

# Journal

of the

# Folk-Song Society.

No. 25.

Being the Fifth and last 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.

SEPTEMBER, 1921.

# 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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# Journal

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# Yolk-Song Society

Published by the Yolk-Song Society, 1880.

The Yolk-Song Society is a non-profit organization dedicated to the preservation and promotion of folk songs and traditional music. The journal serves as a platform for the collection and dissemination of these cultural treasures.

Contributors are invited to submit their work to the society for consideration. The journal is published quarterly and is available to members of the society at a special rate.

## PREFACE.

THE present number of the *Folk-Song Journal* represents the third and concluding part of Mr. A. M. Freeman's collection of songs from Ballyvourney. The value of so truthful and scholarly a record is great already, but it will become greater in time to come, when songs now almost forgotten by the oldest singers will have died with them. The Folk-Song Society considers itself privileged to have been entrusted with the production of so important a contribution to Folk-Song and desires once more to express its gratitude to Mr. Freeman for his generosity in supplying not only his collection but annotations and other material which have entailed much patient work and research. Thanks are offered to the following members of the editing-committee for their renewed kind help: Miss A. A. Gilchrist (A. A. G.) and Mr. Frank Kidson (F. K.). The latter has always been ready to place his knowledge and his valuable library of old music at the disposal of his colleagues. Grateful thanks are also due to Mr. Robin Flower, Department of MSS., British Museum, for the admirable notes signed R. F. Notes initialled L. E. B. are by the editor.

LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

33, BELGRAVE ROAD,  
LONDON, S.W. I.

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Very truly yours,  
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## IRISH FOLK SONGS.

### 55.—AN CRIMÍNEACH CAUM.

[CROOKED CRIMMEEN.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 138.$

'Solc a fear grea-fuig a Cri-mí-neach Caum, Ní ä-r-hach shé  
 bó 'gus ní cheól hach ná gain; Ní vréa-cach shé bean is ní ghéan-hach ná  
 clau, Is dá m'éach blén er fad san í-hi, ní cho-róch a ch[e]aun.

Cf. *Petrie*, No. 1552, (to the same title), and the next song in this Collection.

—A. M. F.

This is like some English ballad-airs of a narrative type and it may be compared with "Villikins and his Dinah," popular about 1840 onwards, which was really a burlesque version of a genuine folk-ballad, sung to its original tune.—F. K.

### 56.—AN CAILÍN DOUN DEAS.

[THE PRETTY DARK GIRL.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

(No 6th.)  $\text{♩} = 126.$

"Is bean tu buint lú-cha-ra, mo chà-lín doun deas!" "Ish-ea, 'gus mé'n  
 ué-gi-neas, i-shé de-rim leat!" "Sláin-ti sael chút-sa, mo chà-lín doun  
 deas!" "A-gus céad mwai-rir slán, i-shé de-rim..... leat!"

- 2 " 'S breá geal a dá láiv (iadsan) agut, mo chàilín doun deas."  
 " As usuidi iad áasca é, ishé derim leat."  
 " Sláinti sael chút-sa, mo chàilín doun deas ! "  
 " Go rui céad mwairir slán, ishé derim leat ! "
- 3 " Is breá bog a dá cion iadsan agut, mo, etc."  
 " Is usuidi luí orha, ishé, etc."
- 4 " Cé hé shin er a gnucán ? "  
 " Ní roiv carnig riav gan príochán."
- 5 " Cá geanggalód mo ghearán ? "  
 " Ní roiv cuíl riav gan sdócán."
- 6 " Is bean tu chayil do náiri."  
 " Is rud é ghin mo wáirhín."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 " You are a woman cutting rushes, my pretty dark girl ! "  
 " I am, and a lonely one, say I to you."  
 " Health and long life to you, my pretty dark girl ! "  
 " A hundred times the same to you, say I to you ! "
2. " Those are two fine white hands of yours."  
 " They are all the better to squeeze."
- 3 " . . . . . : "  
 " . . . . . : "
- 4 " Who is that on the hillock ? "  
 " No rock was ever without its rook."
- 5 " Where shall I tie up my nag ? "  
 " No wood was ever without its stump."
- 6 " You are a woman that has lost her shame."  
 " So did my mammy."

Mr. Cochlan says that this is a dialogue between a woman and her brother, she not recognising him. The words in *An Chláirsheach* (Pt. ii, No. 11), to a close variant of this tune, differ almost totally from Mr. Cochlan's; but they are spoken by brother and sister, under the circumstances which he states.—A. M. F.

Cf. *Petrie*, Nos. 1327 and 1328, to the same title. Cf. tune No. 55 in this Collection.—L. E. B.

## 57.—AN CRÚISHCÍN.

[THE LITTLE JUG.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 116.$

Is fa - da mé'r a mwaí - lí sho im chó - nuí er sráid, A  
 ràí - dui-reacht's a meá - la ban 's ig ól dí er chlár; Nuer a vea - san mná an  
 wàí - lí sho mó fó - cuí vè lán, 'S aul' a vfón a taing-ish ea - da-ruing, is  
 fó - ryr a - tá! Is fwaym i - rish a crúish - cín, is bíoch shé lán!

## TRANSLATION.

Long have I dwelt in this place, by the roadside,  
 Strolling about, courting women, drinking at table:  
 When the women of the place think my pockets are empty,  
 Oh, then there is trouble between us—as, alas, there is [now]:  
 And bring another jug—a full one!

The words in *Ceól Sídhe* (p. 75). The sixth of the scale appears only in the first two syllables.—A. M. F.

There are two variants of an air called “An Cruiscín lán” in *Petrie* (Nos. 1231, 1232) and another variant of the same air, also to that title, in *Joyce* (1872). There seems no likeness between these three and the above tune, save perhaps the reiteration of notes in places. Neither of the tunes above-mentioned appear to be related to the famous “Cruiskeen Laun” air found in every popular Irish song-book. That well-known tune has been claimed as English, Scottish, Irish and Scandinavian. In Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (see “Paul's Steeple”), Farquhar Graham's *Popular Songs of Scotland* (see “John Anderson, my Jo”), and Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland* (see “The Cruiskeen Laun”), also *Journal*, Vol. iv, p. 9, and Vol. v, p. 212, there are copious notes concerning its history. Bunting's “Cruiskin Bheag” air is different from all the airs above mentioned.—L. E. B.

# 58.—DÁ MÉING-SHE FEINIG.

[IF I WERE IN WATERFORD.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

*♩* = 60.

Dá méing - she féi - nig i gé Fort - láiri - gi, A - gus gan de  
 luíng a - gum, ach suím de hnáv de, D'ól-hing deoch har cheaun do  
 hlái - n(i) - ti, 'S do véing dá hól..... chun go díoch 'na tráig chúm.  
*Variants.* A. B. C. *or or*  
 ai - ci mi

- 2 'S is dó lem báirhín gur mwayidean aici mi ;  
 Ní hea go deyn, ach clayiri banarhlan ;  
 Go mfoch mo lä agum a bluesh na caruigi,  
 'S asdufhi a hrialuim-she lesh i ngealuig er.
- 3 Do ghealuísh dô-sa, agus dúaruísh bréag lium,  
 Go mēfá róm ig cró na gārach ;  
 Do leogus fead agus cúig ciàd glà ort,  
 'S ní wúaras róam ach a tuan a méilig.
- 4 Ogánuig óig, ví am beala-sa anuirig leat,  
 Agus go wilean tu amliana i déanav aharuig,  
 Cuirim-she Díe 'na ghéig go daingean ort,  
 A túirt mío-chlú ghoit, 's a dúchtuin t' anama !
- 5 Is diànach arér a lauir a gayr ort,  
 Do lauir a nāscach sa chuirín doying ort ;  
 Ogánuig óig na luishní grayireach,  
 Níor w' ada liúm vè gan fear go waying tu !

## TRANSLATION.

- 1 If I were in Waterford harbour,  
 With no boat, away from the shore,  
 I would drink a draught to your health,  
 And go on drinking till it ebbed towards me.

- 2 My mother thinks that I am a maiden ;  
And I am not, but a stealthy mother ;  
I kept my darling in a rocky cave,  
And at night I visit him by moonlight.
- 3 You promised me, and lied to me,  
That I should find you at the sheep-fold.  
I whistled, and called you five hundred times,  
But found nothing but the lamb bleating.
- 4 Young lad, last year you were coaxing me,  
But this year you are changing :  
Since then I am invoking God against you,  
Abusing you, and cursing your soul.
- 5 'Twas late last night the dog spoke of you,  
And the snipe spoke of you in the deep marsh.  
Young lad of the ruddy features,  
I would wait patiently for a husband till I got you.

*Cf.* the following song. I am bound to record variant B because I heard it ; indeed Mr. Cochlan sang these phrases on the day that I noted the song. But the phrases in the text represent his habitual singing and I consider that variant B really belongs to the next song and not to this. In the *Irish Review* for August, 1911, at page 296, there is a poem on the same theme entitled " Domhnall Og—Young Donal." This piece was collected by Mr. Tadhg O'Donoghue in Co. Cork. It has fifteen stanzas, whereof No. 4 corresponds almost verbally to our No. 3, and the first half of No. 3 to the first half of our No. 5. But the second half of the verse runs :

" But you were gone like a lone barnacle goose among the woods—  
May you be without mate for ever until you get me ! "

—A. M. F.

*Cf.* tune with *Petrie*, No. 811 (" I wish, I wish, but I wish in vain "). It belongs to the class of air used for " Died of Love," " A brisk young Sailor courted me," " There is a Tavern in the Town," and kindred traditional songs in which a girl tells her sad story. It is interesting to find Irish words on the same subject connected with the tune, though the texts are in no case close enough to suggest translation.

—L. E. B.

59.—THERE WAS A LADY IN HER FATHER'S GARDEN.

[THE YOUNG AND SINGLE SAILOR.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

*Slow.* ♩ = 69.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Slow' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats per minute. The lyrics are: 'There was a lady in her father's garden, And a bonny sailor being passing by, The more he viewed her, he stepped up to.... her, And said "Fair maid, won't you fancy me?"' The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

- 2 "O no, kind sir, you're a man of honour,  
And a man of honour you seems to be,  
Far to impose you on any poor girrul  
That is scarce able your servant to be."
- 3 "And if you tell me you're a poor girrul,  
The more regard I shall have for thee;  
Come with me, and I'll make you quite happy,  
And you will have servants to wait on thee."
- 4 "O no, kind sir, I once had a sweetheart,  
And those seven long years he is away from me,  
And for seven more I will wait for him,  
And if he's alive, he will return to me."
- 5 "Seven years makes an alteration,  
Perhaps that young man is dead and gone."  
"If he is dead, I'd wish him rested,  
And if he is alive I'd wish him happy;  
For no other young man shall ever join me,  
For he is the darling young boy that I love best."
- 6 And he put his hand all in his pocket,  
And his lovely fingers being thin and small,  
He pulled out a ring that was broke between them,  
And when she saw it, she down did fall.
- 7 He took her up closely all in his arms,  
And gave her kisses most tenderly,  
Saying: "I am your dear and your loving sailor,  
That now came home for to marry thee."

*Cf.* the previous song.—A. M. F.

For a more complete text of "The Young and Simple Sailor," with nine verses, see *Journal*, Vol. iv, where there are many variants of this tune, and many also of "The Banks of Sweet Primroses" and "Fair Phoebe and her dark-eyed Sailor"—airs which are of the same type and are often interchanged for use with the three broadside ballads.—L. E. B.

### 60.—A GHOCHTÚIR DÍLISH.

[DOCTOR DEAR; OR, A LITTLE HOUR BEFORE THE DAY.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

“A ghoch-túir dí - lish, túir 'om tea - gasc, Úe - rín rí ruim lá 'niuv, Nú  
 cu - nus mar a vréa - cach bean óg lea - nav? Úe - rín rí ruim lá 'niuv?”

“Sás - bán plúir a - gus pún - tán i - mi, 'S lea - buig chláiv i gúing - i na ti - ni, 'Gus  
 shúd mar a vréa - cach bean óg lea - nav, Úe - rín rí ruim lá 'niuv.”

*Variants.*

#### TRANSLATION.

“ Doctor dear, please tell me,  
*An houreen ree before the day*  
 How does a young woman pet a baby?  
*An houreen ree before the day.*”  
 “ A saucepan of flour and a great lump of butter,  
 And a feather bed in the chimney-corner,  
 That's how a young woman pets a baby  
*An houreen ree before the day.*”

The above is the third, and last, verse of the song. “Doctors,” remarks the

singer, "know everything; for they have skeletons, and other things besides, and they are looking at them every day; and when a doctor looks at you he sees you exactly as you are."—A. M. F.

This tune is distinct from *Petrie*, No. 1472, to the same Irish title and its variant, No. 694, "The Dawning of the Day." In *Joyce* (1909) there is a "Dawning of the Day" unlike either. In *Bunting* (1840) there is yet another air to the title "Uair bheag roemh lá" or "A little Hour before Day." *Petrie's* airs, Nos. 1079 and 1080 (to *Bunting's* Irish and English titles), are very remotely like his tune in places, and the tune in this *Journal* would appear to be distinct from all, with the exception of *Petrie's* No. 1080 with which it possibly has some points in common, in the second half.—L. E. B.

### 61.—ARYR IS MÉ 'MW' ÄNAR.

[YESTERDAY I WAS ALONE.]

SUNG BY MRS. MARY SWEENY, COOLAE.

$\text{♩} = 160.$

A - ryr is mé mw' ä - nar coesh tuív fleas - ca 'n Ghär - hig, Fá  
ghíon di - li géag - ghlas am luí, Lem häv gur hig sbér - vean gur  
b' í - ving - í a sä - r - ghuh Ná bíng - cruit na néan - lui - hi 's píb:  
Á cuín - liocht ví cách - ghio - la chíés mi 's do víl, Ig súl - duív á  
ngéar - chuir trí 'm häv gheas go crúing, Do víl mé gan fwé - shav le  
díó - ga - rus don rél - hing, Gur b' í - ving é a shcéiv is a gny.

- 2 VÍ lítish is cārha a cyscar 's a pléireacht  
 Go fíochvar 'na shéivleacuín gríng,  
 B' íving é a béal tanuí, b' forviún é a déidi,  
 A bryhi 's a clánrosc gan tíol ;  
 VÍ ghá chíó chruingí néata gan clächla er i cía,  
 A píp is a hálchorp mar a véach déish er i líng,  
 Go frínshach tíuv néavarach bwíchasda péarlach  
 A dlyhal go cāltruig léi a tíocht.
- 3 Cé gur húrshach mé 'm ghéarspreas do smúingneas trí 'm néalhv  
 Er chúrsuiv a tael chleasuig chlyg [? chlyn] ;  
 Cé wúishcealas do léimeas le rúinshearc don rélthing ;  
 A lúb cuili bw' árach é a shlí ;  
 VÍ luarha 'n ó Fébus er ghéaguiv gach cruíng,  
 Is luarha ba ghréaga er gach á wara a ly,  
 Agus luarha 'n ón Béarla do húrshach mac Shéamuish  
 Gan chúntar fá réimchirt na ríocht.
- 4 " 'S a riúinig mo chléiv, t' ainim túir 'om le t' árhoil,  
 Agus úlhig dom fwéshav gan mwíl ;  
 An tu Júná nú Vénus gur túrnag na lách mear,  
 Nú 'n tusa hug pléi har gach mny ?  
 Inish dúing, an tu Hélen tug lérshecrios na Truí,  
 Nú plúr na man Déirdiri hug géar-hearc do Nuish ?  
 An tusa Mnéará nú 'n chúilion hréig Dailc,\*  
 [Is] gur túrnag na céata ghá druím ? "
- 5 (See my note.)
- 6 Tá foun friotal béhi coesh aun insa Ghārha,  
 Agus fou guh na néan' an go bíng,  
 Tou torha 'r ghéaguiv, gan dout mil is céirveach,  
 Is fúirshi vrea éshc insa líng ;  
 Tá shúl sheanuig sáhir, bruitsh, [? bruc] méaphuic, mífolbwí,  
 'S gach súird eli á m' éidir le hān neach a wyv,  
 A súgara 's a pléiríocht, go dúrhach a sārghuh  
 Chun súchuish locht créachda 'gus cy.
- 7 " 'S as súch a hucuig Gael vocht 'na núnvroguiv ālha,  
 Le cúnv an Éinvic gan mwíl,  
 Go fúin fliogach féastach bog úrviul† cahréimíúil,  
 'S veh úl cheart dá lāchus gach ríocht :‡  
 Beg múcha agus trácha er véaruiv an il,  
 Sliocht Liútuir na glānveart, nár ghéil riav do Chríost,  
 'S ni dúch ling na tréata á sbiúna har tréanwir  
 Gan líunta gan féasta gan fíon."

From MR. COCHLAN :

Verse 3, line 3 : " Nuer do " for " Cé."

„ 7. „ 3 : " úrwar " for " úrvuil."

\* " No an chúilfhionn bheag mhaorga le ar turram na ceada,  
 Is do csiubhail ó mhac Neill aig an ribinn."—Egerton.

† " mear, trúpach"—P. P. M. and Egerton.

‡ " 'Sdár b-prionnsa ceart géillfidh gach rígh"—P. P. M.

" Is da bpríunsa ceart geille an gach ríoghacht."—Egerton.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Yesterday I was alone by the borders of the woodland  
Lying in the shelter of the green leafy branches,  
When a wondrous lady came and sat by me, of voice more pleasant  
Than the sweet music of birds or of pipes.  
With her was a blind lad who tortured and destroyed me,  
Cruelly shooting arrows straight through my right side :  
He utterly destroyed me with passion for the fair one  
Pleasing of form and feature.
- 2 Rowan-red strove and wrestled with pure white  
Most fiercely, on her smooth, lovely cheek :  
Fair was her delicate mouth, very white her teeth,  
And perfect her brows and her wanton eye—  
Two round, shapely breasts were set firmly on her chest,  
Her throat and bosom were as white as swan on mere,  
And curly, thick, glossy, yellow-tressed, shimmering,  
Her locks reached down to her slender foot.
- 3 Though, weary and listless, I had been thinking and dreaming  
Of the events of this guileful, wicked life,  
I awoke and started up, full of love for the fair one  
Who walked so gracefully through the nook in the woods :  
There was a light from Phœbus on the boughs of each tree,  
And a light most splendid on the leaves of each herb,  
And a light from the Pearl [*i.e.* the lady] to bring James' son  
Surely to possession of his rightful kingdoms.
- 4 " Oh, my heart's darling, freely tell me your name,  
And deign to succour me now :  
Are you Juno, or Venus, through whom the swift warriors perished,  
Are you she who brought about more strife than any other ?  
Tell me, are you Helen, who caused the sack of Troy ?  
Or Deirdre, flower of womankind, lover of Naois ?  
Are you Minerva, or the maid who forsook Tailc,  
Through whom hundreds were laid low ? "
- 5\* [Triumphantly, sweetly, mannerly and courteously she answered me,  
And said " I am Eire and I am come  
With a message to you, on behalf of the active heroes  
Of your tribe, who were driven over the water ;  
That Charles will soon come joyfully into his right,  
And every prince of the seed of Eibhir to his peaceful freehold,  
And the Orders† and priests will be undisturbed in their heritage,  
And the English-speaking boors deprived of power.]
- 6\* (7) And happy shall the poor Irish be in their lime-white mansions,  
Very soon, by the help of the Only Son ;  
Pleasant, profuse, hospitable, easy, flourishing (?), victorious,  
[Yielding proper obedience to their prince :]  
The treacherous beasts shall be smothered and oppressed—  
The sinful children of Luther who rebelled ever against Christ—  
And I shall not mind seeing them hurled across the mighty sea in flocks,  
With no ale or banquets or wine."

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

† Or, perhaps, " Poetic Schools."—A. M. F.

- 7\* (6) Cheery is the speech of the maid by the river in the glen,  
 Sweet and vigorous the voice of the birds,  
 Choice fruit on the branches, surely, honey and honeycomb are there,  
 And a fine plenty of fish in the stream ;  
 The fox panting in the chase, badgers, fat buck and hares,  
 And every other game that one could boast of,  
 Sporting and gambolling so that their free voices  
 Would bring happiness to sorrowful, suffering men.

This tune has migrated to Wales, and a version will be found in the *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, Vol. ii, p. 125, where it is given to a religious poem. But the vocal phrases following the double bar have been replaced by a sequence.

The text is printed above exactly as I took it down. Two other copies are known to me. One is in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, Second Series, p. 46, and the other in the British Museum (MS. Egerton, 160, f. 14 b). A transcript of the latter was very kindly sent to me by Mr. Robin Flower, of the Department of MSS. ; and from this I have taken the alternative readings given in footnotes to the text. The verse missing in the Ballyvourney copy is found in both P.P.M. and Egerton, though the former lacks our verse four and the latter our verse three. Verbal differences are numerous in the three copies, and all vary in the order of the verses. In the Translation I have adopted the order of verses in the Egerton copy, from which I have also rendered the verse lacking in our text ; and in one or two places my translation has been influenced by reference to *Egerton* readings.

The poem is by Daibhthi O hIarlaithé (David O'Herlihy) and in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* it is called "Táid ag Teach" (*i.e.* "They are Coming"). Since this book has long been out of print, it may not be amiss to transcribe the footnote, initialled "J. O'D.," to the piece: "The O'Herlihyes, from whom our poet descended, were chiefs of a district in the barony of Muskerry, county of Cork, and were hereditary wardens of the church of St. Gobnait, at Ballyvourney, in that county. In the notes to Connellan's edition of the Four Masters (p. 199) many interesting details concerning this family will be found. Smith (see *Antient and Present State of Cork*, Vol. i, p. 193, ed. 1750), says, that Ballyvourney means the town of the beloved ; and that the church is dedicated to St. Gobnate, said to be a daughter of O'Connor Sligo, who in the sixth century was made abbess of a nunnery of regular canonesses there, by St. Abban ; of whom there were two, whose festivals are celebrated on the 16th of March and 27th of October. David O'Herlihy the poet resided at Glenflesk, where some of the family still live. His great grandson, Patrick O'Herlihy of Ballyvourney, is the only bardic representative of the family now living that we are aware of."

Another Patrick O'Herlihy, the father of David, was the author of the poem "Ceo Draoidheachta" ("A Magic Mist") whereon the song to that title, No. 28 in this Collection, is an engraftment (see *Journal*, No. 23, p. 183). There are still some

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

O'Herlihis living in Ballyvourney. The explanation of this place-name as "the town of the beloved" is of course only a "popular etymology." It is responsible for the distortion of the name in the opening line of "The Pretty Milkmaid," No. 26 in this Collection (see *Journal*, No. 23, p. 176), where instead of the correct form, universal in everyday speech, "Bwaili Wúirni," it is called "Bwail(h)i na Múirni." Glenflesk is in Kerry, a few miles north of Ballyvourney, on the Killarney road.

—A. M. F.

Cf. *Petrie*, No. 1489, "At the Yellow Boreen."—L. E. B.

## 62.—LÁ 'GUS MÉ TEASDAL AMWÄNAR.

[ONE DAY AS I WALKED ALONE.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

Lá 'gus mé teas-dal amw-ä-nar Trí cno-cáí-nín ae-rach na  
 bio-la-ruí, Mar is dui-ni le cro-suiv an tael mé, Cé  
 cas-fuí o-rom ach éach-ta na do-ra-nuí! Do ca-sag o-rom shea-na-vean  
 äs-da, 'S a bai-ri-li täv léi mar cha-na dí, A-gus  
 d'iar-hi shí an dui-ni de äs mé, Is sta-ting nú nglä-fing er cha-na dí?

Words in *Ceól Sídhé* (p. 65). A close variant to the same title is in *An Chláirseach*, (Pt. iv, No. 5).—A. M. F.

This tune figures in the second and subsequent editions of Playford's *Dancing Master* as "Winifred's Knot" or "Open the Door to Three." On early ballad-sheets it is called "The Rant," etc. It appears in very many ballad-operas, under a variety of less well-known names. For notes on the tune and two variants see

Chappell's *Popular Music*, "Give Ear to a frolicsome Ditty" or "The Rant." A good traditional version is in *English County Songs* ("A dashing young Lad from Buckingham") and a recent Irish traditional version—interestingly called by the Playford title "Open the Door to Three"—is in Captain F. O'Neill's *Irish Music* (Chicago, 1908), where it is classed among "Slip-jigs." O'Neill's traditional version is not nearly so close to the old printed airs as the above Irish or the English one.

—L. E. B.

### 63.—RACA BREÁ MO CHÍNG.

[MY PRETTY HAIR COMB.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

Mwai - dean í - ving ôir is mé gwáil an ród so shíos, Do  
 ca - sag cáil - lín óg o - rom, a crúh a bó shea ví; Vi  
 grueg a cing mar ór - nan, is scáil a róish 'na gny; Shé mo  
 léan gan mé's tu pós - da, a cháil - lín óig a chruí!

- 2 "Is mah a taum fós é, a wúachuil óig," duert shí,  
 "Túir mo raca dô-sa, 's is blasta gheóir do ghfol."  
 Chuamar go tig an óil ishtàch, is fhosa 's mo sdóirín shíos:  
 "Glaeg er funtsh do 'ghóhin, is leog-she dô-sa díol!"
- 3 "Is dúch a vean gach lá mi, 's is buarha cráitti vím,  
 Gan dul er ghrian na 'r gháiri chun go way' mé im láiv é 'r'ish,  
 Tá grueg mo chíng gan táha, 's gan áid agum a réiteoch í,  
 'S cad a ghiánhad feasda, wáirhín, gan raca breá mo chíng?"
- 4 "A stóirín, ná bíoch cás ort, ná mwairig er do chruí,  
 Mar gheó shé 'n tí sho 'maireach, agus cuir ciad fáilhi ruish;  
 Socaruig cahír árd fwí, i nimeal nú 'r lár a tí,  
 Tóg a hata a láiv leat, 's gheóir raca breá do chíng."

- 5 Do stadas er feag neómuit, ig ésh-teacht leó shea víos,  
Er leattuív chly na teóran, is mo raca am poca híos ;  
Do hugus dar Fíe na Feóla, cé gur ghóiti víos am chruí,  
Is ba wah an sál fadó é, dá dagach an gnó so írish.
- 6 'S ba wah an fear sa vóar me, an té go mèach gnó igi ghíom,  
Do ghéanhing cruach nú sdáca, nú do hócuíng beárna chly,  
Do hreaúhing umuirí bána, nú do chroíng gráíngi en tíol,  
Nú do chassing stúishti am láiv ghes, dá wayíng mo hásav díol.  
(*or,*)  
Do veaulhing cúilion wán lium, dá wayíng mo hásav díov.

VARIANTS FROM MR. COCHLAN.

- Verse 1, line 1: " trí chuif " for " so shíos."  
" 3 " 2: " Gan dúil i ngreym ná a ngáiri . . ."  
" 5 " 3-4: " Hug shí Fíe na feóla, cé gur ghóiti ví 'na cruí,  
Gur wah an sál fadó é, sar a dáinig ár sbórt chun ching."  
" 6 " 3: " báin " for " bána."

Other variants are incorporated in the text.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On a lovely autumn morning I was going down this road,  
When I met a young girl—she was milking her cow—  
Her hair was like barley, and rosy was her face :  
" Alas, that you and I are not married, my darling young girl ! "
- 2 " Even now is a good time, young lad," said she,  
Give me my comb, and you shall be well repaid."  
We went into a tavern and I and my love sat down :  
" Call for as much punch as you want, and leave me to pay ! "
- 3 " A sad woman am I each day, I am troubled and sorrowful,  
I cannot be merry and laughing\* till I get it in my hand again ;  
My hair is all unbound, I have nothing to fasten it with,  
And what shall I do now, Mother, without my pretty hair-comb ? "
- 4 " Darling, do not repine, do not let your heart grieve ;  
He will come this way to-morrow, and welcome him warmly,  
Set him on a high chair, at the side or in the middle of the house,  
Take his hat in your hand, and you will get your pretty hair-comb. "
- 5 I stood still awhile, listening to them,  
Beside the boundary wall, with the comb in my pocket :  
I swore by all that is holy, though my heart was aching,  
That those were good times long ago—if it could all happen again ! †

\* *Variant* : I have no desire for food or laughter . . .

† *Variant* : She swore by all that is holy, though her heart was aching,  
That those were good times long ago—before our pleasures came to an end.

- 6 I am a good man at harvest, for any who might need me ;  
 I can make a turf rick or a hay stack, or I can mend a gap in a wall ;  
 I can plough the fallow ridges, or scatter grains of seed,  
 Or wield a flail in my right hand if I get enough pay.  
 (or.)  
 I can win a fair, pretty maid, if I find one to my mind.

Miss Barrett was inclined to go into twelve-eight time in several bars in this song. Although the seven degrees are all included in this tune, the pentatonic structure is evident. F# and C# only occur once, as passing notes. Almost identical words, to another tune, are in *Fuinín na Smól* (Pt. v, p. 7) ; and there is a considerably changed version to yet another tune, in *Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla* (No. 71), where the Munster origin of the song is acknowledged. Mrs. Costello writes that the people of Tawin (where she collected the song) have a tradition "that they originally came from Clare to settle in Galway a few generations ago." The song collected by Mr. Cecil Sharp in Somerset, "Mother, I want to be married," is obviously allied to Miss Barrett's tune. With regard to the alternative last lines of her song, I have somewhere heard or seen one of them—unfortunately I cannot remember which—with the word "dighe" (drink) as the final word.—A. M. F.

*Petrie*, No. 1082, "The pretty Hair Comb"—the accidentals of which seem undetermined—has no likeness to the above tune, nor does its tonality seem at all satisfactory (as regards a folk-song) *if played according to its key-signature*. If, however, the signature be altered to three sharps considerable likeness at once appears between it and the class of tune to which Miss Barrett's belongs. Of this we have many examples noted from country singers in England. Probably "The Noble Lord" and "The Nobleman and the Thresherman," noted by the Rev. John Broadwood before 1840 (see *Sussex Songs*), belong to it, but many closer variants are scattered throughout the *Journals*, often to the "Thresherman" ballad and "Erin's Lovely Home." See more especially *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, "Young Henry the Poacher," p. 166 ; "Erin's Lovely Home," p. 167 ; "The Sheffield Apprentice," p. 169 ; "The Jolly Thresherman," p. 198 ; also Vol. iv, No. 17, "The Blacksmith," pp. 279, 280. It is interesting to find that the tune has a strong tendency to turn into six-eight time (see the second Sussex example cited above and one version of "Erin's Lovely Home," etc., and Mr. Freeman's foregoing remark).—L. E. B.

## 64.—SHEÁN Ó DYR A GHLEANA.

[JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

*Very slow.* ♩ = 60.

Ésh - tig liúm - sa shea - lad, Go neó - sad dív cé cà - leag, Gur b' é

Sheán O Dyr a ghea - na, 'gus gan trácht har a ghéim, G' wil a

ghayir 's a choin 's a cha - puil go doying fí cré dá gar - ta,..... 'S nár

vis cár ghoiv a ta - nam ví a nár - has a chléiv !

### TRANSLATION.

Listen to me for a while,  
 And let me tell you who has died ;  
 Oh, it is John O'Dwyer of the glen !  
 And talk no more of his hunting ;  
 For his beagles, his hounds and his horses  
 Are being thrust deep beneath the clay ;  
 And none knows where that soul has gone  
 Which was dwelling in his breast.

Related tunes will be found in *Futnn na Smól* (Pt. ii, p. 24, and Pt. v, p. 30). Other and distinct tunes to the same words are in Joyce's *Irish Music and Song* (p. 19) and *An Chláirseach* (Pt. i, No. 4). The two latter are almost identical except that they are in different modes. The above are all in triple time, and all have fragments of the words attached. *Ceol Sidhe* also contains (p. 3) some of the words. All the above begin with the third verses. The verse noted from Miss Barrett is the second. The first (which begins "A Chor an Uird úd Mhalladh") may be seen in Daly's *Irish Miscellany* (1876), where the whole poem, in fourteen verses, is printed. It is there attributed to a Warren of Killarney, about 1814.—A. M. F.

This is quite a different tune from the above-named, and also from *Petrie* (No. 736), "John Dwyre of the Glyn" which, "copied from an old Kerry MS.," is a fairly close variant of Bunting's (1796) tune "John, Heir of the Glen." The Kerry copy may have been imperfect, for Petrie's cadences are very improbable and strange,

whereas Bunting's are normal, as are also those in the less florid version of the tune "John O'Dwyer of the Glyn" in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th ed.). Captain F. O'Neill in his *Irish Folk Music* (Chicago, 1910), pp. 70 and 124, refers to this song as "listed among the Long-Dances in O'Keefe and O'Brien's *Handbook of Irish Dance*," and says "Versions of 'Seaghan O Duibhir an Gleanna' or 'John O'Dwyer of the Glen' are almost as numerous as the singers of that fine old air." In *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, where the air is used for a Jacobite song, it is stated that "the original song, with a translation by the late Thomas Furlong, will be found at page 80, vol. ii, of Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (1831). Colonel John O'Dwyer for whom the song was composed, was a distinguished officer who commanded in Waterford and Tipperary, in 1651, but, after the capitulations, sailed from the former port with 500 of his faithful followers for Spain."\* I cannot find Miss Barrett's tune in published Collections, but a good many Scottish Gaelic airs begin with a similar opening phrase, which may be either major or minor (see *Journal*, Vol. iv, No. 16). When major it is curiously reminiscent of the beginning of "In dulci júbilo."—L. E. B.

\* These emigrants were called "The Wild Geese" (cf. Song No. 13) because like these birds they "flocked together in concert" before taking their flight. Hardiman's text does not correspond with that in this Collection. In his very long and interesting historical note he alludes to "many inferior verses current," and gives a specimen of one (Vol. ii, pp. 87, 149). John O'Dwyer was connected with Éamon a Chnuic of the following song in this *Journal*.—L. E. B.

## 65.—ÉAMON A CHNUIC.

[NED OF THE HILL.]

FIRST VERSION.

(No 6th.) ♩. = 72. SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

“ Cé hé shin a - mù go wil fwär er a ghuh, A  
 réa - ba mo gho - rui - she ghún - ta? ” “ Mi - she Éa - mon a Chnuic, A - tá  
*rit. . . . . a tempo.*  
 báí - ti fuar fliuch Ó veh a shíor - chíúl shléi - ti 'gus gleaun - ta.”

SECOND VERSION.

(No 4th.)  $\text{♩} = 88.$  SUNG BY MR. FRANK BREWE, FROM RUAN, WEST CLARE.

And he says: "La - dy love, won't you come with me now? Come and live  
co - si - ly un - der my bough, I will pil - low thy head where the  
wild bil - lows sweep,..... If thou wilt but love your young Ned of..... the Hill."

TRANSLATION.

"Who is that outside, with wildness in his voice  
Tearing at my closed door?"  
"I am Ned of the Hill, and I am soaked and chilled  
From long walking the moors and glens."

Words in *Ceól Sidhe* (p. 43). A tune to the same title, which is a very close variant of our Second Version but has a second part,\* is in *An Londubh* (No. 1); and a more elaborate version of the air, with similar text, is in *An Chldárseach* (Pt. i, No. 5). Mr. Brewe had no more words.—A. M. F.

The first version recalls the tune "A Cornish young Man he dreamed a Dream" † in *Journal* (Vol. ii, p. 53). I have noted a Hebridean air which is distinctly allied and has a similar unusual drop at the end. The second version is a close variant of the tune noted by me in Waterford, to the words "Farewell to the Village," but best known in the County to Irish words, oftenest about one "John the Smith" (*Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10). The second version seems quite distinct from *Petrie* (No. 1150) to the same title, although some of the more distant variants shew some very subtle points of likeness. *Petrie's* extremely florid air is distinctly like "'Tis the last Rose of Summer" (see footnote) and so is the less elaborate version of the same air in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th ed.). In O'Neill's *Irish Folk-Music*

\* This second part seems distinctly artificial; that in *An Chldárseach*, though florid, belongs more genuinely to folk-music.—Ed.

† Bunting's air (1796), with Irish and translated title "The Young Man's Dream," is considered by *Petrie* and others to be the oldest form of the tune from which "'Tis the last Rose of Summer" was constructed. As several of the variants of "Eamonn na Chnuic" are distinctly like the latter (notably *Petrie*, No. 1150), one supposes that the "Young Man's Dream" may have told the same story as this Somerset Song. See Moffat's copious notes on "'Tis the last Rose of Summer" in *Minstrelsy of Ireland*.—Ed.

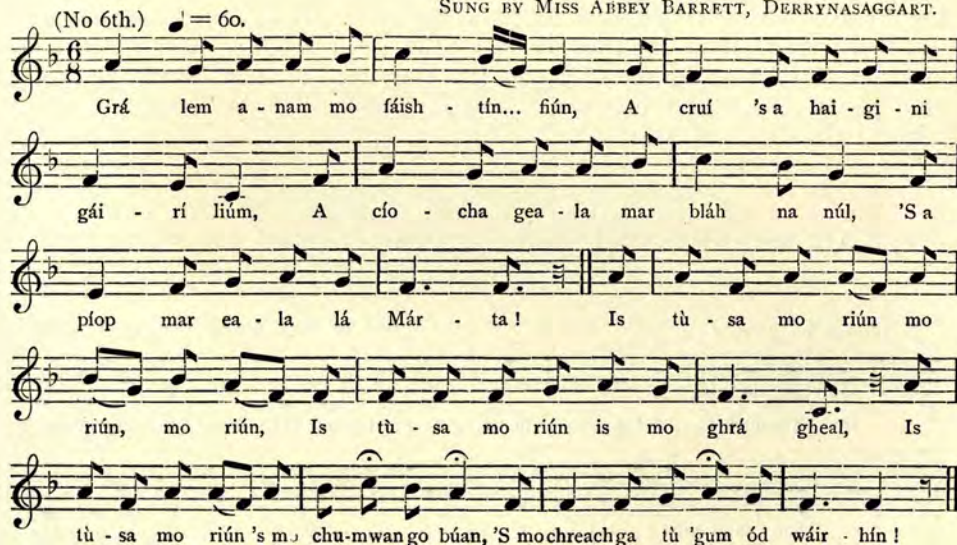
(1910) it is stated that the tune "Éamonn a Chnuic" is "of great antiquity" and is known also as "Colonel O'Gara," "Mor no Beag," "The Green Woods of Truigha," etc. Captain O'Neill refers to Burk Thumoth's *Twelve Scotch and Twelve Irish Airs with Variations* (1742) and *Twelve English and Twelve Irish Airs with Variations* (1745) in one of which the song is given with the phonetic title "Yemon O nock" (see also *The Hibernian Muse*, 1787). In *A Pocket Volume of Airs, Duets, etc., etc.*, printed by Paul Alday (Dublin, circa 1800), it is "Emon O Knuck." "Edmund of the Hill," as he is often called in the English song-title, was Edmund O'Ryan, born, before the wars of 1690, in Tipperary. His father, who still possessed a considerable amount of property after the confiscations of 1641, was descended from the O'Ryans of Kinelongurty, adherents of the Earl of Desmond in Elizabeth's reign. His mother was of the ancient family of the O'Dwyers (see "John O'Dwyer of the Glen" in this *Journal*). His grave is marked "Eamonn an Chnuic" in the ordnance map of Tipperary. For further historical notes and the Irish text of five verses with English translation, see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*; Mr. Brewé's words do not appear in this. See also Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (Vol. i, pp. 264 and 358) for texts and historical notes.—L. E. B.

## 66.—ÁN PAÍSHTÍN FIÚN.

[THE FAIR LITTLE CHILD.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

(No 6th.)  $\text{♩} = 60.$



Grá lem a - nam mo fáish - tín... fiún, A cruí 's a hai - gi - ni  
 gá - í - rí liúm, A cíó - cha gea - la mar bláh na núl, 'S a  
 plóp mar ea - la lá Már - ta! Is tú - sa mo riún mo  
 riún, mo riún, Is tú - sa mo riún is mo ghrá gheal, Is  
 tú - sa mo riún 's mo chu-mwango búan, 'S mochreachga tú 'gum ód wáir - hín!

TRANSLATION.

Love of my heart, my fair-haired girl!  
 Oh, her merry heart and her laughing spirit!  
 Her breasts white as apple-blossom!  
 Her throat like the swan in March!

*Refrain* : Oh you are my dear, my dear, my dear,  
 You are my dear and my fair love ;  
 You are my dear and my beloved for ever,  
 And alas that your mother won't marry you to me !

Words in *Ceól Sidhe* (p. 10). The five verses in this book, and in Joyce's *Irish Music and Song* (p. 15) are copied from Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs* (1847). Four of these verses are again reprinted in *Fuinne na Smól* (Pt. ii, p. 10). Miss Barrett's air, and the airs in Joyce and *Fuinne na Smól* are all unrelated.—A. M. F.

The above tune is an unusual one to be associated with the words. A close variant of it is in *An Londubh* to the title "Tórram an Baraille." The usual tune is that in *Bunting* (1796) which, since his publication, has appeared (under numerous phonetic titles, such as "Pausteen Feaun"), in many Collections and varying forms. See *Petrie* (Nos. 1404, 1405) and *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th ed.). In the latter there are two distinct Irish texts with English translations. A fine tune unlike any of the above is in Horncastle's *Music of Ireland* (1844). According to Mr. Moffat's notes on that air (see *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, "Oh deep in my Soul is my Paistheen Fion"), versions of it, though differing very considerably from Horncastle's, are in *The Vocal Magazine* (1797), and *Holden's* and *Mulhollan's* Collections, circa 1806 and 1804 respectively. The title, meaning either a fair youth or maiden, is thought by many to refer to the son of James II. Hardiman in *Irish Minstrelsy* (Vol. i, pp. 216 and 330) gives a text with a first verse much like the above, but with a different chorus.—L. E. B.

67.—AN SHEANDUINI II (IS TEYNG DÚCH AN PÓSA SO).

[THE OLD MAN.]

SUNG BY MRS. MARY SWEENY, COOLAE.

(No 7th.)  $\text{♩} = 63.$

Is teyngdúch an pó - sa so, fó - ryr, a gea-lag dom, Go hóg mé ceang-guil-hi 'g

críon - haun - dán ! Nuer a cui - reag le fó - sa 'na chóir go ti 'n ta-guirt mi Am



chruí ví mà - tuir - shi 'r líng é réa; Ní haing-han a chiúl, a  
 lúh ná a hea - sav lium, A wa - la hroum chlúch, ná a  
 hú - i - li dea - ra - ga, Go m' éar lium óig - ear a  
 fó - cach mo lea - ca, Mo chruí gur cheang-guil san óg - wing - eán!

- 2 'S a chàilíní óga, mo chóirli má ghinan shiv—  
 'S is teyng dúch àtuirsheach vím dá wár,—  
 'S mé lúf le sheanduini càitti gan luadar,  
 'S ná fuil dá wara 'gum ach [c]úel veog cná!  
 A machnav a vím san fhi er mo leabuig  
 Er e sheanduini gróna, len uísh go grapan shé,  
 Sheochas a grúf-ear a hínhach er leabuig lium,  
 'S go m' iú é er mwaidin a fóg úd áil!
- 3 " 'S mó ceaun súird, iriúin, a vèach eadaruing,  
 Rósda er veauiv er éadach clár,  
 An ciotal fé ghó ó ló, 'gus é 'r scala 'guing,  
 Agus feóil vion-ealuig le túirt dom ghrá;  
 Cuinghl á r bósa, asdóin, mar a ghealuish dom,  
 Gwáil lium gach ló 'gus gan gleó do veh eadaruing,  
 Nú 'n aul' ácuir go deó shúl bóirhi fada me,  
 A sdóir, fé àtuirshi am híor-chrónán ?
- 4 A hiúirín na garad, mo heasdas má 's méing leat,  
 Geóir aer er mwaidin er ghroum gearáin,  
 Shál breá dahanach shíos go glúin ort,  
 Bróg chál chanta 'gus tép 'na brayid;  
 Gach fhi sa vlien veh a triál chun leapa lium,  
 Mar wár er gach ní beg boul o puntsh eadaruing,  
 Mórán óm chruí ghoit, agus ní ná habaraim,  
 E riúin, má ghealan tu go wayad shíocháin."
- 5 " Á guirfá-sa 'góishti shúl bóirhi fada mi,  
 'Gus ór 'na cheahiv a húert am láiv,  
 Ní gheaulhad mo chruí an fhi sa teachtuin doit,  
 'S is dócha ná gealhig go way mé bás!  
 Imeóí mé go deyn am bayb er mearahal,  
 Am ghel er fued cayilhi, mara wayfar scara shing;  
 Ní éatuing fwoyngav lem chlayiri sheanduini,  
 Asdufhi cneaduig 's a shfor-ghlúereán!"

- 6 " A hoici gan ólus, ba ró-wúr go m' eara ghoit  
 Cly lium feasta 'gus ly go sáv,  
 Er leabuíg wog chlúiv gan éingi beó eadaruing  
 Ó thi go mwaidín 's go neyreóch a lá ;  
 Càilfni óga veh a gnó 's a freastal doit,  
 'S do heshireach ceólvar a wód a treaha ghoit,  
 Pílfín árd súgach lút go dí an maraga—  
 Shin ní nár chleachtuish, na éingi 'od vnáiv ! "
- 7 Húrhing shé ffosa, 's é ghíol er e daruingi,  
 D' éingi beó ghlacach mo shcéal 'na láiv,  
 Do luíhach er húil mo scrúili sheanduini,  
 Má hucach a ganas i góir é lách,  
 Chuirhach á wá é er lár na fwaruigi,  
 Hínhach sa díg é 's a cly do leaga er,  
 Nú cá 'r v' eár é mar ní ná an píop a cnaga ghe,  
 'S mo scrúili áil marav leah-úer roim lá ?
- 8 Aryr er mo leabuíg 's mé machnav trí 'm néaltuiv,  
 Shea d' airís gur cáileag mo haundonán ;  
 D' eyrís am heasav, 's do ghous míli bwáchus  
 Lesh a té úd a wairiv sa díg é 'r lár ;  
 Shé airím a wúachtuint, gur húahadar eatorha é,  
 Gur v' í an láir rúa do wúel is do wairiv é—  
 Ber shcéal leat úem go dí 'n búachulfn meacanta  
 Gur chuireas mo heanduini i Gíl Chocáin.

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 Weary and woeful, alas, is this wedding I was promised,  
 To be tied in my youth to a withered old body.  
 When I was forcibly sent to the priest's house to be married  
 My heart was full of grief while the words were spoken.  
 I don't like his walk, his movements, or his postures,  
 His heavy, furry brow, or his red eyes ;  
 Oh ! I would rather have a young man, who would kiss my cheek,  
 For my heart is set on a lusty youth !
- 2 Young girls, if you take my advice—  
 And a sick, sorrowful, weary woman am I,  
 Lying by a wasted, powerless old man,  
 As good to possess as a little heap of bones !  
 I think, as I lie in bed at night,  
 Of the wasted old man, shrunk with age,  
 Comparing him with the hearty fellow who might sleep by me,  
 Whose kiss in the morning would be worth getting.
- 3 " Many are the dainties, my dear, we might share :  
 Meat roasted on spits, served on a table-cloth,  
 The kettle boiling twice over, early in the day,  
 And the flesh of small beasts for my love.  
 These are the conditions of our marriage, which you promised :  
 To bear with me daily and to have no quarrelling ;  
 Or will you leave me, for ever travelling the long roads,  
 My darling, always grieving and lamenting ?

- 4 My little love, if you want to know my character,  
 Every morning you shall take the air on horseback,  
 A beautiful coloured shawl reaching to your knees,  
 A fine narrow shoe with a tape in the flap ;  
 Every night in the year you shall come to bed with me ;  
 Best of all, we will have a bowl of punch between us ;  
 Much I will gladly give you, things I don't mention,  
 My love, if you promise that I shall have peace."
- 5 " If you were to take me long journeys in coaches,  
 And shower gold into my hands,  
 Not for one night a week will I yield my heart to you,  
 And I surely never will until I die.  
 I shall go wandering, raving mad,  
 A lunatic roving the woods, unless we are parted :  
 I cannot put up with my villainous old man,  
 Groaning and complaining all night ! "
- 6 " You ignorant hussy, you had far better  
 Settle down with me now, and sleep comfortably  
 On a soft down bed, all alone with me,  
 From nightfall to the break of day ;  
 You shall have young girls to work for you and wait on you,  
 And a musical team in the ploughing-field,  
 A high, pleasant saddle to ride on to market—  
 That is something you are not used to, or any of your women ! "
- 7 I would give six guineas, and pay it on the nail,  
 To anyone who would undertake my cause—  
 Who would close the eyes of my wretched old man,  
 If he could manage to shoot him accidentally,  
 Or put him to drown in the middle of the sea,  
 Or stretch him out in the ditch and knock the wall down on him—  
 Or why not rather just snap his neck,  
 And find my old wretch dead half an hour before day ?
- 8 Last night, as I lay between thinking and drowsing,  
 I heard the old creature was dead,  
 I rose up and poured forth my gratitude  
 To him who had killed and felled him in the ditch.  
 This is what I hear them determine upon, after discussing it ;  
 [To say] that it was the bay mare that had kicked and killed him.  
 Go ! Take a message to the hearty lad from me,  
 Tell him I have buried my old man in [Kilcoccan.

This tune is incomplete, the opening phrase having been displaced by the third. I have heard this song from another singer, but unfortunately failed to note it at the time. The outline of his first phrase was :



the rest being substantially the same as Mrs. Sweeny's version. Variants of the tune are printed in *Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla* (No. 26) and *Fuinne na Smól* (Pt. v, p. 27). In the latter, the resemblance is clear though the tune has been fitted to a different and longer stanza, with a kind of refrain. In the text I have incorporated a few words and phrases from Mr. Cochlan.—A. M. F.

Another song of the same name is No. 4 in this Collection; see the notes attached. Cf. the above with *Joyce* (1909, No. 20) and *Petrie* (No. 1564), both to the same title. Petrie's air is from Dr. Joyce as sung by J. Martin, but in *Joyce* Martin's tune is reprinted with several differences. *Bunting's* (1840) tune "An Sean duine spad-clusach" or "The deaf old Man," in six-bar phrases, seems distinct from other airs of the title mentioned in this *Journal*. The tune here given may be derived from the old dance-air, "The Country Bumpkin," found in many ballad-operas (see Chappell's *Popular Music*). Mr. Kidson quotes an early version from *Momus turn'd Fabulist* (1729). In Aird's *Selection of Scots, etc., etc., Airs* (circa 1775), there is a version of "The Country Bumpkin" tune with a second part, to the title "Bab at the Bouser," and yet another—considerably more like this traditional song—is in J. Clinton's *Gems of Ireland* (circa 1830) to the title of "Copey's Jig,"\* by Jackson.—L. E. B.

## 68.—STAD, IRIÚ A REÓGUIRÍN, STAD!

[STOP, LITTLE RASCAL, STOP!]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 160.$

**B.**

Trán - hóí - nín déa - nach i nglas - chull, Am ai - mid gan

**D.**

chéil is mé'r mea - ruí, ... Shea do gheár - ca - sa réi - ci na

**C.**

naish - tí, 'S do chà - has mo hréiv - shi lé'r stair - hycht...

\* Mr. Kidson says that this is rightly "Cossey's Jig." As such it appears in Jackson's *Celebrated Irish Tunes*, (circa 1790), and other eighteenth and early nineteenth century publications. For an account of Jackson, "the most noted composer of tunes for the Irish pipes," see Mr. F. Kidson's article in *Grove's Dictionary of Music*.—L. E. B.

Stad, i-riú a reó - gui - rín, stad, A - gus fan, i - riú a reó - gui - rín, fan,  
 Stad, i - riú a reó - gui - rín stad, Nú am bria-har go neó - sing tu am bam !

*Variants.* A. (1) (2) B.  
 stair - hycht... fáí - péir. càì - lín.....

C. D.  
 ga - ruí,... fráish - léid,

- 2 Híos ig dorus a téipéil  
 Shea chnuc-sa càilín a fráishléid,  
 Do luíos er waga 's er rás léi,  
 Chun gur chàileas mo leuir is mo fáipéir.  
 Stad, iriú a reóguirín, stad, etc.
- 3 VÍ (an) càilín a daerí,\* 'riú, am órsáil,  
 ['S mé] d' iara gwáil háirshi er a móinteán,  
 Is do víosa ró-óg er a déilleáil,  
 'S mo ghíohal ní iatach í féizáil.
- 4 'S nách mór a díchéili don chàilín  
 Veh a ruih i nfég Éamon na Gealúí,  
 'S ná diànach shé gort di na garuí,  
 Ach gwáil erhi le spéici mà dairí !
- 5 Agus a chàilín úd híos er a móinteán,  
 Shíní do chuid ig im bríochán ;  
 Ber er er ghob is er shc'hán,  
 Agus tuití shí chút er a gnucán.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Late one evening in the greenwood,  
 As I wandered like a witless fool,  
 There I saw the adventurous rogue,  
 And spent my time gossiping with her.

*Refrain* : Stop, little rascal, stop,  
 And stay, little rascal, stay,  
 Stop, little rascal, stop,  
 Or I swear I will tell my mammy of you.

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

- 2 Down by the chapel door  
I saw the girl with the necklace ;  
I began to joke and race with her  
Till I lost my books and papers.
- 3 The girl was trying\* to overcome me,  
And I trying to go past her in the meadow ;  
But I was too young at the business,  
And my utmost could not please her.
- 4 What folly it is for the girl  
To be running after Moonlight Ned,  
Who will never make a plough-field or vegetable patch for her,  
But beat her with a good oak stick.
- 5 O girl in the meadow down yonder,  
The rook has stolen your jewel :  
Catch him by beak and wing  
And he will drop it for you† on the hillock.

Of the variants only A (1) is melodic : the use of the others depends on whether the line ends in two long syllables or in a short and a long. A (2) adds a bar to the tune. Cf. *Petrie*, Nos. 1288 and 1289. This song was made about the parents of a person now (1914) about eighty, before they were married. It is another instance of the rule that what could not be said without serious consequences may be sung with impunity (see the note to No. 8 in *Journal*, No. 23). For the blackening of the man's character in verse 4, and the innuendo in the last verse, were entirely without foundation. The last line of verse 4 refers to the fact that the man was "a great scholar." The literal translation of the second line of verse 5 is "There is your property in the possession of the rook," a proverbial phrase meaning "You have lost it beyond recovery." Verse 3, line 1, seems to be the result of a confusion between "Vi an cailin ad'iarui," etc., and "Vi cailin a daerí," etc. The former would mean "The girl was trying to overcome me" and the latter "The servant-girl of the *dairy* (a sub-tenant farmer ; a kind of *mélayer*) was overcoming me."

—A. M. F.

See O'Neill's *Irish Folk Music* (p. 94) for references to "Stadh a Rogaire, Stadh." It is also known as "Stop, you Rogue, stop" and "Be easy, you Rogue." *Petrie*, Nos. 1089 and 1247 ("Sagairt," etc.), are probably allied to the tune. A rather distant variant is in O'Neill's *Irish Music*, as "Be easy, you Rogue," amongst double jigs.—L. E. B.

\* See my note.—A. M. F.

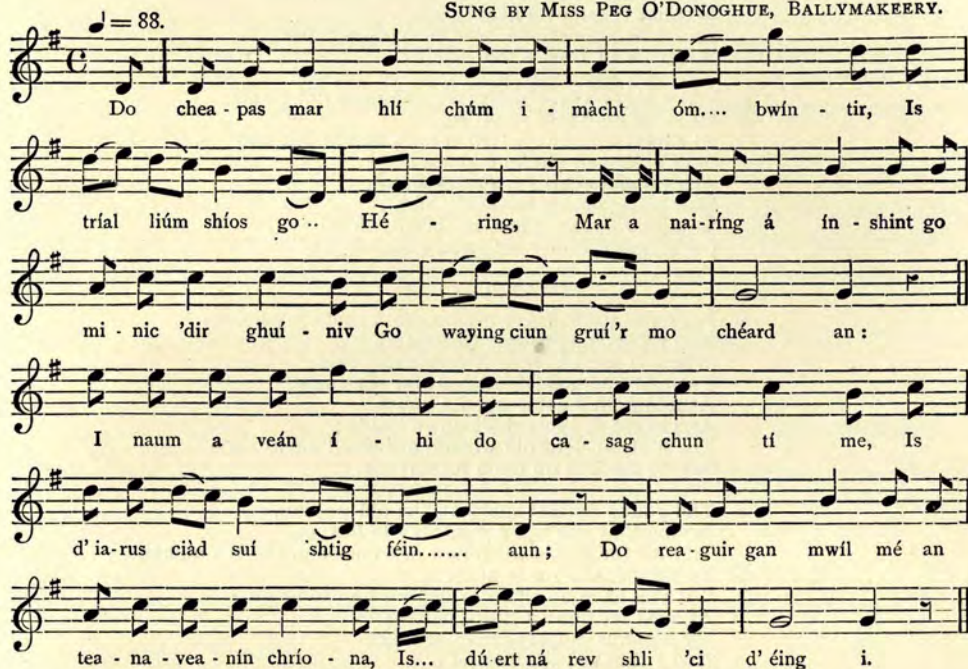
† Literally : "And it will fall towards you."

## 69.—AN SÄR.

[THE MASON.]

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



Do chea - pas mar hlí chúm i - màcht óm... bwin - tir, Is  
tríal liúm shíos go... Hé - ring, Mar a nai-ríng á in - shint go  
mi - nic 'dir ghuí - niv Go waying ciun gruí'r mo chéard an :  
I naum a veán í - hi do ca - sag chun tí me, Is  
d'ia-rus ciàd suí 'shtig féin..... aun; Do rea-guir gan mwíl mé an  
tea - na - vea - nín chrío - na, Is... dú ert ná rev shli 'ci d' éing i.

- 2 Do lauir e vrídeach lesh a mny gróna,  
'S duert nár wah a tlí chun Dé ighi [?] ghi  
An rábuiri suír ghluin chuir amàch san fhí  
Taishdeal na shlí 'gus é a n' ànar :  
" Mara wil tuí 'gut ná leabuig go lufhig,  
Túir cead suí 'shtig féin do.  
Mo hata do ví go tapuig a ví agum [?] a bíoga],  
'Gus do ghous lesh a mridig bwàchus.
- 3 'S nuer a ví aum chun luí 'guing, d' árdui shí shíos mi  
Go rúimín ghíonwar àlwar,  
Mar a rev leabuig chlfúiv iàn agus bràtacha lín  
Agus cuilteana 'r druim a chiéil.  
Ba ghairid gan mwíl gur ghearcas lem hív  
An aingir, 'gus í 'na léini :  
Is cneasta 'gus is cyn a veala-sa chúm í,  
Agus gealuim 'iv gur hín shíos tãv lium !

- 4 'S ba ghairid trésh luí ghúing go dáinig fear a tí 'shtàch,  
 'S lena wata breá druin gur féasc mé :  
 " I riopuirí mwynig, cad do ver ansòn ad luí hu ?  
 Tù-sa gus v' iníon a pléreacht !  
 Túrhad na Políos ort, is diánha[d] tu ghíbert,  
 Is cáhig v' iníon tu ghára.  
 Heanaveanín chríona, tàir ansò aníos chúm !  
 'S nár ici tu Íosa, a véirilig ! "
- 5 " 'S a àhir a chruí 'shtig, na greamana dui ionam,  
 Dá m' iú ciàd míli sa tál tu,  
 Ní chuigi shin do lys lesh er feag tamuil den fhi,  
 'S ní ghiánhad chuíhi é ghára ;  
 Ach tiánam shíos i tí *Father Beech*,  
 'Gus cóirig cruíng mo sbré chúm ;  
 'Gus gealuim-she ghív, fé cheaun nã mí  
 Go breapuig chúiv shíorach Hiéamuish ! "

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I determined to leave my people, to earn my living,  
 And travel northwards to Ireland,  
 Where, I used to hear it commonly said,  
 I should find good treatment for my trade.  
 At midnight I came upon a house,  
 And asked if I might sit down inside ;  
 The little ancient old woman answered me at once,  
 Saying she had no room for anyone.
- 2 The young damsel spoke to the old woman,  
 Saying that was not a good way to heaven,  
 To turn the handsome fellow of a mason out in the night  
 To wander the roads alone :  
 " If you have no straw or bed for him to lie on,  
 At least let him sit down indoors."  
 My hat was quickly [snatched off],  
 And I thanked the damsel.
- 3 And when it was time for us to go to bed, she took me up  
 To a snug, lime-washed little room  
 With a bed of birds' feathers, and linen sheets,  
 And piled up coverlets.  
 . . . . .
- 4 Shortly afterwards the man of the house came in  
 And belaboured me with his good blackthorn :  
 " You thieving stranger, what brings you in here  
 Sporting with my daughter ?  
 I will fetch the police to you, I'll have you banished,  
 And my daughter will have to bear witness against you.  
 You ancient old woman, come up here to me,  
 And may you never see Jesus, you criminal ! "
- 5 " Father dear, oh, how you pain me !  
 If you were worth a hundred thousand pounds,  
 That was not why I spent part of the night with him,  
 And I will never bear witness against him.

But let us go down to Father Beech's house,  
 And do you count my fortune to me exactly ;  
 And I promise you that, in due time,  
 The offspring of James will appear to you."

Verse 3, line 1. The literal translation here is "she took me up, down," *i.e.* she took me upstairs, out of the kitchen. The fireplace, being the most important thing, is in Irish spoken of as if it were the top of the house. If you are in the kitchen "Come up" means "Come nearer the Fire." If you are in another room it means "Come into the kitchen."—A. M. F.

*Cf.* the County Waterford tunes, sung to me by Bridget Geary, in *Journal* (Vol. iii, No. 10, and in Vol. v, No. 19). In several of her songs there are similar curious intervals, half-closes and closes. In Vol. v, "Highland Mary" and notes thereon should especially be compared.—L. E. B.

### 70.—DO HUGUS GRÁ CLÉIV GHOET.

[I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 120.$

"Do hu - gus grá cléiv ghoet, a sbér - vean, er dúish, Nuer a  
 léi - geas mo húil er do wán-chnuish ; Do b' éar lium ná mór - chuid den  
 ór a - há'm hrúnc Go mè - fá 'nsa chúing - i 'g im báir - hín :  
 Do wa - chuí breá bó do veg róat - sa le crú, Ag's do lea - buig ghlan  
 cói - ri - hi ó ló ghoet it riúm, (ó) Bú - ca - luí't vró - guiv, lua  
 cróing a - gus púint, A - gus a sdóir - rin ná túr - fá do láv dom?"

- 2 " Ní húrhing mo lán 'oit go brách le hán ún,  
 Mar tá shcéal ort ansúd igom báhir ;  
 Do fúer shí do húerishc go súarach er dúish,  
 Go nólfá do hriús i tí 'n táirni :  
 (e) . . . . .  
 (f) . . . . .  
 (g) . . . . .  
 (h) . . . . ."
- 3 " Ná cred-she na bréaga ná na shcéalha tá 'r shúl,  
 Gur b' anav mo chiúl go tí 'n táirni ;  
 G' wil airgead am póca 'gus mór-chuid de am hrúnc,  
 As níor ólas riav púnt er an láchir :  
 Beg a walúirt de ghnó 'gum sa vôr atá chúing—  
 Buínt garuihi prátuí, 's cur sdácuí 'r a mun ;  
 Mo wachuí tá lán de wuev bána 'gus dúa,  
 'S gan ä vean á grú ach mo wáirhín."
- 4 " Tá fear shupa a Nóchal do gheóing-she go húl,  
 'S is dócha gur b' é shúd a b' éar lium,  
 Tá díol às mo wáishtir an ráh' ahá chúing,  
 'S gan daut as ansúd vèad am scláiri."  
 Do hógas er láiv i go lána veog chúing,  
 Ba gheairid na ghéig shin go roiv dár-funtsh á túert.  
 Do b' éar í chun glaeti ná éingi sa riúm,  
 Is do ghíol shí go húl às a dáinig.
- 5 Er mwaidin amáireach, nuer eyrig a drúcht,  
 Do liúig shí 's do véic eri a máirhín ;  
 Do liuch shí a cuid éaduig le bránacha súl,  
 Is do léig shí go dúrhing an fáin di.  
 Dúart-sa léi éshteacht is déanav go ciúin,  
 Go raying-she díol órnan go Hóchal na lúngg,  
 Chuirhing scatuí breá cārach er an anach so chúing,  
 Is go bósing am riúm í gan spleáchus.
- 6 Do ghearas a bóhar 's a cónggar anún,  
 'S ní eaca 'r an chúingi den tráid é ;  
 Do ghlúeshas go súarach fé húerim a tí,  
 'S ví úna 'r na duíni cá dánag ;  
 Dá aid a ví 'n bóhar ní dúert shé lium súf,  
 Ná " Buin díot do chlóca go nóluir brán dí" ;  
 Shé duert na coirsuin nár w' ónta é mo líf,  
 'S ná roiv ä-val go lúhing go lá igl.
- 7 Ví sheanduini sdúacach er úarma 'na hí,  
 'S gan ä-fuic 'na fiopa ach é cnáireac,  
 Sheanavean húirshach sa chúingi 'na luí,  
 Mar a veasuim, gur v' í shúd a wáhir ;  
 Dá véid é a cuid crúatuin ní wúer shí brán dí—  
 Ví caitín as úel igi cúardach a tí,  
 Bairilín veog súarach anúas erhi ón shíon,  
 'S gan ä-fuic den díon er ón máishtig.

\* Lines in place of those missing here are found in *Fuin na Smól*, where this song is called "Cuisle mo Chroidhe."—A. M. F.

- 8 "Cár ghoiv do sdácuí ví tímpal do hí ?  
 'Gus cá wil do chuíri len áireav ?  
 Cár ghoiv an órna ví a Nóchal á díol ?  
 Cá wil do wà cíoruv' as bána ?  
 Má víosa chó bwäh as gur ghéileas dot lí  
 Imeóig an méid shin sa sbér lesh a nguíh !  
 Ní fóssing dom hál tu dá déing er i vlií,  
 Agus mwairi mé chuíhi 'r mo hnáhid."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 " I fell in love with you, fair lady, at first,  
 When I set eyes on your fair face,  
 Rather than possess the heaps of gold in my box  
 I would have you sitting in the corner with my mother.  
 Your goodly fields of cows shall be waiting for you to milk,  
 Your clean bed shall be made for you in your room from early morning,  
 You shall have buckles on your shoes worth twenty-five shillings ;  
 And, my love, will you not give me your hand ? "
- 2 " I could never give you my hand with any pleasure,  
 For my mother has tales about you yonder ;  
 She has received very poor accounts of you from the first—  
 That you would drink away your trousers in the public house :  
 [That you often run up a bill from five to twenty shillings,  
 Spending your wealth on disreputable young women,  
 And after paying the musician you have not a farthing in your purse :  
 So who do you think would bestow a pretty wife on you ? "]\*
- 3 " Don't believe the lying stories that are about :  
 I very seldom go to the public house,  
 I have money in my pocket, and lots of it in my box,  
 And I never drank a pound at a sitting.  
 I shall have something else to do this autumn—  
 Digging potato-patches and building stacks ;  
 My fields are full of cows, white and black,  
 With no one to milk them but my mother."
- 4 " There is a shopkeeper in Youghal I can easily have,  
 And I think I prefer him ;  
 I can pay for my teacher next quarter,  
 And I shall certainly go there to learn."  
 I led her by the hand to a house in a narrow lane,  
 And soon the costly punch was being brought in :  
 She was better at ordering than any one in the room,  
 And she paid readily, for all that came.
- 5 Next morning, when the dew rose,  
 She called and shouted for her mother,  
 Wetting her clothes with her tears,  
 And declaring that I would be her ruin,

\* The four lines in square brackets are translated from *Fuinín na Smól*. I did not recover this half verse.

I told her to be still and not make a noise  
 For I would go to Youghal of the ships, to buy barley,  
 And send a fine flock of sheep to the next fair,  
 And boldly marry her in my house.

(The next verses are spoken by the woman.)

- 6 I hurried along the high road and the short cut,  
 But could not see him in any corner of the village ;  
 I walked abjectly towards the house,  
 And the people all wondered where I came from ;  
 However long was the road he never said " Sit down,"  
 Or " Take off your cloak and have a drop to drink " ;  
 The neighbours said that my journey was to no good end,  
 Since he had no spot for me to lie down in.
- 7 I found a boorish old man sitting on a bench  
 Gnawing an empty pipe ;  
 A weary old woman lying in a corner—  
 I think that was his mother ;  
 In spite of her distress, she was not given a drop to drink ;  
 There was a small cat crying round the house ;  
 A miserable little coverlet keeping the weather out  
 And not a scrap of thatch against the rain.\*
- 8 " What has happened to the stacks surrounding your house ?  
 And where are your sheep, to be counted ?  
 Where is the barley that was to be sold in Youghal ?  
 Where are your cows, black and white ?  
 If I was so foolish as to be persuaded by you,  
 All that shall blow away with the wind ;  
 I would never, never marry you, if I were to go on the streets ;  
 And henceforth I will live by my needle !"

Tunes possibly related are in *Fuinín na Smól*, see " *Cuisle mo Chroidhe* " (Pt. iv, pp. 6 and 32). The first tune has words corresponding to our verses 1, 2, 3 and 6. I originally took down the words from Miss Elly Lynch, Coomnaclohy. I then read them to Mr. Cochlan, who gave them an intelligible form and sang me the tune. Miss Lynch is very fond of the old songs, but belongs to the English-speaking generation. A small point in connection with verse 1, line 7, may be mentioned here, as it illustrates both the folk singer's insistence upon his own version of text, and a singing habit. Miss Lynch began this line with the word " *chuirfinn* " (I would set) ; and when I read my copy over to Mr. Cochlan he said, almost testily, " There is no need for you to say ' I would set ' at all : just begin : Buckles on your shoes." Afterwards, when he sang the song for me to note the tune, he sang " O " in place of this word.—A. M. F.

\* This half-verse is obscure in the text, perhaps owing to a confusion of the pronouns meaning *he* and *she*. Perhaps lines 5 and 6 should be transposed.—A. M. F.

*Cf.* fairly close variants: *Petrie*, Nos. 1130 and 1319, "Fagamaoid sud mar ata se" (called also "The Milch-cow that never runs dry," *i.e.* a secret still), also No. 387, "Let us leave that as it is," and see the less close variant, to *Petrie's* synonymous Irish and English titles, in *Joyce* (1872). O'Neill includes a version, to the same titles, in his *Irish Music*; and in his *Irish Minstrels and Musicians*, (1913), gives a version, with notes on the tune. The air seems allied to "The Mucking of Geordie's Byre" and kindred tunes, (see "Sally Grey" and "Tam Glen" and copious notes thereon in *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10), and to *Joyce* (1909), No. 92, and *An Chláirseach* (1908), No. 3. In some forms the tune seems related to the air No. 25 in this Collection, and its allied tunes Nos. 37 to 38*a*, Nos. 71, 76, 77, 78. There is an Antrim variant, in six-eight time, in *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society* (Vol. ii, p. 23), "The bonnie wee Lass of the Glen," which suggests faulty transcription in places.—L. E. B.

### 71.—ARYR IS MÉ 'R MO WOGADYL.

[YESTERDAY, AS I WAS STAGGERING ABOUT.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

3. 'S do hái - nig bean ó Chor - cuig chúm, 's do hug shí gi - ní  
 óir dom; A d'ún vè sheal 'na cui - deach - tuin, do  
 riu-gus go tig... an óil í: 'S ní túish - ci líon shí  
 glui - ní chúm ná hái - nig bean ó Ó - chuil, VÍ ja - cket, hope, is  
 hat ir - hí, A - gus ai - ri - gead... 'na pó - cuiv.

- 4 Do háinig bean ó Heasana, 's is greanta víodar a cóishtí  
 VÍ práishléad geal den airigead casta féna sgórnuig;  
 Do lauir shí líúm den chórá chiúin: "A haishci ghil 's a stóruig.  
 Cio 'guing bean do b' eara leat er leabuig nú le pósa?"

- 5 Do hughis irhi freagara go tapuig d' rér mo ghóchuish,  
Go dúrthing-she uen a wiling do gach duini mar ba chóir dóiv.  
"Leog, she, i riúin, det chórá liúm, agus scuil a wàili lem ghnó mé,  
'S go wilim ró-ada às w' aihini lem àcharuá 's lem chóishdiv."

TRANSLATION.

- 3 A Cork woman came to me, and gave me a golden guinea ;  
And to pass a while in her company I took her to a tavern.  
No sooner had she filled my glass than a Youghal woman came along,  
Wearing a *jacket, hope* and *hat*,\* and with money in her pockets.
- 4 Then an Englishwoman came—smart were her coaches,  
And she had a shining silver necklace wound about her neck.  
And gently she spoke to me : " My dearest dear, my treasure,  
Which of us all would you like best [to keep you company ? ]"
- 5 I answered her readily, my hope rising high,  
That I would like them each in turn, as was just.  
" Speak to me no more, my dear, but let me be going home,  
For I have strayed too far with my horses and coaches."

The first two verses are withheld. Verse 5, line 3, is literally : " That I would give the time (or, turn) of the mill to each one," *i.e.* the order in which the miller grinds corn for his customers—first come first served.—A. M. F.

This is no doubt a dance-tune. The air belongs to the same class as the six-eight time variants of tunes Nos. 25, 37-38*a* and 70, etc., in this Collection. To some forms " The Miller of the Dee " seems allied. *Cf.* kindred tunes in O'Neill's *Irish Music* : " General Munroe's Lamentation," " Tralibane Bridge," etc.—L. E. B.

72.—DO B' ÚN LIUM SHCÉAL.

[I SHOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU.]

(No 4th.) ♩ = 84. SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

Do b' ún liúm shcéal beog i - nish... do lé ghíov, Er mo

chúr - suív féi - nig nár ghéin mo leas, Go... rau - sa tréiv - shi er...

\* The *italicised* words are in English in the original.—A. M. F.

bruach a ghàr-hig, Go lú-far éa-da-rom 's mé'm chäl - ear gheas,  
 Mar a mí-dhsh éshc an-sa trú-i-li léi-mi-rig, A-gus  
 ceól na néan aun go bíng lem aish, Is.....  
 mi-shi plé-reacht le..... mnáiv nár w' äs-da, 'S dar  
 nóin á ngläch i dig a táir-ni 'shteach.

- 2 Do víosa tréivshi er bruach a ghàrhig,  
 'S ná fiàtuing gläch i dig a táirni 'shtach ;  
 Ach dá nólhing räl beog ná shciling gléigeal  
 Vèach a cíos a gläch agus a báili teacht.  
 Shé brí mo shcéil díov, á waying féin Éiri,  
 Ná fiàtuing féin vè mar shúd awad ;  
 Ach do hiàn a säl mi, 's tar bär mo ghälha,  
 'S anay gach lae veh a fóguirt chiànt.
- 3 'S is múar a náiri lium 'nish óm [? 'om] básihdir  
 Mo wà ghrayváiil 's mé 'ngá le dí ;  
 'S dá waying a wágach,\* cé gur muer le rá é,  
 Go nólhing a sláinti fé mar víos.  
 Táim teyng tnáiti inish le ráha,  
 Am pórtar láiv lium gach lá á ghíol,  
 'S gur wuer gur v' eár lium é hàcht am láhir  
 Ná an bwàingi beárha, cé gur grán' é a ghny !
- 4 'S tá mo hùil le Híosa, 's le rí na ríhi,  
 Ná fwayd bás chufhi go díig mo reàcht,  
 Is go vicead shgíli er na buarhiv fíl sho,  
 Go wil mo chrui [acu] á ní† mar ghad !  
 Shúl na dríbi 'o ló 's asdufhi,  
 Bwailiú a chiosa gus a tíoc len aish  
 Gus go brách ní líonfar a ghluini tímpal,  
 Ach resét shcríti 'gus " Buel amàch ! "

\* Also " wánggach."

† Thus the singer.

- 5 'S dá digeach Bóman 's a hrúp er [? hrúp-ear] shólha,  
 Go deyn ba ghó lium go niánhach ceart,  
 'S gach nán dár shólag óna mwàilhi cóngguish  
 Go niánhach treó ghóiv chun teacht harnaish.  
 Rayd er Tóim sir, mar a beahyg óg mi,  
 'S mar a wuaras cóir ghlan gach lá óm ghaid ;  
 Beg mo ghuna er shól agùm am láiv le mórtuish,  
 Is càhig cóbuig ón mórd so preab.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I would like now to tell you a little story  
 Of what happened to me, not for my good.  
 Once I lived by the river side,  
 Active, light-hearted, a fine, slender man :  
 There, the fish were leaping in the stream,  
 And the sweet melody of birds was beside me,  
 And I used to be sporting with young women,  
 And, of course, inviting them to the tavern.
- 2 But for a time I have lived by the river side,  
 Unable to invite any to the tavern ;  
 But if I drank a little sixpence or a gleaning shilling  
 The rent would be clamouring and the bailiff arriving.  
 My message to you is this : If I were to possess all Ireland  
 I could not exist like that for long ;  
 For people shunned me, above all, my own people,  
 And every day they were threatening to sell me up.
- 3 And I think it now a shameful thing for my master  
 To seize my cattle, when I am in want of a drink ;  
 And if I had had the world's wealth—though 'tis a great thing to say—  
 I would have drunk its health, as I was once.  
 Woeful and weary have I been these three months,  
 Seeing the porter on sale every day next door to me,  
 And I would far rather that it should come my way  
 Than skim milk, though ugly its countenance !
- 4 And I hope in Jesus, in the King of Kings,  
 That I may never die till I get my rights,  
 And till I see these treacherous boors routed,  
 Who are twisting my heart like a withe !  
 I tramp through the mire, night and day,  
 To get the rent and the rates together ;  
 And never will the full glass be passed round—  
 Only a written receipt and " Clear out ! "
- 5 But if Bowman were to come with his active troop,  
 Surely I think he would execute justice ;  
 And all who have been ejected from their native homes  
 He would succour, and let them return.  
 I will go east to Toon (?), where I was nurtured,  
 And fed on the best daily by my father ;  
 Proudly will I handle and use my gun,  
 And the churls will have to fly from that table.

I could get no information about the origin of this song; but it seems probable that the *gaortha* mentioned in verses 1 and 2 is that at Ballingearry. Tóim, in the last verse, is possibly the place called Tóin in No. 18 of this Collection (see *Journal*, No. 23, pp. 146-148), since it is here (No. 72) mentioned as lying to the east. The song therefore very likely belongs to the Ballingearry district, but it would be interesting to obtain exact knowledge of its origin, since it obviously deals with actual events. It is probably fairly recent in date, and, like the song "A Ghiarmuid na Nae Shtig" (No. 45, above), it is the composition of a humbly placed person, and cast in a literary mould so far as the metre is concerned. But the language is simple; and even the translation will show that the author was not literary enough to cloak his own motives in general principles. The word "mágach" or "mánggach" is in Ballyvourney only known in proverbial usage, as here, and is glossed "a great deal of anything." For the last words of verse 1, line 7, I have also heard "nár w' às dom," *i.e.* "too young for me, younger than myself."—A. M. F.

This belongs to a very favourite type of old Irish melody from one form of which "Tis the last Rose of Summer" has been constructed. It is interesting to compare the following airs which all seem related. Examples might be multiplied. *Petrie*, No. 831, "One Night I dreamt" or "Sweet Castle Hyde"; No. 1260, 1261, 1262, "An Buacaill dubh"; No. 1150 "Mór ni beag" or "Eamonn an Cnuic" (see No. 65 in this *Journal* and notes thereon); No. 1145; and—more distantly allied—No. 632 "Oh shrive me, father." *Joyce* (1909), No. 422, "When I came to the County Limerick"; and No. 680, "Youghal Harbour."—L. E. B.

I think this is certainly a form of the tune "Castle Hyde," from which "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Groves of Blarney" were adapted.—F. K.

### 73.—TRÁNHÓINÍN DÉANACH AMWÄNAR.

[ALONE ONE EVENING.]

SUNG BY MRS. MARY SWEENEY, COOLAE.

Trán - hóí - nín déa - nach a - mwä - nar coesh Ly, 'S mé mach - nav 's ig  
 ésh - teacht le héan - lui - hi i guíl, Shea do gheár - cas a sbér - vean goi  
 gléi - neach na súi, 'S am chuar - duiv níor léir dom i ná - val don vrí - dig.

- 2 VÍ a mala gheas chäl er a ré-leacuin lufm,  
'S a sheanga-chorp gléigiol nár chlänuig le dish,  
B' ada tiuv dréimireach léi folh a cing,  
Ba hrúa leat na déig mi 'g an béin a ví am chruif.
- 3 Do hiteas i nécó lea géar-hearc 'on vríd,  
Agus b' eagalach cléiv lium gur wälach dom í :  
D' isaras shéiv di, 's ba véasach a víos,  
Nú 'r vean a ví 'r strae í gan chiéli ná súim.
- 4 " An fíor gur tu Céarnuit, hug léirshcrios na Truí,  
Nú 'n ingivean Déirdiri, céili-hearc Nufsh,  
Nú an vean gan än téana chuir a Tréiti trí ghuír,  
Nú an vean a riug Déarmuit ón läch mear do shcíord ? "
- 5 " Tá maga ort, a chäl-ir, 'gus bwähacht at lí ;  
'S gur scarag ó ghael mi le béaruiv an íl ;  
W' ainim cheart Eiri, 's ná shéan mé 'r do nuíd,  
'S go vici tu a réim mi gan wächus írish."
- 6 " Tá dereanuí 'n lae agut, as glaeg chun mo hí ;  
Geó tu fwairshingi 's féili uem, féasta 's cóir big ;  
Geóir leabuig chlúiv éan uem fé ghär-vratuiv lín,  
Agus óig-car, má 's méing leat, chun pléreacht is gríng."
- 7 " Ba wà lium go léir vè täv leat chun gríng,  
Ach er eagala ä shcéalha, 's mo chiéli er í tlí ;  
Gur snuimeag go héag mi le Shéarlus, mo wyn,  
'S mo cheártus ig béaruiv in éhig 's in íl.
- 8 " As súch a hucnig Gael vocht a réim cheart gan muil,  
'Na nún-vroguiv älha, chun pléreacht as gríng,  
Beg a múirdeana gléasda fé ghär-funtsh is fíon,  
'S beg brúidiv i Véarla fé ghär-smacht ig Guíl."

*Cf.* the following tune. As to the words, this is an ordinary *Aisling* (see Introduction to *Journal*, No. 23), and not a good example of the kind. The text is nonsensical in a few places. The translation could be of no interest to the general reader, after the *aislingj* already given. But for the sake of the devotees to whom every scrap of Irish is valuable, I have printed the text.—A. M. F.

This air and the next are perhaps variants of the tune best known as "Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my Lad." It has been claimed by Scots and Irish, and is a favourite also with English country singers. Notes concerning it are in *Journal* (Vol. i, No. 4, p. 223). According to Stenhouse the tune was composed by James Bruce, a fiddle-player of Dumfries, about 1750. It is called in some Irish collections "Noble Sir Arthur," and was used by Shield in his opera "The Poor Soldier," in 1783, to words beginning "Since love is the plan." Fitzwilliam, author of the music to the play "The Green Bushes," used this tune for Buckstone's version of the traditional "Green Bushes" ballad. *Petrie*, No. 85, and *Bunting* (1840) "Go de sin den te sin" or "What is that to him?" are variants.—L. E. B.

I think that the tune "Whistle and I'll come to you" has every appearance of being an Irish jig; it does not seem to have had any popularity in Scotland before Burns wrote "Whistle," etc., to it. I cannot trace it in print earlier than Shield's opera mentioned above. About 1806 it was printed in Holden's *Old Established Irish Airs* as "Drunk at Night and dry in the Morning," and under that title it appears in John Murphy's *Collection of Irish Airs and Jiggs* (1809). In Gow's *Third Repository* (1806) the title "Drunk at night," etc., is given to another air. "Noble Sir Arthur," mentioned above as an alternative title, is that of a ballad included in Dixon's *Songs of the Peasantry of England* (1857) as "Sir Arthur and charming Mollee" (see also *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads* (1868).—F. K.

## 74.—AN PÓNÍ BEOG BWÍ.

[THE LITTLE YELLOW PONY.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 144.$

Tá bua-chuil er w'ó-lus, 's is brón lium a hlí; Do Cas-sag sa  
vór é i dreó chun Vi-híl, Do ghea-lag Peg óg do le  
pó-sa mar vny Dá waych shí dá wó'gus a pó-ní beog bwí.

- 2 Nuer a háinig a fôr ví cead pósa ig an mny ;  
Teachtuiri shólag chun sheana-Faidí ;  
Fiächuint a dúrbach an treó ghon óig-ear chun tish—  
An Chúbach 's a Chróinshach 's a póní beog bwí.
- 3 D' reaguir Paid mór iad le glórhív i ching :  
" Tainghan a shecól lium, 's a meón lium mar vny ;  
Do húrhing dá wó ghóiv agus tig a Doirín,\*  
Agus ní scarhing go deó lesh a bóní beog bwí.
- 4 Do wueg shé er a Sásban a rás a Tléivín,  
'S do wueg shé er a Rábuiiri a rás Cluanach Mwil."  
Bíon gúta 'na chnáiv, agus fásga daihí,  
Nuer a hagan shé ináirdi er a rábuiiri mwí.

\* " Cuid dá erim go rev bohán aun."

- 5 " 'S a Gluen Meala hóg shé shúd mór-chuid cupwí,  
A Gorcuig, 's i Nóchuil, 's dar nóin i Drá Lí,  
Agus ó Chuil Caur a fógarag mo fóni beog bwí."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I know a lad, and I am very sorry for him,  
Who went in the autumn to visit Michael ;  
He was promised young Peggy for his wife  
If she could get two cows and the little yellow pony.
- 2 That autumn, the lady had permission to marry,  
And messengers were sent to old Paddy  
To see if he would give the young man something to set up house with—  
Crumple, and Dun, and the little yellow pony.
- 3 Pad Mór answered them, and he said :  
" I like what I hear of her, she seems a good woman ;  
I would give them two cows and the Derreen house,\*  
But I will never part with the little yellow pony.
- 4 He beat ' The Saucepan ' at the Sleeveen races,  
And he beat ' Spanker ' at the Clonmoyle races."†  
—He has gout in his bones, and twinges of rheumatism,  
When he mounts the yellow champion.
- 5 " In Clonmel he won a heap of cups,  
In Cork, in Youghal, and of course in Tralee ;  
And my little yellow pony was advertised for from Coolcour."‡

This is another local song. Mr. Cochlan remembers its being composed by an old woman who lived in Fuhiry, in the Coolae district, not far from Derreenaculling, where the owner of the pony lived. He says that no marriage was really contemplated, but the song was made to satirise the rheumatic old man for setting such a high value on the pony.—A. M. F.

*Cf.* Song No. 73 in this Collection and the notes thereon. This tune has nothing in common with several airs to the title of " The Yellow Horse " or " An Gearrán buidhe " in *Petrie* and *Joyce* (1909).—L. E. B.

\* There are several places called by names beginning with " Derreen " in the Coolae district. But " the Derreen house " means no more than " the house by the copse " (Irish " doirín " = " small wood ") on the old man's farm.—A. M. F.

† There is a Clonmoyle seven miles N.E. of Macroom, Co. Cork.—R. F.

‡ Coolcour House is under two miles from Macroom.—E.D.

## 75.—BEARTA CRÚA I.

[SORRY PLIGHT.]

SUNG BY MRS. MARY SWEENEY, COOLAE.

*♩* = 100.

Er nóin go déa - nach a ghlue shas héi - nig, A taish - deal cäl - ha'r  
 drúcht dom, A - gus lúar - ha'n ó Fé - bus gan smúit ná é - clips A  
 téacht go réa-ghlan chúing-na : VÍ caun-tuing éan - lui - hi'r bär na ngéag an, 'S ón  
 líng na héshe i múish - cilt, Chun gur hig shíos täv lium a  
 chúi - lion wär - ga, Chas suíd am häv lé..... ciúi - pid.

- 2 Dá ma lium le cóireav a wil de wólacht  
 Ó Chorcúig wór go Cléiri,  
 B' cär lium óig-vean chun veh á póga  
 Ná còron óir 's a méid shin ;  
 Mar táim teyng breóiti, 's níl suím i ngnó agùm,  
 Agus cola sóil ní éaduim ;  
 Fé neara ghó-sa gach dúesh is cóir cheart  
 A ngeaulhad fós don réilhing.
- 3 De gheóir an wó ví ghá díon ig Feós uem,  
 Agus Earagan Mór (*ahàch ab ea é*) á háracht  
 Ishtig a glóvuir le tou na córach,  
 Gur hit le ceólhiv Féabuish.\*  
 Do gheóir an túl ví i plé 'dir hriúr ban,  
 'S do búag sa chúirt le Vénuis ;  
 Geó tu, úanuig, gach ní gá núart leat,  
 Ach na beárta crúa so réiteach.

\* Or : " le ceól mar féas er."

- 4 Do gheóir shcé Híng uem, do sgreadach bíng  
 Nuer a vrahach shí á wäl er,  
 'S a ceól a víoch icí nuer a shengeach í  
 Do chloeshffí í 's gach á-val.  
 Geóir a clyv úd do víoch ig Nuísh uem,  
 Nár ág riav fuíleach béimi ;  
 'S do gheó tu, úanuig, etc. (at end of each verse).
- 5 Do gheóir an syd uem a ví ig an shí-vean  
 Gur w' ainim Cliona an Réilhan,  
 Do hug le d'fogarus dá chiéili chuín é,\*  
 'S do chelig a ghny 'r na céatuiv.  
 Geóir an flós uem, agus ní ná hínshim,  
 Do hug Jás 'na lúingg 'on Ngréig lesh.
- 6 Geóir a còron óir uem a ví ina ghóid ghes  
 Fá ghig á ól ig Béacus,  
 Fíon is beóir i góir ]? chun] veh at chóir an  
 Gach aum as meón leat gläch er.  
 Geóir lunduv ceólwar à Caruig Cróin uem,  
 Agus tarav mór na gār uem.
- 7 Geóir capal Ghónuil, ná hiaran feór ort,  
 'S ná cahan lón ná béili ort,  
 Gur triàn 's gur fórsach a wuelean bóhar  
 Na scamal ceó go Léinloch.  
 Gheóir Bran is ceólha uem [? Sgeóluing] do leagach lóhirt,  
 'S do ghineach sbórt don Éing sheal.
- 8 Geóir, a ghráí-ghil, an duspuí fwáingeach (*pé rud é shin*),  
 Do ví 'na láiv ghesh tréivshi  
 Ig Doun Ruish voch Ránuil, chun Besh ní Ghára  
 Do huert ón wán chun ciéili ;  
 Do gheó tu an ábid (*pé rud é shin*) 's a craun clish áluing  
 Do ví igí tráh á bréaga.
- 9 Gheóir machuí lána de vuev le-n áireav,  
 Gan chíos gan cháin i gläch ort ;  
 Agus cupa 's pláta do hócuig rás doit  
 'S é húert ad láiv gan bwäl doit ;†  
 Do gheóir a fwáingi hug Fiún sa tnáiv lesh  
 Chun vé gach lá 'r do véaruiv :  
 'S do gheó tu, úanuig, gach ní dá núert leat,  
 Ach na beárta crúa so réiteach.

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 Late one evening I was walking  
 Over the dew-covered marshes,  
 The sun shining, unhindered by cloud,  
 Most brilliantly around me ;

\* Or : " Do win le d'fogarus [d]á chiéili [a] chuíni."

† Or : " Geóir cupa 's sásar ag ól do hláinti,  
 'S é huert ad láiv gan wáachus."

The singing of birds came from the twigs,  
And in the stream the fish were stirring ;  
When there sat beside me a stately fair one  
Who shot an arrow in my breast with a cupid.

- 2 If I could number as my own all the cattle  
From great Cork City to Clear Island,\*  
Still I would rather have a young woman to kiss  
Than a goblet of gold and all that.  
For I am sick and ill, and care not for my work,  
And cannot sleep sweetly—  
Which makes me [offer] each treasure and treat  
That I shall yet promise to the maiden.
- 3 " You shall have the cow that Feos kept close,  
While great Earagan herded her  
In a field of clover, feeding on the best,  
Till he fell by the music of Phœbus.  
You shall have the apple that three women strove for,  
And the court awarded to Venus ;  
You shall have, my dear, all that I have said,  
If only you will relieve my distress.
- 4 You shall have the shield of Conn, that wailed melodiously  
When it knew him to be in danger,  
And its music, when it played,  
Could be heard in every place.  
You shall have that sword that Naois used,  
Which always killed at one stroke.
- 5 You shall have the arrow of that fairy  
Who was called Clíodhna the Fair,  
Which made her spouse forget all, for love,  
And concealed him from the hosts.  
You shall have the fleece—and other things besides—  
Which Jason brought in his ship to Greece.
- 6 You shall have the golden goblet which, held in his right hand,  
Bacchus used to drain, brimming with drink ;  
Wine and bear shall be in it ready for you  
Whenever you like to call upon it.  
You shall have a melodious blackbird from the Grey Rock,  
And the great bull of the rowan berries.
- 7 You shall have Domhnall's horse, which asks no hay,  
And eats no meal or food ;  
Strongly and mightily does he gallop the road  
Of foggy cloud to Lough Leane.  
You shall have Bran and [Sgeolaing.] who would pull down anything (?)  
And once hunted for the Fiann.

\* *i.e.*, broadly speaking, "in the whole of South Cork." Clear Island (S.W. of Baltimore) is the most southerly inhabited land in Ireland, except Fastnet Rock lighthouse.

- 8 You shall have, my fair love, the . . . (?)\*  
 Which was for a time in the right hand  
 Of Donn Ruis mac Ranail, to bring Bess ní Dhara,  
 From straying, back to her husband (?):  
 You shall have the cloak (?) and the beautiful magic wand  
 With which he used to entice her.
- 9 You shall have fields full of cattle to number,  
 And no rent or tax to pay;  
 And a cup and plate, which will win races for you  
 Holding it safely in your hand;  
 You shall have the ring which Fionn got by swimming,  
 To wear every day on your finger:  
 And you shall have, my dear, everything I have said,  
 If only you will relieve my distress."

Another tune to the same title is No. 77 in the Collection. For very similar poems see Nos. 18 and 38 of *The Poems of Eoghar Ruadh O Súilleabhain* (i.e. Owen Roe O'Sullivan), ed. Dinneen (Gaelic League, 1907). In the latter will be found three or four quatrains corresponding more or less closely to passages in our text. The text of verse 7, line 5, means "You shall have Bran and music from me." The emendation seems to me almost certain: Bran and Sgeolaing were the two dogs of the Fiann. I do not know the last word in this line; I was told it meant "a great deal of everything." The text of the whole piece is unsatisfactory, and without Mr. Cochlan's variants would have been worse still. I do not here attempt much editing beyond incorporating some various readings from Mr. Cochlan in the text, when certainly superior. Mr. Flower's note below is of extreme value. It will be observed that the syllables in this song follow each other with extraordinary closeness and rapidity, the whole being enunciated only a little slower than colloquial speech. Mrs. Sweeny used to sing it with perfect ease, and in an indescribably confidential manner. Mr. Cochlan gave me a tenth verse, but Mrs. Sweeny says it is not part of the song, and that she knows the person who made it up.—A. M. F.

Tunes No. 1 and No. 84 in this Collection seem to be rhythmical versions of the above; see references given there.—L. E. B.

This is clearly, as Mr. Freeman suggests, a song of the same type as—perhaps merely a modification of—No. 38 of Eoghan Ruadh's poems. The text is so corrupt that it renders any commentary difficult, but a few suggestions may be made. The gifts suggested are taken from (1) Classical legend, (2) Irish legend, (3) Irish folklore. They may be treated in that order.

(1)—*Classical legend*. The references to Jason and the golden fleece (v. 5), to the Judgment of Paris (v. 3) and to Bacchus (v. 6) are clear enough. It is equally certain that verse 3 conceals with some success an allusion to the story of Io (as told in Ovid,

\* Here I can only repeat the singer's gloss: "Whatever that may be."—A. M. F.

Metamorphoses, ii, 584-599). *Feos* seems to hide the name *Io*, *Earagan* = *Argus* ;\* or perhaps the accusative form *Argum* (with helping vowel developed between r and g). *Féabus* is of course *Phoebus*, though as a matter of fact it was Mercury, not Phoebus, who lulled Argus of the many eyes to sleep with music, when he had been set to watch Io transformed into a cow by Juno. Argus is a familiar character with Irish poets. Thus the Connaught poet, Anthony Raftery, (d. 1835), speaking of whiskey, says :

Ní mise amháin do leagadh leis  
Ó pheacaigh Eabh i bParrthas ;  
Is iomdha fear do cailleadh leis  
Ó'n am a dalladh Argus.

(I'm not the only man it has laid low since Eve sinned in Paradise ; many is the man lost by it since the blinding of Argus.) See Hyde, *Songs ascribed to Raftery*, (1903), p. 366. Raftery is very typical of these poets in his use of Classical and Irish legend (the latter chiefly from such common sources as Keating, and O'Connell's *Ireland's Dirge*). He runs off his Classical lore in a song "An dia darbh ainm Júpiter" (A god called Jupiter), which is worth looking at from this point of view, cf. Hyde, *op. cit.*, p. 134.

(2)—*Irish legend*. Various cycles of legend are drawn upon. Conn (v. 4) belongs to what may be called the Milesian cycle. Shields which roared when their masters were in danger were not uncommon in Irish legend. Naoise, one of the sons of Uisneach (or, rather, Uisliu), belongs to the Ulster, or Cúchulainn cycle. The tale of his flight with Deirdre is well known. Fionn is, of course, the great hero of the Ossianic cycle. The reference in the text (v. 9) is to one of the late Ossianic lays, in which Fionn leaps into a lake to recover a ring. The reference in the last two lines of verse 6 is also to an Ossianic lay, the "Agallamh Oisín agus Phádraig," (published in the *Ossianic Society's Transactions*, 1856, Vol. iv), which mentions among the delights of Fionn

Scaltarnach loin Dhaire an Chairn  
As búithre an daimh ó Ghleann na gCaor

(i.e. "the loud singing of the ousel of Derrycarn and the bellowing of the ox from the Glen of the Rowanberries.") These lays are common in eighteenth century MSS. Clíodhna of the Rock is one of the Tuatha Dé Danann, and belongs thus to the personages of the mythological cycle. Our poet, thus, manages to box the compass of Irish legend pretty thoroughly in his short space.

(3)—*Irish Folklore*. It would, perhaps, be better to put Clíodhna in this category, as she is best known in Kerry and West Cork in connection with the tale of "Seán ach Séamuis." Versions of this tale, in which Clíodhna and a maiden contend in

\* So the singer's gloss, "That was a giant," is on the right lines.—A. M. F.

poetry for Seán ach Séamuis are given in *An Lóchrann* (1911, April, May) from the whole extent of Munster from West Kerry (the Great Blasket) to Co. Waterford. The reference in the text (v. 5) appears to be to her theft of the handsome Seán, whom she carried off into her *lios*. The reference in verse 7 to the horse of Domhnall is an allusion to a famous Killarney character, Domhnall na nGeimhleach (D. of the Fetters), one of the O'Donoghues, a spectral hunter who haunts about the neighbourhood of Loch Léin. Traditions about him are given in *An Lóchrann* (1908, Dec. ; 1909, June) by Seán Tóibín of Killarney. The introduction of this character (who also appears in Eoghan Ruadh's poem above quoted) suggests that this song is a Killarney composition (Eoghan Ruadh came from that neighbourhood). It is, perhaps, the composition of one of the school of poets (O'Scannells\* and others) who flourished there about 1800.

A brief note on Eoghan Ruadh O Súilleabháin (Owen Roe O'Sullivan) may be added. He is the best known of modern Irish poets, and his life and works are typical of the class. He was born at Meentogue near Killarney *circa* 1748. Killarney was a great centre for poetry in the eighteenth century from the days of Egan O'Rahilly at the beginning of the century till those of Owen Roe and the O'Scannells at the end. Owen Roe got his education at Faha in the neighbourhood. The rest of his life he passed as a schoolmaster, an itinerant labourer, a sailor in the British Navy (he is said to have fought under Rodney, and English verses by him celebrating Rodney's defeat of De Grasse are preserved) and in any other profession that offered itself. He died near Killarney in 1784. He is still a vivid memory in Cork and Kerry, and most of his poetry is known by heart among the people. He is remarkable for his complete command of all the resources of the language of eighteenth century Munster poetry and for his successful management of complicated stanza forms. In his subjects he is purely conventional and uses all the stereotyped devices. His poems were edited by the Rev. P. Dinneen for the Gaelic League in 1902.—R. F.

\* One of the O'Scannells is the author of the poem "Cúil Ruish," No. 15 in this Collection (*Journal*, No. 23, pp. 137-141).—A. M. F.

# 76.—AN SBÉRVEAN CHEAUNSA.

[THE GENTLE LADY.]

(No 6th.)  $\text{♩} = 72.$

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

Tá sbér - vean cheaun - sa chyn den cheaun - tar, Go  
 du - gus greaun mo..... chl'éiv di, 'Si - shí d'rér w'áú - ruish a  
 win mo veaúir díom, 'S d'ág mo..... cheaun gan éi - feacht; Gur ey - rig  
 sblaunc dom le neart iàg - sú - lach, 'S le cro - sa faul - sa'n.....  
 tael sho; Gur gheys den sdaunc so go Dro had Baun - dan, Gus go  
 shu - pa braun - da..... léi'shteach.

- 2 'S d' árdufas mo wayiri suas an stayiri  
 Go rúimín gréianach álwár,  
 Mar ar vingi lium éshsteacht le guh na creyili  
 Ná dá shengeach veyili nó-fort;  
 Mar a míoch na drum dá layba fé'm bun sa [? fé wun a] stayiri,  
 'S na bel go deyn a wóguirt,  
 Ingilish saydar teacht, is rayl funtsh,  
 Clairet wayn agus pórtar.
- 3 'S do ghlás er hórduív hàcht er bórd chúm,  
 Puntsh go ró-wah déanta,  
 Lunduin pórtar den cheasc ba ghói lium  
 Háinig óng Góf go déanach,  
 Buidéal póca de sbrídív teó 'guing  
 I ngluínív nó á hréan-chuir,  
 Ríngci 's ceól ó fhi go ló,  
 'Gus mishe póga Vérí.

- 4 Mar ba chórá dí é nfor chuir shí sím an,  
 'S nfor ghin shí ghíom ach shcéamar ;  
 'S mo leanlaídí gur freab 'na suí,  
 'S mo vili dí gur léig gheom :  
 D' árdys í lium go tí griásuí 'màch  
 Ví ingeanas ghruí 'gus a stróc ghluin ;\*  
 Hugas órdú 's fíos do chun féiri hyltàps  
 Áil socuir fí n-a bróguiv.
- 5 " Mo hàrc am chúm tu, agus trí 'm chruí anún tu  
 Har earuiv dlúh na Hérian,  
 'S ná buin mo chlú ghíom mara wil shé d' ún ort  
 Ceangguil liúm mar chiéli ;  
 Coruig is múishgil, 'gus scyl chun shúil mi,  
 'S mo veanácht dlúh 's geach céim leat,  
 'S ná bím go túirshach shúl na dúha,  
 Mar Nainsí ghúch agus là 'ci."
- 6 " 'S a sbérvean wúinti wouil ghea-úmpuir,  
 Go dugas rún mo chléiv 'oit ;  
 Gur gheocuir liúm-sa, trésh mo chúrsuí,  
 I naishdear tú ghá léiging ;  
 Ach nuer a vè tu at fósa, cuirhad cluih vreá nò ort,  
 Is fwáingí óir er do véaruiv,  
 Rayarc er chúantuiv is er wailhe múara,  
 'S tu vè go húasal ärach.
- 7 Is rayd amáireach anún tar sáili,  
 'S ní dúil atá 'gum pósa,  
 Ná clycht go brách le hán toici mná 'cù  
 Do vèach á reá gur chóir shin :  
 Ach súil atá 'gum le ríó na ngrás geal,  
 Is ní le grá dod wólacht,  
 Go mèach v' ínting sásda le toil ón Bápa,  
 'S cead lúf go sáv lium sdórach."
- 8 'S as róiv-vreá 'n wác son ghous le Máiri  
 Trí chuílviv, lána na réa-hlat,  
 Go Cionasáili agus go Cíl Airni,  
 'S er fad go bár coesh Éaduiv,  
 Go cúirt Uí Cheárnuil 's go Corcuig áluing,  
 Gur gheys i tí 'n táirni léi 'shteach ;  
 'S ig drohad íochtarach Gleaun Mayiri†  
 A sgar mo rayrc le Méiri.

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 There is a lady of this district, gentle and kind,  
 To whom I gave my heart's love ;  
 She it is, I think, who took my sense away from me,  
 And left my brain powerless ;

\* ? ví deanasach gruí agus stróc-ghlan.

† Or : "'S ig drohad meyreach Gleana Mayiri."

For a flash struck me, with strange force,  
By one of life's sore deceits,  
And I went straight away to Bandon Bridge,  
And into a brandy shop with her.

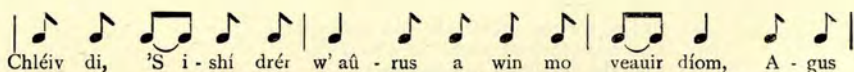
- 2 And I took my fair one up the stairs  
Into a pleasant, white little room,  
Where I would rather be, listening to a death-knell,  
Than [elsewhere] to fiddles playing new tunes.  
There, the drums were being beaten below the stairs,  
And the *bells* sounded,  
*English cyder* was brought in, and *royal punch*,  
*Claret wine* and porter.\*
- 3 I called for many things to be put on the table—  
Punch excellently made,  
*London porter* from the *cash* I chose,  
Newly arrived from Queenstown ;  
We had a pocket flask of strong spirits  
Poured valiantly into new glasses,  
And dancing and music all night long,  
While I was kissing *Mary*.
- 4 But as for the drink, she did not value it,  
And only looked on me as a *schemer* ;  
And the *landlady* jumped up  
And called out my drink bill to me.  
Then I took *Mary* out to the house of a cobbler  
Who was industrious, vigorous and deft (?),  
And I gave instructions for a pair of *heel-pieces*  
To be fitted securely to her shoes.
- 5 " My best beloved, my heart's darling,  
Above all the true men of Ireland,  
Do not compromise me, unless you wish  
To take me as your wife ;  
Rouse yourself, and let me be going,  
And my blessing be with you everywhere ;  
Do not let me be wandering about wearily,  
Like poor *Nancy* with her child."
- 6 " Well-bred and virtuous young lady,  
I have given you my innermost heart ;  
It would grieve me, after what I have passed through,  
To leave you unrewarded :  
But at your wedding I will put a fine new dress on you,  
And gold rings on your fingers ;  
And you shall visit ports and great towns  
Like a gay, noble lady.

\* The *italicised* words in this translation correspond to English words, or unusual Anglicisms in the text.—A. M. F.

7 And to-morrow I shall cross the water ;  
 And I do not want to marry,  
 Or to be bound for ever to any common hussy  
 Who might say that I ought to ;  
 But I hope in the God of Graces—  
 And not for love of your cattle—  
 That my intention may be sanctified by the Pope,  
 And I may sleep sweetly with my love."

8 Oh, that was a beautiful *walk* I went with Mary,  
 Through woods and smooth-stemmed walks (?).  
 To Kinsale and to Killarney,  
 And right away to the top of . . . (?),  
 To the court of O'Cearnal, and to fair Cork,  
 Where I went with her into a tavern ;  
 And at the merry bridge of Glanmire  
 I lost sight of *Mary*.

*Cf.* the following tune. In bars 4, 5 and 6 the accents seem to be misplaced and the melody clipped in consequence. The original scheme was perhaps :



The walk indicated in the last verse must have occupied a good many days. Starting from Bandon in south Cork, the lovers went s.e. to Kinsale, on the coast. They then walked about 50 miles n.w. to Killarney in Kerry. They then visited two places which I regret I cannot identify (the English of the first should be Eden or Cosheden) ; but the shortest way from Killarney to Cork is well over 40 miles. From Cork, after their drink in the tavern, a mere five miles n.e. brought them to Glanmire.—A. M. F.

*Cf.* tune No. 25 in this Collection and the airs referred to in the notes thereon.

—L. E. B.

## 77.—BEARTA CRÚA II.

[SORRY PLIGHT.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

Mwai - din fúar fliuch ig ey - rí súas dom, I taish - deal cúan - ta's

cäl - ha, Shea do gheár - cas mór - chuid de wa - chufv búev aun, Is  
 aing - ir stúa - m' á nae-reacht; Do ví folt a glúe - shacht de ghruím a  
 gúa - lan I teacht go bár an éir lei, ..... Go ca - hach  
 dúal - gach 'na lea bar - chúa - cha, Le laurt na cúe - chi 'ngéa - guiv.

TRANSLATION.

One cold, wet morning, when I arose  
 To walk by the bays and creeks,  
 I saw great herds of cattle  
 With a modest girl herding them.  
 Her hair flowed over her shoulders,  
 Reaching to the top of the grass,  
 Trembling, twining, slender-curling,  
 While the cuckoo sang in the branches.

*Cf.* the preceding tune. I took down ten verses of words from Miss Barrett. She learned them from a fragment of a book, which contained some Irish that was too old for her to understand. Except in some half-dozen lines, her version is substantially the same as that in *The Poems of Eoghan Ruadh*, mentioned in the notes to Bearta Crúa I. *Line 7, leabarchúacha*. A distinguished scholar, on reading the first song in *Journal*, No. 23, asked if the words "An méid ná sluíg an talav díov" were truly reported. I will therefore take the opportunity afforded by the word "leabarchúacha" of writing a note, which would perhaps have been more suitably attached to song No. 1. When I had taken down this verse I said: "How would 'leauarchúacha' do here, instead of 'leabarchúacha'?" and the singer's answer was: "It would do better, I think; but it was 'leabarchúacha' in the book I got it from." It struck me several times, while I was collecting, that certain strange forms in the words I took down were remarkably like misprints; and here we have an ascertained instance of a misprint being respected by a singer, whose knowledge of Irish is amply sufficient to enable her to correct a common error in a book, if she suspected the possibility of error. But the esteem given to the printed word by the true Irish is loyal and absolute—and very pathetic, when we consider the nature of

the text in some popular editions intended for circulation in the Irish districts—and there are few to whom it would occur that they themselves might know better than the man who made the book. In song No. 1 “An méid ná sluíg an talav díov” is of course not strictly speaking a misprint. But the poem very likely came into the district, no matter at how many removes, from someone who read it in manuscript; and the mark of aspiration is only too easily omitted. Without speculating as to the state of a hypothetical MS., I would suggest that this phrase was either wrongly written, or wrongly read in the first instance, as “nár sluíg” or “ná sluíg,” and that the line of singers between Mr. Cochlan and the MS. have cherished the form as “focal seanaghaoluinne”—*i.e.* an expression differing from those used in their own colloquial speech. (What a curious grammar and vocabulary of ‘Old Irish’ might be compiled by a collector of folk songs!) Such experience as I have yet been able to have leads me to conclude that there is often little or no connection between garbled texts and the encroachments of English. The copies, for instance, which I obtained from Máirín, who has no English, are no better than those noted from Peg, who for a good many years has spoken very little Irish. Corruptions are due, I think, in the first place to the difference between everyday speech and the language of “Munster Poetry,” and their perpetuation to the singer’s reverence for his text. This he regards as a work of great learning and high antiquity, which cannot be wrong; and he resents improvements or criticism except by people for whose learning he has special respect.—A. M. F.

*Cf.* tune No. 25 in this Collection and *see* the notes appended to it. *Cf.* also tune No. 16 which has several points of likeness.—L. E. B.

### 78.—CNOCAINÍN AITING.

[FURZE HILL.]

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

I. Ní... cno - cáí - nín... ai - ting is ai - nim don áit sho, Ach  
Moun - tain Place breá mar a ney - rion a ghríán, Mar a wá - san a  
cui - lean, a coul ..... 's a cár - han 'S a tlaí - tín chäl

vrea gan fi - li, gan fiac; Bion úesh - li chláir Wa - na - ban  
er ea - chuiv ag ias - cui-reacht, Gus rúa - vruic dá lea - ga, go du - ga - dar  
shea - lad a fíach aun, (ó) Mú - rán dá ga - ruid a ngra - dam le  
cían - tuiv, 'S is ea - tor - ha hriel an aing - ir gheas óg.

- 2 'S tráh víos a machnav trí m' aigini 'né,  
Gur cheapas mar hál chúm tamal do hrial,  
Coesh Ly ghom gur casag mi fwairi gach táv,  
Chun cár lauir an sãr-ghuh caunting gan lién.\*  
An brídeach a Banaba bãgan do léach,  
Ó rianuiv a tailiv fuer ceanas ban Dé,  
'S mara nfnshir go tapuig cár lauir am ghãr,  
Gur gairid mo hãl le hàtuirshi 't feg.
- 3 'S do chiúlys coesh Éirni, coesh Léini, coesh Ly,  
Coesh Maingi, coesh Brídeach, gus às son don Teaur,  
An Ruachdach, an Chlaealach, Néili [? an Éili] 'gus a Tníom,  
A Ghídeach, an Úini, an Vehi 'gus a Leauin,  
Gur gheys go Gleaun Chárhan [? Chárhig] na sáir-ear nár ghaun,  
Mar ar vial fwairshag fwáillhach mná 'gus a glaun:  
A tuerishc ná a deaurav ní reáinig liúm aun:  
'Gus hidí do hláinti ó reáiníomuir aun.
- 4 'S do chiúlys coesh Inish, coesh imeal Cnocán [? Cnuic Áini],  
'S níor stadas den stáir shin go Dunucha Dí,  
Cíl Iúird, Cíl Wiri, Cúfl Doiri [? Cíl Dara], Cúfl Áha,  
Cíl Cuingi, Cíl Áirni, 'gus Cuilean Í Chuív:  
Am chuarduiv ní stadas go Daingean na glíar,  
'S a tuerishc úd ní eaca chun gur casag mi aníar,  
Gur buealag mi sa chahir mar a stadach a tiàn,  
Gur úadui shí an bár ó Chaitilín Tríal.

#### TRANSLATION.

- 1 *Furze Hill* is not the name of this place,  
But fair *Mountain Place*, where the sun rises,  
Where grow the holly, the hazel, the rowan,  
And the beautiful slim rod that neither bends nor bows:

\* Or: "blasta gan shciàn."

The nobles of Ireland hunt there on horseback,\*  
And bring down the red deer ;† and they spent some time fishing ;\*  
Many of their friends [were] in high estate from of old,  
And among them walked the fair young damsel.

2 (?)

3 I walked by the Erne, the *Léin*,‡ the Lee,  
The Maine, the Bride, and thence to Tara,  
The Roughy, the Clydagh, the Feale and the Sneem,  
The Gaddy,|| the Inny, the Behy and the Laune,  
Till I came to Glencar of the generous nobles,  
Where women and their children are hospitable and welcoming ;  
No sight or news of her could I get there ;  
And here's to your health, since we have arrived there.

4 And I walked by Inch, and round about Knockainy,  
And did not stop on that journey till I reached Donaghadee ;  
By Kilworth, Kilmurray, Kildare, Killaha,  
Kilkenny, Killarney, and Cullen :  
In my search I did not stop till I came to Dingle of the poets,  
And found no trace of her till I came back from the West,  
And arrived in the city where she used to stay.  
Oh, she has won the prize from Kathleen Tyrrell.§

*Cf.* the tune with No. 70 and its allied airs in this *Journal*. The second verse is perhaps the most obscure passage in the whole of this Collection. It seems, however, to show how the quest began. The narrator comes to a place by the Lee and hears a wonderful voice, and vows he will die if he cannot find its owner. This belongs to a common type of Irish song, relating a journey and mentioning as many place-names as possible. In *An Lóchrann* (September, 1917) is a song, to a related tune in nine verses (whereof four consist almost entirely of names of places) called "Caitlín Triall." The name "Mountain Place" does not occur. The following are the close correspondences between the Ballyvourney and Lóchrann versions: B. I. = L. I lines—1-4 and VII lines 5-8. B. II—is not represented in L. B. III = L. III. B. IV = L. II. It is not stated where the Lóchrann version was recovered, but a note contains the interesting information that it took three experts

\* In the text, the ends of these lines are transposed, so that the Irish nobles are credited with fishing on horseback.

† Reading "rúa-vuic." The text means "red badgers."

‡ There is a small stream called "Léin" flowing from the n.w. side of Torc Mountain into the Muckross Lake, Killarney: but probably the Léin here referred to is some better known river.

|| Or "Gaddugh." But this river (w. of Loch Lein) is called by Windele (*Notices of the City of Cork, etc.*, 1839, p. 358) "Giddagh," which corresponds to the form in the text.

§ For Caitlín Triall and a poem to her, see *The Poems of Carolan* (Irish Texts Society, 1916) pp. 251 and 331.—A. M. F.

to edit the words. From this copy I have taken variant readings, as shown in the Irish text. I am indebted to Mr. D. J. O'Sullivan for valuable help in identifying and locating some of the small towns and rivers in Co. Kerry. The Erne, Tara, Donaghadee, Kildare and Killarney are the well-known places of those names. The Lee is the Cork Lee. The Bride is also in Cork. The other rivers in verse 3, and Glencar, are in Kerry. Verse 3: Inch is at the inner end of Dingle Bay (Co. Kerry), near the mouths of the Maine and Laune. Knockainy is in Limerick. Kilworth, Kilmurphy and Cullen are in Cork. Killaha is in Kerry, near Kenmare, but on the other side of the water.—A. M. F.

## 79.—BÍMISH IG ÓL.

[LET US BE DRINKING.]

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

*Quick.*

Trán - hóí - nín fóir er leat - tuív a reóid Shea do ghear - cas an óig - vean  
wó - va - rach gheas, 'S blas - ta 's is cóir do la - vuir i beól: "Téi - gig ag ól a - gus  
díol - had - sa às." A - gus bí - mish ag ól, ag ól, ag ól, *poco rit.*  
Bí - mish ig ól 's a pó - ga na man, Bí - mish ag ól, .. . . . 's a  
*a tempo.*  
ring - ci do cheól, Is nách í - ving a gnó vch á bó - ga gan tart!

- 2 Vía cräv-ul glan cóir er äñ-dah an óir\*  
'Na hlád léi go feór go dréimireach cas†  
A cäl-wala chóir‡ eria héadan gan smól  
D' úig shéiv-ir fí vrón 'gus a nän-vruid go lag.  
Agus bímish ig ól, etc.

\* Agus do b' é shin briàg, agus do ví shí chó duv le sméar.

† Ní rev ach blúirín dá grueg casda.

‡ Níor v' ä vriàg é shin, go deyn.

- 3 VÍ 'clán-dearc a gló mar vránacha 'r nóin,  
 Mar ghréin ghil an óir mar a héidean shí teas,  
 I déid viochuir chóir 'na béal milish óg,  
 Is le héifeacht har meón shea léan shí geach stáir.\*  
 Agus bímísh ig ól, etc.
- 4 'S ba chosvuil a cló lesh an aingir desh óg  
 Ceanggalag óg lesh a dréan-ar, 'shé Dailc,  
 Le neart drufachda 'gus ceóig gur àharuig a cló,  
 Is gur imig fí vrón go dí 'n Éing sar er stad.  
 Agus bímísh ig ól, etc.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On an autumn evening, by the roadside,  
 I spied a lady-like, pretty young woman ;  
 She spoke in fluent and correct language :  
 " Come and drink, and I will pay for it."  
*Refrain* : And let us be drinking, drinking, drinking,  
 Let us be drinking and kissing the women,  
 Let us be drinking and dancing to music,  
 And oh, how delightful to kiss them and not be thirsty !
- 2 Her bright, branching hair was of the very colour of gold (*and that was a lie—she was as black as a blackberry*),  
 Falling in masses to the ground, twisted and curly (*only a little bit of her hair was curly*),  
 Her slender, neat brow (*that was no lie, certainly*) on her faultless forehead  
 Had left many a fine man sorrowful and oppressed with longing.
- 3 Her wanton eye was as round as evening dewdrops,  
 Or as the bright, golden sun when it breathes forth its heat ;  
 She had lovely, regular teeth in her sweet, youthful mouth ;  
 And excellently does she read every kind of book (*she certainly was good at reading*).
- 4 In looks she was like the pretty young maid  
 Who was married in her youth to the mighty Tailc,  
 Who changed her appearance by magic and mist,  
 And came at last sorrowing to the Fiann.

This song, modelled on an older one, was made about 1875 by a certain John Murphy, to a woman called Hannah Creedon, who was housekeeper at the Ballyvourney hotel. Miss O'Donoghue inserted her comments, exactly as I have given them in the translation, on the day when I took down the song from her.—A. M. F.

For variants of this tune, with the same refrain-title, see *Petrie*, Nos. 1063, 1064. *Petrie*, No. 1065, to a different title, has considerable likeness also.—L. E. B.

Tailc mac Treoin (v. 4) is a character in an Ossianic lay.—R. F.

\* VÍ shí go mah chun léa lesh, go deyn.

## 80.—ER MWAIDIN ER DRÚCHT.

[WALKING IN THE DEWY MORNING.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 160.$

Er mwai-din er drúcht is m: shúl go pras, Shea gheár - ca - sa  
 chúm an chúí - lion deas; Do ghruí - deas a - nún go dlúh lem  
 hearc, 'S i shé lau - ir shí liúm :... "Ní fiú ghoet stad."

### TRANSLATION.

One morning as I was walking fast over the dew,  
 I saw a pretty maid coming towards me :  
 I stepped close up to my love,  
 But she said to me " You need not stop."

This is one of the many songs which Mr. Cochlan used to know, but had "lost" before I knew him. By good luck, he remembered the first verse, so I was able to take the tune down. To the same tune or a close variant thereof he used to sing snatches of a song about "Lady Wig."\* A good copy of "Er Maidin er drúcht," in nine verses, with a tune unrelated to Mr. Cochlan's, is given in *An Lóchrann* (March, 1910); and a set of six verses on the same theme, but differing much verbally, is in the *Gaelic Journal* (Vol. x, p. 618). The ballad is a dialogue between a girl and her returned lover, she not recognising him. The "story" is similar to that of the English "Fair Phoebe," "Young and Single Sailor," etc.; but there is no mention of the man being a sailor and no token is introduced. See also the tune in *Petrie* (No. 1143) to a title ("Dé bheatha-sa ad Shláinte," etc.) which suggests that it belongs to these words.—A. M. F.

Cf. tune No. 11, "Loch Lein," in this Collection, and see the notes appended. *Joyce* (1909), No. 105, "An Cailín deas ruadh," has points of likeness. The tune is very uncommon and beautiful.—L. E. B.

\* Had this song anything to do with "Wig" used by the Irish of the eighteenth century as synonymous with "Whig?" See the notes on the air "Leather the Wig" with the chorus ending "Will you come plankum, perriwig" (i.e. "thrash the Wig = Whig") in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th series, p. 93).—ED.

This tune has a slight likeness to "The Sailing Trade" in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* referred to in *Journal* (Vol. ii, p. 294). "The Sailing Trade" is the air to which the ballad of "Sally Salisbury," known to Goldsmith, was directed to be sung. Christie says "My love was lost in the *Ramillies*" was also sung to that air.

—A. G. G.

## 81.—FAHA VREA AERACH A CHEÓIL.

[THE FAIR, MERRY, MUSICAL LAWN.]

*Slow.*  $\text{♩} = 96.$  L.P. SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

Mo... hlán er fa - d(a) chun mná 'gus fear san áit sho mór -  
 - tín - pal, Ó á - - gan shé an gár - ha go Ly, Is mo  
 L.P.  
 hlán chun na hái - tí ná fi - cim i..... ná - chor, Is mo  
 hlán chun a méid..... úd sa chuíl; Mo hlán chun na  
 L.P.  
 haun gan..... caum, gan fi - lí, Is mo hlán chun na Baun - dan, is mó  
 leau - ir - vreae in - ti, Is mo hlán..... chun a teaum - pui - lín úd,  
 Árd na..... Cil cí, 'S mo chiad slán..... chun geach sbér - vruing - il óg.

- 2 'S nách árd a ví an [? víon] Fébus\* nuer a héan shí chun shíoruig ! †  
 Bíon luarha 'gus suilshi 'na snó ;  
 'Gus obuir gheal na náv á ghéanav insan íhi  
 Gan stáitshi, gan vínshi, gan wórd ; ‡  
 Geach nán a hígean 'góir a gurha, bíon a beacuí sgarha aun,  
 Agus duíl go vicid frídi fioca trésh a druish a húert aun.  
 Locht batuí croishi réabaha brishtihi, is róí-vreá rihid sdaunc  
 Er faha vreáhín|| aerach a cheóil.
- 3 'S a rí ghil na ngrás ngeal, túir slán shing ón méid sho,  
 Ó reánymuir i téacht sheal sa waul—  
 Rás er geach árd-chnuc is mná líng go téadach  
 Gan fwáilhi, gan féili, ná greaun :  
 Ní statuimíd 'en sdáir shin go clár geal na Múan,  
 Mar a laurach na mná líng, 'gus gáiríd le foun,  
 Cead shíni shíos lem cháirdi guíl nuer a hráchtuim sa tíuíl  
 Er faha vreáhín|| aerach a cheóil.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 My best greetings to women and men in all this district  
 From the Gaortha to the Lee ;  
 Greetings to the place that I am not seeing at all,  
 And greetings to all in the churchyard ; §  
 Greetings to the river without turn or twist,  
 Greetings to the Bandon, with its many long trout,  
 Greetings to that little church, Ardna . . . (?),  
 And greetings to each beautiful young maid
- 2 How high Phoebus\*\* [shines there] when she is growing round !  
 Brightness and light are in her face :  
 [There, too, is] the fair work of the saints, that was built at night,  
 Without scaffold or beam or line ;  
 All who come there to be buried have their sins remitted ;  
 And blind folk can see to catch a maggot after making their round there ;  
 Men break and smash their crutches, and run a fine race  
 On the beautiful, merry, musical lawn.
- 3 O fair King of the fair Graces, save me—  
 Since once I reached that spot—  
 From straining over the high hills, and from scolding, violent women,  
 Unwelcoming, ungenerous, unsociable :  
 I will go at once to the fair plain of Munster,  
 Where the women will talk with me, and laugh heartily,  
 And let me lie with my kith and kin when I . . . †† (?),  
 On the beautiful, merry, musical lawn.

\* "Ishé shin an ghealach." † "Coyicís na gealúí."

‡ Or : ". . . . . a déanag san íhi,  
 Gan stáitshi, gan bíoma, gan dró."

|| Or : "Vreá."

§ Reading "chíl" for "chuíl."

\*\* Gloss : "that's the moon." Printed copies have "Venus."

†† The copy in *Fuinín na Smól* here reads "go bráth insan úir," i.e. "for ever in the earth."

—A. M. F.

The time of this song would seem to be 4-4, although only eleven bars were so rendered by the singer. Since it is necessary, in restoring this form, to take account of the words, I have ventured on a re-arrangement in common time, which I append. The variant words to verse 2, lines 3 and 4, are from Mr. Cochlan, who explained "dró" as a line stretched horizontally to keep the building of a wall straight. It would therefore seem to be the word "dorugha." A related tune, to similar words (five verses), is in *Fuinne na Smól* (Pt. v, p. 16). In the *Gaelic Journal* (Vol. xii, p. 21) there is another copy also in five verses, orally collected in Bandon, or rather, contributed from memory by an inhabitant of that town. From his accompanying letter we may translate: "I do not know who composed this song; but it is said to have been made for a little sacred tower which is in the churchyard of Kinneigh,\* about nine miles from Bandon. The local tradition is, that the angels built this tower by night; and no one knows what height it might have been; but a certain woman saw the work in progress, whereupon it was stopped."—A. M. F.

This is a variant of the tune best known to collectors of Anglo-Irish songs† as "The poor Irish Stranger." For two versions in triple time (one plain and the other highly ornamented), noted by me in County Waterford, see "The lovely sweet Banks of the Bride," *Journal* (Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 6). A Sussex version in common time, noted by me, is "The Poor Irish Stranger" (*ibid.*, p. 10). See the very full references to printed variants given in that *Journal* and also in *Journal* (Vol. v, p. 50), where "The Irish Stranger," noted by Mr. C. Sharp, is in triple time. The majority of variants are in common time; some, however, show a tendency to mixed rhythms. Shield introduced the air as "Sleep on" in his opera "The Poor Soldier" (1783).—L. E. B.

### SONG NO. 81.

SUGGESTED READING, IN COMMON TIME THROUGHOUT.

Mo..... hlán er fad chun mná 'gus fear san áit... sho mór-hím-pal, Ó  
 á - - gan shé 'n gár - ha go Ly, Is mo hlán..... chun na

\* A little to the n.w. of Ballyneen, which is on the Bandon river.

† *i.e.* Songs sung by Irish to English words.

hái - tí ná fí - cim i ná - chor, Is mo hlán chun a  
méid..... úd sa chuil; Mo hlán..... chun na haun gan.....  
caum ná fí - lí, Is mo hlán..... chun na Baun - dan, is mó  
leau - ir - vreach in - tí, Is mo hlán..... chun a teaum - pui - lín úd,  
Ard na... Cuil - ci, 'S mo chiad slán chun gach sbér - vruing - il óg.

## 82.—EYLÍN A RIÚIN.

[EILEEN A ROON.]

(No 4th.)  $\text{♩} = 96.$  SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

Do cheól - hing féin na gau - na leat, Ey - lín, a riúin, Do  
cheól - hing féin na gau - na leat, Ey - lín, a riúin, Do  
cheól - hing féin na gau - na leat, Shíar fé - sna gleau - ta leat,  
D'ún veh a gleau - nas leat, Ey - lín, a riúin.

TRANSLATION.

Oh, I would drive the calves with you. *Eileen, darling* (bis).  
 Oh, I would drive the calves with you,  
 Westwards through the glens with you,  
 Hoping to be married to you, *Eileen, darling*.

An interesting and uncommon tune to this title, related to Miss Barrett's and to the usual form, is in *Fuinn na Smól* (Pt. v, p. 18). Different sets of words, and metrical translations, are in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, Second Series, p. 172, and Joyce's *Irish Music and Song* (p. 6). In both of these books the usual story of the composition of the original song is related. Miss Barrett's verse does not appear in either. It is therefore to be regretted that I could obtain no more words from her; for another verse would have shown whether the lines printed above are part of a lost version or a rather amusing instance of variation, thus:

} Do cheól-hing féin na gau-na leat  
 for } Do chuill-hing féin i gó-nui leat, etc.

As to the air, the controversy about its Irish or Scottish origin might become profitable if the disputant musicians would apply themselves to the discovery of the finest *folk* version.—A. M. F.

An ornate and conventionalised "harp-version" with historical notes on the song is in *Bunting* (1840), as "Ellen a Roone." Cf. *Petrie*, No. 814, "It is to fair England I'm willing to go." Hardiman in *Irish Minstrelsy* (Vol. i, pp. 210, 264, 328, 356) gives older and newer Irish texts with translations. In his voluminous notes he quite solemnly assigns a thirteenth-century origin to this piece, supporting his opinion by means of arguments which ought long ago to have been allowed to rest in oblivion. Profuse and very valuable notes on the history of the song are in Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, under "Erin! The Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes," together with three eighteenth-century printed versions of the air.\* Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, also F. O' Neill's *Irish Folk-Music* (pp. 164-168) and *Irish Minstrels and Musicians* (p. 61), supply shorter notes, and the reader may by all these be guided to the chief sources of information about the song.—L. E. B.

This tune has probably been pentatonic, originally. Miss Abbey Barrett's version has no fourth degree, and a Munster form quoted by Dr. J. C. Culwick in his lecture on "Ancient Irish Melody" has no seventh.—A. G. G.

\* In Part ix of the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society* (1911) is an article, reprinted from the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*, in which the author, Mr. W. B. Reynolds, gives his views on the origin of "Aileen Aroon," and disagrees with some of Mr. Moffat's.—L. E. B.

## 83.—SNUÍM A GHRÁ.

[THE TRUE-LOVERS' KNOT.]

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

“Is mo ghrá go... léir..... tu, a - gus Dé do vea - ha chúm! Mo  
ghrá..... do.... húi - li, a - gus t' i - à - dan lea - han geal, Mo  
ghrá..... do..... chrúf, nár smúingg er w' a - ha - rach, Mo  
ghrá,... v'ear óg, 's i - shé mo vrón vè scar - ha leat!”

- 2 “ Níl id ghrá-sa ach mar a vèach mám 'en tneachta 'mù,  
Nú cùr lae Márta, chahach caishi ghe,  
Nú puish den guhig do ghruím na fwaruigi,  
Nú tuili hlé vèach trésh lae fearhana ! ”
- 3 “ 'S cá veacuísh mo ghrá-sa ná mo fáirt le t' aharach ?  
Ná dul ig ól léo er wórd go ceanasach ?  
Mar nár smúinggeas am chrúf ná 'm aigini  
Luí 'na glúid, agus gan tú vè ceanguilhi. ”
- 4 “ 'S go deyn, a wianuig, níor smúinggeas masla ghoit,  
Ná tú vrè liúm gan cead ód wanharluin,  
Dáv gan aúrus gur veár lium àgum tu  
Ná 'n dá asbal diàg, 'gus ná mwär an anama. ”
- 5 “ Glaeg er Ghía go dían chun t' anama,  
'S er i mwayidean Náfa, 'shí céili is feara ghoit,  
'Shí húrhig sár tu lá ghärha an anama ;  
Shiän mo ghrá-sa 'gus mo fáirt 'n aid a wairha tu ! ”
- 6 “ Ní hiänhad do ghrá-sa ná do fáirt 'n aid a wairhi mé,  
Ná go ceauin shàcht blén trésh dul 'on talav dom ;  
Mar níor hín do chiéli riav fós er leabuig leat,  
'S go deyn, nuer a hínhig, shínhad-sa eadaruiv ! ”
- 7 “ 'S nách grána an fuah é, trésh múarán ceauuish doit,  
Cuir v' ir pósa go deó deó a naruid lium,  
Truid 's a cyscar, a brufan 's ig acharan,  
'S gan tú-sa beó 'gum chun mo shciäl doit aihirish ! ”

TRANSLATION.

- 1 " I love you wholly, and God's blessing be upon you !\*  
I love your eyes, and your open, bright forehead,  
I love your heart, that never thought of anyone but me,  
My beloved young man ; alas, that we are parted ! "
- 2 " Your love is no more than a handful of snow,  
Or the spray cast by a waterfall on a March day,  
Or a puff of wind on the surface of the sea,  
Or a mountain torrent after a day of rain ! "
- 3 " And when have you seen me show love or fondness for any but you ?  
Or sit drinking with them affectionately at table ?  
For I never desired or fancied  
Their company, though I was not bound to you. "
- 4 " Truly, my darling, I did not mean to insult you,  
Or to carry you off without your mother's leave—  
Although in truth I would rather possess you  
Than the twelve Apostles or the Guardian of the soul. "
- 5 " Pray to God earnestly for your soul,  
And to the blessed Virgin—she is the best spouse for you;  
She it is who will save you on the day when souls are judged :  
Renounce my love and affection as long as you live. "
- 6 " I will never renounce your love and affection as long as I live,  
Nor for seven years after I am laid in the earth ;  
For your husband has never yet lain in bed with you,  
And truly, when he does, I will lie between you ! "
- 7 " What hateful wickedness, after all [my] fondness for you,  
To set my husband at enmity with me for ever,  
Quarrelling, scolding and abusing me,  
When I shall not have you alive to tell my troubles to ! "

The title means "The Knot of Love." I asked Miss O'Donoghue why the song had that name, and this is the translation of her answer, as near as I can recollect it, verbally : " A man was promised to a woman, and he had to go away for a certain time, and she was to wait for him. At the end of that time her parents married her to another man. Just after the marriage, when the people were at dinner, he came back ; and they spoke to each other as the song says. Then he went out, and not long afterwards he died. She asked permission to go to his wake, and she got permission. When she entered the room the body turned and looked towards her ; and when she bent over him the soul fell out of her mouth. The man I got the song from had seen their graves, side by side, and a bush growing out of each, with their branches interlaced. That is why the song is called 'The Truelovers' Knot.' " A Kerry version of this tale (printed in *Fáinne an Lae*, February 8th, 1919)

\* Literally, " God be your life ! " This is the common phrase of welcome in Irish

says that the girl's parents married her to a rich man, her lover being poor. The rich fiancé knew nothing of the girl's love for another man. When the poor man heard that his sweetheart was to be married, "the weakness of death came upon him, and he lay down to wait for the parting of his soul and body. Well, the engaged couple were married one morning, and that same morning the young woman was told that her best beloved was on his death-bed. So she said to her husband 'Oh,' said she, 'a great friend of mine is very sick to-day, and I should like to go and see him.' 'Very well,' said he, "go along," thinking it was a good sign in his wife, to be going to see a sick person on the very day of her marriage. She went to the house where the sick man lay, and went up to the bed and threw herself on her knees, and looked lovingly at him, speaking as follows :

[Here follows the dialogue in verse.]

For he had died while she was saying this last verse. Then she lay down by his side and died too. The neighbours said they ought to be buried in one grave ; but when her husband heard the whole story he would not agree to this. Indeed, he buried his wife as far away from the body of her lover as was possible in that churchyard. But soon two trees sprung up, one out of his grave and one out of hers. They grew upwards and bent towards each other, till there came five fingers, as it were, on the top of each tree, and these fingers interlocked. They remained like that until a priest came and felled the trees." This version has seven verses, corresponding closely to Miss O'Donoghue's, and in the same order. Another version of the poem (with no prose narrative attached) is printed in *Misneach* (January 2nd, 1920). It is here called "Laoi an Ghrádh Dhílis," *i.e.* the Ballad of Faithful Love, and begins with a verse which means :

If my love were in the middle of your heart,  
As yours is in mine, though death is destroying me,  
You would come to me over moors and heathery uplands,  
And lovingly kiss me once or twice.

Then follow verses corresponding to our verses 2-7, and lastly a verse corresponding to our verse 1. With regard to the localisation of this tradition, the following note sent to me by Mr. D. J. O'Sullivan, may be of interest :

"So far as the Gaelic version of this legend goes, I am able to localise it in Kerry, where it is associated with the Church of Kilnanare (Cill na n-eun, 'Church of the Birds'), near Firies. This church, now a ruin, is one of the oldest in Ireland, being probably contemporaneous with the more famous foundations at Inisfallen and Aghadoe, and so forms a suitable spot for such a legend. The story follows familiar lines, but for some reason (possibly suicide) the young man was buried, not within the churchyard, but immediately outside it, so that the graves of the 'true lovers' were separated by a fence. However, two white thorn trees grew out of their graves,

and, meeting over the fence, joined so as to form one tree. Although the spot is still pointed out, the 'true lovers' knot' is gone, as the farmer in whose land the man's grave was said to be, one MacAonghusa by name (*anglice* Mannix), cut down the tree within the recollection of my grandfather. The people say that as a reward for his temerity he became lame, and that the curse pursues his family. Certainly, the feet of his son and grandson are not all they might be, but whether this will continue 'even to the seventh generation' remains to be seen!"—A. M. F.

I cannot trace this interesting tune. *Petrie*, No. 1103, "the True Love Knot," has no likeness. The opening phrase has a good deal in common with that of *Petrie*, No. 806.—L. E. B.

### 84.—WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a tempo marking of quarter note = 88. The lyrics are: "Oh, where are you going, my pret - ty lit - tle gir - rul O?" The second staff continues: "Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty lit - tle dame?" The third staff: "I am going milk - ing, kind sir" she an - swered me, *molto rit.* The fourth staff: "I am going milk - ing, kind... sir" she..... say'd. The fifth staff is labeled "Variant." and "Last line." and contains the lyrics: "I am going milk - ing, kind sir" she..... say'd.

- 2 "Who is your father, my pretty little girl O?  
 Who is your father, my pretty little dame?"  
 "My father is a carman, kind sir," she answered me,  
 "My father is a carman, kind sir," she say'd.

- 3 "Who is your mother?"  
 "She is a wife to my father."  
 4 "Where is your house?"  
 "It stands on the ground."

*Cf.* tunes No. 1 and No. 75 in this Collection and tune No. 1524 in *Petrie*.—L. E. B.

*Cf.* Mr. Baring Gould's Cornish tune "Where be going" ("Kan Kerniw") in *Songs of Four Nations*.—A. G. G.

"I never had many English songs," said Mr. Cochlan, "for I was at work too early, and I never had time for any ballets; and I left school too early." This was spoken with no tinge of regret, and rightly so; for it would be difficult to find an old man happier, healthier, or more active in mind and body than my chief contributor. In any case it is highly probable that if he had had more "ballets" and English and so-called education in boyhood he would not have possessed, in old age, those accomplishments which made his help so valuable in compiling this book of songs. I feel bound in gratitude to say a little here about his share in the work; but as I drew my knowledge of the neighbourhood, its people and traditions and local speech, primarily from him, merely supplementing it from others, adequate acknowledgment is impossible. When I had taken down a little more than half of those songs of his which are printed above, he announced that he had no more; and I began to visit other singers. But I still went to see him every morning, to obtain information which might throw light on the various material I was collecting; and it must have been at the beginning of this stage in our relations that people began to talk about us, and to make jocular inquiries as to how the work was going on. They thought it quite natural (apparently) that I should wish to get songs from a noted singer; but that I should go daily to his house to study struck them as eccentric. One morning immediately after I entered his kitchen he said, "Do you know that I went into the village yesterday? And before I got there, just as I was passing the gate of the man with two cows, a man met me, and he said 'Conny, is it not a most remarkable thing that a man should come here from England and go to school with you?' He did, on my honour!" This and similar incidents impressed him a good deal; and whereas before he had been hospitable and obliging but somewhat bored with my attention to detail, he now took a godfatherly interest in the work; and we collaborated as truly as ever any two men. I read over to him every copy of words which I took down from other singers; and he always had plenty of remarks to make about them, especially if they were noted from young people. But whatever their source might be, it generally happened that he had at one time known or partly known the songs, and my reading would at once prompt his memory, which, though he fancied it dead, was only dormant. His natural accuracy and familiarity with the poetical language give great value to his textual variants, as is amply shown above. I only recorded, as a rule, those of his variants which were memories, not

suggestions. But his ear distinguishes defective rhythm or assonance at once, and I had several proofs that his knowledge and understanding are wide enough to make him a good judge, according to the accepted standards, of an eighteenth century poem previously unknown to him. One instance may be mentioned. On arriving at his house in the morning I told him that I had got a fine long poem the afternoon before, from a certain young woman. He told me to be sensible, and not talk like that. "How *can* she have it right? They have English in the house, and her father speaks English always." I said "Just listen," and read him the eighty lines. He broke in twice during the reading, each time proposing the alteration of one syllable, and in both places he was undoubtedly right; and at the end he said: "Well, all I have to say about that is, that it is very good." I then told him that the verses were the work of a well-known poet, and he said "Of course"—meaning that they were quite good enough to be by him. Every few days, during our weeks of working together, he would say "I have another song" or "I have remembered that verse"; or sometimes I would hear him singing something very softly, and say: "Conny, you have not given me that." "But I have lost it!" "Well, I will take those words you are saying." So I would get another song, or a tune with fragmentary words, and the number of items noted from him gradually increased until at the end it had kept pace with those recorded from all other singers added together. He was most interested in the collection of songs, and more than once advised me to "put them into the press and make a book of them, for fear they should be lost." (At the time I hardly suspected any more than he that the Folk-Song Society would enable me to do this.) When my last days in the country arrived he talked with great pleasure of the amount I had recovered. He delighted in the fact that I had filled seven books with music and five with words, and declared that we had done a great work. "There are not," he said, "any two men in Ireland who could do what you and I have done this *f6r* (August to October). For even if you found a man who knew as many songs as I know, his voice\* would break if he sang so much. And for you to be able to write down the words and the voice\* exactly as we sing them—and you not brought up in Irish!" Friends meeting him on the road would say: "Conny, you will never remember all those songs again." "What do I care," he would answer, "so long as this man has them written down in his book?" The people I was living with and their numerous circle (who all manifested a lively interest in my quest) were amused at my industry and astonished at the result. But they told me that I had a mere remnant of the songs of the neighbourhood. "For the Irish is gone, and the old people are gone, and the songs are gone. If you had come here twenty years ago, *then* you would have got some songs!" "But twenty years ago I had not heard of Irish." "Of course you hadn't."—A. M. F.

\* The Irish words here are not the same. The first means the physiological voice, and the second the sound of a voice.

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## ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1920.

(1). The Committee of the Folk-Song Society are pleased to be able to report another successful year of work. There are many signs that the pioneer work of the Society has borne, and is bearing, good fruit. Several of its members are still engaged in collecting songs, or editing their collections. Lectures on Folk-Song are being given all over the country, and an ever-increasing number of people go to hear them and take a further interest in the subject. The Society has still a large number of songs awaiting publication, but, owing to the greatly increased cost of printing, the size of the *Journals* must necessarily be somewhat smaller; the Committee, however, hope that the present members will continue their financial support and thus further the objects of the Society.

(2). The Society has unfortunately to deplore the loss through death of one of its most valued members, Mr. Foxtan Ferguson, whose lectures on the subjects of Folk-Song and Folk-Lore gave pleasure to so many people, and who was particularly successful, by this means, in stimulating interest in the subject among boys at Public Schools. He was also the founder of The Folk-Song Quartette.

(3). There has been a satisfactory increase of members during the year, among the latest to join the Society being the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. The number on the Register stands at 250.

(4). The Society has during this year been able to publish the second portion of Mr. Martin Freeman's fine collection of Irish Songs from Munster. The third and concluding portion of this collection is now in preparation for the press and will be in the hands of members some time during the ensuing year. This will complete one of the most interesting and valuable collections of Irish Folk-Song which have yet appeared.

(5). Mr. Frederick Keel, who has held the office of Hon. Sec. since 1911, and has acted as Editor for a considerable part of that time, finds it necessary, owing to pressure of other work, to resign the post. The Members of the Committee take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Keel for his long and valuable services and

especially for extending them during the past twelve months in circumstances of great difficulty. In so doing they feel confident that they are voicing the sentiments of the whole Society. The Committee have been fortunate enough to secure a successor in the person of Mr. I. A. Williams, one of the most enthusiastic members of the Society.

(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: Mr. Clive Carey, Mr. Martin Freeman, Mr. Walter Ford, Mr. Frederick Keel and Mr. Cecil Sharp.

(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.

The Society offer grateful thanks to the donors of the following books:—

CURRENT NUMBERS OF :

Schweizerisches Archiv für Volkskunde.

Irish Folk-Song Society.

Welsh Folk-Song Society.

Bureau of American Ethnology.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

LUCY E. BROADWOOD,

*Chairman*

19, BERNERS STREET,  
LONDON, W.,

*12th March, 1921.*

## THE FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

### *Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for the year ended 31st December, 1920.*

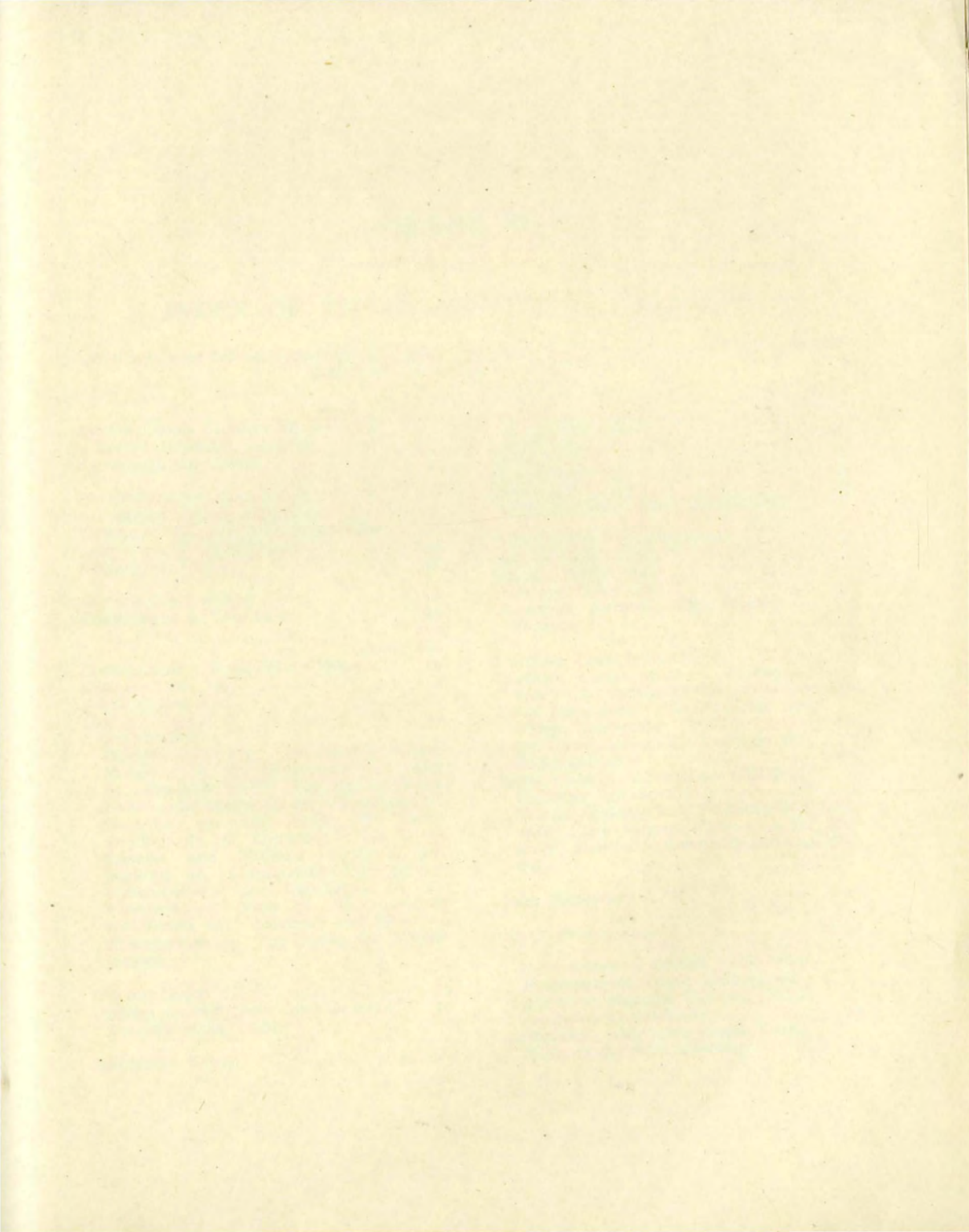
1920.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	1920.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Cash at Bank :							Dec. 31.	By Printing of Journals,						
	Current Account	214	17	4					etc. ...	190	13	6			
	Deposit Account	65	0	0					Secretarial Expenses	10	0	0			
					279	17	4		Sundry Expenses, 1916-						
Dec. 31.	Subscriptions :								1919, per Miss						
	Arrears ...	10	10	0					Broadwood ...	4	2	11			
	Current Year ...	99	15	0					Petty Cash ...	6	2	1			
	In advance ...	4	4	0					Income Tax ...	0	12	0			
					114	9	0		Bank Charges on						
	Sale of Journals ...				19	3	7		Country Cheques	0	2	1			
	Bank Interest ...				3	1	4						211	12	7
	Hon. Secretary :								Cash at Bank :						
	Petty Cash over-								Current Account ...	141	0	9			
	spent ...				1	2	1		Deposit Account ...	65	0	0			
													206	0	9
					£417	13	4						£417	13	4

I have examined the above Account with the Books and Vouchers and certify that in my opinion the same is a correct account according to my information and the explanations given to me.

WM. H. STENTIFORD, Chartered Secretary,  
Honorary Auditor.

1, Broad Street Place, London, E.C. 2.

1st March, 1921.





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