

# Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 23.

Being the Third Part of Vol. VI.

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London :

19, BERNERS STREET. W. 1.

PRINTED PRIVATELY FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY  
BY BARNICOTT AND PEARCE, AT THE WESSEX PRESS, TAUNTON

JANUARY, 1920.

# FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.



THIS Society was founded in 1898 for the purpose of collecting and publishing Folk Songs, Ballads and Tunes.

It is certain that great numbers of these exist which have not been noted down, and which, therefore, are in danger of being lost.

The Society publishes in its Journal such contributions of Traditional Songs as may be chosen by a committee of musical experts, and may from time to time hold meetings at which these songs are introduced, and form the subject of performance, lecture, and discussion.

The subscription has been fixed at 10s. 6d. annually (payable on January 1st in each year), on payment of which members will be entitled to receive all publications for the current year, and to attend all meetings, etc., organized by the Society.

All communications as to Membership, or on the general business of the Society, should be addressed to "The Honorary Secretary, Folk-Song Society, 19, Berners Street, London, W."

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## PREFACE.

IT is more than four years ago since Mr. A. M. Freeman generously offered his large and very valuable collection of Irish traditional songs to the Folk-Song Society for publication. It was hoped that the first part of it might be published in the year 1916, as *Journal* No. 21, to be followed by the second part, forming *Journal* No. 22. However the Great War decided otherwise: The collector went abroad on active service, leaving his manuscripts in the hands of Mr. F. Keel's editorial predecessor, Mr. Keel himself being interned in Ruhleben Camp. During Mr. Freeman's absence it was possible to prepare and annotate his material to a very large extent, but the final stages could only be reached after his return in the summer of 1919. He then at once applied himself to his collection, the first part of which forms the present *Journal*, whilst the second part will be issued as *Journal* No. 24.

Mr. Freeman's contribution towards the preservation of Irish traditional tunes and the recovery of the verses which have survived mainly through their association with the tunes is of the highest importance. The understanding of country lore and song has made immeasurable progress since the time of the early collectors. Hence, records made by skilled and conscientious observers of our day show—sometimes startlingly—the advantages of the more scientific and appreciative methods of the present. In cases where a modern expert in folk-song has suspected the accuracy of an early collector his doubts have often proved justifiable in the light of versions recently taken down.

The Society offers grateful thanks to Mr. Freeman, not only on its own behalf but on behalf of the far wider circle to whom his work will certainly appeal in years to come.

Especial thanks are due to Miss A. G. Gilchrist (A.G.G.) and Mr. Frank Kidson (F.K.) for their help in annotating; also to Mr. Robin Flower (of the Department of MSS. British Museum, and Lecturer in Celtic at University College, London) who has supplied the valuable notes initialled R.F.; and to Mr. A. Fox-Strangways, who kindly contributed a number of references for variants found chiefly in the large O'Neill Collection. Notes initialled L.E.B. are by the editor of the present *Journal*, No. 23, and the forthcoming, No. 24, prepared before Mr. Keel's welcome resumption of office.

LUCY BROADWOOD.

84, CARLISLE MANSIONS,  
LONDON, S.W. 1.

## COLLECTOR'S PREFACE.

THIS and the following *Journal* have been about four years in preparation, and during a great part of that time I have been unable to attend to it. A good deal of work which would normally have fallen to my share has accordingly been done by others. In this connection I must thank especially Miss L. E. Broadwood and Mr. Robin Flower, both of whom have moreover given me help and advice ungrudgingly whenever I have applied to them. The part they have borne in the production of these *Journals* is inadequately represented by the paragraphs appearing over their initials. I must also mention my gratitude to Mr. D. J. O'Sullivan, Hon. Secretary of the Irish Folk-Song Society, who has identified many Kerry place-names which were to me unknown or uncertain.

A. M. FREEMAN.

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## LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS CONSULTED AND REFERRED TO.

\* \* *This list has been compiled by the Editor for the convenience of readers. It does not include the numerous popular harmonised editions and popular anthologies, etc., most of which are based upon the works here named.*

*A General Collection of the Ancient Irish Music . . . adapted for the Piano-Forte, . . . with a Prefatory Introduction, by EDWARD BUNTING. (Dublin, 1796).*

*A General Collection of the Ancient Irish Music of Ireland . . . with a Dissertation on the Egyptian, British and Irish Harp, by EDWARD BUNTING. (London, Clementi and Co., 1809).*

[The "Dissertation," anonymous, was written by Mr. Henry Joy of Belfast. The late Mr. A. J. Hipkins is the authority for this fact. A number of the melodies are furnished with English verse and adapted for voice and piano accompaniment.]

*The Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Piano Forte, to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Irish Harp and Harpers, including an account of the Old Melodies of Ireland, by EDWARD BUNTING. (Dublin, 1840).*

[The airs are furnished with more elaborate piano arrangements than those in Bunting's previous collections.]

*A Collection of old-established Irish slow and quick Tunes, edited and published by SMOLLET HOLDEN. (Dublin, circa 1806-7, 2 vols., folio).*

[A very valuable work.]

*A Collection of Ancient Irish Airs, adapted to the harp, flute and pipes by JOHN MULHOLLAND. (Belfast, 1810, 2 vols., oblong 4to).*

[An interesting collection of airs very seldom met with.]

*Irish Minstrelsy or Bardic Remains of Ireland, with English Poetical Translations. Collected and edited with notes and translations by JAMES HARDIMAN, M.R.I.A. (London, 1831, 2 vols.).*

[Includes voluminous accounts of the Irish bards ancient and modern, selected texts without melodies, and profuse annotations.]

*Gems of Ireland. Two hundred Airs . . . arranged for the flute by J. CLINTON. (London, R. Cocks and Co., circa 1840).*

*The Ballad Poetry of Ireland, edited by the HON. CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY. (Dublin, 1845, etc.).*

*Irish Popular Songs, with English metrical translations by EDWARD WALSH. (Dublin, 1847).*

[Texts only. Short biographical sketches of hedge-schoolmaster bards, etc., are given.]

*The Poets and Poetry of Munster, a selection of Irish Songs . . . with poetical translations* by the late JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. (Dublin, 1849, 12mo).

[The above, edited and published by JOHN O' DALY, is the first edition of a very scarce book, of which several editions were issued later, with considerable alterations in the contents. The second series, "with metrical translations by Erionnach" (1860), and the fourth and fifth editions (Dublin, James Duffy and Co.), the latter published in 1884, are those chiefly quoted in this *Journal*. The Irish texts, and unharmonised airs—which give valuable examples of the florid Munster ornamentation of simple tunes—together with the short biographies of the Irish hedge-schoolmaster and peasant poets, etc., make the book of especial interest.]

*The Complete Collection of Irish Music as noted by George Petrie, LL.D., R.H.A.* (1789—1866).\* Edited from the Original Manuscripts, by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD. (London, Boosey and Co., 3 parts, 1902—1905).

[In 1851 the "Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland" was founded, but "only succeeded in printing one volume of Dr. Petrie's work." That volume contained airs arranged for the pianoforte in a wholly unsuitable style, and with manipulations of the original melodies. As each melody however "had a most interesting history and criticism written by Petrie" which Sir Charles Stanford regretted not to reproduce in his Complete Edition, the single volume of 1851 has its special value.]

*Ancient Irish Music. One hundred airs hitherto unpublished, collected and edited by* P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Harmonised by PROFESSOR GLOVER. (Dublin, 1872, etc.).

*Irish Music and Song*, edited by P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A. (Dublin, 1888, 4to).

*Irish Peasant Songs in the English Language, the words set to the proper Old Irish Airs*, by P. W. JOYCE, M.A., LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A. (Dublin, 1906).

[Seven songs in pamphlet form.]

*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. (Dublin, 1909).

[The airs are unharmonised. It is to be regretted that the late Dr. Joyce did not consult musical experts before claiming the 842 tunes as "Irish" and "unpublished," for neither statement is accurate. He has included the Forde and Pigot manuscript collections, amongst which are many well-known airs copied from Playford's *Dancing-Master*, Crotch's *Specimens* and other sources, neither Irish nor traditional, and in some cases actually foreign. See Mr. Frank Kidson's review in the *Musical Times*, July, 1909.]

*The Distinctive Characteristics of Ancient Irish Melody. The Scales, a plea for Restoration and Preservation.* A Lecture read before the National Literary Society, by JAMES C. CULWICK, MUS. DOC., etc. (Dublin, E. Ponsonby, 1897).

*The Minstrelsy of Ireland.* Two hundred Irish Songs adapted to their traditional Airs . . . by ALFRED MOFFAT. (Augener and Co., London).

[This, unlike other popular editions of Irish songs arranged for voice with piano accompaniment, is here mentioned on account of the valuable annotations and historical information attached to the tunes.]

\* Unless otherwise specified "Petrie" throughout the *Journal* refers to this complete edition.

*The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore. The original airs restored and arranged for the voice, with pianoforte accompaniment,* by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD. (London, Boosey and Co., 1895).

[Sir Charles Stanford has gone to the sources from which Moore drew the airs for his lyrics, in order to present them in their true and characteristic forms. Short notes explain the alterations.]

*The Literature of the Celts, its History and Romance,* by MAGNUS MACLEAN, M.A., D.Sc. (London, Blackie and Son, 1902).

*The Irish Song Book, with original Irish Airs, edited with an introduction and notes,* by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES. (London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1904).

[One of the shilling volumes in "The New Irish Library" series.]

*Songs of Uladh [Ulster]. Collected and arranged by PADRAIG MAC AODH O NEILL [HERBERT HUGHES].* (Belfast, 1904).

[Modern words by "SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL."]

*The Words and Music used at the Gaelic Service held in Westminster Cathedral on March 19th, 1905.* (Printed by Browne and Nolan, of Dublin).

*Journals of the Irish Folk-Song Society.* 1904—1919.

*An Londubh,* a collection by MARGARET HANNIGAN and JAMES CLANDILLON. (Dublin, Gaelic League, 1904).

[A shilling book of twelve songs with traditional Irish texts and tunes.]

*Ceol Sidhe.* (The "Irish Book Co.," 1912. Six parts in two).

[Words, only, of some ninety songs in Irish. 6d.]

*Cláirseach na nGaedheal,* edited by JOSEPH LLOYD and others. (Dublin, Gaelic League, 1902—1908. Parts 1-5).

[The threepenny parts altogether give some fifty songs with Irish words, a few harmonised for voices.]

*Proceedings of the Oireachtas* (Gaelic League, 1897, 1899).

*Fuinn na Smól,* collected by FATHER PATRICK WALSH. (Dublin, Browne and Nolan. N.D. ? 1913. Seven parts in one).

[A shilling book of some 130 songs with Irish words, and tunes in T.S.F. notation.]

*Feis Ceoil. Collection of Irish Airs hitherto unpublished,* edited by ARTHUR DARLEY and P. J. MCCALL. Vol. I. (Published by the Feis Ceoil Association, 37, Molesworth Street, Dublin. 1914).

[Eighty-five unharmonised tunes and short notes concerning them.]

*Music of Ireland,* edited by CAPTAIN FRANCIS O'NEILL, arranged by JAMES O'NEILL. (Chicago, Lyon and Healy, 1903).

[“1850 Airs, Jigs, Reels, Hornpipes, Long Dances, Marches, etc., many of which are now published for the first time, collected from all available sources,” is on the title-page. It need not detract from the considerable value of this interesting collection if it is mentioned that musical experts will find in it a good many airs which are not of Irish origin.]

*Irish Music. Airs, Jigs, Reels, Hornpipes, Long Dances, etc., most of them rare, many of them unpublished. Collected and edited by CAPTAIN FRANCIS O'NEILL (Retired General Superintendent of Police). Arranged by SERGEANT JAMES O'NEILL. (Chicago, Lyon and Healy, and Dublin, M. H. Gill and Son, 1908). 1st series.*

[250 tunes selected from Francis O' Neill's *Music of Ireland*.]

*Irish Folk Music*, by CAPTAIN FRANCIS O'NEILL (Chicago, The Regan Printing House, 1910).

[A dissertation on the traditional songs and their variants, containing a good many notes on the Gaelic Irish.]

*Irish Minstrels and Musicians*, by CAPTAIN FRANCIS O'NEILL. (Chicago, The Regan Printing House, 1913).

*Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla, traditional Folk-Songs from Galway and Mayo, collected and edited by MRS. COSTELLO, Tuam.* (London : The Irish Folk-Song Society, 20, Hanover Square, W., and Dublin : THE CANDLE PRESS, 44, Dawson Street, 1919). pp. 150. 7s. 6d. net.

[Eighty songs with tunes, Irish texts and translations, issued as Vol. XVI of the Irish Folk-Song Society's *Journal*.]

*An Lóchrann* (Tralee, 1907—1913 and, *New Series*, 1916 —).

[This is a monthly paper in Irish, in progress.]

N.B.—Such Scottish collections as Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, Simon Fraser's *Airs and Melodies peculiar to the Highlands and Isles of Scotland* (1816), Chambers' *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, and G. Farquhar Graham's *Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland*, etc., have also been consulted on account of their valuable annotations; and Scottish Gaelic traditional song-collections have been compared usefully.

## INDEX OF SONGS.

1. HABIT SHIRT. "Do casag Cailín Deas orom, ví banúil, geanúil, béasach."
2. "I AM A YOUNG FELLOW."
3. SAYIDIÚIRÍN SHINGIL. "Is Sayidiúirín Shingil mé brishag à Gárd' a Rí."
4. AN SHEANDUINI I. "Is triúr a ví àgum am cheanggal le hfarluish."
5. TÁIM-SHE AM CHOLA. "Is fada don úem sho a glúeshacht eadaruing."
6. "TRÁNHÓINÍN DÉANACH A TÉACHT COESH LEASA GHOM."
7. "TRÁNHÓINÍN DÉANACH I GÉIN COESH LEASA GHOM."
8. "A FÁDRUIG, A STÓRUIG."
9. AN CAILÍN DEAS RÚA." FIRST VERSION: "Er w' aishling arér dom trí 'm néalta." SECOND VERSION: "Dineag aishling arér dom trí 'm néal."
10. AN BATA DRUÍN. "Neóssad-sa féin doit tréhi mo ghlan-wata druín."
11. LOCH LÉIN. "Do chiúlys a lán gan sbás a dosàch mo hael."
12. TAYG BWÍ. FIRST VERSION I, II and III: "Nuer a hím-she as ciun dí agus cnaguim a clár." SECOND VERSION: "Nuer a hím chun na dí 's gan pingin am láiv."
13. "LÚAN DUV AN ÁIR HÁINIG SÚENEAS RÓI-VREÁ."
14. ER ÉRING NÍ NEÓSSUING CÉ HÍ. "Ayr is mé 'g aerycht er nóin."
15. CUÍL RUIISH. "Trí Chuíl Ruish am änar."
16. "MWALDIN LÚAN CÁSGA TRÍD A MLÁRNAN SUIR."
17. SOLUS NA RÉ. "Le solus na Ré go déanach dom."
18. AN CHÚIL DAY RÉ. "Is dúch shcíosvar atá an Ly sho" ("Coesh a ghärhig is breáha i Néring 's is áili er ouing.")
- 18a. AN RÓS GEAL DUV, First and Second versions.
19. MÓRA ER MWALDIN DOET, (a sbér-vean chiúin). FIRST and SECOND VERSIONS.
20. RÉA-CHNUC MNÁ DUÍ. "Is fada ghom er búereav cur túerishc mo ghrá," FIRST, SECOND and THIRD VERSIONS.
21. CASA 'N TÚGÁIN, *or*, AN SÚESHÍN BÁN. "Do casag cailín deas orom i nué-gineas na drá."
22. A CHÓURSUIN A CHRÚÍ 'SHTIG, *or*, AVARÁN NA STAGÚN.
23. SHÉ AIRÍM IGOM BAYINTIR (á hfor-rá le chiéli).
24. TRÁNHÓINÍN SUÍRI 'S MÉ 'R WYCHTUINT NA GRÉINI).

25. CAILÍN A CHÚIL CHRÄVUIG. "A chailín a chúil chrävuig, godé 'n täv er go luíon tu?"
26. AINGIR GHEAS CHRÚITI NA MÓ. "Er mo heasduil trí Bwailhi na Múirni."
27. CAILÍN DEAS CHRÚITI NA MÓ. "Airím-she an cailín sho 'r shúal."
28. CEÓ DRYCHTA. "Ceó drychta cheól íhi chun fáin me."
29. AN GHAUNACH. "Lá 's mé Nrohad Baundan, er änach ceart na Sauna."
30. AN SHAUNVEAN VOCHT. "Mwaidin íving hauruig dom er ínshi coesh na Baundan."
31. AN GUIRTÍN ÓRNAN. "Is buachuilín fforóig mé, go vóiri orom Rí na Ngrást,"  
FIRST and SECOND VERSIONS. (31a and 31b variants).
32. AN CLÁR BOG DÉIL. FIRST VERSION: "A hearc 's a riúin, is fada liúm tá an dounach uem." SECOND VERSION: "Coesh na Brídi is gili bim-she go súgach sáv."
33. AN SPEALADÓIR. "Coesh aun móiri 's mé spealadóireacht lá breá 'm hael."
34. TUIREAV VIC INÍN DUIV. "W' osna trí Luimini, Cunucht, agus Clér le cú."

N.B.—*In some of the annotations in the present Journal there are references, by number, to songs which belong to the second part of Mr. Freeman's collection. These songs will appear in Journal No. 24.*

## THE WORDS.

It is not necessary to say much about the words, since they are here in print, at full length, and tell their own tale plainly.

From the existence of so many folk melodies we must presume that there existed at one time a corresponding body of folk poetry to be sung to them. Even in this collection, made so late as 1914, several items may be at once singled out as folk songs, from the mass of literary stuff, very often stuff-and-nonsense, surrounding them. But in the eighteenth century, over most of the south of Ireland, the debased kind of poetry then in vogue became enormously popular, and to a great extent ousted the folk song. At its best that poetry contains a few exquisite things, and several which are brilliant or amusing. But its best is exceedingly rare, and it is difficult to find words to describe its inferior productions. Suffice it to say that they reach (let us hope) the extreme limit of conventionality, exaggeration, vagueness of meaning, looseness of connection and multiplication of words.

Yet it is for these very qualities that they are prized by the country singer and his hearers. He has an immense respect for them as the compositions of learned people. Vaguely descriptive stanzas, consisting largely of compound words and obsolete and literary expressions, impress him tremendously, and he does not trouble to enquire into the exact meaning of the lines: his object is to remember them and sing them again. Any passage which is unintelligible, or nonsensical, is by the folk singer generally accounted for by one of two expressions: "Old Irish" and "Poetry." In extreme cases both these may be called in. Very likely he might not understand the original words if he heard them; very likely he learned them wrongly at first; very likely the person who first made the poem known in the district read it wrongly, or got it from an inaccurate copy. It is no matter. The worse the corruption, the greater is the singer's veneration for his text, since his inability to understand it is a proof of its high antiquity.

It is not, then, to be wondered at that many of our texts have assumed a form in which it is impossible to give a connected translation of them. In many places my translation is necessarily conjectural; and in my desire to leave as few *lacunae* as possible in the versions I have probably erred in translating too much, *i.e.* in assigning a meaning to phrases which, as they stand and in their context, have none. I have suggested readings very sparingly, and have followed one rule both in text and translation: Sounds or words inserted by the singer are enclosed in round brackets, and sounds or words inserted by myself are in square brackets. Otherwise the text is exactly as I heard it from the singers. I have printed it all faithfully in the hope that people who come after me may be able to see light in places which to me are obscure. Moreover I have hesitated to suggest any emendations in order merely to substitute sense for nonsense, or better sense for doubtful sense.

I have scarcely ever proposed alternative readings except in cases where the alteration of a consonant or two seemed to me to restore the original text with strong probability of correctness. In one or two places I have inserted a sound in order to furnish the line with enough syllables for the notes. See, for instance, No. 4, verse 4, line 1.

It has been necessary in the notes to mention the kind of poem called *Aisling* several times. Although this *Journal* is not the place for literary exercises it seems only fair to let readers know the meaning of the term. The word means "vision"; and the Irish poems called by this name are Jacobite productions. They are invariable in content and structure, and proceed as follows:—

The poet is walking alone, looking at the scenery and listening to the birds. He sees a strange lady coming towards him. Her appearance, and especially her hair, are described. He questions her as to who she is, suggesting a string of names from Classical and Irish mythology. She says she is none of those, and reveals herself as Ireland, grieving under oppression. She prophesies the triumph of the Catholics and the slaughtering of the English.

Any *aisling* of which the above is not a short but faithful précis is either incomplete or eccentric.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is one more point to be mentioned in connection with the words of this Collection of songs. Just as I have refrained from making alterations or excisions in the singers' versions for the sake of improving their literary quality, so also I have not interposed more editing than what seemed the necessary minimum, between the sentiments of the folk singer and the sensibility of the reader. In other words, I have printed and translated a number of passages which would be rejected, on the ground of propriety, in a popular, published book. I do not propose here to justify this procedure by an appeal to principles, since the arguments for and against expurgation are already stale. I wish merely to state that the words are printed in the only form in which I should have consented to their appearance. If I had been asked to select and edit them until they conformed to a standard which is unknown to the folk singer, I would have withheld them altogether. In my presentation of the tunes and texts, and in my notes, I have always aimed at making things clear—never at hiding or darkening. If I had suppressed or altered all the passages which I or someone else might find crude and offensive I should consider myself guilty of deliberate falsification of the record. If it be presented to the reader in its original form, the record is obviously of first hand value to students. But if it be shaped, smoothed, polished and re-lettered it becomes but a lying tombstone over the corpse of Irish song. I am much gratified that the Publication Committee of the Society has thought it advisable that these texts should be printed in a form which, though not complete, is representative of the complete form.

A. M. F.



## THE SPELLING.

THE literary spelling of Irish is unsuitable for the recording of folk songs both on account of the complication and inadequacy of the system itself and because of the numerous and very wide divergencies in spoken Irish. The spelling is exceedingly systematic, but in part it has adhered to old forms where the spoken language has changed, and in part it has progressed on lines which have not been followed by speech. Writing and speech, therefore, have moved so far apart that we now write many consonants, vowels and complete syllables which are not spoken, while we pronounce a good many sounds which we do not write. Moreover each sound in the language is represented by several spellings, and each symbol or group of symbols in the writing is susceptible of several pronunciations. These objections to the written word as a representation of the spoken would have little weight if everyone knew how to pronounce Irish. But unfortunately for Irish students this is impossible. For the speech varies from county to county in important and characteristic details, while each townland has its peculiarities. Thus, however much and however well you may have studied the language, a collection of folk songs, if given in the literary spelling, will not tell you its message with any approach to completeness if you do not happen to know the district in which they were collected.

I will give two illustrations. (1) Irish "abhrán" = "song." I have heard this pronounced "avarán," "úrán," "aurán" and "óran." The first three are all Munster pronunciations, and I have heard the first two in the same village: the fourth is from the far North. (2) Irish "coimhightheach" = "foreign." The Ballyvourney people always pronounce this word "cuíhach"; but a Mayo man who used the word in talking to me said "cayiviach." That is to say, the first two syllables of this word (according to the official spelling) are in one district pronounced something like the English word "key," and in another district something like the word "ivy" with "k" before it.

The reformed, or, as it is generally called, the Simplified Spelling of Irish was advocated and exemplified in a series of articles in the *Irish Packet*, whereof the first appeared on April 4th, 1907. These were reprinted, with revisions, in a six-penny book, *Irish Made Easy*, edited by Seán 'O Chuív [John O' Keefe]. (Dublin, James Duffy and Co., Ltd., 1907). In the Introduction Mr. O' Keefe explains that this system of spelling was worked out chiefly by Dr. Osborn Bergin in collaboration with the Rev. Dr. O' Daly, and he states the objects of the reformers as follows: "What we expect . . . to do is to make the learning of Irish very much easier than it has been heretofore and to make the reading of Irish by Irish speakers simplicity itself. The changes which the system . . . will effect are two—(1) the use of the Roman alphabet, and (2) the spelling of the words as they are pronounced."

We are not here concerned with the encouragement of Irish learning or the education of Irish speakers. But the new system of spelling is of great value to collectors and students of folk-songs, because it provides a means of showing (a) *exactly* how the syllables were apportioned to the musical notes, and (b) *approximately* how each syllable was pronounced by the singer. In the texts of this Collection I have therefore adopted the spelling used in *Irish made Easy*, with a few amplifications in order to make it more nearly phonetic. Among these are: (1) the use of *j* and *z*, (2) extension of the use of *w* and *h*, (3) extension of the use of the grave accent ( ` ), (4) doubling of consonants where this was heard

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## THE PRONUNCIATION.

### VOWELS. (APPROXIMATE EQUIVALENTS).

- á like the 'a' in English 'ah! '\*  
â the same sound as 'á' but nasalised.  
à like the 'a' in French 'actuel': short and stressed.  
a like the 'a' in English 'squabble.'  
ä like the 'ea' in English 'wear.'
- é like the 'é' in French 'étais.'  
e like the 'e' in English 'get.'  
è the same, short and stressed.
- í like the 'i' in English 'machine.'  
i like the 'i' in English 'chin.'  
ì the same, short and stressed.
- ó like the 'o' in English 'morning.'  
ô the same sound as 'ó,' but nasalised.  
o is the short sound corresponding to the sound of the 'o' in English 'hope.'  
Pronounce 'coat,' 'soap' or 'poke' so rapidly that they only take about one third of the time normally given them, and you have said the Irish words meaning 'chopper,' 'wisp,' and 'buck.'  
ò the same, stressed.
- ú like the 'oo' in English 'doom.'  
û the same sound nasalised.  
u like the 'oo' in English 'book.'  
ù the same, short and stressed.
- y like the 'ea' in English 'weary.'

The diphthongs and triphthongs are merely the above sounds placed next each other. But there are a few sounds represented by digraphs, *e.g.* :—

ae like the 'ae' in Scottish "brae."

ai } these both have the sound of 'a' in English 'hat.' Their use depends on the  
ea } nature of the consonants preceding and following.

\* Before the classical Irish of Ballyvourney becomes a thing of the past, I wish to record the fact that I have never heard a native of this district pronounce the vowel 'á' like the 'aw' in English 'maw.' On the contrary, the Ballyvourney 'á' is an exceedingly open sound.

Finally, there are the sounds here represented by *ay, ey, oy*. These are composite sounds, difficult to illustrate. Their first element is the Irish sound of a, e, o, respectively: their second is something like the second sound in the English words 'eye,' 'eyeing,' 'high,' 'higher.' For instance, the Irish 'teyng' (tinn = 'sick') is not unlike the English 'tying' or 'saying' if these words be pronounced as one syllable, *i.e.* if you add *ng* (not *ing*) to the word 'tie' or 'say.' These sounds are pronounced sharply and with a brogue.\*

#### CONSONANTS (APPROXIMATE VALUES).

The only consonants that need be noticed are:—

- c always as k. (1) before a, o, u, y, guttural, as in 'koodoo.' (2) before e, i, palatal as in 'ken.'
- ch (1) before a, o, u, y, guttural, as in German 'loch.' (2) before e, i, palatal, as in German 'ich.'
- g Always hard. (1) before a, o, u, y, guttural, as in 'goal.' (2) before e, i, palatal, as in 'get.'
- gh (1) before a, o, u, y, is the voiced sound of guttural ch. (2) before l, n, r, followed by e, i, is the voiced sound of palatal ch. (3) before e, i, is the sound of 'y' in 'yellow.'
- ng as 'ng' in 'sing'; 'ngg' as 'ng' in 'finger.'
- r before a, o, u, y, is voiced and trilled.
- r before e, i, is often aspirated.†
- s always hard, as in 'son.'
- sh as in 'shine.'
- t and d before a, o, u, y, are pronounced with the tongue against the teeth: before e, i, they sound as in English, *i.e.* with the tongue against the roots of the upper teeth.

#### ADDITIONAL CONSONANTS.

j as in 'jam' } These two sounds are foreign to the Irish of Ballyvourney. They  
z as in 'lazy' } occur here and there in our songs, in Anglicisms such as 'Jón' for  
'Shuwán' and 'rózíz' for 'rósuí.'

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\* *Brogue* [Irish "barróg" = "grip"] is the peculiar tightening of the last component of a diphthong heard in the Anglo-Irish pronunciation of such words as "tie," "die."

† *Aspiration* of a consonantal sound is produced by having the vocal organs of the mouth in the same position as they assume for the pronunciation of that sound, except that they do not quite meet, or are less firmly pressed together. Thus 'w' is an aspirated form of 'm,' 'ch' of 'c' ('k'), 'gh' of 'g' (hard). Both trilled and aspirated 'r' are heard even in the English speech of Welsh, Irish and Scottish people.—A. M. F.

## THE SINGERS.

MR. CONNY COCHLAN (CONCHOBHAR Ó COCHLÁIN—CROCHÚR Ó COCHALÁIN). Labourer. Said to be over 80 in 1914, but no one knows his age. As active and alert as a man of 40; a most interesting talker; does not read or write; speaks both Irish and English well; passionately fond of Irish; a tuneful and easy singer, never forcing a note. He gave me about half the songs in this collection and has forgotten a large number of others. Some of these were given me by other singers, and when I read them over to him he often supplied variants or additional words, generally improvements of the sense or sound. These contributions were of course not critical alterations, but memories. He does not dissociate words and tune, but thinks that if you know enough Irish you should be able to "put a voice on" any poem. N.B.—In Ballyvourney there is no word for "to sing." "Say a song" is the expression used; and if you want a poem spoken instead of sung, you must ask the person who knows it to "say it in its words and not to put any voice on it."

MRS. MARY SWEENEY (MÁIRÍN NÍ SHUIBHNE—MÁIRÍN NÍ HÍNGI), about 78 in 1914. Probably I only took down a small percentage of her songs, which, I gathered, are mostly Jacobite. She has a great store of curious legends. Illiterate. No English. Voice very small and feeble but well in tune.

MISS PEG O' DONOGHUE (PEIG NÍ DHONNCHADHA—PEG NÍ GHONCHÚA), about 78 in 1914. Illiterate. Has lived latterly in the English-speaking end of the parish. The best natural musician I met in the district. She can hum a tune without the words, and sing through a long verse in short sections, pausing, and even repeating sections, and scarcely ever alters the pitch in the process. She is infirm, emotional, excitable, and I seldom could get down more than one short song from her at a sitting. When singing a complete song she becomes ecstatic.

MISS ABBEY BARRETT (GOBNAIT BARÓID—GOBANUIT BARÓID), about 37 in 1914. Has worked at a trade in America. Reads Irish and reads and writes English. Has a good ear and a pleasant, very small voice. She learned all the tunes I took from her from old people. She sings them all without hesitation but thinks some of them very odd.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the notation of the tunes, as well as in the remarks appended, I have tried to record as far as possible the interpretations of the songs. But even if I had succeeded in doing this adequately it would still be necessary to add a word or two

about the local style in singing. Collectors who have worked in other districts of Munster tell me of peculiarities which—as far as my experience goes—are happily unknown in Ballyvourney, such as a shrill harshness in the high notes, a straining loudness throughout the song, or a uniformly dull, nasal, lethargic delivery. Out of the great number of singers to whom I listened I can recall but one who sang rather too loud for his own comfort, and two or three whose tone was distinctly nasal, though their voices were light and agile. With these exceptions the singers of the neighbourhood must in justice be called singularly good vocalists. They are blessed with just the right amount of “nasal resonance”; their voices are easy, clear and full and their tone pure; they never exert themselves to sing loud, or pitch their songs too high. Time is of course their slave, not their master, and rhythm is their triumph.

\* \* \* \* \*

My second visit to Ballyvourney, when these songs were noted, lasted about ten weeks. I was thus most fortunate in being able to get to know the people and their songs, and to note the songs at the moments when the singers remembered them or were in a mood to sing them. But I also received a wonderful amount of active co-operation from the singers. They one and all spent a great deal of time and care in searching their memories, while I was not with them, to recall a fresh song or to supply verses or lines which they had been unable to recollect when I noted the songs from them. The songs in this collection are thus not only the free gift of these Ballyvourney singers, but to a large extent the outcome of their actual hard work

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## AN IRISH CONCERT.

IN addition to the above remarks on the individuals who have contributed to this book of songs, it has been suggested to me that I should give some account of the Irish singers "at home." To get a song out of a man at an unusual time, or when he is talking of farming, politics or local gossip, or when, for any reason, he does not expect to be asked to sing, is often a matter of some difficulty. He may have to be pleaded with, badgered, and even addressed with a good deal of bitterness before he will consent; and when he begins he will not be at his best. His tunes will be shorn of a good deal that is most characteristic of them: ornament will be barely suggested, pauses will be scamped or unexpressive, he will sing without precision or fire, and very likely pitch his song so low that some of the notes will be almost impossible to place. The most propitious time to approach the folk-singer is after dark, when he is sitting at home with nothing to distract him, and when it is just as reasonable to sing as to talk. Then you may expect to hear his tunes in a complete and characteristic form.

Even more surely you may count upon this if you listen to him in a moment of excitement, at a social gathering in some big farmer's house, when he is warmed to his work by a number of influences—meeting old friends whom he seldom sees, talking with many people, liquor and emulation. Many farmer's houses in the neighbourhood are frequented chiefly by the younger people, and have little to interest us in their entertainments. But there are some whose celebrations still proceed on the old fashioned lines, and they are the houses where the folk-singers are occasionally found gathered together. Let us intrude upon one of these festivities.

At the turn of a road, leading up into the hills, we pass through the V-shaped opening between two large stones, go down an exceedingly steep and broken flight of steps, cross a farmyard, and without knocking, open a door. At the first glance—a lamp, which dazzles your eyes, and men. All the furniture is concealed by men. They are on both tables, the dresser, the settles; and of course every chair is taken. Moreover there is in one corner a pyramid of men from the floor to the ceiling, supported by the fan-shaped staircase leading to the bedroom. The highest visible part of the pyramid is four knees, the corresponding heads and shoulders being actually in the bedroom. You may wonder in vain what those two heads are like. Although they occasionally bend down and shout a remark into the room, you cannot see them from your place near the fire. For a seat has somehow been provided for the visitors; our host, easily distinguished from the rest as being the only man in the room not wearing his hat, having seen to that as soon as we entered. In one corner of the room there stands a barrel.

The function just about to begin is absurdly called a *Machine*. In other words, it is a Harvest Home, the annual celebration which takes place after the day's threshing. It must have had a more appropriate name before the introduction of the threshing-machine, but now the new word is so universal that even small farmers who thresh with flails, call the evening's entertainment their *Machine*. But by whatever name we call it, let it suffice that the work is over, and these massed and hatted men were all helping. They have had tea, and are now getting ready to drink several pints of a very flat, thin porter, and to listen to singing.

The concert begins amid a certain amount of shyness all round. People talk together in subdued voices, and try to look as if they were not expecting anything out of the way to happen. After some time the farmer decides that a start must be made. He calls upon a man who, if he has not hitherto escaped attention, has been noticed for his peculiar immobility. He wears a flat, soft hat, has a low forehead, grey eyes; long, straight, thin nose; waxy skin: his mouth is invisible; but the set of his beard shows him to be toothless, while its pure chestnut colour forbids you to think of him as old. His long hands are placidly folded on the knob of his stick, just below his beard. Apparently he has not heard the request made to him; no one even looks towards him; the room is in silence. Presently the beard moves, brushing his hands; and a small, pure and slightly nasal sound comes from his lips, and wanders a few notes up and down the scale. Is he trying his voice? or is he searching for the right pitch for his song? or has he forgotten the tune? He stops dead. Then, as suddenly, he goes on again. More notes are given out, just as casually, but perhaps he sings a longer group this time. Another inexplicable pause, another start, and you realise that these unemphasized and uncoordinated scraps were not preliminaries, but part of the song. He is well into his first verse and is approaching the second half of the tune. He begins to lay stress on certain notes, to pronounce some words as if he enjoyed them, to impart more rhythm to his singing. He takes a deep breath, the music rises to a high, prolonged note; his eyes flash; he swells on the note with consummate art, concludes it with a clear, rapid flourish, descends again, and lets the last line of the verse escape from him as accidentally as the beginning.

If he had wanted to disguise the tune in such a way that you could get no grip of it at all, he could not have gone about it more cleverly. His tricks and idiosyncracies have claimed the whole of your attention in the first verse. You do not even know what the tune is like. You must listen carefully this time. But he has begun again, so slyly, that in your perplexity you did not notice it. How far has he got in this, his second move to outwit you? Heavens! His eyes are flashing again! He is going to sing his long note and flourish! He does so, this time receiving congratulations from the audience. Those sitting near enough to him lift one of his hands and shake it: those further off praise him loudly and wish him length of life. But the emotional moment passes; his hand drops back to its place, folded on the other hand, and he murmurs the conclusion of his second verse.

You shut your eyes and listen, determined to apprehend the melody. The song is a long one, eight or nine verses probably, and the tune soon begins to stand out quite clearly among the lengthened notes, pauses for breath, hurrying and slurring



of the less important passages, and other peculiarities of the singer. It is quite a good tune. It is a beautiful tune. You make up your mind to find out where he lives and go and get it from him. Suddenly someone touches you. People are making signs to you to move. The Grandmother—a small, shrewd, active woman of eighty-three,—who has been sitting wedged somewhere behind you, desires to approach the singer. He is just going to sing a verse which she is especially fond of. With great difficulty she makes her way, through a tangle of knees and feet, to his chair. She stands by him, lifts one of his hands and holds it in both her own. He raises his head, and sings the verse looking straight into her face. When the moment comes for his long, high note, she shakes his hand gravely two or three times up and down, and does not let it go till the end of the verse.

The song is over, and is greeted with applause from everyone in the room : “ Long life to you ! Good man ! You are in form to-night ! What a sweet, musical voice he has ! That is a fine song ! It is, indeed ; it is one of the very old songs.” All who can get near the singer grab his hands, his shoulders or his knees. His stick would fall if there were room for it. Two or three lighted pipes are offered him, and the man of the house has a glass of drink ready for him.

The song has had a marked effect on the company. There is no longer a trace of shyness or restraint : conversation becomes loud and excited. Amid the confusion you will be tackled with intense earnestness by the old dame. Did you like the song ? Could you catch all that he said ? Did you like the story of it ? Did you follow its allegorical meaning ? But do you realise that it is a great song, full of high expressions, and exceedingly old, and that a very learned and gifted poet must have composed it ?

The literary discussion, or rather, encomium, is cut short by loud calls for another song, followed by a silence. The new singer presents, in every detail, a violent contrast to the first. A short, thick, powerful, clean-shaven man, with large, fine features, he has attracted your attention ever since you sat down. In spite of his great age—he is reported to be above eighty—he is overcharged with vitality. He is undoubtedly the most animated talker in the room. Evidently, what he asserts is of the last importance, and incontrovertibly true ; what he denies, so palpably false that a half-witted child would not believe it. He is a man of experience and authority. He has travelled to Berehaven, Bantry, Kenmare, Killarney, Cashel and Cork. He has been on terms of privileged friendship with the successive priests and doctors of the parish for the last fifty years ; he has seen many strange sights, and heard many astonishing professional secrets. It would take more than ordinary courage to argue with him for long.

He does not glide unobtrusively into his song, like the first singer. On the contrary, he goes through several motions showing that he is about to begin. He turns half round in his chair, till he can rest his right arm on the back. He then covers his eyes with his hand, or leans his head on it—these being his favourite positions in singing. He even takes the liberty of removing his hat. He pauses, apparently in deep thought. Nothing in the world shall hurry him or turn him from his purpose. He sings part of a phrase, stops deliberately, clears his throat, looks slowly round the room, closes his eyes, and begins again in earnest. His voice is not quite so

small and round as the first man's but it is of a surprising purity, lightness, and evenness of tone. You can tell at once that he has never forced a note in his life ; and this, coupled with the natural excellence of his production, has left him, in old age, with a musical, flexible voice, into which he is able to put any expression he wants, without effort or self-consciousness. It is apparent, too, that he is a natural musician of a higher order than the man we heard before. His time and tune are clear from the first phrase. In place of the one long note and turn, contrasting sharply with the negligent beginning and ending, we are now listening to a melody equally defined in all its parts. There are a good many lengthened notes, but these occur at different points in the various verses, wherever the singer feels inclined to give emphasis to the words. Turns and runs are introduced, but never on the long notes : they are used to ornament the melody, and seem to fulfil the function of secondary emphasis.

The two singers are easy to contrast. The first will not vary his style all night. His is a case of interesting idiosyncrasy. It would be very difficult to say how many melodies he uses, since he treats all tunes alike : no attention is given to the low phrases, which are rendered almost like conversation, while the high notes are all lengthened, sung loud and ornamented. But the second singer is remarkable for his artistic adaptability. He has a style for each type of song and is a perfect natural melodist. Three songs\* which he is certain to sing to-night, will be enough to show this. In the first, notice the crowd of pauses and ornament ; in the second, the grace note with slur up to the high, lengthened note ; in the third, the utter simplicity and regularity of his singing. Surely, these are examples of musical style in complete accord with the words.

You may learn an important lesson in Irish singing by listening to his long notes. You will notice that these are sometimes, strictly speaking, pauses in the diction, lengthening of syllables for emphasis. At other times they are not part of the verse at all, but an extra-metrical, wailing cry on the sound "oh!" This interpolated sound seems almost like an attempt on the part of music to find a means of passionate expression when the syllables are inadequate. But, without entering debatable ground, we can soon observe that the lengthened notes are the important points in every stanza. Into them the singer puts his whole soul ; and he sings them in such a way that they never seem to interrupt the rhythm, but rather to help it. If you have not heard Irish singing these pauses may, on paper, look inexplicable and annoying : but after listening to this singer you will realise that to remove them is to remove the life from the tune and leave it a mere chart of high and low sounds.

It would utterly puzzle any of the singers gathered here to-night, or any one in their audience, if you made a remark on these subjects to them. They enjoy the singing ; but how far are they conscious of any of the notes or tunes ? I do not believe an answer to that question is possible. But a very slight experience is enough to establish one cardinal fact : the extreme importance, to them, of the words. The words are the beginning, middle and end of a song. However minutely a song may be discussed, only the vaguest references to the tune will be heard. The tune is an elusive essence, the mysterious soul of the words. It has no independent

\* See Nos. 18, 70 and 25.

existence. It is part of the singer's secret, indistinguishable from his voice. If a man knows the words of a song but cannot sing, he will hesitate to say: "I have the song." He will rather say: "I would recognize the song, but I could not put any voice on it." For among the many virtues of the old, true Irish, this surely is not the least—that those who are not musical do not sing.

Only experience in the country and long conversations about songs will bring you to this conclusion: that the people hardly know anything at all about their tunes. Certainly to-night, as we listen to our second singer, we do not feel inclined to believe it; for he is a great exponent of the local art, tuneful, precise, masterly. You would think that he had studied every effect with professional care; and it will be a great shock to you, when you know him better, to find that he is largely unconscious of music. Yet so he is. If you tell him that two of his songs have the same tune, he will answer that that is impossible, since they are different songs. If you then say, that the tunes are very much alike, he will agree, and look upon you as a musical genius for having noticed it. "What a marvellous thing" he will exclaim, "for a man who was not brought up in Irish to know so much about our songs!" For—may I repeat it?—the tune without the words is as little imaginable as a voice without a mouth. He thinks that you understand the song (that is, the words) so perfectly, that you have got the tune. This much you may observe to-night: his one anxiety is that the words he sings may be clearly understood. Thus, in dialogue, he inserts "said he . . . said the other man . . . said he again after that" in a kind of rapid chant, which causes a surprisingly slight interruption in the flow of the melody. He supplements emphatic passages with a word meaning 'really,' 'indeed' or 'on my honour.' When these punctuations do not seem to him to suffice, he will break off in the middle of a verse or line, give an explanation in a speaking voice, and resume his singing without a pause. Imagining the verse to be sung and the prose spoken, we may illustrate as follows:—

" God bless thee, fair maiden ! At break of morn  
Calmly thou sleepest, while I am forlorn.

For this man—a terrible clean, high gentlemen—was under *geasa* not to marry any woman but a woman he should find asleep And he was forlorn about that. And when he rode out at break of morn and saw the girl asleep by the well, he said: God bless thee!

Mount now behind me, and come home with me,  
For 'tis I that am fated thy husband to be.\*

The audience receives his explanations with grave nods and little grunts of satisfaction. They know the facts, but like to be reminded of them. They are attentive listeners, appreciative and discriminating. But their function is not only receptive. A good audience is as necessary to a folk-singer, for bringing out the full flavour of his song, as a skilful piano part is to the concert singer of the city. During the first song of the evening, they had not warmed to their work, and did little beyond applauding occasionally. But now, with a more lively and expressive singer, who makes his own of them, takes them into his confidence, and touches their imagination, they have become enthusiastic. Everything that he sings is supplied with a

\* See No. 19.

running commentary at irregular intervals; and such is the sympathy between soloist and chorus, that the comment is never too long, nor does the singer ever go on again until the comment is finished. The story is as vivid in the minds of his hearers, as if he were relating, for the first time, an incident in his own life.

"I am a young fellow" he sings, later in the evening, "That ran out of my land and means."

*Audience* : "That was a pity! God help us!"

*Singer* : "The old woman of the parish would not give me a wife with a dowry."

*Audience* : "Of course they wouldn't! Bad luck to them!"

So they listen, with tense interest, making their comment from time to time, to the story of this penniless adventurer.\*

The happy conclusion is received with acclamation; and the singer—identified with the hero of the song—is congratulated on his lucky escape.

*Audience* : "How well for you you were not condemned."

*Singer* : "Aye! Things looked black for me while the mother was speaking."

*Audience* : "She was a wicked, lying old woman!"

*Singer* : "You may safely say that. Nothing would have pleased her better than to see me hanged."

*Audience* : "But the girl—*she* was a good one."

*Singer* : "The *girl*! I had her twisted round the tip of my finger."

*Audience* : "You have probably always been pretty lucky with women?"

*Singer* : "I have never met a woman, young, old or middle aged, good or bad, dark or fair, that I couldn't please if I wanted to."

*Audience* : (remembering other songs in this singer's repertory) "Well, you know, you have had your share. Think of the Dark Maiden, and the Milkmaid, and the girl in Ross."

*Singer* : "Well, you see, they like a man like me—a cheerful, light-hearted, well-mannered, talkative man, that can always amuse them."

*Audience* : "But you were treated disgracefully in Inchigeela.† And you did not like the girl with the habit shirt."‡

\* \* \* \* \*

So the concert proceeds, song following song, with short intervals of conversation. Several men have contributed one or two each during the first part of the evening, but their repertories are small, or else they are more interested in talking to their neighbours. Many and various are the songs we have heard. But as the night wore on they have been increasingly difficult to follow. The situation has revealed itself as a rivalry between the two principal singers. These have ceased to think of their public, and are engrossed in their contest. The other men, on their part,

\* See No. 2.

† See No. 29.

‡ See No. 1.

no longer respect the singers. They talk volubly all the while, and applaud at the end of each song, not because they have been paying attention, but because they are enjoying themselves. The singers need no invitation. Before the applause following one man's song has died down, the voice of the other is heard rising above the hubbub. "I'll sing one now!" he shouts, and immediately begins. Neither of them loses his temper; but their memories are at last giving out. They prompt one another. They correct and contradict each other. If one fails in his song, the other takes it up, hoping to be allowed to conclude it himself. But his adversary's memory has been jogged. He joins in, and with perfect right, for is it not his song? They sing a few lines, or a verse or two, together, in wildly different versions, quite unconscious of the discordant result. The noise in the room all but drowns the singing. The roar of conversation is like that of heavy traffic.

But with startling abruptness, the uproar ceases. For a second, one or two voices are heard, carried as it were beyond the mark by too much impetus. These break off in the middle of a phrase, and there is a dead silence. Men glance in different directions across the room, as if abashed at the sudden stillness. All then look towards the barrel. The men sitting on either side of it rap upon it with their knuckles. It gives out a hollow sound. They tilt it forward, and let it fall back. With a series of echoing jerks it settles into its place again. Not the slightest swish or gurgle of liquid has accompanied its movements. All rise to their feet. The door and half-door are pulled open. "It is fine!" says the first man to step outside, "and the moon is very bright!"

The *Machine* is over.

A. M. F.

## Corrigenda in Journal No. 23.

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- Page 108, third line of Translation, for "townland" read "townlands."
- „ 114, line 4, join "[n]" and "gunnuiv."
- „ 119, verse 2, line 4, for "Chàilin" read "Chàilín."
- „ 119, verse 3, line 3, for "Máirin" read "Máirín."
- „ 119, verse 3, line 4, for "Chàilin" read "Chàilín."
- „ 119, verse 6, line 4, for "Chàilin" read "Chàilín."
- „ 128, verse 3, line 2, for "ny" read "nu."
- „ 128, verse 8, line 4, for "bairilin" read "bairilín."
- „ 147, Variants, B, for "uird" read "uird."
- „ 151, verse 1, line 1, for "chiúi;" read "chiúin;"
- „ 155, verse 1, line 1, for "uerishc" read "tuerishc"
- „ 155, verse 3, line 2, for "càilin" read "càilín."
- „ 155, verse 5, line 2, for "đar" read "dár."
- „ 156, verse 9, line 1, for "Nach" read "Nách."
- „ 157, verse 8(a), line 4 of Translation, for "wheat" read "oats."
- „ 160, verse 7, line 1, for "sdóirin" read "sdóirín."
- „ 170, Title of No. 25, for "CAÍLIN" read "CAILÍN."
- „ 172, Title of No. 25(a), for "CAÍLIN" read "CAILÍN."
- „ 173, Title, for "TAÍM" read "TÁIM."
- „ 179, Title of No. 27, for "CAÍLIN" read "CAILÍN."
- „ 183, Translation, verse 7, line 4, add fullstop at end of line.
- „ 187, line 2, for "scleui-reach" read "scleaui-reacht."
- „ 191, verse 2, line 1, for "stóirin" read "stóirín."
- „ 193, Title of No. 31(a), for "FÍOROÍG" read "FÍORÓIG."
- „ 195, line 1, for "bim-she" read "bím-she."
- „ 202, Translation, verse 4, line 1, delete asterisk.
- The broken letter at the beginning of the second line on page 195 is "s"; that on page 199, line 4, fifth word from the end, is "g"; and that on page 201, last word but one, is "é."

# IRISH FOLK SONGS.

## I.—HABIT SHIRT.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART,

$\text{♩} = 126.$

**A**

Do ca - sag cai - lín deas o - rom ví

**B**

ban - úil, gean - úil béa - sach; Ví féi - ri glovz is

**C**

hait ir - hl gus hai - bit short go néa - ta: Ví sdo - cuí lín go

**B** **A**

greant' uir - hl gus fwáing - i er a méa - ruiv, 'S nuer a hu - ga - sa gud

**D**

ma - ra ghi "Ó" duert shí "hug - uish d'é - hach!"

*Variants.*

**A** **B**

**C** **D**

er ea - ga - la go meach Mac hu - guish.....

- 2 "Leog-she fén dot chafuireacht, a hoici vig gan éfeacht.  
 's ná túir-she t'eig er aruiri tá 'wad a luí gan céli.  
 Fiach-she cár ghoiv Hérciúléz, Hectór agus Hézár,  
 Is na mná nár chah an hata riav, ná haibit short i ná-chor.

- 3 's dream an úir mar caileag iad, chuir cogo er in ānwac,  
An méd ná sluig an talav diov, do scaipeadar a sbérhiv ;  
Clóna chueg sa charuig, mar ba vean í ví mohálach,  
Agus fiàch ná roiv ān hat irhì ná haibit short i nā-chor.
- 4 Shé Fáró grána 'n ainivish, ba veasa é shúd ná éngi ;  
Rí Hérod, chayil na linivan, er eagala go mèach Mac Dé 'rha ;  
Néró, scoil an wanharla chun fiàchuint er e shléshun ;  
Agus fiàch, etc.
- 5 Ishé Mwish wúig tréan na lasarach, go dugag rou ruim ré gho,  
Nuir a háig a hlat sa waruigi do hug shé a chaumuí sār lish ;  
Hélen, hug deoch leana gho trésh teacht dá tir i nĒjip ;  
Agus fiàch, etc.
- 6 Ishé Fiún Vach Cúil ba veanamnuí, do hreascarach na céata,  
Diarmaid Doun ab eacuig lesh,\* (ó) shé Scur néach a lāchas ;  
Céarnait chruíng riug bara lé, chuir muilhi er sro déan(a)ta ;  
Agus fiàch, etc.
- 7 Shé Dónal Caum an faruiri—ba wór le rá é i Méara—  
Do hug a waurion taingeav do is cuiri gho mar chiéli,  
An vean ab ear sa chruingi 'cù, nár iar ān ear i nĒring ;  
Agus fiàch, etc."

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 I met a pretty girl, modest, charming, mannerly ;  
She wore a pair of *gloves*, a *hat* and a very smart *habit shirt* ;  
She had neat white stockings, and rings on her fingers ;  
And when I gave her " *Good Morra* " she answered " That's a lie ! "
- 2 " Stop your babbling [I said to her], you foolish little hussy,  
And don't be impertinent to a respectable man who has long been a widower.  
Consider : where now are Hercules,† Hector and Hæsar [Cæsar].  
And the women who never wore a *hat* or *habit shirt* at all ?
- 3 Think of the destruction of the Proud Ones, who made war on the Only Son,  
When all of them whom the earth did not swallow escaped into the air ;  
Clíodhna‡ who went into the rock, for she was a foolish woman—  
And yet she never wore a *hat* or *habit shirt* at all.

\* Does this mysterious phrase mark some expression like " *ba thaca i gclis ?* "—A. M. F.

† See Mr. R. Flower's notes following this song, and signed R. F. In an old Gaelic MS. in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, we find Hercules figuring as a Celtic potentate, with a truly marvellous genealogy tracing him up to Noah through the Cymric Gomer.—Ed.

‡ In his *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. ii, Hardiman tells us, under the title " Cliona of the Rock," as follows : " Cliona is one of those fabled beings of the fairy tribe ; called Benshees, so celebrated in Ireland . . . The rock ' Carraig Clíodhna ' lies within four miles of Mallow [Co. Cork], on the right to the Cross of Donochmore, in a wild, mountainous tract, supposed to be the headquarters of all the Munster fairies. It is a large grey stone, surrounded by a number of small ones, and is supposed to be the principal residence of Cliona, their queen." She is also supposed to inhabit a spot on Carrigalea mountain, Clare.—Ed.



- 4 Hideous, bestial Pharaoh, the worst of all men ;  
King Herod, who slaughtered the children for fear the Son of God were among  
them ;  
Nero, who ripped up his mother to see where he had lain—  
And yet [they] never wore a *hat* or *habit shirt* at all.
- 5 Remember Moses, who overcame the strong flaming one, who had had timely  
warning.  
He thrust his rod into the sea and withdrew his people in safety ;  
Helen, who gave him a drink of ale on reaching her land in Egypt—  
And yet she never wore a *hat* or *habit shirt* at all.
- 6 Fionn Mac Cumhaill, again, the hero who laid low his hundreds ;  
Diarmaid Donn, [his chief support ?], and Oscar of many exploits ;  
Céarnait, wisest of women, who caused mills to be built on streams—  
And yet she never wore a *hat* or *habit shirt* at all.
- 7 And Domhnall Cam, the warrior, a mighty man in Béara,\*  
The Queen took a fancy to him and invited him to be her husband.†  
She was the greatest woman of her time, and had never asked any man in  
Ireland—  
And yet she never wore a *hat* or *habit shirt* at all.”

The words italicised in the translation are in English in the text. The point is, of course, that the over-dressed young woman, though eager for English fashions, is so ignorant of the English language that she takes “ Good Morrow ” to be an insult. The Proud Ones of verse 3 are the Revolting Angels. The legend is locally preserved as follows : “ When the wicked angels were being driven out, the Blessed Virgin noticed that Heaven was becoming empty. She got up from her seat and ordered the gates to be shut instantly, saying ‘ Those that are in, let them stay in ; and those that are out, let them stay out.’ But at the same moment the gates of Hell also closed. Some, therefore, were shut out of both places, and still haunt the earth as *pucai*, etc.” This song is probably literary in origin, but, as can be seen from the translation, the folk have made their own of it. Although it is the only piece of its kind in this collection there are other Irish poems of similar structure. Compare, for instance, a poem by William Dall‡ in O’Daly’s *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*.—A. M. F.

Tune No. 75 in this collection seems to be an unrhythmical variant of the above, and No. 85 is allied.§ Cf. *Petrie*, Nos. 1527 and 1528, with Irish title meaning “ The

\* Bear or Bere, Bantry Bay, Cork.

† History on the other hand relates that Donall Cam O’Sullivan held out against the Queen (Elizabeth) in Carriganass Castle until the fall of Dunboy.

‡ William Dall (or the blind) O’Heffernan, of Co. Tipperary died late in the eighteenth century.—L. E. B.

§ These tunes will appear in *Journal*, No 24.

Wine is Good." An air in *Joyce* (1909), taken from the "Forde Collection," has the title "One Day in my Rambles; or The Habit Shirt"; or "The Rambling Reaper." Forde's tune, a Dorian one, is quite distinct from the above, and no words are given.—L. E. B.

The references to Hercules, Hector and Cæsar in this song are reminiscent, as is the whole theme (with its burlesque history), of the type represented in mediæval Latin verse by the *rythmus*, variously attributed to St. Bernard, Jacopone da Todi and others:

Dic ubi Solomon olim tam nobilis?  
Vel Samson ubi est dux invincibilis?  
Vel pulcher Absalom vultu mirabilis?  
Vel dulcis Jonathan multum amabilis?

The *rythmus* was translated into Irish straight verse in the early seventeenth century and its influence is discernible in many seventeenth century poems. The "children of pride" cast out of Heaven are the Tuatha Dé Danann, the Irish fairy folk, who, according to one tradition, were the remnant of the revolted angels left falling through the air when Hell was closed upon Satan and his fellows. Cliodna of the Rock was one of these. Fionn mac Cumhaill is, of course, the famous hero of the so called Ossianic cycle of legend. For full details about him *cf.* Kuno Meyers' *Fianaiagecht*, and E. MacNeill's *Duanaire Finn* (Irish Texts Society, Vol. vi) should be consulted. Oscar was Fionn's grandson, Diarmaid one of the most famous of his followers. The tale of Cearnait came, like so much of the historical or pseudo-historical learning of the eighteenth century poets, from Keating's *Foras Feasa ar Eirinn*, a seventeenth century compendium of history and legend. A mill was first introduced into Ireland to facilitate the work of Cearnait who was set to grinding corn by the jealous wife of King Cormac (for story see the Irish Text Society's edition of Keating, Vol. ii, p. 334; Keating's source was the tale as told in Brit. Museum, Egerton MS., 1782, f. 44, printed in *Otia Merseiana*, ii, p. 75). The mixture of classical and Irish personalities in the poem can be paralleled from mediæval Irish poetry, as *e.g.* in a poem in B.M., Add. MS. 30512 (fifteenth century) where Lugh (of the Tuatha Dé Danann), Fionn, Alexander, Hector, Achilles, Croesus, Orpheus, Absalom, Pharaoh, Samson, Solomon and Hercules all appear together. It is the same tendency that makes the British Grenadiers march in step with "Hector and Lysander and such great names as these."—R. F.

## 2.—I AM A YOUNG FELLOW.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 138.$

1. I am a young fel - low that ran out of my land and

manes: Shean - a - vná 'n wai - li - ná túr - hach dom bean ná

**A**

sbré; I placed my af - fec - tions on one that had gold and

store, Is do gheal - as don aing - ir go lean - hing léi féin go deó.

2. And we made up our minds wid aitch o - der far to e - lope, Go, etc.

**A (1)**

*Variants.*

Her dah - ter was sim ple and..... I be - ing a shkam - ing,

(2)

She said that I was a most lov - ing gen -

- 2 And we made up our minds with each other for to elope,  
Go dúrhing-she an capal i guingiv mo vli sdór;  
I met my true lover about the appointed place,  
[s] í a tarrac er Chashal er mwaidin le fwáingi an lae.
- 3 It's then I requested this joval and joval dame  
M'ialuit go greanta 's mo chapal do b'áirdí léim,  
We being in a hurry I asked her to mount the mare,  
Shé duert shí: "Táim corha, fan socuir is ólham brán."
- 4 When we reached into Cashel she called for a quart of ale,  
Coirci go fwairshag dom chapal 's a dóhin féir;  
She opened her purse then, and pulled out a note to change,  
Is nior ágamuir Cashal er mwaidin go heiri lae.

- 5 'Twas early next mornin we started to meet the train,  
Er eagala 'n airim, go leanhach an tóir nar nég ;  
In Waterford City we stopped till our clothes we changed,  
Is ví ciàd agus dahad (ambriahar) de ghinihiv bwí igan mé.
- 6 We embarked with the captain next day to sail away,  
Do ghíolas mo chapal le sagart ó Fróishti an Tlé,  
The ship it got ready, the weather being fine and fair,  
Agus hroishamuir talav gan ireasa, gá na bwál.
- 7 When we marched into London the Polliss were on the quay.  
Vi vrántasuí shcríofa, 's an tèlegram, niúz o 'né ;  
We both were detected and sent for a mont' to jail,  
(Is) harnaish go Cluen Meala go dánamuir fén arán.
- 8 And the day of our trial her mother she swore seavare,  
Go nólhing a diling i guideacht an tael go lér ;  
Her dahter was simple and I being a shkaming rake,  
Is gur wueleasa bob irhi a w'olus don tál go lér.
- 9 The court was in silence, the jooree then was charged :  
D'iarhíadar díngha roiv éni 'guing fén le rá :  
She showed 'em the will that her father had last been made,  
Go nág shé ighi 'n aingir a erim go lér fwí réim.
- 10 When the barrister read this last will that her father made  
D'iaruig den aingir a bóssach shi réic gan chéil (ambriahar).  
She said that I was a most loving, genteel, young swain,  
Is ná póssach mo waluirt go gurtí i shíos fé'n gré.
- 11 And when we were acquitted my lover I did embrace ;  
Do chuas go ti'n taguirt chun cheanguil le grá mo chléiv ;  
He put up the note then, and aisily he got us chained,  
Agus mwaiream go sheascuir 'dir Carra na Shúiri 's Féard.

#### TRANSLATION

of second and fourth lines in each verse of the above.

- 1 The old wives of the town would not let me have wife or dowry,  
And I promised the maiden to be faithful to her for ever.
- 2 [And] that I should bring the horse to meet my sweetest treasure,  
As she journeyed towards Cashel\* at daybreak.
- 3 My smart saddle, and my horse that could jump so high,  
She said " I'm tired ; wait a while and let us have a drink."

\* Co. Tipperary.—L. E. B

- 4 A liberal supply of oats for my horse, and plenty of hay,  
And we did not leave Cashel till dawn the next day.
- 5 For fear of the troops, lest we should be pursued,  
And (on my honour) the girl had 4,100 golden guineas with her.
- 6 I sold my horse to a priest from Parroiste and t-Sléibhe [*i.e.* the Mountain  
Parish; ? Slieverue].†  
And we reached land without want or fear.
- 7 There were warrants written out, and a telegram—news of the day before  
Till we both came back again to Clonmel.\*
- 8 That I would drink all my earnings in the company of all and sundry,  
And that it was plain to everybody that I had tricked her.
- 9 They asked us if we had anything to say.  
That he had left his whole farm at his daughter's disposal.
- 10 He asked the damsel if she would marry a senseless good-for-nothing;  
And that she would not marry anyone else till she was laid in the earth.
- 11 I went to the priest's house to be united with my heart's love;  
And we live most comfortably between Carrick-on-Suir† and Feard.

*Cf.* "The Elopement," (*Journal*, Vol. v, p. 55), and *see* references given there. *See* also *Petrie*, Nos. 421, 594, 1440, 1517, and *Joyce* (1909), Nos. 339, 370, all to different titles. Also *Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla*, No. 66. This is one of the most popular tunes in the district. It is the only tune which I have recovered as a song and also heard played on the melodeon; as a rule only dance music is played on that instrument. The effect of the song depends largely on the distribution of long and short pauses. In the portions given above, for instance, the pauses on "one" and "loving" are short, those on "gold" and "and" are long, each of these latter adding about a bar to the length of the line. Short pauses sometimes

\* Co. Tipperary.—L. E. B. † Co. Waterford.—L. E. B.

come after the end of lines one and two. In *Fuinín na Smól* (Pt. I, p. 28) there is a close variant of the air, with the title "Ag bun Ros na Coille" I have heard many different people play and sing this tune, but never in such a way as to suggest the six-bar rhythm there given to it. Song No. 3 is to the same tune with slight variations, but is sung quicker and in more strict time.—A. M. F.

This is one of the many variations, common among the people in song and story, on the theme of abduction. An interesting account of the abduction, especially of heiresses, in Ireland in the eighteenth century is given in Lecky, *Hist. of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, Pop. Ed., i, p. 370 seq. The bilingual form of the verse is typical of a kind common in the eighteenth century, particularly in Munster. The earliest example of the kind I have found in the MS. literature is the poem "*Angelical maid do dhéidh ní fada mé beo*" (printed in H. Morris' *Cead de Cheoltaibh Uladh*, 1915, p. 87), attributed to an O' Linin of Fermanagh (seventeenth to eighteenth century).—R. F.

### 3.—AN SAYIDIÚIRÍN SHINGIL.

[THE PRIVATE SOLDIER].

*Gaily.*  $\text{♩} = 160.$  SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Is sayi - diúí - rin shing - il mé bri - shag à gárd' a  
 Rí ; 's ní fiú..... ghá fing - in mi, húr - hing er cháir - tín  
 dí ; Do wúal - hing a drom is do héng hing a chláir - shach  
 ving ; 's er ä - nach Chíl Da - ra shea sca - ras le grá mo chruí.

- 2 's is óg 's is dealav gan àhir a fágam mé ;  
 VÍ ór igheom ghaidi 's agúmsa níor ág shé é ;  
 Hfós a Galuing do b' ada 's do b' árd mo léim,  
 Is beg féiri ban àgum as gach bwaill go shólfuair mé.
- 3 's is buachuilin mishi, dá gredffí mo ráiti bél,  
 Do ríngceach go tapuig er halav nu 'r chláir wog déil,  
 Do vréacach an aingir er mwaidín 's a meán a lae,  
 Is ná híarhach pwing bà er e hàhir, ná áireav sbré.

- 4 's dá mèach as agumsa nár brishag do fáircín fós,  
Sheshireach capal a chuirhing dá treau 's dá rór;  
Chuirhing trien di fé choirci gus tuili fé órnuing wóir,  
Is do véing-she dá fuirshi go dagach a shíol sa wód.
- 5 Agus níl mo hlán àgumsa socuir a góir 's i geart  
Chun na móna gheara ná sheasav a gór na veav :  
Ta snáhedín gheár agum d' ebireoch shfoda i geart,  
Agus eiri-she awaili gus abuir ná raying-she leat.
- 6 "Nuer a rayd-sa 'waili is àtuirshach dúch mo shcéal,  
Á inshint dom ghaidi gur chaileasa cúig le hán,  
Mo wábáinín àgum a teasdal trí dúh' Í Néil,  
'nieg mo reábuiiri marcuig, 's mé marav le cú ina ghéig."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I am a private soldier, turned out of the Army ;  
I am not worth twopence to pay for a quart of drink ;  
I can beat the drum and play the melodious harp,  
And at the fair of Kildare I parted from my love.
- 2 I was left an orphan, young and poor ;  
My father had gold, but he did not leave it to me ;  
Down in Callan\* I leapt both long and high ;  
And I shall have two wives in every place I wander to.
- 3 And I am a lad, believe me,  
That can dance nimbly on the earth or on the soft deal board,  
That can coax a maiden at morn or noon,  
And would not ask her father for cattle or money as dowry.
- 4 And if I were certain that your little field had never been broken,  
I would set a team of horses to plough it deep,  
I would plant a third of it with oats, and more with tall barley,  
And I would be harrowing it till the seed sprouted in the ground.
- 5 But I have not my spade ready and handy  
To take my place among the men cutting turf ;  
I have a good, sharp little needle for working silk ;  
Go home and tell them I won't have you.
- 6 " When I go home, I shall have a woeful tale to tell,  
To confess to my father that I have lost five to one,  
[I shall be] tramping through Ireland with my baby,  
Searching for my dashing horseman, and dying with grief for him."

*Cf.* tune No. 2 and the notes attached to it. *Verse 1, l. 1.*—literally: "out of the King's guard," an instance of the intensely personal view of public matters taken by the Irish folk. Mr. Cochlan often told me that certain highroads in the district, which did not exist in his youth, were made by "The King, or rather, the Queen." In the autumn of 1914 the combatant powers were always referred to as "the Emperor, the other Emperor, the King, the Frenchman and the Russian."

\* Co. Kilkenny.—L. E. B.

Verse 2, l. 3.—Irish songs and poems abound in references to leaping. This accomplishment continued to be especially prized down to comparatively recent times. Mr. Cochlan, in talking of the degeneracy of modern men, will say: "They cannot leap." He remembers this sport, common in his youth: two men would stand up with the ends of a heavy pole on their heads, and others would jump over the pole. This recreation was indulged in after a day's farming work, when all carrying, etc., now done with horse and cart, was done by men with baskets on their heads. Verse 4, l. 2.—literally: "to plough it and to dig it." Verse 6, l. 3.—"O'Neill's country" in an extended usage, meaning all Ireland.—A. M. F.

#### 4.—AN SHEANDUINI (i).

(IS TRIÚR A VÍ ÀGUM).

[THE OLD MAN].

SUNG BY MISS FEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

$\text{♩} = 138.$

Is triúr a ví à - gum am cheang - gal le hiar - luish, Mo  
wá - hir is w' à - hir 's a sa - gart chó d'fan leó; Chú - dar a -  
wà - li 's do cha - hu - dar féas - ta, 'S is a - nav a hi - gean mo  
cha - ruid am i - a - chuint: Is ó wi - shi, hean - dui ni, leat - sa ní  
gheód - sa, Is ó wi - shi, hean - dui - ni, leat - sa ní gheód - sa,  
*rit.* . . . . . *a tempo.*  
Ó wi - shi hean - dui - - - ni,..... leat - sa ní gheód - sa, 'S is  
mór a trúa 'n chrío - nacht a cluí lesh an ói - gi



- 2 Cóirli shea fúaras amù er i móhar  
 Óm reábuiri saguirt,\* an sheanduini fósa ;  
 Ba chuma lesh é, ach go miadóing a fócuí,  
 'S mo sguilí geach mwaidean a rih† er na cóursuin.  
 Is ó wishí, heanduini, etc.
- 3 'S dá waying-she mo heanduini báiti 'boul móna,  
 Húrhing a wàili é 's do ghiànhing é hórav ;  
 Chuirhing glas er a norus, 's in iochuir im póca,  
 'S do chiúlóing a wàili lesh na búachuilfv óga.‡
- 4 'S chúasa go Corcuig [a] d' faruig gliàs tóruiv,  
 Tobac agus snísh agus cláracha còran ;  
 Nuer a hánag a wàili go hàtuirshàch deórach,  
 Cé gheóing ach mo heanduini cahav a vróga ?§
- 5 'S dá mèach súd àgam-sa, capal is srían an [? er],  
 Ialuit wà leahir, agus biàlwach faruing,  
 Viàrhing mo heanduini 'màch ansa tlfav lium,  
 'Gus do húrhing a faruiri a wàili insan ialuit.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 There were three of them getting me married to an old wreck,  
 My mother and father, and the priest as keen as the others ;  
 They went home and enjoyed a feast,  
 And seldom do my friends come to see me.  
 And indeed, old man, I will not agree with you (*thrice*),  
 And it is a pitiful thing when age fastens on to youth.
- 2 Out on the road I was advised,  
 By the rascally priest, to marry the old man ;  
 He did not care, so long as I filled his pockets,  
 Though I were left to run round every morning to the neighbours.
- 3 And if I found my old fellow drowned in a peat-hole,  
 I would bring him home and set about waking him ;  
 I would lock the door, and put the key in my pocket,  
 And walk home with the young lads.||
- 4 I went to Cork to get materials for the wake—  
 Tobacco and snuff and coffin-boards ;  
 When I came home, woeful and weeping,  
 Whom should I find but my old man wearing his shoes ?\*\*

\* Or : " Ón róguiri saguirt " (translated).

† Or : " brah."

‡ Or : " Cheangalóing a chosa de chosuiv a chórha[n],  
 'S do reayinghing a chuid er na buachuilfv óga."

§ Or : " shciomáil a fróca."

|| Or : " I would tie his feet to the feet of the coffin,  
 And share his property among the young lads."

\*\* Or : " skimming the cream pan."

- 5 And if I had a horse and bridle,  
 A good leather saddle and an iron bit,  
 I would carry my old man out onto the moor,  
 And bring a brave lad back in the saddle.

A second song to this title is No. 67 in this Collection. The above is probably only a fragment. Mr. Cochlan has two lines, which he says may be used as alternative concluding lines to the refrain :

“ Tá cú er mo chruí-she dāv shíni riav fós leat ”  
 and  
 “ Gus cúpala díg ina deaunta vè breóiti.”

But these look more like lines out of forgotten verses. This song is however extremely common and very much varied, perhaps because it so easily admits of improvisation. In the copy given in *Ceol Sidhe*, page 55, there are five verses, two of which are closely parallel to two of ours, and three quatrains to be used as alternative refrains.—A. M. F.

This song seems distinct from “ An Sheanduini ” (ii) in this Collection. Cf. *Petrie*, No. 1225, “ Seandúine cam ” or “ The young Wife and the old Man,” as sung in County Mayo. *Petrie*’s air has a distant likeness to the above tune, but was sung in dialogue like Mr. Freeman’s second song. The subject is evidently a favourite Irish one, judging from the distinct songs in *Petrie*, Nos. 527–531 amongst them. Mr. Freeman’s tune immediately suggests the oldest forms of “ The Campbells are coming ” (see the tune quoted in the footnote to the latter, in Graham and Wood’s *Pop. Songs of Scotland*), so it is interesting to find in Mangan’s *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th ed., pp. 118, 119) two versions of a similar tune, both entitled “ An Seandúine,” which the editor tells us is known also in Scotland, and as “ The Campbells are coming.” Mangan’s versions are set to a Jacobite Gaelic Irish text in which “ the old man ” is George of Hanover and the “ young ” hero is Charles Edward Stuart. Cf. the above tune also with “ Cuir a nall duinn am botal ” and “ Lord Ronald,” both noted by me from West Highlanders (*Journal*, Vol. iv, p. 154, and Vol. v, p. 119). Like the Irish tune, both Highland airs are in triple time, and Burns probably used a similar melody for his song “ A Hieland Lad my Love was born ” which was admittedly set to an old Highland air. Burns’ adaptation is, of course, in common time.\* For further notes see “ Tayg Bwí,” No. 12.—L. E. B.

So far as my researches go, and I have given much attention to the matter, the tune “ The Campbells are coming ” appears for the first time, in print or manu-

\* Captain O’Neill in his *Irish Folk Music* (Chicago, 1910) brings forward a number of statements, including that of Adair Fitzgerald in his *Stories of Famous Songs*, to show that the tune of “ An Seandúine ” or “ The Old Man ” was borrowed by the Scotch. Its nationality seems a moot point, however.—L. E. B.

script, about 1745, as a country dance, under the title "Hob or Nob." It is in Walsh's *Caledonian Country Dances*, 4th book, circa 1745; in Johnson's *Collection of Two Hundred Country Dances*, Vol. iv, 1748, and other Collections. It appears in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, 3rd book, circa 1750, as "The Campbells are coming" (*sic*), and in Bremner's *Reels*, as No. 11, circa 1760, besides other works. There is a strong tradition that it has served the Campbell Clan as a gathering tune from, at least, the rebellion of 1715.\* I very much doubt the truth of any statement as to its being of Irish origin.—F. K.

This is a song of the "Auld Robin Gray" type, the lament of a young wife married to an old man. It is a theme common in both folk and literary poetry, though, for various reasons, it is found more often in the MSS. than in printed collections. Thus Andy Magrath, "the jovial pedlar," a singing Autolyclus, has two companion songs, "An Seanduine" (the old man) and "An tSeanabhean" (the old woman), in which latter song the situation is reversed. For the theme and its use in sublimated form in Merriman's *Midnight Court*, see T. F. O'Rahilly in *Gadelica*, Vol. i, p. 191. Readers of modern Anglo-Irish literature will recognise in verse 4 a hint of the motive of Synge's *Shadow of the Glen*, which is based on tales current among the people.—R. F.

\* The fact that the tune can be carried back in Scotland as far as 1715 can hardly, in itself, be regarded as evidence against its Irish origin, since the period of borrowing would naturally be the sixteenth to seventeenth century period, when intercourse between the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland was close and constant. I have no evidence as to tunes, but it is certain that, as regards folklore and more formal literature, borrowing was almost always from Ireland to Scotland, hardly ever *vice-versa*.—R. F.

## 5.—TÁIM-SHE AM CHOLA.

[I AM ASLEEP].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN DERRYNASAGGART.

*Grave.* ♩ = 84.

Is ... fa - da ghon úem sho a glúe - shacht ea - da-ruing,  
 Túar chun spai - ri - ngi Glár Í Néil, Ó Wai - li na ... Tue - ri go...  
 brúach na..... fwa - rui - gi, Cuir úir a - gus à - tuir - shi's  
 ár er Ghael. Tá shis - ma ró - wór sa chúan so ea - da - ruing-(i)  
 An ea - ga - luish búar - ha er úer an ... ai - fi - ring, A ...  
 shi - li na neór a túirt cóir - li úr lea - sa ghiv -  
 Táim - she am cho - la nú's flor mo shcéal.

### TRANSLATION.

Long has this rumour been moving amongst us,  
 Threatening uproar in Clár Ui Néill [*i.e.* Ireland],  
 From the country townland\* to the sea-coast,  
 Bringing resentment, sorrow and destruction upon the Gael,  
 Oh, bitter is the dissension in this harbour near by,  
 And the Church is troubled at Mass-time,  
 Weeping, and advising you for your own good—  
 I am asleep or what I say is true!

\* Reading "Ó wailhi na tuaha."

For a close variant see *Fuinín na Smól*, Pt. III, p. 31; see also Petrie, No. 1252. (Both have the same title.) The pauses in this song are of great length. So far as the words are concerned this is not a folk-song but a thoroughly literary poem composed by Séamas O Domhnaill\* a little over a hundred years ago, on the subject of the faction-fights. Tradition, however, attaches it to the locality, and says that it was composed by a priest, who sang it from the altar; and that people were so moved by his performance that the rival factions (Twomeys and Lynches) never indulged in a single battle afterwards. Mr. Cochlan's version is corrupt and incomplete. A better text is printed in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 2nd series, p. 16, and reprinted in *Ceol Sidhe*. It is therefore not necessary to print the words here. Cf. Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 17 in this *Journal*.—A. M. F.

The above tune is distinct from Bunting's "Ta me mo chodladh" ("I am asleep, and don't waken me"). For Bunting's notes on his tune—which he complains has been "unwarrantably appropriated by the Scotch"—and its "very old words," see his *Ancient Music of Ireland*.† Petrie's No. 488, to the title "I am asleep, etc.," is a variant of Bunting's. In both there are traces enough of "Lochaber" to suggest that the Irishman refers to that "Scottish" air. I have myself noted West Highland tunes of a primitive "Lochaber" type and believe that the sophisticated Irish and Scottish forms of song resembling that type are equally elaborated from a similar primitive air common to Gaels both in Ireland and Scotland. Compare tunes 5, 6, 7, 8 in this collection with Petrie's No. 42, marked "Very slow," which is apparently incomplete and seems to be a variant of the second half of the above, No. 5, and the following, No. 6. Petrie repeats exactly the same tune as a *caoine* (lament), see No. 1470. The late Mrs. Milligan Fox contributed a fairly close variant of Mr. Freeman's tune (though a less fine air) to the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, No. 1 (1904), under the title of "Lament of a Druid." Interest lies in the fact that it was played to her by an old piper called Kelly who learnt it from old "Jimmie Joyce, a Galway piper" who had been at the Belfast Convention of Harpers in 1792.—L. E. B.

For versions of the air, to the title "I am asleep," etc., see also Holden's *Old Established Irish Airs*, Book 2, and Mulholland's *Irish Airs*. Captain Simon Fraser includes a tune, which may be connected, in his collection of *Highland Airs* (1816) See "Tha mi mo chadal" or "I am asleep." In a note Fraser says that his air is claimed both by the Irish and Lowland Scots but that the "very ancient Gaelic words" incline him to believe that it is of Highland origin.—F. K.

\* For biographical notices of Irish poets, many of them of very humble birth and small education, and the "hedge-school" teachers and bards, see *Poets and Poetry of Munster* and Edward Walsh's rare *Irish Popular Songs*.—ED.

† See the very interesting historical note on this matter in A. Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 138, "Let the bright Lamp."

6.—TRÁNHÓINÍN DÉANACH A TÉACHT COESH LEASA GHOM.

[LATE ONE EVENING].

$\text{♩} = 76$   
*Molto ritenuto. a tempo.* SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

(Ó)..... trán - hói - nín... déa - nach a..... téacht..... coesh  
 le - sa ghom, Gan búirt er..... w'ai - gi - ní..... ná  
 suím sa tál, Shea do ghear - ca - sa an stúir - vean as.....  
 grueg cing lé'r... bai - li - chrl, Ba vrea - ha..... pear - sa  
 a - gus do b' ái - li shcéiv; Mo fíob vrea néa - ta go  
 gléast' o - rom ceang - guil - hi, is Down - fall o'  
 Fá - ras go..... breá gum á spreá - ga lé; Éan - lui - hi 'r wár...  
 géa - ga teacht ig ésh - teacht 's a drui - dim lium—  
 Táim - she im cho - la 's ná dúí - shíg mé.  
*long.*  
 Táim - she im cho - la gus - a ná.....

- 2 Agus d'iarhys den sbérvny godé 'n täv chúing gur casag í,  
 Nú an bean í ví le shealad er fán a tael,  
 (c) . . . . .  
 (d) . . . . .  
 " Á niánfá mo chóirli, agus go diocfá-sa awaili lium,  
 Húrhing airigead as ór bwí it fócuiv le sbreaga ghoit,  
 Leabuig gheas chóirihi gus cóir wà chun luitti ghoit"—  
 Táim-she im chola gus ná dúishíg mé.
- 3 " 's dá méing-she chó bwäh as go ngéiling ghod lavuarhiv,  
 's mé scuíl' er mwaidin er fán a tael,  
 Go mèach mo charuid i pléi lium, gus shcéal igien sagart er,  
 Gus mo chlú gan casa go déing sa chré.  
 Á digeach toil Dé oruing, agus go ráineóch leanav chúing,  
 'g imeacht lium hén 's é 'g éav er mo wacaluing,  
 Go mèach w' anam bocht dár ig Mac Dé gus ig á Wanarhluin"—  
 Táim-she im chola gus ná dúishíg mé.
- 4 " 's ní gaigi bog bwäh ná réci maguig mi.  
 Shin ní nár cheapasa 'dosach mo hael—  
 Go guirhing bean óg gan nóachar er mearahal,  
 Ach er fnting ceangal léi gan náiri ón gléir.  
 Dá néanfá mo chóirli tá shlí wah ig bwaili gum,  
 Machuí breá bó teacht am chlós 'góir an eadarha,  
 Cead cola do ghóhin gus a taepat a veh ulav doit—  
 Táim-she im chola gus ná dúishíg mé."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Late one evening as I passed by a *lios*,\*  
 Free from trouble of mind or worldly care,  
 I saw a stately woman with hair a-tremble,  
 Beautiful of form and feature.  
 [I slung] my pretty, gay pipes into position  
 And merrily played "The Downfall of Paris" on them.  
 Birds on the topmost branches came flocking to listen to me—  
*I am asleep and do not wake me.*
- 2 I asked the fair lady, whence had she come among us?  
 Had she been long roaming the world?  
 (c) . . . . .  
 (d) . . . . .  
 "If you would take my advice, and come home with me,  
 I would give you silver and gold to squander;  
 A nice well-made bed—a good place to lie in"—  
*I am asleep and do not wake me.*
- 3 "If I were so foolish as to yield to your words,  
 And let myself go wandering over the world,  
 My people would fall out with me, and the priest would talk about it,  
 And I should lose my good name till the day of my burial:  
 If it were the will of God that we should have a child  
 [I should] go off alone with the baby crying in my arms;  
 The Son of God and his Mother would curse my poor soul."  
*I am asleep and do not wake me.*

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

- 4 " I am no foolish young fop or cynical wastrel,  
 Never in my life have I intended such a thing—  
 To deceive a young woman and leave her unwed—  
 But to marry her with the blessing of the Church.  
 If you would take my advice, I have a good living for you at home—  
 Fine herds of cows coming into my farmyard at milking-time—  
 Sleep as long as you like, and the teapot ready for you."  
*I am asleep and do not wake me.*

*Cf.* tunes Nos. 5, 7, 8 and 17, and the notes attached to these songs. The phrase marked A was invariably executed in the way shown at the foot of the song. The division of the words in relation to the notes is almost exactly like the following: "I'm a—[pause]—sleep and-a do not wake me up," the Irish word for "and" having a short *a* tacked on to it irrationally. This piece probably belongs to the class of poems composed in imitation of literary models. *Verse 1, l. 1.*—A *lios* (pronounced "liss") is an earthen fort, now the dwelling place of fairies. *Verse 2.*—The singer denied that this verse was incomplete. *Verse 3, l. 2.*—The Irish text adds "in the morning." *Verse 4, l. 4.*—Literally: "Without shame from the clergy." I do not know to what song the refrain "I am asleep and do not wake me" originally belonged. The phrase is known as a song-title from the north of Scotland to the south of Ireland.—A. M. F.

## 7.—TRÁNHÓINÍN DÉANACH I GÉIN.

[LATE ONE EVENING].

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

*Slow.*

(A - gus) trán - hóin - ín déa - nach i géin coesh lea - sa ghom, 's mi  
 déa - - nav mach - nav er - ia sā - gol moch - t(a), Shea do  
 gheár - cas an spé - ri - vean wär - ga wà - sha - wil,..... Gur  
 w' ae - rach é a la - sa - chrù 's a sheáiv gan loch - t(a); Gur



wa - ca - lach é a cú - lín go dlúh bwí dà - ti tiuv, Go  
 bu - ca - lach ba - ra - cas - ta go féar lé a folh; Is ba  
 vea - nam - rach a..... súil chrúing, (i - ni)úir - ghríng gea - na - wil er  
 ghrúcht na..... shea - ma - róg, a - gus ba néa - ta é a crov.

- 2 's er(w)avarc(a) na béhi shea chláchluig w'aigini,  
 Gus duartsa gur w'ada lium i shciál gan clos;  
 Ach er eagala nár w'á vean hálhí do haingig lium,  
 's gur wágal dósa a hainiveas dá déing har a toil:  
 "Aingir vilish wouil víng chíúin chyn charaduig,  
 Untuiv w' anam ort, is ná bí docht,  
 's din aihirish dúing go dí an chúig' chúing as (n)ar haishdealuigh,  
 Eriúin, cad as ainim doít, nú godé do hoeshc?"
- 3 An tusa guin Vénus, bean déhi lenar caileag Marcus,  
 Do chiás gach sheavach fear nár ghéil dá toil;  
 Nú Dayana hréig Acdeán a nacharuig,  
 Do rayach a [n]garachuili a rás mar foc;  
 Nú Pallas gan shcéiv do hréig an taishnearlach,  
 's a túl go lér gur pléig [?] fléig] na crov;  
 Nú an aingir vilish héanwir do hrách na mearachoin,  
 Gus táv na caharach go lér gur loishc?"
- 4 " 's ní héngi beó 'n méid shin mé dar chanuishe,  
 Héivir cheanasuig, ach Éiri wocht,  
 Fé neara dom héngi 's dom chíeli veh er mearahal,  
 Ig sméirlig waluihi 'n ay'n lae ghár lot.  
 's beog a tíuna dom búirín ve dúch teyng àtuirshach,  
 Gisna búaruiv sho cheanguil líng, nár réig riav col;  
 's ceartuig chút, e riúin chruí, do shgíuirshí calama,  
 Gus biàrhi mí tamal líng gan àn dár glos."
- 5 's er mo ghul suas dom er stuec na Giulaban  
 Shea do chualag an ingivean go rói-vreá a lauirf,  
 Gus í cuir suanta suerci le fritealuiv,  
 I diànav gringil dom er gríorhiv a douin.  
 VÍ lán-chuid de chuantuiv fé wúrán luingeas mear,  
 Fé wúrán firingi [?] fuiringi] is geach baul go ngouing;  
 's gur b' í [?] é] 'n Sdiúard uasal búeti 'g jeneral,  
 Wúehig cluihi líng gus brishig dlí gaul.

- 6 As aishling arér gan bréag do dineag 'om,  
 Go mèach Èiri agunig-na gan fingin don chíos,  
 Agus Sasanuig céasda gan técs ná dlihi 'cu,  
 Gan plér i [n] gunuiv ná luingeas er líng,  
 Ach mar(a) wár er i béin, gan à wart suilhi 'cu,  
 Ach dár, 's ní mishti lium, i nifrean híos,  
 Agus clana bocht Gàl a ngárhiv cluhara  
 Bréaga vruingeal fé ghuiúir gach cruíng.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Late one evening, by a far-off *hios*,\*  
 I was meditating on this sorrowful life,  
 When I beheld a stately fair lady  
 Of strangely beautiful form and faultless of feature.  
 Curly was her close, thick, bright yellow hair,  
 Growing in twisted ringlets down to the grass ;  
 And lively was her round, fresh, laughing, lovely eye,  
 Like dew on the clover ; and neat was her foot.
- 2 When I saw the maiden my spirit was stirred,  
 And I said I was anxious to hear her story ;  
 But I feared it was no earthly woman I had met,  
 And thought it would be dangerous to offend or cross her :  
 " Mild, mannerly, sweet, gentle, pleasant, lovely lady,  
 My life is at your mercy, and do not be hard,  
 But tell me from what province you have travelled hither ;  
 What is your name, my love, and what your quest ?
- 3 Are you Queen Venus, the goddess who slew Marcus,  
 Who tortured every hero who did not submit to her ?  
 Or Diana, who abandoned Acteon in straits,  
 Who would rush through the thorny woods like a deer ?  
 Or Pallas,  
 Who made claim to have the whole apple in her hand  
 Or the sweet, happy damsel who [eloped with] the swift warrior,  
 And set [Troy] on fire ? "†
- 4 " I am none of those whom you have mentioned,  
 Kind, gentle sir, but poor Eire.  
 Good cause have I and my spouse to be distracted,  
 With accursed wretches destroying us daily.  
 Small wonder that my darling is sad, sick and sorrowful,  
 When these boors have espoused me—me who never sinned lightly : (?)  
 But gather together your bold raiders, my dear,  
 And I will take you where none shall hear us."
- 5 And as I was going up the slopes of Gulban,  
 I heard the lady speaking most beautifully  
 In words inducing pleasant dreams,  
 Explaining the deeds of history to me.  
 There were many harbours with many swift ships,  
 Packed with men, everywhere I went :  
 And it is the noble Stuart whom the General beat  
 Who will win the game for us and break the foreign rule.

\* Liss, prehistoric earthen hill-fort.

† See my note.—A. M. F.

- 6 And truly I had a vision last night—  
 That we shall possess Ireland without a penny of rent,  
 And the English shall be afflicted, without titles or laws,  
 Without bullets in their guns or ships on the sea,  
 And—to crown their torments—with no salt beef,  
 And damned—to my delight—in lowest Hell ;  
 While the poor children of Gaedheal, by sheltered river banks,  
 Will be courting damsels beneath the shade of the trees.

*Cf.* tunes Nos. 5, 6, 8, and 17, and the notes on those songs. This piece belongs to the *Aisling* class (*see* paragraphs 5 and 6 of my section entitled "Words"). The text is corrupt in many places. A poem containing four verses corresponding to the first four of this, and a fifth not like either of the last two here, will be found in *The Poems of Tomás Ruadh O' Sullivan* (Dublin, Gill and Son, 1914). My version of the last two lines of verse 3 is partly based on the text printed in this book. The "spouse" and the "darling" of Eire, mentioned in verse 4, must be taken to mean one of the Pretenders ; though as Tomás Ruadh died in 1848 it would be idle (if the poem be by him) to ask which is referred to.—A. M. F.

## 8.—A FÁDRUIG, A STÓRUIG.

[PADDY DEAR].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLA, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

A..... . Fá - druig, a stó - ruig (ó)..... tán tu go  
 bró - nach, Ó hu - guish cai - li - có nó leat ón ga - hir ; Do  
 hu - guish do Jón é go.. ... guir - hach shí 'dréó é, A gus do  
 loit shí har meón é na ghea - ra. Ví a muin - hir - lí

rói - veog 's ní ghún - hach a bó - na, 's ní raych shí er  
 vnóic suas gan stra - ca ; 's go deyn dív, a..... chóir - suin, ma - ra  
 ni - ni shí leór - ghníov, Cloesh - far shcéal nó uir - hì 'ngleaun Reas-tuil.

- 2 Acharuim er a Góachtach, 's er Rí gheal na Glóiri,  
 Críh agus cóir agus ceanus  
 Er gach mny acu ghin treó gho, ná cúnav chun bóhir,  
 Er líng dul ón dreó uing awaili.  
 Go díg shliucht er Nóra, agus a rah er chuid Jón díov,  
 Go líonwar dir wólacht is capuil ;  
 Nuer a chríonóid a nóhin, an Wanharla ghlórwar  
 Is na flahas go góiríg a leabuig.
- 3 Shé duert Sháinín d'Róishti : " Ná dāruig go fóil í,  
 's fiachuig chun a shcéoil shin níos blasta ;  
 's go b' é Dónal Ó Conuil ant óigear  
 Do vraduig lesh mórchuid den anuirt,  
 Do riug bounlá nú ghó ghe go tig Auluív Ghónuil,  
 Agus haingceasúir póca don Vadjer ;  
 Shí Eylic, is dó lium, a fuer áwar a wóna,  
 's na cuiléir vreá nó irhí á chahav."
- 4 Shé duert na coúrsuin : " Ná dāruig go fóil í,  
 Agus fiachuig chun a shcéoil sho níos blasta ;  
 Go b' é duert bean Faidi Óin, har a ráini shí pósta  
 Go roiv bábáinín óg fá na heasna ;  
 Do chuíniv na chóir shúd cauil cúpala cóta,  
 Bigín nú ghó gus crios ceangguil—  
 Vi an tiádach go rói-gheas—áwar cayipín vreá nó ghe  
 Vèach na leaba luí hóla 'rhi á chahav."
- 5 As do húrhing-she cóirli do wáchuiliv óga  
 Go mèach lénteacha nóa 'cù le cahav,  
 Gan é do huert do lóma de chnútach gan ólas  
 Ná bèach ábalha 'r fónav a ngeara ;  
 Iad do huert do Nóra, nú an chyn-vruingéal Jón i,  
 Do chuireach a dreó iad chun càitti.  
 Shin críh er mo shcéol-sa, ní diárhad níos mó ghe,  
 Ach bímish ag ól fuintsh go mwaidin.

## TRANSLATION.

- 1 Paddy dear, you are a sad man  
 Since you brought the new piece of calico from the city ;  
 You gave it to Joan to make up,  
 And she utterly ruined it in cutting out.  
 The sleeves were too small, and the collar would not fasten,  
 And it would not go on a child of two without tearing ;  
 And, neighbours, I assure you, unless she makes amends,  
 A fresh tale will be told of her in Glanrastel.
  
- 2 I beseech the Almighty, the fair King of Glory,  
 To give prosperity, comfort and power  
 To each woman who directed or helped him on his way  
 On his return from the distant regions.  
 May Nora have a family, and may Joan's children be blessed  
 With increase of cattle and horses,  
 And when they reach their term, may the glorious Mother  
 Prepare their bed in Heaven.
  
- 3 Said Johnny Roach : " Don't condemn her [*i.e.* Joan] yet,  
 But look more closely into the matter.  
 It was young Daniel O'Connel  
 Who stole a good deal of the material.  
 He took a yard or so to Humphrey Daniel's,  
 And [gave enough for] a pocket handkerchief to the Badger ;  
 It was Elly, I fancy, who got the stuff for the neck-band,  
 Because she wears such fine new collars now."
  
- 4 Said the neighbours : " Do not condemn her yet,  
 But look at the matter more closely ;  
 For Paddy John's wife said, before she was married  
 She knew she would have a child ;  
 She kept, for its use, [enough for], the bodies of two coats,  
 A biggin or two, and a binder—  
 The stuff was so very nice—and the making of a fine new cap  
 To wear at her lying-in."
  
- 5 I would advise all young lads  
 Who [intend to] have new shirts to wear,  
 Not to give the work to any clumsy, unskilful bungler  
 Who could not cut them out properly ;  
 But to give them to Nora, or that gentle maiden, Joan,  
 Who would make them up fit to wear.  
 This is the end of my story, I will tell no more of it,  
 But let us drink punch till the morning.

The author of this piece was Diarmuid Ó Crobhlaigh, commonly called "Táil-liúir Crobhlach," *i.e.* "Tailor Crowley," of Ballyvourney. He died quite a young man, but not before winning a great local reputation for his verses. He has two sons alive in Ballyvourney, and a brother living in Macroom, who is one of the last of the Irish poets. Mr. Cochlan often told me that when there were poets in the land they were much respected and feared, and allowed to do what they liked be-

cause people dreaded their satire. The above poem is at any rate a proof that they enjoyed considerable immunity, which must have been shared to some extent by those who sang their verses ; for everyone here mentioned was a real person. The following may be mentioned : Johnny Roach was a cripple to whom Crowley was in the habit of attributing his own sayings ; the " Badger " was a girl he liked ; Paddy was Crowley's journeyman. Glanrastel, where Paddy's home was, is a valley lying just inside the Kerry border, about three miles east of the inner end of Kilmakilloge Harbour, on the south bank of the Kenmare River. The third line of verse 3 is three beats short. Cf. tunes Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 17 in this collection.—A. M. F.

## 9.—AN CAILÍN DEAS RÚA.

[THE PRETTY RED-HAIRED GIRL].

FIRST VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

Er w' aish - ling a - rér dom trf'm néal - ta 's mé 'm  
 leabw' er mo húan, Go rau - sa leat pós - ta, a ghrian—  
*rit.* . . . . . *a tempo.*  
 stói - rín, 's mo vean in - san úig; Ív - neas is ceól go  
 léor ví á spreá - ga lem chlúesh, A - gúis ciád gi - ní  
 óir a ví am chóir - shi i - gi 'n Gàilín deas Rúa.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

Din - eag aish - ling a - rér dom trí'm néal 's mé'r mo  
 lea - buig chun suen, Go rau - sa 'om pó - sa lem  
 stó - rach 's mo vean in - san ueg; Ríng - ci gus ceól go  
 leór 'cu á ..... *molto rit.* sprea - ga lem chluesh, Is ciád gi - ní  
 óir a ví am chóir ig an Gàilín deas Rúa.

- 2 's dá d'fóch w'aishling chun cing, is díreach go rousa go súerc,  
 Agus grá geal mo chruí a ve shínti an er leabuiú lium súas,  
 Bairilín dí 'guing dá líona 'dir Chaishal is Clúen,  
 Agus blaisht às a bíb óm chruí don Chàilín deas Rúa.
- 3 Is tua Hobrad Ára do hárlag er mwaidean dé Lúen,  
 Is níor stad as don stáir shin go dánag go Caishal de riúeg.  
 Cé gheóing er cheaun cláir an ach Máirín 's i 'g imirt er Scúeb ?  
 's nuer a hug shí 'n cioná ví an lá lem Chàilín deas Rúa.
- 4 's nuer a wúeg shí cúig fiúnt do ví a dúbuilte de chluich' er a mórd,  
 Copar den liún agus flúit an á shengeam er shól,  
 Buidéal fíon fiúnt igi'm riúnach 's agúmsa dá ól,  
 's nuer a chàileas mo chúig shé dúert shí : " Shin cluiche ort nú ghó ! "
- 5 's nuer a chàileas mo hóid is dócha gur choruig mo chruí ;  
 D' árdúig mo stóirín mé i shómara a bláishi na dí ;  
 's nuer a fúereas mo hóid ví cóir ghlan àguing gan mwíl.
- 6 's ishé mo chreach is mo chás gan shingna, a Wáirín, nar súan  
 Er bínshi nu er clár agus an cháiteach a veh áruing anúas,  
 An coiti insa tnáv, agus am bád a ve' suitti sa chúan ;  
 Is do rachuing-she 'on Sbáing le grá dom Chàilín deas Rúa

### TRANSLATION.

- 1 I dreamed last night, as I drowsed and slumbered in my bed,  
That I was married to my sweetheart, and my wife dead and buried.  
Many joyful strains of music did I hear,  
And the pretty Redhaired Girl had a hundred golden guineas for me.
- 2 And if my dream could be realised, oh surely I were happy—  
With my fair heart's love lying in bed with me,  
A barrel being filled with drink for us, somewhere between Cashel and Clonmel,\*  
And I blowing a hearty swirl on the pipes for the pretty Redhaired Girl.
- 3 I arrived at Tipperary on Monday morning,  
And never stopped till I sped on to Cashel.  
Who should I find there, sitting at the head of a table, but Mary, playing at  
*scuab* ?  
And when she played the five, the pretty Redhaired Girl had won the day.
- 4 And when she had won five pounds she doubled the play.  
There was a jar of ale, and a flute busily playing,  
A bottle of wine, which my love and I were drinking ;  
And when I lost my five, said she : " That's a game or two against you ! "
- 5 When I had lost my treasure, you may be sure my heart was troubled.  
My darling took me up into a room to taste some drink  
  
And when I regained my treasure we enjoyed ourselves forthwith.
- 6 'Tis a thousand pities, my Mary, that we are not sleeping  
On a bank or on a board, with the flying spray showering down on us.  
The boat in the surf, and the ship anchored in the harbour—  
And I would go to Spain for love of my pretty Redhaired Girl.

### SECOND VERSION.

- 6 's ishé mo chreach is mo ghíh gan mí er faid is gach lá,  
Aitean is droyan sa tlí 'n a mémish-na gwáil,  
Mishi sa díg agus míli tor er mo scáh,  
Gus grá geal mo chruí ve shinti 'dir mo ghá láiv.
- 7 Shé mo chreach as mo chás mar a cháhan shé shneachta gus shioc,  
[Gan] mishi 's mo ghrá er lár na fwaruigi 'mù,  
Gaffa [also : " goitti "] insa tnáv, 's gan árhach águing er bí,  
Ach mishi sa tnáv 's mo láv gheas casta 'na crios.

### TRANSLATION.

- 6 'Tis a thousand pities that each day is not as long as a month,  
Our road bordered with furze and thorn,  
And I lying in the ditch sheltered by a thousand bushes,  
And my fair heart's love in my arms.
- 7 'Tis a thousand pities, when it snows and freezes,  
That I and my love are not out at sea,  
Caught in the tide, and without any boat at all,  
But I swimming, with my right hand grasping her girdle.

\* Tipperary.—L. E. B.



Cf. *Petrie*, Nos. 1140, 1309 (to other titles); *Joyce* (1909), No. 103 and *Fuinne na Smól*, Pt. VI, p. 5 (both with the same title); also the following tunes "An Bata Druín," No. 10, and "Loch Léin," No. 11, in this collection. Joyce's version is Dorian, while "An Bata Druín" and the tune in *F. na S.* are major, but between them they show the seventh lowered in three places. Verses 1—4 differ hardly at all in the versions sung by Mr. Cochlan and Miss O'Donoghue. I do not know what the game called *scuab* is. There is an Italian card-game called *scopa*. Both words mean "broom." The version in *F. na S.* has seven stanzas. Nos. 1 and 2 correspond to Nos. 1 and 3 here printed, except that the second line of the first stanza is tampered with, so clumsily as to destroy the internal rhyme. The rest seems to belong to another song. In one or two places I have shuffled the words of the two versions together, to avoid untranslatable expressions; and one line is suppressed.

—A. M. F.

Cf. *Bunting* (1840), p. 66, "Caillin deas ruadh" or "The pretty red Girl." Bunting's air is a variant, ending with six bars which suggest that he either mistook the tonality or deliberately altered it to something which is "out of the picture" according to what we now know of folk-music. In *Joyce* (1909) one verse of Irish text with translation is given which does not correspond with any of Mr. Freeman's verses. Dr. Joyce also quotes "a free translation very generally known and sung" of which he only remembers three verses, describing the "sturdy professional beggarman," as he knew him before 1847. These do not correspond with any of the above. I suspect that Dr. Joyce accidentally omitted the signature for the key of F to his tune, as, lacking a flat B throughout, he could hardly describe his tune as "minor," which he does. If his tune is furnished with the flat B it becomes not only minor but more closely allied to the very beautiful "Loch Léin," No. 11 in this *Journal*.

—L. E. B.

As regards the text, verse 7—the original sense of which seems to have been corrupted—may perhaps be elucidated by comparing it with the concluding verses of the Skye song "Thog am Bata na Siùil" (*Journal*, Vol. iv, p. 221):

Oh that my love and I were on an island of the sea without strand!  
Without boat or oar, and with no knowledge of swimming!

—A. G. G.

# 10.—AN BATA DRUÍN.

[THE BLACKTHORN STICK]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 132.$

3. Ní slait - wai - di cäl, ná géag den chuil - ean chas  
 chruég, A ví hà - gum - sa'n ä - chor a ngléas mo chui - ni - hi  
 suas, Ach mwai - di breá éi - li ví éa - da - rom ing - ea - lach  
 suerc, Do goi - deag óm häv is mé er ä - nach na Ma - ra - cha Rua.

- 1 Neóssad-sa fén doit tréhi mo ghlan-wata druín.  
 Er mwíling an tlé amwānar, 's is minic a víos,  
 Níl ān Sasanach méh acu lémhach er eachiv go gry,  
 Ná go shcrissing a häv le fwär mo ghlan-wata druín.
- 2 Ó 's tá mwaidi druín cräruic agùm fén háinig har léár,  
 Gan fili gan vréag, ná tréceach mishi 'n ān chah :  
 Ní rev fofma na méshciri, éshling, shceachuil ná cnap.  
 Ach shlios as dá är, 's é déanta i wirim chotlaish.
- 3 [Printed under the tune.]
- 4 Isdufhi nuer a vimshe gan cunli, 's is anaw é shin,  
 Aum leaguihi an chláir ní vion á [? náid] den solus agùm :  
 Berim er mo ghryn agus shínim é am aici nú am ocht,  
 's ní veára lium suílshi an tufl go gahing mo chuid.

## TRANSLATION.

- 1 I will tell you the virtues of my clean blackthorn stick.  
 When I am alone (as I often have been) on the mountain tops,  
 There is no fat Englishman,\* mounted on sturdy steed,  
 Whose ribs I would not break with the edge of my clean blackthorn stick.

\* Or "Protestant." It is impossible to say which is meant, as the word for both is the same in Irish. In Ballyvourney this ambiguity is avoided by the habit of saying "fear Heasana" (lit. "A Man of England") for "Englishman" and "Sasanach" for "Protestant."—A. M. F.

- 2 O my blackthorn is a blood-red cudgel from over the sea,  
 Unbending, true, trusty in battles,  
 Without . . . or scar, flaw or thorn or lump,  
 But flattened, two-edged, shaped like a cutlass.
- 3 No weak slender rod, no tough twisted holly-branch  
 Had I for my means of protection,  
 But a good cudgel with a thong, light, handy, delightful ;  
 And it was stolen from my side at the fair of Barracha Ruadha.
- 4 At night when I am without a candle—though that rarely happens—  
 When it is time to let down the table, and I have not a glimmer of light,  
 I take my blackthorn and lay it by me or in front of me,  
 And eat my meal as comfortably as if I had all the lamps in the world.

*Cf.* "An Cailin Deas Rúa," No. 9, and "Loch Léin," No. 11, in this *Journal*. The words of "An Bata Druín" were given me first by Miss Mary Cronyn, a young girl from Coolae, in service at the hotel in Ballyvourney. I read them over to Mr. Cochlan, who corrected some nonsensical passages and sang verse 3 to the tune given above. In verse 4 the reference is to tables fastened with hinges on their lower edge to the back of the settle. Most of the day they are folded up against the back and secured with a catch. At meal times they are let down and trestles are put under them. In the *Proceedings of the Oireachtas* (1897), p. 78, there is a copy of this song with six verses (no music). It is interesting to note that in the latter version the lines corresponding to v. 1, ll. 3-4, of our version run as follows :

Níl ministir méath, ná d'á thréine sagart san rioghacht,  
 Ná chrithfeadh go haedhibh roimh faobhar mo mhaide bhreagh dhroighin.

*i.e.* "There is no fat minister or priest, however powerful, in the kingdom,  
 But would quake to his marrow at sight of the edge of my good blackthorn."

—A. M. F.

Petrie's tune "The Blackthorn Cane with a Thong" (No. 208) is distinct from the above. His tune, No. 433, is somewhat of the type, though lacking the five bar phrase and distinction.—L. E. B.

## II.—LOCH LEÍN.

[LOUGH LEANE].\*

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 160.$

Do chíú - lys a lán gan sbás a dò - sách mo hael, Ón  
 Shun - uing go Ráh, is coesh bán - ta Daing - ean an Tlé; Ní  
 ea - cas' ään áit ba vreá - ha's ba ghesi ná é, Ná 'n  
 bwài - li beog bán tá láiv ..... le ba - ra Loch Léin.

- 2 Níor w'ada lium lá vè sbás er húirín a Chéim,  
 Ig avarc er an áit ba vreáha 's ba ghesi ff'n sbér,  
 Mór-hímpal Ghoirín, Áh Caharnán, agus Mucrus na gráv,  
 Is ig Ros a Choeshláin do ghnáyhych an ghasara hréan.
- 3 Nuer a hagan an Tauin is geaul le Noleg acù é;  
 Bion àcu gan aúrus, braunda, mil agus céir,  
 An mairt a vioch reaútr i deaunta a vroc a vioch méh,  
 An brádán ón Leauin a daús don choiri go léir.
- 4 A mun Ghort an tló bion ceól agus ivineas aun,  
 Bion a ffa àcu chun sbóirt, chun ceóil an druidi 's an craur,  
 An lunduv 's an smólach go ceólvar er varuív na graun.
- 5 Do chíúlufosa Bwí Véara, coesh Éarna, gus às son hir hueg,  
 Coesh Maingi gan vréag, 'gus tréivshi a naram a Dúam;  
 Ní eacasa ään val den méid shin, cé gur fada mo chúerd,  
 Ba vreáha ná Loch Léin mar a míon an má-hlúa.

### TRANSLATION.

- 1 I travelled much and unceasingly in my youth  
 From the Shannon to Charleville, and by the meadows of Daingean an  
 tSléibhe (?) ;†  
 I saw no spot more beautiful and pleasing  
 Than the little white town near the top of Lough Leane.

\* The Lower Lake of Killarney.

† Possibly Dingle, though the Irish name of that town is Daingean Ui Chúise.—R. F.

- 2 I should not find it tedious, one day, to be standing by the little tower of  
Céim (?),  
Looking on the fairest place under Heaven,  
Round about Derreen,\* Cahernane, and leafy Muckross  
And Ross Castle, where the heroes congregated.
- 3 When November arrives it is like Christmas with them ;  
They have brandy, in truth, honey and honeycomb,  
Fat beef and fleshy badger,  
And salmon from the Laune [? leaping to the feast].
- 4 In . . . (?) are music and festivity,  
[Wine and beer on the tables . . . ] ;  
They have deer to hunt, starling and woodcock for music,  
The blackbird and thrush singing on the topmost branches.
- 5 I have walked by Dursey Island, by Lough Erne, and thence north-eastwards,  
By the Maine, truly, and for a time [? I was in the army] at Tuam ;  
In all my long journey I have seen no place of all these  
More lovely than Lough Leane of the princely hosts.\*

*Cf.* the two previous tunes. At page 12 of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 2nd series, there is a copy of this song containing four verses, of which vv. 1, 3 and 4 correspond to Miss Barrett's 1, 4 and 5. I have partly filled the gap in her fourth verse from the line in the printed copy, which however is only partly intelligible.

—A. M. F.

This extraordinarily beautiful tune seems hitherto to have escaped collectors. Amongst the many thousands of Irish airs in the standard collections I have not met with any close variant. Dr. Joyce's No. 105 (referred to under song No. 9 in this *Journal*) has points of likeness, but not the beauty or the originality of the opening phrase.—L. E. B.

\* The places in these lines are apparently all in Kerry. Derreen is Lord Lansdowne's seat. Cahernane is a well-known property and house on the shore of Lough Leane, with Ross Island close by, on which stands Ross Castle, the ancient stronghold of the O'Donoghues, whilst the famous Abbey of Muckross stands on the south-east shore, near Muckross Lake (or the Middle Lake of Killarney). Many generations of the Herbert family have owned both Muckross and Cahernane estates. The Maine and the Laune both flow into Castlemaine Harbour.—L. E. B.

12.—TAYG BWÍ.

[YELLOW TEAGUE].

FIRST VERSION. I.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

**A**  $\text{♩} = 60$

Nuer a hím-she às ciun dí, a - gus cna-guim a clár, Mo cheaun shíos chun na

**B**

grísh - ci 's gan ping-in am láiv, Shé der cyn - var-cach gruí mear den

**C**

cho-ra - hil ..... árd: "Tar a - níos, a Hayig Bwí, is sho glui - ni ghoit lán."

**D**

cho-ra - hil ..... árd: "Tar a - níos, a Hayig Bwí, is sho glui - ni ghoit lán."

*Variants.*

**A** (1) (2)

A - gus blai-shim deoch i Ga-shal 's má's Tayg Bwí me tá Cruí 'gum

**B** (1) (2)

Er chúig cár - ta nu er hái - pi-lish D'ág son dea-lav mé gan ai - ri-gead ná ór

**C** (1) (2)

Tá dísh, ó, ..... de vnáiv cuín - leach - ta 'g i-macht Viár-hing ár - hach ón

(3) (4)

Ní leaui - reach ná leau - ir - chí-lish vón ig. Nuer a hau-nuid, ó, go

blau - - cuim - she an can-na fá..... hrí,

**D** (1) (2)

Gus cruí crái - ti er na mnáiv sho ná ná..... lau - irt na shacht deaung-gach

FIRST VERSION. II.

Nuer a hím-she às ciun dí a - gus cna-guim a clár, Mo cheaun  
shíos..... chun na grísh - ci 's gan ping - in am' láiv. etc.

FIRST VERSION. III.

Nuer a hím-she às ciun dí a - gus cna-guim a clár, Mo cheaun  
shíos chun na grísh - ci 's gan ping-in am láiv, etc.

SECOND VERSION.

**A**  $\text{♩} = 60.$  **SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKERRY.**

Nuer a hím... chun na dí 's gan ping-in im láiv, Mo cheaun  
shíos chun na grísh - ci 's mo hat 'er e glár, Shé duert  
rí - var - cach gruí líám.. den cha-ruid a b'éar: "A Hayig  
Bwí, tair a - ní - os, is sho glui - ni ghoit lán!"

**A** (*Very rarely.*)

*Variant.*

- 2 's má's Tayg Bwí mi (er sheshan) tá cruí 'gum is gili ná'n chailc,  
Is lem bíng-crov do shcríng gach letir i geart ;  
Tá dísh de vnáiv cúnleachta 'g imacht lem aish,  
Agus díov shúd, foryr bocht, an tobuisht 's a tart !
- 3 Tart grána tá im gheayig-she, 'gus imirim beart  
Er chúig cárta ny er háipilish chó glishti le fear,  
Viárhing árhach on Sbáing lium coesh imealuiv sheal,  
Gus cruí cráiti er na mnáiv sho ná tugan dom shearc !
- 4 Shearc sheaungg na man meau-ros c 's is fada fín réig !  
Is gan aúrus har auing tuili b'ad i mo léim ;  
Ní leuireacht ná leuir-chilish a vfon ig fearuiv mar(a) läch,  
Ná lauir na shacht deaunggach, cé gur glishti do léid.
- 5 Do léifing stáir Véarla nu Laidion go cruíng,  
's ishé mo léanchreach ná féaduim veh i naici na dí,  
Mo léini óm häv ig mny an leana mar(a) ghíol,  
's nuer a ghlaem tuili shé der Sheán " Aharu gil ! "
- 6 's tá mo gheaulha sa glaumpar, 's is minic a víd,  
Ig locht leaunda 'gus braunda 'gus beahishci ghíol :  
Nuer a haunuid go blaungcuim-she an cana fá hri,  
's nfeym beaun er mo leaurhiv ná er vlasha na dí.
- 7 Agus blaishim deoch a Gàishal agus a Bort Láirigi híos,  
D'ág soí dealav mé gan airigead ná ór, fóryr !  
Ní bean leana 'cu ó Chàishal go Biàl Áh' na Liàg  
Ná g' wil w'ainim-she, cé tarcuishneach le rá, Tayag Bwí.
- 8 's má's Tayg Bwí mishi, bíoch is aguivshe mar atáim :  
Go níolhing mo vrishti dá vicing lesh gá ;  
Le brídeach na rín-ros c ba vinic mé'r(i) lár ;  
Is i Gil Wiri ghíogas a bairilin lán.

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 When I sit down to drink, and rap on the table,  
My head drooping towards the ashes, without a penny in my hand,  
Says a gentle, strong, active horseman of the noble blood of the McCarthy's :\*  
" Come up, yellow Teague, here's a full glass for you ! "
- 2 And if I am Yellow Teague, my heart is whiter than chalk ;  
With my shapely hand I can trace each letter correctly ;  
I have two woman-companions travelling by my side,  
And they, alas, are the cause of my misfortunes and thirst.
- 3 Horrid thirst that pursues me ! And I play a game  
Of Five Cards or Backgammon as skilfully as any man ;  
Once I could steer a ship from Spain along our shores—  
And a plague on the women who deny me their love !
- 4 Sweet love of women with limpid eyes and long, smooth, fair hair !  
And truly I could leap far, over a flooded river ;  
Few men can perform feats of agility [such as mine],  
Or talk seven languages, though they may read [them] cleverly.

\* Reading " Charra-hil."



- 5 I can read a work in Latin or English accurately—  
But woe is me that I cannot come near the drink !  
The ale-wife has taken the shirt from my back in payment,  
And when I call for more, John says " Some other pledge ! "
- 6 My pledges are held in durance, as they often are,  
By the sellers of ale and brandy and whisky ;  
When I am urged, then do I bang thrice with the mug,  
But I get no attention, nor any taste of drink (?)
- 7 And I taste drinks in Cashel and down in Waterford,  
Which has left me destitute of silver and gold, alas !  
There is no ale-wife, from Cashel to Athleague\* (?),  
Who does not know my name, though it is shameful to confess it—" Yellow  
Teague."
- 8 And if I am Yellow Teague, know ye what sort of man I am—  
I would sell my breeches if I saw anyone in want ;  
I have often lain down with a bright-eyed lass ;  
And in Kilmurry† I drained the full barrel.

" First Version II " shows the way Mr. Cochlan sang the song when I first noted it from him. But as he never afterwards sang it in triple time I have not printed it all here. " First Version I " is my second noting. The many variants were taken down on several occasions, as I often heard him sing this song in the evenings. They are very constant ; and most of them [except C (4)] are used more than once, so that there are hardly two verses sung exactly alike. " First Version III " was only sung once, the rest of the verse and all the rest of the song being as in " I. " On the evening of the day that I noted the Second Version from Miss O'Donoghue I told Mr. Cochlan that I had got " Tayg Bwí " from her, being careful not to say whether she sang it exactly as he did. Later in the evening when he was asked for a song he sang " Tayg Bwí," with the first half of the first verse as printed above. These eight bars are therefore an interesting document for the study of those obscure subjects : the musical sense and the memory of the folk-singer. The two singers hardly ever met, and had probably not heard each other sing for many years. Yet the mention of Miss O'Donoghue's name made Mr. Cochlan adopt, for a moment, her outline, though of course keeping to his own mode. The words of the Second Version correspond verse for verse with the first, but are more corrupt. The last two words of the song are generally sung very rapidly, but sometimes spoken.

—A. M. F.

See the notes on tune No. 4, " An Sheanduini." Although Mr. Cochlan sang " Tayg Bwí " only once in triple time, the tune certainly belongs to a type of Irish and Scottish Gaelic air which is in triple measure of an especially marked kind. Cf. the " Hurler's March," p. 99, " Is it the Priest you want," p. 86, etc., in *Bunting* (1840) for further examples.—L. E. B.

\* Co. Roscommon.—L. E. B.

† Co. Clare and Co. Cork.—L. E. B.

A version of this song—no doubt from the local names in it a Munster song originally—has been picked up in Teelin, Co. Donegal, by Mr. Henry Morris. See his *Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh*, 1915, No. 62. The secondary origin of the Donegal version is shown by the adaptation of the place-names, as in the line “Nil teach lionn-reaca ó Chaiseal Mara go Fánaid síos,” where Caiseal Mara (identified by Mr. Morris with Cashel in Glencolmille) is substituted for Cashel of Munster and Fánaid, Lough Swilly, for Athleague. The Teelin copy is also much mutilated.—R. F.

### 13.—LUAN DUV AN ÁIR.

[ON THAT FATAL MONDAY].

A LAMENT.

(No 6th.)  
♩ = 66.

SUNG BY MR CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

(ó san) Luan duv an..... áir hái - nig súe - neas - (a) róí - rit.

vreá, (ó) D'im - ia - dar..... uem - she lea - húa - rín ruim  
*a tempo.*

lá. (ó h) Ig ias - cui - reacht báid, a gian - tuiv á rit.

má, D'úig iar - sma na..... bliá - na, na..... nieg go wayad bás.

- 2 Nuer a ghouim-she anso shíos, agus d' éachuim fá'n líng,  
Nuer a chíim Caruig Änuir, (ó) pléascan mo chruí.  
Tar [har]naish dom, Wirish, go müläch mo ching,  
Agus ishí Caruig Änuir is céili ghom chluíng.
- 3 's ishé mo chreach agus mo ghíh nár leogas iad er luíng,  
Nú in éineacht le chíili mar a déach a *Wild Geese*.  
's do vèach mo húil-she le Críost 's lena chúnnav erish  
Go mèach mo cheaharar mouil múinti na lúb-earuiv gry.

\* The popular name for the recruits of the Irish Brigade. See *Bunting* (1840) for an air of that name, and an interesting note in his preface. Cf. Song, No. 64, in Part 2 of this collection.

—L. E. B.

- 4 Agus tá duini dem chluíng, ná cuirim é a suím, [¿ ná cuirhi mé à suím]  
 Donacha breá burla-gheal, fear cosnuihi mo hí,  
 Tugach a fia lesh óng guíl agus a bradán ón líng,  
 Fideóga dú a tlé amú, agus gan vréag a chearc ruíh.
- 5 's ishé Coramach mo wyn, an té is óigi ghom chluíng,  
 Coicis ón lá son a háini shé i dír.  
 Gan tapu, gan brí, gan anam 'na chruí,  
 Agus mo shcéal dúch mar a chualag fá'n duerishc erish !
- 6 Ishé Finín mo sdór, rí na vear óg,  
 Do ví shé mouil múinti dea-chlúvuil go leór :  
 Do shcríoch shé har meón er búcaluiv a vróg,  
 Agus ishí Caruig Ānuir is céili ghom sdór.
- 7 's ishí a noleg sho chúing a noleg gan fún—  
 Mo cheaharar breá burla-gheal fá srohiv na dún.  
 Á ma ná fwaying dív ach triúr go doying insa trúil  
 Is róí-vreá mar a hínhing 's mar a chuínhing iad súd.
- 8 's a chlaun ó mo chruí, nu an trúa liv mar a vím ?  
 Úr nàhirín bocht féinig i géar-ghol 's a cy,  
 Am chúili wocht chríon a guíl uéigineach a tí,  
 Agus an vean atá in áit úr máhar ní cás lé mar a vím !

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On that fatal Monday there was a calm all too beautiful,  
 And they went from me—but half an hour before day—  
 To fish in a boat, to be drowned far off,  
 Which has left me a new year's gift—to die after their loss.
- 2 When I go down here, and look across the lake,  
 When I see Carraig Aonair, my heart breaks.  
 Come back to me, Maurice, to . . . . . ,  
 And Carraig Aonair is my children's spouse.
- 3 Ah woe is me that I did not send them on board ship,  
 All together, on the track of the *Wild Geese* ;\*  
 Then I should have hoped, with the help of Christ,  
 That my four gracious lads would grow to strong, lithe men.
- 4 There is one of my children [¿ whom I will not omit]—  
 Fair, white-breasted Dennis, the support of my home.  
 He brought home the deer from the wood, the salmon from the flood,  
 Black plover from the hillside and, truly, the heather hen.
- 5 And Charley, my darling, the youngest of my children—  
 A fortnight after that day he came to land,  
 Without motion, or strength, or life in his heart—  
 And alas that I ever again [¿ heard any tidings of them].
- 6 And Flurry, my treasure, king among young men,  
 He was mannerly, educated, of good report ;  
 He wrote excellently . . . . .  
 And Carraig Aonair is my darling's mate.

\* See previous footnote.—ED.

- 7 Joyless is the coming Christmas,  
 With my four fair, white-breasted lads under the tide !  
 Could I find but three of them deep in the stream,  
 O well would I lay them out and keen for them !
- 8 O my beloved children, do ye pity me—  
 Your own poor father—bitterly weeping and lamenting,  
 Wasted, sorrowful, crouching in a lonely corner of the house ?—  
 And the woman who has your mother's place is untouched by my suffering.

A lament for three sons and a son-in-law—Dennis of verse 4. The text is very corrupt, with many irrational syllables and nonsensical passages. The untranslated half of the second line of verse 2 may contain a disguised place-name ; the words noted mean " the top of my head." Those noted to verse 4, line 1, seem to mean " whom I do not reckon." The last half of verse 6, line 3, is in the Irish " on the buckles of his shoes." A version of this lament is printed, with words only, in the *Proceedings of the Oireachtas*, (Gaelic League, 1899), p. 160. Seven verses are given, composed mostly of couplets given above, but differently arranged. Verse 2, lines 3 and 4, and verse 7, lines 3 and 4 of Mr. Cochlan's words are not in the *Oireachtas* version, which is so corrupt that it throws no light on our obscure passages ; the sons' names are given as Donald, Thomas and John ; the stepmother is not mentioned.—A. M. F.

This belongs to the same type of air as " Donald's Return to Glencoe," a favourite both in Ireland and Scotland (see *Journal*, Vol. v, p. 100, etc., for examples and references). In *Bunting* (1840) the editor gives an interesting historical note on the air called "*Géadha Fiadhaine*," " The Wild Geese," *i.e.* the Irish Brigade, " the gallant remnant of whom, upon the capitulation of Limerick in 1691, preferred honourable exile to remaining in the country when their cause was lost, and who afterwards so well sustained the national reputation, under the name of the Irish Brigade, in the Continental Wars." Bunting adds later : " A very affecting allusion to this ' flight of the wild geese ' occurs in a county Cork *Caoine* [*i.e.* " keen " or lament], composed by a father on the death of his sons, who had been drowned at sea :

" My long grief and my loss that you had not gone on ship-board  
 In company with Sir James, as the wild geese have done ;  
 Then my loving trust would be in God that I would have your company again,  
 And that the stormy sea should not become the marriage-bed of my children."

This verse suggests that the Cork *Caoine* may have been a version of our lament.  
 —L. E. B.

14.—ER ÉRING NÍ NEÓSSUING CÉ HÍ.

[FOR THE WORLD I WOULD NOT SAY WHO SHE IS].

(No 6th.)

$\text{♩} = 104.$  *Sung very simply.*

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

1. A - ryr is mé 'g aer - ycht er nóin, Coesh tuív fleas - ca na  
 teó - ran sho shíos, Shea do hái - nig an..... sbér - vean am  
 hreó, D' úig tä - ma - nach breóí - ti lag shíng; VÍ a  
 folh troum lé a tui - tim go feór, Go co - cá - nach  
 ó - ma - rach bwí, Do ví la - sa na..... lea - cuin trí.....  
 rós— Is er É - ring ní neós - suing cé hí.

*Variant.*

D' úig tä - ma - nach breóí - ti lag shíng.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. FRANK BREWE, FROM RUAN, WEST CLARE.

$\text{♩} = 120.$   
 There's a home by the wild A - von More, In a  
 nest o - ver - sha - ded with trees, Where the wild ri - ver

wash - es the shore, And the bul - rush - es wave in the  
 breeze; Where the green..... i - vy clings round the door, And the  
 birds sweet - ly sing on each tree: To my dar - ling their  
 sweet notes they pour,..... 'S er É - rin ní neós - suin cé hí.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Yesterday evening, as I was a-walking  
 Down by our boundary-wall,  
 There drew nigh me a fair lady  
 Who left me sick and sorrowful.  
 Her heavy tresses reached to the grass  
 In amber-yellow ringlets,  
 A rosy glow was in her cheek—  
 And for the world I will not say who she is.
- 2 's dá ngéileach a sbérvean om hórd,  
 Cé gur bw' éaganta an ghnó ghom é wyv,  
 Do ghéanhing-she féin di gach gnó  
 Go léir chuir i góir is i gríh :  
 Do léifing go hán stàir dom sdór,  
 Agus í vréaga ba veón lium óm chruí  
 Agus do véarhing a chráv di na dóid—  
 Is er Éring ní neóssing cé hí.
- 2 And if the maiden would stoop to the  
 likes of me—  
 Though it is a foolish thing for me to con-  
 fess—  
 I would arrange everything  
 For her comfort and her good.  
 Many poems would I read to my love,  
 And my desire would be to please her ;  
 I would crown her the queen among  
 women—  
 But for the world I will not say who she is.
- 3 " Tá úr-ghaishín miúntaish deas réig  
 Sa tír sho go nglæd shiad Cill VÍ ;  
 Tá úiri agus múini ghá réir,  
 Flúirshi agus féili insa why :  
 Is túirshach 's is dúach lium mar shcéal  
 Veh a túrna ig an sbérvean má's fíor ;  
 Agus túir cúntas go húl uet don chléir,  
 Agus ná diúlhgig a léa ghúing cé hí."
- 3 " There is a young, tender, beautiful,  
 smooth sapling  
 In this country which they call Kill Vee(?);  
 And, like it, fresh and gracious,  
 Free and noble is the woman,  
 I am grieved and sorrowful to hear  
 That [you] have been overcome by the  
 fair lady, if it be true ;  
 Confess it humbly to your priest,  
 And do not refuse to tell me who she is."

- 4 's íshí an chéad vean í, réilhan na nóg,  
Júná nú Pàlàs gan tíol,  
Nú (an) Déirdiri lenar hráchag na treóin  
Agus gur éagadar na hóigi dá druim,  
Nú an sbérvruineal véasach gheas óg  
Tá 'r dāv eli de hóruing go míom,  
Agus go léi shúd go pléag a túl óir—  
Agus er Éring ní neóssing cé hí.
- 5 's nách éaganta d' ānar om hórd  
Veh a géili dá feórdul cas bwí !  
's nuer éachuim na déig ansa ród  
Léimean agus óigean mo chruif.  
Níl ānar i nāchor i gróing  
Na heasav a bóisht ig an Rí,  
Ná tréiceach a chiéili go deó  
Le hāntearc om sdórach, pé hí.
- 6 's a háirir ty páirteach lium hén,  
Agus go b' áirihí á véaduing-she shcri  
Go wil grá 'gut do wán-chnuish na grāv,  
Á waying áirihí ó éingi 'r cé hí :  
Ty cáinti 's ní hávar oit mé,  
Gur le dānycht ahām leat á wyv,  
Ní fláir nú tá cáim er do shecál,  
Mar 's g'wil náiri ort a léa ghúing cé hí.
- 7 " 's a háirir wouil wúinti gan cháim,  
Cár v'iúna lium stráili ghon tír  
Ná strúili vèach túirnihi ig mnáiv,  
Gur v'ún leat a cháil a rui shíos ;  
Is údar mé chiúluig a lán  
Den Raingc is den Sbáing is coesh Ly.  
Tá om hūirt-she chun cúntuish am báb—  
Agus lem úmpar ná tráchtuing cé hí."
- 4 She is first among women, the star of  
maidens,  
Juno or spotless Pallas,  
Or Deirdre, through whom the mighty  
were conquered  
And the young men died,  
Or the winning, handsome young maiden  
(On the other side of my boundary wall).  
She competed for the golden apple—  
But for the world I will not say who she is.
- 5 And is it not witless for one like me  
To be overcome by her curling, yellow,  
flowing tresses !  
When I look after her in the road  
My heart leaps and grows young.  
There is no crowned monarch  
[Or] highly-placed courtier,  
Who would not forsake his wife for ever  
For sheer love of my darling, whomever she  
be !
- 6 And you, good man, are a sharer in my  
guilt ;  
For certainly—could I only write—  
You are in love with a white-skinned lass—  
Would someone only tell me exactly who  
she is !  
You are blamed, and should not talk of  
me ;  
For, I make bold to tell you,  
There must be something crooked in your  
case,  
Since you are ashamed to declare to me  
who she is.
- 7 " Good, well-bred, honest man,  
I should not wonder if it were a country  
tramp,  
Or a profligate ruined by women,  
Whose repute you were trying to blacken ;  
But I am a scholar who has travelled far  
In France and Spain and by the Lee,  
And for me to be taken to task on account  
of my girl—  
On my honour I will not say who she is ! "

*Cf.* the tunes with *Petrie*, Nos. 167, "Kilrush Air," and 1237 to a title similar to the above ; also 1321, "An Cailín Dubh" ; and *Joyce* (1909), No. 410, "Nancy the Pride of the West." In *Joyce's Irish Music and Song* (1888) p. 22, he gives this tune to the above Irish title and its most usual translation "For Ireland I'd not tell her name." It is often, he tells us, also called "Binn lisiin aerach a Bhrogha "

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

("The melodious little *lis*, or fort, of Bruff," Co. Limerick).\* Mr. Brewé sang his version to me in London, in September, 1915. I give it here as an example of the songs of a generation of translators and adaptors, who still have a good deal that is Irish in their singing. The words are rather obscure. According to Mr. Cochlan, the song is a dialogue between a married man (**A**), and his brother, a priest (**B**), and the situation is as follows: **A**, in verses 1 and 2 sings the praises of an unknown woman; **B** reproves him (verse 3). **A** continues his song of praise (verses 4 and 5) and in verse 6 drops a hint that he is aware of **B**'s passion for his own wife; **B** replies, weakly enough, in verse 7. In Walsh's *Popular Songs* (1847), p. 132, there is a version in five stanzas made up as follows: I corresponds in its first four lines to Mr. Cochlan's I. **W.** II = **C.** II. **W.** III = **C.** III (first four lines) and **C.** I (last four lines). Then follow two "stanzas supplementary to the foregoing" which correspond more or less with **C.** VI and VII. In *Walsh* the song is not printed as a dialogue, but we read that "Tradition attributes it to a young man who fell violently in love with the affianced bride of his own brother." But in a case of this kind Walsh is not to be trusted. The proof of this statement I quote from p. 15 of his introduction: "In these Irish songs are to be found none of the indelicate and even gross allusions, which so greatly disgrace the lyrical efforts of the best poets of England in the last century." The texts in *Ceol Sidhe*, *Fuinne na Smól* and *An Chláirseach* (the last two with tunes which are variants of that printed here) seem to be taken from *Walsh*. Verse 4, line 6, in the Irish text is a memory of verse 1. The context seems to point to a reference to Aphrodite in the original line. It is curious that this line (verse 4, line 6) occurs in Walsh's version as the second line of verse 3.—A. M. F.

Petrie's tune, No. 1237, is set to other words in the 4th edition of *Poets and Poetry of Munster*; it is not included in the original edition. The Rev. Richard Henebry includes a version, learnt from his mother, in his *Irish Music . . . an Examination of the matter of Scales, Modes and Keys, etc.*, p. 33. It is curious that Father Henebry should state "Outside the source indicated it is unknown to me."—L. E. B.

\* See the florid air and the Irish text with translation, in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th edition, pp. 246-51).—ED.



# 15.—CUÍL RUIŠH.

[ROSS WOOD].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 104.$



Trí Chuil Ruish am ä - nar a ngär - ha glas í - ving, Ig  
 Léin - loch a víos is mé ('r) teas - dal er nóin,..... VÍ  
 [t] ím - pi - reacht guh éan an er ghéa - guiv am hím - pal, Do ...  
 réi - feach gach duír - shi le hai - teas a geól : VÍ .....  
 míol - ta 'gus tréan - fuic a plé - reacht er ín - shea - chuiv, A - gus  
 slaed vea - la 'gto - ruiv ig bea - chuiv chun sdóir, .. ...  
 Cruíng - vi - li 'géi - li lesh ga - hán to - ra a vish - leacht, A - gus  
 méa - nach glan suit - ti le ha - varc an óir : Bíon  
 éishc vea - ra prea - buig chun tòi - liv o'n líng, A - gus  
 géim íg..... an eas - uig er hlea - suiv a ..... ghlíng; Don

réir shin bog taing - ca - vach mwai - shi ga - ch (a) bwlí, O.....

häv Tuirc 'on Lea - vuing, is às shúd don Ríng.

- 2 (ó 's) Do b' íving lium tréivshi na hánar nuer a hílhig  
 An sbérvruingeal chyn taish ba haingeavach cló ;  
 Do híleas gan vréag gurb í Vénus nú íshir,  
 Nú Dérdiri an úilchnuish do casag am hreó.  
 VÍ a bruíhi 's [? 'r] a clánrosc mar an ruibi shínti,  
 Er [? *omit*] a héadan taish mánlá, ba hana er e [? é a] beól,  
 A píp is a shév-chorp mar shcéiv eala 'r tuídi,  
 Agus gréin-ghili cyscar na leacuín mar [? le] rós.  
 VÍ a dlufhi d'v dàitti go halhiv lé a tíacht,  
 Go nāvarach glán fada 's í casa gach dly,  
 E géar-wama chailcí mar hneachta er e clí,  
 Agus don réir shin a pearsa go bara-gheal truí.
- 3 " A ríog-vruingeal wārga, ó 's déanach gur frí mí,  
 Léig dom ínhint [? ínting], a ghalha 's a sdóir,  
 An gny leat me éshteacht, nú an bwāh ghom é a wyv leat,  
 Gur géar-ghoineag shí mí le taingeav dot chló ?  
 Ná cuínig mé hréigean, gan céili mar ty-she,  
 Agus gur bw' an mí le brídíg nár ceanggalag fós ;  
 Er ínting ve réig leat, a féarla na rion-rosc,  
 Suig tāv lium, a wíonuig, is tavuir dom póg."  
 Is déadach a lavuir an aingir gheas líng :  
 " Níl ā fioc ar [? éifeacht 'n ar] chanuish, er mearahal ty,  
 Is lér om le fada hu ceangguilhi ig mny,  
 Cé gur méing leat mé veala led raidireacht gríng."
- 4 " 's a ríog-vruingeal wārga, le sārhoil óm ínting  
 Céili chun tísh chúm níor ghlacas riav fós ;  
 Agus gur díolhas is clánvearta hārhhig fá chuíngg mí,  
 Le straeri hug tímpal dir Chaluihi 's Cóf.  
 Níor clyg lena céird mí, 's is léir om a gníorha,  
 's er hálhacht na mílhi ní leanhing dá cōr ;  
 Ímpireacht Haezir, 's ar hārhhig dá riochtuiv,  
 Ní ghiánhing dóiv stríoca, níl mahas na ngnó.  
 A réilhan na Mwāingi [? mwainni], 's a wascalach vín,  
 Nú Hélan a bearsuin, hug caha na Truí,  
 Fwaeshav ort arcuim, a ghalha mo chruí,  
 Nú má éaguim dod éascuiv ty damanta 'm ghruím."

- 5 " Lem bwyn is lem ghálhiv (er shishi) go léir go rous díolha,  
 Dá ngéiling sa tli shin d'ear maguig 'ot órd ;  
 Cly lium ní méing leat, mo chéasa ní cy ghoit,  
 Ní ghéinim ded lyhiv ach racuireacht sbóirt."  
 " Brí leauir Írean, is géil-she go shí ghom,  
 Éfeacht a Víobala 's fearta na Ró,  
 Cyn tagus cléir agus nāv-easbuig díochta,  
 Má éaguim hu, wianuig, le beaha ghom gheóin ! "  
 Le clána dá gheár cuiv a vrahás mo wyn,  
 Agus in éineacht chun tàiliv a treascarag shíng ;  
 Mo shcéal-sa gur v' aiteas le havarc an luí,  
 'S mé pléireacht lem ghalha fé wara na cruí.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Once I was passing through Ross wood alone, on a green pleasant bank,  
 Walking in the afternoon by Lough Leane ;\*  
 Birds were choiring in the branches around me,  
 Dispelling all sorrow with the joy of their song ;  
 Hares and swift bucks were sporting on the inches,  
 Bees storing masses of honey,  
 Tall, slender trees bending with the sweetest fruits,  
 And . . . (?) at the first glimpse of Autumn :  
 Fish were leaping to the shore from the lake,  
 The waterfall echoing in the valley-sides,  
 And pleasing was the beauty of each spot †  
 From the slopes of Torc ‡ to the Laune § and so away to Reen. ||
- 2 How delighted I was when there appeared, all alone,  
 A gentle fair lady, delightful of form !  
 Truly I thought that Venus or Isir (?)  
 Or lime-white Deirdre was approaching me.  
 Her brows stretched like a single hair over her glancing eye,  
 Calm and gentle was her forehead, narrow her mouth,  
 Her throat and fair body like the swan on the flood,  
 And in her cheek the rose colour strove against gleaming whiteness  
 Her locks, dark of hue, descended to her ankles,  
 Shining, brilliant, long, in curling tresses ;  
 Her breasts were like two little heaps of snow,  
 And she was all perfection down to the white tips of her toes.

\* The Lower Lake, Killarney.

† We should perhaps read " ba haingeavach " here.

‡ Torc Mountain, above Torc (or Muckcross, or Middle) Lake.

§ Flowing out of the n.w. corner of Lough Leane.

|| Reen Point, on the n. shore of the Lough Leane.

- 3 " O queenly lady, since now so late I meet you,  
 Tell me clearly, my dearest treasure,  
 Do you care to listen to me, or is it vain for me to tell you  
 That I am sore wounded by your loveliness ?  
 Do not think to leave me, since you are unwed,  
 And I am one not yet bound to any maiden :  
 Come, let us agree, my bright-eyed pearl,  
 Sit down by me, dearest, and give me a kiss."  
 Then angrily spoke this pretty maid :  
 " You are talking nonsense, you are crazy !  
 I have long known that you are united to a woman,  
 Though now you want to deceive me with your winning talk ! "
- 4 " O queenly lady, of my own free will  
 I never took a wife to live with me.  
 By evil scheming was I fastened under the yoke  
 With a gad-about who has travelled the country from Callahy\* to  
 Queenstown.  
 I liked not her ways, I know all her doings,  
 And for thousands of pounds I would not keep her company :  
 Caesar's empire and all the kingdoms he won  
 Would not tempt me—I reckon them as nought.  
 O star of the Maine† [ ? O morning-star ], O delicate virgin,  
 O Helen indeed, O heroine of Troy—  
 I beseech you to have mercy on me, my heart's darling,  
 For if I die on your account, truly you are guilty."
- 5 " My friends and all my people would cast me off  
 If I were to yield like that to such a beguiler.  
 You do not wish to stand by me, you care not for my trouble,  
 I take your speeches to be mere idle romancing."  
 " Do but give way to me, and I swear by the Books of Ireland,  
 By the wisdom of the Bible, the miracles of Rome,  
 The gentle teaching of the priests and holy bishops,  
 Never willingly to leave you, dear, while I live ! "  
 My sweet one cast down her eyes, and I knew her mind ;  
 And together we dropped to the ground.  
 O happy was I, at the first glimpse of day,  
 Sporting with my darling under the spreading branches !

This is perhaps Mr. Cochlan's favourite song. He admires it for the excellence of the Irish, and for the length of the stanzas " For as there are three English miles in two Irish, so there are three verses of an ordinary song in two of this. It is a big, fine, long song." In singing it he almost invariably repeats the last four lines of verses 2, 3 and 4, so that he brings the total of lines sung up to seventy-two and takes something over eleven minutes to sing them. The pauses vary in length, tending to become longer towards the end of the verse. That in the last bar but two is often sung so as to add exactly three beats to the bar. The last three words

\* Perhaps Callahy, Co. Clare, or " Calaidhthe and Ghóilín," the name of the narrows between Valencia and the mainland.

† River north of the Laune, Kerry.

of the song are the only place where the variant (triple and semibreve) is used. As to the words: this poem is of course about as much like a folk-song as *L'Allegro*. It is a highly elaborate production of Finneen O'Scannel,\* a Kerry man, one of a well known family of litterati. I do not know if it is found in any manuscript. Father Dineen in his book on Killarney quotes the first twelve lines. Unfortunately the eighth line as given by him, though different from Mr. Cochlan's, is rather more unintelligible. In the *Proceedings of the Oireachtas*, 1897, p. 65, twenty-four lines of this poem are published. Verse 1, line 8, runs "Agus Méineach glan soillseach," etc., *i.e.* "And Méineach gleaming bright." The rest varies a good deal from our version.—A. M. F.

*Cf.* a somewhat similar tune "The Dance by the old Sally-Tree," *Joyce* (1909), No. 169. Although the air as a whole suggests some song of the sophisticated Moore period there are parts which remind one of "Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day," introduced in many ballad-operas, (*see* Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Times*), and also of tunes sung to "Lord Lovel."—L. E. B.

## 16.—MWAIDIN LUAN CÁSGA.

[EASTER MONDAY MORNING].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

Mwai - din Lu - an Cás - ga tríd a Mlár - nan suir, Ag's mo  
 hlán beó i - ní - sh(i) lem ghú - heg; Ó cá wus ná go m'ear a vèach a  
 cás a - guing Ná 'gheá lán a vèach líng mar ghiúl er? Ba.....  
 vi - nic mo lár ad wán - chrov ghil, Ag's do hláin - ti 'níg go.....

\* Walsh mentions him as one of the eighteenth century bards "somewhat later than" Denis and Connor O'Sullivan.—ED.

niú - guing; Is go vi - cead buan blá - far tu i gáil 's i gion, Cé gur

á - guish i - nish go..... dúch mi. 2. 'N té, etc.

*Variant* <sup>A</sup>  
Ér ea - ga - la na mé - hi, tá go tréh ded ..... gheas-cuiv, Mar is

céas - ta 'n ga - lar an grá ..... so;..... Gur b'é de - rid do ghá - ha go ...

léir mar a vea-suim, Nár, etc.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On Easter Monday morning, as I pass eastwards through Blarney,  
Farewell now to my home!  
Who knows but we shall be better off  
Than many who would blame us now?  
Often has my hand lain in your white hand,  
And often have I drunk to your health:  
And may I see you long lived, respected and popular—  
Though now you have left me sorrowing.
- 2 Is minic a derim féin le créachda gus le sulh  
Go meg a sál so guing go súgach,  
A rúimeanuiv álwara diánav féili 'dig,  
Agus cead sár aguing óng giúinear.  
Do veacha ghá naereacht lá gréini amù,  
Agus me féin ishtig i liún-duv—  
(is) Dá wairhing le sál ní ghéanhing shin,  
Is go deyn is tú mo riúnach.
- 2 I often say that in weal and woe  
Our life will be full of joy.  
We shall entertain in whitewashed rooms,  
With full permission from the gentle man.  
Your bees swarming (?) outside on a sunny  
While I was melancholy indoors— [day,  
If I lived for ever that should never be!  
For truly you are my beloved.
- 3 'N té chfhach a saírear a lár a ghuirt,  
Agus a chrán er a choishling flúruig,  
Is bog 's is breá do gheárhach ucht,  
Is do ví an bár ighi óng gúigear.  
Anieg a hesharach lárach ba vreá é a ghuh,  
Is do chmáineach sun chun shúil iad,  
I dihiv a táirni a díol fláta ghil—  
"Tuishántar [also: Ó 'shántar] puntsh  
agus liún dom!"
- 3 You should see my bonny lad in the middle  
of the field [wrist]  
With the reaping-hook on his shapely  
Easily and well could he cut his share,  
And beat the other five men.  
Sweet was his voice as he followed his  
plough-team,  
And the horses quickened at his song:  
In the inns he would pay down bright  
silver pieces—  
"Bring me punch and ale!"

- 4 An té chfíhach a tóigear gleóiti deas  
 Agus a vróigin smearha néata,  
 A chosóig nó, agus dar nóin e vest,  
 A góir 's a geart a ví a véavar !  
 'S mó cailín óg gleóiti deas,  
 Tá go breóiti lag tar h'éish-she,  
 Dá mèach ici ór go leór agus bà,  
 Do b' í rún agus shearc do chléiv i.
- 5 'S dá waying-she péapar néata deas,  
 Agus cead shcrí go miun le bár pion,  
 Do chuirhing-she shíos díov gníorha an ir,  
 Agus is dom-sa fén nár chás sun.  
 Na heasav er an fnshí chun ril nú jig,  
 Is ní féar ná mar imireóch báiri,  
 An daús bruingeal sa ríocht a chfíhach a  
 chlis  
 Óna cruí ná go dúrhach grá gho.
- 6 Agus cóirli do luem leat, a wúachuil ghasa,  
 Cé gur húerimfos sun a dráh ghoit,  
 Do hata leoguint anúas o úachtar do walan  
 Er do ghrúanuiv gheala bána,  
 Er eagala na méhi tá go tréh dod gheas-  
 cuiv—  
 Mar is céasta an galar an grá so—  
 Go b'é derid do ghálha go léir mar a  
 veasuid,  
 Nár ásuish i geart chun mná d'áil.
- 7 Tá mo húil-she go dían lesh a Dfarna  
 'nuish,  
 'Na ghía so go meg aguing sál mah—  
 Cead fuinni agus ríar go fíal ad chishtin,  
 Is na ghía son do liniv á m'éaga.  
 Do wà boga er shliáv nu i nfochtar cuili  
 A tríal ig duini dá néreacht,  
 Agus bwili troum dían gan cíach er do  
 chuigin,  
 Is cead ríarav aguing óng gálear.
- 4 You should see my handsome, smart  
 young man  
 With his clean greased shoes,  
 His new coat and waistcoat too ;  
 His spick and span beaver hat.  
 Oh, many's the smart, handsome maid  
 That you have left languishing,  
 Who, if she had gold and cows in plenty,  
 Would fain be your dearest dear.
- 5 And if I could get some nice, neat paper,  
 And write small with a pointed pen,  
 I would set down my man's exploits for  
 you—  
 And that would be no trouble to me !—  
 How he stood up to a reel or jig on the  
 riverside,  
 And played hurley every bit as well :  
 There's never a lady in the land could see  
 his feats  
 Without giving her heart's love to him.
- 6 And this is my advice to you, my brisk  
 young lad,  
 Though I have given it to you full early :  
 To pull down your hat from your forehead  
 Over your fair white cheeks,  
 For fear of the maidens who are languish-  
 ing for you—  
 Since this love is a torturing sickness—  
 For all your people say, I am sure,  
 That you are not old enough to marry yet.
- 7 And I trust earnestly in the Lord  
 That after this we shall have a good  
 living—  
 Baking and sharing out generously in  
 your kitchen,  
 And, later on, your children to pet,  
 Your young cattle on the hill at the foot  
 of the woods  
 Being driven to pasture by a herd,  
 Strong, hearty, joyous thumps in your  
 dash-churn,  
 And liberty under the handsome master.

*Verse 3, line 3* : The word "ucht" means "bosom." In this district, if not elsewhere, it also means the corn to be reaped (or any similar work) lying before each member of a party. *Verse 7, last word* : "Caolfhear" means "slender man." It is an ordinary complimentary term in Irish ; and here, like "Ciunfhear" (gentle man) in the fourth line of verse 2, it is applied to the master.—A. M. F.

Probably the air of No. 77 in this collection is allied to the above. There seems to be no Irish tune like this beautiful one in any of the well-known collections, but

it has several points of likeness to the fine air for which Burns wrote "O Love will venture in." Burns in one letter describes how he "took down the notes from a country girl's voice" to words "of no great merit," beginning "There was a pretty may, and a milken she went." In another he writes "The air was taken down from Mrs. Burns' voice. It is well known in the west country . . . By the bye, take a look at the tune again, and tell me if you do not think it is the original from which 'Roslin Castle' is composed. The second part, for the first two or three bars, is exactly the old air." Burns did not realise that Oswald never claimed to have "composed" the tune of "Roslin Castle" but merely used the old air for new words. Cf. the last phrase of the Irish tune with that of "As I walked out," noted by Dr. Vaughan Williams in Essex (*Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 152).—L. E. B.

Cf. the tune also with "Three Pretty Maidens milking did go," *Journal*, Vol. iv, p. 93, and other variants cited in the same place. But the Irish air has also a flavour of "Boyne Water," though it seems to me more Scotch than Irish in character. It may be noted that the air "Roslin Castle" (whose earlier name was "The House of Glams") appears, wrongly barred, in Bennett's "Alawon fy Ngwlad" as "Castell Rhôs-y-Llan," and in a shorter version, rightly-barred, as "Y Fenyw Fwyn" ("The Gentle Woman"). The latter is perhaps a pre-Oswald form of the air, as it lacks his second strain.—A. G. G.

### 17.—SOLUS NA RÉ.

[THE LIGHT OF THE MOON].

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

$\text{♩} = 66.$

Le so-lus na ré go... déa-nach dom, Coesh täv na cui li..... cûr - ha,

'Gus mo choingo héas - ca i né - neacht liúm, Is a géim a - guing dá.....

wúish - cilh, Shea do gheár-cas an vé..... gur w'ae rach é... a cruh; Háin-nig



iàcht o - rom nuer a dúert shí : "Suig an - so táv..... lium, a

réic an..... tuilh, Go néan - ham clui - chí..... ghú - - built."

*Variant.* A  
cúr - ha, 'Gus mo choin go... etc.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Late one night by the light of the moon,  
Beside the fragrant wood,  
When I and my swift dogs  
Were rousing the game,  
I saw a strangely beautiful lady.  
I was struck with amazement when she said :  
" Sit here beside me, you merry rogue,  
And let us play a two-fold game ! "
- 2 " I can not stop, I am late,  
And the hue and cry is after me ;  
And my mother would scold me daily  
afterwards  
And my relatives blame me on your  
account.  
For Holy Church teaches us  
That on the day of Judgment, when we  
shall rue our sins,  
We must all assemble together  
Quickly, at the sound of the trumpet."
- 3 " O goodly, modest, pleasant-spoken man,  
Do not refuse me now ;  
For I loved you and made you the lord of  
my heart  
When you were herding cattle on Diu-  
chail (?) †  
I am a pretty maid in sore distress  
Through longing for you ;  
And I want you for myself without mar-  
riage by the Church ;  
My dearest, do not deny me ! "
- 2 " 'S ní statuing i nāchor, tá 'n déanui agùm,  
Mar tá céad glā amù agus liú 'rom,  
Go mèach mo wanharla pléi lium 'n ay 'n lae dá diocach,  
Gus mo ghālha liúm mar ghiúl ort ;  
Go wil an Eagaluish nāfa á léa ghúing  
Lá 'n tlé er a gunùc, gus is dúch a vèam,  
Go gaham go léir lena chiéli dul  
Go héasc' er ghuh a trámpu."
- 3 " 'S aruiri héiv na mrérha suilh,  
Ná déinsh' insh mi ghiúlha ;  
Gur dugus grá cléi ghoit, réim agus cion,  
'S tú 'g aereacht stuic er Diúchuil ;\*  
Mar is aingir gheas mé tá géar a mruid  
A súil a teacht a tnú leat,  
Is gan ceangal óng gléir gur véing lium tú,  
'S a lá, ná din mi ghiúlha."

\* ? " Dúchuil."

† Perhaps Doughill Mountain lying south of the Lee at the beginning of its course, between Gougane Barra and Loch Allua, in West Cork.

4 'S nuer ingish a vé go héachtach dom  
 Méid a bruid 's a púnca,  
 Gur ghamanta an sál gan a réiteach di,  
 'S a briág agùm [? briága dom] go súgach,  
 Do ghruideasa léi go héasc' anson  
 Chun a clán 's a clish a ghúbuilt :  
 Fá ghuliúr na gráv, 's gan an dar ngoiri,  
 Shea vréagasa mo chúilion.

5 'S er aihint a lae na ghéig shin dom,  
 Mo léir, shea do tuigeag súd dom,  
 Go rev an aihini náfa réapu 'guing ;  
 'S is tréan a hir mo húili.  
 W'ada chreach go léir mo chuid éaduig  
 brishtihi  
 Gus cléir gach truish trí 'm ghlúiniv,  
 'S gan d'ohin sa tál ón sbér oruing  
 Ach géaga cuili gus drúchda.

4 When the lady so eloquently told me  
 All her distress and her need,  
 That her life was accursed unless she were  
 relieved,  
 With other alluring tales,  
 Then did I quickly move towards her  
 To comply with her sportive desire ;  
 And under the leafy branches, all alone,  
 I courted my fair one.

5 And afterwards, when I saw the daylight,  
 Alas, I understood [ment,  
 That we had broken the holy command-  
 And bitterly I wept.  
 My clothes were destroyed and torn,  
 And . . . (?) in my knees,  
 And nothing to hide us from the light of  
 day  
 But branches and dew.

This is a major version of tune No. 16. Cf. Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 in this *Journal*, and the notes on those songs. A belated hunter's encounter with a wondrously beautiful temptress, and the phraseology of his reply in verse 4, etc., forcibly recalls the "Sir Olaf" ballad (popular throughout Europe, but especially so in Scandinavia and Brittany). We may possibly have here a truncated form of the story. See Child's *Ballads*, "Clerk Colvill," etc., for references.—L. E. B.

## 18.—AN CHUIL DAY RÉ.

[DARK MOON HOLLOW].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN DERRYNASAGGART.

Is dúch shcíos - var a - tá an Ly ..... sho gwáil ea - da - ruiv  
 shiar; Na tol - ca cí - ruw' er ba - ra tuíng - each gan  
 ceó,..... gan..... niav; Nil... ín - sha - cha le - na tuív, ná

pór breá 'r iàir, . . . Ach ba - ra frúfh..... er cha-ruig

uirid, a - gus mo hrú - a 's úr driàt.

*Variants.*

**A** niav ; Nil fín - sha - cha le - na

**B** uirid, ..... a - gus mo

- 2 Nuer a ghauan shí Droum a Cara sir agus ón deóruing rieg  
Is taingeavach gach caishi 'ci le ceó glan niav ;  
Bíon bara glas er waishanuiv agus pór breá er iàir,  
Is cauntuing suil[h] i mara cuili ig ceól na niàn.
- 3 Coesh a ghàrhig is breáha i Néring 's is áluing round [? áili er ouing],  
Mil is céir er b'ruív [? is torh' er] géag an, is úl' er craun,  
Do chloishach éingi ceól na néan an a vèach míl' ón maul,  
Cnó bwi 's cārha er b'ruív géag an a fás go Sauin.
- 4 Agus er Tóin sir bíon ceólha an agus aifiring Dé  
Ig fearuiv óga nár v'ól dóiv i tig a taiverni glàch ;  
Ní le mórtuish 'on tórd son a verid leó an swé,  
Ach diànav bóirhi le fórsa tríd a Gúil Day Ré.
- 5 Bíon aifiring ig sagartuiv dá léa 'n ay 'n shé ;  
Tiarnuíf tailiv an go ceanasach, agus is breá é a réim ;  
Tá an taram so Rí Sacsana fwi scárlóid ghār—  
Agus shiné an bara do verim feasta ghoit, a Chúil Day Ré !
- 6 Do chiúlysa cúigi agus dúh' Í Néil,  
Às son go Mala, agus go ciúish Loch Léin,  
Ní eacasa am heastaluiv ná am chiúil go lér  
Àn wàili 'cù is breáha haingeach liúm ná an Chúil Day Ré.

#### TRANSLATION.

- 3\* By the fairest glen in Ireland, the most beautiful [on any river],  
There is honey and honeycomb, [fruits on] the branches, and apples on trees ;  
The music of the birds may be heard a mile away ;  
Yellow nuts and berries grow on the tips of the branches till November.
- I Dark and gloomy is the Lee† as she comes amongst you, [dwellers to the west],  
The black waves of her surface without foam or brightness,  
There are no water-meadows by her side, or flowering grasses,  
But only a heather-crop on a high rock—alas for your herds !

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

† In County Cork.

- 2 When she comes east to Drumcorra leaving the grey border,  
Her every little fall is beautiful with gleaming spray ;  
Green crops grow on the rich land, and the grass flourishes,  
And the music of the birds is a joyous song on the tops of the trees.
- 4 And at Toon, to the East, songs and holy masses are sung  
For young men who have not learned to call for drink in the inn ;  
They are not renowned for ostentation of that kind,  
But for mightily making roads through *An Chúil Duibhe Ré*.
- 5 There are priests who read masses at six o'clock every day (?) ;  
There are powerful landlords there, of high estate ;  
There is the army of the King of England, clothed in costly scarlet—  
Now therefore I decree the palm to you, Oh *Cúil Duibhe Ré*.
- 6 I have travelled the provinces and the lands of O'Neil,  
From there to Mallow, and to the borders of Lough Leane ;  
I have not seen, in all my wandering journeys,  
Any town that pleases me more than *An Chúil Duibhe Ré*.

The *Gaortha* is the place called on the maps "The Gearagh," a wooded and much watered stretch of land on the Lee, south-west of Macroom. Toon lies just above this, and Dromcarra two miles above Toon. The change in the landscape, from ruggedness to fertility, as the *Gaortha* is approached from the west, celebrated by the author of this song in the first three verses, has been noticed by an observer of a different type. J. Windele, in *Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Cork, etc.*, (Cork, 1839), page 238, speaks of the river Toon (which joins the Lee within the confines of the *Gaortha*): "It is crossed about two miles up by a long causeway, which divides the glen into two portions of very different features. That on the Macroom side is beautifully diversified by the windings of the Toon, which wanders downwards, glittering in the sunshine, and encircling numerous islets, clothed in the various luxuriant foliage of the oak, the ash, and hazel. Westward of the causeway the valley is a marsh, subject to the winter floods. The hillsides are chequered and broken, grey with crags . . ." *An Chúil Day Re* means "Dark Moon Hollow." I cannot locate this. There is a "Cooldorragha" (= Dark Hollow) about two miles south of Dromcarra, but this can hardly be the same place, and it is a good mile and a half from the river. I could get no help in Ballyvourney, chiefly because singers and others all started with the presumption that the *Gaortha* was that at Ballingeary, ten miles further up the river. Cf. the tune with Nos. 38 and 39 in *Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla*, No. 6 in *Cláirseach na nGaedheal* (1902), and "Róis Geal Dubh" in *An Londubh*. In *Fuinne na Smól*, Pt. IV, p. 3, there is a version of this song and tune, in which lines 1 and 4 each have five bars, Mr. Cochlan's second bar being expanded into two. Four verses are given, corresponding to verses 3, 1, 2 and 6, in the order in which they are printed in the above translation. From this copy I have taken my suggested readings in the first half of verse 3. "Round" is of course the English word. The first part of the second line, unamended, means "Honey and

wax on the tips of branches." This is a very hard-worked tune in the neighbourhood of Ballyvourney. I append as No. 18 (a) two close variants of "An Rós Geal Dubh,"\* with which words the tune is generally associated. Cf. also the following song, No. 19; also version 1 of "Is fada dhom ar Buaidhearamh," No. 20; also Petrie, Nos. 286 and 433 (with no titles).—A. M. F.

The above belongs to the somewhat undistinguished type of Irish tune of which the following few examples seem variants: No. 4, "The Black Thorn" in *Bunting* (1796); No. 396, "The Drynaun Dhun" (meaning "The Blackthorn"), No. 387, "The Rambles from Clare," and No. 548, "Pretty Polly," in *Joyce* (1909). Petrie's tune, No. 728, "Scornful Sally," in two-four time, seems to be a link between the second version of No. 19 in this collection and the familiar "Banks of Sweet Dundee" and "Irish Molly" forms of this highly conventional air.—L. E. B

18(a).—AN RÓS GEAL DUV.

[THE FAIR (BRIGHT) BLACK ROSE].

FIRST VERSION.

$\text{♩} = 80.$  SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Er an ä - nach má hé - an tu a díol do stuic, Do  
 heang - a ná bíoch er mea - ra - hal 's bíoch do chó..... rá glic; Cuir  
 gluish er do ghóir - shiv, a - gus boul - tuí cip, Sar a raych a  
 cléi..... reach sheal a pléi..... reacht led ríós..... geal duv.

\* These tunes are distinct from Petrie's "An Rós Geal Dubh," No. 1180, but seem allied to the extraordinarily ornate airs to that title on pp. 256. 257 of *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th edition).—L. E. B.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

Is fa - da'n réim do hug mé féi - nig ó 'né go  
 'niuv, I ni - meal shléi - ti go héa-drom äi - ta mar b'ó..... lach  
 dom; Loch Éi - ri do léi - meas, cé gur mór é'n  
 sruh, 'Sgan gi - li gréi - ni am yéig - shi ach mo riós geal duv.

See the notes to song No. 18. There are Irish texts and translations, to the above title, in Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs*, and *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, etc., etc. The "black-haired Rose" is one of the allegorical names for Ireland. Walsh, who gives his version as popular in the South, states that it is said to be as old as the time of Elizabeth.—L. E. B.

19.—MÓRA ER MWAIDIN DOET.

[GOD BLESS YOU].

FIRST VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 69.$

Mór' a - gus Mwi - ri ghoit, a..... sbé - r(i) - vean chíúin; Is  
 sáv a cho - lan tu, a - gus mé..... go dúch; Pèa - cu le  
 so - nús nú le cing iúint (ó) a reái - nish chúm,.....  
 So - ca - ruig do ghe - shi chúit,..... chun go me - míd er shúl.

SECOND VERSION.

(No 4th.)  
♩ = 80.

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

A \*

Mór er mwai - dín doet, a sbéi - vean chiúí ; Sá v a  
cho - lyn tu er lic a to - buir, a - gus mé go dúch ;  
Gleas u - mat go ta - puig a - gus téa - nam chun shúl, Go.....  
naish - treóm ár nar - hí go Clár geal Mún.

A \*(See my note—A. M. F.)

*Variant*  
(conjectural).

chiúín : Is sáv a cho - lyn tu &c.

- 2 " Fios t'ainimi agus do hluingi dom fén er dúish,  
Er eagala mi veala go néanfá, a riúin,  
Go néanfá-sa leanav agus go mēfá-sa er shúl,  
'S go meach mo charuid go léir i nearuig [? earuid] lium go déing sin iúir."
- 3 " Fios w'ainimi agus mo hluingi doít fén er dúish :  
Gur mé Riostárd 'ach Bruinin ó chlár geal Mún,  
Tá coishleáin gheala 'm choimeád agus teacht iarluí am chúirt,  
'S infon Ruidiri na Cuili Gluishi fwáil wáish dem chú."
- 4 " Má tá coishleáin gheala 't choimeád 's teacht iarluí at chúirt,  
'S infon Ruidiri na Cuili Gluishi fwáil wáish det chú,  
Bà na capuil níl ig w'àhir-she, ná fóryr púint,  
'S cad ab áil leatsa, waracuig, d'á wny mar shúd ? "
- 5 " Do chuirhing cáimiric go hárd ort agus muzling go leór,  
Bróg árd de leahar Sbéingeach agus búcala 'nti óir,  
'S níor nár liumsa é reá anson gur tusa mo sdór."

TRANSLATION.

- I " God bless you, gentle maiden !  
Calmly you are sleeping while I am sorrowing ;  
Be it luck or fate that has brought you to me,  
Make yourself ready and let us be going."

- 2 " First I must know your name and surname,  
For fear you might beguile me, my dear,  
That you might give me a child, and then be going,  
And leave me at strife with all my friends till I am laid in the ground."
- 3 " First you shall know my name and my surname :  
I am Richard MacBrennan from the fair Plain of Munster.  
I have white castles to guard, earls visit my court,  
And the daughter of the Knight of the Green Wood is dying for love of me."
- 4 " If you have white castles to guard, and earls visit your court,  
And the daughter of the Knight of the Green Wood is dying for love of you—  
My father has no cows or horses, nor money, alas ;  
And what can you want, O horseman, with such a woman ? "
- 5 " I would dress you up in cambric and muslin in plenty,  
And tall boots of Spanish leather with golden buckles,  
And then I should not be ashamed to call you my darling."

*Cf.* the airs No. 18 and 20 in this collection, and the references there given. In the last verse the singer sometimes omits the first line of the music, sometimes the second or third. I only took down the words of the first verse of the Second Version. In *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 2nd series, p. 166, there is a version of this piece in seven verses, the first four corresponding to the first four above ; but the last three contain nothing to enable us to supply the missing line in Mr. Cochlan's verse 5. The situation is this : The nobleman is under *geasa* [an obligation] not to marry any woman but one whom he shall find asleep. He sees a peasant girl asleep on a well-stone and at once asks her to marry him. Curiously enough this phrase, " on the well-stone," has crept into the song in Miss Barrett's version, and has apparently been accommodated with five extra notes. The preceding five notes must originally have occupied the space here filled by ten, possibly in the way I have suggested at the foot of the tune.—A. M. F.

This dialogue is very common in Counties Cork, Kerry and Clare. Micheál and Tomás Ó Máille give a version from Connaught in their *Amhráin Chlainne Gaedheal* (1905), p. 80. Probably, like No. 1 of that collection, it came into Connaught through Co. Clare. I took down a copy of the song from my friend Tomás Ó Criomhthainn on the Great Blasket Island, Co. Kerry, in 1912. Most Irish songs have a story attached to them, particularly those in dialogue, and Tomás told me the story of this one. It may be given as an example of the kind of tale that attaches itself to such songs, and I have therefore translated it as follows :

There was a great chieftain in Clár geal Mumhan in Ireland. He had one son, the handsomest and comeliest of all men living in his days when he was a grown man. He was not long so till there came a change on him and he was getting worse and worse every day, till the doctors and wise women gave him up and at last there was nothing in him but the breath. One night, and he lying sick, he had a vision that there was a lovely young maiden in Corcaiguiney and if he could get to where she was and coax her away with him he would be better from that day out.



The morrow morn he got a horse and it was in poor case for riding he was, but he ploughed on ever and always till he reached the place shown in his vision. He found her there pretty early in the morning at a spring of water with a can to take the water in. He saw her and he bethought him that this must be the very place he wanted and it was a personable maiden enough that was fetching the water too. He fell to greeting her and she returned his greeting. He began with this question :

“ The morning’s grace and joy to thee, thou heavenly maid. Good morrow !  
'Tis easily you slumber long and I in bitter sorrow  
If good or evil hap shall fall to us no man can say,  
But set your pretty gown aright and we’ll be on our way.”

She looked at him and marvelled, he was so noble and so comely, and the thing seemed strange to her, for she thought he was mocking her and she spoke thus :

“ Nay first of all, good sir,” she said, “ your name it must be known.  
For fear you’ll be deceiving me and leave me all alone.  
Suppose we had a baby and then you went away  
My people they’d be at me then till I was in the clay.”

“ My name and surname too, dear heart, at once I’ll tell you true,  
Richard Ó Bruinnil is my name, from Clare I’ve come to you.  
I’ve bright and shining castles and ’tis you can give me ease,  
And noble dames for love of me are pining in disease.”

“ If you’ve bright and shining castles and earls are at your hand,  
A white and lovely lady you’ll get with wealth and land ;  
My father has no money, not a pound to call his own,  
And as for lord and lordship, thei like I’ve never known.”

“ Now wealth and land and lordship, my love, you soon shall know,  
And seated at your table you shall see the red wine flow.  
In limewhite halls to-morrow you shall lead the dance and song,  
And on a golden bedstead ’tis you shall slumber long.

I will put a fashion on you you never saw before,  
A halfcock hat upon your head and muslin gowns galore,  
High boots of Spanish leather with buckles all of gold,  
And before all men I’ll call you my own treasure plain and bold,

I will gild the coach you ride in in that country in the West ;  
In a laced cloak, golden shining, my lady shall go drest,  
Bright darling, do not mock me nor hold me talking here,  
I’m sick and sorry for your sake this whole long year.”

So he took her up behind him and off they went. If it had not been for the people that met them on the road it would have been long before her people would have known where she had gone, for it was early in the day. But she told them to tell her people that she had gone off and when they went on her track they were to lose no time till they came to bright Clare of Munster, and there they would find her. She sent them news of herself before they had started to find her, telling them to gather up bag and baggage and come to her where they could live a better life in a finer place than their own. They gathered together all they had, and it was not much, for they had never had much wealth in the place where they were, but they were bitter poor and all the wealth they had was their daughter, the loveliest woman of her time, and her loveliness brought good luck to her people in the end. The young nobleman was getting better every day after he had taken her with him, till he was a fine man again in health and happiness, and they lived together till they were old. They had a good share of children and descendants of theirs are still to be found.—R. F.

20.—RÉA-CHNUC MNÁ DUÍ, or IS FADA GHOM ER BÚREAV.

[LONG HAVE I BEEN TROUBLED].

FIRST VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

Is fa - da ghom er búe - reav cur túe - rishc mo ghrá, I.....

ngleau - tuiv dúw' ué - gi - nea - cha 'm rue - girt chun fáin; A.....

ha - vuil ní wúe - reas, 's do chúar - dys múa - - rán, Ó.....

Ghea - tuív na Tua - ha go..... bruach geal na trá.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

$\text{♩} = 63.$

Is..... fa - da ghom er..... bú - i - reav cur..... tu - e - rishc mo

ghrá, Trí chuil - hiv dú 'é - gi - nea - cha 'm rue - girt chun

fáin; A ha - vuil ní wú - a - ras, cé gur chuar - dys a.....

lán,,... Ó..... gheach tuív na tua - ha go bruach geal na trá.

*Variant.*

wua - ra - sa, cé gur.

THIRD VERSION.

(No 7th.)  
♩ = 108.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Is fa da ghom er búe - reav cur úe - rishc mo ghrá, I  
 ngleaun - tuiv dúw' ué - gi - nea - cha 'm rúe - girt chun fáin, A  
 ha - vuil ní wúe - reas, 's do chuar - dys múa - rán, O  
 ghea - tuiv na tua - ha go bruach geal na trá.

- 2 Dá gastuí mo ghrá 'rom ba nár ghom gan suí  
 Go leocuing mo lár er e brayid nú er e cion ;  
 She duert shí : " e riúin, fág mí, ní hávar doít shing,  
 'S gur bean dúch er fán mí o hárlag ad líng."
- 3 " Ní bean dúch i nāchor mé fén " aduert shí,  
 " Ach càilin ciúin tréhach ón dāv haul de Ly,  
 Nár hín shís a tāv riav le hān ear sa ríocht ;  
 Agus bog díom suas do ghéaga, táim déanach óm bwfon."
- 4 Tá càilin doun deas er e mwàili go míom,  
 Is gil' í ná 'n sneachta 's ná 'n al' er i líng ;  
 Á mèach an fhí cur heaca níor w'ada lium í  
 Ig éaló har caishi le grá geal mo chruí.
- 5 Shí cara-gheal mo chruí 'shtig, mo chuín-chàilín mná ;  
 Mo ghá láiv na tímpal, 's do b'íving dar gás ;  
 Ba vreá deas a brúihí 's a cía ghlan gan cháim,  
 Le háilhacht a gníorha, 's gan í 'gum dá wár.
- 6 'S tá mo sdocuí 's mo wróga na stróiciv lium shíos,  
 Níl pingin im póca ná feórling, fóyry !  
 Háinig próishas nú ghó chúm lenar ólas den fon,  
 'S íshé mo láileóin gan mé óg sheal erish !
- 7 'S ní críoh is ní léir ghom mo shcéal a chur shíos,  
 A sheāchuin na bréigi do ghéanav a nān tlí,  
 Go b'iad slúe-shí na gréini do ráinig lium bwfon  
 Agus d'úaduig chun shlé uem í a Réa-chnuc Mná Duí

- 8 Do casag de riúeg mi a gnuc úasal Mná Duf,  
Mar a ghnáhych a stúeri go stúamha na suí ;  
Ba chas ciorha dúalach a ví a cúacha léi shíos  
Er leattuív a gúalan á lúasca le gyh.
- 9 Nach íving do na héinínív d'eyrion go hárd  
Agus luíon lena chiéili 'r än chruífvín awáin !  
Ní màir shin dom féin ná dom chéad míli grá,  
Mar as fad' óna chiéili orhing d'eyrion a lá.
- 10 'S ní fóssing bean chlóca, ní vèach gnó icí veh am ghéig [? ghieg] ;  
Ní fóssing ná lóma de chrón-chàili rieg ;  
Mar táim-she er na móidiv 's mó gheóch bean le blien  
Do [? omit, and insert ig mny] chiúloch gan wróga (er) rúing Íóruip im  
ghieg.
- 11 " 'S dá waying-she fion craereach i nár-chupwív óir,  
Agus bauríon do ghéanav díom hén eria gróing,  
Ní hínhing mo háv deas le hánar chun sbóirt  
Chun go vicing mo chiéili teacht marav nu beó."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 " Long have I been troubled, searching for my love,  
Hurrying aimlessly through dark lonely valleys.  
His like I have not found, for all my seeking,  
From the Gates of the Country to the bright margin of the sea."
- 2 And if I met my love, I should be ashamed not to sit down  
And put my arm round her neck and breast.  
Said she : " My dear, leave me, I am not for you,  
For I am a sorrowful, wandering woman since I met you."
- 3 " I am not a sorrowful woman at all," said she,  
" But a gentle, virtuous maiden from beyond the Lee  
That has never lain down with any man in the kingdom :  
Take your arms from me, I am late from my company."
- 4 There is a pretty dark maiden in the town where I live ;  
She is brighter than the snow, or the swan on the pool ;  
If the night were freezing, it would not seem long to me  
Escaping across the water with my bright heart's love.
- 5 She is my own fair darling, my gentle girl ;  
With my two arms round her, how happy should we be ;  
[How] fine [are] her eyebrows, and her pure, faultless bosom,  
How beautiful her actions—but for all that, she is not mine !
- 6 My stockings and shoes are hanging down in rags ;  
I have not a penny in my pocket, nor, alas, a farthing ;  
One or two processes have been served on me, because of the wine I have  
drunk,  
And alas ! that I can not be young again for a while!

- 7 But I have not fully and clearly told my tale—  
 For I would not tell it falsely in any way—  
 It was the fairy-hosts of the sun that came towards me  
 And carried her away from me to the hill, to *Reidh-cnoc Mhá Duibhe* [*the Round Hill of the Dark Woman*].
- 8 I hastened to the noble Hill of the Dark Woman,  
 Where this stately lady used most demurely to sit,  
 Curly, combed out, ringletted, her tresses fell about her  
 Down by her shoulder, waving in the wind.
- 9 How delightful for the little birds, who mount up so high,  
 To perch together on one little branch!  
 But it is not thus with me and my dearest love,  
 For far apart are we when day dawns on us.
- 10 And I would not marry a woman with a brocaded cloak, for she would have  
 no call to follow me;  
 Nor would I marry a rustical, brown, ugly hag;  
 For I have been bound by oaths [to a young woman], this year past,  
 Who would follow me barefoot over the continent of Europe.
- 11 “ And if I were given blood-red wine in costly golden cups,  
 And made a crowned queen,  
 I would not lay down my fair body for any man’s delight  
 Till I saw my husband coming, dead or alive.”

8 (a). [Second Version only.]

“ Ogánuig úsasuil na grúegi breá bwí,  
 Druid anso anúas lium er chónngar na dí;  
 Go dócuing an brón as a ceó suas det chruf,  
 Mar eyrian an lóachán den choirce le guíh ! ”

TRANSLATION.

“ Noble, yellow-haired youth,  
 Come and draw near to the drink with me;  
 And I will lift the sorrow and the gloom from your heart,  
 As the chaff flies up from the wheat in the breeze.”

*Cf.* tunes Nos. 18 and 19 and the notes on these songs. There is nothing in the Second Version to correspond with verses 6, 8 and 11 above. The remaining verses correspond fairly closely in each version. The order of the Second is as follows: 1 to 5, 10, 9, 8 (a), 7; and the words in square brackets in the translation are from this version. In *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, first series, (Fifth edition, p. 216), there is a version of this poem, which is attributed to one George Roberts.\* That copy has eight verses, of which two are unrepresented in the Ballyvourney versions. These, therefore, have grown from six to eleven, or twelve, verses; and by means

\* Of whom the editor states that nothing is known.—L. E. B.

of transpositions, corruption and accretions\* have not only become incoherent, but are well on the way to becoming a different song from the original. To prove this I shall now give a partial translation of the eighteenth century version, putting the numbers of the verses as they occur above in brackets.

- 1 (1) Long have I been troubled, etc.  
Her like I have not found for all my seeking,  
From *Glaise na Tuaha* [translated *Finglas*] to the bright shore of the Maigue.
- 2 (8) I went alone to the hill of the fairy lady,  
And I met a stately maiden, etc.
- 3 (2) I met my love, and I was ashamed not to sit, etc.
- 4 "What land, or what island do you come from, etc.  
Are you Blathnaid, or Helen? etc."
- 5 (3) "I am none of those you have mentioned," said she,  
"But a gentle Irish maiden from the other side of the country,  
Who never gave her fair body to any man in the world:  
Take away your arms, I am late from my (fairy) palace."
- 6 (7) I sorrow and mourn for you, my dearest love!  
Your cheeks like rowan berries, scourged by the storm!  
Oh, the hosts of Knockgreny† came upon you  
And snatched you from your people to the round hill of the fairy woman.
- 7 (5) Oh, I would cherish my gentle fair one;  
With my two arms round her I would delight in possessing her;  
Fair were her eyebrows, black, slender, faultless,  
As the night's planet, risen but one day.

The last verse throws no light upon the Ballyvourney versions. Almost every verse contains material for a disquisition. I shall limit myself to one instance: *Glaise na Tuaha* has become in Version I *Geataí na Tuaha* ("The Gates of the country"), and in Version II, *ó gheach tuív na tuaha*, which means nothing at all, but is half way to *ó gach tuív na tuaha* = "each side of the country." In the same line *Má* (Maigh) = the river Maigue, has in both versions become *trá* = "shore." On the other hand, in verse 5 (3) *tír* = "land" has become *Ly* = the river Lee. In other words, the singers have altered Limerick names, which they did not understand, and inserted a Cork name.—A. M. F.

\* Verses corresponding to our 8 (a), 9 and 11 have been recovered as forming part of an independent song, "In Áit nar Ghabhas Féinig" (see *An Lóchrann*, February, 1913). Verse 9 is a great wanderer, and a welcome guest in any song of suitable metre. It appears, for instance, as the first verse of a six-verse love song printed in *Fáinne an Lae*, February 2nd, 1918.—A. M. F.

† Knockgreny or Knockgreany (Cnoc Gréine, *i.e.* the Hill of Grian), is a mountain in Co. Limerick.—L. E. B.

See *Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland*, by W. G. Wood-Martin (1902), vol. ii, p. 12, where the author quotes the complete English translation of Roberts' ballad, entitled "The Dark Fairy Rath," illustrating the belief in fairies and their habits of carrying off grown-up folk as well as children.—L. E. B.

## 21.—CASA'N TUGÁIN, or AN SUESHIN BÁN.

[THE TWISTING OF THE HAY-ROPE, OR THE WHITE COVERLET]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

Do ca - sag cai - lín deas o - rom i nué - gi - neas na drá, A  
 lúib ha coil - li glui - shi úer veog ruim lá : Shé  
 frea - gar' (ó) a hug shí lium go ciúin a - gus go tláh : "Ta 'n  
 sál 'na gol - la, bo - gui - mish an sú - e - shín bán !"  
 ciúin a - gus go. sú - e - shín.

- 2 D' imireas cleas i Mvail' Í Ghònuil arér,  
 'S a tarna cleas i ti veog ósda lena hāv,  
 'S a tríú cleas níl neart dom áireav er mo shcéal—  
 Ach go meaulfwí bean dá leanfwí er ghúrhachtuív leí.
- 3 Do víosa sheal im búachuil éadarom veav ghrúf,  
 'S do víosa sheal agus d' imireóing cárta le mny,  
 Do víosa sheal agus d' imireóing cúig léi nó hrí—  
 Chun gur ghin a vean so leaunggó liúnggó ghom chruí.
- 4 D' ainhysa er uiv na lúachar arér  
 Go dug bean shearc agus gean ro-wúar dom féin :  
 Do chuireas mo hoil lena toil, 's do fósamuir arán—  
 Agus is minic a wuin bean slat a gheóch erhi féin.

- 5 'S a Ghia na Veart, cad a chas go Macroumha riav mé,  
Fé chlócúiv dearaga awad om cháirdiv gál ?  
Do chúas ishteach mar a roiv shearc agus dian-ghrá mo chléiv,  
'S chuir a teanavean amach a gasa 'n tógáin mé.
- 6 Do hreaufuing, d' urshing, 's do chuirhing shíolha ansa chré,  
Do ghiánhing avuir hocuir vín vlasda réig,  
Do chuirhing crú fwí 'n each is míri ar chiúluig a féar,  
Agus d' éalóch bean le fear ná diànach son féin.
- 7 'S má víon tú lium bí lium, a sdóirin mo chruí,  
'S má víon tú lium bí lium às cóir ir a tí,  
Má víon tú lium, 's gur lium gach órlach det chruí,  
Shé mo víli cnuc nách lium déa Dounuig tú mar vny !
- 8 'S ba wà lium bean [a] d' anhach blien mar a [?] lena] grá,  
'S do b' ear lium bean [a] d' anhach blien agus lá ;  
Níor wà lium bean vèach leat-sa 's liúm-sa shíorghnáh ;  
'S mo chara-sa an vean úd d' an er àn stáid awáin.

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 I met a pretty girl at the silent hour,  
At the corner of the green wood, a little hour before day :  
She answered me, soft and low ;  
" The world's asleep. Let us lift the white coverlet."
- 2 I played a trick in O'Donnell's house [or ? in Ballydonnell]\* yesterday,  
And the second trick in a little public house near by ;  
The third trick I can not relate—  
But you may beguile a woman if you importune her diligently (?).
- 3 At one time I was a nimble, active, spirited lad ;  
And at one time I would play at cards with a woman ;  
At one time I would play five or three with her—  
Until this woman turned my heart topsy-turvy.
- 4 I saw by . . . . . (?) yesterday  
That a woman had fallen deep in love with me :  
I fell in with her wish, and we were married—  
And a woman has often cut a rod to whip herself.
- 5 O God of Miracles ! What ever brought me to Macroom,  
In scarlet coat, far from my kith and kin ?  
I went into a house where my best beloved was,  
And the old woman got me out twisting a hay-rope.
- 6 I can plough and harrow and sow seeds in the ground ;  
I can make a . . . . (?) neat, fine, true and smooth ;  
I can shoe the swiftest horse that ever trod the grass :  
And a woman would run away with a man who could not do that.

\* A village in N. Cork, near Doneraile.



- 7 And if you are mine, be mine, my dearest ;  
 If you are mine, be mine in the presence of the good man ;  
 If you are mine, so that every inch of your heart is mine,  
 O woe is me that you are not mine to marry on Sunday !
- 8 I like a woman who will wait a year [for] her love ;  
 Still better I like one who will wait a year and a day ;  
 I do not like a woman who is ever thine and mine—  
 And the one who is constant is the woman for me.

*Cf.* the previous tune. A different tune is in *Fuinín na Smól* (Pt. III, p. 21), where five verses are given, corresponding more or less closely to our verses 2, 4, 7, 6, 5. In *An Lóchrann* (June, 1909) there is a song with this title and sub-title, made up as follows: *Lóchrann* i corresponds to *Ballyvourney* 7, L. ii is not in B., L. iii = B. 5, L. iv = B. 6, L. v = B. 8, L. vi is not in B. but it concludes with the last line of B. 1, in a different context. Verbal differences are of course many.\* *Verse* 5, *line* 4: The old woman would not order him out of the house; but she set him to twist a hay-rope until, as the rope lengthened and he constantly stepped backwards, he stepped outside the door, which she then shut.—A. M. F.

*Cf.* the above with "The Twisting of the Rope," No. 895, *Joyce* (1909), which is in common time, and "Suisín Bán" ("The White Blanket"), No. 71, *Bunting* (1840), which is in triple time. Both are distant variants, and all three tunes differ much from each other in details. Bunting's "The Twisting of the Rope" air, published in 1796, is distinct from the above, and is the one to which Moore set his song "How dear to me the hour." Mr. Cochlan's tune differs from the Joyce and Bunting variants in having phrases which are common to the tune "Irish Molly," also called "The Maid and the Box" or "The Undaunted Female" (see *English County Songs*).  
 —L. E. B.

Dr. Douglas Hyde gives part of this song from a Connaught source under the alternative title "An Suisín Bán." He has himself written an entertaining play in Irish on the subject.—R. F.

\* In Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs* is an Irish text with translation. There are three verses only; verse 1 corresponds with our verse 5 fairly closely and verse 2 is in parts like our verse 7. Hardiman includes an Irish text only, of three verses, which he calls "the original 'Twisting of the Rope,'" and submits apologetically as a specimen of a "class of song formerly fashionable with the 'Ranting Irishman.'"—ED.

22.—A CHÓURSUIN A CHRUI SHTIG, or AVARÁN NA STAGÚN.

[DEAREST NEIGHBOURS, OR THE SONG OF THE BAD POTATOES].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

A chóir-suin a chruí shtig, er ai - riúir - shi'n ní úd Do  
 hit a - mach tuiv líng er Chàì - leach na Ré? Nár fá - gag äñ  
 ní 'ci, ná nâd i - ci d'fos - sach, Den veah' úd do vil an  
 shuc in - sa chré: "Pé strái - li nú struí - li do háì - nig san  
*rall. . . . . a tempo. rall. . . . . a tempo.*  
 í - hi, Is do rio - bwáil na duí - ni a gan as don täl, Ma - ra  
 da - gui shé i - rísh chúm, a - gus a - da - wú díol cear - t(u),  
 Cuir - had - sa 'r luíngg é go Ba - ta - ní Bé!"

*ad lib.*

*A* *a tempo.*

*Variant.*

Ré.....? Nár

- 2 An té chihach í amáireach ag ollhirt 's a gárhig,  
 'S a rih er chnocánuiv ina haimid gan chéil!  
 "A Ghonacha ghráí-ghil, táimid creachta go brách lesh,  
 Níor íágug aguing nád a chuirham 'ár méal!  
 Dá dúrhing doit cáca go mèach ím er ináirdi,  
 'S do reàchfá-sa on stáir shin er leabuig lium héin,  
 Do vèach aguing páishti i giún ár drí ráha  
 Do chuimeátach dúing árus i gahav ár sál."

- 3 Do ghluesh Donacha 'máireach, 's do chueg shé d'rig Barters,  
 A hata 'na láiv, is é 'g ollhirt 's ig éav :  
 " A ghuine uasuil ghrávuir, is a trial ort a hánag,  
 Go nínshing mo chás doit, 's is mór a trua mé.  
 Fwàig-she ghom wrántas scríofa shíos láirhach  
 Er pé bhúnach grána do wraduig uem é ;  
 Agus do verim b'ruif mo láw 'oit, má icim an lá hu,  
 Go dúrhad doit cáca ghe, híar er e Ré."
- 4 Is tapuig a fúer shé shúd warántas cuarduig ;  
 Chun reaha do ghluesh shé trí churehi shlé,  
 Chun teacht [i]na núachtar, ti Heáin Muirésh a chuarduig ;  
 Is aun a ví an flúesh go stadach a vé.  
 " A navuil ná a dúerishc ní eaca 's ní wúaras,  
 Cé gur heastalas múarchuid o wàidean iné ;  
 Shé airim dá luastuint ig Diermín Ó Lúasa,  
 Gur ghavadar ó húeg ig Pegín Heáin Á."
- 5 " Níl bean íshal ná úasal do chloeshach a dúerishc  
 Ná go ducach fé húerim a mraduihi léi ;  
 Dá mláishach shí cúerd iad, níor wál di an chrátan,  
 Ná gur víshli go mór iad ná mil is ná céir.  
 Pé óigvean a fúer iad, is do riug léi ó húeg iad,  
 Mara duga shí a lúá ghom—agus adawí mé  
 Go gáilead na clúasa mara duguig, nú cúerd dom—  
 Go guiread er(í) úer í amach go Niú Wélz."

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 Dearest neighbours, have you heard the adventure  
 Which happened hereby to the Hag of the Moor ?  
 How nothing was left to her, not a bit to eat,  
 Of that crop which the frost spoiled in the ground ?  
 " Who ever that skulking scoundrel is, who came here at night  
 Plundering people secretly,  
 If he does not come back to me, and own up and compensate me,  
 I will send him on board ship to Botany Bay ! "
- 2 You should have seen her on the morrow crying and screaming,  
 And rushing frenzied over the hillocks !  
 " Dennis, my love, we are ruined for ever,  
 We have nothing left to put in our mouths !  
 If I had given you a cake [made of the stolen potatoes] spread thick with butter,  
 And you had gone to bed with me after that,  
 We should have had a child, in due time,  
 Who would have kept a home for us to the end of our days."
- 3 Dennis set out next day and went to see Barters,  
 Crying and roaring, with his hat in his hand :  
 " Darling gentleman, I have come to see you  
 To tell you my trouble, and it's a great pity of me.  
 Get a warrant written out at once for me  
 Against whatever horrid villain stole them from me ;  
 And I vow to you, if I see you any day,  
 I will give you a cake of them, out on the Moor."

- 4 Quickly he got out a search warrant,  
 And Dennis started, running over the rough moorland,  
 To come to the top [of the district], and search the house of John Maurice—  
 For that was the hiding place where the damsel lurked.  
 " Their like I have not seen or heard of,  
 Though I have travelled far since yesterday morning ;  
 But I hear it stated by Diarmín Ó Luasa  
 That they went northwards, to Pegeen John Hugh.
- 5 There is no woman, gentle or lowly, who could hear of them  
 Without attempting to pilfer them ;  
 If she tasted them but once (?) she need fear no want,  
 But would think them (?) much sweeter than honey and honeycomb.  
 Whatever young woman found them, and took them away northwards,  
 If she does not pay me their value—and I will consent  
 To lose my ears if she does not, or [at least] let me search (?)—  
 I will send her off at once to New Wales ! "

In *Fuinín na Smól* (Pt. V, p. 19) there is an inferior version of this tune to the song " Fiadhuidhe an Chúil Bháin." I also took down the latter song from Mr. Cochlan ; but the words are very corrupt and the tune the same as that given above, so I do not print it here. (The state of the words may be accounted for by the fact that he learned the song by hearing it sung while he played three tricks at cards one evening, and left the house thinking no more about it : but next morning " it ran to him, before his prayers.") But one point—perhaps an imitation of the other singer—deserves notice. When he sings this tune to the words of " F. an Ch. Bh.," the B in bars 2 and 10 is very much flattened, sometimes being almost B $\flat$  ; but in bars 7 and 8 from the end it is natural. The song printed above is a local song about real people. I do not know when it was made, but the grandchildren of *Peigín Sheagháin Aodha* (" Hugh's John's Peggeen ") are now not much over thirty years of age. The potatoes had been pitted although the frost got at them ; hence the accusation of stealing them was all the more insulting. In Mr. Cochlan's young days many people used to pass the vigil of St. Gobnait, or Abbey, in the ruinous churchyard where there is a miraculous stone connected with her. On one of these occasions—a pitch dark night—people began to sing, and after several songs had been given Mr. Cochlan sang this one. At the end of the fourth verse the voice of Pegeen was heard, calling out from a distant part of the churchyard : " May God not give me the benefit of them ! " In spite of his surprise at finding she was present, and the solemnity of her denial, he finished the song. Cf. also a version of " Fiadhuidhe and Chúil Bháin " in *An Chláirseach*, Pt. IV, No. 6.—A. M. F.

The above tune and Nos. 23 and 24 are very distinctive in character. There seem to be no close variants of them in the best-known Irish Collections. The nearest are " Like the bright Lamp,"\* Moore's song (adapted from Holden's version,

\* See my note to " Master Kilby " in *Journal*, No. 20, p. 272. The latter tune, noted in Somerset, is a good deal like the Irish air.—L. E. B.

published 1806), and the allied tunes quoted in connection with it on pp. 340 and 341 of Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland* (Augener, 1907). Moffat's historical notes on "Like the bright Lamp" are extremely valuable, and incidentally throw much light upon the song "I am asleep, and don't waken me," referred to in the early part of this *Journal* (see note to No. 5). A more distantly related air is No. 527 in *Petrie*, reprinted as No. 228 in *Joyce* (1909); this has a "Green Bushes" likeness. When sung, songs 22, 23 and 24 have an irresistible swing and spirit due to the strong accent on the first beat of the bar and the use of vigorous *portamento* and light, sharp *staccato*. The latter is particularly noticeable on the third beat in many cases. This neat and skilfully-executed *staccato* is very characteristic of Gaelic singers in Ireland and Scotland, and it surprises non-Gaelic hearers at first, being wholly unlike anything heard from other singers of traditional songs in our islands. It suggests that the songs in which it occurs have been used for dancing to. There are many examples of such accentuation with alternating *portamento* and *staccato* in *Bunting* (1840), such as Nos. 1, 71, 86, etc., etc., and *Bunting* (1809), such as "Paidin Mhac Ruairidhe" or "Paddy MacRory," "Plangstigh Tumais Mhac a Bhreithamhain" or "Planxty Thomas McJudge" and "Diarmaid Ua Duda" or "Dermot O' Dowd." A few examples follow this note.\* In Irish folk-song we meet with cases of *staccato* in the leap of an octave, but I have noticed this more often in West Highland songs. The unconscious ease with which very old singers will perform passages such as those quoted at (G.) and (H.) is most striking.—L. E. B.

### EXAMPLES OF ACCENTS.

IRELAND.

From *Bunting* (1809 and 1840).

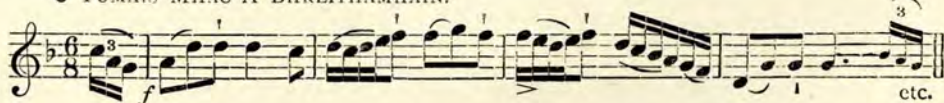
#### A PAIDIN MHAC RUAIRIDHE.



#### B PLEIDH RACA AN MHAGADH.

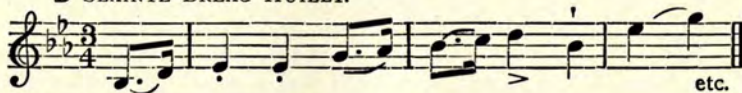


#### C TUMAIS MHAC A BHREITHAMHAIN.

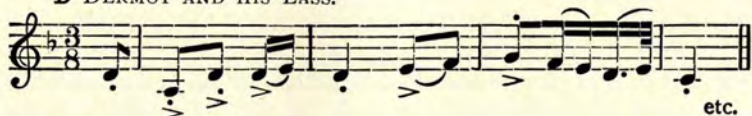


\* Although the tonality of Bunting's tunes is manifestly unreliable (see *Petrie's* reference to his methods of noting them), he has reproduced the Irish manner of accenting, etc., with a good deal of sincerity and success.—L. E. B.

D SLAINTE BREAG HUILET.



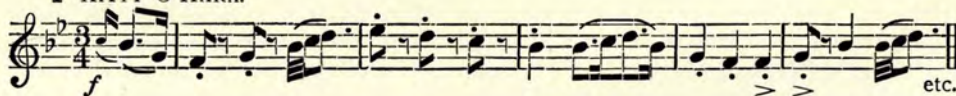
D DERMOT AND HIS LASS.



E THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY.



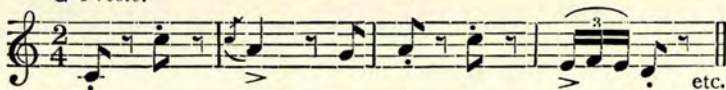
F KITTY O'HARA.



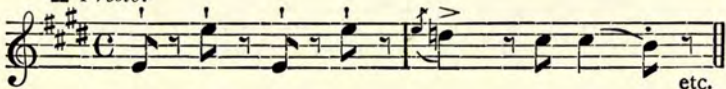
WEST HIGHLANDS.

From L. E. BROADWOOD'S MSS.

G *Presto.*



H *Presto.*



I *Presto.*



## 23.—SHÉ AIRÍM IGOM BAYINTIR.

[THIS IS WHAT I ALWAYS HEAR].

(A LOVERS' QUARREL).

*Marked.* ♩ = 84. SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

I. "Shé ai - rím i - gom bayin - tir á híor - rá..... lé ...  
 chíc - li, Go... wi - lan tu ayr - ha, ag's ná fway - fá... mé 'n  
 ā - chor : Ní..... ayish - leóing - she ..... v'ayin - ting, er..... a  
 waying féin... de ... sbré... leat, Ve... pós - da ig ley - bish ag's is  
 teyng dúch a..... shcéal é." 2. "Is go deyn doit - she, óig - ir, ní ...etc.

*Variant.*

- 2 "Go deyn doit-she, óigir, ní fóssing óm chruí hu,  
 Shé shíor-rá na góursan ná fuil bó agùt ná cyra ;  
 Gach a duilfá go nólfa—b' olc a córa er ear tí é—  
 'S mara wayir mi le fórsuív ní pósfwyr shing chuíhi."
- 3 "Go deyn doit-she, óigvean, (er sheshan) ní hán lium tu úadach,  
 Níl do charuid ach meónach, agus ní fònt' í do huerishc ;—  
 Á ma ná fwaying leat ach cróing veog, d' ólhing go suer(i)c í,  
 Agus do raying go Hanóvar agus go Póland awad uet-she."
- 4 "Do b' eara lium glúeshacht le búachuil mear éadarom,  
 Húrhach alus a ghrúan dom, agus súneas dá rér dom,  
 Ná veh a glúeshacht le gúegi gan éifeacht,  
 Vèach a caishmirt 's a búart lium agus a túirt giora hál dom."

- 5 " 'S n er a ghe d-sa an tr id shfos agus m e g' l nta san  adach,  
 Beg mo vean er mo ch luiv agus m e f in er e b aluiv :  
 N er a chyn ir er an ayimshir v imish mwayintara ghe  chie li,  
 Tuiti tu wauntuish agus fanhir aun chun go n aguir."
- 6 " Go deyn doit-she,  igir, n  hitead sa t m so—  
 Ach gur ghearuish r -w r me, 's n  raus a buing sb esh leat :  
   d och na m r-hl eti agus m e l ch lesh na pl aruiv,  
 N  scarhach mo ghreaun leat-sa chu hi go n aguig."
- 7 " Druid lium anaul, agus t ir b'ru  do v ar dom,  
 'S gur le taingeav r -w r doit a ghinas a tr zon :  
 T anam   h eg lium god  an coishle infn  rach,  
 Agus n  v m d lea-h er an n er a snymfar  ng gl ir shing."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 " This is what I always hear my people saying about you :  
 That you are not respected, and that you are no match for me.  
 I would not lower myself, however large a dowry I might get with you,  
 To be married to a slattern ; oh, it is a sorry state of things ! "
- 2 " Indeed, young man, if I married you my heart would not be in it,  
 For the neighbours say that you have neither cow nor sheep ;  
 You drink all your earnings—a bad sign for a husband—  
 And unless you take me by force we shall never be married."
- 3 " Indeed, young woman, I have no wish to abduct you ;  
 Your friends are but middling, and your reputation indifferent ;  
 If I only got five shillings with you, I would drink it merrily,  
 And I would go to Hanover or Poland to escape you ! "
- 4 " I would rather walk by the side of a keen, active lad,  
 Who would labour hard for me, and so give me peace,  
 Than be the partner of a half-witted wastrel  
 Who would shorten my life by his quarrelling and abuse."
- 5 " When I drive through the village, in smart attire,  
 My wife behind, and myself in front,  
 You will think of the time when we were friends—  
 And fall in a faint and stay there till you die."
- 6 " Indeed, my lad, I shall do no such thing ;  
 But you insulted me too much, as if you cared nothing for me.  
 If the great armies were to come and shoot bullets at me  
 They could not make me stop loving you for ever, till I die."
- 7 " Come, then, and give me your hand, [*lit.*, the tips of your fingers],  
 For out of my great love for you I spoke treason.  
 Come northwards with me to the pleasant little castle,  
 And we will not be there half an hour till we are married by the Church."

*Cf.* Nos. 22 and 24 in this *Journal* and the references there given. The first verse, and some of the rest, begin as printed above ; the second gives the complete melody. The tune to the next song is almost identical with this, and is more straightforward.

—A. M. F.



Such "fleyting-songs" are characteristic amongst the Irish and Gaelic-speaking Scots. They are often improvised at gatherings during work of different kinds, such as reaping, waulking, etc. See Highland examples given by Miss Tolmie in *Journal*, Vol. iv, No. 16.—L. E. B. \*

## 24.—TRÁNHÓINÍN SUÍRI.

[ON THE EVENING OF A HOLY DAY].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

76.

Trán - hóinín suí - ri 's mé 'r wych - tuint na ... gréi - ní, Sheá do  
 chnuc - sa mo ghian - ghrá 's í 'g av - rán ... na ... há - nar : Do  
 hys er ... háv ... cno - cáin, a - gus d' ésh - teas ... léi ... trév - shí, 'S ba  
 vish - li liúm veh á pó - ga ná 'g ól fion ... na ... Gréi - gi.

- 2 'S nuer a héim-she sa chláishti, san áit go nintar sagart d'ing,  
 Fiarfhad shíad díom a roiv an switheart ig bwàili ghum.  
 Duart-sa, 's ba vréag dom, riav i nāchor ná facas í,  
 Agus rúnshéarc mo chléiv-she tar v' ésh ig an bwàili ghum
- 3 Er mwàidin déa Douneg, agus foun orom chun aifiring,  
 Cuirim orom a léini agus an éidi vreá veanuihi ;  
 Nuer a chím chúm a chúilion, luím súil erhi a ganas dóiv,  
 'S ní her Mwiri bíom a cuíneav ach er vrídeach na malarosc
- 4 'S ishé mo léan gan mé shínti leat shíos go dí amáireach,  
 A maulin beog uéineach 's gan a húerishc ighid wáirhín ;  
 Do hínhing-she shíos le dian díogaras grá ghoit,  
 Agus mara mèach an éidi ní hréicing go brách tu.
- 5 " A haguirt na nāran, druím lá verim feasta leat,  
 Agus gur houishe mar chiéli dúish do hael chút Mwiri Veanuihi ;  
 Do ghearawish 's do wóidish ná déanfá-sa haharach,  
 Agus cocól ní ghéanhing er a sāl de vny hainimi."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On the evening of a holy day, at the yellowing of the sun,  
I saw my true love, singing all alone.  
I sat down on the side of a hillock and listened awhile to her—  
And I would rather be kissing her than be drinking Greek wine.
- 2 And when I go to the college, where they make priests of us,  
They ask me, had I a sweetheart at home?  
I said, and said falsely, never at all had I seen her—  
While my heart's love was left behind at home.
- 3 On Sunday morning, when I am eager for mass,  
I put on my surplice and the goodly sacred vestments;  
But when I see that maid draw near, I regard her secretly,  
And I think, not of Mary, but of the gentle-eyed damsel.
- 4 And alas, that I can not lie by your side till to-morrow,  
In some lonely little spot unknown to your mother!  
I would lie down in a great fervour of love for you,  
And, but for my priestly robe, I would never leave you.
- 5 "Beloved priest, farewell now for ever!  
For you chose Holy Mary as your mate while yet a child;  
You declared and vowed never to change from her,  
And for the world I would not betray a woman of that name."

*Cf.* Nos. 22 and 23 in this *Journal* and the references there given.—A. M. F.

25.—CAÍLIN A CHÚIL CHRÄVUIG.

[THE GIRL OF THE BRANCHING TRESSES].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAEART.

$\text{♩} = 69.$

"A chàilín a chúil chrävuig, go-dé'n täv er go... luíon tu? A...

wi-lean tú gan... chie-li, nú'n at' ä-nar... a... luíon tú?"

"Táim-she gan chie-li, 's am ä-nar... shea do luím-she; Cé..

hé shin dá... far-hí, nú'n éing-i..... beó'n tír é?"

- 2 " 'N aul' ná hainhán tú mi féinig, a chiéd shearc mo chruí-she ?  
 'S gur mé cáilín a chúil chrávuig do víoch táv leat san fhi."  
 " Ní ainhóm tú 'n áchor, agus níl á fioc ded ghny aun."  
 " Mar shin do víl cré mi, dah gréin' agus gufhi.
- 3 'S an cuín leat-sa 'n fhi úd do víshe ig an vinóig,  
 Gur hínca mo láv chúit agus gur áscuish orom borróg ?  
 Do híncaasa shíos leat, agus am chruí ná roiv a nrochóid,  
 Agus d'anamuir a gólúadar chun gur chúalamuir an ishóg."
- 4 " 'S an cuín leat-sa 'n fhi úd do víosa gus tusa  
 Fé ghuiúir na cruí 'mù agus an fhi a cur chuishni ?  
 Mo ghá láiv it ímpal agus v' ínting-she agùtsa—  
 'S is lag a híleas an fhi ud go sgylhach ár guman."
- 5 " Ber mo walacht chun mo wáhar, agus go brách brách chun w' àhar,  
 Nár leog 'om tú fósa nuer a víos súas am beahig."  
 " Nuer is dó lem bwíntir go mím-she 'r mo leabuig,  
 Er do huama shea vím-she, o fhj go mwaidin.
- 6 " Bfón mo wíntir a plé lium, bráirhi agus saguirt,  
 Dáv veh a ngrá leat, a Wáiri, gus tu marav :  
 Ba sgáh er i shíon tu, agus ba ghían tú er e veárhing,  
 Agus mo ghrianán lae giri tu híos ansa talav."
- 7 " Bfón mo wíntir a pléi lium nuer ná pósuim-she clfona  
 Go mèach broscán muar bó ici agus ór bwí igheá muíntir."  
 " Dá néanta-sa an gnó son, is dócha gur tú véach híos lesh,  
 Go mèach do hocharuid a gwáil a wóhir mar nós ighi d' wíntir."

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 " Youth\* of the branching hair, on which side do you lie ?  
 Are you without a mate, and do you lie alone ? "  
 " I am without a mate, and alone I lie.  
 But who is it that asks ? Is it anyone living on the earth ? "
- 2 " Can it be that you do not know me, oh hundred loves of my heart ?  
 I am the girl of the branching tresses that used to be by your side at night."  
 " I do not know you at all ; there is none of your old likeness."  
 " No ; for I am disfigured by clay, and discoloured by sun and wind.
- 3 And do you remember that night when you were at the window,  
 When I stretched my hand to you and you embraced me closely ?  
 I lay down beside you, and in my heart there was no evil,  
 And we stayed talking together till we heard the lark."
- 4 " And do you remember that night that we passed, you and I,  
 Out under the leafy branches in the frosty mist ?  
 My two arms were round you, and all my life was yours,  
 And little did I think, that night, that our bond would be severed."

\* Text has " chailín " = " girl." I substitute " Ógánaigh " = ' youth.' For this word the first note must be made into a crotchet.

- 5 " Take my curse to my mother, and for ever and ever to my father,  
Who would not let me marry you when I was alive ! "  
" When my people think that I am in bed,  
I am at your grave, from evening till morning.
- 6 My people are at strife with me, and priests and friars,  
Because I am in love with you, Mary, after death.  
You were my shelter from the storm, my covering from the rain,  
My sunny bower on a winter day—[but now you are] low in the earth.
- 7 My people are at strife with me because I will not marry a sickly wretch  
With great herds of cattle, whose parents have yellow gold."  
" If you were to do that thing, assuredly it would be your destruction,  
And the mourners would follow your body in customary procession along the road."

A folk-ballad, or fragment of one, and so a rarity in Irish. In Walsh's *Popular Songs* (p. 144) there is a poem on the same subject, but it is a monologue by the man. There are six verses, of which the third (first half) corresponds to our 5 (second half) ; the fourth (first half) to our 4 (first half) ; the fifth to our 6 ; and the sixth to our 5 (first half). Mr. Cochlan used to sing this and the previous song to either of the tunes here given. It was very difficult to get him to remember the tune printed above when I wanted to note it ; but one day, after having sung both songs to the previous tune, he sang the fourth verse of "Tránhóinín Suíri" to this, and so I was able to take it down. On another occasion he sang "Cailín a Chúil Chrävuig" to the first of the appended tunes, which I noted, but never heard before or since. I give it, if only as an instance of what a folk-singer may do if he is determined not to be baffled by a periodic memory. The second is here printed by permission from *An Lóchrann* (March, 1918) where it is given in Tonic Sol-fa to the words in *Walsh* referred to above. It is stated to be from the singing of a boy in Emlagh, Prior Parish. A fairly close variant of Mr. Cochlan's tune, in the same mode but artistically much inferior, is printed in *An Lóchrann* (Nov., 1917). It is there set to a song called "An Dileachtaidhe Fáin," *i.e.* "The Wandering Orphan."

—A. M. F.

### 25(a).—CAILÍN A CHÚIL CHRÄVUIG.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G minor (one flat) and 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' below. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence.



TAÍM SÍNTE AR DO THUAMA.

[I LIE ON YOUR GRAVE].

FROM *An Lóchrann* (MARCH 1918).



The text of this fine folk-ballad irresistibly calls to mind the dialogue in "The Unquiet Grave" ("Cold blows the Wind"), our British traditional song to which there are so many foreign parallels referred to by Child in his *English and Scottish Ballads*. This Irish text however lacks the most essential feature of the "Unquiet Grave" type of ballad, namely the spirit's complaint that immoderate grief robs the dead of their rest. Instead, we have a new element, that of the spirit's resentment against the parents who prevented her marriage with the young man, her curse on them and her threat of a death-curse on him should he marry the rich girl. Resentment seems absent from the very numerous English texts, published or otherwise, so far as I know them, except in a version quoted by Child, which was noted by Mr. Baring-Gould from the singing of J. Woodrich, a blacksmith in Cornwall. This, at verse 6, makes the ghost say :

"If you were not my own sweetheart,  
As now I know you be,  
I'd tear you as the withered leaves  
That grew on yonder tree."\*

\* As Mr. Baring-Gould has subjected most of the traditional texts collected by himself to readjustment and editing before publication it is not certain that these are the exact words of James Woodrich's song, but his ghost is prepared to revenge herself in the same way as the ghost in "Polly's Love"; or, "The Cruel Ship's Carpenter," known also as "The Gosport Tragedy," (see *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 172), where we read :

"She stript him, she tore him, she tore him in three,  
Because he had murdered her baby and she."

—L. E. B.

a threat paraphrased in the eleventh and final verse. Mr. Cochlan's Dorian tune, which should be compared with Nos. 35 to 38a and Nos. 70, 71, 76 and 77 in this collection, is a magnificent one, and although it belongs to a type of traditional Irish, or rather Gaelic, tune of which various examples will be cited further on, there seems no printed air of its class so complete in structure, dignity and pathos. The closest variant that I know is one noted by Mrs. James Clandillon (of County Waterford), from the singing of her father. This, set by Mr. James Clandillon to an Irish hymn about the marriage-feast of Cana, was sung—together with several other traditional Irish airs from the same source—at the Gaelic service held in Westminster Cathedral, on March 19th, 1905.\* It begins with the following phrase which is repeated as far as F of bar 5.



The second phrase is as follows :



and in conclusion the first phrase is repeated as far as F in bar 5. It will be seen that the Waterford air has hardly the strength or variety of the Cork version, although it is extremely beautiful in its way. The variant which comes next in point of likeness is perhaps Petrie's tune, No. 196. This, contributed by "P. MacDowell, Esq.," (to whom Dr. Joyce refers as "Patrick MacDowell, R.A., the distinguished sculptor"), has no title, and it has obviously had its modal intervals altered by means of accidentals which have converted it into an enfeebled minor air. Mr. MacDowell also furnished a highly ornate minor variant of the same tune\* (see *Petrie*, No. 454, "The Dewy Morning"). This is similarly supplied with very improbable accidentals. An interesting variant from the same singer is Petrie's No. 1163. This has a few modal traces which alternate oddly with sophisticating accidentals. Cf. also No. 1171, "Malli Bán." Petrie's tune, No. 447, "Molly Asthoreen," is a more distant minor variant which shows the process of "correcting" modal intervals not fully carried out, as we see by the editor's significant footnote. The mixolydian version of "Molly Asthoreen," Petrie's tune No. 635, rings more sincerely; it was contributed by Dr. Joyce. Another of Petrie's "minorised"

\* Cf. a very elaborate variant, with modernised intervals, given in the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. xiv, April, 1914. It is one of "nineteen Ulster songs sent by Mr. Gregory" (no further details given), and has the title "At the dov Dawn" and two modern literary stanzas.  
—L. E. B.

variants is No. 622, "I'll make my love a breast of glass." Besides these normal variants in triple time there is the interesting tune, No. 1163, in five bar phrases, referred to above. Various tunes in common time seem allied, such as Petrie's No. 469, "Oh love it is a killing thing"; No. 863, "When first I left old Ireland"; No. 867, "Paddy's return to Ireland," etc. Through some of these it would be easy to establish a relationship between Mr. Cochlan's tune in this *Journal* and the fine air known as "The Peacock" or "The Shores of Amerikay" in Irish collections, which again is familiar to all collectors of British traditional songs as "Gilderoy," "Come all you worthy Christians," "Lazarus," "Maria Martin," etc., etc. (See previous *Journals* for copious variants and references to this tune.) An especial and very moving interest attaches to the tune in the form noted by Mrs. Clandillon and used in Westminster Cathedral (see above), for it inspired an unknown Irishman, Mr. Charles Burke, to compose one of the most exquisite small works yet written on British folk-themes. Mr. Burke was one of Mr. Gustav Holst's musical students at the Morley College for Working Men. He joined Mr. Holst's composition class when already an old and grey-haired man with a very rudimentary knowledge of the theory of music. For three years Mr. Burke worked hard at counterpoint during his scanty leisure; selecting Irish traditional airs to arrange and using them with wonderful sincerity and musical perception. In 1912 he finished "St. Patrick's Prayer," a Fantasia for Chorus and Orchestra based on two "Irish Hymns." The words were selected from the works of St. Patrick. The first air called "St. Patrick's Breastplate" is set to those words; and the second air is the one under discussion. This extraordinarily lovely work was performed at a Morley College concert in 1912, when its power, beauty and originality startled and profoundly moved an audience which included critical musicians of experience. It was performed again at Morley College in 1914. Meanwhile the composer continued to work eagerly at orchestration under Mr. Holst's training. He was writing a set of orchestral variations on an Irish tune when death called him away in February of 1917. With him died a musician of rare genius who undoubtedly would have taken his place amongst the very best had the circumstances of his modest life permitted. In the words of Mr. Holst "If old Charles Burke had been a R.C.M. or R.A.M. student, or an Oxford man, how different things would be!"—L. E. B.

A fine folk-ballad of the rarer romantic type which contains the element of the supernatural. Compare the non-recognition with the similar incident in the Danish ballad of the "Re-arisen Mother," the daughter failing to recognise her mother, who speaks to her as "my dochter dear":

"Thou surely art nae mither o' mine—  
My mither was baith fair an' fine.

My mither was fair, wi' cheeks sae red,  
But thou art wan an' like the dead."

" How should I be fair an' fine ?  
 'Tis death has bleached these cheeks o' mine.

How should I be white an' red ?  
 Sae lang hae I been lyin' dead."\*

The Scottish Highland air "Fear a' Bhata" ("The Boatman"), appears to be a shortened form of the foregoing tune. The beautiful Irish version would suggest that "Fear a' Bhata" represents only the second half of the air, as it corresponds with the portion of "Cailín a Chúil Chrävuig" after the double bar. The "Boatman" verses also are only half the length of the Irish stanzas. As in the case of "John Peel" the second strain of the tune has apparently been fixed in the popular memory (while the first has been forgotten) by being repeated as chorus.—A. G. G.

### 26.—AINGIR GHEAS CHRÚITI NA MÓ.

[THE PRETTY MILKMAID].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

Er mo heas - duil trí..... Bwail - hi na..... Múir - ni, 'S mé  
 'g a - varc er..... chúm - chno - ca cheóig, Shea do ghear - cas an.....  
 aing - ir woufl wúin - ti Ba ghea - na - vuil gnúish a - gus cló: Mo  
 ha - ta ghom ba - has go rúig - eas, 'S is ta - puig dom  
 d'úl - ha shí 'n óig, 'S is dea - ra - fa 'mw' ai - gi - ni - gur  
 smúing - geas Er aing - ir gheas (a) chrúiti - ti na mó.

\* From Miss Gilchrist's translation in *Longman's Magazine*, January, 1898.—ED.



"How should I be fair an' fine?  
'Tis death has bleached these cheeks o' mine.

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'g a - varc er..... chúm - chno - ca cheóig, Sheado ghear - cas an.....  
aing - ir woull wúin - ti Ba ghea - na - vuil gnúish a - gus cló: Mo  
ha - ta ghom ba - has go rúig - eas, 'S is ta - puig dom  
d'úl - ha shí 'n óig, 'S is dea - ra - fa 'mw' ai - gi - ni - gur  
smúing - geas Er aing - ir gheas (a) chrúiti - ti na mó.

\* From Miss Gilchrist's translation in *Longman's Magazine*, January, 1898.—ED.

TRANSLATION.

- I As I walked through Ballyvourney,  
Gazing on the misty, valleyed hills,  
I saw a gracious, gentle lady,  
Lovely of face and form :  
I snatched my hat from my head,  
And quickly the maiden bowed to me ;  
And truly I called to mind  
The pretty maid who milks the cows.
- 2 Do stadasa shealad a smúingí,  
Agus a machnav cár húirlig shí 'm hreó ;  
Shea do ghearcas an dartuiri dúr duv  
Na haici, ghá tiúnlac sa ród,  
A cahav a gheartana liúm-sa,  
Do laguig har dúchas mé 'm hnó,  
Agus do háruig mé i greahanuiv dlúha  
Le taingheav don chúiling desh óg.
- 3 " Arcuim-she, wascalach wúinti,  
Fis t'ainimi húirt dom i dreó :  
Cá cahir, cá bwaili puirt túaha,  
Cá fearanta dúchas dot órd ?  
An tu Palas chyn chailci, nú Júná,  
Hug shealad sa dlúhamuig wóir,  
Nú an aingir tá 'r bara na dúnach  
Hug Paras na lúngg lesh er bórd ? "
- 4 Do reaguir go tapuig mé an chúilion :  
" Ní creachdáca á nuaíruish mé fós ;  
Er healad do chaihing mo chúrsa,  
Le shealad am chúnnav ig Wócs ;  
Coesh Leavuing na vearanta [? tá v' ear-  
anta] dúchas.  
Agus às son go Cúm is gach treó, [orom  
Gur v' í ainim do chleachtuim-she húirt  
Aingir gheas Chrúiti na Mo."
- 5 Cé gur càitti le shealad am ghnúish mé,  
Ba hapwig mear lúfar mo hóid :  
Do freabas le meanamuin chúichi  
Agus do ghairimeas cúpala póg.  
" A haishci na garad " shea dúert lium,  
" Ná masluig mo chlú-sa ghod gheóin ;  
'S ty snamuihi heana le cúiling,  
Agus eadaruiv(i) blúiri beog óg."
- 6 " A haishci na garad " shea dúert léi,  
Stad shealad am chlúit-she go fóil,  
'S nár cheapasa bearta na dlúih-chilish  
Do harac er chúiling 'ot órd ;  
Er wahiv a tailiv ná fúicing-she  
T' avuil i gúnggaracht fwí vrón ;  
Agus leanav má hagan sa tógara,  
Gur b' àhir chun cúnta mé leó."
- 2 I stood awhile in thought, [me ;  
Wondering whence she had appeared to  
When I saw a stern, dark archer  
Walking near her along the road ;  
He shot his darts at me, [pale,  
So that from the hurt I turned unwontedly  
And fell into unceasing trembling  
For love of the pretty young maid.
- 3 " I beg of you, O stately gentle one,  
Tell me your name truly ;  
What city, or what country townland,  
What domain is your home ?  
Are you gentle white Pallas, or Juno,  
Who spent a time . . . . . (?)  
Or the maiden on the top of the waves  
Whom Paris took on board his ship ? "
- 4 Quickly the fair one answered me  
" I am none of those whom you have men-  
Once I lived . . . . . [tioned :  
. . . . . (?)  
By the Laune\* is my native land,  
And from there to Caum,† all round ;  
And the name that I am called, is  
' The Pretty Maid who milks the Cows.' "
- 5 Although for some time I have looked old  
Sharply and suddenly my lust was aroused.  
Eagerly I darted towards her  
And claimed a couple of kisses.  
" Dearest of friends," she said to me,  
Do not wish to harm my repute ;  
For you are already mated to a damsel,  
And have a young child by her."
- 6 " Dearest of friends," said I to her :  
Stay with me yet a little while ;  
For I never thought to trick or deceive  
A fair maiden like you. [abandon  
For the wealth of the world I would not  
A woman in stress and sorrow ;  
And if we should have children  
I will be a father to look after them."

\* Co. Kerry. † Co. Cork.

7 D' aharuig a haigini liúm-sa,  
 'S is gairid gur shciúird lium a ród ;  
 Tig a tavuirni do casag er dúish shing,  
 Agus do ghairimeas crúscá er e mórd.

7 Her mind changed towards me,  
 And soon she ran along with me :  
 First we came to an inn,  
 And I called for a jug on the table.

*Cf.* tunes Nos. 28 and 27 in this *Journal*, and the notes thereon. The sixth of the scale occurs only once, as a passing-note, in bar 18. *Cf.* the following tune, and *Petrie*, No. 1254 ; also such semi-folk airs as "When first in this country a stranger," "The valley lay smiling before me," etc., etc. Verses 3 and 4 are partly nonsensical. In two places I have been too cowardly to give the exact translation. After singing the sixth verse Mr. Cochlan said "I have three more verses, and they are very funny." They are at any rate too funny to be printed. But fortunately they could have no value for reconstructing the original song (if there ever was an original) to this title, so they need not be regretted. The "Pretty Maid" is of course Ireland ; but the allegorical song is lost, in this copy, after verse 4. A song in five verses, on the same theme and with a general likeness throughout to ours, is printed in *Banba* (December, 1901).—A. M. F.

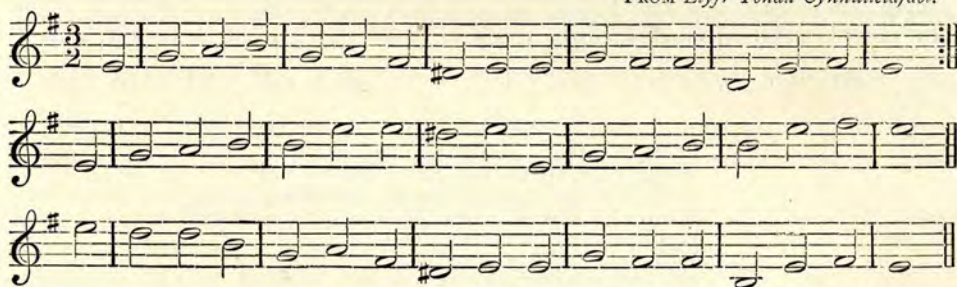
This well-known tune was preserved by Bunting, who included it in his volume of 1796 as "An Cailin deas g-cruidadh na mbo" or "The pretty Girl milking the Cows," and in his volume of 1809, where it is called "Cailin beog chruite na mbo," is arranged for the voice, with a translation of the original Irish words by Miss Balfour, and is supplied by Bunting with sharps to neutralise the flattened sevenths of his original. Holden has a rather different version in his *Irish Tunes*, vol. i, 1806). O' Farrell gives the tune as "Douchig for Sport" in his *Music for the Irish Pipes* (1797-1800). Moore's use of the tune for his "Song of O' Ruark, Prince of Breffni" gave it a popularity in drawing-room circles which has never waned, and numberless minor poets, Helen Lady Dufferin amongst them, have written verses to it. No English words however really suit the air, which produces a very different and immeasurably better effect when wedded to Irish. Traditional versions of it are occasionally met with amongst English country singers. For Essex and Wiltshire versions, collected by Dr. Vaughan Williams, see *Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 150, 210, "The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea" ("When first in this Country a stranger"). Unless we include the rather remotely-connected tunes, No. 180 and No. 1254 referred to by Mr. Freeman, the air seems absent from the *Petrie* collection, and it occurs only in a very primitive form, eight bars in length, in *Joyce* (1909) as "Bearracht agus ceud leis," "A hundred and one Farewells to him." Mr. Freeman is fortunate to have secured such an especially interesting traditional version which seems to owe nothing to the usual printed forms. The triplets, sung with perfect smoothness and rhythm, give a particular charm to the tune. An extraordinarily florid version of the air, set to an "Aisling" by the eighteenth century schoolmaster-bard, Andrew Magrath, is in Mangan's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*. Some of the essential notes

of the melody are prefaced by a rapid ornament of twelve and ten notes. Such ornamentation seems characteristic of Munster singers, and I myself have heard quite as elaborate decoration when noting their songs (see *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, pp. 3, 4).—L. E. B.

This traditional form of the air, "The pretty Girl milking her Cow," is certainly most interesting. I have a ballad, printed by Catnach, with the latter title. It fits the tune, and the theme is the same as Mr. Freeman's translation though it does not follow it literally.—F. K.

A Welsh form of the above tune, designated as "Alaw Gymreig" = Welsh air, is in Ieuan Gwyllt's earlier hymn-book, *Llyfr Tonau Cynnulleidfaol* (see below). Several of the many traditional airs noted by Gwyllt in Wales have already been quoted in the *Journal*. The seventh in "Llanarmon" has been sharpened,\* probably by Gwyllt, but it is still a distinct and interesting variant.—A. G. G.

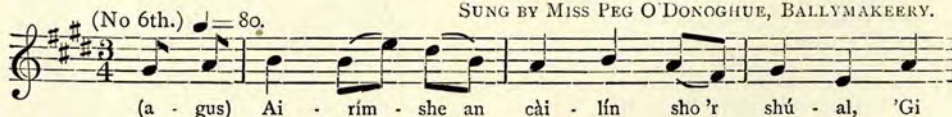
FROM *Llyfr Tonau Cynnulleidfaol*.



## 27.—CAILIN DEAS CHRÚITI NA MÓ.

[THE PRETTY MILKMAID].

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.



\* That admirable musician and leading spirit in the Welsh Folk-Song Society, Dr. Mary Davies, has often given me vivid accounts of her difficulties when acting as youthful organist in a Welsh Chapel, where the whole congregation insisted upon singing flat 7ths in many of the finest old hymns whilst she played the major 7ths indicated by the book. It was a good many years before the reason of this battle between voices and instrument became clear to her.—ED.

gai - gív na dú - ha mar sbórt, Á..... ghread - wyv gur  
 chah í - hi 'n - súd a - ca n an - uív a viún - tar úr sórd ;  
 Na ma - chuí le dea - chruí gur chruíg shi - she, Na ca - núí go  
 cúr - ha na góir ; 'S go mear - tuíd gur bean í ví' r a  
 gua - lach í, Ig dáil - hí - nív ghúí - shtí - hi bó.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I hear of this girl wandering about,  
 Making sport for the fops of the country-side,  
 Who boast that she spent a night with them yonder,  
 In wretchedness, with men like you.  
 Right willingly she milked the herds,  
 With pails well sweetened ;  
 And they imagine her to be a woman who would keep the company  
 Of common cattle-drovers.
- 2 Lem chleasycht gur haingfosa i lúib cuili,  
 I leáttuív bun-ash-ciún lesh a ród ;  
 Cé casfuí ach a cáilín sho chúinig-na,  
 'S gan faic ímpí ó ghlúiniv go bróig : [dom  
 Do cheadys lem hearc-wyn nú 'r viúntar  
 Teacht tímpal chúichi le póig :  
 "Sbreaigíon tu, 's baitín at chúnav ?  
 'S ní taihíoch lium súgara let órd."
- 2 In sportive mood, I came to the corner of  
 a wood,  
 In a place apart, away from the road,  
 When whom should I meet but this girl,  
 Naked from knee to shoe ?  
 I asked permission of my dearest love  
 To approach her with a kiss ; [stick !  
 " Do not provoke me ! you—leaning on a  
 I do not toy with [old] men like you."
- 3 Agus d' isaruíos agus cheaduíos lem chúil-  
 Nú leocach shí a rún lium go fóil, [ing  
 Sy shíos, agus inshint go ciúin dom  
 Cár heasdal shí chúing, nú cár hreóig ;  
 Nú an bean í le healuíon mar smúengim  
 Hug shealad a nú-chnocuiv céog,  
 Nú an cáilín go nairíng á húert irhi  
 Aingir gheas chrúiti na Mó.
- 3 I begged and prayed my pretty one  
 To confide in me a little,  
 To sit down and tell me calmly [going ;  
 Whence she came and whither she was  
 Was she one who, as I think, through en-  
 chantment  
 Had lived awhile in misty, dark hills,  
 Was she the girl I used to hear called  
 " The Pretty Maid who milks the cows ? "

4 " Is adawíom gur cáilín mé an dúhig  
 Le beartuíocht a stiúruíag 'núr dreó,  
 Heasuíoch a sheátníov mo húruing,  
 Agus gach cíng a crúh úr guid bó :  
 Na geatúí 'r na machuív gur dúnag,  
 Na canuí gan fúnsa gan deóir,  
 'S lesh na heasnúiv shea haingíosa chúiv-  
 'S mé lapufoí 'dir húrtachuiv ceóig." [she,

5 "'S a hearc-wyn, ma healuíadar túrtacha  
 Tàir tímpal chúm-sa go fóil ; [tu,  
 Beg taruí 'nár machuív a búerhig,  
 'Gus canuí dá grúh is dá nóí."  
 " Led chleasuíocht, led veartuíocht ná  
 húmpuig me ;  
 Stad, leog er shúl me lem ghnó—  
 'S gur beartuíag dom har tuíng anún dol,  
 Go naibíoch na húla sa vóar."

4 " I confess I am a country girl  
 Sent amongst you by trickery ;  
 I used to sit at my spinning-wheel,  
 And milk your cows twice daily.  
 But the gates have been shut on the  
 meadows,  
 The buckets are dry, their hoops are gone ;  
 And in want have I come amongst you,  
 Stumbling over the hummocks in the fog."

5 " Darling, if the dust of the hills is on you,  
 Come along with me for a while ;  
 We will have bulls bellowing in our  
 meadows,  
 We will milk and drink the full of buckets."  
 " Do not fool me ; tempt me not with  
 your scheming ;  
 Stop, let me go about my business,  
 For I must go away, over the seas,  
 [To a land] where the apples ripen in the  
 autumn."

Cf. Nos. 26 and 28 in this *Journal*, and the notes thereon. I do not understand the first half of the word *sheatníov* in verse 4, line 3. Mr. Cochlan suggested *searcshníomh*, i.e. "lovingly-turning." As for the phrase *gach cíng* in the next line, both singers paraphrased by "*gach tráth, gach ceann den lá,*" which I have translated.

—A. M. F.

This fine tune has no connection whatever with the four airs with "Cailín Deas" titles in *Joyce* (1909) ; nor does it seem to be in any of the well-known collections. The tunes which are most like it in type, although quite distinct, are *Petrie*, Nos. 652, 653, "Lough Erne's Shore," and 801-3, "The Banks of the Suir," and the variant of the latter in *Joyce* (1909) ; also *Petrie's* No. 1247, "Sagairt tar teoradh." *Petrie's* Nos. 179, 180 and 1086 are rather similar in structure.—L. E. B.

## 28.—CEÓ DRYCHTA.

[A MAGIC MIST].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 112.$

Ceó drych - ta cheól í - hi chun fáin me, Er an  
 mán - teau - ir har - lag chun - síen ; Dom hfor cha - sa

gull - hiv gan áit - reav, Is go bry loch na Blár - nan shea

chúas : Do hy - sa coesh cruíng gi - li blá - far, Is

tuív lium go dáí - nig go suerc An ..... ríó - wàì - shach

víon - la ba vrea - ha Dár híol - ruig ó A - dam a - nuás.

*Variant.*

TRANSLATION.

1 A magic mist sent me astray one night,  
 And on the smooth ground I went to sleep ;  
 I had wandered evermore homeless through the woods  
 Till I came to the brow of Blarney's lake.\*  
 I sat down by a bright-blossomed tree,  
 When merrily there came to my side  
 The fairest and gentlest of maidens  
 Descended from Adam.

2, 3, 4 and 5 (*see my note*).

6 " 'S a sbérvean wouil wárga na rín-ros,  
 Túir tréivshi 'r feag mí ghom nú ghó,  
 Chun go déad shealad féachuint mo ghuíni,  
 'S go néanad gach ní chuir i dreó,  
 Mo shcéalha ghom ghálhiv go nínshad,  
 Gus mo chéad beanácht chuihi chuir léó ;  
 Agus go nárhar mí ig Gaelgi fá floguiv  
 Ma éaguim tu, vrídeach, dem gheóin."

6 " O bright-eyed, gracious, stately dame,  
 Grant me respite for a month or two ;  
 Let me go visit my people for a while  
 And set my affairs in order,  
 Tell my story to my people  
 And bid them farewell for ever ;  
 And may the Irish† (?) curse me in my  
 If I willingly leave you, lady." [grave

\* Co. Cork. The old Blarney Castle, famous for the kissing-stone fixed to the parapet of the tower, was an old stronghold of the McCarthys. The modern castle was built by Sir George Colthurst, Bart., of Ballyvourney, whose seat it is.—ED.

† Is "ig Gaelgi" perhaps a corruption for "ag daoluibh"?—R. F.

- 7 " A héivir, ná shéan mi insa tlí shin,  
 Agus téanam lium shíos go Tír Oin,  
 Mar a wayam céad vruingeal wárga fá  
 ghrycht an  
 A nár-vratuiv shíoduí agus róil.  
 'S breá néavarach don ghárha go suíham,  
 Beg éin vingi e shíor-chantuing ceóil,  
 'Dáw éaduig, ní ghéanhimíd suim de,  
 Ach cäl-vehi cryca [? 's crycha] na gnó.
- 8 " 'S dá détá-sa féachuint do ghúini  
 (agus) Le hán toil ná fíllá go deó :  
 Ní veg éingi beó 'od ghálhiv it ímpal,  
 'S ní bwäl doit a shíor-ghuh ná e ngleó ;  
 Beg féasta 'n ay' 'n lac 'guing agus ívineas,  
 Míl Ghréagach le neart fionta 's beóir,  
 Agus céili má's méing leat san fhi,  
 Agus i néiric vè criona ber óg."
- 9 'S nuer a réamur le chiéili 's gach píuinti,  
 Agus le hán toil ná sgyhach go deó,  
 VÍ fwaeshav a lae teacht ár dímpal  
 Agus éinvingi shíor-chantuing ceóil.  
 Hug shí féachuint ró-néavarach ó chruí  
 Do chiés mi le sydiv har meón ; [rom  
 Agus mar hára 'r mo shéal-sa, le díogarus  
 Dá béal tanuí bíng hugus póg.

- 7 " Kind man, do not thus abandon me,  
 But come North with me to Tyrone ;  
 There we shall find a hundred stately  
 ladies under enchantment,  
 Clothed in rich robes of silk and satin  
 In a fair, shining mead we will sit,  
 Where sweet birds ever sing ;  
 For covering, we will wish for none [trees.  
 But slender birches and [branches] of nut-
- 8 And if you went to see your people  
 You would never wish to return.  
 But you shall have none of your kindred  
 about you [strife.  
 You shall not dread their carping and  
 Every day we will have a joyous feast,  
 Greek honey, many wines, and beer,  
 You shall have a wife, if you like, at night,  
 And instead of being old you shall be  
 [young."
- 9 And when we had agreed on every point  
 So that we never desired to part,  
 Day was dawning again around us  
 And sweet birds were singing unceasingly.  
 One brightest, earnest look she gave me,  
 Which pierced me with torturing pangs ;  
 And—that you may not condemn me—  
 ardently  
 I kissed her little, sweet mouth.

*Cf.* tunes 26 and 27 in this *Journal*, and *see* the notes attached. In the *Gaelic Journal*, Vol. xiv, p. 570, is another variant, with Dorian characteristics, to similar words. At page 658 of the same volume is a facsimile of a MS. containing five verses of this poem. The piece is apparently complete, and is attributed to Pádraig Ó h-Iarlaighthe. In *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (2nd series, p. 6) is a poem of seven verses, attributed to Pádraig MacGearóid. The first five verses correspond, with verbal differences, to the *Gaelic Journal* copy. The sixth corresponds to our verse 7 (first half) and 8 (second half) ; the seventh to our verse 6. Mr. Cochlan gave me the first three verses, which correspond closely to the first three of the above-mentioned copies. After this he said there was a verse he could not remember ; the printed copies give two. The piece is an ordinary *aisling* (*see* Introduction), and the first five verses end with the usual revelation of the woman as Ireland, and prophecy of help from France and Spain. There is therefore no need to give a translation of them, or to print them, since they can be read in the two places mentioned above. The order of verses 6, 7, 8 in Mr. Cochlan's version is better than the order of verses 6—7 in the *P.P.M.* copy, since up to verse 5 the poet has not spoken and there is no question of his leaving the woman. Thus the *Gaelic Journal* version is an artistic whole and probably the original ; Mr. Cochlan's version is also complete as it stands ; the *P.P.M.* copy is unsatisfactory.—A. M. F.



## 29.—AN GHAUNACH.

[THE STRIPPER].

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

*Quick.*

Lá's mé nro - had Baun - dan, er ä - nach ceart na Sau - na, Is  
 mi - shi ví san aum son gan aung - gar ná gá, Do  
 chea - nús blue - ri ghau - nuig ó ear a - neas óng geaun - tar, 'S ní  
 wúe - reas riav er cheaun í, er cheaú - ruig ná 'r vrayid. 2. Do

*Variants.*

- 2 Do wailíos liúm anaul í go dánamuir har Baundan ;  
 Do chuireasa mo ghaunach i gauluig ví gan sgáh ;  
 VÍ ceól is ringci 's daús an, 's do hymuir shíos na deaunta,  
 Agus is gearuid dúing go rausa gan veaúir sheal mar chách.
- 3 Nuer a víosa féin chun glúeshacht ní rev shí agùm ná a túerishc ;  
 Agus dúart-sa lem búachuil mo ghaunach fíndáil ;  
 Blaigeárduí na túaha dá réa gur b' in í súas í,  
 Shé ninidish de hrúa dom : " A wúerish í, Híain ? "
- 4 Níor ágas cnuc ná gleaunta ná äval go rev w' aurus,  
 Cumaracha aun tuili, gleaunta ná shdál,  
 Gan cúardach sheal dom ghaunuig, agus blúiri ní roiv aun di—  
 Agus a Ghía, nách mór a claumpar a ví gheaulha do Híain ?
- 5 'S níor ágas cnuc ná shléiti ná bóirhi cúnnga cälá  
 A wad amäch om ghälhiv, chun a túerishc[i] d' áil ;  
 Shé deridish le chiéli : " Ní ainhímíd tu 'n ächor,  
 Ciocu fear a chueg er strae hu, nú réici bocht fáin."
- 6 D' insheas páirt dom shcéal dóiv, 's a chuid ba wó de 'n' éhach,  
 Gur v' ear a chueg le céird mi, am här ghlan gan cháim,  
 Go rous a dul go Béara, mar is aun do ví mo shdeshun,  
 Har a ngearuidish na géinig a téadach dem chnáiv.

- 7 Níor cráag riav a cruí 'gum gur ghaus trí Ínshi Gíleach,  
Na cáilíní insan fhi am chfóra 'gus am chrá ;  
Do stracadar mo vríshti  
Agus a naulórdúí ví ciorha agus mo chríng-she ví er lár.
- 8 Do leagas bean, do híneas, 's bean eli ví a tuív léi :  
Shúd a cluichi tímpal, 's do b' íving dár gás :  
Agus a vean do strac mo vríshti  
Mara wúer shí shúd a shccli ní fíor pioc ó Heán.
- 9\* Do chuireas láv am póca—ní rev aun ach feóirling ;  
Hugus do vean an óil é chun díol à cáirtín dí ;  
Háig shí shfos na póca é agus híl gur gini óir é ;  
Chuireas díom a bóhar, 's nách móvarach a víos ?

TRANSLATION.

- 1 One day when I was in Bandon, † at the November fair—  
Oh, then I was without care or want—  
I bought a bit of a stripper, † of a man from the south of the district,  
And I never fastened her by head or neck or halter.
- 2 I brought her along till we crossed the [river] Bandon ;  
I put my stripper into an open stall ;  
There was music, dancing and merriment, and we sat down amongst them,  
And soon I, like others, had lost my wits.
- 3 When I thought of moving on, I could see no sign of her ;  
And I told my man to find my stripper ;  
The blackguards of the place kept saying : “ There she is, going up yonder ! ”  
And all the pity they gave me was : “ Did you get her, John ? ”
- 4 I left no hill or valley, nor any place I suspected,  
Banks hollowed by flooded streams, ravines, sheds,  
But searched them all for my stripper, and not a bit of her was there ;  
And O God ! what trouble was in store for John !
- 5 I searched every hill and mountain, every narrow little lane,  
Wandering far from my home, to come upon her track ;  
Till the people said : “ We do not know you at all,  
Are you a man who has lost his way, or a poor roving tramp ? ”
- 6 I told them some of my story, but most of it was a lie ;  
I said I was travelling with my trade, an honest harmless mason,  
That I was going to Bere, † for that was where I lived,  
To prevent the rascals (?) from cutting the clothes from my bones.
- 7 My heart was never broken till I came to Inchigeelagh. †  
Where, at night, the girls teased and tortured me :  
: : : : : : : : :  
: : : : : : : : :

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

† A cow giving milk in the second year after calving.

‡ Co. Cork.—L. E. B.

8  
 So the game went round, and merry were we,  
 But the one who tore my clothes,  
 If I did not pay her out, don't believe a word of John's.

9\* I put my hand in my pocket—there was nothing there but a farthing :  
 I gave it to the landlady to pay for a quart of drink ;  
 She thrust it in her pocket, thinking it was a golden guinea :  
 I made off—and wasn't I a fine fellow ?

Variant A is from two other men, who used it in every verse. Gaelic scholars, please note that I have inserted the syllable in verse 5, line 2, not because I think it "correct," but for the singing. I took no note of how the line was sung. The form "Gíleach," in verse 7, line 1, is from other singers ; Mr. Cochlan sang "Gíli." The verse marked 9\* was given me by another man as "the very last verse of all." But if it is really part of the song, the best place for it would seem to be after verse 2. Cf. the following tune.—A. M. F.

This tune does not appear in any of the well-known collections, though there are several airs which belong to the type, such as "Rós gan rubha," "The Rose without Rue" in Bunting (1840) and the "Shan Van Vocht" tune in *Joyce* (1909) referred to under No. 30 in this *Journal*. The old nursery-tune to "There was a little man and he had a little gun" seems allied.—L. E. B.

### 30.—AN SHAUNVEAN VOCHT.

[THE POOR OLD WOMAN].†

SUNG BY MRS. MARY SWEENY, COOLAE.

Mwai-dean í-ving hau-ruig dom er ín-shi coesh na Baun-dan,  
 Chua-lag cuach a lau-i-reacht er au-ruív na dor; Do  
 ghréan shí lium gan aú-ras gur b'í do fuer a scaú-ra Ó

\* See my note. Two half-lines are omitted in the text.—A. M. F.

† By "The Poor Old Woman" Ireland is meant, according to some Irish writers.—L. E. B.

bea - na - vea - nín waun - tach ó ghleau - tuív na gloch ; Ví píó - pa i - cl na  
 draun - dal, 's í scléui - reach le holc ; A réa - ba fa - luí 'n  
 teaum - puil 's í datús às a corp ; Nár v'ior gur víng a  
 caun - tui - reacht er chúil a cing sa waú - ruig gil, Go mèach  
 Lú - tar cuí - hach faul - sa 'gus a waun - ta - racht fé choesh !

- 2 Berim bár an dauish díov shea hífar í na leauini,  
 Nár eici shiv an aunggar ná sgaúra vèach docht :  
 Chufhi er ghá hāv Baundan do ghin a gníov gan aúrus  
 Er Lútar cuíhach faulsa na leauin leahan gorp.  
 Bwailig suas úr gaumhí 's úr mauntarach gan locht ;  
 Leaguig anuas a deaupuil 'gus a mauracha cloch ;  
 Óleg fion as braunda agus ihig féin úr raur-wairt,  
 Agus sguilíg chúcha cauntuireacht úr shaunvean vocht.
  
- 3 Cad ab ái liv don dá haumpul ? Ní raudar aun sa teauracht :  
 Nú 'r órduig Críost na lauarhiv an dream so fé sgot ?  
 Nú an fíor gur scríving aulsa hug Mwish don fobal Aura,  
 Mar a cuireag dá rí a deaunta le scaura fé'n gloich ?  
 Ní roiv aun ach spíoruí faulsa, an clauppar 's a tolc ;  
 (san) Antichrayst gan aúrus agus an dream so na gros ;  
 Gur scláirhí fil do veaul tu, 's do ghin go cluítí faun tu,  
 Agus do hócach cíos na Sauna ghíot, mo haunvean vocht.
  
- 4 Tá sútán fada cíoruv er hagart Clana Cúilhi,  
 Sagart Bwaili Níona agus a chruí 'shtig er roh,  
 Agus Sagart Wala á inshint gur ghearawish er sa víobala  
 Do ghovarmint do víg chun vè dílish dá hoil.  
 Cár ghoiv a gáirdín íona do ví ig Isaruls fé Chops ?  
 S gur roilig na máirtínig, 's na tinteacha gan folh ;  
 S do [? omit do] mó eascu fada cíoruv, go dug Súd fuil a chruí ghoiv,  
 Do róstach er i ngríosuig mo haunvean vocht.

- 5 'S beg ríngci fada a Lúanduín, agus gallaíuc à múcha,  
 Sbíúna er aicimi Lútuír a smúsachuiv na dor,  
 Tiarnuí hír a giúnlúig agus minishtírí búerhig,  
 Chuir ár sagart-na gan chúntas, dáv gur dúch lium a doeshc.  
 Tucuid shiad suas chúing-na na núnuiv gan sđop,  
 Ar deagasc 'gus ar múini, ar núduir gan locht :  
 'S go vicim fós a príúnsa do ghlanhig ti na cúirti !  
 'S ansúd a gheóir cead súgara, mo haunvean vocht.

VARIANTS FROM MR. COCHLAN.

- Verse 1, lines 7-8 :  
 Shé brí agus bár mo chauntuireachta, er chúl a cing a mauruig di,  
 'S shé cúntas crúing er lavarhiv mo haunvean vocht.
- Verse 3, line 4 :  
 Mar a chuir an dá rí, etc., (*which is translated*).
- Verse 4, line 3 :  
 . . . . . gur ghearawish é sa víobala (*translated*).
- line 4 :  
 Gur uilig (*translated*).

TRANSLATION.

- 1 One pleasant summer morning I was in a meadow by the Bandon,\*  
 When I heard a cuckoo talking on the outskirts of a thicket.  
 Truly she complained to me that she had been terrified  
 By a gap-toothed old woman from the bushy glens.  
 She had a pipe in her jaw and was scolding viciously,  
 Tearing down the walls of the church and wildly throwing herself about ;  
 But sweet was her prophecy, as she lay on her back in the fair fold :  
 That false, foreign Luther and his women-folk would be trodden under foot.
- 2 I assure you . . . . . (?)  
 That ye shall see no affliction or overmastering fear.  
 . . . . . on both sides of the Bandon he (?) surely triumphed  
 Over false, foreign Luther . . . . . (?)  
 Collect your companies and your faultless women !  
 Knock down their churches and their stone folds !  
 Drink wine and brandy, eat your own fat beef,  
 And hurl at them the prophecy of your Poor Old Woman !
- 3 What do you want with the two Churches ? there were not two of old.  
 Or did Christ ordain that these [Irish, or, Catholics] should be tribute-payers ?  
 Is it true that Moses gave a false writing to the Hebrew people,  
 Like that which the two kings timidly placed under the stone ?  
 They were merely false spies . . . . . (?)  
 . . . . . Antichrist indeed . . . . . (?)  
 Oh, treacherous scholars have deceived you, and reduced your strength to naught,  
 And would take the November rent from you, my Poor Old Woman !
- 4 The priest of Clonakilty\* wears a long, pitch-black soutane,  
 The priest of Ballyneena (?) his heart is tortured ;  
 The priest of Mallow\* is saying that you swore on the Bible  
 To support your government (?) and obey its will.  
 Where is the vineyard which Israel had . . . . . (?)  
 The martyrs suffered, and their hearths [are] dismantled.  
 There are many long, black reptiles, for whom He shed His blood,  
 Who would like to roast you on the ashes, you Poor Old Woman.

\* Co. Cork.—L. E. B.

- 5 The *Rimnce Fada*\* shall be danced in London, and the foreign beasts shall be destroyed,  
 Luther's followers shall be hunted out of the innermost thickets,  
 Landlords shall wail (?) and [protestant] ministers roar—  
 They who despoiled our priests, oh woeful tale!  
 But they shall come amongst us again, unhindered, to their dwellings—  
 Our preachers, our teachers, our blameless scholars!  
 And may I yet see the Prince who will cleanse the court-house!  
 Oh, then you may be joyful, you Poor Old Woman!

A four-lined tune caught in the act of becoming an eight-line. Cf. the previous air. I very much regret that this genial anti-Protestant piece is so corrupt that it is impossible to give a connected translation. Verse 2, as it stands, seems to contain parts of two, or even three verses. Verse 3, line 4, refers to the following piece of unrecorded history: There were two Kings, *Máirtín* and *Lútar*, and they had an ass. They were Catholics, but proud and wicked men. They consulted together and wrote a book, but feared to give it out as their own work. So they dug a deep hole and put the book at the bottom, with a stone over the book, and replaced the earth and sods very carefully so that soon there was no trace of their doings. They then put their ass to graze in the meadow and called the people together, saying that the ass was behaving in an unusual manner, and reminding them that asses are sacred animals. They shewed the people how the ass was scratching the ground with his hoof, and proposed to dig in the place where he scratched. This was agreed to, and the book was discovered under the stone. In the book was the Protestant Religion, which was founded in this way. I have no explanation to give of the ungrammatical title. I purposely talked about this song to other singers and Irish speakers of the neighbourhood, and they all gave the title in the same form. Mr. D. J. O'Sullivan tells me that he has heard it elsewhere in Munster, and suggests that it may be a habit contracted in singing songs containing the phrase "Says the Shean Vean Vocht."—A. M. F.

"An t-sean Bhean Bhoichd," commonly known as the "Shan Van Vocht," (which is an attempt at pronouncing the Irish title meaning "The poor old Woman"), has been called "the Irish *Marseillaise*." In his *Songs of Ireland* (1845) Michael J. Barry writes as follows: "The versions of this song are numberless; but that here given [without music] is considered the best. The date of its composition is 1797, the period at which the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay." Barry's text is, with one or two insignificant differences, the same as that in Mr. Alfred Percival Graves' *Irish Song Book* (Fisher Unwin, 1905), where Bunting's tune is used. It begins

\* This, which means the "long dance," suggests an explanation for the name of the dance performed annually in May at Helston, in Cornwall, by a procession of the inhabitants. The Helston word "furry" or "faddy" applied to the dance, has puzzled many. A writer in a periodical for 1790 calls the festival-day at Helston the "Furry Day" and, after describing the long dance, to a particular tune, adds "This they call a 'Faddy.'"—ED.

“ Oh ! the French are on the sea, says the Shan Van Voght,” and is the version commonly known. It has nothing whatever in common with the text in this *Journal*, except its political sentiments. Bunting included an air “ An Thseann Bheann Bhocht ” in his volume of 1809. His tune, in six-eight time, is quite distinct from that in this *Journal*. Moore took Bunting’s tune for his song “ Love’s young Dream,” and this led to Bunting’s air being generally quoted as the correct one for the popular “ Shan Van Vocht ” words. However, Dr. Joyce in his *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs* (1909), writes : “ Many settings of this air have been published. I give one here which I think has not yet seen the light.” Dr. Joyce’s tune is a variant of that in this *Journal*. Mr. Freeman’s version is however more complete, Dr. Joyce’s air beginning with the second half of the whole tune and being only eight bars long. In his *Irish Folk Music* (Chicago, 1910) Captain Francis O’Neill refers to the “ Shan Van Vocht ” as “ sung by every peasant, young and old, throughout Munster, at least in the last century.” He goes on to make the following interesting statement : “ In Moore’s *Melodies* and other works copied from that volume without discrimination or question, ‘ Love’s Young Dream ’ is set to the traditional air called in English ‘ The Poor Old Woman,’ but better known by its Irish name ‘ An Sean Bhean Bhocht ’ . . . The writer [Captain O’ Neill] was accustomed to hear a distinctly different air of that name in common circulation in his boyhood days in West Cork. To find such a distinguished authority as Dr. Joyce on our side of the question is reassuring, for he includes a version of ‘ The Shan Van Vocht ’ in his late work, which varies but little from our setting in O’ Neill’s *Music of Ireland*.” One would like to know whether the text taken down by Mr. Freeman is that usually sung by Irish-speaking singers. For two other quite distinct airs to the “ Shan van Vocht,” see *Petrie*, No. 1204, and *An Chláirseach* (1907). Read the notes on the allied tune No. 29 in this *Journal*.—L. E. B.

A “ Shan Van Voght ” tune distinct from those referred to above is in “ The Rangers of Connaught,” a story in *Edinburgh Tales* (1845). This tune, with a few modernising differences, appears in Maver’s *Genuine Irish Melodies and Songs* (Glasgow, 1877), and, in exactly the latter version, in Trench’s *Realities of Irish Life* (1882). In each case the text is the well-known one beginning “ O, the French are on the sea, says the Shan van Voght.” The first-named version is given here as being simplest in form.—F. K.

FROM *Edinburgh Tales* (1845).



31.—AN GUIRTÍN ÓRANAN  
[THE LITTLE BARLEY FIELD].

FIRST VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 144.$

Is..... bue - chi - lín fíor - óig mi, go vói - ri o - rom  
Río na ngrást, Hug shearc do chà - lín óig i díg an  
óil is í 'na có - rú yeár.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 144.$

Ní rev hat' ir - hi ná hú - da, ná bú - cla bwí vèach  
déan - ta frás, Ach tép i gluesh a brói - gi, shí mo  
sdói - rín í go way mé bás

- 2 Agus ní ghod ghurtín óranan, a stóirin, do hugus grá,  
Ná ghot chúpla cóirhín, den ór wy dá mèdish lán ;  
Do chapuil ná do wólacht go deó deó ní chuirim a dácht,  
Ach blas do chúpla póigín, ba dócha liúm gur v'iad a b'eár.
- 3 'S dá déing harnaish om ghúhig ghéing piúnt an is gluini lán,  
Do vèach grá ró-wór ig triúr 'om dá niúguing a tiarsa er brayd,  
Marab inan agus a scrúili nár iúg agus nar ól riav cárt—  
Shídí sláinti an chiúinir nár ghiúlhig riav puntsh er clár.
- 4 Agus móra ghoit-she, éinin, atá a léimirig ó hún go tún !  
'S dá nínshing-she mo shcéal doit ní féidir ná go néanfá rún :  
Ber letir uem fwí héala d'rig cúlcrávach na gocán viúnt,  
Go wil mo chruí ghá chiéasa 's nách féidir liúm cola ciúin.



- 5 Tucuig ár is tóirneach agus mór-ishci 'n auing a Ly ;  
 Beg shneachta sdop a nóirshiv agus bólacht á dreascuir tríd ;  
 Ní anhig guh ig smóluig na ceól bíng ig éan er cruív ;  
 Agus grá mo chruí-she an óigi, shí [? óig, ishí] hócach an ceó ghom chruí !
- 6 'S a lainlaidi na nárán, tá 'm bás a dul am chruí ighi an dárt ;  
 Líon á chárt awáin chúm am láiv sar a ngoud amàch ;  
 Déin-she cúntas gear er a glár, agus cuir shfos cáilc [? a gáilc]—  
 Agus shúd fwí huerim sláinti—cúlfwáingeach mo cháilín deas !
- 7 Agus do b' àil-lium budéal braunda, 's do b' a'ansa lium vè fearúil fial,  
 'S ba wàil-lium cáilín doun deas, 's do b' ún lium í veala shiar :  
 Is deas mar gheanhing púmpa, 's is cúmha vèach a lasca am ghieig,  
 Agus ó chuireas mo hó léo a deaunta shé an claumpar do leanas riav.
- 8 Do b' àil-lium budéal fiona do líona, 'gus puntsh er bórd,  
 Ba wàil-lium máluí píbi vèach líonta de hulufv ceóil,  
 Ba wàil-lium sheal den fhi húirt shfnti le cáilín óig,  
 Agus níor ghrása óg na críon' iad ná clyhach le tamal sbóirt.
- 9 " Agus mfilí fwáilhi 'dúeg rót, a wúachuilín ó Chnuc na Vian,  
 Ainhím er a ród tu, agus cónggar na cuilli 'niar."  
 Mo wálacht er e bósa, do chuir mór-cheangal orom riav,  
 'S mo chúig chéad slán leat, óigi, mar is brónach atá mé 't ieg !

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I am an honest little lad, may the King of Grace help me,  
 That fell in love with a young girl in a public house, in her house dress ;  
 She wore no hat or hood, or buckle of brass,  
 But a tape in the flap of her shoe—and she is my love till I die.
- 2 I did not fall in love with your little barley-field, my dear,  
 Nor with your two boxes, though full of yellow gold :  
 Your horses or your cattle I do not for a moment consider,  
 But the taste of your two kisses—they, methinks, are better.
- 3 If I were to go back to my country, I should get a pint and a full glass ;  
 Three men would love me exceedingly if I drained off a tierce,  
 Unlike the old wretch who never drank down a quart ;  
 And here's a health to the genial man who never refused punch on the table !
- 4 God bless you, little bird flitting from wave to wave !  
 If I told you my story you would surely keep it secret.  
 Take a sealed letter from me to the girl of the fair branching tresses,  
 Saying that my heart is tortured and I can not sleep peacefully.
- 5 There shall come destruction and thunder, and great flood in the Lee,  
 Snow shall block the doorways, and cattle shall fall in it,  
 Thrushes shall lose their voice, and birds on the branches their sweet song,  
 But youth [? the maiden] is my heart's love—that can dispel the gloom from  
 my heart.
- 6 Landlady darling, my heart will die of thirst ;  
 Fill just one quart for me before I go out.  
 Make a short reckoning on the table [and chalk it up],  
 And here's a health—my pretty ringletted girl !

- 7 I like well a bottle of brandy, and still better free hospitality :  
I like well a dark pretty maid, and I like to coax her home ;  
I can make a pretty shoe with shapely galosh,\*  
But since I burned my boats I have known nothing but bad luck.
- 8 I like to see a bottle filled with wine, and punch on the table,  
I like the bags of a pipe filled with musical blasts,  
I like to pass a while at night, lying by a young girl,  
And I have never loved one, old or young, who was not willing for a frolic.
- 9 A thousand welcomes to the South, O lad from *Cnoc na bhFiann*,†  
I know you on the road and on the path eastward through the wood.  
My curse on marriage, that has ever held me in bondage !  
And five hundred farewells to my youth ! Oh, sorry am I to lose it !

The words of the first verse are printed here half under each tune. The first version is the one the singer habitually used ; I am not sure that I ever heard the second except when I noted both versions of the song from him. In *Ceól Sídhé* (p. 76) there is a poem of six verses, of which verses 1, 2, 3 and 6 correspond to our verses 1, 2, 4 and 5. In *An Chldirseach* (Pt. V, No. 4) there is a fragment of this song set to a very sophisticated version of the tune used for "Cill Cais" and "Carraig na g-Cael-fhear." In *Fuin na Smól*, Pt. IV, p. 21, to the same title, will be found an air allied to the appended tune, 31a, which I have heard from several young singers in Ballyvourney. It may be printed already, but if so I do not know where.—A. M. F.

### 31(a).—AN GUIRTÍN ORNÁN, or BUACHUILÍN FÍOROÍG.

[A VERY YOUNG LAD].

SUNG BY SEVERAL YOUNG SINGERS IN BALLYVOURNEY.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff concludes the melody with a final double bar line. The music is characterized by a simple, folk-like melody with some triplet figures.

\* In some districts *lasca* means the welt of a shoe ; in Ballyvourney this is *vanna*.

† In "Place Names from our Older Literature" (*Gaelic Journal*, Vol. xiv) Mr. C. S. Boswell gives 'Cnoc na bhFiann = Knocknaveen, in townland Glen, Clareisland.'

Mr. Cochlan's two versions are of a kind unusual in Irish tunes. They are more like certain West Highland airs such as those noted to nursery songs by Miss Frances Tolmie (*see* pp. 185 and 194 in her collection, *Journal*, Vol. iv, No. 16). *Cf.* tunes 31a and 31b with the Waterford tunes noted by myself in *Journal*, Vol. iii, pp. 17-20, and "Shilling dhe Naught Heane" in Holden's *Irish Airs* (Book ii, 1806, etc.).

—L. E. B.

Verse 5. *An óige* is probably the right reading. Taken in conjunction with the last two lines of the song it is clearly a reference to the song as given, *e.g.* in *Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh*, p. 36 :

Grádh mo chroidhe an óige  
 Sí is cóir a bheith ann  
 Is cuma dí cá rachaidh sí  
 No cá dtógfaidh sí a ceann.  
 An té a bhíonn pósta  
 Bíonn a chórughadh bun ós cionn ;  
 Bíonn glug ina bhrógaibh  
 Is cha n-ólann sé a'n leann.

—R. F.

### 32.—AN CLÁR BOG DÉIL.

[THE SOFT DEAL BOARD].

FIRST VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

*♩* = 60.

A hearc's a riúin, is..... fa - da liúm... tá an Dou - nach  
 A uem, Mar húil is... go... vi - cing - she tu e - rísh B er - (e)  
 C cuerd, Do chúi - mín eail - ci, is do véi - lín mea - la, is do chruí nár  
 D chruég, Is er w'a - luing - she gur vea - lui - she mo..... hlái - n(i) - te uem l

Variants. A B C D

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY

**A**  $\text{♩} = 60.$

Coesh na Brí - di is gi - li bim - she... go sú - gach  
 áv ..... 'G a - warc shíos er ea - la víng an... úr - la  
 wáin, ..... Gur gi - lí a píp ná shneach - ta 'r chruív, 's ná  
 drúcht er bán, 'S ní cui - gi - róch mé, ach bua - chuil  
 gruí mear a..... ghiú - cach cárt.

*Variant.*

- 2 Do ghlacuing tú gan bà gan púnt, agus gan áireav sbré  
 Do leacuing chúm tú mwaidean drúchta er bár an éir,  
 Shé mo ghalar dúch gan mé 'gus tú, a wáb a téan, [? a téin]  
 A Gashal Mún, 's gan do leaba fúing ach clár bog déil !
- 3 'S tá úr-fíp igim búirnín agus a brayid mar äi,  
 Agus a cúilín creahach búcaluíach a fás go féar ;  
 'S íshé mo chúa hriom nách sin iúir híos a fágug mé  
 Sar er chiúlys na cúigí agus mo ghrá har v'esh !
- 4 Ní her chlár wog a b'eár liúm vè shínti leat,  
 Ach er árd-leabuig áluing fé híoduív brat,  
 Mo láv gheas at áasca lem chruí-she 'shteach,  
 Agus is géar go waying [-she] sbás beog ón syd so 'm hlad.
- 5 Agus shearc mo chléiv do hugus féin doit, agus grá trí riún,  
 'S dá dagach shé do chursa tael go méing lá 'gus tú  
 Ceangul cléir a veh àruing arän, agus fwáingí dlúh—  
 'S dá vicing féin tu ighi än ear sa täl, go waying bás det chú !

- 6 Agus shearc mo chléiv níor hugas féinig d'a wny fós riav,  
Ach sy na haici chun go mealuing a cruí ina cliav,  
A mà ná a gapuil níor chuireasa an sbésh fós riav,  
Ach na mná sheasca so go dairghim chun shforui iad.
- 7 'S a chàilín, a dainghán leat glór mo chng ?  
'S gur buachuil me beahufag go ceólwar bing ;  
Is fis w' aicídi chun càilíní Chúigi Leyn."
- 8 " 'S ní ácam an áit sho chun go nólam deoch,  
Ní ácam ná an áit sho chun go níolam sgot,  
Ní ácam ná an áit sho chun go réitfam col—  
Agus shidí a sláinti a wil de wnaív deasa ón Ly go Loch."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 " My only love, how I long for Sunday to come,  
When I hope to see you visiting us again—  
Your white little breast, your little honey mouth and your tender heart—  
And I swear that you have beguiled me of my health.
- 2 I would take you without cows, without money, with no counting of dowry,  
I would lay you down by me on the grass on a dewy morning :  
Alas that we are not; you and I, O glorious child,  
In Cashel of Munster, and our only bed the soft deal board !
- 3 My beloved has a soft, young neck and lime-white throat,  
A head of dancing, curling hair down to the ground :  
And woe is me that I was not left lying in the earth  
E'er I travelled through the provinces and left my love behind !
- 4 And not on a soft board would I like best to lie by you,  
But in a fair, high bed with silken coverlets,  
My right arm pressing you closely to my heart ;  
Then I should soon get some respite from the wound that destroys me.
- 5 I have given you all my heart and my steadfast love ;  
And if it could happen that one day you and I  
Were married by the Church, with the uniting ring—  
If I saw you joined with any other man I should die of grieving for you.
- 6 And I have never yet given my heart to any woman,  
I have only sat beside her to beguile her heart :  
I have never taken any account of [her] horses or cows—  
But I make these barren women fruitful.
- 7 Now, my girl, do you like my speech ?  
I am a lad that was nurtured on music and pleasure.  
And go and ask the Leinster girls what is the matter with me."
- 8 " Don't let us leave this place till we have a drink,  
And don't let us leave this place till we pay the bill,  
And don't let us leave this place till we get engaged—  
For that is the matter with all pretty women from the Lee to Loch."

SECOND VERSION.

- 1 (Printed under music).  
 2, 3, and 4 (As in First Version, 3, 2, 4, but see my note on verse 2, line 3).  
 5 (Almost as in Verse 6 of First Version, but " dairigim " and " shíoruig " in line 4).  
 6 'S bean doracha ní wolhing 'gus ní cháinhing í ;  
 Bean holusvar ní houhing í go brách mar wny ;  
 Ná infon boduig do ghrá coda ní fóssing í ;  
 'Gus gheóad-sa lem sdóirin tá go ceólwar bíng.  
 7 (As in Verse 5, in First Version).

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I often walk by the fair Bride,\* happy and content,  
 Looking down on a beautiful white-plumed swan  
 Of neck more gleaming than snow on branch, or dew on lea—  
 And I am no stranger, but a lithe hearty lad that can drain a quart.  
 2 My beloved, etc.  
 3 I would take you, etc.  
 4 And not on, etc.  
 5 And I have never yet given, etc.  
 6 A gloomy woman I neither praise nor blame ;  
 A merry woman I would never choose for my wife ;  
 A churl's daughter I would not marry for her possessions ;  
 But I will go with my darling, who loves music and song.  
 7 I have given you, etc.

Cf. No. 33 in this *Journal*. *Tunes: First Version*. Variant **A** I never remember hearing except when I noted the song. **C** is used in the second and subsequent verses ; verse 1 is always sung as in text. **D** is always used in the second verse, seldom or never in any others. *Second Version* : In this and in the following song the first verse is sung with irregular stress, leading to a clipping of the tune. The complete melody appears in the second and following verses. In both these versions the second of the scale is a weak note ; in the following song it does not occur. Cf. *Petrie*, No. 581, " The Soft Deal Board," and No. 1251, with no title. *Words* : The two versions seem to be made up of a good deal of miscellaneous material. In *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 2nd series, p. 120, is a poem, attributed to William English, † of four verses, the first three corresponding fairly closely to verses 1, 7 and 2 of our second version. In *Ceól Sidhe* (p. 20) is a poem of five verses, whereof verses 1, 3

\* Co. Waterford.—L. E. B.

† Born in County Limerick. Was a schoolmaster in County Cork and wrote many lyrics previous to becoming an Augustinian Friar. He died in Cork, 1778.—ED.

and 5 correspond to verses 2, 5 and 3 of our first version. Without speculating as to the original form of the song, it is evident that Version I, verse 1, followed by Version II, verses 2—7, gives a song which is apparently complete. The concluding words of the third line of verse 2 (3) are of course “an tséin,” pronounced “a téin.” But the word “séan” seems to be unknown in the district. Mr. Cochlan, pronouncing “a téan, i téan,” thinks it is connected with “aon” = “one,” and says it means “together”; while in the second version the phrase “a bháb an tséin” is replaced by “a ghrádh mo chléiv” = “my dearest love.”—A. M. F.

In *Joyce* (1909), p. 64, *Petrie*, Nos. 581, 582, 1168, and *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th edition, p. 278), there are tunes to the above Irish and English titles. None of them are like the air noted in two versions by Mr. Freeman except *Petrie's* No. 581, contributed by “Father Walsh.” This is an interestingly similar tune, with the same curious tonality and rambling phrases, which when sung slowly become impressive and very beautiful in a *recitative*-like way.\* Dr. Joyce devotes a whole page of letter-press to his “An Clar Bog Déil,” mentioning that in the complete *Petrie* there are six settings of the air scattered throughout the book, but that his own air differs from all. It seems however to be allied to the tunes unlike Mr. Freeman's, which appear all to have the same foundation, and begin with a descending phrase. Although these latter airs are absolutely distinct from the air of Father Walsh and Mr. Freeman there is one unnamed tune in *Petrie*, No. 1251, which is remotely like Mr. Freeman's in places and forms a curious link between the airs. The singers and instrumentalists of Munster have always delighted in “An Clar Bog Déil.” The elaboration of the “descending” tune as given in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* and also in *Petrie*, No. 1168, must be seen to be believed, but I have personally heard singers in Munster do likewise, or even more so! In the collection just cited the original words are not given. Nearly all the tunes referred to above have markedly curious tonality and a rambling character.—L. E. B.

\* *Petrie's* No. 1167, “Cois na Brighde” (“Beside the river Bride”) may possibly be connected, as he suggests. The airs with descending phrases used for “An Clar Bog Déil” are, according to Dr. Joyce, also known as “Cois na Brighde” and “Caisel Mhumhan” (“Cashel of Munster”). The Irish text of “Cashel of Munster, or Clar Bog Deal” translated by T. Furlong in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* should be compared, but seems to differ greatly.—L. E. B.

### 33.—AN SPEALADÓIR.

[THE MOWER].

(No 2nd.)  
♩ = 66.

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

1. (a - gus) Coesh aun mói - ri's mé spea - la - dói - reacht  
lá breá'm häi,..... Shea do ghear - cas smó - lach de chà - lín  
rói - gheas 'gus a brayid ... mar an äi;..... Do ví a folh go  
feór ... er dah an óir, 'gus a cúm shaung; shév, A ghá cí  
gleóí - ti er e bor - lín ó - ma - rach, nár..... cluifag le  
héad. 2. 'S nuer a chnuc - sa 'n óig - vean teacht fí'm hó - mus do b' etc.

- 2 'S nuer a chnuc-sa 'n óigvean teacht fí' m hómus, do b' árd mo léim,  
'S mo chruí le dóchas gur freab er [? ar] nóin, d' ún vè páirteach léi ;  
Shé dúert shí : A stróiri, nú cad as dói leat ? Ní dó ghoit mé,  
Mar as cailín óg mé tá gan nóachar [a] luí liúm héin."
- 3 " 'S má's cailín óg tú tá gan nóchar, a luí leat féin,  
Din mo chóirli, is diàhnad tu fósa har à vny sa täl ;  
Cuiread cóir ort, is each chun sheóil fút, go dlúh let äi,  
Beg ríngci 's ceól agus puntsh er bórd [? insert agút] go fwáingí an lae.
- 4 'S tá mo speal go nó agùm, 's mo chraun go gleóiti, is mo láv dáí-réir,  
'S go deyn doit, óigvean, nílím pósta le hä vny sa täl ;  
Níl agùm bólacht, ná fóryr gnó ghéiv, ach mo fá 'n ay' 'n lae,  
'S go meg do fáircin clóvuir gearha 'góir agùm le fwáingí an lae."
- 5 'S trésh i clóvuir do gheara ghósa san fhi 'rér,  
Is mé go brónach trésh mo ghnóha agus cráiti ón sál,  
Er lorig w' óluish 'góir i wóhir, gur wúishcil mí néal,  
Shé dúert an óigvean : " Fan go deó 'guing, agus cuir suas fwär."



From Mr. Cochlan :

Verse 1, line 3 : *Vi dah an óir er a folh go feór léi*  
line 4 : . . . . . *le hân (translated).*

TRANSLATION.

- 1 One fine day when I was mowing beside a great river  
I saw a thrush of a beautiful girl with lime-white throat,  
She had golden hair reaching the ground, waist slender and shapely,  
Two pretty breasts on her amber-clear bosom, that none had touched.
- 2 When I saw the young woman coming towards me, I jumped for joy,  
And my heart beat fast in the hope of uniting with her :  
Said she : " Presumptuous man, what are you thinking of ? I am not for you,  
I am a young unwed girl and I lie alone."
- 3 " If you are a young unwed girl, and lie alone,  
Do as I say, and I will marry you rather than any other woman ;  
I will give you good living, and a horse to carry you, as long as you live,  
[You] shall have dancing and music, and punch on the table, till daybreak.
- 4 " My scythe is new, my haft shapely, and my hand worthy of them ;  
And truly, young woman, I am not married to any woman ;  
I have no cattle, or, alas, any use for them—only my daily pay ;

[Verse 5 is not translated.]

See tune No. 32, in two versions, with notes thereon. Mr. Cochlan's variant for the last word in verse 1, line 4, is translated. The phrase in the text means " which had never been oppressed by jealousy." There must be an entirely different tune with this title, for I have seen one or two poems, said to be to the tune of " An Spealadiór," in a metre utterly unlike this.—A. M. F.

### 34.—TUIREAV VIC INÍN DUIV.

[LAMENT FOR THE SON OF FINEEN DUBH].

*In free Recitative.* SUNG BY MISS PEG O DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

I. W' os - na tri Lui - mi - ni, Cu-nucht, a - gus Clér le cú, ..... Go..

Cor - cuig na luing - eas, a - gus har to - nuiv á déing do chiúl! Ár

gro - vui - ri cui - hig, fear í - nid na lách fuer clú, ..... Go

tea - ra - man lui - gi, a - gus na cruing - i go léir sin iúir !  
*Faster.*

2. Sin iúir ó,..... cui - reag bíng wúa - ra gus shcéiv na Mún, Gur  
 dúch gach dui - ni, a - gus gur i - mig ár glér bun - ash -  
 ciún, Ar ngiúsh - tish ..... cui - hig, ár mri - hav a réach ár  
 gúish, ..... Ar ga - ruid, ár goish - ti, ár gus - pu 's ár  
 läch fuer clú ! etc.

3. Clú a - gus cea - nas, etc.

- 3 Clú agus ceanus ví àgút ón Ríó nglórwar,  
 A ví er do ghlacuiv a ganas do ríó cóigi :  
 Níl túa ná cahir fwí vratuiv ig Ríó Shóirshi  
 Ná gur dúch a teaspu 's a mwailhi go shíor-vrónach.
- 4 'S brónach àtuirshach ó Chreachuin go Léim Lárach,  
 'S búarha Banaba ó Chaishal go Béal Beárnuish,  
 Tá dúh í Chairibri er lasa gan shcéiv áhish,  
 'S mo ghúch, is [a] Rah Chana gur leagag ár läch láidir !
- 5 Ba láidir cuihig ár guspu, 's ba leahan lúfar ;  
 A warcuig na guman, go grihach a talav fút-sa !  
 Ní rev eagala dlihi ná clipi er do waili dúchuish,  
 Ach 'do charuid mar Oscar, a chuireach na creach' er gúluiv.
- 6 Ar gúl [?] Ba chú] a taicseana Deach Mwihi 's [s' deachwihi d'] iarsmuí Mún,  
 Ba réiteach ceasna do laguiv aníar a hrúnc,  
 'S ba ghearán le caruid á mwaireach i nfarhar Mún  
 Do gháiri leahan, a warcuig na gliar, mo chúa !
- 7 Mo chú hu heacht har lear go tréh-lán-lag,  
 A flúr na vear, nár veah i ná vearnuing !  
 D' imig ár rah, ár mah, is ár shcéiv áhish,  
 Is dar neóin ár greach, ár vlah, is ár gäv-cháirdi.

- 8 A cháirdi imig har ishci is fós nár fl.  
D'ác súd shing-na go shingil gan chóir gan chrí,  
Gan wórd gan gluini gan cupo gan beóir ná ffon,  
Ná ceól ig cunuiv ná cuspo aun d'óirhach dív.
- 9 D'óirhach dív á dfach har sáili fós,  
Cé gur w'óg é d'ish, á díach i meárna an ghleóig ;  
Ach ag awarec\* sa bruian ná stríocach d'antuiv [? éantuiv] dóiv,  
Is ná leocach sa díg än dríodar cáha deóir.
- 10 'S än deóir á diucach dod chuid fola ráitív gríng,  
Béach go hosguilhi soilivar tláh mar ví,  
Ghéanach cosuint na boibileacha ráitív gríng,  
Is mo shcéal [duv] doracha at chola hu [? úi], Ghónuil Chuím !
- 11 'S duv doracha fí scamaluiv há na sbérha chúing,  
'S ní heasnav ná ireasa er chnuicuiv ná 'r hléitív dú,  
Ach a gogo na rihi gur vinic [? a t-] érlach súd,  
'Gus w'osna trí Luimini túsa go trésh sin iúir !

TRANSLATION.

- 1 My woeful sighing, go pass through Limerick, Connaught and Clare,  
To Cork of the ships, aye, and over the waves !  
Our strong right hand, successor of the renowned warriors,  
[? Protector of all the weak] is laid low.
- 2 Laid low is [? the sweetness] and beauty of Munster,  
So that all men sorrow and our clergy are bewildered,  
Our mighty justice, arbitrator of our cause,  
Our friend, our champion, our jury, our warrior renowned.
- 3 Renown and power thou hadst from the King of Glory,  
Who was at thy right hand unknown to the kings of earth :  
There is no village or city under the standards of King George  
But mourns its loss—its homes ever sorrowful.
- 4 Sorrowful and grieving is the land from Creachain (?) to Leamlara,\*  
Ireland is troubled from Cashel to Barnas,  
The lands of Carbery† are frantic and joyless  
And alas ! in Rathcana (?) our strong warrior was struck down.
- 5 Strong and fierce was our champion, broad and active,  
Beloved horseman, how the ground trembled under thee !  
Thy home feared not the snares of the law,  
For thou wast a friend such as Oscar, repeller of raids.
- 6 [? He was a protection from taxes and tithes to] the remnant of the Munster folk,  
From the bottom of his purse he succoured the poor ;  
And a friend for all the dwellers in western Munster to cry to  
Was thine open smile, O leader of horsemen, alas !
- 7 Alas, thou hast crossed the water weak and spent,  
O Flower of Men, that never failed at the breach !  
Gone is our prosperity, our wealth, our joy and beauty,  
Indeed, and our host, our prince, our gentle friend.

\* ? ach mar hauc.

† Co. Cork.

- 8 O friend that went over the water and returned not again !  
 We are left destitute, without means or territory,  
 Without table, or glass, or cup, or beer, or wine,  
 Or sweet-mouthed hounds, or champion to help you.
- 9 Help you he would, if he crossed the sea again,  
 Young though he be, if he came into the battle-breach ;  
 . . . . . (?) who would not yield to [legions] of them,  
 And would leave no stragglers weeping by the roadside.
- 10 And if one drop of thy blood were shed . . . . . \*  
 Open-handed, pleasant, merciful as he was,  
 Defending the people with his winning speech—  
 And black is my sorrow that thou sleepest, [offspring of] Daniel Cam.
- 11 Black sorrowful clouds approach us in the sky,  
 And it is not want or famine that afflicts the hills and black mountains,  
 But often in the battles of kings . . . . . (?)  
 And Limerick shall sigh that thou art lifeless in the earth !

If this tune is complete as it stands, it is our solitary instance of a melody ending on the seventh degree. I was told of a man in Ballyvourney, now many years dead, who used to sing this song with a long wail following the note which appears here as the final ; so that it may have ended on a different degree. Miss O'Donoghue's voice breaks, with a sort of upward sob, not musically notable, on the last note. A little rearrangement would transform this tune into a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -melody of 5-bar phrases, of the type of No. 2 in this collection. I was assured in Ballyvourney that a version of the words had been printed, but I cannot discover where. It is not to be found in Mr. Best's Bibliography. This is especially regrettable on account of the numerous corruptions in our text. Verse 10 may be made up of parts of two verses. Verse 11, line 4, looks like the final line of the poem. Peg (who gave me the song in two instalments, after much torturing of her memory) thought it was consecutive so far as it went, but that there was a great deal more that she could not remember. She added the usual tribute to a long, partly remembered song : " Bhí bhéarsa 's fiche ann," *i. e.* " It had twenty-one verses." The MacFinghin Dubh here lamented was Sylvester O'Sullivan (a descendant of Domhnall Cam mentioned in No. 1 of this collection), killed by a fall from his horse in 1809. He was a magistrate and a captain in the Kerry militia, and " is said to have had the privilege of bringing off a prisoner from capital punishment at every assizes." See *The Gaelic Journal*, Vol. xv, p. 82, for this and further information.—A. M. F.

This lament does not seem to appear in the best-known Irish collections. It is in type much like West Highland Ossianic narrative airs and laments.—L. E. B.

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

## APPENDIX I.

### ADDITIONAL NOTE ON SONGS No. 26—28.

SINCE so many instrumental or sophisticated versions of "The pretty Girl milking her Cow" have been printed and, so far, so few folk versions, it is worth while to add a reference to another undoubtedly traditional form of the tune. It is to be found, in tonic sol-fa, in that admirable repository of orally collected Munster Irish, *An Lóchrann* (March, 1911), with the title "An Gheadach dá crúdh insa Ghleann," i.e. the "Gheadach"\* being milked in the valley. It begins with the phrase :



which, it will be observed, is pentatonic. In the second half of the tune the upper C# is introduced as a passing note, as for instance in the beginning of the last phrase :



—A. M. F.

\* A cow with a white blaze, or star, on the forehead.

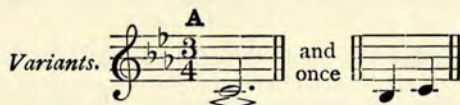
## APPENDIX II.

### FEATHER BROOM CRY.

CONSIDERING the very definite and musical quality of the cry noted by me in Westminster from an elderly gypsy-like man, in May and June, etc., of 1918\* (see *Journal* 22, pp. 56 and 57, cries Nos. 5 and 5a), it is of interest to compare the equally definite and musical version sung by him and noted by me on November 19th and 26th, 1919. In 1918 on each occasion his song was unmistakably in the major and in common time. This autumn it has been as invariably in the minor and in strict three-four time.

*Noted by Lucy Broadwood.*  
(Actual pitch) *Very slow and musical.*

SUNG BY THE SINGER OF  
FEATHER BROOM CRIES 5 & 5a IN  
*Journal* 22, NOV. 19TH & 26TH, 1919.



On no occasion have the singer's words been recognisable, so far as careful listeners close at hand are concerned (see *Journal* 22, pp. 56-58). He assured me again on November 26th that he sings something like "Buy my picture-dusters, my window-dusters, my sweet dusters," but the next moment he went down the street, singing nothing that had the remotest relation to those words, unless indeed he were singing in Romany! In each case the pitch of his fine voice has been exactly the same; the D flat or natural determining the major or minor key.

LUCY BROADWOOD.

\* Since writing the foregoing I have found a copy of this singer's cry as noted by me on Dec. 21st, 1918. On that day he sang, in his invariable pitch and rhythmically in three-four time, precisely the same phrases as the above, but with the D flattened. However, a note against the D states "Rarely, the D was sung natural." We seem here to have a transition between the major cry used throughout the spring and autumn of 1918 and the minor cry sung in the autumn of 1919.—L. E. B.

## SOME RECENT ARRANGEMENTS OF FOLK-SONGS.

THE following very incomplete list is offered for the convenience of those who may wish for particulars about some of the later vocal and instrumental arrangements of British folk-songs.

AUGENER AND CO. (Great Marlborough Street, London, W.)

*An Irish Melody (The Londonderry Air)* arranged for string quartet by FRANK BRIDGE.

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EDWARD ARNOLD (41, Maddox Street, London, W.)

*Lavender Street Cry* (in the *Laureate Song-Book*), school unison song, arranged by T. F. DUNHILL.

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J. CURWEN AND SONS (24, Berners Street, London, W.)

Messrs. Curwen supply full lists, with a special section for Folk-Song and Folk-Music and Dance. It is only possible to quote a few of their newer publications here. *The Shanty Book*, collected and edited by R. RUNCIMAN TERRY.

*Sailor Shanties*, arranged for solo and chorus of men's voices by R. RUNCIMAN TERRY.

[These are selected from *The Shanty Book*, and are arranged in a sequence of keys, so that the whole or part of them may be sung in succession as a single "selection." Two selections are already published at 1/- each; T.S.F. edition, 6d.]

*Y deryn pur (The gentle Dove)* arranged for men's voices. E. T. DAVIES.

*The Turtle Dove*, arranged for men's voices. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

*Down the Waggon Way*, and six other North Country songs (to be had separately), arranged for women's voices. W. G. WHITTAKER.

*The Deil's awa'*, and *The Captain's Lady*, arranged for mixed chorus. W. G. WHITTAKER.

*Matthew, Mark, Luke and John*, and five other choral settings. GUSTAV HOLST.

*Choral Fantasia on English Folk-Songs*. R. T. WHITE.

Messrs. Curwen's lists give the names of a number of folk-songs arranged as part songs, etc., for men's, women's, and mixed voices, by GRANVILLE BANTOCK (chiefly Scottish traditional songs), RUTLAND BOUGHTON, PERCY FLETCHER, H. BALFOUR GARDINER, SYDNEY H. NICHOLSON, HUGH S. ROBERTSON (Scottish and English), etc., besides the composers already referred to.

HAWKES AND SON (Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus, London).

*The Londonderry Air*, arranged for violin and piano by G. O'CONNOR-MORRIS.

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NOVELLO AND CO. (160, Wardour Street, London).

Messrs. Novello issue, in booklet form, a list of *English Folk-Songs, Singing-Games and Morris, Sword and Country Dances*, published by their firm. Full particulars of part-songs, arrangements for school use, etc., are included. Many of these are by Gustav Holst, Ralph Vaughan Williams and Cecil J. Sharp. Amongst the later instrumental and vocal publications are :

*Five Scottish Airs for String Quartet*, by GUSTAV HOLST.

*Trio for piano, violin and violoncello*, by J. CLIFFE FORRESTER.

*Trio for piano, violin and violoncello*, by ARNOLD TROWELL.

[The above trios were amongst those which gained prizes offered in 1917 by Mr. W. W. Cobbett for the best "Phantasies based on British Folk-Tunes." A trio by Mr. G. B. O'Connor Morris and string quartettes by H. Waldo Warner, Herbert Howells and E. N. May also won prizes, but are still in MS.]

*Pulling Chanteys ; Capstan Chanteys ; Ballads*. Collected and arranged by C. J. SHARP.

[The above are in three separate books, at 1/- each, in the Novello School-Song Series.]

*Folk-Songs of English Origin collected in the Appalachian Mountains*, with piano accompaniments. First series. C. J. SHARP.

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SCHOTT AND CO. (48, Great Marlborough Street, London).

The following are all arrangements of folk-music made by PERCY A. GRAINGER. A full list of his arrangements is obtainable.

Piano Pieces : *Irish Tune from County Derry*. *The Sussex Mummers' Christmas Carol*.

Songs with Piano Accompaniment : *Died for Love*. *Six Dukes went a-fishin'*.

Song accompanied by Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon, or three muted strings : *Died for Love*.

Song for Tenor solo and mixed Chorus : *Brigg Fair*.

Mixed Chorus a Cappella : *Irish Tune from County Derry*.

Mixed Chorus (Brass Band) : *I'm seventeen come Sunday*.



Five men's single voices, double mixed chorus, strings, brass and percussion : *Dance folk-song from the Faeroe Islands, "Father and Daughter."*

String Orchestra : *Irish Tune from County Derry.*\*

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STAINER AND BELL (58, Berners Street, London, W.)

*A Celtic Symphony*, for Orchestra, by GRANVILLE BANTOCK.

*The Banks of Green Willow*, for small Orchestra, by GEORGE BUTTERWORTH, M.C.

*Fantasia on Christmas Carols*, for Baritone Solo and Chorus, with accompaniment for Full Orchestra ; String Orchestra and Organ (or Piano) ; Organ (or Piano) and Solo Violoncello, by RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (*net* 1s. 6d. Full Score and Orchestral Parts may be hired).

*Five English Folk-Songs*, freely arranged for unaccompanied Chorus by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

*Eight Traditional English Carols*, collected and arranged with piano accompaniment by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

*The Motherland Song-Book*, for unison and mixed voices (and piano accompaniment). Vol. iii and Vol. iv consist of *Sea-Songs and Shanties* selected and arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. (Complete parts 1s. 6d., separate numbers 2d.)

Messrs. Stainer and Bell's "Choral Library" series, of which lists are obtainable, contain a large number of folk-songs arranged as part-songs for women's, men's and mixed voices. Amongst them are some fifteen (North Country) airs, arranged by W. G. WHITTAKER for S.A.T.B., several for S.A.T.B. by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, and two by J. M. JOSEPH for S.S.A.

\* Messrs. Schott also publish an arrangement of this air for violin and piano with the title "Farewell to Cucullain," the Londonderry Air," by Lionel Tertis.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following have been presented during 1919 :—

*Welsh Folk-Song Society's Journal*, Vol. ii, pt. 2.

*Svenska Landsmal*, Nos. 141, 142 (1918).

*Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla, traditional Folk-Songs from Galway and Mayo, collected and edited by Mrs. COSTELLO, Tuam.* (London : The Irish Folk-Song Society, 20, Hanover Square, W., and Dublin : THE CANDLE PRESS, 44, Dawson Street, 1919). pp. 150. 7s. 6d. net.

[Eighty songs with tunes, Irish texts and translations, issued as Vol. XVI of the Irish Folk-Song Society's *Journal*.]

*Butlletí de Centre Excursionista de Catalunya.*

*Terschellinger Volksleven, Gebruiken, Liederen, Feesten*, door JAAP KUNST. (H. H. FONGERS, UITHUIZEN, 1915). pp. 172.

[An interesting volume with illustrations, eighty folk-songs and notes on the customs of Terschelling Island, North Holland. The author, a member of our Society, has generously presented this and the series mentioned below.]

*Noord-Nederlandsche Volksliederen en-Dansen*, i, ii, iii, door JAAP KUNST. (J. B. WOLTERS, GRONINGEN, DEN HAAG, 1919.)

[A selection of attractive folk-songs and dances of North Holland, the songs furnished with simple piano-accompaniments and critical notes. Illustrated with silhouettes.]

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Readers of our last *Journal*, No. 22 (which consists largely of London Street Cries), will be interested to know that—by a curious coincidence—the last number of the *Tijdschrift der Vereeniging voor Nederlandsche Muziekgeschiedenis* (Journal of the Society for the study of the Musical History of the Netherlands), Vol. x, Part 2 (G. Asbach and Co., Amsterdam, 1919), contains an article on the Street Cries of Amsterdam. The author, Mr. FRANS SAGERS, who collected the cries in 1907, gives the music of 244, besides introductory matter and annotations. The whole occupies 46 pages. Referring back to the *Tijdschrift* for 1909, Vol. ix, Part 1, we find an article on Street Cries and Primitive Music by Mr. J. H. GARMS, Jr. In this article of 38 pages there are 153 cries noted by the author in Amsterdam, and a number of other musical examples in an appendix.

Mr. Garms presents a theory of his own on gapped and primitive scales and analyses the theories of various established writers on the subject.\* The Dutch cries and the English gain greatly in value by being compared, and there are some interesting parallels to be found. The Editor of the *Tijdschrift der V. v. N.M.*, Dr. E. D. Pijzel, having courteously proposed that the Dutch Society and ours should exchange publications, his suggestion has been welcomed by the Committee of the Folk-Song Society.

\* Mr. Garms has enlarged on his scale-theory in the musical periodical *Caecilia* for July 15th, 1910 (Loman & Schutt, Heerengracht 240, Amsterdam). His article there is entitled "Over Primitieve Musiek" and is followed by an essay on a similar subject, "De Logische Grondslagen der Muziek," by A. D. Loman, Jr.

In *Caecilia* for Jan 15 and Feb. 15, 1912 (Jan Luykenstraat 86, Amsterdam), Mr. Garms has contributed further articles "Over Primitieve en Volksmuziek."

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### Corrigenda to Journal 22.

Page 79. "Scottish Oyster Cry." Bar 3, alter A to E below.

Page 88. Line 3, alter "prescribed" to proscribed."

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## ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1918.

(1).—The Committee of the Folk-Song Society have the pleasure of presenting a Report which, considering the unfavourable conditions for all Learned Societies during 1918, is eminently satisfactory, pointing as it does to the loyal support of so many Members during a time when the activities of the Society have been necessarily almost suspended.

The dispersal of most of the Committee-Members—some being still on active service abroad, and all being busied with important work of some kind—has reduced the meetings of the Executive to the fewest possible ; and we wish here to express the gratitude of the Society to our Chairman, Sir Ernest Clarke, who, in the face of severe family sickness and bereavement, his own failing health and heavy press of work, has carried on the chief business of the Folk-Song Society with absolute thoroughness and thoughtfulness for others. It is therefore with most sincere regret and sympathy that we must announce the present very serious illness of Sir Ernest Clarke, and the impossibility of his continuing to help us as heretofore.

(2).—We have suffered a great loss through the death of Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, a Vice-President of the Society from its foundation, and for many years an active Member of Committee. Amongst other subscribers whom we have lost through death is the admirable singer and musician Mrs. Hart (Miss Hilda Wilson).

The number of Members now on the register is 250.

Several new subscribers have joined during the year, but on the other hand, there has been a falling-off of old members, and it is hoped that all who have the interests of folk-song at heart will not only continue their support, but will introduce fresh supporters, more especially since the expenses of *Journal* publication have so seriously increased, and are likely to remain heavier for some time to come.

(3).—The return of our Hon. Secretary and Editor, Mr. Frederick Keel, in March, 1918, after three and a half years of imprisonment in Ruhleben Camp, has given the greatest possible delight to his many friends, and, in the name of the Society for which he has done so much, we here offer our warmest congratulations to him and to Mrs. Keel who has so ably carried on the secretarial work during his long absence. All who have returned from Ruhleben bear testimony to the fine work done by our Editor in the musical life of the Camp. Mr. Keel was for some time President of the

Musical Society there, and took part actively not only in the vocal but orchestral performances of the best music, besides giving song-recitals and lectures in which folk-songs figured largely. The following, quoted from Mr. E. L. Bainton's interesting article "Musical Personalities at Ruhleben" in *Musical Opinion* for February 1919, shows from what point of view an eminent musical colleague and fellow-sufferer judges Mr. Keel's contribution to the happier hours of the Camp prisoners' days :

" . . . . Mr. Keel sang at the first concert ever given at Ruhleben, and from that time his services were always in demand. He had a most amazing repertory. During the three and a half years of his internment he must have sung literally hundreds of songs, the best songs of all languages, but more particularly his own, which naturally endeared him to the vast proportion of the prisoners, many, perhaps most of whom had no idea that there were any British songs worth the singing. Perhaps Mr. Keel's greatest successes were in the domain of folk-songs, of which he seemed to have an illimitable store-house. If any of the released civilian prisoners have come away from Ruhleben not possessing an intimate and exhaustive knowledge of English folk-songs it is not the fault of Mr. Keel."

(4).—On his return to England Mr. Keel immediately set to work to prepare *Journal* No. 21, consisting largely of songs collected by himself before 1914. This has been issued in respect of subscriptions for 1917. Although smaller than the later of our previous numbers—due to scarcity of paper and increase of the cost of printing—it maintains the high standard hitherto aimed at and insured by our Editing Committee. The publication of *Journal* No. 22 to be issued on behalf of subscribers for 1918, has been unavoidably delayed owing to the shortage of engravers and printers. It should, however, be in Members' hands before many weeks, and will be of exceptional interest as it will include a large collection of Street Cries, with valuable notes on them and other folk-song matters.

Mr. A. Martin Freeman is still on Active Service in the East, but we may now hope that the publication of his valuable Irish traditional tunes and texts with translations—necessarily held over since 1916 owing to paper restrictions, etc.—will take place under his own supervision so soon as conditions have become more normal. The issue of these interesting and beautiful songs will tax the funds of the Society heavily, and we ask for the cordial co-operation of our subscribers to make the extra burden as light as may be.

(5).—It has not been possible to collect particulars about the work done for Folk-Song by collectors, lecturers, and composers, but it may be mentioned that our distinguished musicians and members of the Folk-Song Society, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. G. Holst, Mr. Alfred Hale, and Captain Clive Carey have been, and

still are, organizing the musical life of our fighting forces in various centres abroad, that Mr. Cecil Sharp has continued his work of collecting and lecturing in the United States of America, and that Mr. A. Martin Freeman has collected Folk-Songs in the East.

There is a marked increase in the use of our folk-songs as themes amongst British composers. Compositions based on them are more often heard in concert rooms, and certainly command a wider and more serious appreciation than they would have done formerly, whilst familiarity with the spirit of, and the attitude towards Folk-Songs has set a decided stamp upon the work of many of our younger musicians. Our folk-songs, including the Highland Gaelic, have also been increasingly often sung and enjoyed in public.

(6).—In accordance with Rule VI, the following members of the Committee retire from office, but, being eligible for re-election, are ready to act for a further period : Captain Clive Carey, Mr. Walter Ford, Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. Frederick Keel, Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.

(7).—The audit of the Society's accounts has this year again been kindly undertaken by Mr. W. H. Stentiford, F.C.I.S., whose certificate is appended to the Statement of Receipts and Expenditure printed on opposite page.

The Society offers grateful thanks to the donors of the following books presented during 1918 :

SVENSKA LANDSMAL. 1915, 1916, 1917.

BUTLETI DEL CENTRE EXCURSIONISTA DE CATALUNYA. 1917-1918.

BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY. Bulletin 61 (Teton Sioux Music). Bulletin 62 (Early man in America).

WELSH FOLK-SONG SOCIETY. Eighth and Ninth Annual Reports (1916, 1917, 1918).

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

LUCY E. BROADWOOD,

*Chairman.*





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*The PRINCIPAL CONTENTS ONLY of each Journal are given.*

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