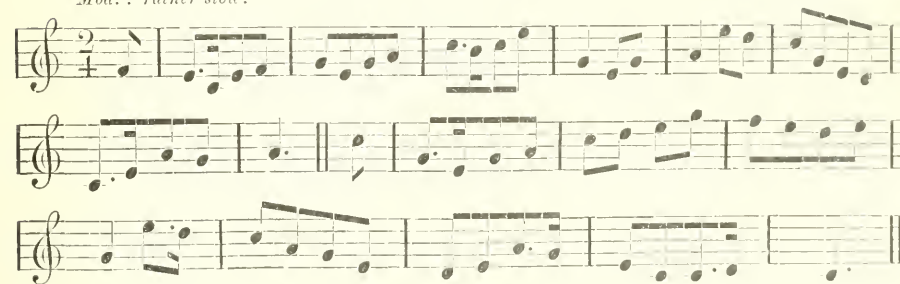
I copied the following 11 airs (to "Drimin Donn Dilis") from a MS. book lent me by Surgeon-Major-General King of Dublin (about 1885), who copied them 40 years previously from an old MS. book in Cork.

361. THE EAGLE'S WHISTLE.

I gave a setting of this in my *Ancient Irish Music*: and there are two others in the Stanford-Petrie Collection. These three are in $\frac{3}{4}$ time: whereas the setting I now give is in $\frac{2}{4}$, which is no doubt the proper original form, inasmuch as this was the marching tune of the O'Donovans (see my *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 53). The Cork MS. has this remark:—"The legend tells that with this tune the eagle whistles his young to rest."



362. THE YOUNG MAN'S LAMENTATION.

Slow : with feeling.363. *PORT' GAN AINM*: i.e. "A TUNE WITHOUT A NAME."*Rather slow.*364. *FUAIM NA DTONA*: THE SOUND OF THE WAVES.*Mod. : rather slow.*

365. THE PRETTY GIRL COMBING HER LOCKS.

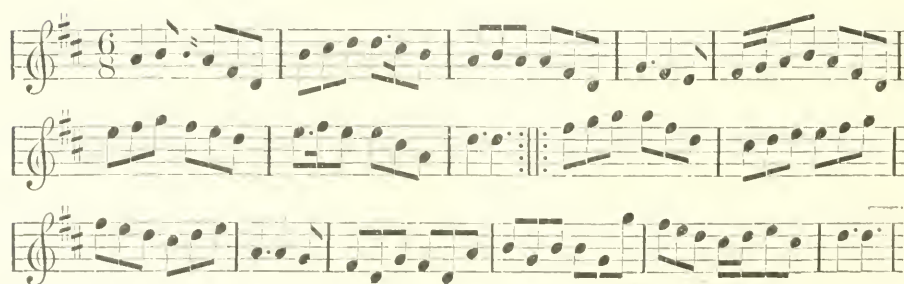
Slow.



366. OH, THE CRUEL WARS.

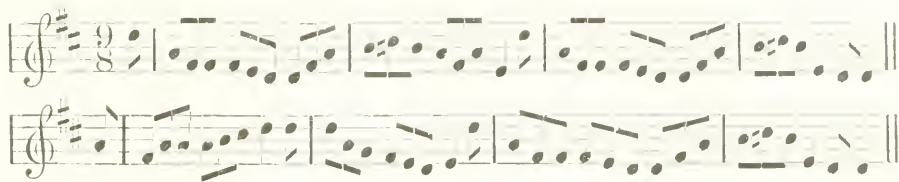


367. THE MOONLIGHT JIG.



368. THE WHITE CALE.

(Restored here from a very incorrect copy.)



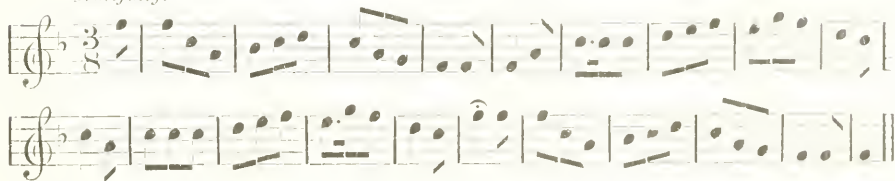
369. PUSH THE JUG ROUND.

(Restored from a most incorrect transcript.)



370. JENNY DWYER. SONG AIR.

(Required a good deal of correction in the phrasing.)

Gracefully.

371. DRIMIN DONN DILIS: THE DEAR WHITE-BACKED BROWN COW.

Dr. Petrie has published the Ulster version of this air, with the Irish words, in his *Ancient Music of Ireland* (p. 115): I have given a Munster version (also with

the Irish words) in my "Irish Music and Song" (p. 38). The Munster version I give here differs from both, and is very characteristic and beautiful. The others end at A: but the tune is repeated here with some modifications.



PART II.

CONTINUATION OF

THE JOYCE COLLECTION.

(IRISH FOLK SONGS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE WITH
THE WORDS SET TO THE PROPER OLD IRISH AIRS.)

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE Peasant or Folk Songs of Ireland written in English are, as a rule, very inferior to those in Irish; for the good reason that the song-writers were only imperfectly acquainted with English, while they were quite at home in Irish. The Irish language, as it were, ran in their blood: and indeed it runs in our blood at the present day, whether we speak Irish or not; for our English is everywhere coloured with Irish idioms.

Nevertheless I have been able to select, from a vast collection of Anglo-Irish Folk Songs—partly preserved in my own memory, partly on rude printed sheets, and partly in manuscript—a large number by no means deficient in merit, and some really good. Those I give here are on the whole the best and most representative I could find: though I might have added many others that would pass muster as good Folk Songs. No one will question the beauty of the Airs: and the whole selection is fresh and wholesome like a breeze from the heather. One feature is absolutely new:—namely, that the words are set to the proper airs—the syllables under the musical notes: a thing never before attempted for this class of Irish lyrics. But observe:—this collection includes six peasant songs and airs published by me in 1906 in the form of a little pamphlet, as well as a few reprinted from my “Ancient Irish Music,” issued in 1872. I thought it better to bring all together here, so as to place within reach of the public—and for the first time—one good representative collection of complete Anglo-Irish Folk Songs—words and music combined.

I found many of the versions—especially those in printed ballad-sheets—very corrupt. In regard to these, I can only say that I have, in all cases, dealt with them as tenderly as possible.

As to the Rhyme of the following songs, two points must be borne in mind. First, there is much Assonance, i.e. vowel-rhyming, which requires only that the vowel-sounds correspond or be identical, no account being taken of the consonants. This custom our Anglo-Irish song-writers borrowed from their native Gaelic language, in which the rhyme is assonantal. As characteristic examples see the rich crop of assonances in the second half of the verse at p. 50, above, and in the whole song of “Castlehyde” farther on.

The second point is, that all through Ireland the long vowels *e* and *a* are still sounded as they were in the classical English of three centuries ago—and then spoken all over the Three Kingdoms: for in many matters of this kind our peasantry are very conservative. Thus “tea” is still pronounced *tay*; “reason,” *rayson*, “sphere,” *sphaire*, “severe,” *severe*, etc. Examples of this will be found everywhere through these songs; and unless the rhyming syllables are sounded after the fashion of the people, the rhymes lose their force.

Rhyme counted for much and was keenly appreciated: it might indeed be said that there was a sort of popular instinct towards it; and in order to gratify this taste, the proper pronunciation of words was often modified or sacrificed—whether in reading, reciting, or singing. Thus when *y* at the end of a word was made to rhyme with *ee* (or its equivalent), the *y* was always lengthened and carried the accent, in order to give full effect to the rhyme:—

“I hope the time will come again when our comrades all we’ll see,
And once more we’ll live together in love and *unitee*.”

Under the same influence we have:—

“‘All hands aloft,’ bold Thompson cries, ‘or we’ll be cast away;
All firmly stand or we ne’er shall land in the North of *Amerikay*.’”

It is important to bear in mind that the words were always written to suit airs already existing: so that the airs are in all cases much older than the words.

I will conclude this short notice with the following observations of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (“Ballad Poetry of Ireland,” 1874, p. 142), which are intended to apply to our Anglo-Irish Folk Songs in general:—

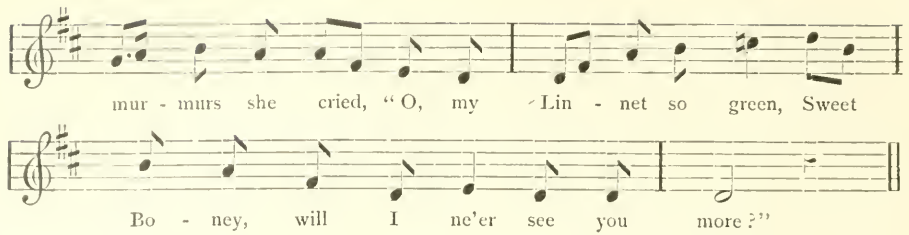
“The student would do well to compare it [i.e. the song, “The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds,” or “She’s the dear maid to me”: see page 135, above] with the other street ballads in the collection, such as ‘Shule Aroon’ and ‘Peggy Bawn,’ that he may discover if possible where the charm lies that recommends strains so rude and naked to the most cultivated minds. These ballads have done what the songs of our greatest lyrical poets have *not* done—delighted both the educated and the ignorant. Whoever hopes for an equally large and contrasted audience must catch their simplicity, directness, and force, or whatever else constitutes their peculiar attraction.”

372. THE GREEN LINNET.

Bonaparte, during his career, was a favourite in Ireland; and many peasant songs were composed about him, a few of which—either wholly or in part—are given in this book. The following, which was written after his death, I learned in my boyhood; for it was known all over Munster. I have copies printed on ballad-sheets by Haly of Cork sixty or seventy years ago. Beyond these it has not been published before now, with the exception of two verses, which Mr. John FitzGerald of Cork, in an interesting “Account of the Old Street Ballads of Cork,” printed in 1892 in the Journal of the Cork Archæological Society. In this song “Boney” is figuratively represented—after a common Irish fashion—as a Green Linnet.

The air is given here exactly as I remember it; and it has not been hitherto published. It was universally known all through the South: and Forde has several settings all very little different from mine. In parts of Ulster also the air was well known, and regarded as very old. I got a setting of it, in 1873, almost the same as my own, from Mr. MacGowan of Newtownards. It will be perceived that this air is a version of “*Ulachán dubh-O,*” or “The Song of Sorrow,” to which Moore has written his song “Weep on, weep on, your hour is past”: or both are versions of an original melody.

Cu - ri - os - it - y led a young na - tive of E - rin To
view the gay banks of the Rhine, Where an em - press he saw, and the
robe she was wear - ing All o - ver with dia - monds did shine;
No god - dess in splen - dour was ev - er yet seen To
e - qual this fair maid so mild and se - rene, In soft



"The cold frosty Alps you freely passed over,
Which nature had placed in your way :
At Marengo Bellona around you did hover ;
All Paris rejoiced the next day.
It grieved me the hardships that you did undergo,
The mountains you traversed all covered with snow,
And the balance of power your courage laid low :
Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more ?

"The crowned heads of Europe they were in great splendour,
And swore they would have you submit ;
But the goddess of freedom soon made them surrender,
And lowered their standards to your wit.
Old Frederick's colours to France you did bring ;
His offspring found shelter under your wing ;
That year at Vienna you sweetly did sing :
Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more ?

"What numbers of men there were eager to slay you !
Their malice you viewed with a smile ;
Their gold through all Europe was found to betray you ;
They joined with the Mamelukes on the Nile.
Like ravenous vultures their vile passions did burn ;
The orphans they slew and caused widows to mourn ;
But my Linnet is gone, and he ne'er will return :
Sweet Boney, will I ne'er see you more ?

"I ranged through the deserts of wild Abyssinia,
And could yet find no cure for my pain ;
I will go and inquire at the isle of St. Helena,
But soft murmurs whisper—'Tis vain !'
Come, tell me, ye critics, come, tell me in time,
What nations I'll rove my green linnet to find ;
Was he slain at Waterloo, in Spain, or on the Rhine ?
No, he's dead on St. Helena's bleak shore."

373. MAC KENNA'S DREAM.

Air :—"Captain Rock."

The air of this song, which I remember from my boyhood, was otherwise called "John Doe," and also "The Grand Conversation," from a song about

Napoleon, of which every verse ended as in this, which is the only verse I remember :—

As Mars and Apollo were viewing some implements,
 Bellona stepped forward and asked them what news :
 Or were they preparing those warlike fine instruments
 That had been got rusty for the want of being used.
 The actions of Napoleon that made the money fly about,
 Until the powers of Europe they did him depose ;
 But the All-Seeing Eye would not let him run through the world :
 This grand conversation was under the rose.

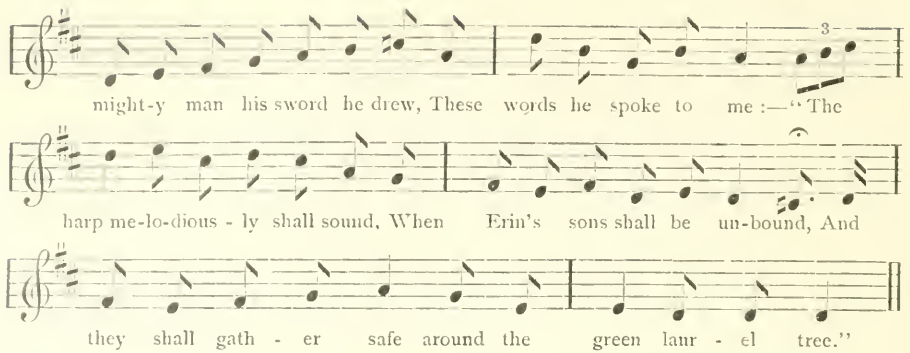
The air may be compared with two others :—"The Green Fields of America" and "Purty Molly Brallagan." All are evidently varied forms of the same original; but this—which has not been printed till now—is by far the finest of the group.

The words of MacKenna's Dream, in their original form, as they came from MacKenna's own brain, and as I give them here, have not been hitherto published. But a version is given in "Ballads, Popular Poetry, and Household Songs," by "Duncathail," with much literary polishing up; and this, with some further literary alterations, is published by Mr. Halliday Sparling in his "Irish Minstrelsy." But somehow when these simple old peasant songs are altered in this manner, they are seldom improved; and they always lose the fresh racy flavour.

I have taken my version, partly from memory, and partly from a ballad-sheet copy in my collection, printed in Cork some seventy years ago. But I have other and later printed ballad-sheet copies with some differences, and all much corrupted. MacKenna, in his vision, sees advance many historical Irish warriors and patriots, from Brian Boru down to the heroes of Ninety-eight.

One eve-ning late I chanced to stray, All in the pleasant month of May, When
 all the land in slumber lay, The moon on the deep "Twilight"
 on a bank I sat me down, The soft breeze was rustling round me
 mur-mur of the o - cean huzh - ood* me to sleep, I
 dreamt I saw brave Brian Bo - ru, Who did the Dan-ish race sub-duce. He

* Huzho: a term used in Lullaby songs: to lull to sleep (sound *zh*, same as *z* in "glazier").



2.

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
And to my question made reply:—
“For Erin's cause I'll live and die
As thousands did of yore.
My sword again on Aughrim's plain
Old Erin's rights shall well maintain,
Though thousands lie in battle slain,
And hundreds in their gore.”
I thought St. Ruth stood on the ground
And said, “I will your monarch*
crown;”
Encompassed by the French around
All ready for the field.
He raised a cross and thus did say:—
“Brave boys, we'll shew them gallant
play;
Let no man dare to run away,
But die ere they yield.”

3.

Then Billy Byrne† he came there
From Ballymanus, I declare,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare
That day at his command.
Westmeath and Cavan also join;
The County Louth men crossed the
Boyne;
Slane, Trim, and Navan fell in line,
And Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly on the Hill of Skreen
He drew his sword both bright and
keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
They died before they'd live enslaved,
For vengeance they call!

4.

Then Father Murphy‡ he did say,
“Behold, my Lord, I'm here to-day,
With eighteen thousand pikemen gav
From Wexford so brave.
Our country's fate it does depend
On you and on our gallant friends;
And Heaven will our cause defend,
We'll die ere we be slaves.”
Methought each band played Patrick's
Day
To marshal all in proud array,
With caps and feathers white and gay,
A grand and warlike show;
With drums and trumpets loud and
shrill,
And cannons placed on ev'ry hill,
The pikemen did the valley fill
To strike the fatal blow.

* “Your monarch”: James II.

† Billy Byrne; for whom see next song. He and all those named after him to the end of the song belong to the Rebellion of Ninety-eight; and their actions, as well as those of Brian Boru, Sarsfield, and St. Ruth, will be found described in any detailed History of Ireland.

‡ Father Murphy: see the last song in this Part II.

5.

Then all at once appeared in sight
An army clad in armour bright;
Both front and rear and left and right

March on to the fore :
The chieftains pitched their camp with
skill,

Determined tyrants' blood to spill,
Beneath us ran a mountain rill

As rapid as the Nore ;
Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying " Quick March, right about ! "
With bayonets fixed they all marched
out

To face the deadly foe ;
The enemy were no ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh ;
Now thousands in death's struggle lie,
The streams redly flow.

6.

The enemy they made a square
And drove our cavalry to despair,
They were nearly routed, rank and
rear,

But yet did not yield,
For up came Wexford—never slack—
With brave Tipperary at their back,
And Longford next, who in a crack

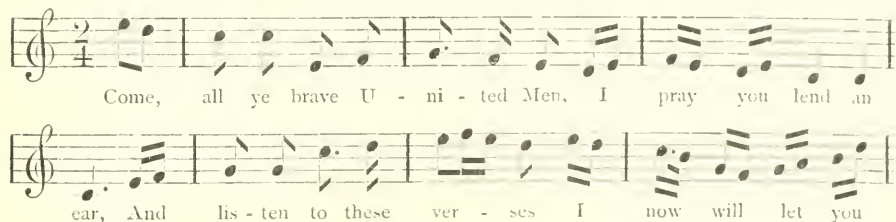
Straight swept them off the field.
They gave three cheers for liberty,
As the enemy all routed flee ;
Methought I looked but could not see

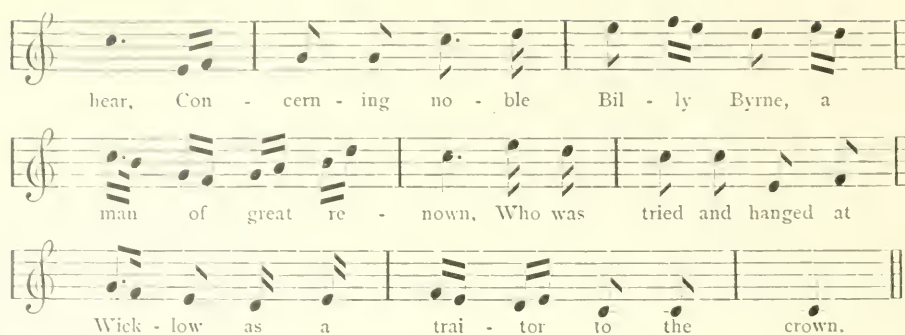
One foeman on the plain.
Then I awoke—'twas break of day :
No wounded on the ground there lay,
No warriors there, no fierce affray :—
So ended my dream.

374. BILLY BYRNE OF BALLYMANUS.

This rude ballad is one of a class which were very common all over Ireland for half a century or so after the rebellion of Ninety-eight. I give it partly from memory, partly from a printed ballad-sheet in my possession, and partly from the copy published 40 years ago by Father C. P. Meehan in his book "The O'Tooles." He took his copy from a MS. written by a schoolmaster named MacCabe of Glenmalure. There are other verses in which the informers' names are given in detail, but they are as well omitted here. "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus" (near Rathdrum, and nearer to Greenan in Glenmalure) was an influential and very popular gentleman of the County Wicklow who was convicted and hanged on the evidence of informers after the rebellion. Father Meehan gives an account of him in the above-mentioned book.

The tune is well known and extremely popular in the south-eastern counties ; and I think not without good reason, for it appears to me a very beautiful melody and most characteristically Irish. I printed it for the first time in 1872 in my "Ancient Irish Music." I have often heard it played by itinerant musicians in the streets of Dublin. It was sometimes used as a march tune.





It was in the year of ninety-nine, we got reason to complain,
 We lost our brave commander, Billy Byrne was his name;
 He was taken in Dublin city and brought to Wicklow jail,
 And though we wished to free him, for him they'd take no bail.

When a prisoner he was taken the traitors forward came
 To swear our hero's life away, and well they're known by name;
 They had but little scruple his precious blood to spill,
 And Wicklow lost through their perjury the pride of Pleasant Hill.

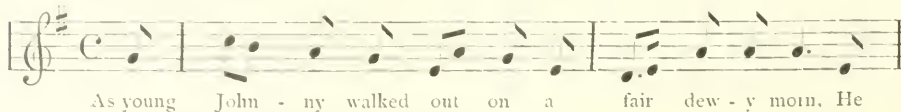
Now some of these informers who in false evidence agreed
 Were men that in his father's house so frequently did feed;
 And at his brother's table where many did them see,
 And so those perjurers paid the Byrnes for their generosity.

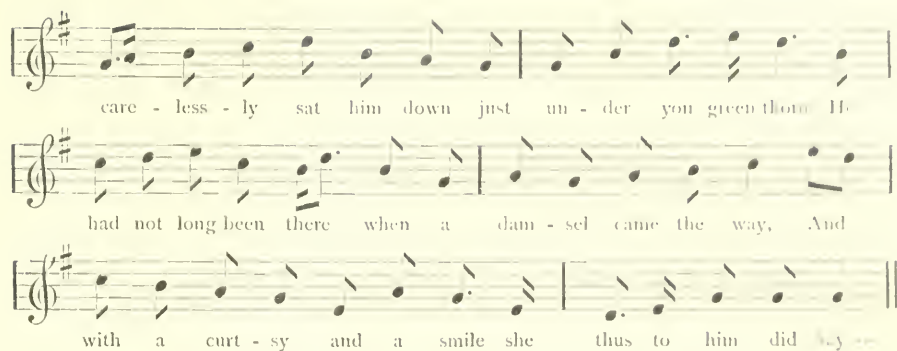
When they came forward for the crown they home against him swore
 That he among the rebels a captain's title bore;
 They swore he worked the cannon and the rebels did review,
 And that with that piece of cannon he marched to Carrigue.

Then here's to Billy Byrne, may his fame for ever shine;
 We will not forget his noble death in that year of ninety-nine:
 May the Lord have mercy on him, and on all such men as he,
 Who stood upright for Ireland's right and died for liberty.

375. SEARCHING FOR YOUNG LAMBS.

I learned this pleasing little peasant pastoral and its air in my early days from hearing it sung at home: beyond that I know nothing about it. So far as I am aware, it has not been hitherto printed—either words or air.





“Good morrow, gentle shepherd, have you seen any lambs?
This morning a pair strayed away from their dams:
If you have seen them pass you by, come, tell to me, I pray,
That those innocent lambs from their dams no farther stray.”

“O, yes, gentle shepherdess, I’ve seen them pass just now
Down by yon hawthorn hedge, near where you see the cow”;
She turned about quite courteously and thanked him with a blush,
And young Johnny saw her find them as he sat near the bush.

And after that bright morning they often met again,
Till Johnny asked her parents old and their consent did gain.
So now that they are married and joined in wedlock’s bands,
They will go no more a-roving in pursuit of young lambs.

376. THE BLACKBIRD.

In the early half of the last century this song was known and sung all over Ireland. It was a particular favourite in Limerick and Cork, so that I learned it at a period too early for me to remember.

An abridged copy of the song is given in Duffy’s *Ballad Poetry*: but I give here the whole text, partly from memory, and partly from a ballad-sheet printed in Cork by Haly, sixty or seventy years ago. Duffy tells us that the song—i.e. the curtailed copy he has given—is found in a Scotch collection of Jacobite Relics. But the words are Irish—as much so as the splendid air, which is found in many Irish musical collections, both printed and MS., including Bunting’s volume 1840, and which was, and still is, played everywhere by Irish pipers and fiddlers. My notation of the air follows the Munster musicians and singers of sixty years ago.

The “Blackbird” meant the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward Stuart. This custom of representing the Pretender—and much oftener Ireland itself—under allegorical names was common in Ireland in the eighteenth and the first

half of the nineteenth century; the original object of which was concealment, so that the people might be able to sing their favourite Jacobite and political songs freely in the dangerous times of the Penal Laws.



On a fair sum-mer's morn-ing of soft re-cre-a-tion, I
heard a fair la-dy a-ma-king great moan: With
sigh-ing and sob-bing and sad lam-en-ta-tion, A -
say-ing, "My Black-bird most roy-al is flown. My
thoughts they de-ceive me, re-flec-tions do grieve me. And
I am o-ver-bur-den'd with sad mi-ser-y; Yet if
death it should blind me as true love in-clines me, My
Black-bird I'd seek out wher-e-ver he be.

Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a king.
But this false fortune,
Which still is uncertain,
Has caused this parting between him and me.
His name I'll advance
In Spain and in France;
And I'll seek out my Blackbird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest they all met together—
 The Turtle was chosen to dwell with the Dove :
 And I am resolved in fair or foul weather,
 In winter or in spring, for to seek out my love.
 He is all my heart's treasure,
 My joy and my pleasure,
 And justly my love my heart shall follow thee ;
 He is constant and kind,
 And courageous of mind ;
 All bliss to my Blackbird wherever he be.

In England my Blackbird and I were together,
 Where he was still noble and generous of heart ;
 And woe to the time that he first went from hither,
 Alas, he was forced from thence to depart ;
 In Scotland he is deemed
 And highly esteemed ;
 In England he seemed a stranger to be ;
 Yet his name shall remain
 In France and in Spain ;
 All bliss to my Blackbird wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger ;
 For though like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 I may still meet with friendship from one that's a stranger
 Much more than from one that in England was born.
 Oh, Heaven so spacious,
 To Britain be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious both to him and to me ;
 Yet joy and renown
 And laurel shall crown
 My Blackbird with honour wherever he be.

377. THE BOYNE WATER.

This song scarcely needs any introduction. It is the spirited production of some peasant bard ; and as such finds an appropriate place in this collection. It celebrates the Battle of the Boyne, fought 1st July, 1690, in which King William III defeated the Irish forces under King James II. It has always been, and still is, very popular among the Orangemen of Ulster. The ballad follows the historical accounts of the battle correctly enough.

The air is well known in the South also, where it is commonly called *Seóladh na n-gamhan*, "Leading the calves." A good setting is given by Bunting in his second collection: the Munster and Connaught versions are given by Petrie in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*, vol. II, p. 12. I print it here as I learned it in my youth from the singing of the people of Limerick, not indeed to "The Boyne Water" of Ulster, but to other words (given below). My setting differs only

slightly from that of Bunting: and it is nearly the same as I heard it played some years ago by a band on a 12th of July in Warrenpoint.

Ju - ly the first in Old - bridge town There
 was a griev - ous bat - tle, Where many a man lay
 on the ground, By can - nons that did rat - tle.
 King James he pitched his tents be - tween the
 lines for to re - tire, But King Wil - liam threw his
 bomb - balls in and set them all on fire.

2.

Thereat enraged they vowed revenge
 Upon King William's forces,
 And oft did vehemently cry
 That they would stop their courses.
 A bullet from the Irish came
 And grazed King William's arm;
 They thought His Majesty was slain,
 Yet it did him little harm.

3.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly
 care,
 His king would often caution
 To shun the spot where bullets hot
 Retained their rapid motion;
 But William said, he don't deserve
 The name of Faith's Defender,
 Who would not venture life and limb
 To make a foe surrender.

4.

When we the Boyne began to cross
 The enemy they descended;
 But few of our brave men were lost
 So stoutly we defended:
 The horse it was that first marched o'er,
 The foot soon followed after;
 But brave Duke Schomberg was no
 more,
 By venturing over the water.

5.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
 King William he accosted
 His warlike men for to march on,
 And he would be the foremost;
 "Brave boys," he cried, "be not dis-
 mayed,
 For the loss of one commander;
 For God will be our king this day
 And I'll be general under."*

* The best couplet in the whole song—and hard to beat anywhere. See the second verse at p. 19, above.

6.

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross
 To give the enemies battle;
 Our cannon, to our foes' great cost,
 Like thundering claps did rattle.
 In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
 His men soon followed after,
 With blows and shouts put our foes to
 the rout
 The day we crossed the water.

7.

The Protestants of Drogheda
 Have reason to be thankful,
 That they were not to bondage brought,
 They being but a handful.
 First to the Tholsel they were brought,
 And tried at Millmount after;
 But brave King William set them free
 By venturing over the water.

8.

The cunning French near to Duleek
 Had taken up their quarters,
 And found themselves on every side,
 Still waiting for new orders;

1. But in the dead time of the night
 They set the fields on fire;
 And long before the morning's light
 To Dublin they did retire.

9.

Then said King William to his men,
 After the French departed
 "I'm glad (said he) that none of ye
 Seem to be faint-hearted;
 So sheath your swords and rest awhile,
 In time we'll follow after,"
 These words he uttered with a smile
 The day he crossed the water.

10.

Come let us all with heart and voice
 Applaud our lives' defender,
 Who at the Boyne his valour showed
 And made his foe surrender.
 To God above the praise we'll give,
 Both now and ever after;
 And bless the glorious memory
 Of King William that crossed the
 water.

378. BISHOP BUTLER OF KILCASH.

I now give a song of a very different kind to the same air. More than a century ago, "Bishop Butler of Kilcash," the Roman Catholic bishop of Cork, conformed to the Protestant religion (to which he had originally belonged). This naturally caused a great sensation in the South, and indeed all over Ireland; and many popular songs were composed to commemorate the event, most of them "Lamentations." The song I give here from memory is the best of them, and I learned it along with the air from hearing it sung in my home when I was a boy. So far as I am aware the words have never been printed before this in either book or broadsheet. In fact I never heard or saw the song outside my father's house.

1.

Let the Catholic Church be now
 arrayed
 In deep disconsolation;
 Let her banners sad be now displayed
 Throughout each Christian Nation:
 At the Isle of Saints a bishop there
 Has lost his consecration,
 And a pillar great has fell of late
 By Satan's operation.

2.

In Cork of late for a small estate
 A spiritual lord revolted
 From that noble ecclesiastic state
 To which the Pope exalted.
 Not born a member of the Church of
 Rome,
 To Luther he did adhere,
 From darkness to our Church he came,
 And to darkness did retire.

3.

Our Church was built upon a rock
 And founded by our Saviour;
 The powers of hell, that region dark,
 Shall ne'er prevail against her:
 She is a ship that can't be wrecked,
 Nor ever drown a sailor;
 But such as plunge down from her deck
 Are sunk and lost for ever.

4.

From our bright faith you did retreat
 And joined the court of Venus;
 Profligate, void of every hope,
 You threw off the robes of Jesus;
 Your power was greater than St. John's
 Who did baptise our Saviour;
 For you could take Him in your hands,
 Then why did you forsake Him!

5.

From our bright faith you did retreat
 When you its light extinguished,
 Excluded far from heaven's bright
 gates,
 All graces you relinquished;

At the imperial throne your guilt was
 shown
 When first you changed your station:
 Justice divine at that same time
 Pronounced your condemnation.

6.

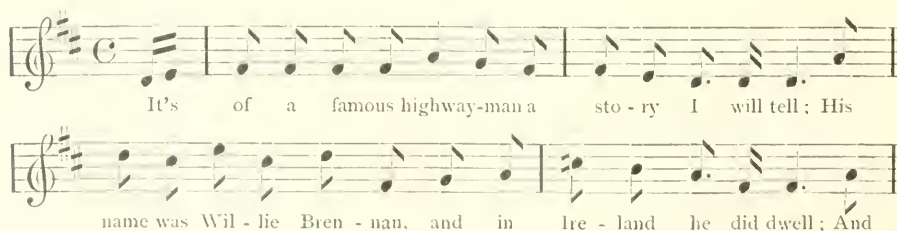
I'm sure you're worse than Henry the
 Eighth
 Who put away his consort;
 Your virtuous spouse you did forsake,
 When the holy Church you abandoned.
 As the shepherd now is gone astray,
 God keep the flock from random,
 That on the great accounting day
 His blood may prove our ransom.

7.

Now sure you know there is but one
 God
 By whom we are all created;
 And sure you know there is but one
 Faith
 By which we are consecrated:
 And sure you know there is but one Ark
 To keep us from desolation;
 And sure you know there is but one
 Church
 Can ever expect salvation.

379. BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.

This Brennan was a noted highwayman, who, in the eighteenth century, ran his career in the Kilworth mountains near Fermoy in Cork, and in the neighbourhood. His history is sufficiently told in the ballad, of which I have some copies in sheets printed by Haly of Cork sixty years ago. The air is now published for the first time: I took it down from a ballad-singer in Trim about fifty years ago. The words have, however, been printed more than once.



on the Kil-worth moun - tains he com - menced his wild car - eer, Won
many a wealth - y gen - tle - man be - fore him shod, with fear.
Chorus.
Bren - nan on the Moor, Bren - nan on the Moor A
brave un - daunt - ed rob - ber was bold Bren - nan on the Moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried night and day;
He never robbed a poor man upon the king's highway;
But what he'd taken from the rich, like Turpin and Black Bess,[†]
He always did divide it with the widow in distress.

One night he robbed a packman by name of Pedlar Bawn;
They travelled on together till the day began to dawn;
The pedlar seeing his money gone, likewise his watch and chain,
He at once encountered Brennan and he robbed him back again.

One day upon the highway, as Willie he went down,
He met the Mayor of Cashel a mile outside the town;
The Mayor he knew his features; "I think, young man," said he,
"Your name is Willie Brennan; you must come along with me."

As Brennan's wife had gone to town, provisions for to buy,
And when she saw her Willie, she began to weep and cry;
He says, "Give me that tenpenny"; as soon as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from underneath her cloak.

Then with his loaded blunderbuss, the truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor tremble, and robbed him of his gold;
One hundred pounds was offered for his apprehension there,
So he with horse and saddle to the mountains did repair.

Then Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountains high,
When cavalry and infantry to take him they did try;
He laughed at them with scorn, until at length, 'tis said,
By a false-hearted young man he basely was betrayed.

* This chorus was repeated after each verse.

† Dick Turpin, a noted English highwayman. "Black Bess" was his mare.

In the county of Tipperary, in a place they call Clonmore,
Willie Brennan and his comrade that day did suffer sore ;
He lay amongst the fern, which was thick upon the field,
And nine deep wounds he did receive before that he did yield.

When Brennan and his comrade found that they were betrayed,
They with the mounted cavalry a noble battle made ;
He lost his foremost finger, which was shot off by a ball,
So Brennan and his comrade they were taken after all.

So they were taken prisoners, in irons they were bound,
And both conveyed to Clonmel jail, strong walls did them surround ;
They were tried and there found guilty, the judge made this reply:—
“For robbing on the king’s highway you’re both condemned to die.”

Farewell unto my dear wife and to my children three,
Likewise my aged father, he may shed tears for me ;
And to my loving mother, who tore her locks, and cried,
Saying, “I wish, my Willie Brennan, in your cradle you had died!”

380. CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

An indifferent setting of this fine melody, under the name of “The Maid of Castlecraigh,” was published in 1842, in “The Native Music of Ireland.” I give here what I believe to be a much superior setting, as I heard it sung from my earliest days among the people of Limerick, and as it was published in 1872 in my Ancient Irish Music. The first part closely resembles the first part of the air to which Moore has written his song “Oh, Arranmore, loved Arranmore.”

Slow.

My mind being much in - cli - néd to cross the ra - ging
main, I left my ten - der pa - rents in sor - row grief and pain.
On board the Fame we thus be - came all pas - sen - gers to be, A -
long with Cap - tain Thomp - son to the land of lib - er - tie.

As we were safely sailing to a place called Newfoundland,
 The wind arose ahead of us, and our ship was at a stand :
 "All hands aloft"—bold Thompson cries—"or we'll be cast away ;
 All firmly stand or we ne'er shall land in the North of Amerikay !"

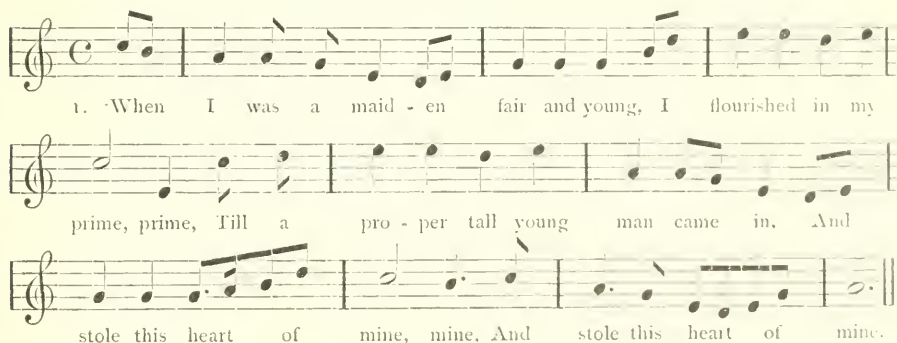
A mount of ice came moving down anear our gallant main,
 But the Lord of mercy He was kind and our lives He did maintain.
 Our gallant sailors hauled about and so our ship did save,
 Or we were doomed to be entombed in a doleful watery grave.

When we were fairly landed our faint hearts did renew ;
 But how could I sleep easy, dear Erin, far from you.
 I hope the time will come again when our comrades all we'll see,
 And once more we'll live together in love and unities.

381. THE GARDENER'S SON.

Versions of this song are current in England and Scotland as well as in Ireland. The English version may be seen in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," p. 522; there called "The Willow Tree"; and the Scotch in Wood's "Songs of Scotland," III. 84, 85. I give here from memory three verses as I heard them sung by the people of the south of Ireland; and I know a fourth which has the same play on the words "thyme" and "rue" as is found in the English and Scotch versions. The song conveys a warning to young maids not to let young men too easily steal "this heart of mine, mine": in other words, to be cautious about too readily falling in love.

As with the words, so with the air. The English and Scotch versions will be found with the words, as referred to above. Our Irish version, which is given here, was published by me for the first time in my *Ancient Irish Music*, with two verses of the song. Evidently all three are derived from one common origin.



2.

The gardener's son being standing by,
 Three gifts he gave to me, me:—
 The pink, the rue, the violet blue,
 And the red red rosy tree, tree,
 The red red rosy tree.

3.

Come all you maids, where'er you be,
 That flourish in your prime, prime.
 Be wise, beware, keep free from care,
 Let no man steal your thyme, thyme,
 Let no man steal your thyme.

382. THE IRISH GIRL.

This beautiful air, and the accompanying words, I have known since my childhood. I have copies of the song on broadsheets, varying a good deal, and much corrupted. The versions I give here of air and words are from my own memory, as sung by the old people of Limerick when I was a child. More than half a century ago I gave this air to Dr. Petrie: and it is included in the Stanford-Petrie collection of Irish music, with my name acknowledged.

But the words, as I give them here, have hitherto never been published, though I have seen very corrupt versions in print.

As I walked out one eve - ning down by a riv - er
side, While ga - zing all a - round me an I - rish girl I
spied; A ro - sy red was on her cheeks, and
coal-black was her hair: And cost - ly were the
robes of gold this I - rish girl did wear.

The little shoes this maiden wore were of a Spanish brown:
The mantle on her shoulders, of silk 'twas wrought all round.
Her modest face, her gentle ways, have left my heart in pain,
And I'd range this world all over my Irish girl to gain.

I wish my love was a red red rose, to bloom in yon garden fair,
And I to be the gardener, that rose should be my care.
I'd tend the pretty flowers all round—sweetwilliam, pink, and rue,
Primrose and thyme—but most of all, sweet rose, I'd cherish you.

I wish I was a butterfly, I'd light on my love's breast;
I wish I was a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
I'd sing at morn, I'd sing at eve, a love-song sweet and slow;
And year by year I will love my dear, let the wind blow high or low.

383. OH COME WITH ME, MY IRISH GIRL.

In my young days I picked up a song to this air from hearing the elder members of my family sing it. It is not a peasant or folk song; but it was evidently suggested by "The Irish Girl." I am under the impression that my people found it in one of the Irish Penny Journals or Magazines; but though I have searched all the volumes of that class on my book-shelves, I have failed to find it. I give it here from memory; and I am quite sure I give it correctly.

Oh, come with me, my Irish girl,
 To climes beyond the sea;
 For oh, thou art the brightest pearl
 In my heart's treasury.
 I may regret my native isle,
 And ties as yet unripen;
 But oh, where'er thy graces smile
 Shall be my home, my heaven.

 And thou wilt soothe me with thy sighs,
 Should sickness cloud my brow;
 And bless me with those angel eyes,
 Should fate my spirit bow.
 And I will cling till death to thee,
 In weal, or woe, or peril,
 And bless my lot, whate'er it be,
 With my sweet Irish girl.

384. SWEET COOTEHILL TOWN.

This song comes from Cootehill in the County Cavan. How it got to Limerick, where I heard it, is more than I can tell; and indeed I know nothing whatever about it save that I learned it when a mere child from the inimitable singing of Dave Dwane of Glenosheen, the best local singer we had. I heard him sing it for the last time at an "American Wake," i.e. a meeting of friends on the evening before the departure of several young people for America, as a farewell celebration. The song was very suitable for the occasion; and poor Dave—who was himself going away with the others—sang it with such intense feeling and power, that the whole company—men, women, and children—were in tears. That is now more than sixty years ago; and to this hour I find it hard to restrain tears when I recall the scene.

The air belongs I think to Munster; for I heard it played and sung everywhere, and quite often with other words besides "Sweet Cootehill Town." It is sometimes called "The Peacock," which is certainly not its original name. Versions of it have been published in Smith's "Vocal Melodies of Ireland," and elsewhere. In Cork and Limerick the people often sang to it Burns's song, "Adieu, a heart-warm fond adieu," so that it was commonly known by the name of "Burns's Farewell."

Mr. Patrick O'Leary of Graignamanagh—an excellent authority on the folk music and song of that neighbourhood—has informed me that, in this part of the country—Kilkenny and Carlow—this song is usually sung at the little gatherings of friends on the evening before the departure of emigrants for America: as I

heard it sung in Limerick. The air seems to have been used indeed as a general farewell tune, so that—from the words of another song of the same class—it is often called “Good night and joy be with you all.”

The Cootehill words are now published for the first time. The last verse presents a pleasing picture: but alas, how seldom we see it realised!

Slow and with expression.

Now fare you well, sweet Coote-hill town, The
place where I was born and bred: Thro' sha-dy groves and
flower-y hills, My youth-ful far-cy did ser-e-nade. But
now I'm bound for A-mer-i-kay, A coun-try that I
ne-ver saw; Those pleas-ant scenes I'll al-ways mind, When
I am ro-ving far a-wa.

The pleasant hills near Cootehill town where I have spent my youthful days,
Both day and night I took delight in dancing and in harmless plays.
But while I rove from town to town, fond mem'ry in my mind shall stay
Of those pleasant happy youthful hours that now are spent and passed away.

I hope kind fate will reinstate—that fortune's face will on me smile,
And safe conduct me home again to my own dear native Irish isle:
When my comrades all and friends likewise will throng around and thus will say:—
“We will sing and play as in days of old; so you're welcome home from far away.”

385. THE CROPPY BOY.

This song was a great favourite in the southern and south-eastern counties: and I have known both air and words from my childhood. I published the air and the first verse of the song in my *Ancient Irish Music*. More than fifty

years ago I gave it to Dr. Petrie, and it is included in the Stanford-Petrie collection. I have a broadsheet with the words rudely and very incorrectly printed. The words, of course, date from 1798 : but the air is much older.

Slow and expressive.



2.

'Twas early, early last Thursday night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The fright they gave was to my down-
fall :—
I was prisoner taken by Lord Cornwall.

3.

'Twas in his guard-house I was con-
fined,
And in his parlour I was closely tried;
My sentence passed and my spirits low,
And to Duncannon* I was forced to go.

4.

My sister Mary in deep distress,
She ran downstairs in her morning
dress,

Five hundred pounds she would lay
down,
To see me walking through Wexford
town.

5.

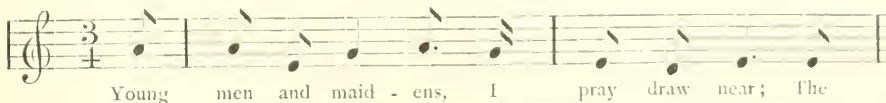
As I was walking the hills so high,
Who could blame me if I did cry,
With a guard behind me and another
before,
And my tender mother crying more
and more ?

6.

So farewell, father and mother too,
And sister Mary, I have but you ;
And if e'er I chance to return home
I'll whet my pike† on those yeomen's
bones.

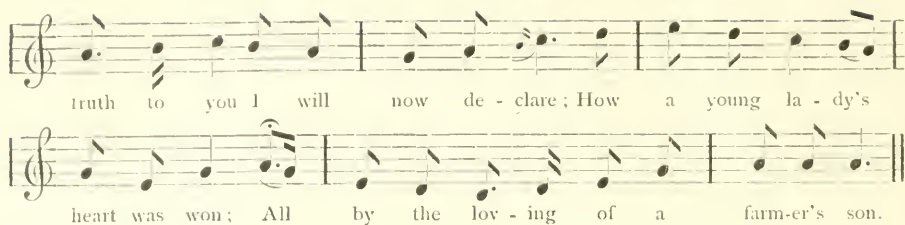
386. HANDSOME SALLY.

I learned this pretty ballad, air and words, from constantly hearing it sung at home in my childhood, and I never heard it elsewhere. Further than this I know nothing about it : but I believe it commemorates a real event. I am not aware that it was ever printed before, either air or words.



* Duncannon, the government fortress and prison on the Wexford side of Waterford harbour.

† Pike : i.e. a crotty-pike, the favourite weapon of the rebels of Ninety-eight : and a formidable weapon it was.



2.

As she walked out through a silent
grove
Who should she meet but her own true
love :
“ Kind sir,” she said, “ and upon my
life,
I do intend for to be your wife.

3.

“ Now I have got a vast estate
My father left to me of late ;
And heir of that then you shall be,
If you consent, love, and marry me.”

4.

“ O fairest creature, it cannot be
That I should be wedded unto thee,
Since I am going for to be wed
To Handsome Sally, your waiting
maid.”

5.

“ If that be true that you tell to me,
A bitter pill I will prove to thee,
For shipping I'll take immediately,
And I'll sail with Sally to Floridee.”

6.

As they were sailing upon the main,
This wicked wretch contrived a
scheme,
While Handsome Sally lay fast asleep
She plunged her body into the deep.

7.

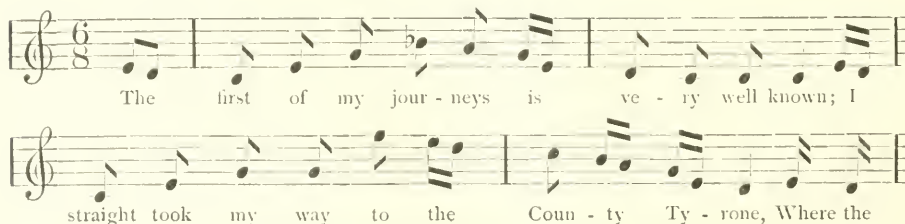
When to the shore she did return,
Her wicked conscience did her burn,
And in her mind she could find no rest,
Until the truth she had confessed.

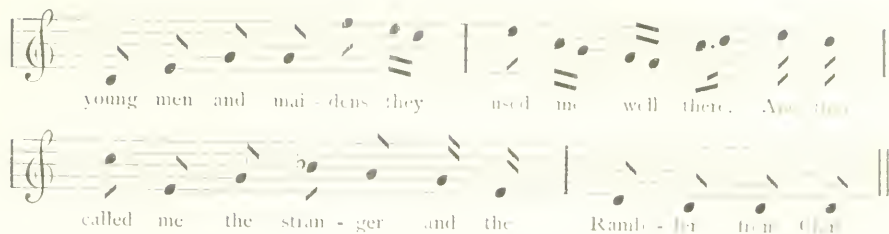
8.

Hanged and burned then was she,
For her sad crime and her cruelty ;
So two fair maids were by love undone,
And in Bedlam lies the farmer's son.

387. THE RAMBLER FROM CLARE.

This is a Ninety-eight song which tells its own story. It was very popular in Munster sixty years ago ; and I picked up the air from hearing it among the people. I also retained in memory part of the words ; but I subsequently found the whole song printed on a ballad-sheet, though greatly corrupted. So far as I know, air and words are now published for the first time.





'Twas there I enlisted in the town called The Moy ;
 But with so many masters I could not comply :
 I deserted next morning—the truth I declare—
 And for Limerick city starts the Rambler from Clare .

Then like a deserter, while myself I concealed,
 I was taken and brought to the town of Rathkeale ;
 Then off to headquarters I was forced to repair :
 Now the jail is the lodging of the Rambler from Clare .

I took off my hat and I made a low bow,
 In hopes that the colonel would pardon me now ;
 The pardon he gave me was hard and *severe* :
 'Twas—"Bind him, confine him ; he's the Rambler from Clare !"

'Twas then the United Men* march'd to the town ;
 They attacked and they conquered with fame and renown ;
 The jail they broke open and rescued me there,
 And they made full commander of the Rambler from Clare .

The rebels fight some successful battles under the Rambler's command

So now that I'm titled a United Man,
 No more can I stay in my own native land ;
 And off to America I must repair,
 And leave all the friends of the Rambler from Clare .

Farewell to my comrades wherever you be,
 And likewise my sweetheart young Sally Magee ;
 Our sails they are spread and the wind it blows fair :—
 "He's gone—God be with him—he's the Rambler from Clare !" *etc.*

388. MY MIND IT IS UNEASY.

This song is an example of the consummate taste and skill of those unlearned old song-writers in suiting words to music : for both song and air are characterised by intense sadness. I learned both in childhood ; I never heard either air or song outside my own home ; and I do not believe that they have ever been

* United Men ; i.e. they belonged to the "United Irishmen," the widely-spread secret society by which the Rebellion of 1798 was chiefly directed.

printed. Though the words are rude and artless, it is well worth printing them for their passionate earnestness.



My mind it is un - eas - y for a fair lass that lives near home; For
love it has en - snared me, I ne - ver am let a - lone: O
love it has en - snared me, which caus - es my head to reel; She's the
fair - est in this na - tion, that fair lass I do es - teem.

The looks of my dear darling would charm a heart of steel;
Each evening and each morning the pains of her love I feel:
Her cheeks are like the roses that grow in the month of June,
And her lips are like the coral, the model of sweet nature's bloom.

Not wealth or great estate, dearest maiden, that makes me moan;
Your cattle or your lands I crave not, but you alone:
Give me your hand in earnest; don't leave me with cold disdain;
For one kind word from your fair lips would ease me of all my pain.

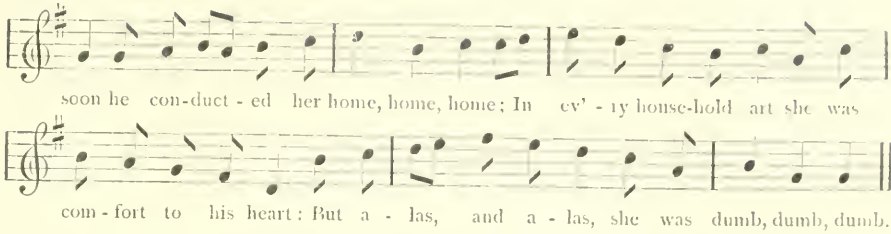
But when I asked your parents, my suit they at once denied;
So now the case is altered, for you refuse to be my bride:
It's little you know the danger attendant on perjury—
The vows and protestations you daily have made to me.

389. DUMB, DUMB, DUMB.

This song was a favourite in the south of Ireland; and I picked up air and words by merely hearing the people all round me sing it. I give it here from memory. The song was also known in England; and the English version will be found in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," p. 120. Our version is shorter and rather more concentrated: and there are other considerable differences. The air is a variant of the "Cruiskeen Lawn," but in the major. The English version is also sung to a variant of the same air, but there the minor mode is retained.



There was a jol - ly blade that married a coun - try maid, And



She could brew and she could bake, she could wring, wash, and shake,
And keep the house clean with her broom, broom, broom;
She could knit, card, and spin, and do ev'ry thing;
But what good was all that—she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he went with mournful discontent,
Saying, "Doctor, dear doctor, I'm come, come, come;
I'll pay you fifty pounds—and that in pure gold—
If you make my wife speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb."

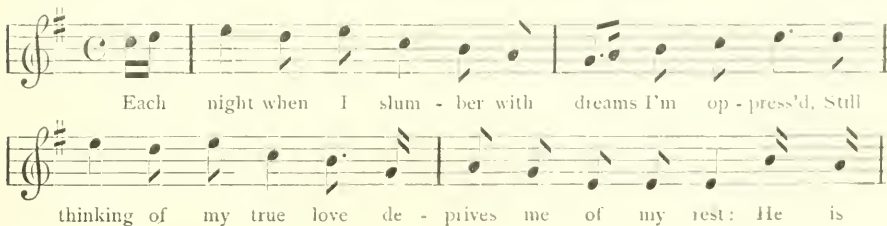
To the doctor then she went and he cut some little strings,
And gave her tongue liberty to run, run, run:—
O, 'twas like a silly brute then her husband she abused,
Saying, "You dog, I'll let you know I'm not dumb, dumb, dumb."

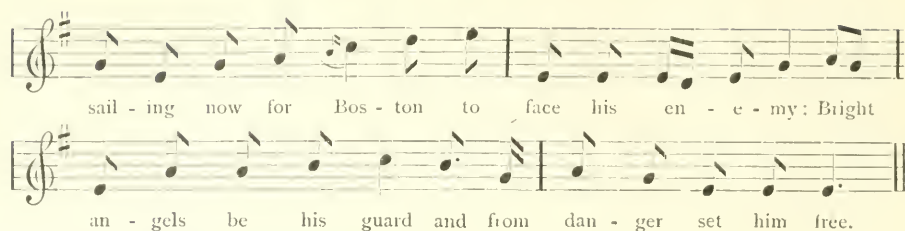
To the doctor then he went with mournful discontent,
Saying, "Doctor, dear doctor, I'm come, come, come;
My wife is turned scold and with her I cannot hold:
I'd give anything at all to have her dumb, dumb, dumb!"

"I could freely undertake for to make your wife speak,
Though that was not easily done, done, done:—
It's not in the power of man, let him do whate'er he can,
To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue, tongue."

390. EACH NIGHT WHEN I SLUMBER.

The words of this song show that it was composed in the time of the American War of Independence, that is, at the end of the eighteenth century. I never saw either words or air printed in any shape or form: they have been simply preserved in my own memory as I learned them unconsciously from hearing them sung at home when I was a boy.





My friends and my relations are angry all with me,
And often do upbraid me all for my constancy;
But let them all say what they will, still loyal I'll remain,
Until my dearest Jemmie returns to me again.

I might have got an earl or a lord of noble birth,
But I prefer my jewel above all men on earth;
For what care I for treasure, for fortune, gold, or store,
When I could live on mountains with him whom I adore.

Each night when I slumber with dreams I'm oppressed,
Still thinking of my true love deprives me of my rest.
To the lonely weeping willow I'll daily make my moan,
And in sadness I will languish till he returns home.

391. JOHN MACANANTY'S COURTSHIP.*

Both the air and the words of this ballad appear to me to possess much simple beauty and feeling. I learned them from my father when I was a mere child, and I never heard the air with any one else.

The ballad embodies one of the many forms of a superstition formerly very prevalent in Ireland, and not quite extinct even at the present day—namely, a belief that the fairies often take away mortals to their palaces in the fairy forts, *lisses*, and pleasant green hills.† Macananty or Macanantan was a fairy king who formerly enjoyed great celebrity in the north of Ireland, and whose fame extended also into the south. There is a hill called Scrabo in the county of Down, near Newtownards, on which is a great sepulchral cairn. Under this hill and cairn Macananty had his palace; and the place still retains much of its fairy reputation among the people of the district.

Macananty himself is remembered in legend; and his name is quite familiar, especially among the people who inhabit the mountainous districts extending from Dundalk to Newcastle in the county of Down. I find that here they call him in Irish *Sheamus Macaneandan*—James Macanantan; but both names, John and James, must have been added in recent times. He is mentioned in one of Neilson's Irish dialogues (in his Grammar) in the following words:—"They [the fairy host] set out at cock-crowing, from smooth Knock-Magha forth, both Finvar and his

* Reprinted here from my *Ancient Irish Music*.

† On this point see my "*Smaller Social History of Ancient Ireland*," p. 125; and my "*Old Celtic Romances*," pages 106 and 385.

valiant host. And many a fairy castle, rath, and mount, they shortly visited, from dawn of day till fall of night, on beautiful winged coursers. . . . They never halted; for they were to sup that Hallow Eve in the fairy castle of Scrabo, with the fairy chief Macanecantan." I have not found him mentioned, however, in any ancient Irish authority.

I suppose the "Queen Anne" of the eighth stanza is Ainè, a fairy princess whom we find frequently mentioned in very ancient Irish writings; she had her palace at the hill of Knoekainy in the county Limerick, which indeed took its name (Ainè's hill) from her; and she was still more celebrated than Macananty. See the air "Macananty's Welcome," p. 147, above.

With expression.

On the first day of May, at the close of the day, As I stood in the
shade of a green spreading tree, A young lov - er a court - me
maid - en I spied; I drew ve - ry nigh them to hear and see

The dress that he wore was a velvet so green,
All trimmed with gold lace, and as bright as the sea;
And he said, "Love, I'll make you my own fairy queen.
If you are but willing to go with me."

"Lisses and forts shall be at your command,
Mountains and valleys the land and the sea,
And the billows that roar along the sea-shore,
If you are but willing to go with me."

"To make me a queen my birth is too mean,
And you will get ladies of higher degree;
I know not your name nor from whence you came,
So I am not willing to go with thee."

"I will tell you my name and I love you the same
As if you were a lady of higher degree;
John Macananty's my name, and from Scrabo I came,
And the queen of that country my love shall be."

"If I were to go with one I don't know,
My parents and friends would be angry with me;
They would bring me back again with shame and disdain.
So I am not willing to go with thee."

"From your friends we will sail in a ship that won't fail,
With silken top-sail and a wonderful flight;
From this to Coleraine, to France, and to Spain,
And home back again in one short night."

"There is not a fort from this to the north
But we'll dance all around it and sing merrilie ;
And the lads of Queen Anne shall be at your command,
And they shall all stand in great dread of thee.

"Many a mile I have roamed in my time,
By sea and by land, a-looking for thee ;
And I never could find rest or peace to my mind,
Until fortune proved kind and sent you to me."

392. I'M A POOR STRANGER AND FAR FROM MY OWN.*

Both air and words of this song are well known in the South of Ireland, and I have been acquainted with them as long as I can remember.

As I went a walking one morning in spring, To hear the birds
whis - tle and night - in - gales sing, I heard a fair la - dy a -
mak - ing great moan, Saying, "I'm a poor stranger and far from my own."

And as I drew nigh her I made a low *fee* (bow) ;
I asked her for pardon for making so free ;
My heart it relented to hear to her moan,
Saying, "I'm a poor stranger, and far from my own."

I'll build my love a cottage at the end of this town,
Where lords, dukes, and earls shall not pull it down ;
If the boys they should ask you what makes you live alone,
You can tell them you're a stranger and far from your own.

The classical schoolmasters of the eighteenth century and of the beginning of the nineteenth, who knew Latin, Greek, and Irish well, but English only imperfectly, often composed songs in English—always to Irish airs—in which they made free use of Latin and Greek mythology. I have a great many of these

* Reprinted from my *Ancient Irish Music*, where air and words were printed for the first time.

effusions, some good, but many absurd. This class of Anglo-Irish song should be represented here: and I give the two following specimens.

393. THE COTTAGE MAID.

Song composed by Larry Dillon of Tipperary, a noted and successful classical teacher of the early part of the last century.

The air of this song was published by me for the first time in my *Ancient Irish Music*, to which the reader is referred for more information.

In the flow'r - y month of May, when lamb-kins sport and play, as I
 roved to re - ceive re - cre - a - tion, I es - pied a come-ly maid se -
 ques-ter'd in a shade, On her beau - ty I gazed with ad - mi -
 ra - tion. Had Al - ci - des seen her face be - fore
 De - jan - i - ra's grace, He would ne'er be con - sumed in the
 ce - dars; Nor would Hel - en prove the fall of the
 Gre - cian lead - ers all; Nor would U-lyss - es be the Tro - jan in - va - der.

But Mercury I fear on some errand will draw near
 As he pilfered Vulcan's tools from Polyphemus,
 And bear away the prize to some other distant skies,
 As he stole away the girdle from Venus.
 He stole eternal fire with music from the choir,
 And by virtue of his harp got his pardon;
 And sure he might steal this fair from her solitary *sphaire*,
 Though an organising* shepherd be her guardian.

* Organising: i.e. playing on the shepherd's *organ*—a reed—Pan's pipes.

Telemachus though so grand ere the sceptre reached his hand
 Might be certainly trepanned if he perceived her,
 Nor could Mentor him dissuade from that sweet and simple shade,
 Though Calypso by her art had not ensnared him:
 His sire he'd seek no more nor descend to Mammon's shore,
 Nor venture on the tyrant's dire ala-rums,
 But daily place his care on that emblematic fair,
 Till he'd barter coronations for her cha-rums.

394. THE COLLEEN RUE.

The air of this was published by Dr. Petrie in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*.



As I roved out on a sum-mer's mor-ning, A
 spe-cu-lat-ing most cu-ri-ous-ly, To my sur-prise I
 soon es-pied a charm-ing fair one ap-proach-ing me. I
 stood a while in deep med-it-a-tion con-tem-plat-ing what
 I should do, Till at length re-cruit-ing all my sens-a-tions, I
 thus ac-cost-ed the fair Col-leen Rue.

"Are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora, Artemidora, or Venus bright,
 Or Helen fair beyond compare, whom Paris stole from the Grecian sight?
 O fairest creature, you have enslaved me; I'm intoxicated in Cupid's clow;
 Your golden sayings are infatuations that have ensnared me, a Colleen Rue."

"Kind sir, be easy and do not tease me with your false praises most jestingly;
 Your dissimulation and invocation are vaunting praises alluring me.
 I'm not Aurora or the goddess Flora, but a rural female to all men's view,
 That's here condoling my situation; my appellation—the Colleen Rue."

"Oh, were I Hector that noble victor who died a victim to Grecian skill;
 Or were I Paris whose deeds are vaarious an arbitraator on Ida's hill;
 I'd range through Asia, likewise Arabia, Pennsylvania seeking for you;
 The burning raygions like sage Orpheus to see your face, my sweet Colleen Rue."

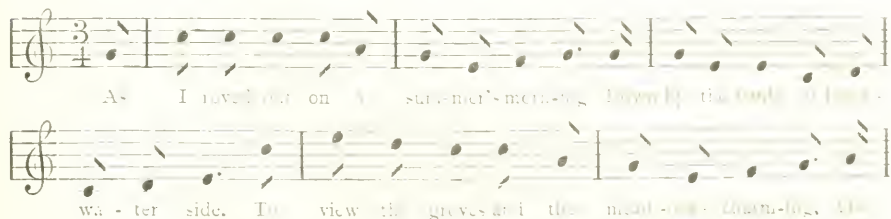
395. CASTLEHYDE.

A collection of Irish Folk Songs would be incomplete without this celebrated composition. The words have been published already more than once: but there is no need for me to copy from anyone, inasmuch as I remember the song—every word—from my boyhood days, by hearing the people sing it; for it was a general favourite. The song is commonly regarded as a type of the absurd English songs composed by some of the Irish peasant barbs who knew English only imperfectly; and it certainly contains several ludicrous expressions. But passing by these, and looking on the song as a whole, it is well conceived and very spirited. The poet had a true conception of what a song should be, but had to express it imperfectly in what was to him a foreign language. Of all this every reader can judge for himself, as I give the song entire.

In burlesque imitation of this song, Mr. Richard Alfred Milliken of Cork composed his vile caricature, "The Groves of Blarney"; and this song—working as a sort of microbe—gave origin to a number of imitations of the same general character: though none of them ever surpassed Milliken's piece of buffoonery. They did not in any sense represent the people—they represented nothing indeed but the depraved taste of the several writers. Songs of this class, however, though they once swarmed in the south of Ireland, have, I am glad to say, died out. The disease—something like what we call in Irish, *é áis*—has disappeared, even without the application of sulphur baths.

Regarding such songs as these—the stage Irishman songs in general—and their authors—with special reference to Milliken—it is worth while quoting Dr. Petrie's words, who, though usually gentle in his strictures, expresses himself in the following strong terms about another of Milliken's productions—"De Groves of de Pool"—of the same general character as "The Groves of Blarney," but worse, if possible:—"With all due respect to the memory of honest Dick Milliken, I confess that I feel but little admiration for the productions of that class of writers, of whom he was one of the most distinguished, and who . . . have endeavoured to gain celebrity by attempts, usually stupid enough, to turn their countrymen into ridicule: thus giving some sad truth to the old saying, that if one Irishman is to be roasted, another will be always found ready to turn the spit. It is greatly to the honour of England and Scotland that they have produced, and would tolerate, no such class of writers." *Ancient Music of Ireland*, p. 106.

In "The Irish Minstrel" by R. A. Smith, the air given for this song is the same as "The Groves of Blarney," Moore's "The Last Rose of Summer"; and another air for it is given in Stanford-Petrie (No. 831), which is a version of my *An Gdaligh Grána*, given above (p. 11). I find by an entry in the Forde MS. that it was also sometimes sung to "Youghal Harbour." But in Limerick and Cork it was universally sung to the air I give here from memory—and not hitherto printed—which indeed I could hardly help learning, as it was constantly sung by the people all around me.



plea-sant gar - dens of Cas - tle - hyde; 'Tis there I heard the
thrush - es warb-ling, The Dove and Part - ridge I now de-scribe; The
lamb-kins sport-ing on ev-'ry morn-ing, All to a - dorn sweet Cas-tle-hyde.

The richest groves throughout this nation and fine plantations you will see there ;
The rose, the tulip, and sweet carnation, all vying with the lily fair.
The buck, the doe, the fox, the eagle, they skip and play by the river side ;
The trout and salmon are always sporting in the clear streams of sweet Castlehyde.

There are fine walks in these pleasant gardens, and seats most charming in shady
bowers.

The gladiaathors* both bold and darling each night and morning to watch the
flowers.

There's a church for service in this fine arbour where nobles often in coaches ride
To view the groves and the meadow charming, the pleasant gardens of Castlehyde.

There are fine horses and stall-fed *oxes*, and dens for foxes to play and hide ;
Fine mares for breeding and foreign sheep there with snowy fleeces in Castlehyde.
The grand improvements they would amuse you, the trees are drooping with fruit
all kind ;

The bees perfuming the fields with music, which yields more beauty to Castlehyde.

If noble princes from foreign nations should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
'Tis in this valley they would be feasted as often heroes have been before.
The wholesome air of this habitation would recreate your heart with pride ;
There is no valley throughout this nation in beauty equal to Castlehyde.

I rode from Blarney to Castlebarnet, to Thomastown, and sweet Doneraile,
To Kilshannick that joins Rathcormack, besides Killarney and Abbeyfeale ;
The flowing Nore and the rapid Boyne, the river Shannon and pleasant Clyde ;
In all my ranging and serenading† I met no equal to Castlehyde.

It appears that the poet called on Mr. Hyde (about the beginning of the last century) and offered him this effusion, expecting a reward, after the manner of the bards of old. But Mr. Hyde—who was round-shouldered, with something of a stoop—treated him and his poem with contempt, and in fact ordered him off the

* Gladiaathor, a fighting fellow. The word itself and its pronunciation are a memory of the classical learning of Munster a century or two ago: of which indeed many other vestiges still remain in the language of the people. See the last verse of "The Colleen Rue," p. 202, above.

† Serenading: rambling leisurely about.

grounds. Whereupon the irate bard promptly altered the last verse so as to insert a bitter sting in its tail :—

In all my ranging and serenading, *I met no naygur* but humpy Hyde.†*

Castlehyde, the home of the Hyde family, is a beautiful residence on the Blackwater, a mile and a half above Fermoy in Cork.

396. THE DRYNAUN DHUN.

“Drynaun Dhun” (Ir. *Draoigheandún donn*) is the blackthorn or sloebush. The name is here applied metaphorically to a young man—a lover. I have known both song and air all my life. Both have been published elsewhere, though not the same as here, and never in combination till now. I give the air as I learned it in early days from singers, pipers, and fiddlers. Bunting and Moore have a different air with this name. The words also are mainly from memory, but partly from a printed ballad-sheet, and partly from Duffy’s version in his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*.

Tenderly.

My love he is fair - er than a sum - mer
day : His breath it is sweet - er than the new - ly mown hay : His
hair shines like gold when ex - posed to the sun : And they
gave him his name from the Dry - naun Dhun.

My love he is gone from me o’er the main ;
May God send him safe to his true love again.
I am mourning each day till the dark night comes on.
And I sleep ’neath the blossoms of the Drynaun Dhun.

* *Naygur* : niggard.

† For the custom of the Irish Poets’ visitations in old times with laudatory poems or satires : according to the reception they got) see my *Social Histories of Ancient Ireland* : Index, “Poets.” The Castlehyde incident is an exact reproduction of what often happened in Ireland 1500 years ago ; and the custom continued down to a period within my own memory.

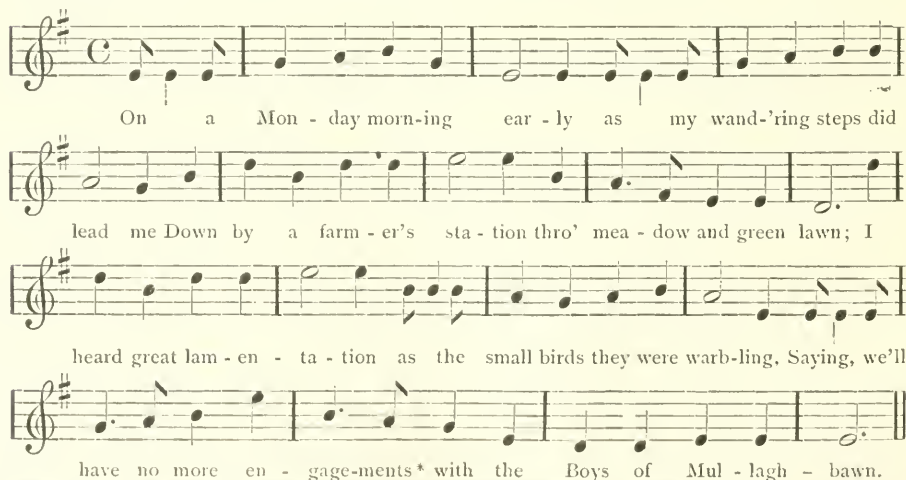
If I had a small cot on the sea to row,
 I'd follow my truelove where'er he might go;
 I would rather have my truelove at home to sport and play,
 Than all the golden treasures on land and sea.

I am waiting impatient for my love's return,
 And for his long absence I'll ne'er cease to mourn;
 I will join with the small birds when spring time comes on,
 And welcome home the blossom of the Drynaun Dhun.

397. THE BOYS OF MULLAGHBAWN.

I obtained the air of this song from Mr. Patrick O'Leary of Gaignamanagh, Co. Kilkenny, who himself got it from Mr. M. Nulty, National School teacher of Carrickmacross, Co. Monaghan. An almost identical setting was sent to me by an unnamed correspondent in Dundalk. Coupling this with the song, we may take it that it is an Ulster melody.

The Mullaghbawn commemorated in this air and song is a mountain parish in the southern corner of the Co. Armagh, between Slieve Gullion and Forkhill. It is now remarkable for its prosperous native industries (described in "Irish Rural Life and Industry," 1907: p. 170, by the editor, W. T. M.-F.); as it was formerly noted for its rural social amusements. Mr. W. T. Macartney-Filgate of Dublin, who knows Mullaghbawn well, has sent me two copies of the song, as well as some particulars regarding it; but I have since found, in my own collection, two other copies printed on ballad-sheets, which I had overlooked. It is all about a number of young men of Mullaghbawn who were either transported for some illegal practices (about 1798) or seized and sent on board ship by a pressgang. The song is very characteristic of the Irish "unlettered Muse."



On a Mon - day morn-ing ear - ly as my wand-'ring steps did
 lead me Down by a farm - er's sta - tion thro' mea - dow and green lawn; I
 heard great lam - en - ta - tion as the small birds they were warb-ling, Saying, we'll
 have no more en - gage-ments* with the Boys of Mul - lagh - bawn.

* Meaning that they (the exiles) could never again engage in the Mullaghbawn sports.

Esquire Jackson he's unequalled for honon and for reason
He never turned traitor nor betrayed the rights of man,
But now we are in danger by a vile deceiving stranger
Who has ordered transportation for the Boys of Mullaghbawn

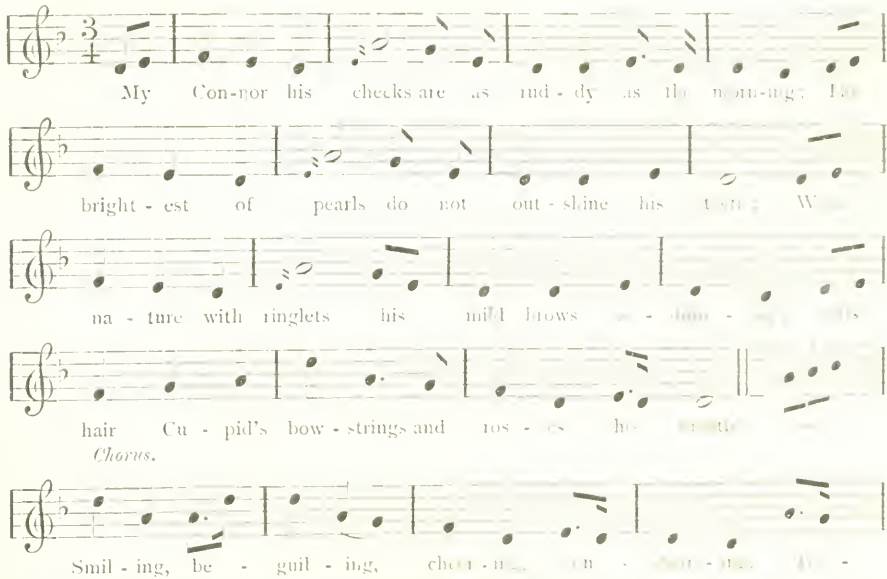
As those heroes crossed the ocean, I'm told the ship in motion
Would stand in wild commotion as if the sea ran dry;
The trout and salmon gaping as the Cuckoo* left the station,
Saying, "Farewell to lovely Erin and the hills of Mullaghbawn"

To end my lamentation, we are all in consternation,
For want of education I here must end my theme,
None cares for recreation, since, without consideration,
We are sent for transportation from the hills of Mullaghbawn

398. THE DEAR IRISH BOY—OR, THE DEAR IRISH MAID.

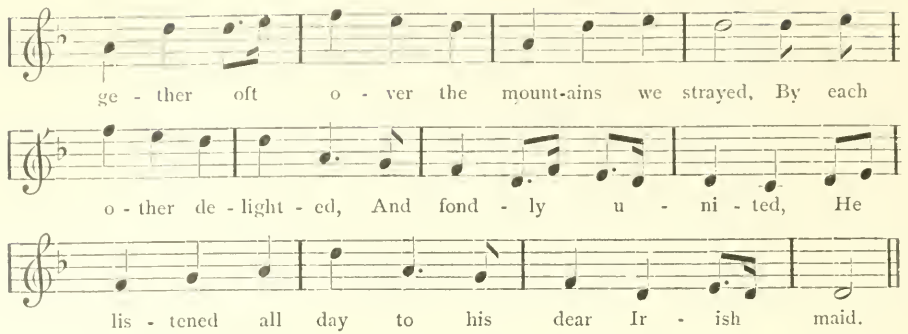
This was universally known, sung, and played in my early days. The words smack of the classical schoolmaster, and there are a few strained expressions. Nevertheless, taken as a whole it is very pleasing; and its under-current of tenderness more than compensates for the spice of pedantry. The pathetic beauty of the air renders praise from me unnecessary. I give it here just as I learned it. My versions of air and words differ from those already published.

There is another song to this air, "O, Weary's on Money, and Weary's on Wealth," which will be found in the collections of Duffy, Williams, Lover, Barry, and others.



My Con-nor his checks are as red-dy as the morn-ing; His
bright-est of pearls do not out-sline his teeth. W
na-ture with ringlets his mild brows - - - - -
hair Cu-pid's bow-strings and ros-es his
Chorus.
Smil-ing, be-guil-ing, cheer-ing on - - - - -

* Cuckoo, the name of the vessel



No roebuck more swift could fly over the mountain ;
No veteran bolder met dangers or scars ;
He's sightly, he sprightly, he's clear as the fountain ;
His eyes beamed with love—Oh, he's gone to the wars.
Smiling, beguiling, &c.

The soft tuneful lark changed his notes into mourning ;
The dark screaming owl now impedes my night's sleep ;
While lonely I walk in the shades of the evening ;
Till my Connor's return I will ne'er cease to weep.

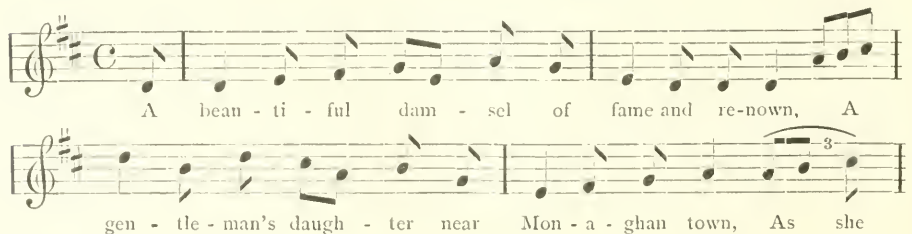
Chorus.

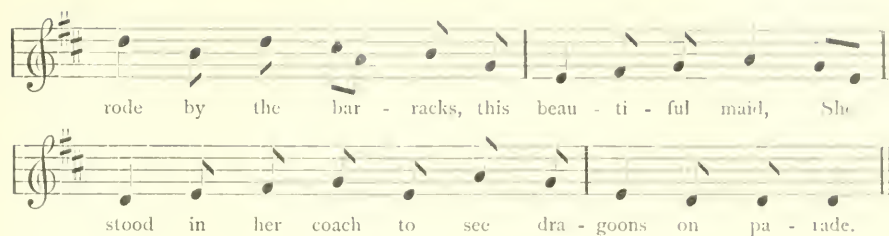
The war is all over and he's not returning ;
I fear that some envious plot has been laid ;
Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And has left here in mourning his dear Irish Maid.

Chorus.

399. THE ENNISKILLEN DRAGOON.

This song, though of Ulster origin, was a great favourite in Munster, where I learned it when very young : it was indeed sung all over Ireland. I published the words more than fifty years ago in a newspaper called "The Tipperary Leader," and I have several copies printed on ballad-sheets. Some few years ago I gave a copy of the air—as I had it in memory—to Dr. Sigerson, who wrote a new song to it which was published in Mr. A. P. Graves's "Irish Song Book" : and in that publication—so far as I know—the air appeared in print for the first time.





These dragoons were all dressed just like gentlemen's sons,
 With their bright shining swords and their carabine guns,
 With their silver-mounted pistols she observed them full soon,
 Because that she loved her Enniskillen Dragoon.

She looked on the bright sons of Mars on the right,
 With their armour outshining the stars of the night,
 Saying "Willie, dearest Willie, you have 'listed full soon
 To serve as a royal Enniskillen Dragoon."

"O beautiful Flora, your pardon I crave,
 From this hour and for ever I will be your slave ;
 Your parents they have slighted you both morning and noon,
 For fear that you'd wed your Enniskillen Dragoon."

"O Willie, dear Willie, never mind what they say,
 For children are bound their parents to obey ;
 When you leave old Ireland they'll all change their tune,
 Saying, 'The Lord may be with the Enniskillen Dragoon.'"

Farewell Enniskillen, farewell for a while,
 And all round the borders of Erin's green isle.
 When the war is all over we'll return in full bloom,
 And they'll all welcome home the Enniskillen Dragoon.

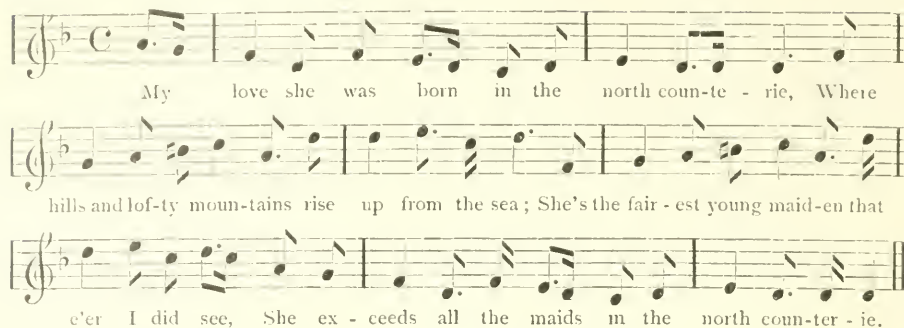
400. FAIR MAIDENS' BEAUTY WILL SOON FADE AWAY.*

I learned both the air and the words of this song from my father. It was very well known in my early days among the people of the south ; and there are more verses in the song ; but those I give are all that I can remember.

One day, about seventy years ago, a number of persons—old and young—were merrily engaged saving hay. A good way off, at the other side of the little river, were some reapers working away, among them Tom Long, a splendid singer with a powerful voice. As a sort of variety, to break in on the hard work, they asked him to sing ; and he, nothing loth, sat down and gave them this very song in glorious style. Instantly both *mihuls* threw down their sickles, rakes, and forks.

* Reprinted here from my Ancient Irish Music.

and sat down in mute attention and rapt delight, till Tom had finished ; when they at once started up and resumed their work.



My love is as bright as a morning in May,
My love is as pure as the sweet new-mown hay ;
I love her in my bosom's core and she fancies me ;
We're the happiest pair in the north counterie.

My love is as sweet as the cinnamon tree ;
She clings to me as close as the bark to the tree :
But the leaves they will wither and the roots will decay,
And fair maidens' beauty will soon fade away.

401. EXECUTION SONG : OR " LAMENTATION."

Air:—*Na mná deasa Bhaile-Locha-Riabhach* : The Pretty Lasses of Loughrea.

"In Ireland whenever any tragic occurrence takes place, such as a wreck, a murder, an execution, an accidental drowning, etc., some local poet generally composes a 'Lamentation' on the event, which is printed on sheets, and sung by professional ballad-singers through towns, and at fairs and markets. I have a great many of these sheets, and there is usually a rude engraving at top suitable to the subject—the figure of a man hanging, a coffin, a skull and cross-bones, etc. The lamentation for a criminal is often written in the first person, and is supposed to be the utterance of the culprit himself immediately before execution : it is in fact an imaginary last dying speech."* The following two verses taken from two different Lamentations are good specimens:—

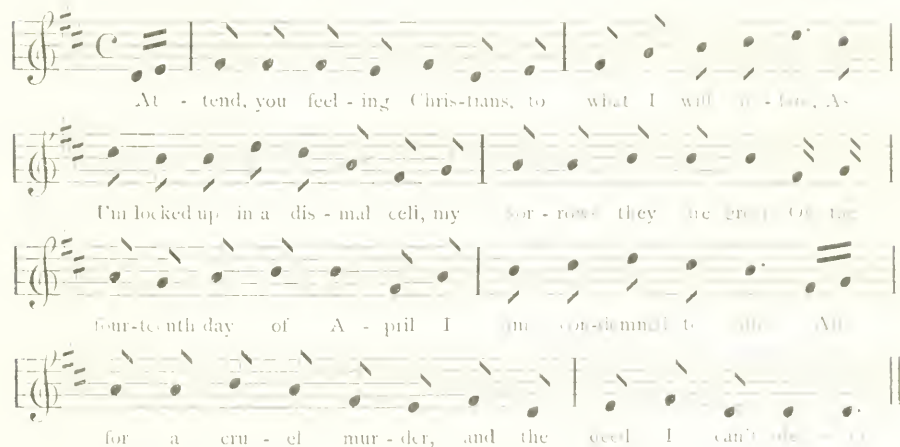
"Come, all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw near,
A doleful lamentation I mean to let you hear ;
How a child of only ten years old did swear our lives away,
May the Lord have mercy on our souls against the Judgment Day!"

"He stood upon that fatal spot as many did before,
And gave one look upon the scenes that he should see no more :
The rope was on, the bolt was drawn, his spirit it got free,
At eight o'clock that morning he met eternitie."

* From my Ancient Irish Music.

I will now give a complete song of this class copied from a printed sheet. And the air to which I have set the words was nearly always used for Lamentations in Munster, in my youth; so that these Lamentations were usually composed on the same measure. I have repeatedly heard Lamentations sung to this air in the streets of Dublin.

“A Lamentation on the Execution and Declaration of Thomas Welch, for the cruel murder of his son-in-law's grandfather.” Title and song copied exactly.



At - tend, you feel - ing Chris - tians, to what I will un - der - take, As
I'm locked up in a dis - mal cell, my sor - rows they be - grow. Oh the
four - tenth day of A - pril I am con - demned to die. All
for a cru - el mur - der, and the deed I can't hide —

Wilful murder can't be hid, it is useless for to say :
My daughter swore against me, upon my trial day ;
The jury found me guilty, and the judge he did reply :—
“ Prepare to go before the Lord,—you are condemned to die.”

Then when I heard my sentence I got a dreadful shock,
My limbs began to tremble as I stood in the dock,
If I had the wealth of Damer,* for my life I'd give it all ;
But now grim Death awaits me, till the hangman lets me fall.

Pat Connolly being at dinner, I must admit and own
When he was in his grandson's house,—he thought he was at home
But he was much mistaken, for I led him astray—
To gain his little property, I took his life away.

It was a cruel murder, the truth I now must own ;
’Twas Satan strongly tempted me, as we were both alone ;
Then with a heavy hatchet I gave Connolly a fall,
And I cut him up in pieces, which appeared the worst of all.

Now to conclude and finish my melancholy theme,
For the murder of Pat Connolly, I die in public shame,
In the sixty-fifth year of my age, upon a gallows tree ;
I hope in God for mercy : good Christians, pray for me.

* “Damer of Shronill,” reputed, in the eighteenth century, to be the richest man in Ireland. This house, in ruins, is still to be seen at Shronill, about three miles west of Tipperary town.

402. *JEMMY MO VEELA STHORE*: JEMMY, MY THOUSAND TREASURES.

The air of this song—a lovely tender simple melody—was published for the first time by me in my *Ancient Irish Music*. It is well known all over Munster, where it is also called *Drahaareen O Mochree*, from a song with that name which I give below. The Irish words of *Jemmy mo Veela Sthore* may be seen in my *Irish Music and Song*. The English words given below, with the Music, are a free translation, which I have known all my life, and of which I have also copies on printed ballad-sheets.

Tender and sad.

You maid-ens, now pi - ty the sor - row - ful moan I
make ; I am a young girl in grief for my dar - ling's
sake ; My true lov - er's ab - sence in sor - row I grieve full
sore, And each day I la - ment for my Jem-my mo veel - a sthore.

These twelve months and better my darling has left the shore ;
He ne'er will come back till he travels the globe all o'er ;
And whene'er he returns he'll bring silver and gold in store ;
He's the fondest of lovers, my Jemmy mo veela sthore.

My father and mother they never do give me ease,
Since my darling has left me to cross the raging seas,
I once had a sweetheart with money and flocks and more,
But he's gone o'er the ocean, my Jemmy mo veela sthore.

I'll go to the woods and I'll spend there the rest of my days,
Where no living mortal I'll suffer my soul to tease ;
Among the lone rowan-trees with red berries drooping o'er,
Lamenting the absence of Jemmy mo veela sthore.

DRAHAAREEN-O MOCHREE: LITTLE BROTHER OF MY HEART.

This song, sung to the same air, was perhaps more familiar in Munster than *Jemmy mo veela sthore*. I have many copies of it on ballad-sheets, printed by "Halv, Printer, Cork."

I am a young fellow that always loved rural sport ;
The fairs and the *patterns* of Erin I used to resort ;
Where true pleasant comrades were always my companie ;
Until I was deprived of my Drahaareen-O Mochree.

From the cove of Cork city my brother he sailed away,
On board of a warship to cross to Spain by *say*,
Where cannon roar loudly and bullets like lightning fly,
Perhaps in the battle my Drahaareen-O does lie.

The womb turned to earth that gave birth to my brother and me,
My father and sisters are gone to eternity ;
My brother enlisted and went o'er the raging sea
And he left me here lonely—my Drahaareen-O Mochree.

If Heaven would aid me and send me to Spain where he be,
My life I would venture to set him at liberty ;
Like a true loyal brother I'd fight for him manfully,
And die in the arms of my Drahaareen-O Mochree.

403. IRISH MOLLY-O.

The words I give here are mainly taken from "The Native Music of Ireland," 1842; but I heard very different versions in my youth. As for the air: I give it from memory: and my setting hardly differs from that given in the above-mentioned work. I learned it in childhood from the people all round me, with whom the song, both air and words, was in great favour.



Oh, who is this poor for - eign - er that's late - ly come to
town? And like a ghost that cannot rest still wan-ders up and
down, A poor un - hap - py Scottish youth: if more you wish to
know; His heart is break - ing all for love of Ir - ish Mol-ly - O.

When Molly's father heard of it a solemn oath he swore,
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more :
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told him so—
"To a foreigner I'll never give my Irish Molly-O."

MacDonald heard the heavy news, and grievously did say,
 "Farewell, my lovely Molly: since I'm banished far away,
 A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
 And all for loving of my dear, my Irish Molly-O.

"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be mine;
 But now that she is lost to me I must for ever pine,
 Till death it comes to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go,
 And all for loving of my dear, my Irish Molly-O.

"And now when I am dying this one request I crave;
 To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave:
 And on the stone these simple words I want engraven so:—
 'Young MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly-O.'"

404. THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.*

The song to this air is known also in Scotland; but the Irish and the Scotch versions differ very much. The Scotch song is given in "Wood's Songs of Scotland"; and I give here our Anglo-Irish words as I have always heard them sung by the people of Limerick. So far regarding the words. The Irish air is however quite different from the Scotch; it is well known in Munster; and I have been quite familiar with it all my life. It is now published for the first time.

The first night I was mar - ried, a hap - py hap - py
 bride, The captain of the Highlandmen he came to my lover's side:
 "A - rise, a - rise, new married man, a - rise, and come with me, To the
 Low - lands of Hol - land to face your en - e - mie!"

Holland is a pretty place, most pleasing to be seen.
 The *wild flow'rs* grow very plenty there, and vines hang from the trees;
 The *wild flow'rs* grow very plenty there, and vines hang from the trees.
 I scarce had time to look about when my true-love was gone from me.

* Reprinted from my Ancient Irish Music.

Says the mother to the daughter, "What makes you so lament—
Is there ne'er a man in Ireland's ground to please your discontent?
"There are men enough in Ireland, but none at all for me;
I never loved but one young man, and he's beyond the sea."

"I ne'er will wear a collar around my neck and hair,
Nor fire bright nor candle-light shall show my beauty rare;
And I will ne'er get married until the day I die,
Since the raging seas and stormy winds have parted my love and I."

"I built my love a gallant ship, a ship of noble fame,
With four-and-twenty seamen bold to steer her across the main;
The storm then began to rise, and the seas began to spout;
'Twas then my love and his gallant ship were sorely tossed about."

405. OH LOVE IT IS A KILLING THING.

I give the words of this song from memory as I learned them in boyhood. Words and air are now published for the first time (except that the air is printed in Stanford-Petrie with my name: for I gave it to Dr. Petrie half a century ago). The air was universal in Munster in my early life. Versions of it may be found elsewhere: compare with "My Love Nell," and with "We are poor frozen-out gardeners" in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." To this same air—after a common Munster custom—the Limerick people often sang Burns's "Oh, my love's like a red red rose." The "Red red rose"—third verse—is common in Irish peasant songs. This third verse will be recognized as corresponding with the following verse of Burns:—

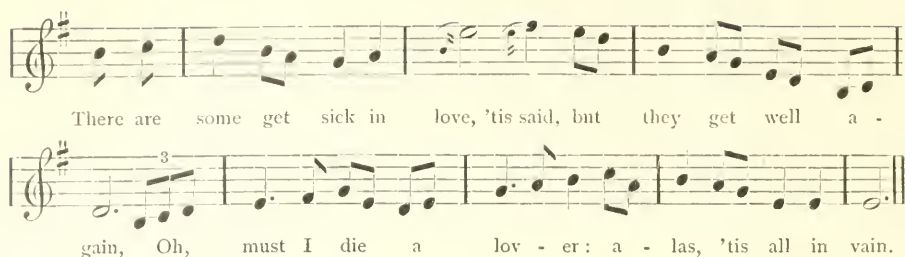
"Oh, gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa';
And I mysel a drap o' dew
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!
Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Sealed on her silk-saft faults to rest,
Till fled away by Phœbus' light."

Burns took the idea, and partly the very words, from a Scotch version of the peasant song—as was his custom—and with the magic touch of genius changed it to his own exquisite stanza.

Slow and tender.

Oh, love it is a kil - ling thing as I love peo - ple

say, And for to love and not be loved has stole my heart a - way.



The very first time I saw my love I thought she was divine;
The second time I saw my love I thought her heart was mine.
But now that she has altered and changed within her mind,
Farewell to her for evermore, for indeed she'll ne'er be mine.

I wish my love was the red red rose that grows on yon castle wall,
And I to be a drop of dew, among the leaves I'd fall:
'Tis in her sacred bosom I'd rest and sport and play,
And pass away the livelong night until the break of day.

I would go with my own truelove from seaport town to town;
I would go with my own truelove and range this world around;
I'd range this world all over as if it were my own;
But now my love is gone from me and I am left alone.

406. THE SPALPEEN'S COMPLAINT OF THE CRANBALLY FARMER.

I have endeavoured to give representations of all classes of Irish Folk Songs in this collection; and the two following ballads represent—well and vigorously—the satirical class. Both have remained in my memory since my boyhood; and I have a copy of “The Cranbally Farmer” on a roughly-printed sheet. This same “Cranbally Farmer”—the man himself—was well known in the district sixty years ago as a great old skinflint; and the song drew down on him universal ridicule. The air is *Fúgamaoid síd mar a tá se*, which was published by me for the first time in my *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 14.

Spalpeens were labouring men—reapers, mowers, potato-diggers, etc.—who travelled about in the autumn seeking employment from the farmers, each with his spade, or his scythe, or his reaping-hook. They congregated in the towns on market and fair days, where the farmers of the surrounding districts came to hire them. Each farmer brought home his own men, fed them on good potatoes and milk, and put them to sleep in the barn on dry straw—a bed—as one of them said to me—“a bed fit for a lord, let alone a spalpeen.”



Coun - ty Tip - ra - ry I straight took my way : To dig the pot - a - toes and
work by the day, I hired with a Cran - bal - ly fami - er. I
asked him how far we were bound for to go ; The night it was dark, and the
north wind did blow :—“ I'm hun - gry and tired and my
spir - its are low, I have nei - ther whis - key nor cor - dial.”

He made me no answer but mounted his steed,
To the Cranbally mountains he posted with speed ;
I certainly thought my poor heart it would bleed

To be trudging behind that old *naygur*.^{*}
When I came to his cottage I entered it first ;
It seemed like a kennel or ruined old church :
Then says I to myself, “ I am left in the lurch
In the house of old Darby O’Leary.”

I well recollect it was Michaelmas night,
To a hearty good supper he did me invite,
A cup of sour milk that would physic a snipe—

Your stomach ’twould put in disorder.[†]
The wet old potatoes would poison the cats,
The barn where my bed was was swarming with rats,
’Tis little I thought it would e’er be my lot
To lie in that hole until morning.

By what he had said to me I understood,
My bed in the barn it was not very good ;
The blanket was made at the time of the flood ;
The quilts and the sheets in proportion.
’Twas on this old miser I looked with a frown,
When the straw was brought out for to make my shake down ;
I wish that I never saw Cranbally town,
Or the sky over Darby O’Leary.

^{*} *Naygur* : niggard.

[†] This line, as it stands, wants the vigour of the original, which it is not desirable to reproduce here in its naked simplicity.

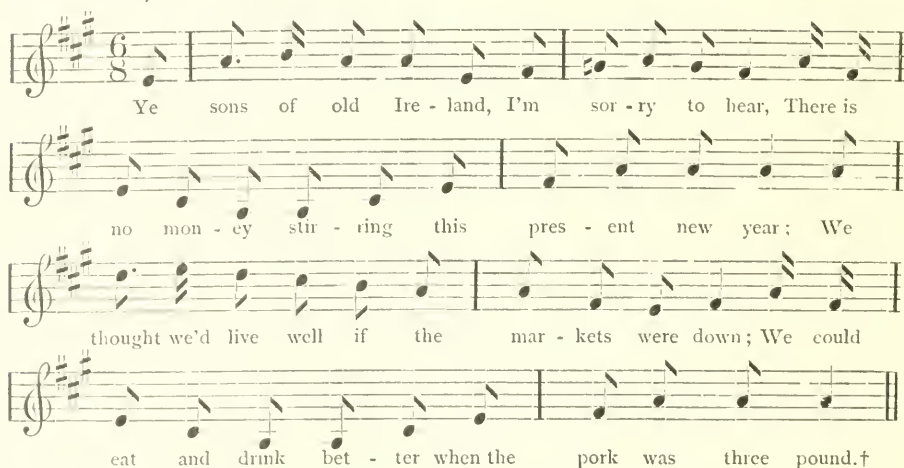
I worked in Kilconnell, I worked in Kilmore,
 I worked in Knockainy and Shanballymore,
 In Pallas-a-Nicker and Sollohodmore,
 With decent respectable farmers:
 I worked in Tipperary, the Rag; and Rosegreen,
 At the mount of Kilfeakle, the Bridge of Aleen,*
 But such woeful starvation I've never yet seen
 As I got from old Darby O'Leary.

407. YE SONS OF OLD IRELAND.

Air: *Noch baincann sin dó.*

This air has been already published, but in a very inferior setting. I give my version from memory, as I learned it in early life. Moore's *Noch baincann sin dó* (Song—"They may rail at this life") is not another version, but a different air altogether.

The peasant song, of which I give three verses from memory, had much rude vigour. It was a satire on those Irish farmers and small gentry who became rich and cut a great figure during the Napoleonic wars; but who came to their level after "Boney was down," in 1815.



Ye sons of old Ire - land, I'm sor - ry to hear, There is
 no mon - ey stir - ring this pres - ent new year; We
 thought we'd live well if the mar - kets were down; We could
 eat and drink bet - ter when the pork was three pound.†

Bonaparte taught some men for to ride a fine horse
 That some time ago couldn't ride a jackass.
 "By the silver of my whip!" was their oath then in town;
 "By the nails of my brogues!" since Boney is down!

Our gentry who fed upon turtle and wine
 Must now on wet lumpers‡ and salt herrings dine;
 Their bellies that swelled with Napoleon's renown
 Will grow flat like old air-bags since Boney is down.

* These places are all in Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork.

† That is £3 a cwt., which was considered very high.

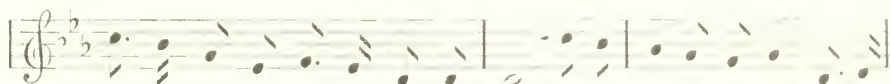
‡ Lumpers, a cheap inferior sort of potatoes.

408. THE LOVER'S GHOST.

I learned both air and words at home when I was a boy. The subject is the visit of a young woman's ghost at night to her living lover: but she has to depart at cockerow. The words are well suited to the sad air: words and air are here published for the first time. For Mr. A. P. Graves's adaptation see his "Irish Song Book," p. 21. The air given there, however, is quite different from mine.



"Oh, you're welcome home a-gam," said the young man to his love, "I am



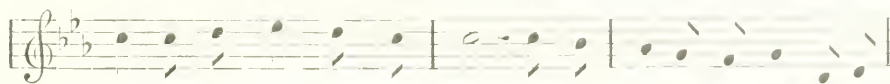
wait-ing for you many a night and day. You are tired, you are pale, and



young man to his dear: "You shall nev - er see me more."



way." "I must go a-way," she said, "when the lit - tle cock will crow, for



here they will not let me stay: But if I load my with, I think



dar - ling," she said, "This night should be ne - ver ne-ver day."

"Oh my pretty pretty cock, oh, my handsome little cock.

I pray you will not crow before day;

And your comb shall be made of the very beaten gold,

And your wings of the silver so grey!"

But oh, this pretty cock, this handsome little cock.

He crew loud a full hour too soon:

"Oh, my true love," she said, "it is time for me to part,

It is now the going down of the moon!"

"And where is your bed, my dearest dear?" he said,

"And where are your white holland sheets?"

And where are the maidens, my dearest love," he said,

"That wait on you while you are asleep?"

"The clay is my bed, my dearest dear," she said,

"The shroud is my white holland sheet;

The worms and the creeping things are my waiting maids.

To wait on me whilst I am asleep."

409. MOLLY BAWN.

In the last century this song was very popular in the midland and southern counties. I once heard it sung in fine style in the streets of Dublin by a poor woman with a child on her arm. Like several other ballads in this book, it obviously commemorates a tragedy in real life. It has been published by Patrick Kennedy in "The Banks of the Boro," but his copy is somewhat different from mine; and by "Dun-Cathail" in "Popular Poetry of Ireland"; but this last shows evident marks of literary alterations and additions not tending to improvement. My version is just as I learned it from the intelligent singers of my early days. The air is the same as "Lough Sheeling" of Moore's song, "Come, rest on this bosom!" but a different version.

Come, all you young gal - lants that fol - low the
gun, Be - ware of late shoot - ing at the setting of the
sun; For it's lit - tle you know of what happened of
late To young Mol - ly a - stho-reen, whose beau - ty was great.

It happened one evening in a shower of hail,
This maid in a bower herself did conceal;
Her love being a-shooting, he took her for a fawn;
He levelled his gun and he shot Molly Bawn.

And when he came to her and found it was she,
His limbs they grew feeble and his eyes could not see;
His heart it was broken with sorrow and grief;
And with eyes up to heaven he implored for relief.

He ran to his uncle with the gun in his hand,
Saying, "Uncle, dear uncle, I'm not able to stand;
I have shot my true lover, alas! I'm undone,
As she sat in a bower at the setting of the sun.

"I rubbed her fair temples and found she was dead,
And a fountain of tears for my darling I shed;
And now I'll be forced by the laws of the land
For the killing of my darling my trial to stand."

410. NANCY THE PRIDE OF THE WEST.

Dr. Petrie has published the Kilkenny version of this air in his "Ancient Music of Ireland" (p. 99). The setting I give here from memory as I heard the old people of Limerick sing it in my young days, is different, and is more simple and more purely vocal.

There is a beautiful song in Irish to this air, which I published set to the music in my Irish Music and Song (p. 22)—*Ar Eirinn níl 'nebsainn cé hí* (For Ireland I'd not tell her name). Sometimes the air is known by this name: and it is also often called *Binn Iúsin aerach a Bhrogha* (The melodious little *Iú* of Bruff, Co. Limerick) from a song about that place.

One morn-ing I chanced for to rove When Phoe-bus showed
clear from the east ; 'Twas down by a green sha - dy grove I es -
pied a fair maid I pro - test. She was hand-some and straight and gen -
teel, As the sweet birds had lulled her to rest, A
girl at the age of six - teen, called Nan-cy the pride of the west.

2.

Her lips are like coral so fine,
Her cheeks like the vermilion red ;
Her eyes like two diamonds do shine,
And the young men all wish her to wed.

To her I'd prove constant and true
Until death with his dart pierce my breast ;
And my last dying words shall be you,
Sweet Nancy the pride of the west.

3.

I travelled from Cork to Kinsale,
From Limerick to Kilkenny town,
From Mallow to sweet Doneraile,
Where beautiful ladies are found.

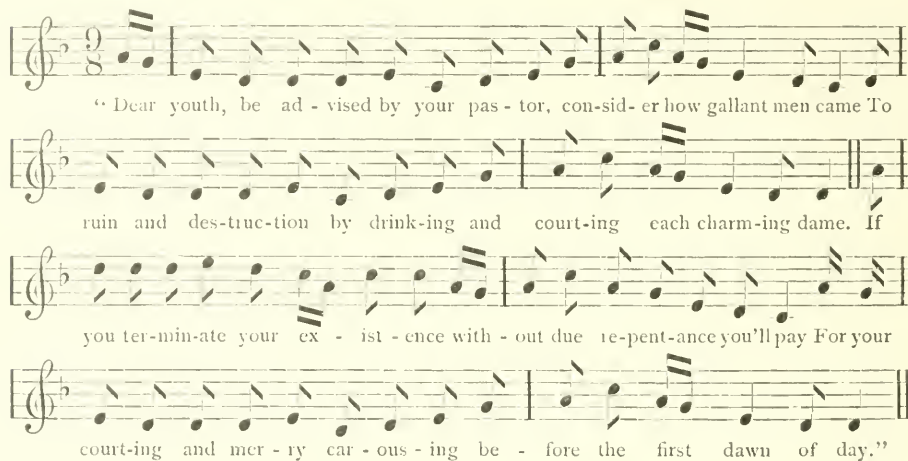
But never by love was I won,
And my mind it was ever at rest,
Till now in the end I'm undone
By Nancy the pride of the west.

4.

My jewel, my sweetheart, *mo shoré*,
If I your affections can't gain,
I'll travel the wide world all o'er
And live in a heart-breaking pain.
The meadows and green woods I'll
roam,
And the wild fowl I'll scare from
their rest,
The valleys shall echo my moan
For Nancy the pride of the west.

411. THE PRIEST AND THE RAKE.

This song is a dialogue between a priest and a rake. In the end the rake is converted and promises reform. The priest's words are truly typical of the earnest affectionate Irish soggarth. I learned the whole song in my early days from hearing it sung at home. The refrain "Before the first dawn of day," was often given in Irish—*Air maidin le fainge an lae*: pronounced "Er moddhin le fawing an lay." Pluto comes in correctly enough, as he was king of the nether world. The air is a good version of "Sláinte Rígh Philip."



“ Dear youth, be ad - vised by your pas - tor, con - sid - er how gallant men came To
ruin and des - truction by drink - ing and court - ing each charm - ing dame. If
you ter - min - ate your ex - ist - ence with - out due re - pent - ance you'll pay For your
court - ing and mer - ry car - ous - ing be - fore the first dawn of day.”

“The lectures of priests and bishops can never now me persuade
But I can be pardoned for loving an innocent charming maid:
And who could have patience to suffer the bloom of his youth to decay
Without tasting the pleasures of drinking before the first dawn of day?”

“Inflamed by means of such pleasures great Hercules perished in pain,
Priamus was killed in his palace, and Hector by Achilles was slain;
And Paris did fatally carry the faithless queen Helen away—
’Twas she that caused Troy to be burned before the first dawn of day.”

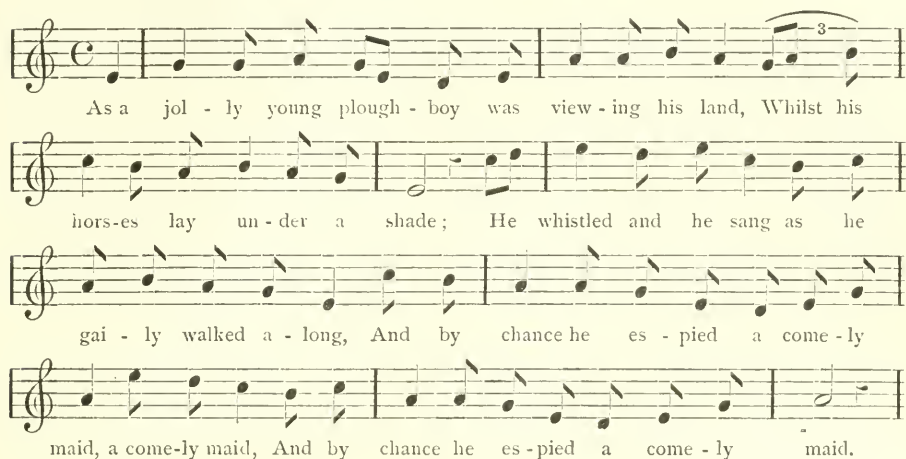
“This life it is all full of gladness, its pleasures are more than its pains;
Dear father, I wish to enjoy them as long as my youth remains:
And when my last sickness is on me, and death comes to take me away,
’Tis then I’ll repent my transgressions before the first dawn of day.”

“When death in a horrible manner shall seize you with woeful pain,
Your senses and reason will vanish, you’ll think of contrition in vain:
Dear youth, in your dangerous error until the last moment don’t stay,
Or Pluto will pay you a visit before the first dawn of day.”

“Now I’ll be advised by my pastor, henceforward his counsel I’ll take;
No longer I’ll follow the life of an insolent turbulent rake;
My own lovely sweetheart I’ll marry, as bright as the blossoms of May,
And give up my drinking completely before the first dawn of day.”

412. THE PLOUGHBOY.

I learned this song when I was very young, from Paddy Connors, a carpenter, of Fanningstown near Kilfinane Co. Limerick : but I heard others sing it. The words were often printed on ballad-sheets, of which I have one. Paddy sang this song with immense spirit and feeling: you'd think he was inspired. Words and air are now published for the first time.



As a jol - ly young plough - boy was view - ing his land, Whilst his
horses lay un - der a shade; He whistled and he sang as he
gai - ly walked a - long, And by chance he es - pied a come - ly
maid, a come-ly maid, And by chance he es - pied a come - ly maid.

This young man fell in love, but her parents disapproved,
And they vowed they would send him o'er the main;
A pressgang they hired who seized him on his land,
And they sent him to the wars to be slain,
To be slain,
And they sent him to the wars to be slain.

But his love went to the harbour where the ship she did lie;
To the captain she sorely did complain;
The captain came on board saying "My pretty maid, step in,
For we're going to the wars to be slain,
To be slain,
For we're going to the wars to be slain."

It's out of her pockets she drew handfuls of gold,
A hundred bright guineas and more;
She freely laid them down and took her true love by the hand,
And she led him till she brought him safe on shore,
Safe on shore,
And she led him till she brought him safe on shore.

Happy is the day when true lovers meet,
When their troubles and cares are all o'er;
But cursed are the wars that send many a lad to sea,
And their true loves never see them any more,
Any more,
And their true loves never see them any more.

413. THE NOBLEMAN'S WEDDING.

This pretty ballad was a favourite in my father's house, from whose singing I learned it in my childhood. More than half-a-century ago I gave it to Dr. Petrie, who published the air in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," p. 180. He gives three versions, the third of which is the one given by me (not the first, as he states by an oversight). Instead of the peasant words, however, he has given a ballad by William Allingham, founded on the original. Patrick Kennedy has also given the ballad in his "Banks of the Boro" (p. 194): but this version has been largely constructed by himself. I give here from memory the very words of the peasant song; and they will be found nowhere else. The air, I must observe, has been republished in several settings—including my own—in the Stanford-Petrie collection.

Once I was in - vi - ted to a no - ble - man's wed - ding. She
was a young vir - gin that proved un - kind: And
now that she's mar - ried she thinks on her los - ses. Her
for - mer true lov - er still runs in her mind.

The supper being ended and all things being ready,
The bridegroom and bride stood among the nobles all;
And scarcely the words of the marriage rite were spoken,
When her former true lover appeared in the hall.

"How can you lie on another man's pillow,
You that were a true love of mine so long?
Now you have left me to wear the green willow,
Quite broken-hearted for your sake alone.

"Here is a ring, like your vows it is broken;
Here it is back for you again;
You gave it to me as a true lover's token,
But now it no longer with me shall remain!"

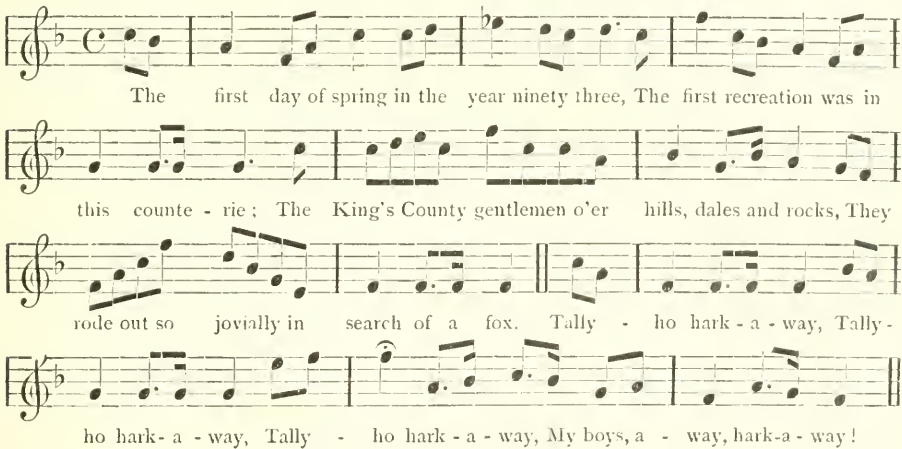
The bride as she sat at the head of the table,
Each word that he spoke she marked it right well;
To bear it longer she was quite unable,
And down at the bridegroom's feet she fell.

"Here is just one request that I ask for,
It is the first and the very last to be,
To sleep this one night along with my mother,
And ever ever after along with thee."

This one request it was granted her fairly,
Sighing and sobbing she went to her bed;
The very next morning, early full early,
They rose and they found this young bride was dead.

414. REYNARD THE FOX. A HUNTING SONG.*

We have in Ireland several hunting songs, each describing the events of some particular chase; such as "The Kilruddery Hunt" (Graves, "Irish Song Book," p. 72) and the "County Limerick Buck-Hunt," and I have copies of others. The song of "Reynard the Fox" has long been a favourite. The old people of the midland counties still retain some traditions of this great hunt, which, according to my version of the song, took place in 1793. I learned the air and words from my father; but the version now commonly printed on sheets is a little different, for both date and names are altered to suit a later time. The fox making his will is a piece of drollery which has its parallel elsewhere; for they have in England "The hunting of the hare, with her last will and testament." (Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 321.)



The first day of spring in the year ninety three, The first recreation was in
this counte - rie; The King's County gentlemen o'er hills, dales and rocks, They
rode out so jovially in search of a fox. Tally - ho hark - a - way, Tally -
ho hark - a - way, Tally - ho hark - a - way, My boys, a - way, hark - a - way!

When Reynard was started he faced Tullamore,
Arklow and Wicklow along the sea-shore;
We kept his brush in view ev'ry yard of the way,
And it's straight he took his course through the street of Roscrea! Tally-ho, &c.

* Reprinted from my *Ancient Irish Music*, where both air and words were printed for the first time.

But Reynard, sly Reynard, lay hid there that night,
And they swore they would watch him until the day-light;
Early next morning the woods they did resound
With the echo of horns and the sweet cry of hounds. Tally-ho, &c.

When Reynard was started he faced to the hollow,
Where none but the hounds and footmen could follow;
The gentlemen cried, "Watch him, watch him, what shall we do?
If the rocks do not stop him he will cross Killaloe!" Tally-ho, &c.

When Reynard was taken, his wishes to fulfil,
He called for ink and paper and pen to write his will;
And what he made mention of, they found it no blank,
For he gave them a cheque on the National Bank. Tally-ho, &c.

"To you, Mr. Casey, I give my whole estate;
And to you, young O'Brien, my money and my plate;
And I give to you, Sir Francis, my whip, spurs and cap,
For you crossed walls and ditches and ne'er looked for a gap!" Tally-ho, &c.

415. THE SHAMROCK SHORE.

This air, with one verse of the song, was published for the first time by me in my Ancient Irish Music, from which it is reprinted here. It was a favourite in my young days, and I have several copies of the words printed on ballad-sheets.

Ye mus - es nine, with me com - bine and grant me your re -
 lief, While here a - lone I sigh and moan, I'm
 o - ver - whelmed with grief: While here a - lone I
 sigh and moan far from my friends and home; My
 troub - led mind no rest can find since I left the Shamrock shore.

In early spring when small birds sing and lambkins sport and play,
My way I took, my friends forsook, and came to Dublin quay :
I entered as a passenger and to England I sailed o'er ;
I bade farewell to all my friends and I left the Shamrock shore.

To Glasgow fair I did repair some pleasure there to find ;
I found it was a pleasant place down by the banks of Clyde ;
The ladies there are very fair, and rich the pearls they wore ;
But none I saw that could compare with the maids of the Shamrock shore.

416. THE SUMMER IS COME AND THE GRASS IS GREEN.*

I took down both air and words of this song in 1853, from the singing of Jack Hennessy of Kilfinane in the county Limerick.

Slow and with expression.

The musical notation is written on three staves in 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'The sum - mer is come and the grass is green. The' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) and more eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'leaves are bud-ding on e - ve - ry tree, The ships are sail-ing up -' are written below the second staff. The third staff concludes the melody with a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) and more eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'on the sea, And I'll soon find ti - dings of Gra-ma-chree.' are written below the third staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.

The night was stormy and wet and cold,
When I lost my darling, my truelove bold ;
I'll range the valleys and mountains high,
And I'll never marry until I die.

O Johnny, Johnny, I love you well,
I love you better than tongue can tell ;
I love my friends and relations too,
But I'd leave them all, love, and go with you !

417. THE LAKE OF COOLFINN: OR WILLIE LEONARD.†

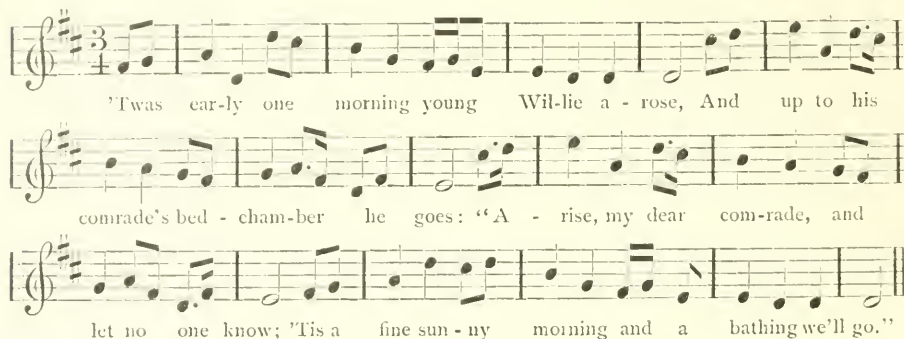
I took down this very characteristic air and one verse of the ballad, from Peggy Cudmore of Glenosheen Co. Limerick. The ballad is well known in both the south and the west ; and it appears obvious that it relates a real event—the

* Reprinted from my *Ancient Irish Music*.

† Reprinted from my *Ancient Irish Music*: also reprinted in Mr. A. P. Graves's *Irish Song Book*.

accidental drowning of poor young Willie Leonard. There are many places in Ireland called Coolfin; but in which of them "The Lake of Coolfin" is situated I cannot tell.

The ballad, as I received it, is a singular mixture of vigour and imbecility; in some parts vivid and true to nature; in others, vulgar, feeble and prosy. I have retrenched, added something of my own, changed many of the lines, and restored the rhythm where it was necessary. But I have retained as much of the old ballad as possible.



To the Lake of Coolfin the companions soon came,
And the first man they met was the keeper of game:—
"Turn back, Willie Leonard, return back again;
There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin!"

Young Willie plunged in and he swam the lake round;
He swam to an island—'twas soft marshy ground:
"O, comrade, dear comrade, do not venture in;
There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin!"

'Twas early that morning his sister arose;
And up to her mother's bed-chamber she goes:—
"O, I dreamed a sad dream about Willie last night;
He was dressed in a shroud—in a shroud of snow-white!"

'Twas early that morning his mother came there;
She was wringing her hands—she was tearing her hair.
O, woeful the hour your dear Willie plunged in:—
There is deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin!

And I saw a fair maid, standing fast by the shore;
Her face it was pale—she was weeping full sore;
In deep anguish she gazed where young Willie plunged in:—
Ah! there's deep and false water in the Lake of Coolfin!

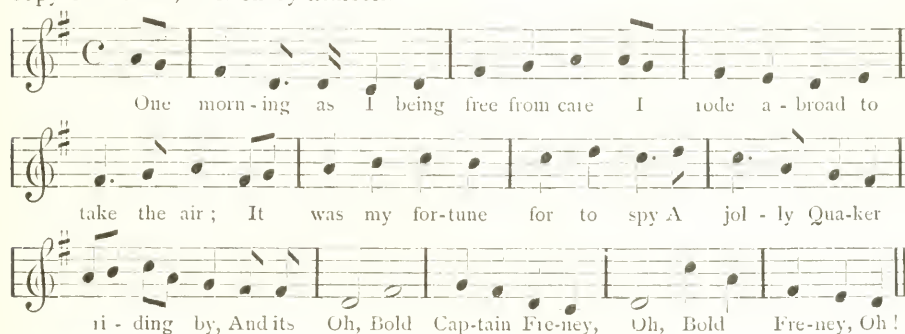
418. BOLD CAPTAIN FRENEY.

There is an air with this name in one of the Pigot MSS., now in my keeping: the same setting is in the Stanford-Petrie Collection (No. 734), copied from the Pigot MS.; and I find still the same setting in other collections.

But in the Kilkenny Archæological Journal for 1856-7, p. 59, there is given a totally different air, with the whole song about Captain Freney.

This air was taken down early in the last century by the organist of St. Canice's Cathedral, Kilkenny, from the singing of an old servant of a very old lady, a relative of the late Mr. Prim of Kilkenny (a distinguished man, one of the founders of the Kilkenny Archæological Society). This lady often conversed with Mr. Prim about Freney, and was able to sing the song. Putting all these circumstances together, we may, I suppose, conclude that the air given below, copied from the Journal, is the real original "Bold Captain Freney." The song contains ten verses, of which it will be sufficient to give five here.

Captain Freney was a noted highwayman of the county Waterford in the eighteenth century, who is still well remembered in Munster folklore. In the end he was pardoned, and spent the evening of his life peacefully, as tide-waiter in New Ross. In this situation "he always maintained a character for integrity and propriety," a favourite with all, both gentle and simple. His full history by Mr. Prim will be found in the above-named volume, pp. 52 to 61. I have a printed copy of his life, written by himself.



One morn - ing as I being free from care I rode a - broad to
take the air ; It was my for - tune for to spy A jol - ly Qua - ker
ri - ding by, And its Oh, Bold Cap - tain Fre - ney, Oh, Bold Fre - ney, Oh !

Said the Quaker—"I am very glad
That I have met with such a lad ;
There is a robber on the way,
Bold Captain Freney, I hear them say"—

And it's Oh, Bold Captain Freney, Oh ! &c.

Upon his pockets I laid hold—
The first thing I met was a purse of gold ;
The next thing I found, which did me surprise,
Was a needle and thimble, and chalk likewise.

Chorus.

"Your dirty trifle I disdain" :
With that I returned him his gold again.
"I'll rob no tailor if I can,
I'd rather ten times rob a man."

Chorus.

It's time for me to look about ;
There's a proclamation just gone out :
There's fifty pounds bid on my head,
To bring me in alive or dead.

Chorus.

419. *A CHUSHLA GAL MOCHREE*: THOU FAIR PULSE OF MY HEART.

Both words and air learned in boyhood ; but I have a copy of the words on a ballad-sheet. I gave the air to Dr. Petrie more than fifty years ago ; and it is printed in Stanford-Petrie with my name.



When first in - to this town I came With you I fell in love ; And
if I could but gain you I vow I ne'er would rove : There's
not a girl in all this town I love as well as thee ; I
bless the ground you walk up - on, a - chush - la gal mo - chree.

My love she won't come nigh me nor hear the moan I make ;
And neither would she pity me if my poor heart should break.
If I was born of noble blood and she of low degree,
She'd hear my lamentation and surely pity me.

Nine months we were on the ocean no harbour could we spy ;
But sailing from French Flanders, to harbours we were nigh ;
'Twas then the wind blew from my love with a sweet and pleasant sound.
It's for your sake, my darling, I'd range this world around.

Now fare you well, my darling girl, since you and I must part,
It's the sweet beams of your beauty bright that stole away my heart ;
But since it is my lot to love elsewhere then I must roam ;
Bright angels be your safeguards till my return home.

420. WILLIE REILLY.

The event commemorated in this ballad occurred towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the scene is near Bundoran, beside the boundaries of the three counties, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Sligo, where the ruined house of the great Squire Folliard is still to be seen. The proper family-name is Ffolliott, but the people always pronounce it Folliard. The whole story is still vividly remembered in the district ; and Carleton has founded on it his novel of "Willie Reilly." The penal laws were then in force, and it was very dangerous for a young Catholic Irishman to run away with the daughter of a powerful Protestant local Squire.

The song, with its pretty air, was known and sung all over Ireland, so that it has clung to my memory from my earliest days. I well remember on one occasion singing it with unbounded applause for a number of workmen at their dinner in our kitchen when I was about ten years of age.

The words have been often printed, both in books and on ballad-sheets of which I have several copies. They will be found in Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," as he got them from Carleton. The copy I give here differs from this in some words and phrases. I give the air chiefly from memory: but Forde has several settings in his great MS. collection.

The musical notation is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

“Come rise up, Wil - lie Reil - ly, and come a-long with me; I
mean to go a - way with you, and leave this coun - te - rie; I'll
leave my fa - ther's dwel - ling, his mon - ey and free land”: And a -
way goes Wil - lie Reil - ly and his own dear Cool - een Bawn.

O'er lofty hills and mountains, through silent groves and plains,
Through shady groves and valleys all danger to refrain:
His father followed after with his well-armed band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his own dear Cooleen Bawn.

It's home then she was taken and in her closet bound;
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground;
Till at the bar of justice before the judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the taking of his own dear Cooleen Bawn.

“And now I'm in cold irons, my hands and feet are bound;
I'm handcuffed like a murderer and tied unto the ground;
But all this toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
In hopes I'll be saved by my own dear Cooleen Bawn.”

The jailer's son to Reilly goes and thus to him did say:—
“O rise up, Willie Reilly, you must appear this day;
The great Squire Folliard's anger you never can withstand;
I fear you'll suffer sore for your own dear Cooleen Bawn.

“This is the news, O'Reilly, last night I heard of thee;
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you free”:
“If that be true,” said Reilly, “with pleasure I will stand,
In hopes I'll be saved by my own dear Cooleen Bawn.”

Now Willie's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen ;
He's tall and straight and comely as any could be found ;
He's fit for Folliard's daughter was she heiress to a crown.

The judge he said, "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth":
Then like a moving beauty bright before them she did stand :—
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight, my own dear Cooleen Bawn!"

"O gentlemen," Squire Folliard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace my family ;
And by his base contrivance this villainy was plann'd :
I'll have the life of Reilly or I'll leave my native land!"

The lady all in tears began, and thus replied she :—
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame is all on me :
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me :
I loved out of measure, which proved our destiny."

Then out bespoke the noble Fox,* at the table as he stood by :—
"O gentlemen, consider in this extremity ;
To hang a man for love is a murder you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly to leave this counterie!"

"Good, my lord, he stole from her her jewels and gold rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles and many a precious thing,
Which cost me in bright value above two thousand pounds ;
I'll have the life of Reilly or my estate I'll drown!"†

"Good, my lord, I gave them in token of my true love,
And now that we are parting I'll have them all removed ;
If you have them, O'Reilly, pray send them back to me":
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks," said he.

"There is one ring among them which I gave you to wear,
With thirty diamond lockets, well set in silver hair ;
As a token of my true love wear it on your right hand,
That you may think on my broken heart, when in a foreign land!"

Then out bespoke the noble Fox, "Pray let the prisoner go,
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know :
She has released her own truelove and has renewed his name :
That her honour great may gain estate and always lasting fame!"

421. 'T WAS DOWN IN THE MEADOWS.

This is a song on the old and well-worn theme of a young man returning disguised to his lover, and after an interview in which he proves her faithfulness, reveals himself and all is happy. I know nothing about the song farther than

* Counsel for prisoner.

† Meaning "I'll have the life of Reilly if I were to drown my estate in debt by law proceedings."

this—that I learned it in my childhood from hearing it sung by members of my family. There were, of course, more verses; but those I give here are all that I can remember.

As to the air:—the first part is a version of the first part of “Limerick’s Lamentation” to which Moore has written his song “When cold in the earth”: but the second part strays so widely from the corresponding part of Moore’s air as to form, in fact, a different melody.

'Twas down in yon mead-ows where the vio - lets are blue, I
saw my pret - ty Pol - ly and she milk - ing her cow: And the
song that she sung made the val - leys to ring, saying, "My
Jem - my's gone from me to serve George our king." And she
sung that the wars were all o'er, cry - ing, "Oh, that the wars were all o'er!"

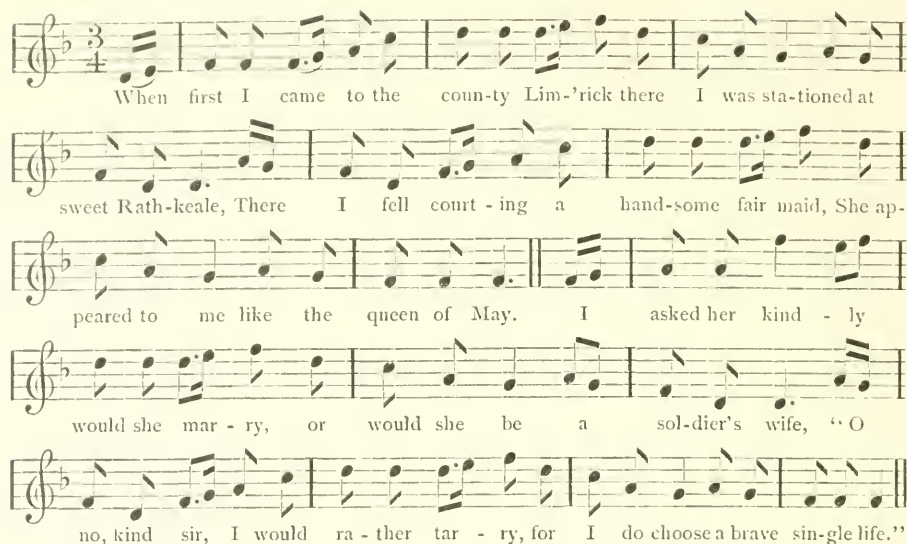
I said, "My pretty Polly, if you'll fancy me,
I'll make you as happy, as happy can be."
"Oh no, no, sir" she said, "that never can be,
For I ne'er will be happy till my Jemmy I see."
And she sung that the wars were all o'er,
Crying, "Oh, that the wars were all o'er!"

"'Tis straight to some dealer I'll quickly away,
And I'll dress myself out in a young man's array;
And, like a bold sailor so neat and so trim,
I'll venture my life for George our great king."
And she sung, &c.

422. WHEN FIRST I CAME TO THE COUNTY LIMERICK.

I have known both words and air of this song from my earliest days. The words were often printed on ballad-sheets, of which I have some copies: but they have never been published till now. The air is a setting of "Youghal Harbour"

(for which see farther on). Observe the tenderness, earnestness, and passion of the words, notwithstanding their unstudied simplicity.



When first I came to the coun-ty Lim-'rick there I was sta-tioned at
sweet Rath-keale, There I fell court-ing a hand-some fair maid, She ap-
peared to me like the queen of May. I asked her kind-ly
would she mar-ry, or would she be a sol-dier's wife, "O
no, kind sir, I would ra-ther tar-ry, for I do choose a brave sin-gle life."

Oh, fairest creature and pride of nature, why do you differ from all female kind ?
Because you're gentle and young and handsome to marry you, love, I am inclined.
For you're the fairest of Irish maidens, and you are fit, love, to be a queen ;
I wish I was in some battle wounded before your beautiful face I'd seen.

I wish I had you in Phoenix Island one hundred miles from your native home,
Or in some valley where no one would find us, you might incline, love, to be my own.
'Tis there I'd cherish you, my loving jewel, if along with me you might incline
to go :

I'd sail you over to Pennsylvanie, bid adieu to old Ireland for evermore.

In the morning when I cannot see you, my heart lies bleeding for you all day ;
And in the evening when I can't be near you—but those who are bound, love,
they must obey.

Youth and folly make young men marry, so now no longer, love, can I stay :
What can't be cured must be endured ; so farewell, darling, I must away.

423. THE TIME IS DRAWING NIGH.

I found this pathetic little song and the air among the Pigot Collection.
Both are now published for the first time : but I have a copy of the words printed
on a ballad-sheet. The lover is a young soldier, who is broken-hearted on being
ordered off on foreign service.



The time at last is draw-ing nigh When my love ' and !

I must part: 'Tis little she knows the griefs and woes That
lie on my poor heart. And all I've suf-fer'd
for her sake, 'Tis she that I hold most dear: I
wish she'd come with her sold-ier boy or I to tar-ry here.

My love is neat, likewise complete, she is rare for to behold ;
Her name in secret I will write in letters made of gold :
Her name in secret I will write, that the world may plainly see
How deeply I'm in love with her, though she don't pity me.

I'll build a tower for my love's bower, that there it may be seen,
When she puts on her suit of silk, her garments red and green :
From head to foot and round about, oh, she is all divine ;
May Heav'n above protect my love, and grant she may be mine.

Ah, how shall I behave myself when I take her by the hand,
To take my last farewell of her, that's more than I can stand.
Oh, the bells will ring and the birds will sing with sounds of trumpets too ;
No doubt, my dear, I'll shed many a tear when I am parting you.

424. WILLIE TAYLOR.

Air and words from old James Keane of Kilkee : 1876.

Wil-lie was a youth-ful lov-er Full of heart and full of play ;
Soon his mind he did dis-cov-er to a youth-ful la-dy gay ;



When her parents came to hear it they were filled with wrath and spite,
Said they'd prove young William's ruin—rob him of his heart's delight.

Chorus:—Oh, the vows, oh, the breezes: vows and breezes pass away!

(This chorus was repeated after each verse.)

Four and twenty British sailors met him on the king's high road,
As he went for to be married: pressed he was and sent abroad.

She dressed herself in sailor's garments, went on board a ship of war;
Her pretty fingers long and slender all besmeared with pitch and tar.

In this ship there was a skirmish, she among the rest did fight;
Her jacket burst the silver buttons; her breast was bared all snowy white!

Then the captain did inquire, "What misfortune drove you here?"
"Sir, I'm seeking Willie Taylor; pressed he was by you last year."

"If you rise to-morrow early, if you go at break of day,
There you'll see your Willie Taylor with another lady gay."

Then she rose at early morning; out she went at break of day;
There she saw her Willie Taylor walking with a lady gay.

"Oh, false Willie, you've deceived me, you promised to make me your wife;
She that bought you shall not keep you, for this hour I'll have your life."

Soon she got a case of pistols, sore she mourned and sore she cried;
There she shot false Willie Taylor and the lady by his side.

425. SHULE AROON.

This simple and pathetic little ballad is a favourite all over Ireland. The words have been printed in many collections for more than a century, including Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland": and I have copies on sheets issued by "Haly, Printer, North Main Street, Cork." I have known both words and air from my earliest days. I give the air, partly from memory, and partly from Forde, who has half a dozen settings in his collection. It is sometimes written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, and indeed the version in my memory inclines to that. A version of the song was published, with the air harmonised, by a well-known Dublin musician, the late Joseph Robinson.

The ballad belongs to the time of the "Wild Geese" or Irish Brigade (between 1691 and 1745), when thousands of young Irishmen went to the Continent to

enlist in the armies there, chiefly French. For Mr. A. P. Graves's adaptation of this old song, see his *Irish Song Book*, page 6. Gerald Griffin has a song to the air also, "My Mary of the Curling Hair," with the old chorus altered and adapted.

Slow and with feeling.

I wish I were on yon - der hill, 'Tis there I'd sit and
cry my fill, Till ev' - ry tear would turn a mill, *Is go*
Chorus
dee tu ma - vour - neen slaun shule, shule, shule, a - roon,
Shule go suck - ir a - gus shule go cune, Shule go deen dur-rus ag - us
ei - lig lume, Is go dee tu ma - vour - neen slaun.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel :

Is go dee tu mavourneen slaun.

Chorus.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead :

Is go dee tu mavourneen slaun.

Chorus.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain :

Is go dee tu mavourneen slaun.

Chorus.

But now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance ;
If e'er he comes back 'tis but a chance,

Is go dee tu mavourneen slaun.

Chorus.

There is a Scotch version of the words: but the Scotch air—which appears modern—is different from ours, as given here. The words originated in Ireland.

The win - ter it is past, and the sum - mer's come at last, And the
small birds they sing on ev - ry tree, Their lit - tle hearts are glad, But
mine is ve - ry sad, Since my true love is ab - sent from
me: Their - lit - tle hearts are glad. But
mine is ve - ry sad Since my true-love is ab - sent from me.

The rose upon the brier
By the water running clear
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee;
Their little hearts are blest,
But mine is not at rest,
Since my truelove is absent from me. } *Repeat.*

A livery I'll wear,
And I'll comb down my hair,
And in velvet so green I'll appear;
And straight I will repair
To the Curragh of Kildare,
For it's there I'll get tidings of my dear. } *Repeat.*

All you that are in love
And cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience lets me know
That your hearts are full of woe,
And a woe that no mortal can cure. } *Repeat.*

428. ARTHUR MACBRIDE.

Learned in boyhood—air and words—from hearing the people all round me sing it. The words have never been published: but I have a dim recollection of seeing them in early days printed on a ballad-sheet. There is a setting of the air

[different from mine) in Stanford-Petrie, and marked there (by Petrie) as from Donegal. Coupling this record with the phraseology, I am disposed to think that the whole song belongs to Donegal. But how it made its way to Limerick is more than I can tell.

I had a first cous - in call'd Ar - thur Mac Bride, He and
 I took a stroll down by the sea-side A - seek - ing good for - tune and
 what would be - tide, 'Twas just as the morn - ing was dawn - ing.
 Then af - ter rest - ing we both took a tramp, We
 met ser - geant Har - pur and Cor - po - ral Cramp, Be -
 sides the wee drum - mer that beat up for camp, With his
 Row - do - dow - dow in the morn - ing.

He says : " My good fellows, if you will enlist,
 Ten guineas in gold you shall have in your fist,
 Besides a crown to kick up a dust
 And drink the king's health in the morning."
 " If we'd been such fools as to take the advance,
 The wee a bit more we had to run chance ;
 For you'd think it no scruple to send us to France,
 Where we would be shot in the morning."

He says : " My good fellows, if I hear but one word,
 I instantly now will out with my sword,
 And into your body as strength will afford,
 So now, my gay fellows, take warning."
 But Arthur and I we took the odds,
 We gave them no time for to launch ont their swords ;
 With a sprig of shillelagh we paid them with blows
 And paid them right smart in the morning.

As for the wee drummer, we rifled his pou'
 And made a football of his row-do-dow-dow,
 Threw it into the ocean to rock and to row,
 And wished it a tedious returning.
 As for the old rapier that hung by his side,
 We threw it as far as we could in the tide:
 "To the d—— I pitch you," says Arthur Mac Bride,
 "To temper your edge in the morning."

429. FATHER MURPHY OF THE COUNTY WEXFORD.

This song commemorates Father John Murphy of Kilcormick in Wexford, who for a time headed the rebellion in Ninety-eight, but who in the end was taken and hanged. I give the words, partly from memory, and partly from an old printed ballad-sheet. An account of the various places, persons, and battles mentioned in it will be found in any moderately detailed History of Ireland, or in a History of the Rebellion of 1798. The air I give from my own memory. So far as I know, the song—both air and words—now appears for the first time.

[NOTE.—The heavy bar-lines here show the way of barring airs of this ("Narrative") class adopted throughout this book: the light ones show another way. This subject will be found treated of in the Preface, where the present air is referred to.]

At Bo - ley - vogue, as the sun was set - ting o'er the green
 mead - ows of Shel - ma - here, A reb - el band set the heath - er
 blaz - ing and brought the neigh - bours from far and near. Then Fa - ther
 Mur - phy from old Kil - cor - mick spurred up the rock with a
 warn - ing cry:—"Arm, arm!" he cried, "for I've come to
 lead you, now priest and peo - ple must fight or die!"

He led us on against the coming soldiers, the cowardly yeomen he put to flight;
Down at the Harrow the Boys of Wexford showed Bookey's regiment how men
could fight.

Look out for hirelings, King George of England, search ev'ry kingdom that breeds
a slave;

For Father Murphy of the county Wexford sweeps o'er the earth like a mighty
wave.

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy, and Wexford storming drove out our foes;
'Twas at Slieve Coiltha our pikes were reeking with the crimson stream of the
beaten yeos.

At Tubberneering and Ballyellis full many a Hessian lay in his gore;
Oh, Father Murphy, had aid come over, the green flag floated from shore to shore.

At Vinegar Hill o'er the pleasant Slaney our heroes vainly stood back to back;
But the yeos at Tulla took Father Murphy and burned his body upon the rack.
God give you glory, brave Father Murphy, and open heaven to all your men;
The cause that called you may call to-morrow, in another war for the green again!

The following remark should have been inserted in the Prefatory Note, p. 173.

The Anglo-Irish peasant poets wrote in pure English, so far as lay in their power, and so far as their knowledge of the language extended. They hardly ever used the broken-English words of the Anglo-Irish folk dialect, such as *ould*, *darlint*, *nothin*, *I'm kilt* and speechless. *onaisy*, *wonst* as *I wint* out, *becaze*, *sthrame*, *come hether*, *consarnin*, *let go your houl*, etc. But such words as these were constantly used in conversation, not only by the general run of the people, but by the writers of the songs.

Moreover, the composers of Anglo-Irish songs very seldom used Irish words mixed with English, either in correct Gaelic spelling or anglicised; such as *asthore*, *gon doutha*, *oyeh*, *Katie eroo*, *alanna*, *inagh*, *angishore*, etc.

The reader will perceive the truth of all this by a glance through the preceding songs.

PART III.

THE FORDE COLLECTION.

430. AN SPARÁINÍN AIRGID: THE LITTLE PURSE OF MONEY.

Forde took this down from a county Limerick piper named Dowling. I wish Dowling had given us more: for this is a most characteristic melody.

Slow and expressive.



431. THE LITTLE PURSE OF MONEY. SECOND SETTING.

Obtained by Forde from Mr. MacDowell. It is hard to say which of these settings is best: both are beautiful.

Slow and expressive.





As to the following 8 airs (to *Giolla na Dayhic*), Forde does not give the source from which he procured them.

432. *AN CAITHTEACH CHRÓN*: THE BROWN WINNOWER SHEET.

There is a somewhat different air of this name in Bunting's second collection (Moore's "If thou'lt be mine"); and another in Hoffmann-Petrie (p. 118). Perhaps the air I give here and Bunting's may be considered as mere variants.

Mod.



433. AIR.

Allegretto.



434. MARGARET O'NEILL. SONG TUNE.

Mod.

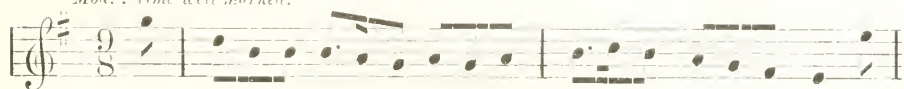
435. PADDY SEÁN BÁN: OR THE DOWNFALL OF O'REILLY.



436. THE HUMOURS OF GLENFLESK. JIG.



437. WHY SHOULD WE QUARREL FOR RICHES. SONG TUNE.

Mod. : time well marked.



438. THE MILLER'S MAGGOT.

("Maggot," a dram.)

With animation.



439. GIOLLA NA DAYHIE.

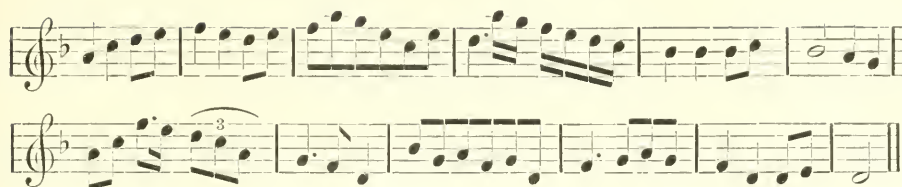


440. MÁIRE MHÓRDHÁLACH: HAUGHTY MARY.

From a County Limerick MS.

Slow.





441. BARBARA NEEDHAM.

“A rowing song heard on the passage to Clare Island.” (Note by Forde.)

With animation.



442. MY JEWEL, MY JOY.

From Mr. W. Aldwell of Cork (“Dec. 17, 1848”), who heard air and song sung in Cork about the year 1790. He remembered one verse of the song (given here), which, as Forde remarks, is curious for the absence of rhyme.

My jewel, my joy, don't trouble me with the drum,
 Sound the dead march as my corpse goes along;
 And over my body throw handfuls of laurel,
 And let them all know that I'm going to my rest.

Rather slow.



443. MY KATHLEEN DEAR: OR LOUGH REA: OR BALLY LOUGH RIACH.

This and the next from Dr. Browne, Mayo.

Slow.



444. THE ROVING SAILOR.



445. DRUIMIN DUBH DÍLIS: THE DEAR BLACK WHITE-BACKED COW.

This and the two next from Mr. James Blair, Armagh. Forde gives this in connexion with Bunting's *Druimin dubh*, and with several other settings of it taken from different individuals. But this version of Mr. Blair is so different from all that it may be said to be a distinct air. See also p. 103, above.

Slow and with feeling.



446. THE BRANDED COW.

(I.e. a private still for making *polltheen*.)*Largely.*

447. THE NINE POINTS OF KNAVERY. REEL.



The following 5 airs (to *Cuan Bhailé Seán*) were copied by Forde from a MS. lent to him by Patrick Carey a piper of the Co. Cork; who, I believe, is the same as Patrick Carew whom Petrie often mentions in his "Ancient Music of Ireland."

448. MICHAEL WARD: OR MICHAEL O'CONNOR: "BY CAROLAN."

Slow.



449. *A MHÁIRE NÍ CHUILLIONÁIN*: MY MARY CULLENAN.

This air is different from that known as *Móirín ní Chuillionáin*: which is also called "The Rose Tree," the air of Moore's song "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me." See O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," second series, p. 140.

Mod.





450. *GIOLLA DUBH O'GLAMHARÁIN*: THE DARK-VISAGED LAD
O'GLORAN.

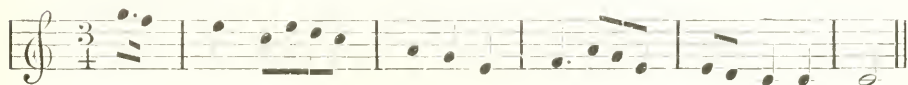
In the Carey MS. this was marked "Carolan." I have come across a Gaelic Jacobite song to this air, composed during the Cromwellian rule, lamenting the banishment of Charles II., beginning:—*Ce fada mise a'ghuasacht ní-fhuil suairceas air m'intinn*: "Though long I am wandering, there is no comfort for my mind."

Moderate time: with expression.



451. *AN BÓTHAR DUBH*: THE BLACK ROAD.

With expression.

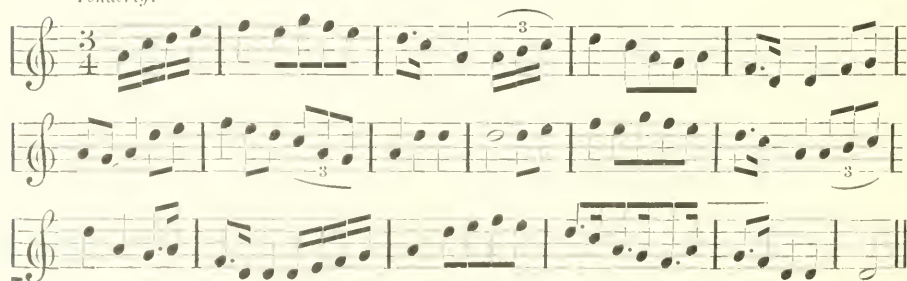


452. *CUAN BHAILE SEÓLV*; THE HARBOUR OF BALLYSHONE.*Slowly.*

The following 24 airs (to *Oro a dlincaidh tu*) were taken down by Forde from "Paddy Conneely, the Galway piper," of whom an interesting sketch (with portrait) by Dr. Petrie will be found in "The Irish Penny Journal," p. 105. To Petrie also he gave many airs which may be seen (with his name) in "The Ancient Music of Ireland," and in the Stanford-Petrie collection.

453. THE FOGGY MORNING.

On a calm foggy morning as I wandered alone.

Tenderly.

454. I WILL RISE IN THE MORN BY THE DAWN OF BRIGHT DAY.



455. THE TROOPER'S WIFE.

456. IS FADA LIOM SIAR AN CRUACH; I THINK CROAGH
PATRICK TOO FAR AWAY FROM ME.

457. *NELLY A CHAILÍN DEAS*: NELLY, MY PRETTY GIRL: OR
CARRAIGÍN AN ANNSA: THE LITTLE ROCK OF AFFECTION.

Forde compares this with "Lord King" (below).

Slow.

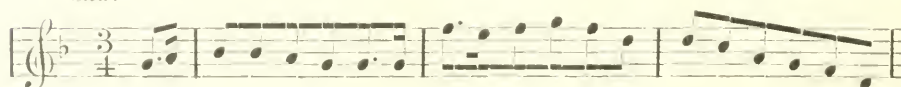


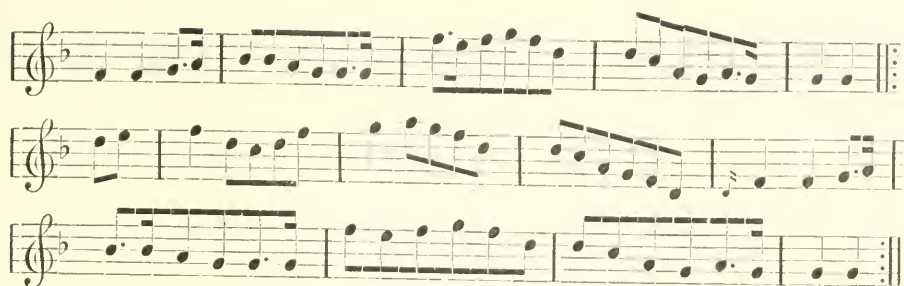
458. MY NATIVE MOUNTAIN HOME.



459. THE LOVE-LETTER.

Slow.



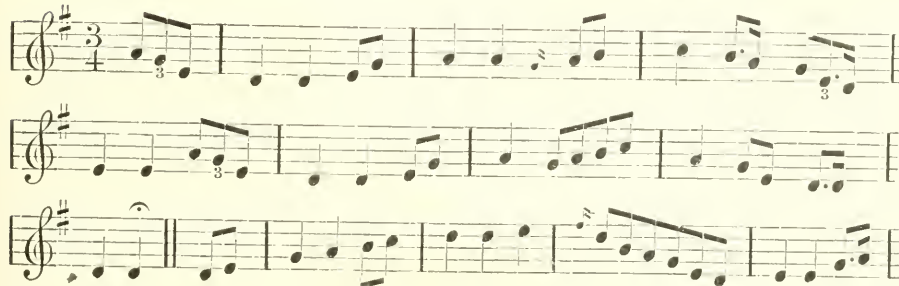


460. CAPTAIN MACGREAL OF CONNEMARA.

A Ninety-eight song was written to this air. There is a setting of this in $\frac{6}{8}$ time elsewhere in Forde, called "Johnny Gibbon's March."

461. THE LAMENTATION OF JAMES MURPHY (*SEUMAS UA MOROCHOE*).

Slow.





462. *AN STAICÍN EÓRNA*: THE LITTLE STACK OF BARLEY.

Other settings of this tune have been published. Forde gives three, from Paddy Conneely, Hugh O'Beirne, and Mr. MacDowell, respectively. Conneely's version (which I give here) is different from the others, and I think it very fine—the finest of all—published or unpublished. It is, more than the others, a vocal setting, and has not been hitherto printed.

Mod.



463. CHARLES M'HUGH, THE ROBBER.

Mod.





464. THE FEAST OF THE BIRDS.

Rather slow.

465. THE MAID OF GARRYOWEN.

Lively.

466. IF THE GROG IS GOOD, WE WILL HAVE MORE OF IT.

Lively: not too fast.

467. MAKE HASTE HOME TO YOUR MOTHER. SONG AIR.



468. PATRICK O'DONOVAN THE PIPER.

Mod.



469. NELLY BAWN, OR THE SONG OF CROSSMOLINA (Co. MAYO).

Moderately slow.



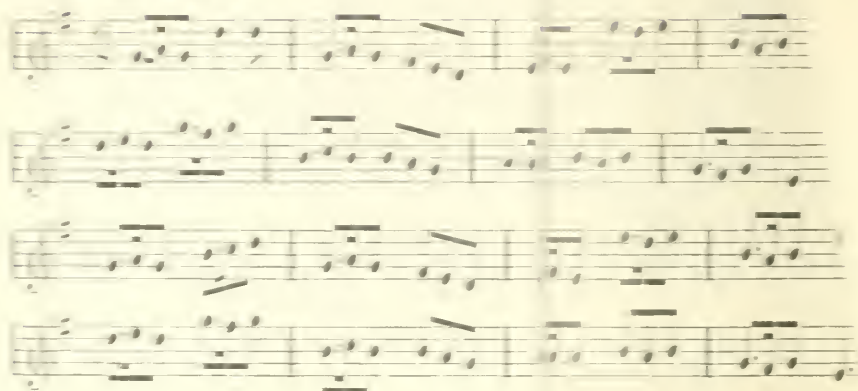
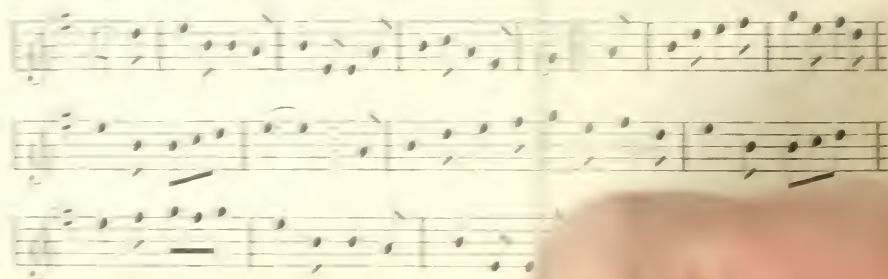
470. BRING HOME THE BRIDE.

A "Hauling Home" tune (see p. 130, above).

Mod.



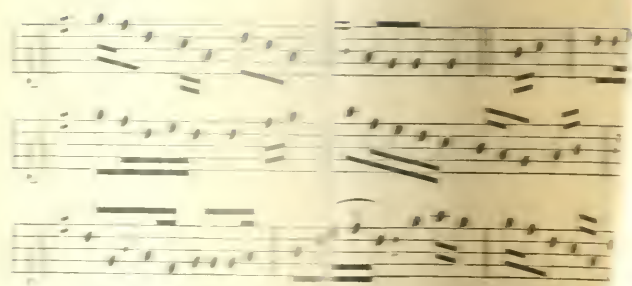
486. IF THE DAY IS GOOD, WE WILL HAVE MORE OF

Good, but not this.487. WERE HASTE HOME TO YOUR MOTHER. *Some Air.*

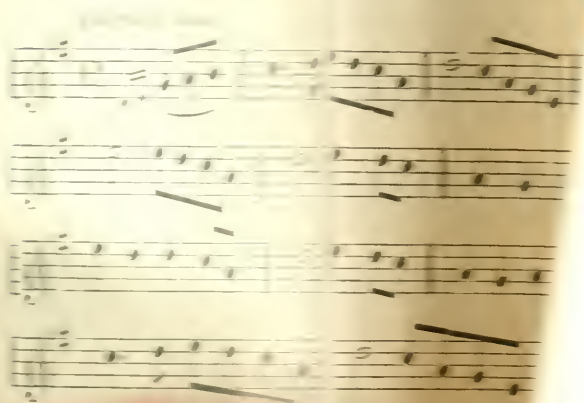
488. PATRICK TUDOR



THE PRIDE COLLECTION



THE PRIDE COLLECTION



ME TE



471. GET UP, MY DARLING, AND COME WITH ME.

(Connemara air.)



472. THE MORNING STAR: OR THE SONG OF JENNY WARD.

Mod.



473. BRIGIT GEARY.

A Connemara song.



474. LAMENTATION OF O'REILLY'S BRIDE.

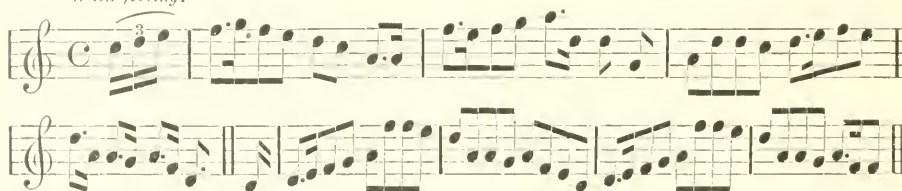
O'Reilly was drowned when crossing the Shannon on the very day of his marriage.



475. IT WAS ON A FAIR CALM MORNING.

Compare—both name and tune—with No. 12 of my Ancient Irish Music.



476. *ORO A DTIUCFAIDH TU*: ORO, WILL YOU COME.*With feeling.*

477. PEGGY O'HARA'S WEDDING.

The song of which this is the air is a comic or ironical description, in Irish, of the fun and rout at the wedding, very much celebrated in Connaught. A copy will be found in Hardiman's "Iar Connaught," p. 286: composed by MacSweeney, a Connaught poet.

This air and the next were taken down by Forde from Paddy Conneely junior.

With spirit.

478. BRIAN MAC COWALL: OR NEEDA MAC COWALL.

With expression.

The following 3 tunes were obtained by Forde from Mr. Deasy of Clonakilty, Co. Cork.

479. BOGADH FAOI SHÚ'SA: "BUGGA FEE HOOSA." HOP JIG.

A favourite Munster dance-tune. In Stanford-Petrie there is a tune with this title, consisting of two short parts, which, although in the same measure as this (♩), can hardly be considered as the same air. The version given here (in eight parts) from Mr. Deasy (through Forde) is the one universally known in Munster.



480. *COIS AIMHNE NA LEAMHNA*: BESIDE THE RIVER LAUNE.

There is a different air with this name in Stanford-Petrie.

Expressive.

481. *GRADH GEAL MOCHROIDHE*: GRA GAL MACHREE:
FAIR LOVE OF MY HEART.

Stanford-Petrie has three airs of this name, and all different from the one given here.





The following 5 airs are entered in the Forde MS. as obtained "From FitzGerald, Cork." But who this Mr. FitzGerald was I have not ascertained.

482. BOBBITY DAWLY.

Moderately slow.



483. CAOINE: KEEN OR LAMENT.

As to the absence of phrasing, see p. 82.

Slow and mournful.





484. THE GROVES OF BLACKPOOL.

Dr. Petrie has given two versions of "The Groves of Blackpool" in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," one of which (at p. 110) was given him by me; and it is repeated in Stanford-Petrie (No. 573). But I gave Petrie no name for the air; as I knew none.

The air I now give here is different from those two, though in the same measure; and as a melody it seems to me better than either. Observe I take it as a different tune, not a mere variant. Seeing the double source (Fitz Gerald and Forde) from which this comes, I am disposed to believe that it is the true air of "The Groves of Blackpool."

With animation.



Da Capo.

485. YOUNG MEN, IF YOU GO TO THE FAIR.

Lively.



486. THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS SON.

(A jocular song was sung to this.)

Fast and marked.

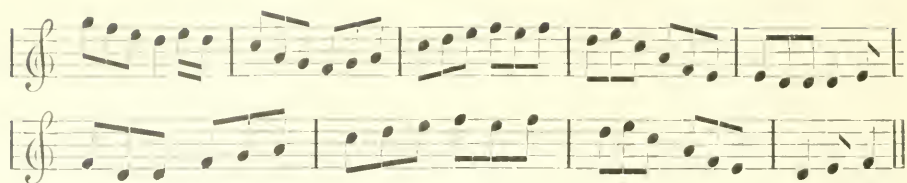
487. MY JOURNEY TO LONDON.



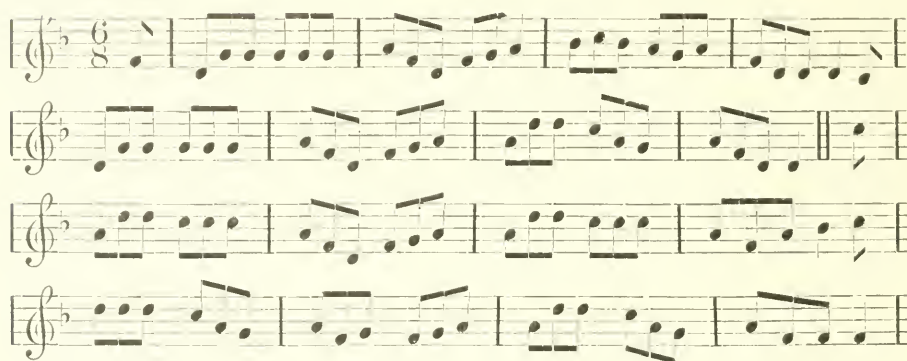
The following 13 airs Forde obtained from "Mr. Flattely of Mayo."

488. THE PEEP O' DAY RANGER. SONG TUNE.

Mod.



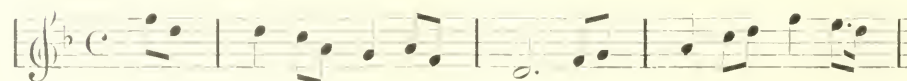
489. THE KERRYMAN'S VISIT TO DUBLIN.

With spirit.

490. THE BLIND BEGGAR OF THE GLEN.

With expression.

- 491. AN FIGHEADÓIR BÁN: THE FAIR-HAIRED WEAVER.

Slow.



492. BETWEEN CLONMEL AND CARRICK-ON-SUIR.

Mod.493. ONE DAY IN MY RAMBLES; OR THE HABIT SHIRT; OR THE
RAMBLING REAPER.*Mod.*

494. *AN SPAILPÍN FÁNACH*: THE RAMBLING LABOURER.*Moder.*495. *ANNA BHÁN*: FAIR-HAIRED ANNA.*Slow.*

496. I WISH I WAS A FISHERMAN LIVING ON THE HILL OF HOWTH.

(A different air with this name in Stanford-Petrie.)

With expression.

497. LORD KING.

Rather slow.



498. THE GREEN SHADY GLEN.

Slow and expressive.

499. NÓRA AN CHÚIL ÓMAIR: NORA OF THE AMBER HAIR.

(A different tune with this name is in Petrie's "Ancient Music of Ireland.")

Slow.

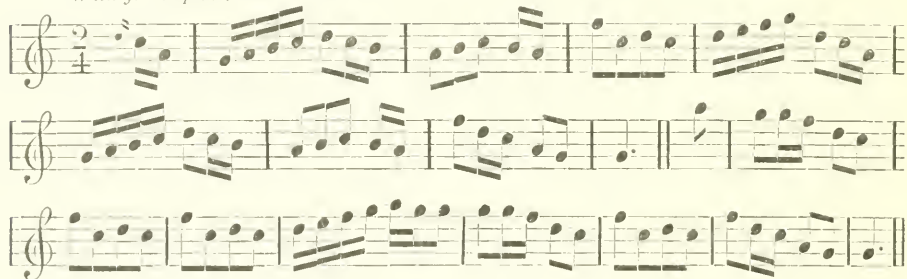
500. AIR.

Mod.

501. THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF. A MARCH TUNE.

("Calling the clans to battle.")

From a piper named Fogarty of Carrick-on-Suir. I find an identical setting of this in one of Mr. Pigot's books, which was copied from a MS. lent him by Mr. Denny Lane of Cork. Petrie has a version of this fine old march in his "Ancient Music of Ireland" (p. 31), with the name "The return from Fingal" (i.e. after the battle, Fingal being the district in which Clontarf is situated); but he does not state the source from which he procured it. The setting given here is somewhat simpler than Petrie's, and I think better and more characteristic. It has a fine martial swing, tinged with melancholy.

With great spirit.

502. JIG.

This and the next air were given to Forde by Mr. T. S. Head of Cork. Mr. Head took this jig from a MS. earlier than the year 1770.





503. KITTY O'NEILL.

Mod.: with expression.

504. RED-HAIRED MARY.

With life.

505. SÍLV ÓL OR ÓL DÍLV: "DRINKING SONG."

This air and the next were contributed by William Elliott Hudson, a well known Irish patriot and scholar of the last century.

With spirit.

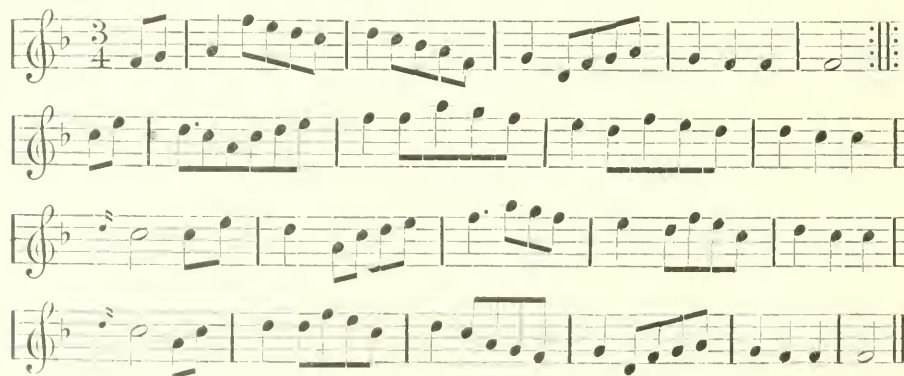


506. *BEANNACHT AGUS CEUD LEIS*: A HUNDRED AND ONE
FAREWELLS TO HIM.



507. *AN AMHAINN MHIÓR*: THE OWENMORE (River in Mayo).

From Mr. N. Kelly of Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim.



The following 3 airs were contributed by Mr. Denny Lane, a well-known Cork literary man: died only recently: author of the ballad "On Carrigdhown the heath is brown," and of several others.

508. *MA SE SIN AGUTSA*: IF YOU HAVE THAT.

Mod.: playful.



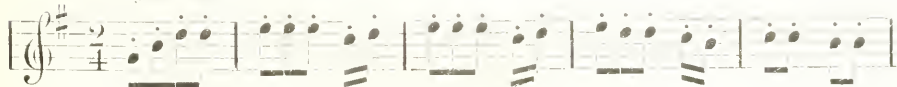
509. AIR.

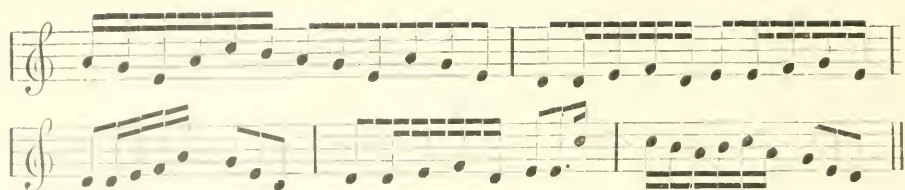
With expression.



510. THE GALTU HUNT.

Not too fast: time well marked.





516. AIR.

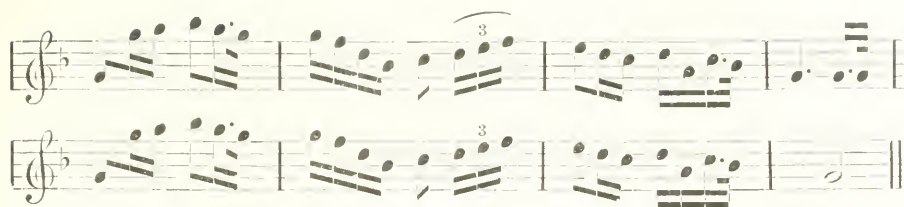
With spirit.

517. AIR.



518. THE GARDEN GATE.

Slow.



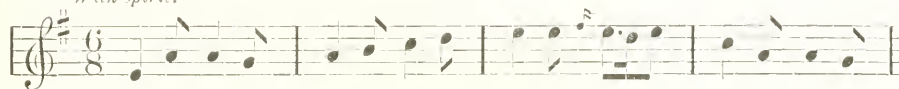
519. DOWN BY THE BANKS OF THE SWEET PRIMROSES.

Tenderly.

520. THE HUMOURS OF BALLINARAHEEN. Jig.



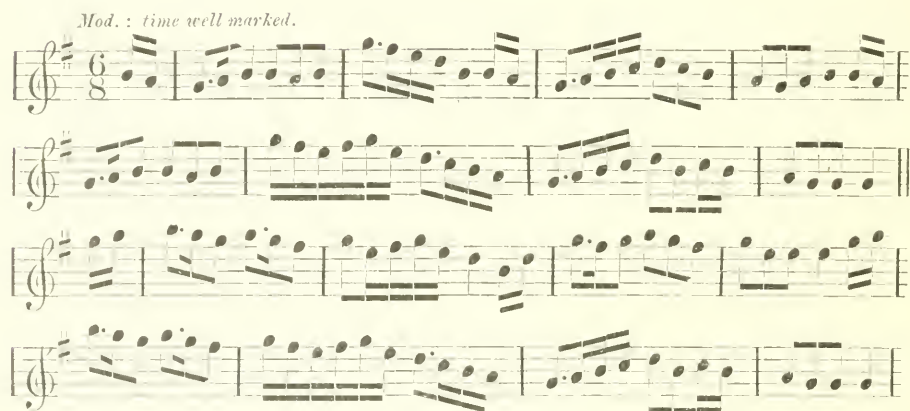
521. THE MASON'S MARCH.

With spirit.

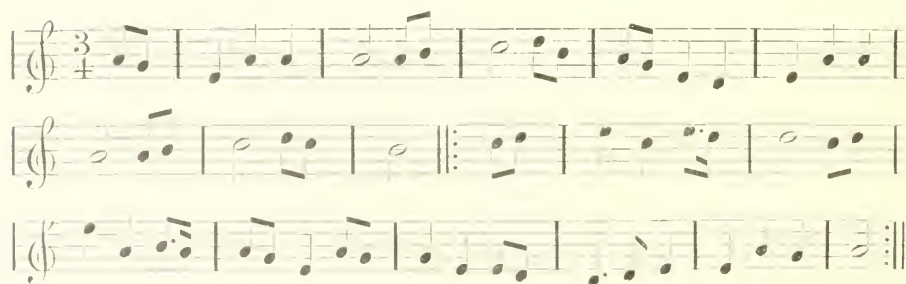


522. LARRY GROGAN.

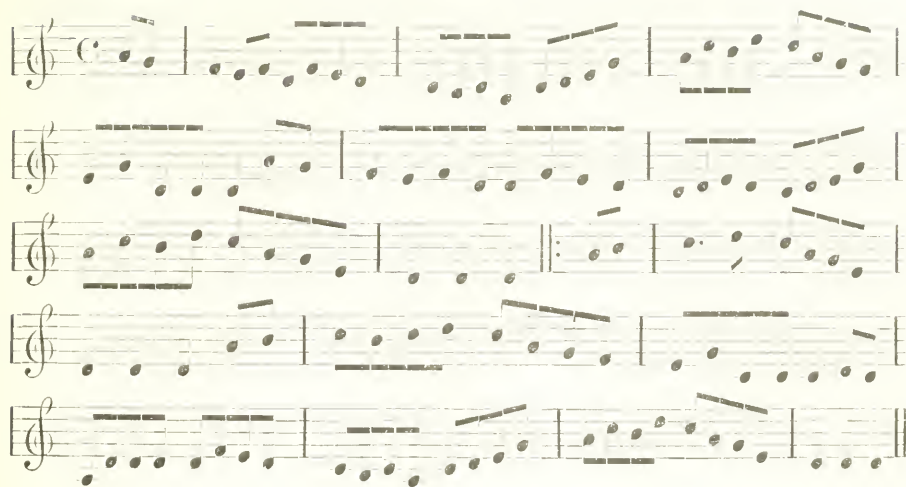
Different from the air usually known as "Larry Grogan," which has been already published.



523. FAREWELL TO SPAIN.



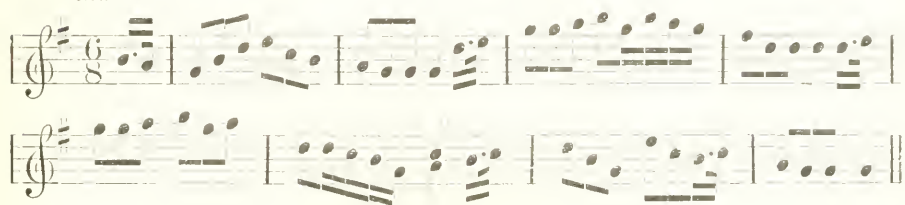
524. THE OLD WOMAN'S HORNPIPE.

525. GO HOME, GO HOME, DEAR COUSIN: ALSO CALLED *SIUBHAL*,
A *BHEAN DUBH-O*: "COME, O DARK-HAIRED WOMAN."

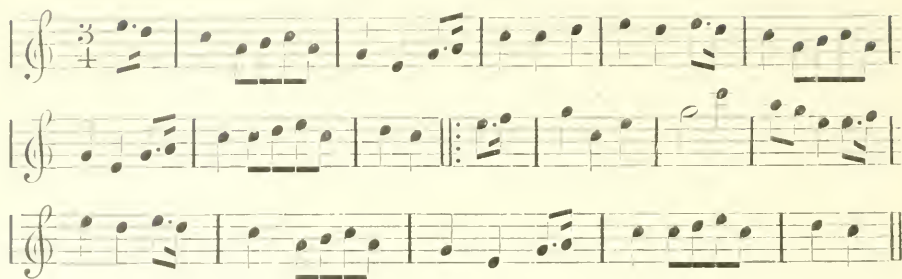
("Mr. MacDowell: Belfast, 1846.")



526. AIR.

Slow.

527. THE KILLINEY MAIDEN.



528. FAREWELL, MY OLD COMRADES.

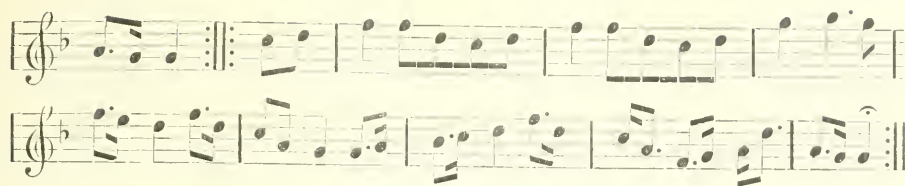
Slow.

529. THE COCK AND THE HEN.

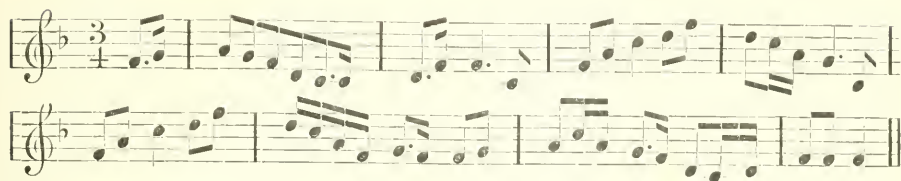


530. THE WEAVER'S DAUGHTER FROM THE COUNTY DOWN.

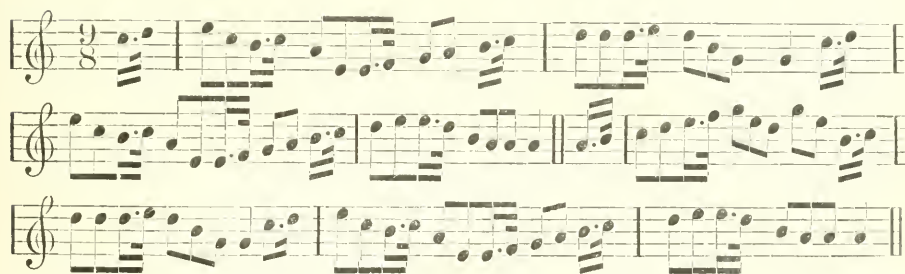
Slow.



531. IN THE COUNTY ARMAGH.

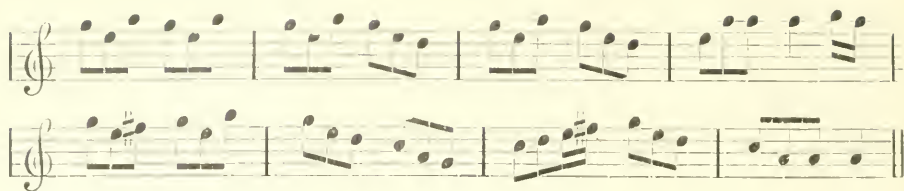
Slow.

532. HALL'S MILL. SONG AIR.

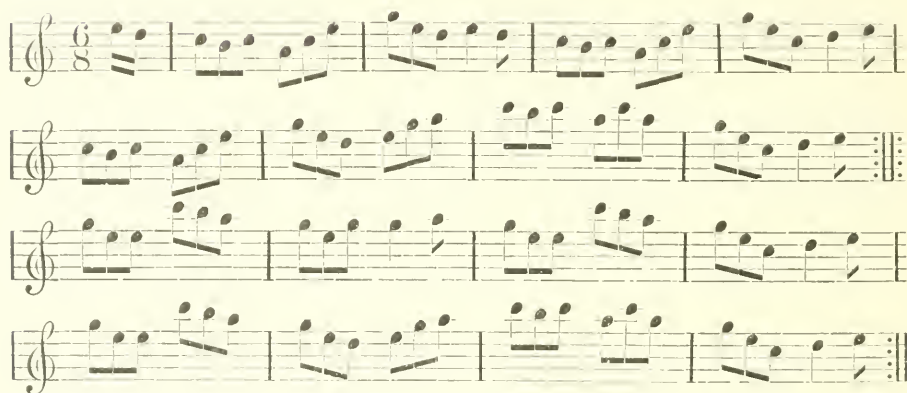
Mod.

533. THE STONECUTTER'S JIG.





534. JIG.



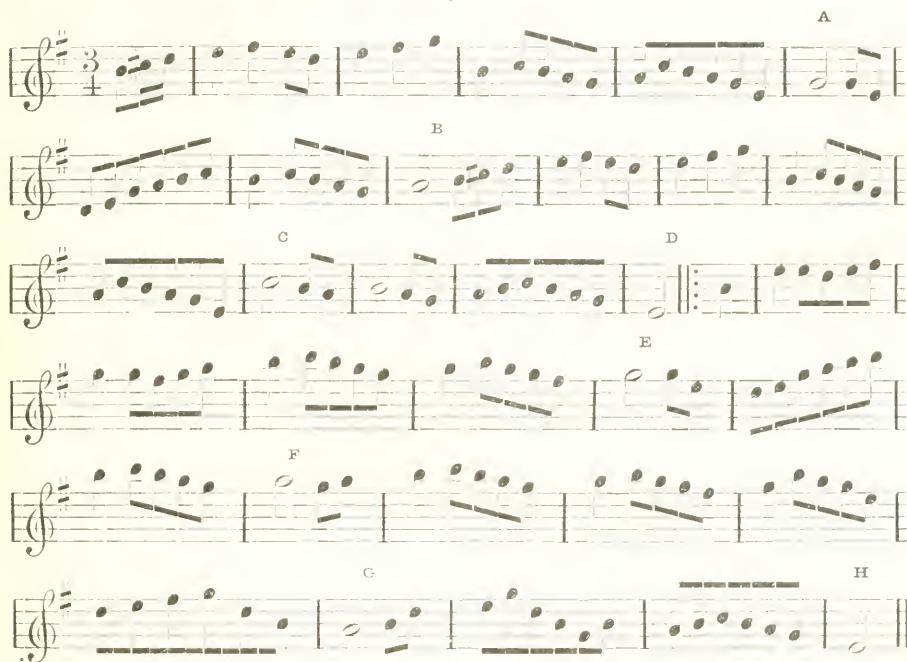
535. THE WHITE HORSE. SONG AIR.

With animation.

536. PLANXTY BY CAROLAN.

This tune consists of eight phrases, ending where I have placed the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H. I believe this was Carolan's intention: and Forde was obviously of the same opinion. According to this view, each verse of a song composed to it should consist of four pairs of lines, of which the measure of each pair will be like this (but of course the rhymes might be alternate):—

“A planxty by Carolan sometimes much oddity shows,
So quaintly and strangely it flows.”



537. SIR HENRY M'DERMOT ROE.





538. HARRY MUNRO OR COOLIN ROE.

"Irish and very old," remarks MacDowell in his MS.



539. LAMENT.

Mr. MacDowell heard this in Kerry.

Slow.

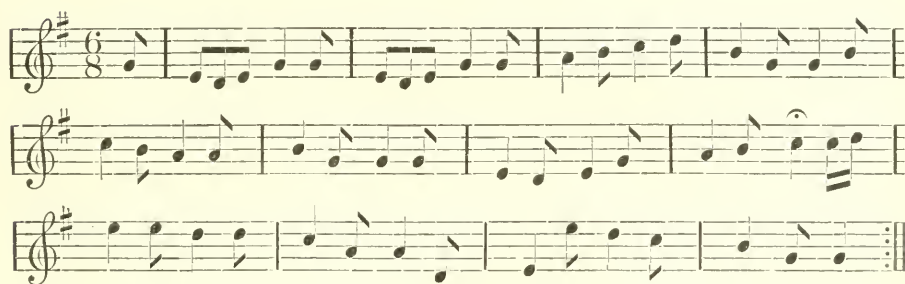




540. THE REBEL'S FAREWELL.



541. PADDY'S WEDDING.



542. AIR.

Slow.

543. AIR.



544. AIR.

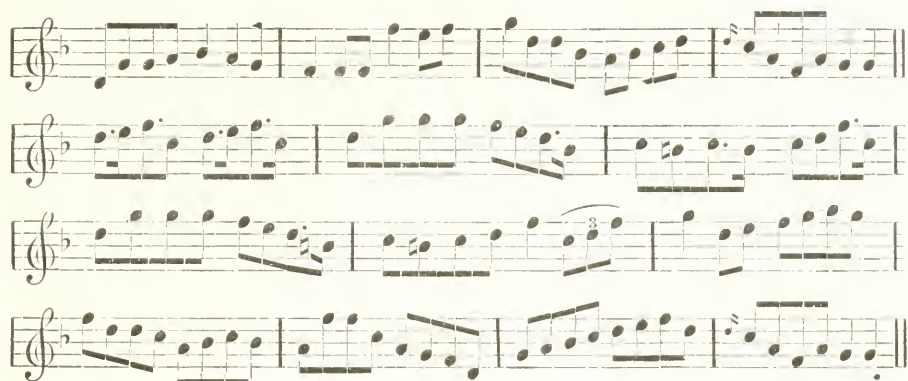


545. THE GLASGOW LASSES.



546. AN CAOCH EÓLAIGHE: THE BLIND GUIDE.





547. 'TIS THE WHISKEY THAT MAKES LIFE'S CARES LIE LIGHT
ON ME.



548. PRETTY POLLY.

(“ Mr. MacDowell : Belfast, 1846.”)

Slow.



549. O MAUREEN, MY DARLING.



550. AIR.

Slow and with expression.

551. THE BANKS OF THE LAGAN.



552. AIR.

(“Said to be Carolan’s”: Forde or Mac Dowell.)



553. YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

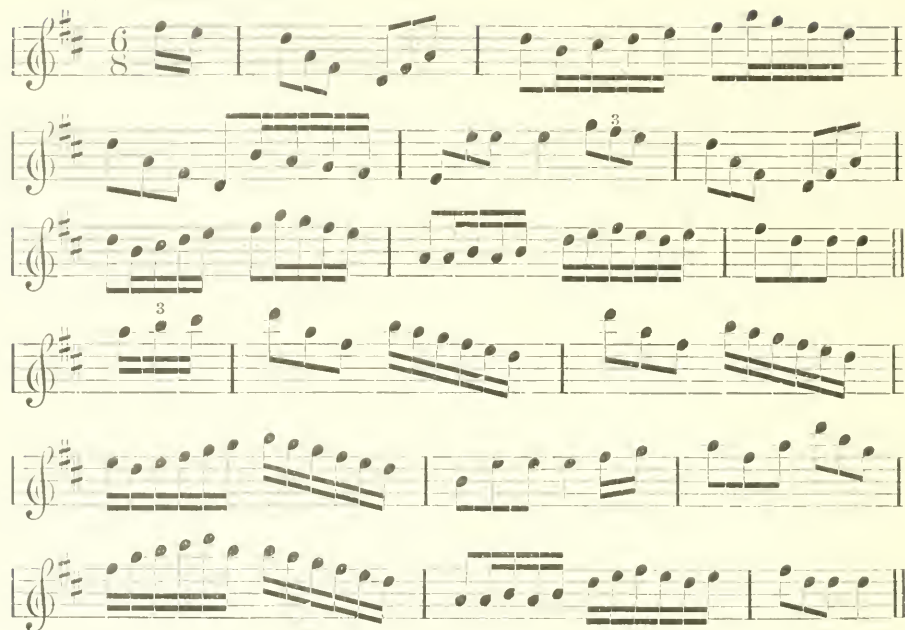
When an English or a Scotch song caught the popular taste in Ireland, it was quite usual to sing the words to an Irish air when the proper air was not known. Many an English and Scotch song I learned in that way in my early days—especially those of Burns—and of some I give the Irish airs in this book. The proper English air of this song is given in Chappell’s “Popular Music of the Olden Time,” p. 293: I give the Irish air to which we sang it.

“You gentlemen of England that live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners, and they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears when the stormy winds do blow.”

Slow.



554. A KISS IN THE KITCHEN.

Mod. : time well marked.

555. THE FAIRIES' LAMENTATION: SOMETIMES CALLED 'THE FAIRIES' LULLABY. (Last bar a refrain.)

Mod. : tenderly.



556. THE BANKS OF THE BANN.



557. THE THIRD OF AUGUST. SONG AIR.



558. PEGGY AROON: PEGGY, MY DARLING.





559. LOUGH GOWNA.

From Mr. McGovern, the Hotel, Cavan. "He learned it from his mother, who could speak no English." (Note by Forde.) Lough Gowna is in the Co. Cavan.



560. MAILLI NI MAOLUAIN: MOLLY O'MALONE.

From Dan Mac Hugh, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo.

Slow and with expression.



The following 87 airs (to "Search the World round") were taken down by Forde, in 1846, from the playing of Hugh O'Beirne, a professional fiddler of Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim. O'Beirne was a man of exceptional musical taste and culture, with a vast knowledge of Irish music, gleaned from the purest and most authentic sources. He placed his stores of knowledge and his musical

skill unreservedly at the service of Forde, who mentions him everywhere through his collection. It does not appear that Dr. Petrie ever came across him. I am greatly pleased that it has fallen to my lot—through Forde—to rescue O'Beirne's name from oblivion—so far as "good black print" can do it; for he well deserves to be commemorated.

561. LOUGH SHEELING.

To be distinguished from another well-known air of the same name (Moore's "Come, rest in this bosom"). See "Molly Bawn," p. 220, above.

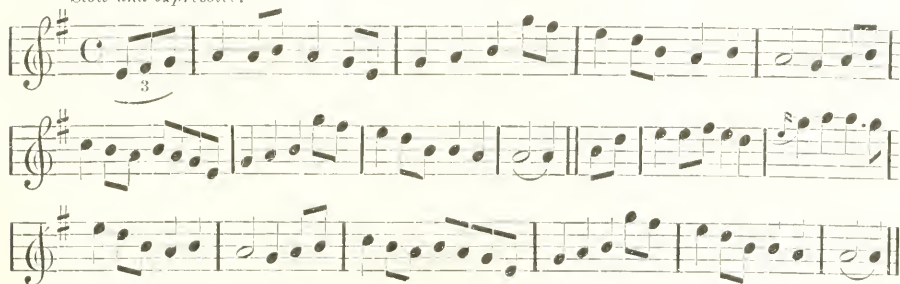
Slow.



562. AN LEANBH AIMHRÉIDH: THE TROUBLED CHILD.

According to Dr. Petrie this beautiful air was composed by Jerome Duigenan, a celebrated Co. Leitrim harper of the eighteenth century (for whom see Bunting: 1840; Pref., p. 77). Petrie does not state where or from whom he obtained his setting (Stanford-Petrie, No. 591): but the setting I give here, which Forde obtained from Hugh O'Beirne, I consider decidedly better.

Slow and expressive.



563. *SEABHAC NA H-EIRNE*: THE HAWK OF BALLYSHANNON.

Of this well-known air, Forde gives half a dozen settings, including that of Bunting. O'Beirne called it "O'Moore's Fair Daughter," and others "Miss Moore." It was composed by the great Ulster harper, Rory Dall O'Cahan (for whom see my Short History of Ireland, p. 96). O'Beirne's version (given here) is more simple and flowing, and less interrupted by instrumental ornamentations than Bunting's. Carolan's Ode to Miss Moore, sung to this air, will be found in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, vol. I., p. 32.



564. THE COOLIN.

There are many versions of this celebrated air, of which Bunting's and Moore's are not among the best: they are both wanting in simplicity. The beautiful setting I give here from Forde, as played for him by Hugh O'Beirne, is probably

the original unadulterated melody. I may add that it is very like, though not quite the same, as the version I heard the old Limerick people sing in my youth. See Stanford-Petrie (598, 599) for two others.

Slow : with great expression.



565. *AN CEANNUIGHE Ó'N EARNA*: THE MERCHANT FROM THE ERNE (i.e. from Ballyshannon).

Moderately slow.



566. BOHERROE.

(A village in Co. Roscommon.)





567. *AN CAILÍN RUADH*: THE RED-HAIRED GIRL.

Forde took this down in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, which disguises its character. It really belongs to the "Narrative" class in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, to which I have restored it. (See Preface.) One of several tunes with this name.

Moderately slow.



568. IT IS NOT TIME TO GO, BOYS.

Spirited.



Repeat the whole in chorus.

569 *SEAN BHO MHAOL*: THE OLD HORNLESS COW: OTHERWISE CALLED "THE BROWN EWE" (MEANING A POTTHEEN STILL).

O'Beirne obtained it from Glenfarne in the County Leitrim.

Lively.





570. IN MY FATHER'S PLEASANT GARDENS.

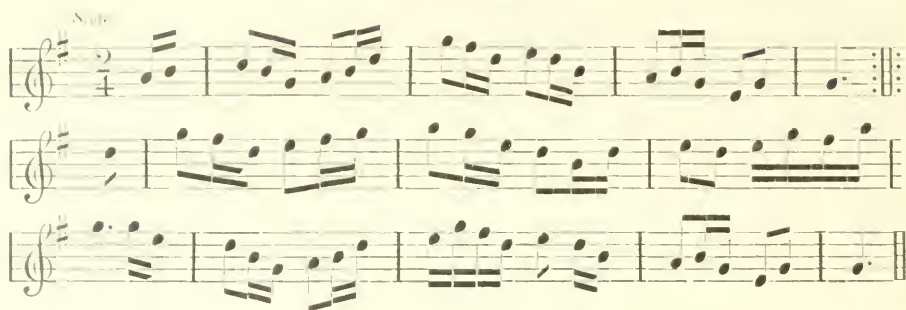


571. THE WEAVER'S DAUGHTER.

Compare this with "Captain Thompson," p. 188.



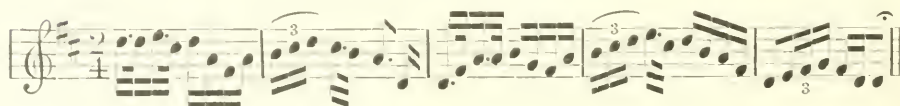
572. MOURNE SHORE.

573. *MÚIRNÍN GEAL MO CHROIDHE*: FAIR DARLING OF MY HEART.574. *EEN BEEN BUBBERO!*

Sung in some sort of game, or play, or occupation.

575. *REE RO RADDI-O.*

Same remark as on last tune.



576. HOW SHALL I FIND HER HOME ROOM?

Mod.: spirited.*Repeat the whole in chorus.*

577. I WISH I WAS IN BANAGHER.

578. THE *PADDEREEN* MARE.(I.e. the priest's mare: *Paidirín*, a prayer, a *Pater*.)*Mod.*

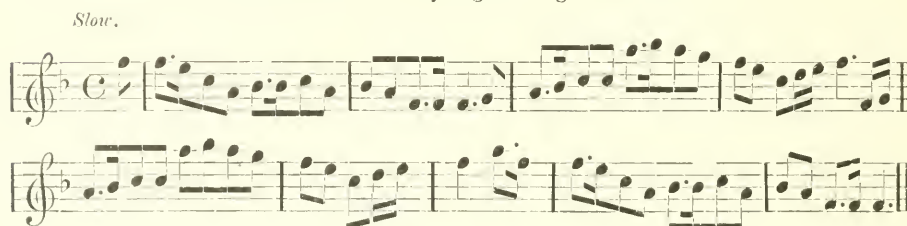
579. THE BANISHED DEFENDER.

To this air a Ninety-eight song was sung.



580. DAN KELLY'S PERJURY.

There was a Ninety-eight song to this air.

581. ROSE WARD: OR *RÓISÍN NÍ CUIRÍN* (ROSE O'CURNIN).

Compare with "The Little Harvest Rose": Bunting, first collection.



582. ERIN MY COUNTRY.

See Index for another air of the same name.





583. THE YEOMEN OF BALLINAMORE.

O'Beirne remarks : " The yeomen ran away from the French at Fenagh." This was when the French landed at Killala in 1798.

Allegretto.



584. HE THAT WILL MARRY ME.



585. *SIGHILE BHEAG NI CHONNALLAIN*: LITTLE CELIA O'CONNELLAN.

Bunting gives two fine instrumental settings of this splendid air in his 1840 collection (pp. 37 and 91), taken down from harpers. Forde took a setting from Hugh O'Beirne and another from Paddy Conneely (p. 254). I give these two settings here, as they differ considerably from Bunting's two: notably they are plainer and less interrupted by instrumental ornaments and variations. The air was composed by the great Sligo harper Thomas O'Connallon about 1650; and I think it likely that these two versions from two skilled native players of O'Connallon's neighbourhood better represent his original composition than Bunting's do. There is a simple and very pretty Irish song to this air (*Sighile Bheag ni Choindealbhain*: Edw. Walsh, *Irish Popular Songs*, p. 94: Hardiman's *Ir. Minstr.* I. 220), which sings smoothly to the two versions of the air given here. But Bunting's two settings are so complicated—especially the first—that it is impossible to sing the words to them.

586. LITTLE CELIA O'CONNELLAN. HUGH O'BEIRNE'S VERSION.

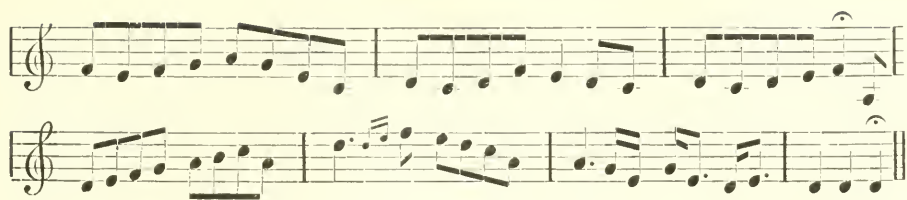
Slow.



587. LITTLE CELIA O'CONNELLAN. PADDY CONNEELY'S VERSION.

Slow.





588. *AN CAILÍN DEAS MÍN*: THE HANDSOME MILD YOUNG GIRL.



589. SHALL WE EVER BE IN ONE LODGING?



590. *OGÁNAIGH AN CHUIL DUALAIGH*: THE YOUTH OF THE CURLY LOCKS.



591. CAVAN O'REILLY.

Slow and tender.

592. ANCIENT IRISH HYMN ON THE CRUCIFIXION.



593. ANCIENT IRISH HYMN ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

"Christ first addresses Peter, anticipating His Mother's anguish when she sees His suffering. Then the Virgin gives vent to her agony of grief."

"Hugh O'Beirne declares this to be the most melancholy air he ever heard."



Like a recitative

594. BARNEY IS IN PRISON.

There was a Ninety-eight song to this air.

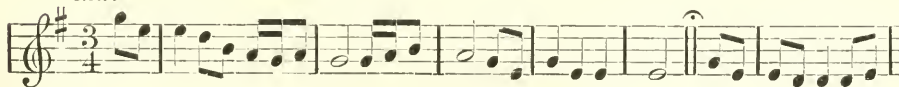
Mod.

595. PEGGY WAS MISTRESS OF MY HEART. A "CAILYING" TUNE.

A "Caily" (Irish *Céilidhe*) is an evening visit to a neighbour's house, chiefly to have a gossip. Usually there were several persons together; and certain lively songs were often sung during such visits.

Mod.

596. MULLACH SCRÍNE: THE HILL OF SKREEN (Co. Sligo).

Slow.



597. UP THE HEATHERY MOUNTAIN AND THROUGH THE
RUSHY FIELDS.

With life.



598. WE WILL GO TO TARA'S HILL.

There was a Ninety-eight song to this air.



599. THE STRADDY. SONG TUNE.

(*Straddy*, an idle careless fellow.)

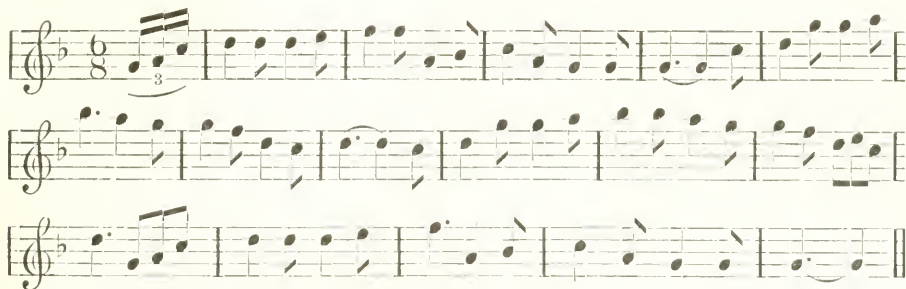
Mod.: with spirit.





600. I AM A REAL REPUBLICAN.

There was a Ninety-eight song to this air:—"I am a real republican; John Wilson is my name."



601. THE CRADLE WILL ROCK AND THE BABY WILL FALL.

NURSE SONG.

Mod. : time well marked.



602. CASTLE FINN.

(A little town in Donegal.)





603. THE BIRD ALONE.

In Stanford-Petrie there are two airs with this name, both different from the one given here.

"If my Peggy leaves me for ever, I'll be a bird alone." Old song.

Slow.



604. *CÚL ÁLUINN MO CHAILÍN DONN*: BEAUTIFUL HEAD [OF
HAIR] IS MY BROWN-HAIRED GIRL: ALSO CALLED "MOLLY, YOU
HAVE A CUNNING SMILE."

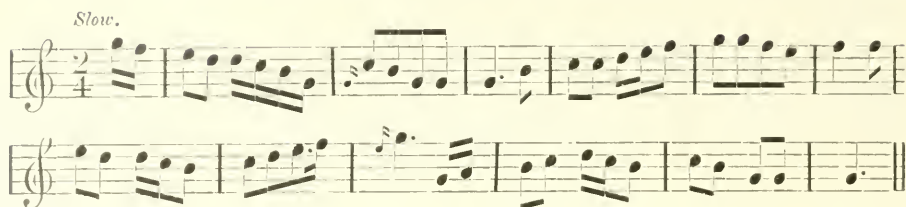


605. *A SHEUMAIS A GHRADH: JEMMY MY LOVE.*

606. THE COMELY GIRL BOTH TALL AND STRAIGHT.



607. I WISH I WAS A SILVER WATCH THAT IN MY TRUELOVE'S
POCKET I MIGHT LODGE.



608. THE RIVER LINN.



609. AN BUNNÁN BUIDHE: THE YELLOW BITTERN.

In Bunting's third collection (1840), p. 56, is given a fine air, The Yellow Bittern: in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. Forde took down from Hugh O'Beirne a very different version of the same air which I give here: it is in common time and is at least as good as that of Bunting: besides being simpler and more vocal. Compare with *Máire Aroon*, below.



610. MY WEDDING IS PREPARING.



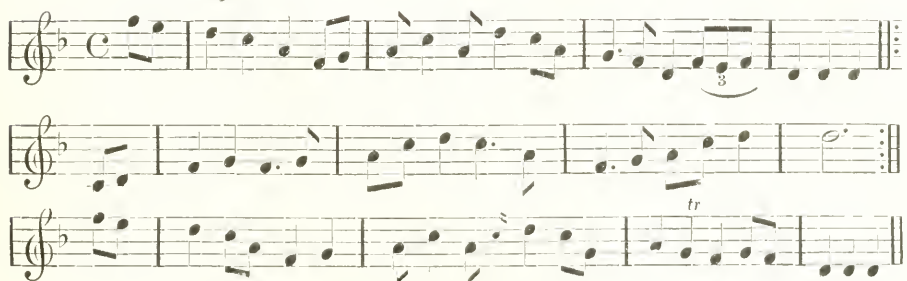
611. I'M WEARY OF WALKING ALONE.

This tune consists of four phrases, of 4 bars, 3 bars, 4 bars, 3 bars, respectively. The several phrases terminate where I have placed the letters A, B, C, D.



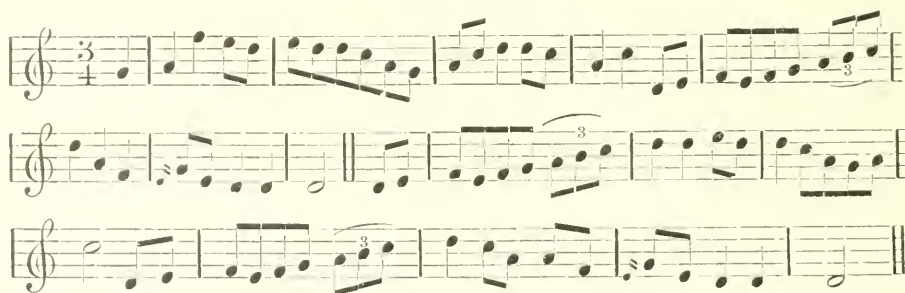
612. LAMENTATION FOR FATHER CHARLES O'RODICAN.

Slow and with expression.



613. *MO REULTA EÓLUIDHE*: MY GUIDING STAR.*Slow.*

614. THE CUCKOO.



615. I OFT HEARD MY GRANDMOTHER SAY.

The air of a jocular song.

Lively.616. *MO LÓNDUBH BEAG AOIBHINN*: MY SWEET LITTLE BLACK-BIRD.

"According to O'Beirne this is *Craoibhin Aoibhinn dluinn óg*." (Note by Forde.) "Songs of the Nation" (James Duffy), p. 92, has quite a different air with this same name—*Craoibhin Aoibhinn dluinn óg*.

Slow.

617. LORD BAYKIM.

Slow.

618. JOHNNY PEYTON.

Mod.

619. JEMMY AND NANCY.

Slow.

620. *CÚL NA LÚB*: HEAD OF CURLS.*Slow.*

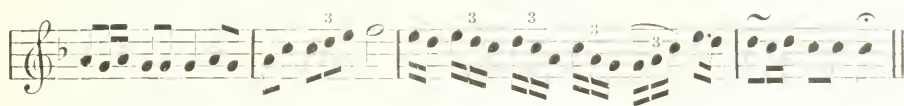
621. NANCY COOPER.

O'Beirne remarks, "one of the oldest."

Slow.622. *UNA A RÚIN*: WINNIE DEAR—LAMENTATION.

Another tune with this name will be found further on.

Slow.



623. MAINISTER AN BHUILL: BOYLE ABBEY (ROSCOMMON).

Slow and tender.

624. TAKE MY LIFE FOR HIS, SHE SAID.

Slowly.

625. I HEARD A MAID IN BEDLAM A-MAKING SORE COMPLAINT.

Hardiman ("Irish Minstrelsy," i. 341) tells us that [about 1820] he heard a peasant girl, near Lough Conn, Co. Mayo, sing an English song to this air, beginning:—

"One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam most mournfully sing."

631. I'LL TRAVEL TO MOUNT NEBO.

(Near Gorey in Wexford.)



632. MANY A PLEASANT HOUR MY LOVE AND I DID PASS.

*Da Capo.*

633. THE GREENWOOD LAD.



634. FALLAINN A FUAIR A CHIORRBHADH: THE CLOAK THAT GOT ITS COMBING.





635. *GLAISÍN ÓG NA G-CRAOBH*: THE LITTLE GREY MARE OF THE BRANCHES.

I.e. that won races.

With spirit.



636. THE DOLPHIN.

"The Dolphin so sweet in the middle of the deep." I suppose the Dolphin was the name of a ship.

Mod.



637. MILD O'REILLY.

"A song of 1798 was written to this."

Mod.



631. PILL TRAVEL TO MOUNT NEBO.

(Near Gorey in Wexford.)



632. MANY A PLEASANT HOUR MY LOVE AND I DID PASS.



633. THE GREENWOOD LAD.



634. FALLAINN A FUAIR A CHIORRBHADH: THE CLOAK THAT GOT ITS COMBING.



THE CORIO COLLECTION



635. GLAISÍN OG A' GEARR BHLÉIDH (THE LITTLE GIRL) THE PRANCHIE

1. 560 390 600 600

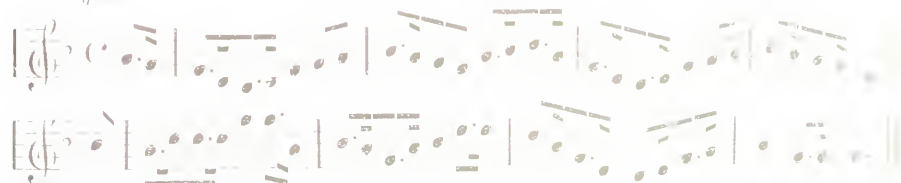
With spirit



636. THE DOUGLASS

The Douglass is well known in the north of the County. It is a song of the name of a Douglass.

It



637. MILD CORIO

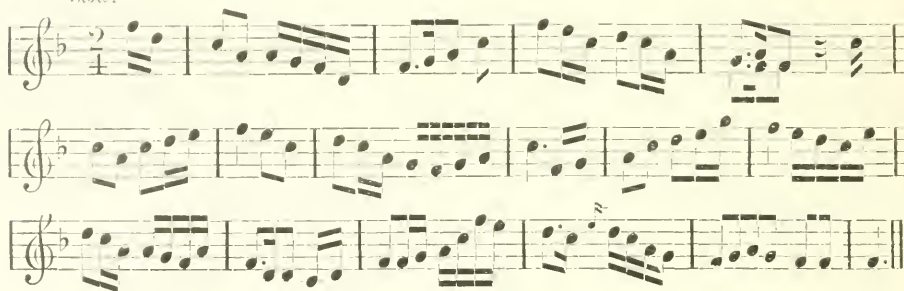
1. 560 390 600 600

Mild





638. DARLING, DON'T REFUSE ME.

Slow.

639. AT CLOONE CHURCH GATE THE FIGHT BEGAN.

Cloone in County Leitrim, near Mohill. This tune has much in common with Grainne Waile.

Mod.

640. PRETTY POLLY LIKE A TROOPER DID RIDE.

Mod.



641. HE LEFT THE POOR WIDOWS A-WEeping.

"A song of the war time."



642. THE WEXFORD TRAGEDY.

Rather slow.

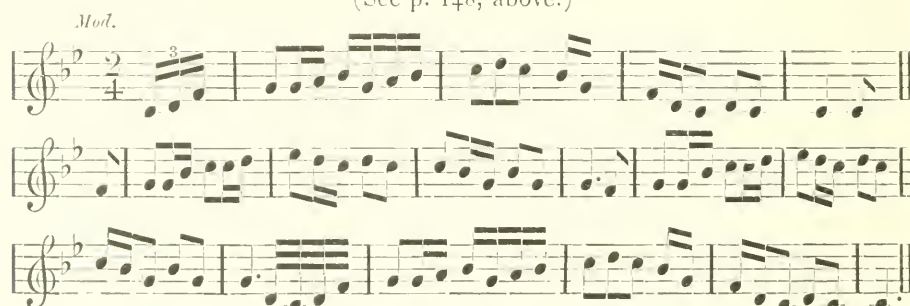


643. WHAT SHALL I DO? MY LOVE IS GOING TO WED.

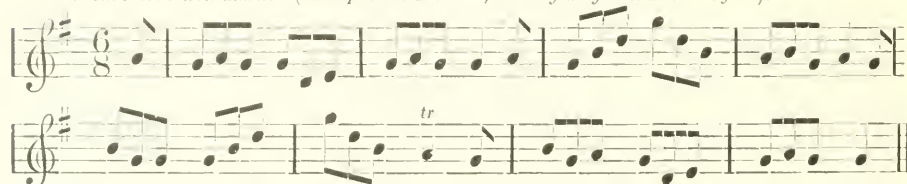


644. THE BOLD VAL O'HARA.

(See p. 148, above.)



645. PEELY CUIT' BÂN: "THE LONG WHITE CAT."

Mod. : time well marked (same pace as Moore's, "They may rail at this life").

646. DONOCHA BÂN: FAIR-HAIRED DENIS.

A young woman's lamentation for the death of her brother Denis.

Slow.



647. OCHONE-O: CAOINE OR KEEN: LAMENT.

Very slow and sad.

648. SEARCH THE WORLD ROUND.

(The last of Hugh O'Beirne's airs.)

Mod.

649. FEAD AN IOLAIR: THE EAGLE'S WHISTLE. SECOND SETTING.

Since printing "The Eagle's Whistle" at page 166 I have come across another version in a small Munster MS. book belonging to the Forde Collection: but there

is no statement as to the source from which it was procured. It is strikingly different from the former setting, so much so that some might consider it a different melody.

With spirit.



650. THE LEAVES SO GREEN.

From R. J. Mackintosh.



651. *DÚN DO SHÚILE*: CLOSE YOUR EYES. NURSE SONG.

This air and the next from Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, Cork.



652. O LAY ME IN KILLARNEY.



653. CAPE CLEAR.

"From O'Driscoll of Clonakilty" (Co. Cork).



654. PLOUGH TUNE.

This air and the two next from Capt. O'Sullivan of Cork.





655. *CAOINE, KEEN, OR ULLAGONE* (LAMENT), CO. CORK.

As to the absence of bars, see the Keen at p. 82.



656. A NURSE'S LULLABY.

The ninth bar, a repetition of the eighth, answers to a refrain, such as "Huzh-o-bye."

Slow and soft.



657. THE CANAL BOAT.

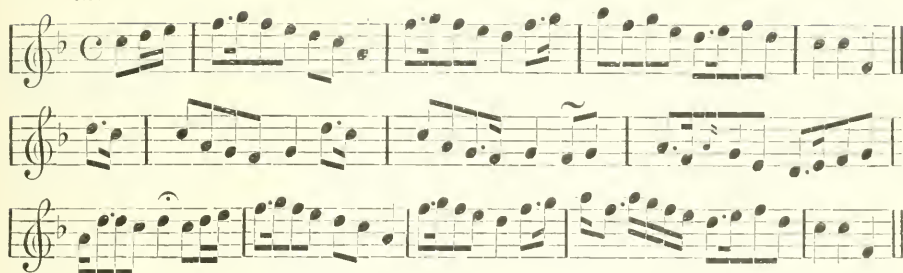
Given to Forde by Mr. Robert Orr, who took it down from a street-singer in Dublin.



658. ALL ALONE.

This air and the next from Captain Pratt, Co. Cork.

Slow.



659. THE LARK IN THE MORNING.

This closely resembles the well-known pipe and march tune called "Drogheda."

With animation.

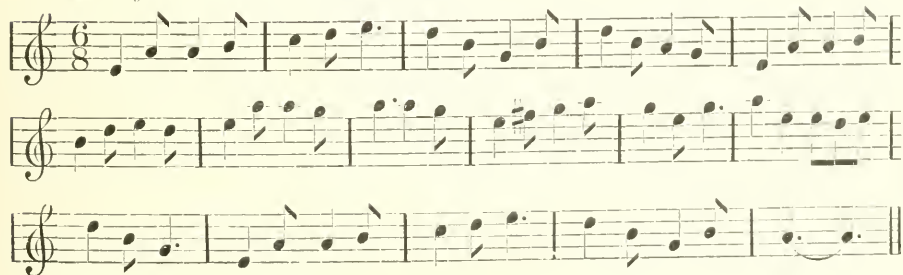


Da Capo.

660. KITTY ALONE.

This and the next from Geo. Sinclair, Cork.

With life.



661. *CUTSLE MO CHROIDHE*: CUSHLA MACHREE: PULSE OF MY HEART.

There are other airs with this name.

Slow.



662. WHAT SHALL I DO IF HE LEAVES ME?

From Mrs. Sinclair, Cork.

Slow.



663. MY LOVE SHE IS LIVING IN DONEGAL TOWN.

Sent to Forde by the Rev. Alexander Ross of Dungiven, Londonderry.

Slow.



664. OH ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

This air and the next two from Mr. J. Snowe, Cork. This air seems to have been sung with the words of the old song:—

“Oh Erin, my country, although thy harp slumbers,
And dwells in oblivion in Tara’s old hall.”

See p. 304 for a different air with this name.

Slow.

665. HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

Sung with Moore's song of that name. I have already remarked that when the people took to the words of a song without being able to procure the proper air, they often sang it to some suitable old air familiar to them.

Slow.

666. MY NAME IT IS MUNHALL.

"Sergeant Munhall commanded some troops who mutinied in Cork about 1800."

Mod.



667. *AIR BHRUACH NA CARRAIGE BÁINE*: ON THE BRINK OF
THE WHITE ROCK.

From W. Stack. This is obviously another form of the air given by Bunting (1840, p. 22), to which Thomas Davis wrote his song, "The West's Asleep." But Stack's version differs materially, and is very characteristic and beautiful. I think it better than Bunting's. This air is to be distinguished from another with the same name, to which Davis wrote his song, "Oh, proud were the chieftains of green Inisfail," and which will be found in Petric's "Ancient Music of Ireland," pp. 138, 139, 140.

Slow or mod.



668. OH KILLARNEY, LOVELY LAKE.

Sung by a boatman at Killarney. "With Mr. Henry Morgan's compliments to Mr. Forde: 17 Feb., 1845."

Mod.: and well marked time.





669. PADDY'S WALTZ. SONG TUNE.

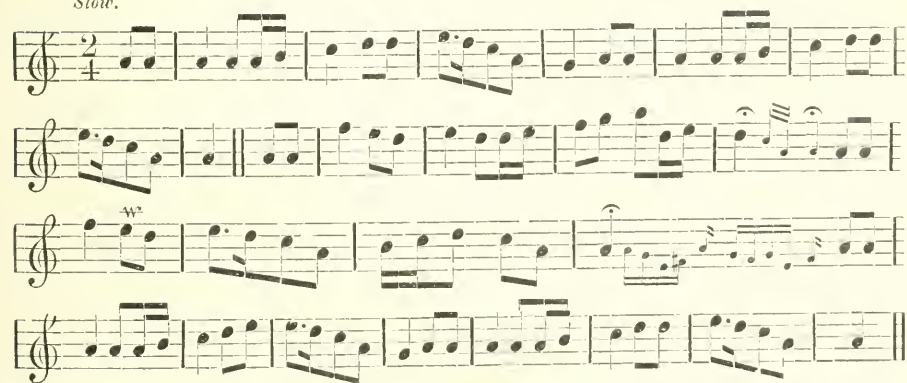
This air and the next from the Rev. Mr. Strangway, Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim.

Spirited: time well marked.



670. MOLLY HEWSON, MY JEWEL.

Slow.



671. THE GAMMAHO. JIG.

This air and the next from Mr. Townsend, Cork.



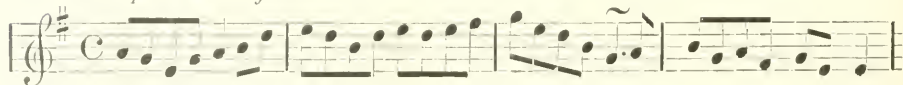
672. HOP JIG.

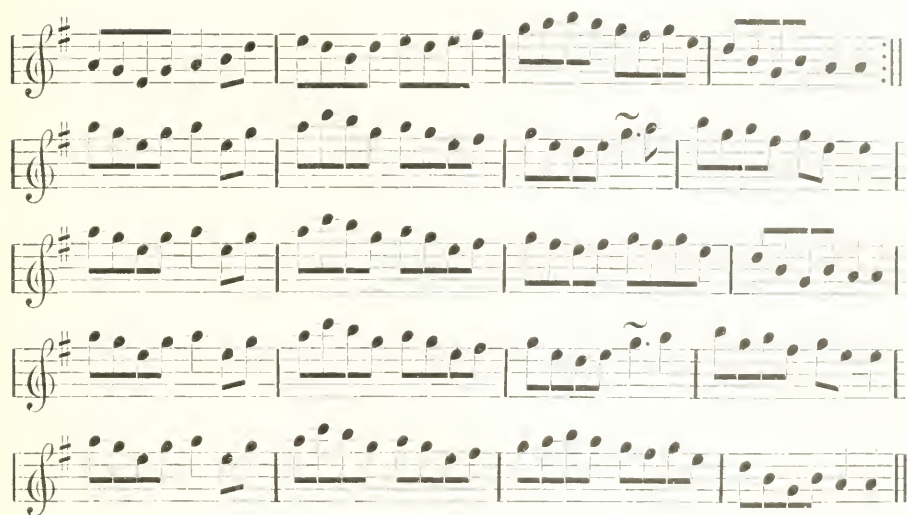


The following 4 airs (to *Una Arúin*) were taken down from Michael Walsh, a good professional fiddler, Strokestown, Co. Roscommon.

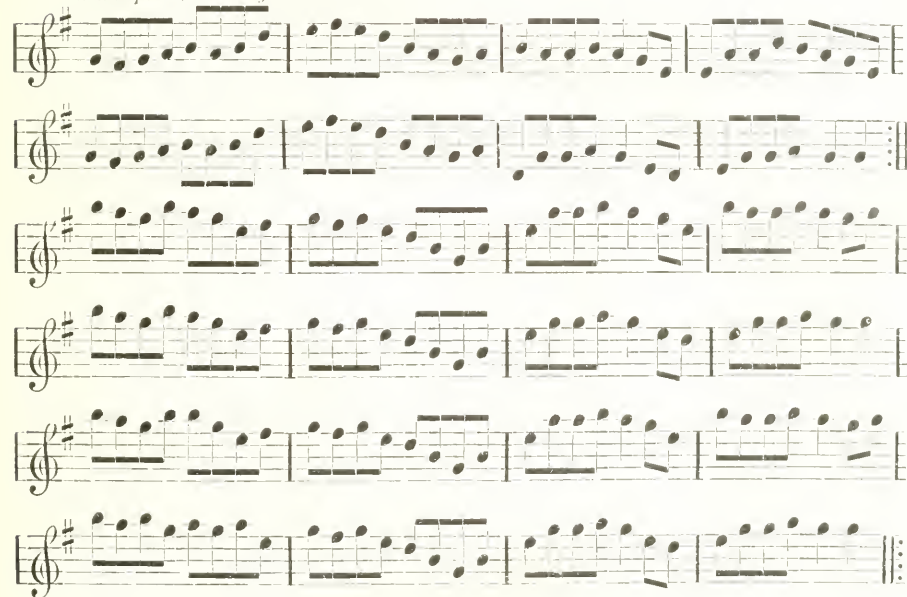
673. MOLLY MAGUIRE. A COUNTRY DANCE.

With spirit: not too fast.





674. PEGGY'S WEDDING. A COUNTRY DANCE.

With spirit ; not too fast.



675. KESHCORRAN.

A tune with this name was given by me to Dr. Petrie; and it is printed with my name acknowledged in Stanford-Petrie, as I copied it from a MS. written in the neighbourhood of Lough Conn, Co. Mayo. It is in C time: whereas the tune given here from Forde is in $\frac{3}{4}$. Whether the two airs are varieties of one common melody, I will leave to others to determine. Keshcorran is a well-known mountain in the Co. Sligo.



676. UNA ARÚIN: DEAR OONA, OR DEAR WINNIE.

Many of the long notes are marked, in Forde's MS., with shakes, as Walsh played them on his violin: too many I think: and I have omitted them. As to the bar marked A, those who wish to avoid the ornamental notes will simply play the four large notes. A very lovely melody.





677. THE HUMOURS OF WINNINGTON.

From Mr. Mac Dowell. Winnington or Winningtown is in Wexford.

678. *PÍCE AN T-SÚGRA*: THE PLEASANT PEAK OR HILL.

From Mr. Pigot, who got it from Hardiman. In Stanford-Petrie (No. 1310) there is a different air with this name.



679. *AN CAILÍN RUADH*: THE RED-HAIRED GIRL.

From the Carey MSS. One of several airs known by this name. A variant of the *Buchail Caol dubh*, altered in time (p. 52, above).

Slow.



The following 6 airs (to the end) were obtained by Forde from John Windele, the distinguished Cork archæologist (died 1865), except the "Hunting Song," which was taken from Mrs. Windele. "O'Hara's cup" (p. 342, below) was taken partly from Windele and partly from P. Carey: see p. 251.

680. YOUGHAL HARBOUR.

In Forde there are seven settings of this tune, and I have myself some others. Though the tune has already been published, I think it worth while to give here the setting taken down by Forde from Windele: first, because it is a vocal setting, whereas most other settings are instrumental; second, because it is an unusual and good setting; and third, because it is almost identical with the version I learned in my youth. This air is well known all over the South of Ireland. See No. 422, above.

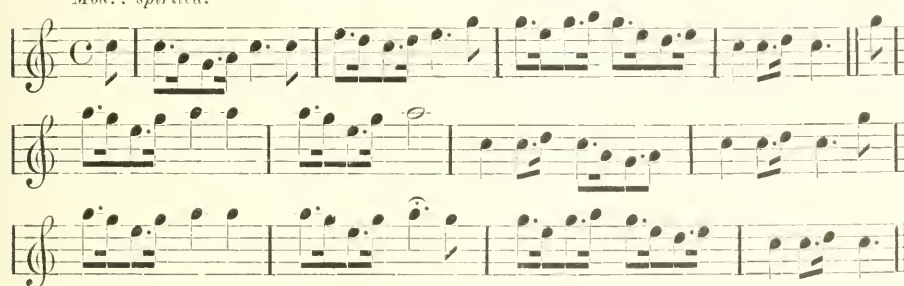
Slow: with expression.



681. AIR.

Mod.

682. IRISH HUNTING SONG.

Mod. : spirited.

683. PLOUGH WHISTLE.

From Charleville, Co. Cork.

Slow.

684. AN GIOLLA GRUAMACH: THE SULLEN BOY.

Sung as a nurse-tune in Cork. This and the tune called Banalanna in my Ancient Irish Music (p. 10) are variants of the same original melody: or one is a variant from the other. As it is set here, it forms a very beautiful lullaby.

Softly and in mod. time.

685. *CUPÁN UI hEAGHRA*: O'HARA'S CUP.

The Irish words of this song, composed by Carolan in honour of his friend Kean O'Hara of Nymphsfield, Co. Sligo, will be found in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, vol. 1., p. 64; and in Edward Walsh's Irish Popular Songs, p. 70.



PART IV.

THE PIGOT COLLECTION.

686. THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.

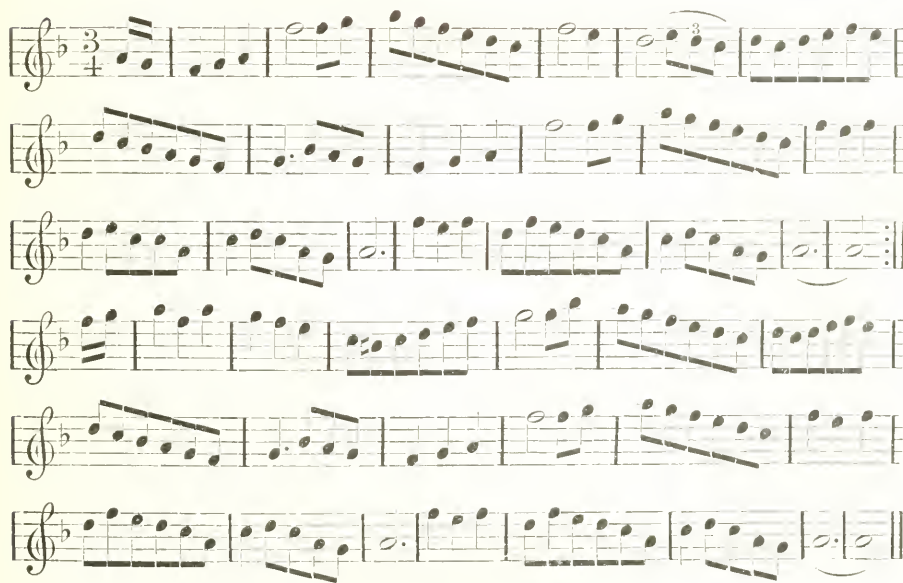
From a private in the 4th Regiment, Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim.

With spirit.



687. BEAN AN TABHAIRNĒ: THE LANDLADY OF THE TAVERN.

Stanford-Petrie has a different tune with this name.



688. THE VALE OF COLOUR: SONG AIR. (Not as fast as a jig.)

Mod.: time well marked.

689. THE FLOWER OF THE VALE: SONG AIR. (Not a jig.)

Mod.: time well marked.

690. GRADH MO CHROIDHE DO SHEAN WIG: YOUR OLD WIG IS THE LOVE OF MY HEART.

Mod.: with spirit.



691. THE MOTHER'S LAMENTATION.

Slow.

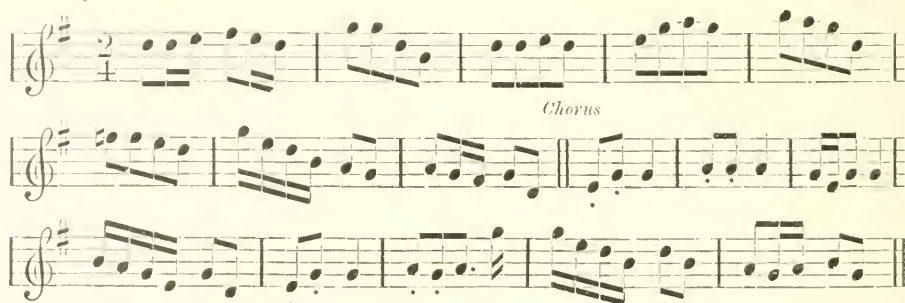
692. BEER AND ALE AND BRANDY.

Mod.: with spirit.

693. IT IS NOT DAY, NO, NOR MORNING: A DRINKING SONG. ALSO CALLED *POC BUILE*, OR *POC AIR BUILE*, THE MAD BUCKGOAT.

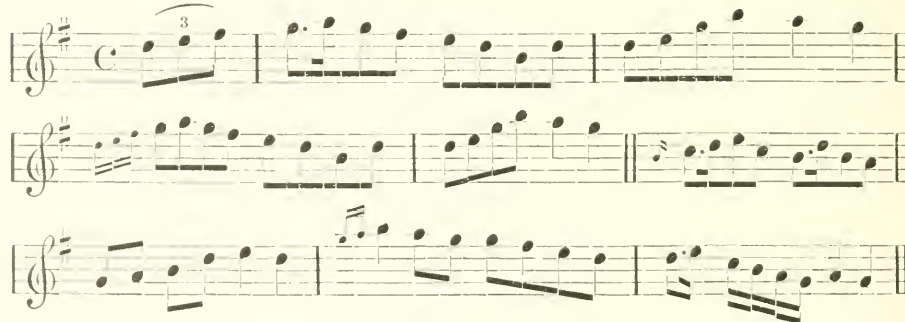
This is a better setting than the one I have given in my *Anc. Ir. Music*, p. 57.

Spirited.



694. THE LEADING OF THE STAR.

Moderate time.

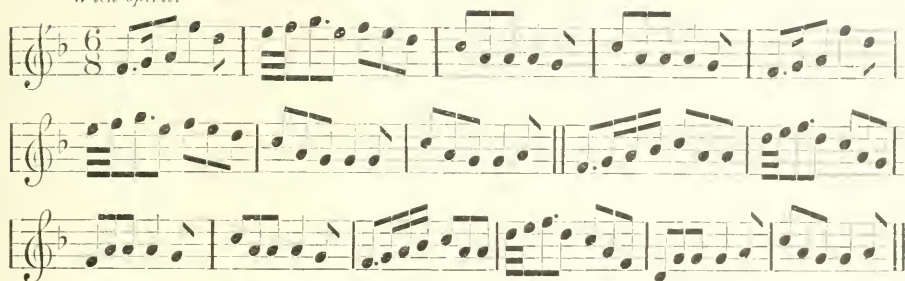


695. LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

Slow.



696. OH, MY DEAR JUDY.

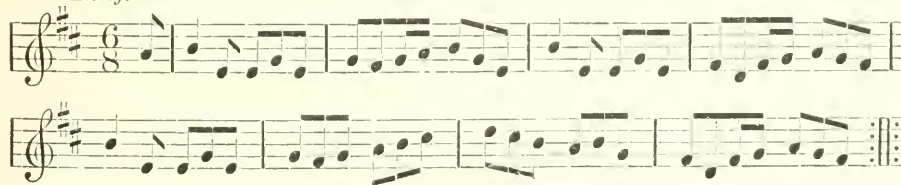
With spirit.

697. BAALTIGH ABHRAN: BALTİYORAN.

This is so different from the tune of the same name in Bunting that it can hardly be regarded as a version: it is rather a different melody.



698. COCK UP YOUR CHIN, BILLY.

Lively.

699. *GLUIGIR A MHAIDIR* : THE SPLASHING OF THE CHURN.

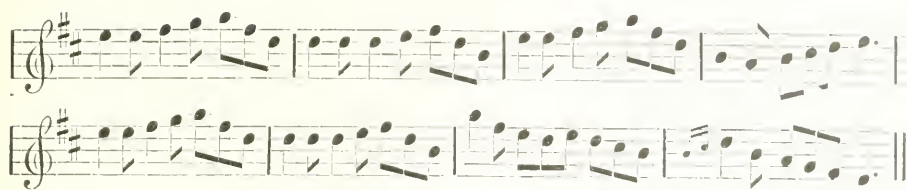
(For song or dance.)

A different tune with this name is in Petrie ; reprinted in Stanford-Petrie.



700. THE NIGHT OF THE FUN. SONG TUNE.





701. THE CAT'S BAGPIPES.

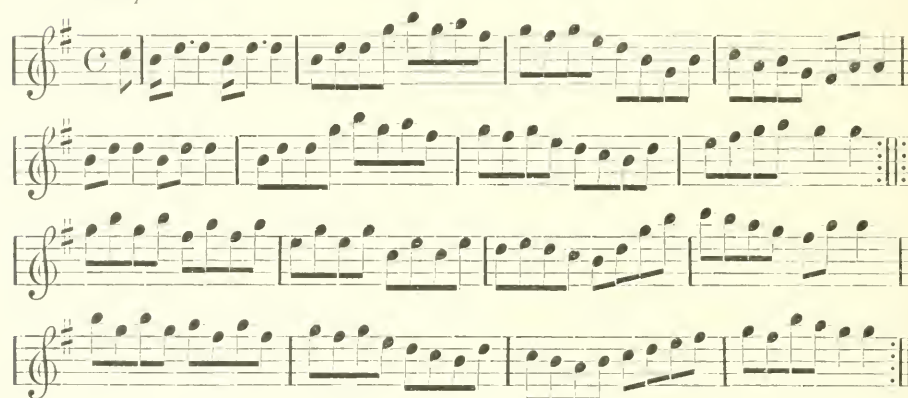
Mod.

702. THE ROUSING OF THE DRINK.

With spirit.



703. FUNNY EYES. SONG AIR.

With spirit.

704. THE FRIAR'S FAREWELL TO THE REEK.

This friar was one of those belonging to Murrisk Abbey, which stands (now in ruins) on the seashore at the base of "The Reek," i.e. Croagh Patrick Mt. in Mayo. The setting from which I copied was very incorrect, obviously played or taken down wrong; and the version given here is my attempt at restoration.

Slow and with expression.

705. PUNCH FOR LADIES.

In Mr. Pigot's book this tune is given along with "Negus for gentlemen" (p. 144, above), and the two were obviously linked together. Observe the intentional reversal: for punch is the proper drink for gentlemen, and negus for ladies.



706. AN CAILIN DEAS MODHAMHUIL: THE MILD PRETTY GIRL.

Slow and with expression.



707. CAROLAN'S CAP.

("Cap," a dram). Bunting has a different air with this name.

Mod.





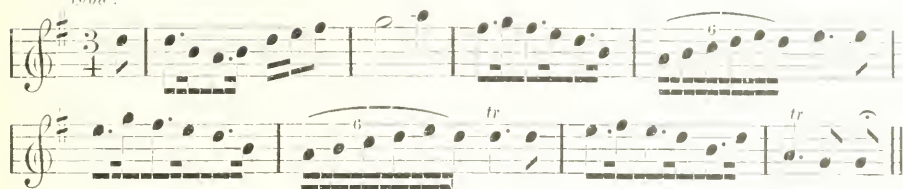
708. AN T-SAILCHUACH: THE VIOLET.



709. IN CAME THE MILLER.



710. IRISH CRY.

Slow.

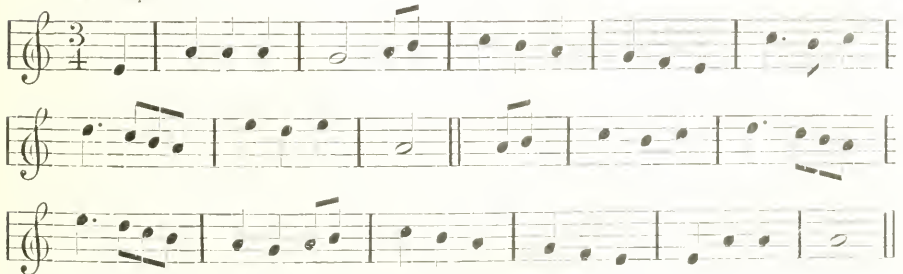
711. AN CAILÍN DONN: THE BROWN-HAIRED GIRL.

Compare with "Bessie," in my "Ancient Irish Music," p. 94.

With expression.

712. AIR.

From a native of Donegal.

With expression.

713. *SEAN-BHEAN CHRÍON AN DREANNTAÍN*: THE WITHERED
GROWLING OLD WOMAN.

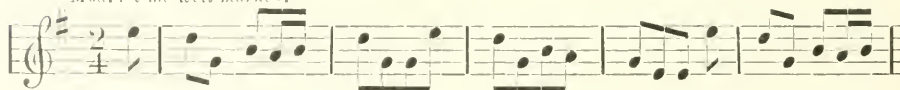
In O'Daly's "Munster Poets" there is a very incorrect version, which is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time instead of $\frac{6}{8}$ as it should be. The setting in Stanford-Petrie is correct so far as it goes; but it is curtailed. I give the full and correct version here as I found it in one of the Pigot MSS. I may add that I have known the tune all my life. Compare with "The Beardless Boy," in Bunting.

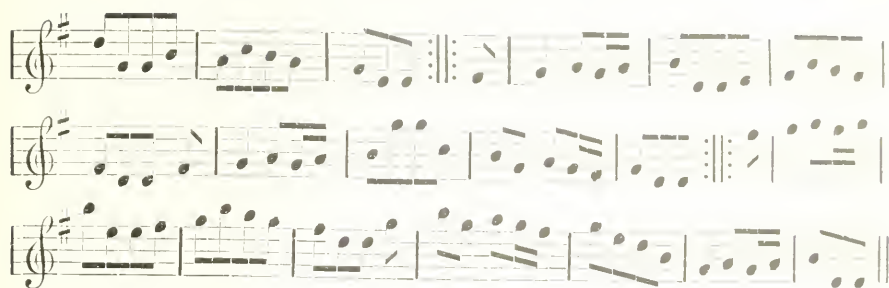
Time well marked, and mod.



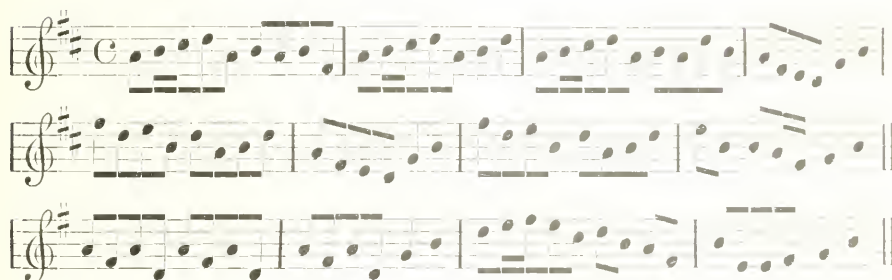
714. WILLIE WINKIE.

Mod.: time well marked.





715. IF I WERE NEAR THE PEA-FIELD.



716. I PREFER MY PEA-FLOWER.

Compare with *Tú na lá* in my "Ancient Irish Music" and with "It is a day," p. 348, above.

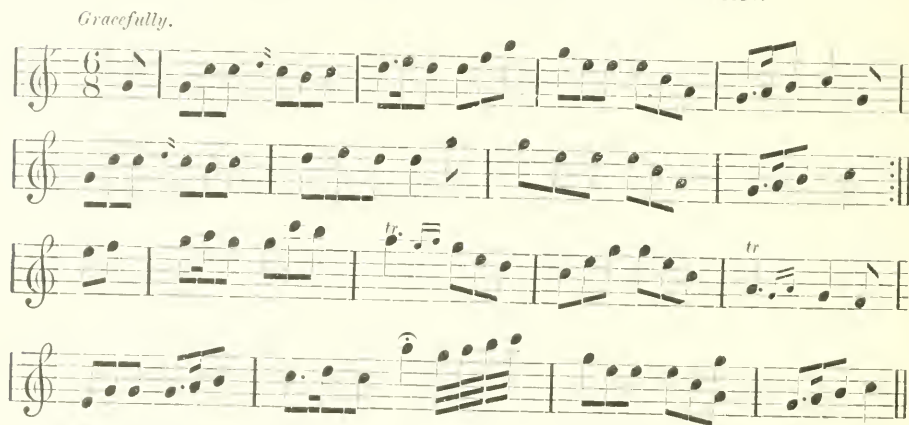
With spirit.



717. THE WOODY HILL.



718. THE PRETTY GREEN BANKS OF CAVAN.

719. *SÍAR COIS CHUAIN DOM*: AS I WAS BY THE BAY
WESTWARDS.

Compare with *Cois taoibh a chuain*, p. 38.





720. AN CEANNUIDHE SÙGACH: THE JOLLY PEDLAR.

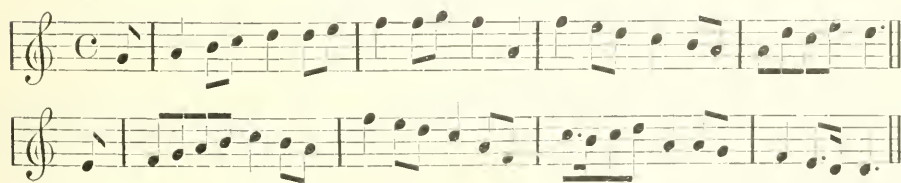
See p. 49 for another air of the same name.

Spirited.

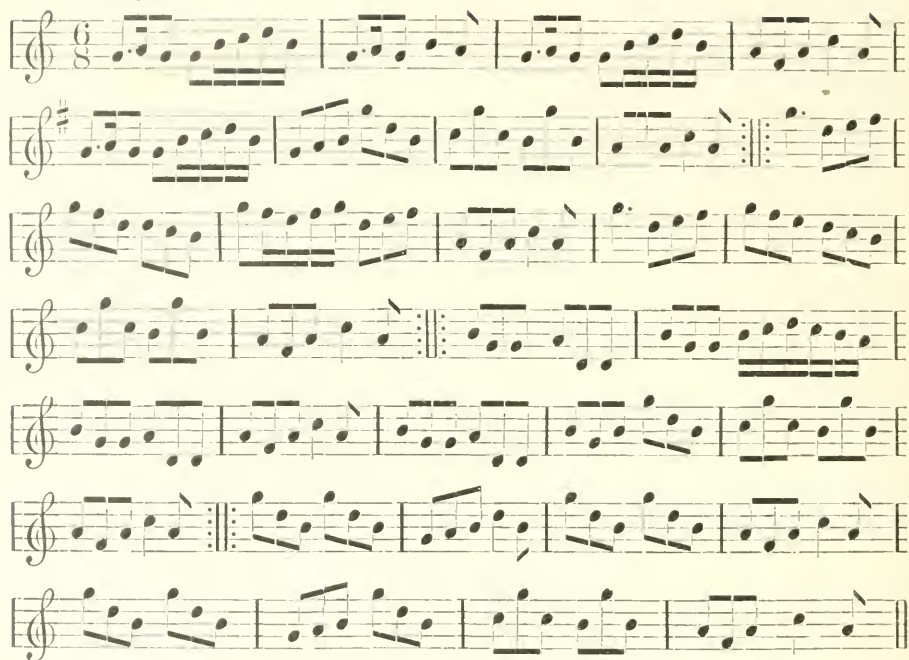


721. NA GAMHNA GEALA: THE WHITE CALVES.

Slow.



722. WHIP HER AND GIRD HER.

With life.

723. THE SHEEP-SHEARERS, OR NEXT OARS.



724. NOBE'S MAGGOT.

"Maggot," a diam.





725. ERIN'S GROVES. REEL.

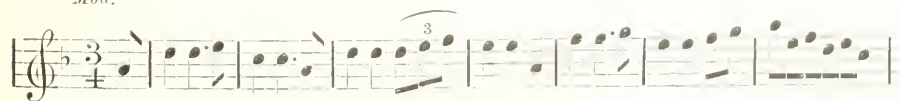


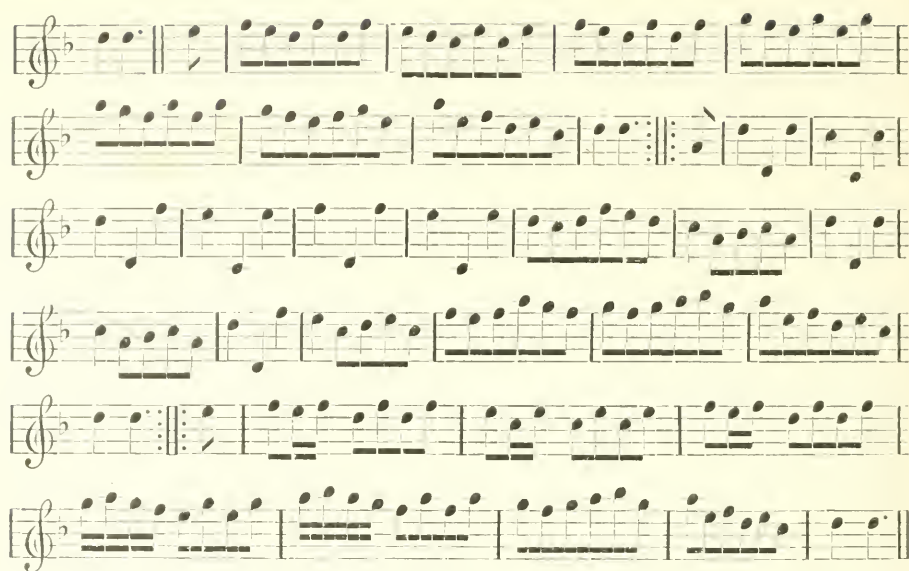
726. WELCOME HOME FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

With life.

727. JOY TO GREAT CÆSAR.

"By Jackson" (?). Written in MS. half minor, half major, but it should evidently be minor.

Mod.



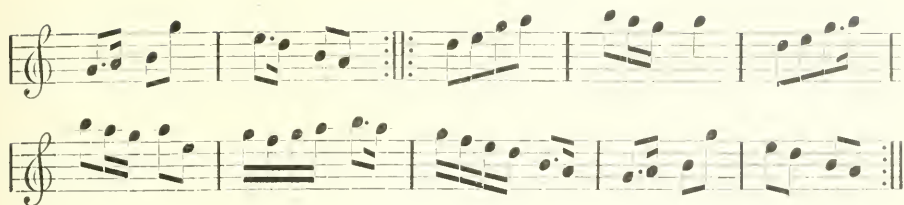
728. WE ALL TAKE A SUP IN OUR TURN. SONG AIR.

Not a jig.

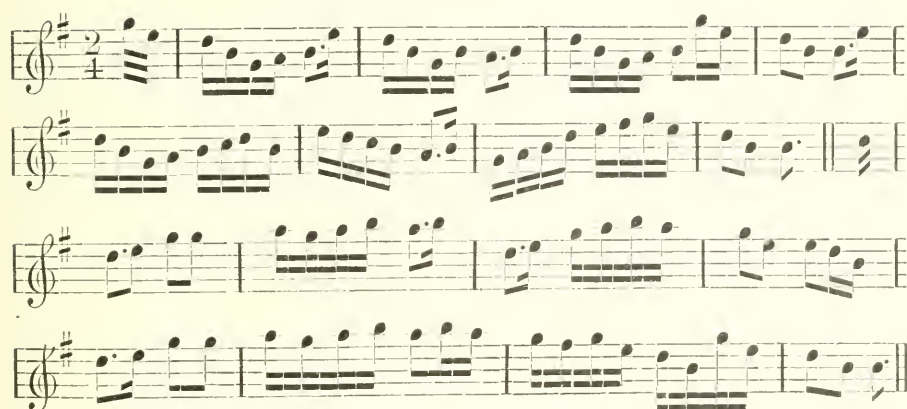


729. CHARMING MOLLY.

With spirit.



730. THE PRETTY LASS. SONG AIR.



731. ORMOND'S LAMENT.

A different tune with this name in Stanford-Petrie.



732. THE BEGGARMAN.

In my "Ancient Irish Music" (p. 45) there is a setting of this air: but the one I give here is much better.

With spirit.



733. MARY DONLEVY.

Mod.



734. LAMENT.

(From the Co. Sligo.)

Slow.



The 5 following airs are marked as taken "from A. P.'s MS. book."

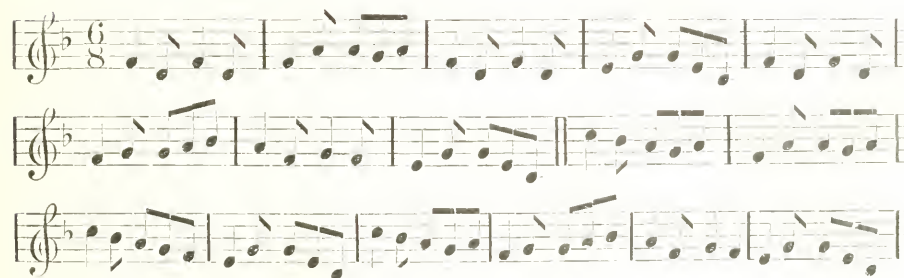
735. CASTLE OLIVER CHASE.

With great spirit.



736. *FIALAIDH AGUS MAITH*: GENEROUS AND GOOD.*Tenderly.*

737. I'LL GO HOME AND TELL MY MOTHER.



738. WASH YOUR FACE.





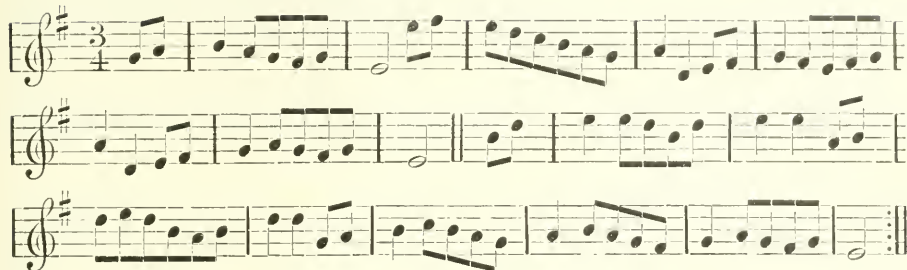
739. AIR.

Slow and with feeling.

740. AIR.

This air and the following from P. Carey of Cork (see p. 251).



741. *CROIDHE MHUMHAN*: THE HEART OF MUNSTER.742. *SÍGHILE NÍ GHADHRA*: SHEELA NEE GUIRA.

Of this fine air there are two very distinct versions, of which one is represented in Moore's Melodies, with the words "Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own"; with sixteen bars in each Part. The version generally known in Cork and Limerick has twenty bars in the second Part; and in other respects it is considerably different from Moore's setting. The songs composed to sing to this—whether Irish or English—have always five lines in the second part of each verse to correspond with the twenty bars of the air (instead of four lines as in Moore's song). I find among the Pigot MSS. a setting of this version: but on the whole I prefer my own, which I give here, with one verse of the English song—both from memory as I learned them in boyhood.

"Sheela nee Guira" was one of the numerous allegorical names of Ireland; and this song was a patriotic one, though it could be sung with safety in the time of the Penal Laws, as it was in the guise of a love song. See "The Blackbird," page 181.

Alone as I walked on a fair summer morning
 When Flora's gay bounty the earth is adorning.
 Filling with fragrance the leaves and green bowers,
 Bespangling the meadows and valleys with flowers.
 I just entered the maze of a sweet-scented grove,
 Where sylvan choristers cheerfully rove,
 With musical harmony chanting their loves:
 In a rosy green bower in rural attire,
 I spied this fair creature called Sheela nee Guira.





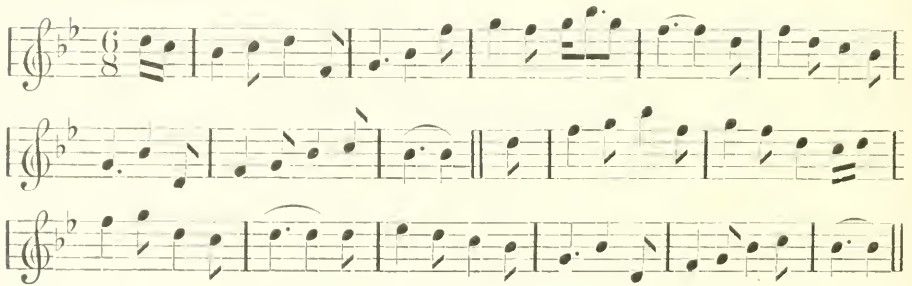
The following 2 airs were given to Mr. Pigot by Thomas Davis, poet, patriot, and essayist, native of Mallow.

743. AIR.



744. AIR.

Slow and tender.



745. TEIGE'S RAMBLES.

This and the next from Mr. Deasy of Clonakilty Co. Cork. (See p. 205.)

Mod.





746. AIR.

Mr. Deasy took this down from O'Driscoll (p. 329).

Slow.



747. AIR.

"From Fitzgerald" (see p. 267).

Mod.



The following 4 airs were taken down by Pigot from Mr. Flattely of Co. Mayo (for whom see p. 269).

748. JENNY WARD.





749. AIR.



750. CONDAE MHAIGHEÓ: THE COUNTY MAYO.

The Irish song to this air—a farewell from an emigrant—composed by Thomas Lavelle, will be found in “The Irish Penny Journal,” p. 352, with a metrical translation.



751. *TIGHEARNACH*: TIERNA (A man's name).*Mod.*

The following 16 airs (to *Bouchaillin fir óig*) copied from a MS. collection lent to Mr. Pigot by James Hardiman, the historian of Galway and editor of "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy."

752. *PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHÁIN*: THE PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST.

Different from the two airs of the same name in Petrie and Bunting.

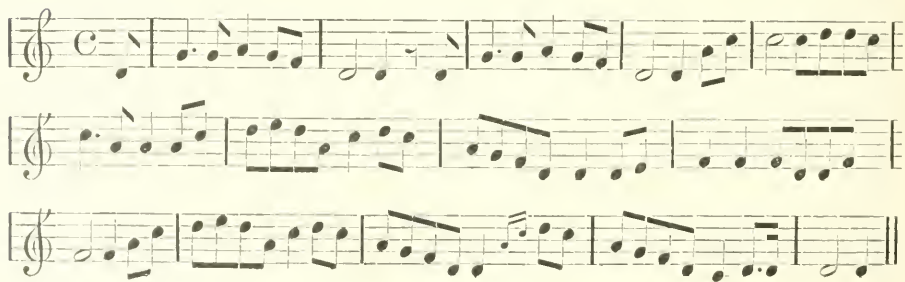
Slow: with expression.

753. *REULT NA MAIDNE*: THE MORNING STAR.

There are other airs with this name.

754. *COIGE MHUMHAN*: THE PROVINCE OF MUNSTER.755. *INGÍN LANGLEY A LIOS NA M-BROC*: LANGLEY'S DAUGHTER OF LISNABROCK.

Tenderly.



756. GRÁSACH ABÚ.

The slogan or war-cry of the Graces of Courtstown, Co. Kilkenny.



757. MÁIRE A RÚIN: MARY, MY DEAR.

Compare with the *Bunnan Buidhe*: p. 314.

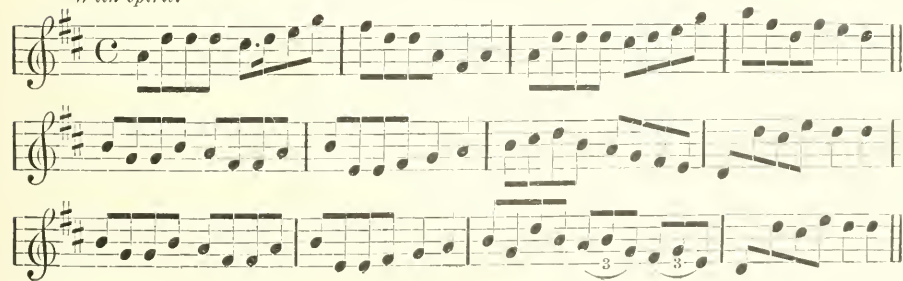
Slow.



758. FATHER FRANK OF GOREY.

The name of a song of Ninety-eight written to this air.

With spirit.



759. *SÁRA BUIDHE*: YELLOW SARA(?).760. *DIARMUID BACACH*; LAME DERMOT.*With expression.*

761. UILIN.

So incorrectly barred in MS. as to be in some parts unintelligible. This is my attempt to restore it. Mr. Pigot copied it into his book of course as he found it in the Hardiman MS.



762. THE DEATH OF MY PONY.

“Composed by a friar for the sad occasion” (i.e. the song: not the air).

With expression.



763. MAÍRE MUILLEÓIR: MARY THE MILLER.

Lively.



764. TA MO CHROIDHE CHÓMH CHÍAR DUBH LE H-ÁIRNE:
MY HEART IS AS BLACK AS A SLOE.

Slow.



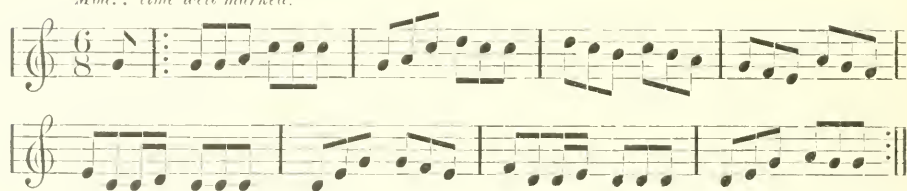
765. *SÍ BLÁTH GEAL NA SMEUR*: SHE IS THE BLACKBERRY'S
FAIR BLOSSOM.

Slow and with great expression.



766. *AN FALLAINNÍN MHIUMHNEACH*: THE LITTLE MUNSTER
MANTLE.

Mod. : time well marked.



767. *AN BOUCHAILLÍN FIR ÓIG*: THE YOUNG BOY.

A version of "The Wheelwright" (Bunting).

Slow.



768. THE HARD-HEARTED WIDOW.

This air and the next from an old MS. written before 1770, belonging to Mr. T. S. Head (for whom see p. 274).

Tenderly.



769. THE SCOTTISH LOVERS.

Mol.



The following 7 airs were obtained from William Elliott Hudson (for whom see page 275).

770. SCORNACH NA WALLIGÈ OR SCORA NA WALLIGÈ:

A DRINKING-SONG.

Mod. : time well marked.



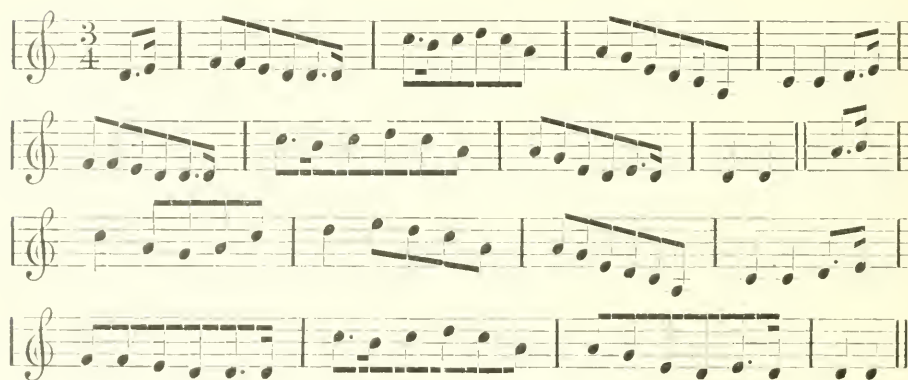
771. MY DARLING PEGGY WHITE. A CONNEMARA AIR.



772. AIR.

Taken down by Mr. Hudson from Paddy Conneely (p. 254).

Slow.



773. OWEN ROE O'NEILL, OR OWEN O'NEILL'S MARCH.

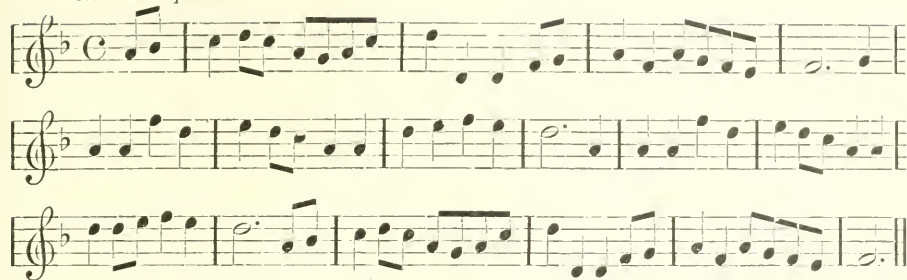
This was the great Owen Roe O'Neill, who defeated the Scottish army under Munroe at the battle of Benburb: 1646.



774. THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

(There are other airs with this name.)

Slow and expressive.



775. DONALL BRAN.

With spirit.



776. THE BISHOP'S SONG.

“Conn, Bishop of Galway, composed a song to this air.”





777. BIDDY ROWAN.

From a MS. lent by Denny Lane of Cork (for whom see p. 277).



778 SÍ MO GHAOL A LAR DHONN.

From Mr. Jeffries.



The following 7 airs in the Pigot Collection were obtained from Miss Mary Eva Kelly of Portumna, Co. Galway; better known as "Eva," the writer of national ballads in "The Nation" newspaper, who seems to have had as cultivated a taste for Irish music as for literature. She is now Mrs. O'Doherty, the widow of the well-known Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and is living in hale old age in Australia.

779. AIR.



780. THE STAR OF MUNSTER. REEL.

*Finish.*

781. AN BULLÁV MÓR: THE BIG OX.

Rather slow.

782. THE COW BEHIND THE HAY-COCK.



783. THE STAR.

Moderately slow.

784. AIR.

Very tenderly.

785. LAMENT.

Very slow.

The following 7 airs were obtained from Patrick Mac Dowell, R.A., the distinguished sculptor, who also gave a large collection to Forde (see p. 278).

786. HEN AND CHICKENS.

Very slow.



787. OLD IRELAND, REJOICE.

Slow.

788. THE SPRITE.

Slow.

789. AIR.



790. AIR.



791. AIR.



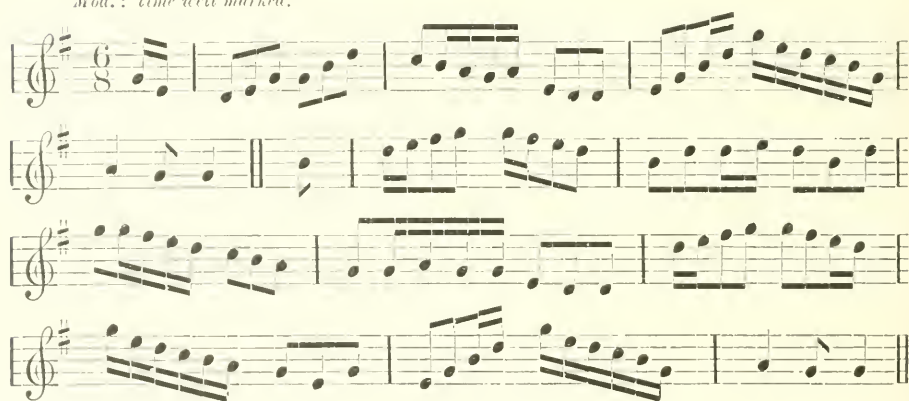
792. AIR.



793. BODAIGH AN BHEURLA: THE ENGLISH CHURLS.

From Hugh O'Beirne (for whom see page 296, above).

Mod.: time well marked.



794. LORD ROSSMORE'S TALLYHO IN THE MORNING.





The following 12 airs were copied by Mr. Pigot from a MS. lent to him by Miss O'Connell of Grena, Killarney.

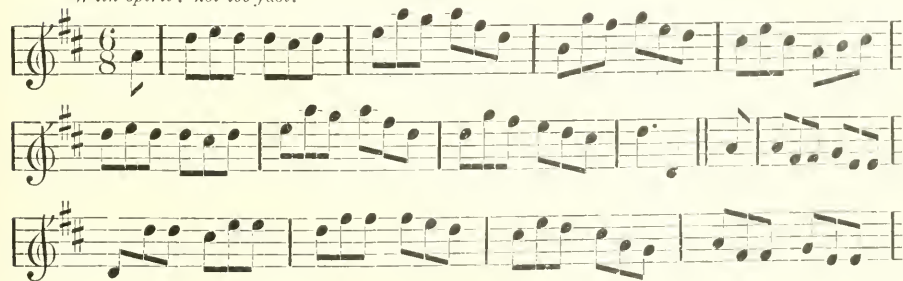
795. I'LL MAKE YOU FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

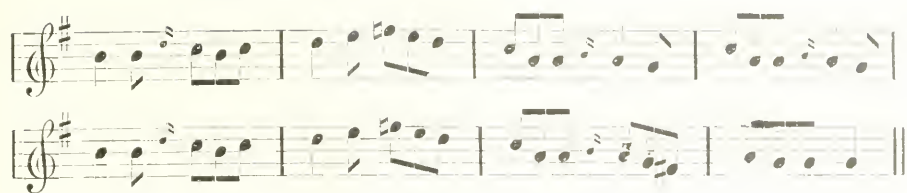
(Lively Song Tune.)



796. AIR.

With spirit: not too fast.





799. CHERRY GROVE JIG.

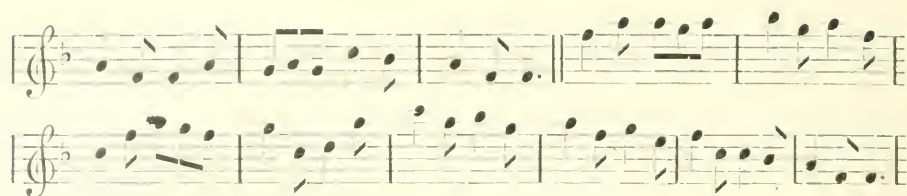


800. NARRY THE PIPER.



801. THROW THE OLD WOMAN OVER THE HOUSE. SONG TUNE.





802. SWEET KATHLEEN MACHREF. SONG TUNE.



803. THE BIRTHDAY. SONG AIR, NOT SO FAST AS A JIG.

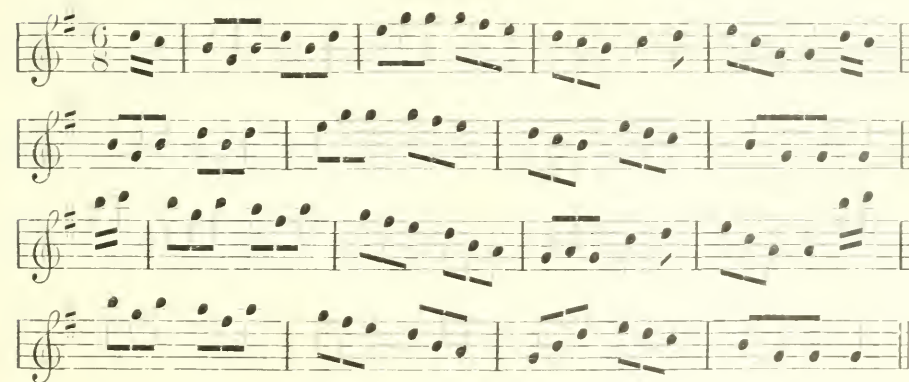
Mod.



804. MARY O'HARA.



805. CARRICKMACROSS (IN CO. MONAGHAN).



806. GALWAY TOWN.

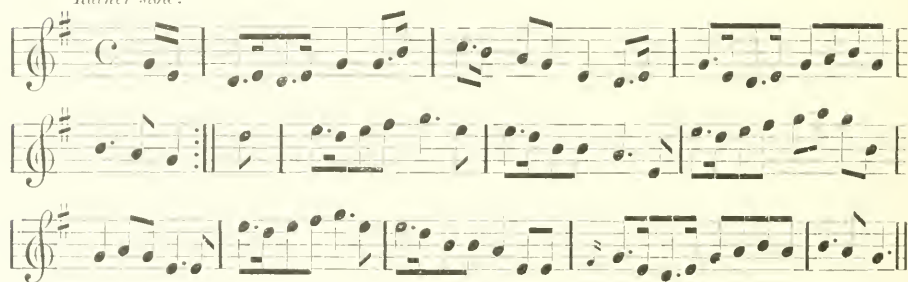




807. *INGHIN AN FHLAITH ÓN N-GLEAN*: WHITE'S DAUGHTER
FROM THE GLEN.

From James O'Farrell of Cootehill, Co. Cavan.

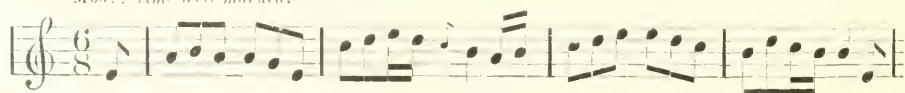
Rather slow.



808. NOBODY CARES FOR ME. SONG TUNE.

Not intended for a jig. Taken down from Michael O'Hannigan, piper,
24th April, 1853, at Mr. Curry's (i.e. the great Irish scholar, Eugene O'Curry).

Mod.: time well marked.





809. NURSE TUNE.

This air and the next from Captain O'Sullivan (for whom see p. 329). The odd bar at the end was usual in Lullabies, for the refrain "*Shoheen sho.*"

Softly.



810. PLOUGH WHISTLE. CO. CORK.

The opening strain is a version of the beginning of the *Paisdin Fionn*.

Slow and soft.



811. COIS ABHANN: BESIDE THE RIVER.

Mr. Pigot took this down from O'Neill (a piper) of Tipperary.

Expressively.





812. WHERE WERE YOU ALL THE DAY, MY OWN PRETTY BOY?

This ballad, in various forms, and sung to different airs, is found all over Europe. In all cases the subject of the ballad is a victim to poison. In England it is "King Henry, my son," who comes home to his mother to die of poisoned food given him by his sweetheart. (Ballad recently published by Miss Lucy Broadwood in "English Traditional Songs and Carols.") In Scotland it is "Lord Ronald" (for which see "Wood's Songs of Scotland"). In Germany it is "Grandmother Adder-Cook"; and there are versions in Italian, Swedish, Dutch, Magyar, and Wendish.

We have it in Ireland also, and in two distinct versions; one in the Irish language, the other in English. The Irish ballad, as recently taken down in the Co. Roscommon by the Rev. Father John MacDermott from an old man named Rogers, has been published with an interesting notice by Dr. Douglas Hyde, in "Eriu," II. 77.

As to the English version:—I took down both words and music about the year 1848 from Peggy Cudmore, a little peasant girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, endowed with extraordinary musical taste and talent. I gave both to Dr. Petrie; and a version of the air will be found with my name in the Stanford-Petrie collection (No. 330). My copies are still among the Petrie papers, which are inaccessible to me; but I remember the following four verses and the whole of the air, which I give here, and which differs somewhat from the setting in Stanford-Petrie. Dr. Hyde informs us that a version of the English-Irish ballad was taken down in 1881 from a woman named Ellen Healy, who learned it from a Kerry girl in 1868; and I find the three verses he gives (in "Eriu") are almost identical with Peggy Cudmore's version. This air was first rescued and written down by me, and words and air are now brought together for the first time. I should also remark that I find, by a brief reference on a stray leaf of the Pigot collection, that Mr. Pigot had a copy of the air in one of his books; but I have not seen it. Peggy Cudmore's version here.

"Where were you all the day, my own pretty boy?

Where were you all the day, my true love and joy?"

"I was fishing and fowling: mother, dress my bed soon;

There's a pain in my heart, and I want to lie down."

“What did you get for dinner, my own pretty boy?
 What did you get for dinner, my truelove and joy?”
 “Bread, mutton, and poison: mother, dress my bed soon;
 There’s a pain in my heart, and I want to lie down.”

“What will you leave your mother, my own pretty boy?
 What will you leave your mother, my truelove and joy?”
 “A coach and four horses: mother, dress my bed soon;
 There’s a pain in my heart, and I want to lie down.”

(He goes on—as questioned by his mother—leaving various bequests to his relations, till, in the last verse, he comes to his wife, who had given him the poisoned mutton.)

“What will you leave your married wife, my own pretty boy?
 What will you leave your married wife, my truelove and joy?”
 “A long rope to hang her: mother, dress my bed soon;
 There’s a pain in my heart, and I want to lie down.”

The translation of the first verse of the Irish version, as given by Dr. Hyde in “Eriu,” is:—

“What was in the dinner you got, my fair-haired heart-pulse and my treasure?
 What was in the dinner you got, thou flower of young men?”
 “An eel that Nuala gave me with deadly poison in it;
 Oh, my head!—it is paining me, and I want to lie down.”

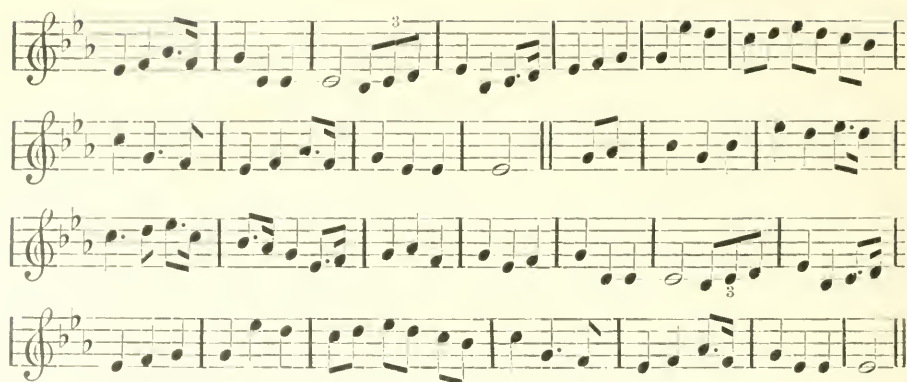


813. OLD IRISH MELODY.

This beautiful air was recently sent to me from Glasgow by Mr. Joseph M^cNicol, who learned it from his father, a Derry man. It bears a close resemblance to “Kitty Tyrrell,” the air of Moore’s noble song “Oh, blame not the Bard”: but it is perhaps sufficiently different to be regarded as a distinct air, especially in Second Part. I find a setting of it among the scattered papers of the Pigot collection, and I can recall another from memory: but Mr. M^cNicol’s setting is the best.

Slow and with great expression.





The 4 following tunes were given by Miss Ellen Phelan, Cork.

814. BLIND MARY.

Slow.



815. AIR.



816. KATHLEEN ASTHORE.

Noted by Miss Phelan from a piper in Kerry.



817. JOHN MACDERMOT.

Bold.

818. SONG AIR.

From Mrs. Phelan of Cork.



819. AIR.

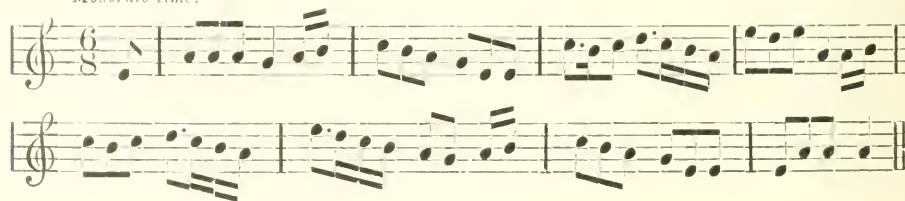
From Captain Pratt (see p. 331).



820. AIR.

Sent by Rev. Alex. Ross, Dungiven, Co. Derry, to Wm. Hackett of Midleton (a well-known Cork antiquarian).

Moderate time.



821. THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

Song of a woman who had lost her child. This and the next from Mr. G. Sinclair, Cork (for whom see p. 331, above).

Slow.





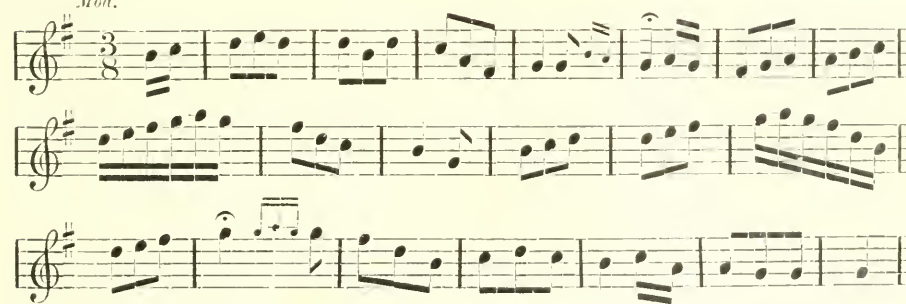
822. AIR.



823. 'TIS A PITY TO SEE.

From Mr. J. SNOWE (for whom see p. 332). In the MS. the rhythm was nearly unintelligible: the version given here is my restoration.

Mod.



824. JIG.

From a book belonging to Mr. Townsend, Cork (for whom see p. 336).





825. THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

From Paddy Walsh, a Mayo piper: 1850. This of course is different from the splendid air, "The Twisting of the Rope," to which Moore has written his song "How dear to me the hour." Compare with *Suisín bán* (The white blanket), Bunting, 1840, page 51.

Moderate time: spirited.



826. THE LONGEST DAY.

From John Windele, Cork (for whom see p. 340).

Mod.



827. PLANXTY REYNOLDS.

From Nancy Ward, at Letterline (Co. Leitrim).



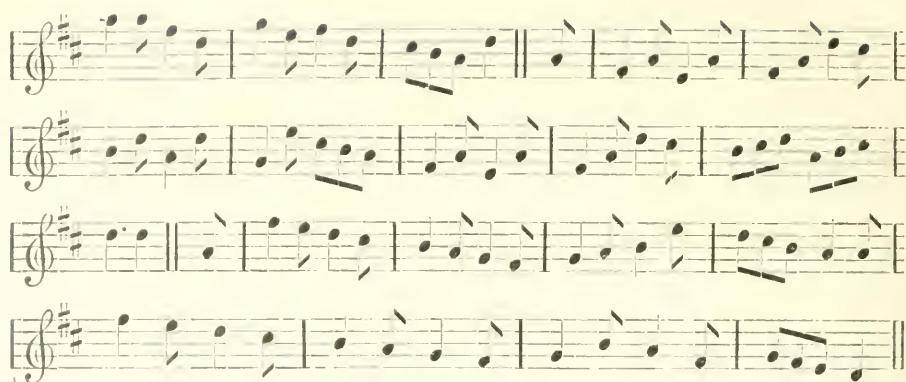
The following 4 airs were copied from a MS. lent by Mrs. Woodroffe (of Cork?).

828. THE OAK STICK.

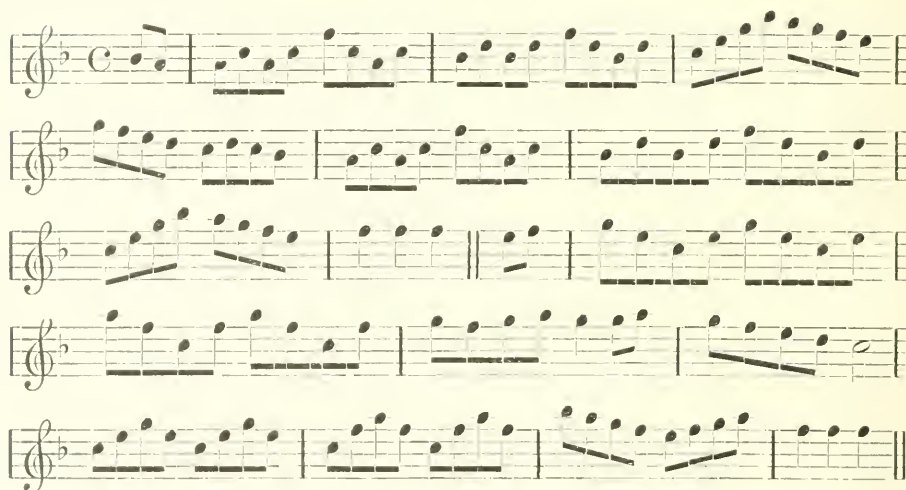


829. BANG UP.



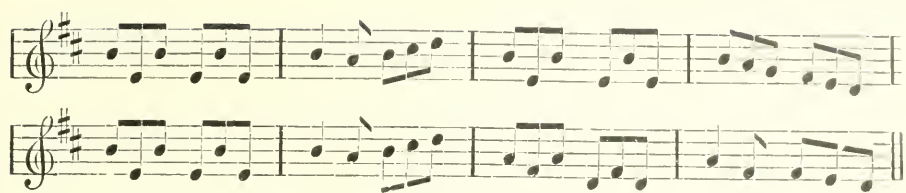


830. ROGER MACMUN.



831. TUMBLE THE JUG.





Mr. Pigot obtained the following 11 airs from Miss Griffin of Foynes on the Shannon in Limerick, who was evidently a lady of great musical taste with an intimate knowledge of Irish airs.

832. *GILE MOCHROIDHE*: BRIGHTNESS OF MY HEART.

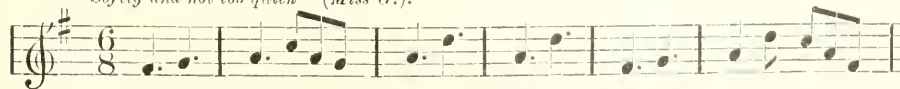
A setting of this has, I think, been printed in O'Farrell: but the one I give here is much better.

Graceful and moderately slow.



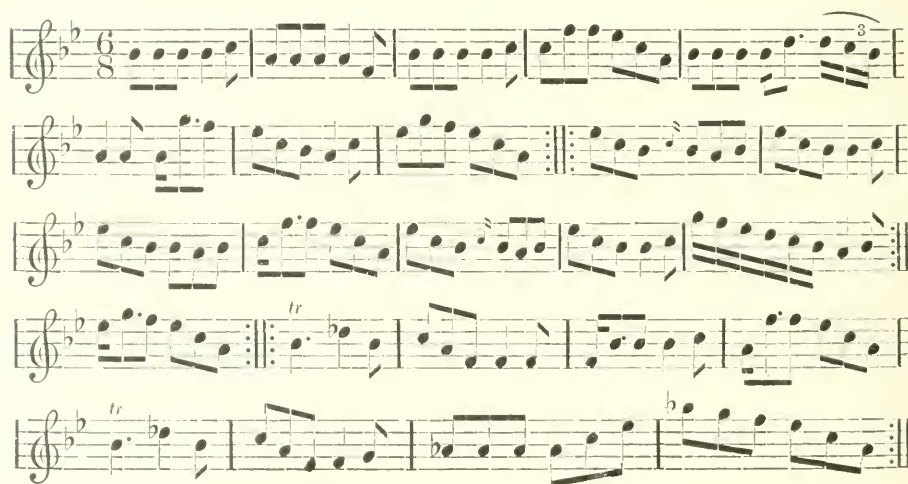
833. JIG.

"Softly and not too quick" (Miss G.).





834. IRISH JIG.



835. IRISH HORNPIPE.

The three G's marked A, B, C, are given by Miss Griffin as \flat , which represents a traditional way of playing this tune and others. These notes were not played

quite ♭, but half way between G ♭ and G ♮. Pipers can manage this half-way or enharmonic note, as well as fiddlers. On the piano, play these 3 notes ♭, as Miss Griffin has marked them.



836. AIR.

Mod. : time well marked (Two like Moore's "They may roat at this life.")



837. IRISH JIG.

Very spirited.

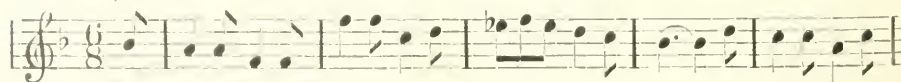




838. AIR.

Spirited.

839. AIR.

Lively.



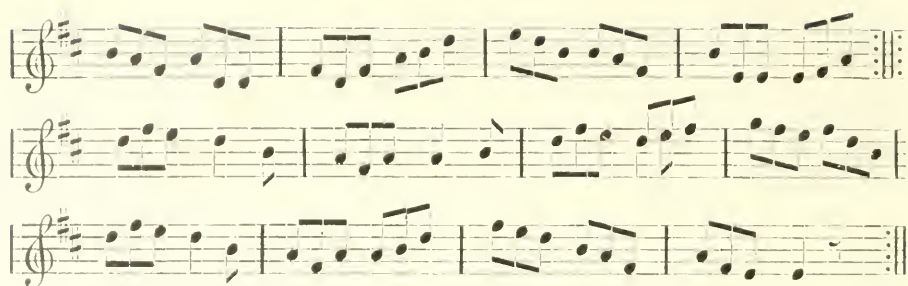
840. IRISH HOP JIG.



841. THE HOUSEMAID. JIG.

There is a different jig with this name in Stanford-Petrie.





842. FARE THEE WELL, SWEET KILLALOE.



WORKS

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SOUND OF GREAT IRISH HARP REVIVED BY MODERN SCIENCE

Returned to Trinity Library after delicate repairs by British Museum

By a Special Correspondent

THE great Irish harp in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in silence of two centuries. Early last year it was sent to London Library, where it was shown in the college exhibition at the Royal Institution closed it was removed to the British Museum for expert scientific repairs.

The harp is known to have been extensively repaired about 1850, falling into decay, and though the treatment it received was perhaps expected at a time when little was known about these ancient instruments, modern standards was clumsy and insensitive.

At the Museum a team of experts headed by Dr. A. E. Werner, the Keeper of the Department of Research Laboratory and a former lecturer in chemistry at Trinity College, began a careful and lengthy investigation. The harp was photographed and when a record of its condition had been made in this way it was X-rayed to locate the screws and nails and other materials used to repair it. It was then dismantled and the metal parts were cleaned.

ORNAMENT OBSCURED

At this stage it became possible to distinguish all the details of the repair work done in the 1850s or thereabouts. Putty had been used to fill cracks, in many places obscuring the original ornament, and all this was carefully removed. The wood of the harp, identified as willow, was found in parts to be much decayed and worm-eaten, and it was treated with a synthetic resin. All cracks and splits were repaired, and missing pegs and "shoes" from the strings were replaced by copies.

Before the reconstruction of the instrument was attempted, a careful study was made of the other known ancient harps, and especially the Queen Mary harp from Edinburgh, which most closely resembles the Trinity harp. Wooden replacements for the missing parts were made, and the harp was fitted together by Mr. B. A. Nimmo, of

the museum staff, and finally cleaned and polished to bring out as much as possible of the original pattern.

The museum now called in outside help, and an expert on ancient stringed instruments worked out the correct stringing. Miss Joan Rimmer, of the Galpin Society, which promotes the study of musical instruments, then restrung the harp. The result was so satisfactory that it began to seem possible to play it for the first time, according to tradition, since it had been played in the streets of Limerick in the middle of the 18th century.

RECORDING MADE

It was now examined by an authority on early harp techniques, and after careful consultation 14 of the 30 strings were tuned at the minimum effective tension. A little later the librarian of the college received news of a delicate experiment. The sound-box was found to be almost complete, and the harp had been played by Mrs. Mary Rowlands and a recording made.

Musically, the instrument was found to be unique. It is not handled and played in the same way as a modern harp, and it yields a much purer tone and a vastly wider scale of harmonies.

The great harp, with its lifetime indefinitely prolonged and in the most perfect condition that modern science and research can achieve, is now back in Trinity College. It approximates much more closely to its original state than at any time for many centuries past.

ROMANTIC HISTORY

Just how many centuries it has survived is still a puzzle for archaeologists. Its early history is obscured in a mist of tradition and pseudo-scholarship, much of it romantic in the extreme.

According to a persistent tradition

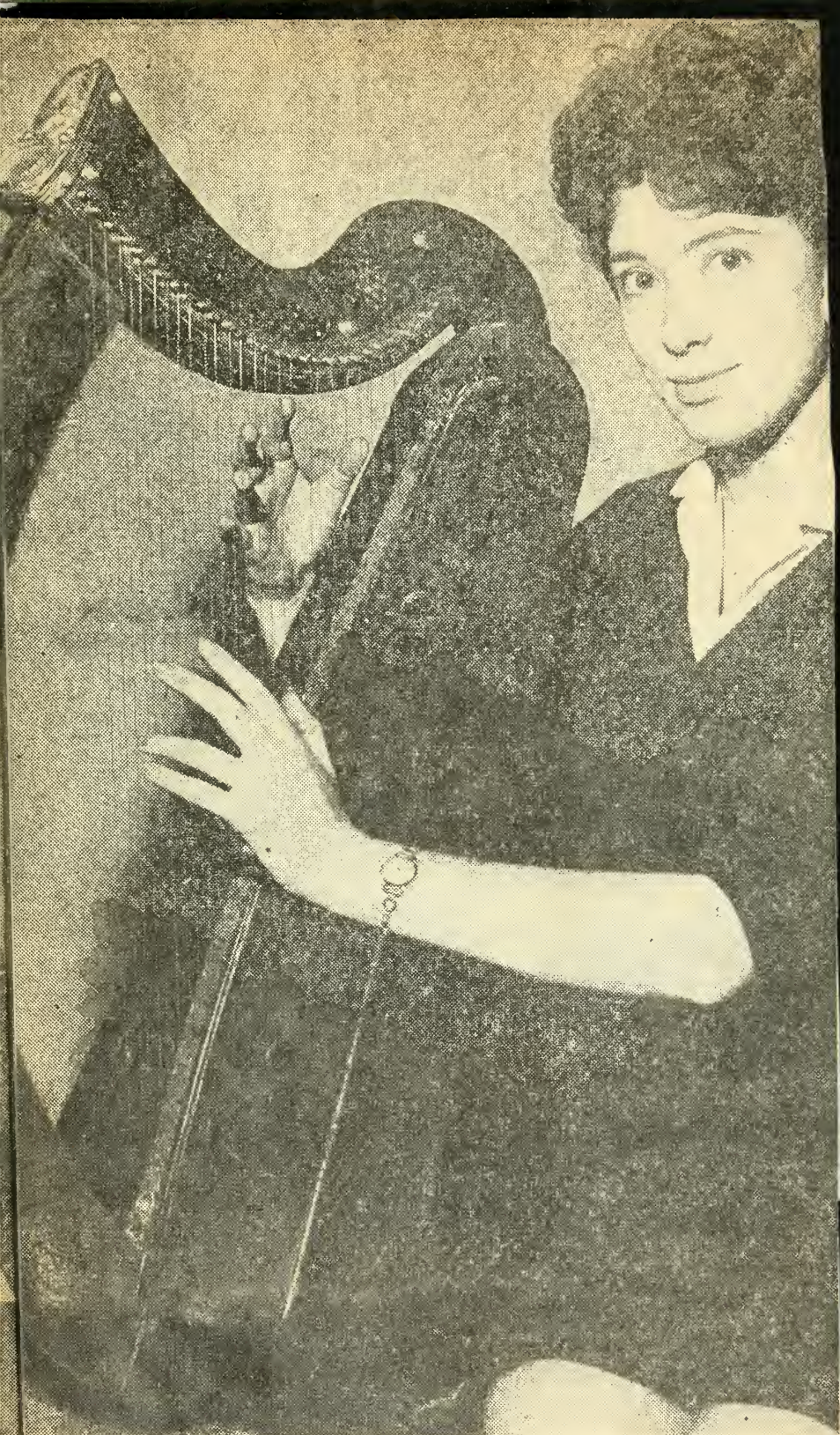
last century decided that the harp was made about 1400, and so dealt a severe blow at the tradition associating it with Brian Boru, who died in 1014, and this was the tradition on which most of the romantic accounts of its history were based.

SCHOLARS DISAGREE

Not all scholars, however, were satisfied. Some held that Petrie has been misled by ornaments and additions dated from times when the harp itself was already old, and the traditionalists continued their picturesque accounts going back to the 10th century. To-day most authorities accept Petrie's date as approximately correct.

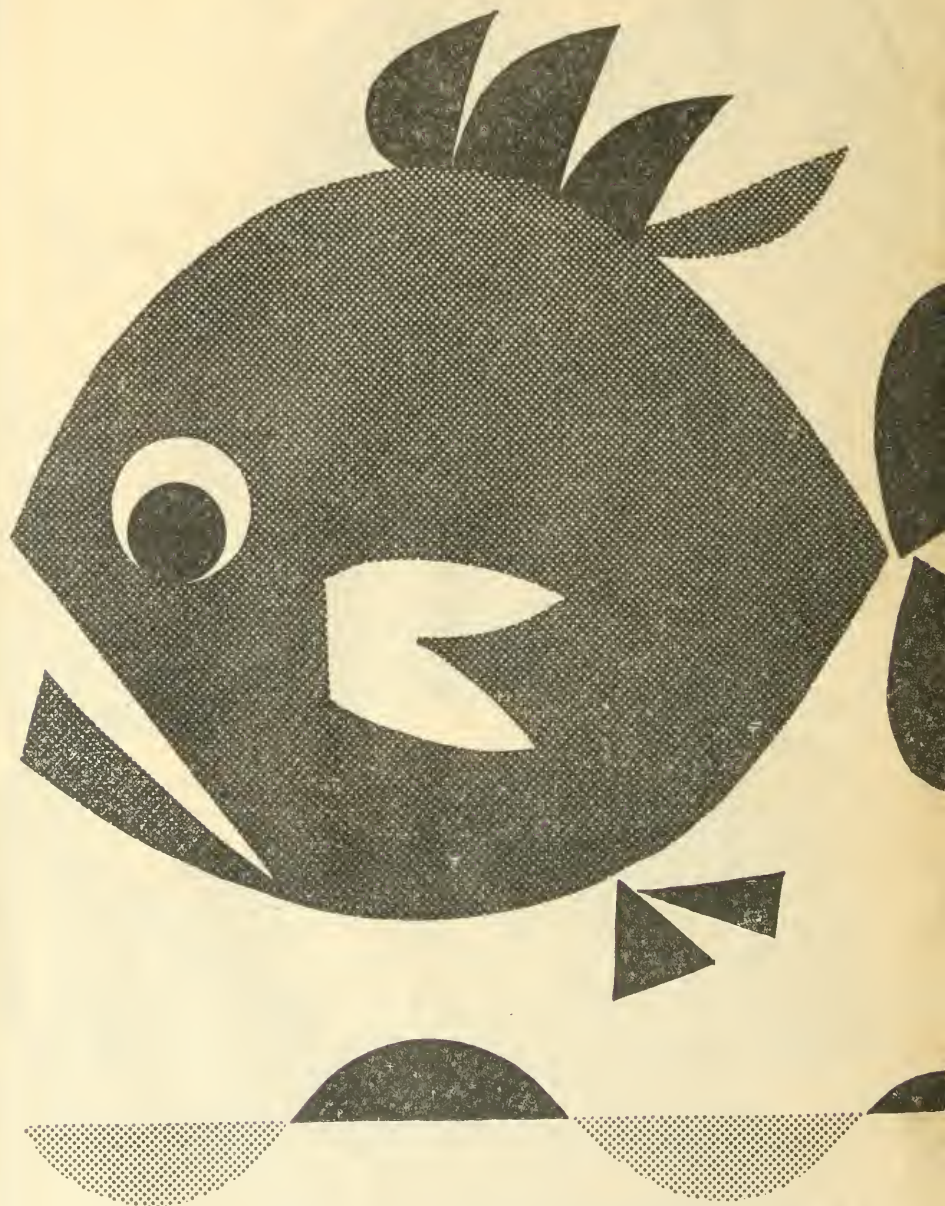
If the story connecting the harp with Charles II is well founded—and it is not improbable—the harp was kept in the Tower of London until the King was told by an Irish courtier that O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, who believed implicitly in the "Brian Boru" tradition, "would give a limb of his estate for this relic of his great ancestor."

The King sent it to Ireland, but by some mischance it did not reach O'Brien. After various transactions on which history is vague, it is said to have been sold to a Lady Henley "for twenty lambs and as many ewes." It passed from her to her son-in-law, Henry McMahon, of Co. Clare, and finally to the Rt. Hon. William Conyngham, who presented it to Trinity College two hundred years ago.



Erica Morrow, assistant in charge of periodicals at Trinity College Library, with
the Irish harp which has been recently renovated in London for exhibition at T.C.D.
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