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VOL. I.

SUNG BY
MR. JOHN MCCORMACK

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS



Edited, arranged,

AND FOR THE MOST PART COLLECTED

✦ BY ✦

HERBERT HUGHES.

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PREFACE

SEVERAL thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the *beurla*, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree
And rob a wild bird's nest,
And back I'd bring whatever I do find
To the arms that I love best,
—She said,
To the arms that I love best

or this:

There's not a gown will go on my back, or a comb will go in my hair,
And neither flame nor candle light shine in my chamber fair;
Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland are between my love and me

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad-writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been

that many very beautiful airs have been set by modern versifiers to words of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected in favour of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgement of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rimes for unrimed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the Border, or from purely English sources. To-day, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish ballad that has been familiar in every farm kitchen from Dunluce to Skibereen for generations.

It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby

decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical Plain Song has never had sufficient vogue or influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. To any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the internal history of the Irish people this does not come as a surprise, and to those who have listened to the music of the Gael in its proper environment it has always been self-evident. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could dream of. So-called "quarter-tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurphy or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French school, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

This question, then, of untempered scales is not new; it is as old as the sun and the moon and the stars. Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in Western Europe, and that even in her decadence she has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk-music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk-music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to our modern tempered scale and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly

as they were sung or played. I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system of alleged modes, for I feel that to do so is to pin one down to a period, to a date almost. We do not know the date of any of these melodies, and to harmonize them according to the text-books of the schools would simply make them resemble very bad Anglican hymn-tunes of 1830. The accompaniments are intended to represent improvisations rather than a defined and permanent harmonic code; each was written thus as it appealed to me at one particular moment. I should probably have quite a different scheme for each one to-morrow if I were to re-write them.

To my wife, to Sir Charles Stanford, and to Mr. Plunket Greene, I wish to express here my indebtedness for many valuable suggestions; and my thanks are especially due to my old nurse, Ellen Boylan, from whom I obtained some of the most beautiful melodies in this book.

HERBERT HUGHES.

London, 1909.

NOTE

IN this volume there are only two poems that are translated from the original Gaelic—those entitled “My love, oh she is my love” and “I wish I had the shepherd’s lamb.” I give here part of the original poem of which Dr. Hyde has made a metrical translation in “The Love Songs of Connacht.” There are ten verses altogether, but I have only set five to the tune in this book.

AN SEARC 'GÁ DÍULTUŠAD

Mo ghrád, ón 'rí mo ghrád
 An bean ir mó díor 'g am' érad,
 Ir annra í ó m' déanadh tinn
 Ná an bean do m' déanadh plán.

'Sí mo ród, ón 'rí mo ród,
 bean an roirg uaitne mar an ród,
 bean nac g-cuirfead lám pá m'-ceann
 bean nac luirfead liom ar ór.

Mór mo éar, ón mór mo éar
 Ir iongrád fad go brágam bá,
 bean nac díúbrad taob liom
 Dar mo mionn ir í mo ghrád.

'S í mo mian, ón 'rí mo mian,
 bean ir annra liom faoi 'n ngréim,
 an bean nac g-cuirfead orm binn
 Dá fuirpinn le na taeb.

'Sí do éradais mo éroide
 Ár d'fágbuis orna am' lár
 Muna dtógfar an t-olc ro óm'éroide
 Ní déir mé go deo plán.

Dr. Hyde's translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. He gives it also literally as follows, including the verses I have left out:

My love, oh! she is my love, The woman who is most for destroying me; Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be making me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey (?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (*i.e.*, me) nothing; A woman

who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears. She is my shape, Oh, she is my shape, A woman who does not remember me to be out, A woman who would not cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle. Great my case, Oh! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my love! She is my choice, Oh! she is my choice, The woman who would not look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me, And who is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh! great my grief, At the great disrespect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of my life. She is my desire, Oh! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

In reference to the phrase "She is my shape," Dr. Hyde gives a note in which he suggests that the word *cpu̇t*, which he has translated as "shape," may have been intended for *cpȯt*, meaning riches or cattle. He goes on to say that an old meaning of *cpu̇t* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. The poet may have meant to say "She is my riches." The word generally means "shape," which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of beauty.

The other song, "I wish I had the shepherd's lamb," is pretty well known all over Ireland, both in Irish and English. The late George Petrie took down two verses from a peasant in the county of Clare, and Dr. Joyce, whose version I have set to the music, has added one stanza (the second) to those given by Dr. Petrie.

Ar tpuas san peata'n maoin aghum
 Ar tpuas san peata'n maoin aghum
 Ar tpuas san peata'n maoin aghum
 'Sna caoine beaga bána.

Chorus

Ir ó goirim, goirim tú
 Ir gnaó mo chroidhe san ceile tú
 Ir ó goirim, goirim tú
 'S tú peata beag do mátaí.

Ar tpuas san maoinín bán aghum
 Ar tpuas san maoinín bán aghum
 Ar tpuas san maoinín bán aghum
 Ar fáilté ó mo gnaó geal.

Ar tpuas san bólaót bainne aghum
 Ar tpuas san bólaót bainne aghum
 Ar tpuas san bólaót bainne aghum
 Ar Cáitín o na mátaí.

Dr. Joyce gives the following translation of the chorus:

And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee
 And the love of my heart without deceit thou art,
 And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee,
 And thou art the little pet of thy mother.

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TO MY SON
PATRICK CAIRNS HUGHES
I DEDICATE

This Volume of our National Melodies.

The verdant braes of Skreen.

1

From an old Ballad.

COUNTY DERRY

Andante.

VOICE. *mf* "Oh, I'll not sit on the

PIANO. *mf*

grass," she said, "Nor be a love of... thine, For... I

hear you love a..... Con - nact maid, And your heart is no lon-ger

mine," she said, "And your heart is no lon-ger mine."

"Oh I'll not heed what an old man says Whose

mf

days are well nigh done, And I'll not heed what a

young man says, For he's fair for ma-ny a one," she says, "For he's

cresc.

fair for..... ma - ny a one." "Oh

dim. *p* *cres.* *con feroore.*

I will climb a..... high, high... tree And

rob a wild bird's nest, And.... back I'll bring what.

ev-er I do find To the arms that I love best," she said, "To the

arms that.... I..... love best.....

* Reynardine.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

Donegal version.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p non legato.

If by chance you look for me Per -

p

- haps you'll not me find, For I'll be in my

* In the locality where I obtained this fragment Reynardine is known as the name of a faery that changes into the shape of a fox.—Ed.

cas - - tle, En - - quire for Rey - nard - -

- ine. Sun and dark I fol - lowed him, His

eyes did bright - ly shine; He took me o'er the

mount - ains, Did my sweet Rey - nard - ine.

dim. *pp* *rall.*

dim. e rall.

If by chance you look for me Per - haps you'll not me

pp

find, For I'll be in my cas - - tle, En -

- quire for Rey - nard - ine...

pp

Red. *

The Weaver's Daughter.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

It was on a charm - ing fine sum - mers' wea - ther, When eve - ry

** (galumphing.)*

flow - er brought a plea - sant scene, When my love he came with his hat and

fea - ther Un - to the town..... of sweet Nor - een.

* An Ulsterism.

It's "Mod-est Nan - cy, ob - lige my

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "It's 'Mod-est Nan - cy, ob - lige my" are written below the vocal line.

fan - cy, And I'll buy you — a bright chain of gold."

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked with a forte (ff) dynamic. The lyrics "fan - cy, And I'll buy you — a bright chain of gold." are written below the vocal line.

I.....would not spoil my good rep - u - ta - tion For all the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has a long note followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics "I.....would not spoil my good rep - u - ta - tion For all the" are written below the vocal line.

gold..... you have in store, For they are but heart - less that e'er would

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern. The lyrics "gold..... you have in store, For they are but heart - less that e'er would" are written below the vocal line.

ven ture To fix their minds..... on gold I'm sure *pp leggiero.*

Slower.
Oh! she is my *p colla voce.*

fan - cy, her name is Nan - cy, The wea - vers' daugh - ter of sweet Nor -

- een..... *a tempo dim.* *pp*

When thro' life unblest we rove.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

OLD AIR.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

When thro' life un - blest we rove,

p

Los - ing all that..... made life dear,

Should some notes we..... used to love.... In.....

days.... of..... boy - - hood meet our ears,

Oh, how wel - come breathes the..... strain,

pp

Wa - king thoughts, that..... long have slept,

Kind - ling for - mer.... smiles a - gain..... In

cres.

fad ed..... eyes..... that long have wept.

dim.

Mu - sic, oh how...

pp

faint, how faint, Lan - guage fades be -

- fore thy spell, Why should feel - ing:....

ev - er speak When thou canst breathe her sou so well.

allargando.

a tempo.

Friend - ships balm - y words may.... feign,

a tempo.

Loves are een more false than they;

Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain..... Can

(pp)

sweet - ly..... soothe..... and not be - tray.

colla voce.

mf

The next market day.

Fragment of Tyrone Ballad, adapted.

ULSTER MELODY.

Allegro vivace.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

A maid goin' to Comber her markets to larn, To sell for her

mf

R. 6116.

mammy three hanks o' fine yarn, She met with a young man a - long the high -

- way Which caused this young dam-sel to dal - ly and stray.

Sit ye be - side me, I mean ye no harm,

Sit ye be - side me this new tune to larn, Here is three guin - eas your

mammy to pay, - So lay by your yarn till the next mar - ket day.

pp

They sat down to - ge - ther, the

f *pp*

grass it was green, And the day was the fair - est that ev - er was

seen, Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could

sit by your side till the next mar - ket day.

This young maid went home and the words that he said And the

air that he played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go

find him by land or by sea Till he larns me that tune called The

next mar-ket day.

My love, oh, she is my love.

Words by
DOUGLAS HYDE.
(From the Irish.)

SOUTH IRISH.

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf sempre legato.

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell Which haunts me more than

p

I can tell, More dear be_cause she makes me ill..... Than

who would will to make me well. She is my store, oh,

she my store, Whose grey eyes wound - ed me so sore, Who

will not place in mine her palm, Who will not calm me

a - ny more. Too hard my case, too

hard my case, How have I lived so

long a space And she to trust me ne - ver - more. Though

I a - dore her si - lent face Shes my de - sire, oh, my de - sire, More

cresc. *f*

glo - rious than the bright suns fire, Who were than wind - blown

ice more cold..... Were I so bold as to sit by her.....

mf *dim.*

pp (with mock pathos)

Oh, she it is hath

pp molto legato.

stole my heart And left a void and ach - ing smart, And

if she soft - en not her eye..... Then life and I..... in

colla voce.

pain must part.....

pp

I know where I'm goin'.

OLD SONG.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

Moderato. *Wistfully.*

VOICE. *I know where I'm*

PIANO.

or *go-in', she said, And*

go-in', And I know who's go-in' with me, I know who I

love But the dear knows who. I'll mar-ry!*

I have stockings of silk, Shoes of finegreen lea-ther,

*Dearksnows: the Ulster equivalent of "Goodness knows."

Combs to buckle my hair, And a ring for eve-ry fin-ger.

Some say he's black,* But I say he's bon-ny, The

fair-est of them all My... hand-some, win-some Johnny.

Feather beds are soft, And painted rooms are bon-ny, But

I would leave them all To... go with my love John-ny.

Pensively.

I know where I'm

cresc. *dim:* *p*

or
go-in', she said; And

go-in',..... And I know who's go-in' with me, I know who I

colla voce.

love,..... But the dear knows who I'll marry!

p

Slow by the shadows.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

legato.

Slow by the... sha - dows of dark Gleann - a' -

- righ, The... King's Narrow Wa - ter chants out to..... the

sea, And... wreath'd in..... its..... flow - ing My... love with it.....

goes To... Feen - agh of... Oak - woods and Dree - nan... of

Sloes. There hang the... grey hills And

green woods a - dream, 'Twixt hea - ven's soft... eye And the

heart of... the stream; And hid in their si - lence My...

love makes her... bower In... both - y of... sloe boughs And

wild tan - sy flower. Up - where grey

Dree - nan Looks out to the... morn In... dark - ness lies...

Eith - ne That true "heart of corn." At... Feen - agh I...

wooded her For well nigh a... year, At... Feen - agh I...

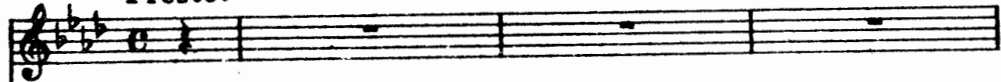
won her Low laid on... the bier. *rall.* *pp*

The Little Rose of Gartan.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Presto.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 



con spirito

As I came o'er the Glash-y head I spied a lit-tle

mf 

peas-ant maid: She tripp'd the heath as light as..... down T'wards



plea_sant Kil_ma - cren_an town. Her hair was swarth, her... eye was blue And

brighter than the morn_ing dew; Her cheek a bunch of brown_ing sloes, Her

mouth a..... bud_ding bram_ble rose. To

see so fair and free a child A - foot up - on the mountain wild, It...

leggiere

was a joy, a ve - ry... joy, And O I... wished my - self a boy. She

was the fai - ry... flow'r and pride Of all that highland Gar - tan side; And

peas - ant po - ets called her... so, - The Lit - tle Rose in... like to blow.

cresc.

On, on she danced as... light as down T'wards

dim. *mf*

pleasant Kil-ma-cren-an town, And while she danced she sang a... song That

lin-gered in my mem-'ry long. I mind it yet tho' nine good year It

is since I was fish-ing there, And spied that lit-tle peas-ant maid A-

-bove the bab-bling Glash-y head.

A Ballynure Ballad.

Fragment of an old Ballad.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

Allegro gioioso. (M M $\text{♩} = 138.$)

VOICE.

(In strict time throughout.)

PIANO.

fifth day of No-vem-ber, With a ma-ring-doo-a-day, With a ma-

-ring-a-doo-a-dad-dy oh..... As

I was go-in' a-long the road when homeward I..... was walk-ing,..... I

heard a wee lad be-hind a ditch-a To his wee lass was talk-ing, With a ma-

ring - doo - a - day, With a ma - ring - a - doo - a - dad - dy, oh!.....

Said the wee lad to the wee lass "It's will ye

let..... me kiss ye, For it's I have got the cor - dial eye.... that

ben marcato

far exceeds the whis - key,' With a ma - ring - doo - a - day, With a ma -

- ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy, oh!..... This

cor-dial that ye talk a-bout there's ve-ry few.... o' them gets it,.... For there's

no - thin' now but crook - ed combs and muslin gowns can catch it. With a ma-

- ring - doo - a-day, With a ma-ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy oh!.....

pp As I was go-in' a-long the road as home-ward

f *pp*

I..... was walk-in' I.... heard a wee lad behind a ditch a To

his wee lass was talk - in' With a ma-ring - doo - a - day, With a ma -

- ring - a - doo - a - dad - dy oh!.....

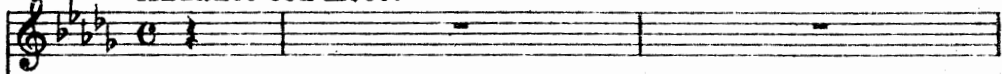
pp

Down by the Sally Gardens.

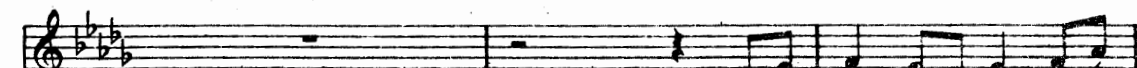
Words by
W. B. YEATS.

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore"

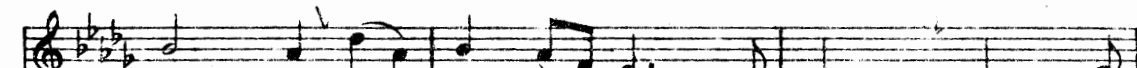
Andante con moto.

VOICE. 

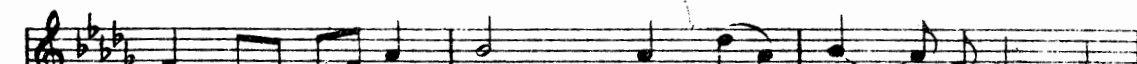
PIANO  *p sempre legato e delicatissimo*
with Res.


Down by the... Sal - ly.....




gar - dens My... love and.. I did meet, She.....




passed the... Sal - ly gar - dens With lit - tle snow-white



feet. She bid me... take love ea - - sy, As the

leaves grow on... the tree, But..... I be-ing young and

fool - ish With her did... not a - gree.

In a field..... by the...

riv - - er My... love and.... I did

stand, And..... on my... lean_ing shou_ - der She

placed her... snow - white hand; She bid me... take life

ea - sy, As the grass grows on.... the... weirs, But.....

I was young and.... fool - ish And now am.... full of

tears.....

The Bonny Wee Mare.

(A ballad of a horse-race.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Presto. *(In a rollicking manner.)*

VOICE. *In strict time throughout.* (1.) It

PIANO. *f*

bein' on the eighth of Oc - to - ber last, When ra - ces was o - ver and
(2.) this wee boy.... got on its back They filled to him.... a

mar - kets past, I'd a bon - ny wee mare, a nice race mare,
glass of sack, Saying "Come, my boy,.... don't let her go off,

A bon - ny wee din wi' two split ears, Wi' my
But hold her in with a live - ly swing, Wi' my

tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee.
tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee"

(2.) When
(3.) The first three miles that
(4.) "How can that be?" the

we rode on My bon-ny wee din... she lie be-hind, Which
wee boy cries, "That my... wee mare would win no prize. Here's

makes those sportsmen shout and say: "Here's"
fif-ty pound my un-cle gave me, I'll

fif - ty pounds on the live - ly bay, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
hold it on..... ye, pur - ty Bes.sie, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri

fa la la la fi tid.dy - i - dee.....
fa la la la fi tid.dy - i - dee".....

(5.) The next three miles that we rode on, My

bonny wee din... she lie be - hind, Which makes her mas - ter smile and say

My..... bon-ny wee din you will

win the day, Wi my tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i

- dee." (6.) But the

ve-ry last mile... we rode that day My bon-ny wee din She

raced a-way And left the live-ly bay be-hind, Which.....

..... caused those sportsmen to change their mind, Wi' my tid-dy ri tid-dy ri

fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee.

(7.) It's now this wee din has won the race, She'll stay no lon-ger

in this place, She has won as much money this ve - ry day As.....

..... 'll help her master to clear the way, Wi' my tiddy ri tiddy ri

fa la la la fi diddy - i - dee.

senza rall.

She moved thro' the fair.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.

Adapted from an old ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO

My..... young lovesaid to me..... "My mother wont mind And my fa ther....

mf

..... wont slight you for your lack of kind"..... And she

stepp'd..... a way from me and this she did say, "It.....

will not be long, love,..... till our wedding day."

p

She..... stepp'd a way from me..... and she went thro' the

f

fair, And fondly..... I watch'd her move here and move

8 *cresc.*

there,..... And then she..... went home ward with one star a

ff *8*

wake, As the swan in the eve ning..... moves o ver the

dim.

lake..... Last..... night she came to me,.....

..... she came soft - ly in..... So..... soft - ly..... she

came that her feet made no din,..... And she laid her..... hand

on me and this she did say..... "It....." will not be long, love,.....

..... till our wed.ding day".....

You couldn't stop a lover.

(A FRAGMENT.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

PIANO. *mf*

The first system of the piano introduction features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth-note chords, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present.

The second system continues the piano introduction with similar melodic and harmonic patterns in the treble and bass staves.

You might well cause an eagle to come down from his nest, But you

The third system begins with the vocal melody. The lyrics 'You might well cause an eagle to come down from his nest, But you' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff.

couldn't stop a lov-er for hell come... night and day, He'll come night and day, and he'll

The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'couldn't stop a lov-er for hell come... night and day, He'll come night and day, and he'll'. The piano accompaniment is shown in the bass staff.

come night and day, Oh you couldn't stop a lov-er for hell come back a gain.....

The fifth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics 'come night and day, Oh you couldn't stop a lov-er for hell come back a gain.....'. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff, ending with a final chord.

An Island Spinning Song.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.

INNISMURRY.

Adapted from an old ballad.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

(a poco rall.)

Allegro.

One came be-fore her and

said, be - seech - ing. "I have for - tune and

I have lands, And if you will share in the

goods of my house - hold... All my.....

treasures at your command

But

she said.... to him "The goods you.... proffer Are

p

far from my mind as the silk of the sea, The

cresc.

cresc.

arms of him, my young love, round me is

all the treasure is true for

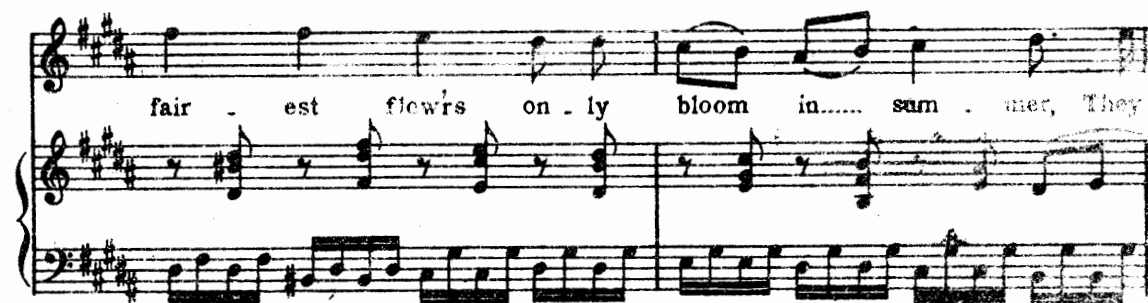
me."

dim.

"Proud you are then, proud of your beauty, But



beau - ty's a flow'r will.... soon de - cay; The



fair - est flow'rs on - ly bloom in.... sum - mer, They



bloom one.... sum - mer and fade a -

dim e poco rall.



- way."

p a tempo.



p

My heart is sad for the lit - tle flow'r That

must soon wi - ther where it grew, He.....

ff

molto cresc.

..... who has my heart in..... keep - ing I

ff

p

would he..... had my..... bo - - dy

dim.

too.

rall

en - tan - do - e -

6

dim - in - u - en - do.

pp

The Fanaid Grove.

Old Ballad
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante espressivo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

'Twas on a win - ter's ev' - - ning... When

p

first came down the snow, O'er hills and lof - ty

mount - ains... The storm - y winds did blow; A

dam - sel she came trip - ping down All in a drift of

snow, With a ba - by in her snow - white arms She

animando.
knew not...where to go. Hard heart - ed was my

fa - - ther...that shut the... door on me, And

more so was my mo - - ther For plain - ly she did

see That dark and storm - y was the night, It

pierced my heart with cold. And cru - el was that

false young man... That sold his.... love for gold.

Un -

to a qui - et grove she went And there did... she kneel down,

Turn - ing her eyes to hea - ven,.. In sor - row she made

moan, She kissed her ba - by's cold, cold lips.. And laid it by her

side, And in that si - lent Fa - naid grove in lone - ly...grief she

died.

p

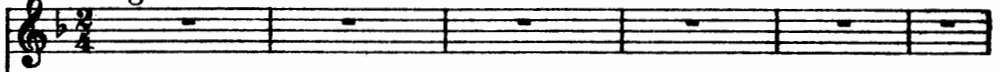
B for Barney.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Belfast Street Song.

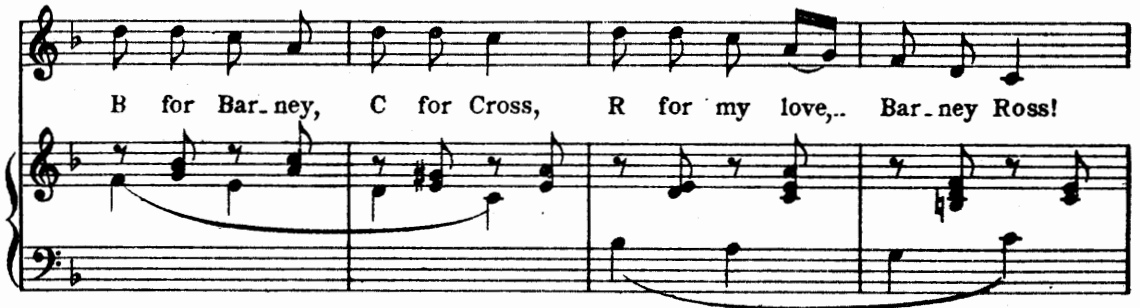
COUNTY ANTRIM.

Allegro.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

B for Bar-ney, C for Cross, R for my love, Bar-ney Ross!



All the world will never, never know The love I have for my Bar-ney O.



pp B for Bar-ney, C for Cross.....



ppp *Ad.*

The Lover's Curse.

Old Ballad.
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante maestoso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

This one and that one will court him,..... But if

e'er he gets a - ny but..... me..... Both.....

dai - ly and... hour - ly I'll curse them..... That

stole love - ly..... Ja - mie from me.....

dim. *p*

poco animando.

Far in the.....

mp (legato)

land of the stran - ger,..... Six... hun - dred long

cres.

miles o'er the..... sea,..... To.....

molto cresc.

ff

fight in the... low - lands of Hol - land.....

ff

..... They stole love - - ly..... Ja - mie from.....

dim. *e rall.*

me.....

mf

pp sostenuto.

Sad - ness and.....

pp

weep - ing are on me..... For the lad that is

o - ver the..... sea,..... But,.... dai - ly and

cresc. poco stringendo. ff a tempo

hour - ly I'll curse them..... That stole love - ly.....

dim.

Ja - mie from me.....

dim. p mf

I wish I had the shepherd's lamb.

Words by permission from
Joyce's "Irish Music & Song."
(Translated by P. W. Joyce.)

The Glens of Antrim.

VOICE. In reel time. (*Vivace.*)

PIANO. *mf*

I..... wish I had the shepherd's lamb, the

p ben marcato.

shep_herd's lamb, the shep_herd's lamb, I wish I had the shepherd's lamb and

Ka - tey com - ing af - ter. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss

gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig. hoo. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto

pah - ta bèg do wau - her. I.....

wish I had the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, I

pp

wish I had the yel - low cow, And wel - come from my dar - ling. Iss

pp

o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss gra - ma - chreegon kel - lig hoo, Iss

o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto pah - ta beg do wau - her.

ppp

I..... wish I had a herd of kine, a

herd of kine, a herd of kine, I wish I had a herd of kine And

Ka - tey from her fa - ther! Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss

gra - ma - chreegon kel - lig hoo, Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto

pp

pah.ta beg do wau - her.

mf

Must I go bound?

Fragment of an old Song.

COUNTY DERRY.

Andante.

VOICE. *p* Must I go bound and

PIANO. *p*

you go free? Must I love the lass that wouldnt love me? Was

eer I taught so poor a wit As to love the lass would

break my heart? I..... put my fin - ger to the bush To

pluck the fair - est rose, I pricked my fin - ger

to the bone, But ah! I..... left the rose be - hind. So must

I go bound and you go free? Must I love the lass that

pp

wouldn't love me? Was e'er I..... taught so poor a wit As to

love the lass would break my heart?

I know my love.

* Old Song.

WEST IRISH.

Allegretto. (To be sung without pauses.)

VOICE. "I..... know my

PIANO. (without expression)

love by his way o' walk-in, And I know my love by his way o'

talk-in, And I know my lovedrest in a suit o' blue, And if my love

leaves me what will I do-o-o? "And still she cried "I love him the

* In Galway and Clare this song was sometimes sung in alternate verses of Irish and English, but I have been unable to obtain the Irish words. The version here given forms part of the song as it is known in Limerick.—Ed.

best, And a trou.bled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she

cried "bonny boys are few, And if my love leaves me what will I

do - o - o?..... There..... is a

dance house in Ma - ra dyke,..... And there my true love goes eve - ry

night,..... He takes a strange one up - on his knee, And don't you

think now that vex - es me - e - e? And still she cried "I love him the

best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she

cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do - o - o?..... If..... my love

knew I could wash and wring,..... If my love knew I could weave and

spin,..... 'Id make a coat all of the fi - nest kind, But the want of

mo - ney, sure, laves me be - hind"..... And still she cried "I love him the

best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she

cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do - o - o?.....

The Gartan Mother's Lullaby.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

legato.

Sleep, O babe, for the

red bee-hums The si-lent twi-lights' fall. Re-val from the

Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall..... A lyan van o, my

child, my joy, My love and heart's de-sire..... The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante.' The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The voice part is on a single staff, and the piano part is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble, often using arpeggiated chords. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice line and a piano line. The lyrics are in English, with an Irish version provided for the first two lines: 'A lyan van o, my child, my joy, My love and heart's desire..... The'.

crick - ets sing you lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.....

Dusk is drawn, and the

pp

Ped.

Green Man's thorn Is wreathed in rings of fog; Shee - vra sails his

boat till morn Up - on the star - ry bog..... A lyan van o, the

cres.

s

pa - ly moon Hath brimmd her cusp in dew..... And

dim.

weeps to hear the sad sleep - tune I sing, O love to

you.....

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's

fall. Ee - val from the Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in

thrall..... A lyan van o, my child, my joy, My

love and heart's de - sire,..... The crick - ets sing you

lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.

pp

JUST ISSUED

ELIZABETHAN LOVE-SONGS

EDITED AND ARRANGED, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS
COMPOSED, OR ADAPTED FROM THE LUTE TABLATURE, BY

FREDERICK KEEL

FIRST VOLUME

MEDIUM VOICE

WORDS BY

As Flora slept	<i>John Hilton</i>
Come again	<i>John Dowland</i>
Come, Phillis	<i>Thomas Ford</i>
Deare, if you change	<i>John Dowland</i>
Dear though your mind	<i>William Corkine</i>
Diaphenia	<i>Francis Pilkington</i>
Fain would I change that note	<i>Tobias Hume</i>
Faire, sweet, cruell	<i>Thomas Ford</i>
Fine knacks for ladies	<i>John Dowland</i>
Flow not so fast ye fountaines	<i>John Dowland</i>
Go to bed sweet Muse	<i>Robert Jones</i>
Here she her sacred bower adornes	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
If I urge my kind desires	<i>Philip Rosseter</i>
If she forsake me	<i>Philip Rosseter</i>
On a time	<i>John Attey</i>

WORDS BY

Phillis was a faire maide	<i>Giles Earle's M S.</i>
Shaded with olive trees	<i>Thomas Greaves</i>
Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee?	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Shepherd in a shade, A	<i>John Dowland</i>
Sleepe, sleepe	<i>Giles Earle's M S.</i>
Sweet Cupid, ripen her desire	<i>William Corkine</i>
Sweet Kate	<i>Robert Jones</i>
Sweet nymph, come to thy lover	<i>Thomas Morley</i>
There is a garden in her face	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Underneath a cypress tree	<i>Francis Pilkington</i>
What if I seek for love	<i>Robert Jones</i>
When Laura smiles	<i>Philip Rosseter</i>
When lo! by breake of morning	<i>Thomas Morley</i>
Why dost thou turn away?	<i>Giles Earle's M S.</i>
Woeful heart with grief oppressed	<i>John Dowland</i>

SECOND VOLUME

PUBLISHED FOR LOW AND HIGH VOICE

Away with these self-loving lads	<i>John Dowland</i>
Beauty is but a painted hell	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Break now, my heart, and die	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Come away	<i>John Dowland</i>
Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Downe-a-downe	<i>F Pilkington</i>
Every dame affects good fame	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Farewell, unkind farewell	<i>John Dowland</i>
Flora' wilt thou torment me?	<i>Thomas Morley</i>
Her rosie cheeks	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
If there be any one	<i>John Bartlet</i>
I heard of late	<i>John Bartlet</i>
Now, O now, I needs must part	<i>John Dowland</i>
O deare, that I with thee might live	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Oft have I sigh for him	<i>Thomas Campion</i>

Peaceful westerne winde, The	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Pretty, pretty duckie, A	<i>John Bartlet</i>
Shall a smile or a guileful glance?	<i>William Corkine</i>
Shall I Sue, shall I seek for grace?	<i>John Dowland</i>
Sorrow, sorrow, stay	<i>John Dowland</i>
Stay, Time, awhile thy flying	<i>John Dowland</i>
Sweet was the Song	<i>John Attey</i>
Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the air	<i>Thomas Campion</i>
Weep you no more, sad fountaines	<i>John Dowland</i>
What if I never speede?	<i>John Dowland</i>
What if I speede	<i>Robert Jones</i>
What thing is love	<i>John Bartlet</i>
When from my love I lookte	<i>John Bartlet</i>
Whither runneth my Sweetheart	<i>John Bartlet</i>
Who doth behold my Mistress' face	<i>John Bartlet</i>

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VOL. II.

SUNG BY
MR. JOHN MCCORMACK

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS



Edited, arranged,

AND FOR THE MOST PART COLLECTED

✦ BY ✦

HERBERT HUGHES.

PRICE \$1.50

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IRISH COUNTRY SONGS.

VOL. II.

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PREFACE TO VOL. II.

IN this volume all the tunes are traditional, with the possible exception of "The Cork Leg," and the words of most are to be found on broadsheets. Nevertheless, I feel some explanation of the contents is necessary.

It is not pretended that the ballads or the tunes are now published for the first time. At least half of them, in one form or another, have appeared before, if not actually in the version given here; but the greater number will be new to those living outside the comparatively small circle of people who know much of Irish folk music. It may be that the lovely tunes of "Norah O'Neale," "The Light of the Moon," and "Cruckhaun Finn," are new even to that charmed circle. For each of those three tunes, as well as "A good roarin' fire," and the superb version of "The Lowlands of Holland," I am indebted to my old nurse, Ellen Boylan, who has lived in my father's house for thirty-five years; from her, also, I learned "The Next Market Day," "I know where I'm going," "A Ballynure Ballad," and "Must I go bound?" which appeared in the first volume.

As far as possible the words of the ballads are given here precisely as they were recorded. Where I have made any slight adaptation I have done so for reasons set forth in the preface to the first volume, which reasons are surely justified in a book of this kind.

It requires the eloquence of no professional essayist to point out the deep human feeling, the simple pathos, the wise humour of some of these ballads, for their wonderful qualities are self-evident. Most ballads are human (if not historical) documents, and the story told so straightforwardly in "Skibbereen," for example, certainly falls into that category. Curiously enough in outline and in one or two details it resembles an actual incident recorded by a friend of mine in Kerry less than forty years ago, though there could be no connection between the two stories. Of the fragment "Da Luain, da mairt" there is a legend to the effect that once upon a time a poor old hunchback overheard the faeries singing inside a rath in some lonely part of Ireland. The phrase he heard was simply that of "Da Luain, da mairt; da Luain, da mairt" repeated many times. Being something of an artist after the manner of Hans Sachs, and dissatisfied with the incompleteness of the melody, he added—very softly to himself—"agus da Caideen" in the form I have given here. The faeries, being quick of hearing and naturally good musical critics, were delighted and promptly removed his hump. There are variants of this tale to be read in old books, and I have a dim recollection of an ancient Beckmesser who so distorted the phrasing of the little song that he received one or two humps as punishment for his jealousy of our Hans Sachs.

"The Bonny Bunch of Roses" is a curious relic of the allegorical style of ballad. The version printed here comes from Dungannon in the County of Tyrone—a difficult song to sing, but very characteristic; it is best sung without any break in rhythm. England, of course, is the "Bonny Bunch of Roses," and the ballad itself is of English origin.

HERBERT HUGHES.

Chelsea, February, 1915.

PREFACE TO VOL. I

SEVERAL thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the *beurla*, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree
And rob a wild bird's nest,
And back I'd bring whatever I do find
To the arms that I love best,
—She said,
To the arms that I love best,

or this:

There's not a gown will go on my back, or a comb will go in my hair,
And neither flame nor candle light shine in my chamber fair;
Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland are between my love and me,

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad-writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been that many very beautiful airs have been set by modern versifiers to words (in English) of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected

in favour of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgment of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rimes for unrimed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the border, or from purely English sources. To-day, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish Ballad that has been familiar in every farm kitchen from Dunluce to Skibbereen for generations.

It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical Plain Song has never had sufficient vogue or

influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could wish. So-called "quarter tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurry or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French School, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in Western Europe, and that even in her decadence she has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk-music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk-music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to our modern tempered scale, and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly as they were sung or played, I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system of alleged modes, for I feel that to do so is to pin one down to a period, to a date almost. The accompaniments are intended to represent improvisations rather than a defined and permanent harmonic code; each was written thus as it appealed to me at one particular moment. I should probably have quite a different scheme for each one to-morrow if I were to re-write them.

HERBERT HUGHES.

London, 1909.

The Bard of Armagh.

Traditional.

COUNTY TYRONE.

Largo ma non troppo. M.M. ♩ = 52.

VOICE.

Sempre legato

PIANO.

mf

O..... list to the strains of a

p

poor I - rish har - per, And scorn not the

strings from his poor with - er'd hand, Re - mem - ber his

fin - gers could once move more sharp - er To raise up the

mem'-ry.... of his dear na - tive land.

P. & meno *cresc.*

(♩ = 120) *alzando*

"At fair or at

f

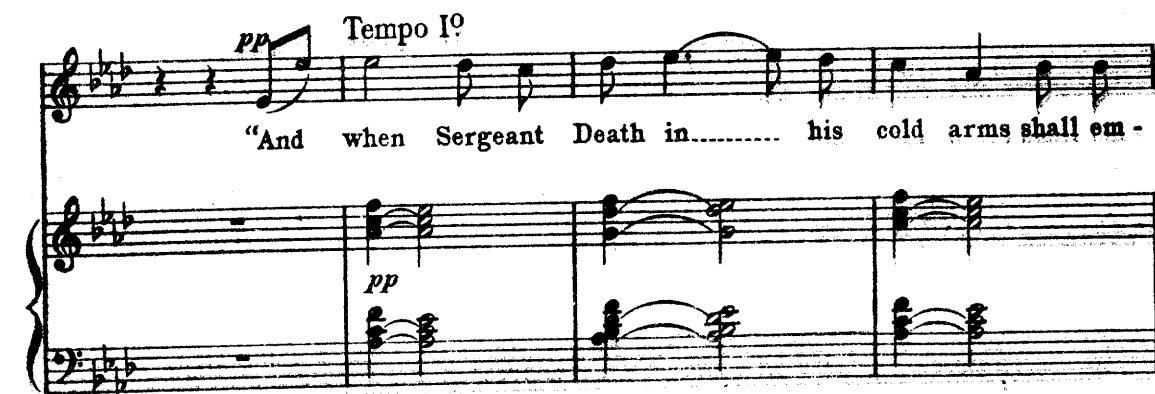
wake I could twist my shil - le - lagh, Or trip... thro' the

accelerando
jig with my brogues bound with straw, And... all... the pret-ty

maids..... in the vil - lage and val - ley Lov'd their bold Phe - lim

Allegro. (♩ = 138.)
Bia - dy,..... the Bard of Ar - magh."

allargando *ff*



-brace me, Lo' lull..... me to sleep with sweet "Er - in - go -

-bragh;" By the side..... of my Kath-leen, my... young wife, oh...

place... me, Then for - get Phe-lim Bra - dy,..... the Bard of Ar -

- magh.".....

ppp

Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

Traditional.

COUNTY ARMAGH.

Allegro ma non troppo. M.M. $\text{♩} : 80$

VOICE.

PIANO.

A musical score for a voice and piano piece. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of one flat (B-flat), and 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a brace on the left. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The right hand of the piano has a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes and half notes, often beamed together. The score is divided into four measures.

One morn-ing fair as Phoebus bright his ra-diant charms dis -

When Flor-a in her ver-dant garb the fra-grant plains ar-

-ray'd, As I did rove through - out each grove, no

care did me as - sail, When a pair I spied by a

riv - er side in Dob-bin's Flow - ery Vale.

As I sat down them to be - hold be -

-neath a spread - ing tree The lim - pid streams that

gent - ly roll'd con - vey'd these words to me: "Fare - well, sweet maid" the

youth he said, "for now I must set sail, I'll.....

cresc.

bid a-dieu to sweet Ar-magh and Dob-bin's Flow-ery Vale."

p

"For-

-bear those thoughtsand cru-el words that wound a bleed-ing heart, For

is it true that we're met here, a-las, so soon to part? Must

I a-lone here sigh and moan, to none my grief re-

-veal, But here la-ment my cause to vent in Dob-bin's Flow-ery

Vale?" "Un-

poco mosso.

mf

(♩ = 92.)

-will-ing I am to part with you, no lon-ger I can stay, For.....

poco mosso

cresc.

Love and Free-dom cry "Pur-sue," those words I must o-bey In

for - eign lands where Free-dom smiles, or..... by the earth con -

cresc.

- ceal'd I..... will come home no..... more to roam from

ff

Adagio.

Dob - bin's Flow - ery Vale."

pp

7

Tempo I?

It's..... mu - tual love to - - ge - ther drew both

p

Tempo I?

in a kind em - brace, While tears like ro - sy

drops of dew did tric - kle down her face. She

strove in vain him to..... de - tain, but while she did be -

-wail He..... bid a - dieu and I with-drew from Dob-bin's Flow-ery

Vale. *Tempo Iº*
pp

Senza rall.
ppp

Monday, Tuesday.

(Da Luain, da Mairt.)

Traditional.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES.

Larghetto. M. M. ♩ = 60

VOICE.

PIANO.

Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day,
Da lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt, Da

sempre legato.

Mon - - - day, Tues - day and Wens - - - day,.....
Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da Caid - - - een Da

Mon - - day, Tues - day, Mon - - day, Tues - day,
Lu - ain da Mairt da Lu - ain da Mairt, da

Mon - - day, Tues - day and Wens - - - - day.
Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da Caid - - - - een.

Da

Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day and
Lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da

Wens - - - - day.....
Caid - - - - een.....

pp

Red. *

The Airy Bachelor.

Traditional.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Allegro con brio. M.M. $\text{♩} = 116$.

VOICE. *Come all you air - y*

PIANO. *f*

bach - e - lers, a warn - ing take by me, Give o - ver your nights'

ramb - ling and shun bad com - pan - y. I.....

lived as hap - py as a prince whilst I lived in the north, But the

p

first of my mis - for - tunes was to 'list in the Light Horse.

It... been on a cer - tain Thurs - day to

Gal - a - way I did go, I... met with a... small of - fi - cer which

proves my o - ver - throw, - I... met with Ser - geant Dick - i - son in the

mar-ket just goin' down; He says "Young man, would you en-list and

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics "mar-ket just goin' down; He says 'Young man, would you en-list and". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a more static bass line in the left hand.

be a Light Dra - gown?" "Oh...

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with "be a Light Dra - gown?" and ends with a long note followed by "Oh...". The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with eighth notes and a steady bass line.

no, kind Sir, a sol-dier's coat with me would not a - gree, Nor

p scherzando

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line contains the lyrics "no, kind Sir, a sol-dier's coat with me would not a - gree, Nor". The piano accompaniment is marked *p scherzando* and features a playful, rhythmic pattern in the right hand.

neith - er will I bind my-self up from my lib - er - ty; I....

non legato

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line contains the lyrics "neith - er will I bind my-self up from my lib - er - ty; I....". The piano accompaniment is marked *non legato* and features a more active right hand with eighth notes and a steady bass line.

lived as hap - py as a prince, my mind does tell me so, Good

p

ev' - ning, Sir, I'm just goin' down my shut-tle for to throw."

"It's are you in a hur - ry, or

p scherzando

are you goin' a - way? Oh, won't you stop and lis - ten to these

words I'm goin' to say? It's do you live far off this place, the

same I want to know,- Your name, kind Sir, if you be pleased, tell

me be - fore you go." "Oh, it's

I am in a hur - ry, my dwell - ing lies far off, My

p *sempre legato*

home and hab - it - a - tion lies six miles be - low Ar - magh; It's...

Char-les Hig-gin is my name, from Car-low Town I... came, I...

ne'er in-tend to do...the crime I would deny my name."

He says "Now cousin Char-ly, per-

-haps you might do worse To... bid fare-well to your

coun-try, boy, And 'list in the Light Horse." "With

all kinds of.... per - sua - sion with him I did a - gree, I.....

bid fare - well to my com - rade boys to fight for Lib - er -

-ty." "Fare - well un - to my

fa - ther, like - wise my sis - ters three, And like-wise to my

ten. *poco allargando*

mo-ther, her kind face I ne'er will see. As I'll ride down thro'

cresc.

a tempo

Car - low Town..... they'll all run in my mind, And

thrice fare - well to my coun - try, boys, and the girls I left be -

ff

* -hind.".....

ff *ffz*

*This ending is traditional in the Donegal parish where the ballad was recorded.- Ed.

Kathleen O' More.

From a poem by
GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

AIR.—"Kathleen O'More."

Andante tranquillo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

pp

My love, still I think that I

see her once more, But a - las, she has left me her

loss to de - plore, - My own lit - tle Kath - leen, my

poor..... lost Kath - leen, my Kath - leen..... O'

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It begins with a half note 'poor', followed by a dotted half note 'lost', then a quarter note 'Kath', a quarter note 'leen', a half note 'my', a quarter note 'Kath', a quarter note 'leen', and ends with a half note 'O'.

More.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line consists of a whole rest followed by a half rest. The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady quarter-note bass line in the left hand.

Her hair glos-sy black,.... her

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note 'Her', a quarter note 'hair', a quarter note 'glos-sy', a quarter note 'black', and ends with a half note 'her'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous system.

eyes were dark blue, Her col - our still chang - ing, her

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note 'eyes', a quarter note 'were', a quarter note 'dark', a quarter note 'blue', a half note 'Her', a quarter note 'col -', a quarter note 'our', a quarter note 'still', a quarter note 'chang -', a quarter note 'ing', and ends with a half note 'her'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

smiles ev - er new, So pret - ty was Kath - leen, my

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are "smiles ev - er new, So pret - ty was Kath - leen, my". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part in treble clef and a left-hand part in bass clef, both in the same key signature. The right-hand part has a flowing, arpeggiated texture, while the left-hand part provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and single notes.

sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen..... O'

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen..... O'". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture as the first system, featuring arpeggiated figures in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

More.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is empty, with the word "More." written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues, maintaining the same arpeggiated texture in the right hand and steady bass line in the left hand.

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the piano accompaniment from the previous system, with the right hand playing arpeggiated figures and the left hand providing a steady harmonic base.

Cold was the night breeze that sighed round her bow'r, It....

chilled my poor Kath-leen who droop'd from that hour. I.....

ad lib.

colla voce.

lost my poor Kathleen, my own lit-tle Kath-leen,..... My

rit.

Kath - - leen O' More.....

pp

ppp

The Magpie's Nest.

A FRAGMENT.

Traditional.

DUBLIN.

Allegro gioioso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf *molto staccato*

If

I were a king..... I would make you my queen. And I'd

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is 'Allegro gioioso.' The piano part features a 'molto staccato' section marked 'mf'. The lyrics are: 'I were a king..... I would make you my queen. And I'd'.

rowl you in my ar-ums as the meadows they are green, I'd

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) starts with a half note G3 in the bass and a half note B3 in the treble, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

rowl you in my ar-ums and sit you down to rest And it's

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note D3 in the bass and a half note A3 in the treble, followed by quarter notes B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, B2.

there I'd lay you down.... in the mag - pie's nest.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note D3 in the bass and a half note A3 in the treble, followed by quarter notes B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, B2.

ff

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line is silent. The piano accompaniment begins with a half note G3 in the bass and a half note B3 in the treble, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The system concludes with a half note D3 in the bass and a half note A3 in the treble, followed by quarter notes B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, B2.

Cruckhaun Finn.

PADRAIC COLUM.

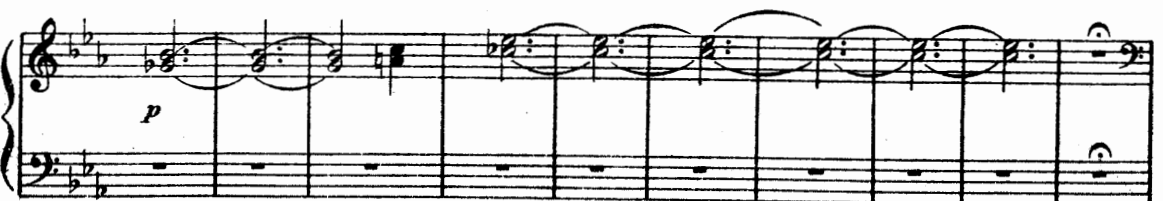
COUNTY DERRY.

Allegro appassionato. M.M. ♩ = 120.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo is Allegro appassionato, marked M.M. ♩ = 120. The score begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as triplets, sixteenth-note runs, and slurs. Dynamics change to f, mf, and accel. throughout the piece. The final system ends with a fermata over the last few notes.

* The last verse is a fragment of a traditional ballad.



Andante con moto.

"To - night you see my face

mp

This system contains the first line of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto.' and the dynamic is 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The lyrics 'To - night you see my face' are written below the vocal line.

..... May - be ne - ver more you'll

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics '..... May - be ne - ver more you'll'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

gaze On..... the man..... that

This system contains the third line of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'gaze On..... the man..... that'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

left for you his friends and kin.. ..

This system contains the fourth line of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'left for you his friends and kin.. ..'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

For by the

hard com - mand..... of the lord that rules the

land On..... a ship..... I'll be

borne from Cruck - - haun Finn".....

accel. e cresc.

Allegro come primo.

First system of the musical score, measures 1-4. The music is in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. A triplet of eighth notes appears in the right hand at measure 4. The dynamic marking *ff* (fortissimo) is placed above the piano part at measure 3.

Second system of the musical score, measures 5-8. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal part enters in measure 5 with the word "You" and features a triplet of eighth notes. At measure 8, the piano part has a triplet of eighth notes, and the vocal part has a decuplet of sixteenth notes marked with a bracket and the number 10. The dynamic marking *alzando* (crescendo) is written above the vocal staff at measure 7.

Third system of the musical score, measures 9-12. The vocal part continues with the lyrics "know your beau - ty bright Has". The piano part features a continuous eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed below the piano part at measure 9.

Fourth system of the musical score, measures 13-16. The vocal part continues with the lyrics "made him think de - light,". The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. A triplet of eighth notes appears in the piano part at measure 16. The dynamic marking *cresc.* (crescendo) is placed below the piano part at measure 14.

More than from a - - ny fair one

he will gain..... You

stringendo.

know that all his will strains and strives a - round you

f *cresc.* *m.g.* *m.d.* *m.g.* *m.d.* *ff*

till As the hawk..... up - on his

stringendo.

hand you are..... as tame.....

dim. *pesante e poco rit.*

This system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melody with a long note and a dotted line. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with many sixteenth notes in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand. Performance markings include *dim.* and *pesante e poco rit.*

Tempo I? *dim.*

This system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand has a melody with some chromaticism, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords. The marking *Tempo I?* appears above the staff, and *dim.* is written in the right hand.

p senza rall.

This system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. The right hand has a melody with some chromaticism, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords. The marking *p senza rall.* is written in the right hand.

This system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand has a melody with some chromaticism, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords.

This system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand has a melody with some chromaticism, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords.

This system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand has a melody with some chromaticism, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords.

Andante. *pp*

She then to him re - plied..... "I'll no lon - ger

pp

you de - ny, And I'll let..... you have the plea - sure

of my charms..... It's

sempre legato

poco a poco animando, ma sostenuto.

now I'll be your bride, Let what -

- ev - er will be - tide, And..... it's

cresc.

cresc.

we will lie in

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and the first system of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a dynamic marking of *f*. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, also in two flats, and begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The lyrics "we will lie in" are aligned with the vocal notes.

one an - oth - - - - - er's

This system contains the second line of the vocal melody and the second system of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a treble clef and a dynamic marking of *f*. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff. The lyrics "one an - oth - - - - - er's" are aligned with the vocal notes.

arms".....

senza rall.

This system contains the third line of the vocal melody and the third system of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a treble clef and a dynamic marking of *f*. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff. The lyrics "arms"....." are aligned with the vocal notes. The instruction *senza rall.* is written below the piano part.

mf

This system contains the fourth line of the vocal melody and the fourth system of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a treble clef and a dynamic marking of *f*. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff. The instruction *mf* is written below the piano part.

This system contains the fifth line of the vocal melody and the fifth system of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a treble clef and a dynamic marking of *f*. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff.

The Slaney Side.

Traditional.

COUNTY KERRY.

Allegro commodo. M.M. ♩ = 176.

VOICE.

PIANO.

poco staccato.

I am a rambling he - - ro and by

love I..... am be - trayed! Near to the town of

Balt - - in-glass there dwells a..... love - ly..... maid. She is

fair - er than Hy - pa - tia bright and free from earth - ly

pride,..... She's a love - ly maid and her dwell - ing place lies

near the Slan-ey side. I court- eous-ly sa -

- lu - ted her and I viewed her o'er and o'er, I

thought she was Au - ro - ra bright de - scen - ded down so

low. "No, no, kind sir, I'm a coun - try girl," she

mod - est - ly re - plied, "And I la - bour dai - ly

for my bread down by the Sla - ney side."

Her gold - - en hair in

ring - - lets rare hangs down her snow-y neck; The

kill - ing glances of her eyes would save a..... ship from

wreck. Her two brown sparkling eyes..... and her

teeth of..... i - vo-ry white Would make a man be -

-come herslave down by the Sla-ney side.

mf *cresc.*

For twelve long months we

dim. *mf* *legato.*

court - - ed till at length we did a - gree For

to ac - quaint her par - - ents and mar - ried we would

be. Till at length her cru - el fa - ther to me he proved un -

- kind, Which makes me sail a - cross the sea and leave my love be -

- hind. Fare

Poco meno mosso.

-well, my a - ged par - - ents, and to you I..... bid a -

-dieu; I'm cross-ing the o - cean main, my dear, all

tempo I?

for the sake of you; And whene - ver I re - turn a - gain I will

cresc.

make..... you my bride, And I'll rowl you in my

ar - - ums down by the Sla-ney side, And when

f

ev - er I re - turn a - gain I will make..... you my

bride, And I'll rowl you in my ar - ums down by the Sla-ney

ff *senza rall.*

side.....

ff *ffx*

Draherin-o-Machree.*

From a poem by
the Bard of Thomond.

AIR.—"Draherin-o-Machree."

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Andante con moto' and 'PIANO.' The introduction features a flowing bass line and a treble line with chords and single notes. The tempo markings include 'poco accel.' (poco accelerando), 'cresc.' (crescendo), and 'calando' (ritardando). The vocal melody enters in the fourth measure of the introduction. The lyrics are: 'I grieve when I think on the dear hap-py days of youth When all the bright dreams of this faith-less'. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment section.

poco accel.

cresc.

calando

a tempo

I grieve when I think on the dear hap-py
days of youth When all the bright dreams of this faith-less

* Little brother of my heart.

world seem'd truth, When I stray'd thro' the wood-land as gay as a

mid - sum-mer bee, And I loved as a sweetheart my Dra-her-in -

- o - Ma - chree.

f stringendo

ff con passione

pesante

poco allargando

He went to the wars when proud

dim. *staccato poco pesante* *mf*

England u - nited with France, His reg' ment was first in the

red bat-tle charge to ad - vance.....

cresc. *ff*

But when night drew its veil o'er the go - ry and

p

life - wast - ing fray,.....

cresc. *ff* *dim.*

senza rit.

Pale,..... bleed-ing and cold lay my Dra-her-in

Andante, come prima.

..o - Ma - chree.....

pp

Now I'm left..... to

weep like the sor-row-ful bird of the night; This

earth and its plea-sures no more shall af-ford..... me de-

-light. The dark nar-row grave is the on-ly sad

re- - fuge for me Since I lost my heart's darling, my

Dra-her-in - o - Ma - chree.....

p *pp* *Ad.*

I will walk with my love.

A FRAGMENT.

Traditional.

COUNTY DUBLIN.

Andante.

VOICE. *I once loved a boy and a*

PIANO. *p*

bold I-rish boy Who would come and would go at my re-quest, And this

bold I-rish boy was my pride and my joy And I

built him a bower in my breast.

But this

girl who has ta-ken my bon-ny, bon-ny boy Let her

make of him all that she can, And whe-ther he loves me or

loves me not, I will walk with my love now and then.....

The Maid with the Bonny Brown Hair.

Traditional.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Allegretto con moto, delicatamente. M.M. ♩ = 76.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Allegretto con moto, delicatamente' with a metronome marking of M.M. ♩ = 76. The piano part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is simple and folk-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic foundation. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

As I rode out ve-ry ear-ly to view the green meadows in
 Spring,..... It was down..... by the side of a riv-er I
 spied a fair maid she did sing..... I

stood in my sil - ent a - maze - ment to gaze on that crea - ture so

fair She seemed to be brighter than Ven - us the

maid with the bon - ny brown hair.

Her skin was as white as a li - ly and her

sempre molto legato

cheeks like the red rose in June Her

eyes..... they did spar-kle like dia-monds and her breath it did bear a per-

-fume..... And a dress like the bright shin-ing vel-vet was the

Jress this fair maid-en did.... wear..... And chains..... of pure

gold and bright sil-ver were twined..... round her bon-ny brown

hair..... For a

long time we court-ed to - geth-er, till at last we named the wed-ding

day..... One..... day..... we were con-ver-sing to - geth-er ve-ry

kind - ly to me she did say..... "It's

I have a - noth-er more kind-er my land and my for-tune to.....

share..... So fare - well..... to you now and for ev - er" said the

maid with the bon - ny brown hair.....

a tempo

pp rubato delicatissimo

Then

ten.

rull.

I walked down by yon har-bour I saw a ship for the proud land of

Spain They were sing - - ing and danc-ing with plea-sure, but

I had a heart full of pain As I

* The bars between the asterisks may be omitted.

saw the ship sail down the riv - er I spied my old sweet-heart so.....

fair..... Quite con - - tent..... in the

arms of a - noth - er was the maid..... with the bon - ny brown

hair.....

a tempo

pp rubato delicatissimo

ten.

Fare - well to my friends and re - la - tions per -

rall.

mf Tempo I?

-haps I will nev - er see more..... And when

I'm..... in a far dis - tant na - tion I'll

sigh for my dear na - tive shore..... When

I'm in a far dis - tant na - tion I'll sigh for my sweet-heart so....

fair..... Quite con - tent..... in the

arms of a - noth - er is the maid..... with the

bon - ny brown hair".....

pp *ppp*

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

Norah O'Neale.

Traditional.

COUNTY DERRY.

Andante sostenuto. (M.M. ♩ = 88.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

I'm lone-ly to-night, love, with-out you And my

Red.

love I can nev-er con-ceal, For they say there's a charm, love, a -

-bout you, My dar-ling sweet No-rah O' Neale. Like the

beam of the star when it's shin - ing..... Is the

glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your

voice is so sweet and be - guil - ing..... That I

love you, sweet No - rah O' Neale.....

I'm

lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you,..... And my

legato.

love I can nev - er con - ceal, For they

say there's a charm, love, a - bout you,..... My

pp

dar - ling sweet No-rah O' Neale.....

The

pp

night - in - gale sings in the wild wood..... As

if ev' - ry note that he... knew

Was..... learned from your sweet voice in

Red.

child-hood..... To re - mind me, sweet Norah, of you.

p

p *pp*

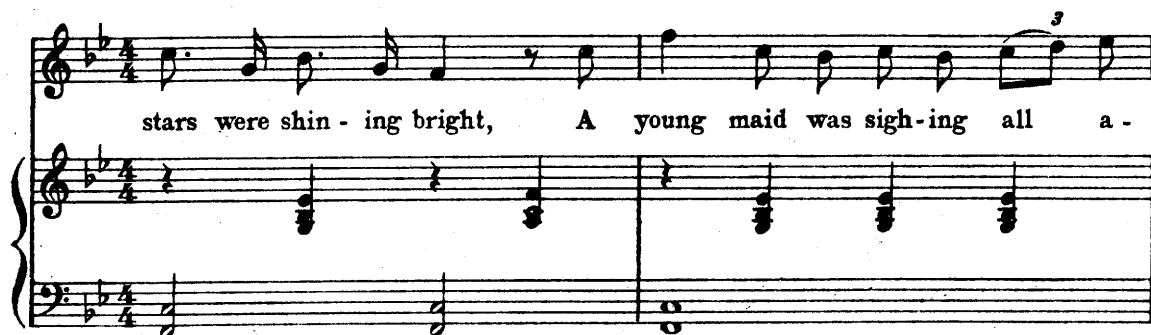
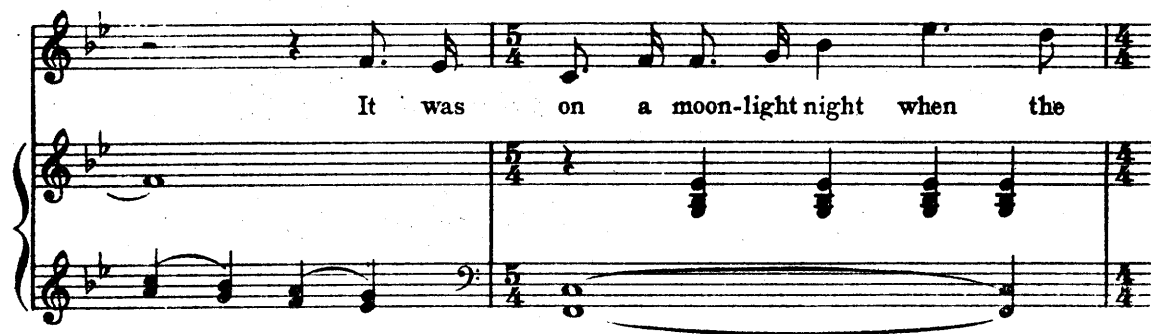
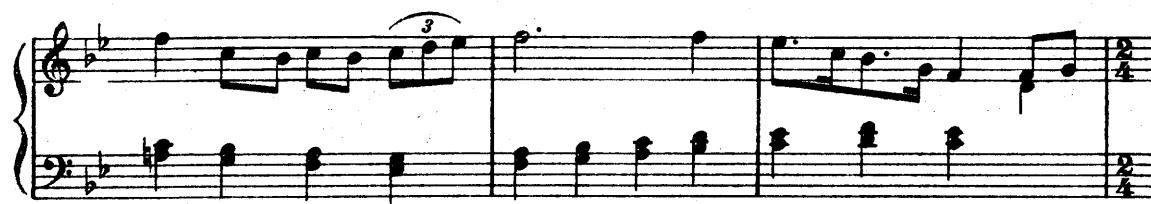
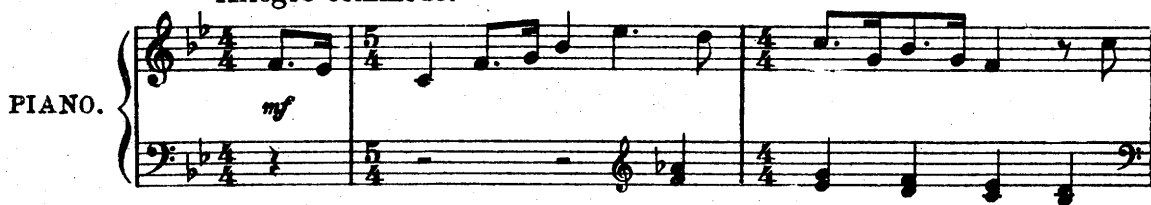
The light of the moon.

Traditional.

COUNTY DERRY.

Allegro commodo.

PIANO.



-lone. She was sigh - ing for her fa - - ther, la - -

- ment-ing for her mo - ther,..... Shedding tears for her true lo - ver

John. Young

John he's come at last and the doors were bolt - ed fast, And

slow - ly he tin - kled on the ring. And

pp

up this maid a - rose and she bundled on her clothes, And it's

pp

all to let her true lo - ver in. O ye

pp

bird of ear - ly dawn, O ye well - feathered bird,

pp

Do you not crow be - fore it is day, And

I will make your comb of the wea - ther beat - en

gold..... And your wings of the light sil-ver grey.

Now this bird he crew false, he crew

ve - ry, ve - ry false, He crew two long hours be - fore it was

cresc.

day, And she thought that it was day and she

sent her love a - - way

Andante. *pp* But it was on - ly the light of the moon *Tempo I?*

pp *Tempo I?*

ppp

The Lowlands of Holland.

(LAST NIGHT I WAS A-MARRIED.)

Traditional.

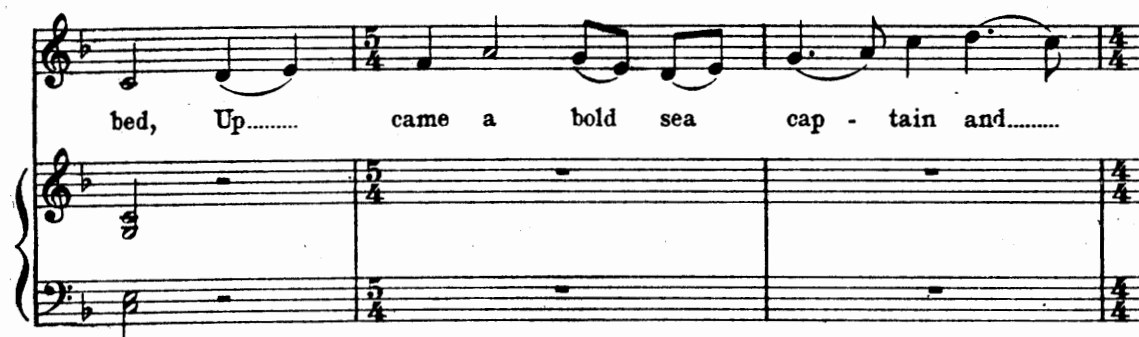
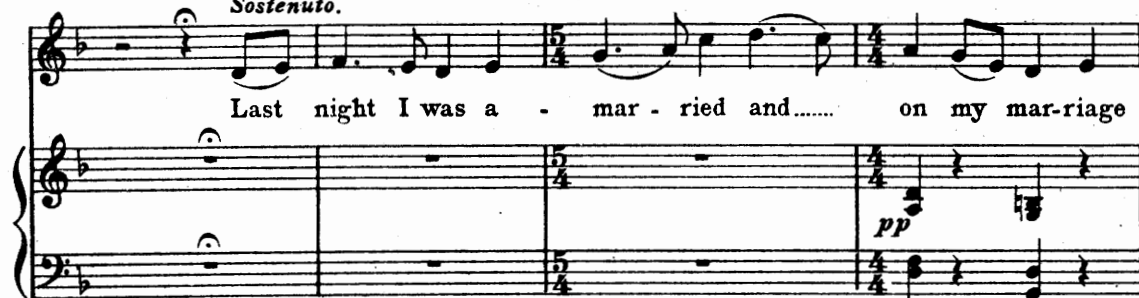
COUNTY DERRY.

Allegro moderato, quasi maestoso. (M.M. ♩ = 104.)

PIANO.



Sostenuto.



stood at..... my bed - head Saying "A - rise, a - rise you

pp

mar-ried-a-man And..... come a - long with me To the

low low - - lands of Hol - - land to..... fight your en - e -

-my."

Animando

She held her love..... in her arms still.....

think - ing he might stay, When the cap - tain gave an -

cresc.

- o - - - ther shout he was forced to..... go a -

- way. It's..... many's a blithe young

f

married - a - man this..... night must go with

me To the low low - - - lands of.....

Hol - - land to..... fight the en - e - my.

pesante

Tempo I? *pp*

Oh! Hol - land is a

pp molto legato

won - drous place and..... in it grows much green, It's a

wild..... in - hab - i - - ta - - tion for.....

my love to be in. There the su - gar cane grows

plen - ti - ful and fruit on ev - 'ry

tree But the low low - lands of Hol - land are be -

-tween my love and me.

Nor shoe nor stocking I put on nor a

comb go in my hair, And nei - ther coal nor

*cresc.**con passione*

can - dle light shine..... in my cham-ber fair. Nor

will I wed with a - ny young man un - -

dim.

-til the day I die, Since the low low - - lands of

Hol - land are be - tween my love and me.....

senza rall.

Skibbereen.

(A BALLAD OF THE FAMINE.)

Traditional.

COUNTY TYRONE.

Andante con moto.

PIANO. *mf* *rit* *p*

(M.M. ♩ = 100 - 108.)

"O fa-ther dear, I oft-times hear you

talk of E - rin's Isle, Her lof - ty scenes and val - leys green, her

mountains rude and wild. They say it is a pret-ty place where -

-in a prince might dwell. And why did you a - ban - don it - the

rea-son to me tell."

"My son, I loved our na-tive land with

en-er-gy and pride, Un - til a blight came on my land, my

sheep and cat-tle died. The rent and tax - es were to pay, I

could not them re-deem, And that's the cru-el rea-son why I

left old Skib-ber-een."

"Oh it's well I do re-mem-ber that

bleak De-cem-ber day, The land-lord and the sheriff came to

drive us all a-way. They set my roof..... on fire with their

demon yel - low spleen, And that's an - o - ther rea - son why I

left old Skib - ber - een. Your mo - ther too, (God rest her soul) lay

on the snow - y ground, She faint - ed o'er in an - guish with the

des - o - la - tion round. She ne - ver rose, but passed a - way from

life to im-mor-tal dream, And found a qui-et grave, my boy, in

dear old Skib-ber - een."

animato
"And you were on - - - ly two years

old and fee-ble was your frame. I

could not leave you with your friends, you bore your fa-ther's

* The bars between the the asterisks may be omitted.

name. I wrapped you in my cot - ta - more at the

dark of night un - - seen. I heaved a sigh and

bid good - bye to dear old Skib - ber - een"

poco accel.

(b)

Allegro. *pp*

p "It's well I

(♩ = 132)

do..... re - mem-ber the year of for - ty - eight When

pp

I a-rose with E-rin's boys to battle'gainst the fate. I was

hunted thro' the mountains like a traitor to the Queen, And

that's an - o - ther rea - son why I left old Skib - ber - een."

cresc.

ff *molto*

Maestoso.

"O fa - ther dear, the day will come when vengeance loud will

allarg. ($\text{♩} = 92$) *ff*

call, And we will rise with E-rin's boys to ral-ly one and

simile

all. I'll be the man to lead the van be-neath our flag of

green, And loud and high will raise..... the cry "Re-venge for Skib-ber-

-een!"

ff

Ped.

The County of Mayo.

Translated from the Irish of Thomas Luvelle,
17th Century by George Fox.

AIR.—"Billy Byrne of Ballymanus."

PIANO. *mf* *Sempre legato* Allegro. (M.M. ♩=126)

On the deck of Pat - rick Lynch - 's boat I.....

sit in wo - ful plight Thro' my sigh - ing all the

wea - ry day and weep - ing all the night. Were it

not that full of sor - row from my

peo - ple forth I go..... By the

bless - ed sun 'tis roy - al - ly I'd sing thy praise, May -

o

When I dwelt at home in

plen - - - ty and my gold did..... much a - -

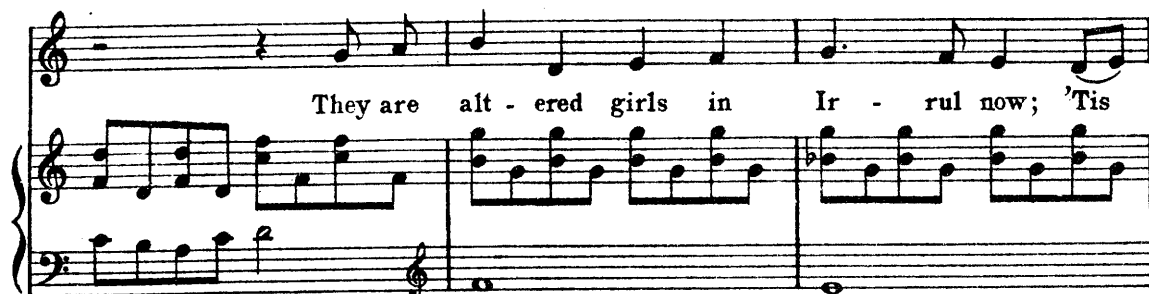
-bound In the com - pa - ny of fair young maids the

Span - ish ale went round. 'Tis a bit - ter change from

those gay days that now I'm..... forced to.....

go..... And must leave my bones in

San - ta Cruz far from my own Ma - yo.





God will have it..... so..... That I

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The lyrics are "God will have it..... so..... That I". The music is in 4/4 time and includes a key signature change from one flat to two flats.



must de - part for fo - - - reign lands and

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The lyrics are "must de - part for fo - - - reign lands and". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.



leave my sweet Ma - - yo.

cresc.

This system contains the third line of the musical score. The lyrics are "leave my sweet Ma - - yo.". The piano accompaniment features a crescendo, indicated by the *cresc.* marking. The system ends with a repeat sign.



f *p*

This system contains the fourth line of the musical score. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.



'Tis my

This system contains the fifth line of the musical score. The lyrics are "'Tis my". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

grief that Pat - rick Lough - - lin is not

Earl in Ir - rul still, And that Bry - an Duff no

lon - ger rules as lord up - on the hill, And that

Colo - nel Hugh O Gra - dy should be ly - ing dead and

poco a poco rall

low, And I sail - ing, sail - ing

swift - - ly From the Coun - ty of Ma - - -

a tempo

-yo.....

a tempo *senza rall.*

dim *pp* *ppp*

The Bonny Bunch of Roses.

A BALLAD OF NAPOLEON.

Traditional.

Tyrone version.

Allegro vivace.

VOICE.

PIANO.

By the

mar - gin of the o - - cean One morn - ing... in... the

month of June, The feath - ered warb - ling song - sters Their

charm-ing notes did... sweet - ly sing. There I es - pied..... a.....

fe - male, She seemed to be in grief and woe,..... Con -

-sult - ing with..... young... Bon - a - parte Con -

-cern - ing the bon-ny bunch of ros - es oh.

Then

up steps young Na - po - le - on And takes his moth - er

by the hand Say-ing "Moth - er dear, have pa - - tience Un -

-til I'm a-ble to..... take com-mand. I'll raise a ter - ri-ble

ar - my And through tre - men - dous dan - gers go..... And in

spite..... of all..... the..... un - i - verse I will

con - quer the bon - ny bunch of ros - es oh."

The

first time I saw young Na - po - le - on Down on his..... bend - ed

knees fell he; He..... ask'd the..... par - don of his

fa - - ther Who grant - ed it..... most mourn - ful - ly "Dear

son," he said, "I'll take an ar - my And o - ver the fro - zen

Alps will go..... Then I will con - quer Mos - cow And re -

-turn to the bon - ny bunch of ros - es oh."

He... took five hun - dred thous - and men With

kings like - wise to..... bear his train, He..... was so well pro -

- vid - ed for That he could sweep the..... world a - lone; But

when he came to..... Mos - cow He was o - ver power'd by the

dri - ven snow..... When Mos - cow was a - blaz - ing, So he

lost his bonny bunch of ro - ses oh.

"O....."

son, don't speak so ven - ture-some For in Eng - land are the

scherzando

hearts of oak. There is Eng - land, Ire - land, Scot - - land, Their

pp *mf*

un - i - ty..... was..... nev - er broke, O son, think on..... thy...

fa - ther On the Isle of St. Hel-en - a his bo - dy lies low, And

you may soon fol-low af - ter him So be-ware of the bon-ny bunch of

ros - es oh."

"Now do be - lieve me, dear-est

moth - er, Now I lie.... on.... my dy - ing bed, If I had

lived I....would have been clev - er But now I droop my....

youth - ful head, But whilst our bod - ies..... lie.....

mould-er - ing And weep - ing wil - lows o - ver our bod - ies grow, The

deeds of great Na - po - le - on Shall sing the bon - ny bunch of

cresc.

ros - es oh."

ff *ff* *ff*

A good roarin' fire.

Old Song.

COUNTY DERRY.

Allegro gioioso. (M.M. $\text{♩} = 132$.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

A good roar-in' fire and the ket-tle on the boil, It

makes a chap feel jol - ly when he's done his dai - ly toil. A

ti - dy smil - in' wife and a clean hearth - stone, - O it's

ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a chap come home.

Three or four a - round it and a

good bit on the board, - It makes a chap feel hap - py as the

dad - dy of a lord. A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a

clean hearth-stone, - O it's ve - ry, ve - ry jol - ly when a

chap come home.

glissando 7 5 5

To meet your wife in kindness and to

see the chil-dren run, Your house is like a pal-ace and you



ne - ver need to roam. A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a



clean hearth - stone, O it's ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a

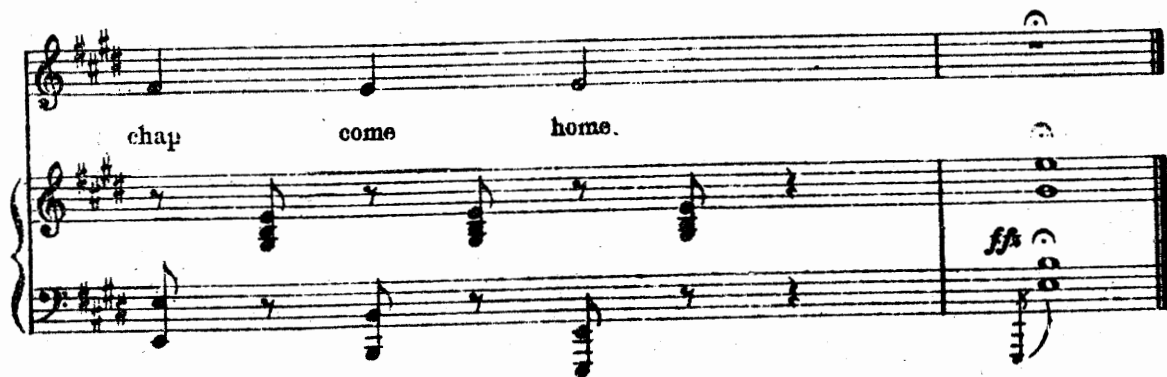


chap come home;- A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a

glissando ¹² *ff*



clean hearth - stone, O it's ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a



chap come home.

ff

The Cork Leg.

Old Song.

Tyrone version.

Allegro giojoso. (♩ : 120)

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

*P*¹¹

tell you a sto - ry that is no sham, in Hol-land lived a mer-chant man And

ev - 'ry morning he says "I am the rich - est merchant in Am - ster - dam." Ri -

-tid - dy till - o - ri - lo - ri - lad - di - ti tid - dy - till - o - ri - lo - ri -

lee..... One

day he sat as full as an egg when a poor re-la-tion came in to beg, And

kicking him out with a brogue and a keg, and kicking him out he broke his leg. Ri-

-tid-di-till - o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till - o - ri-lo - ri -

-lee..... He

told his friends he had got hurt "By a friend I have lost a foot,

And up-on crutches I never will walk For I'll have a beau - ti - ful leg of cork" Ri -

-tid - dy - till - o - ri - lo - ri - lad - dy - ti tid - dy - till - o - ri - lo - ri -

-lee..... A

doc - tor came on his vo - ca - tion and o - ver it made a long o - ra - tion, And

o - ver it made a long o - ra - tion, and finished it off with an am - pu - ta - tion. Ri

tid - dy - till - o - ri - lo - ri - lad - dy - ti tid - dy - till - o - ri - lo - ri -

-loo. When the

leg was on and finished right, when the leg was on they screwed it tight, But

still he went with a bit of a hop, when he found the leg it wouldn't stop, Ri

tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri -

-lee... O'er

hedg - es and ditch - es and scaur and plain to rest his wea - ried limbs hed' fain. He

threw himself down but all in vain, the leg got up and a-way a-gain. Ri

tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri-lad - dy - ti tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri -

-lee..... He

called to them that were in sight "Stop me or I'm wound-ed quite" Al-

-though their aid he did in-vite In less than a minute he was out of sight. Ri

tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri -

-lee. And

he kept run-ning from place to place, the

ossia

a tempo *leggiro*

peo - - - ple thought he was run-ning a race, He

clung to a post for to stop the pace but the

leg it still kept up the chase. Ri

tid - dy - till - o - - - ri - lo - - - ri - lad - dy - ti

tid - dy - till - o - - - ri - lo - - - ri -

* The bars between the asterisks may be omitted.

-lee. O-ver

hedg - es and ditch-es and plain and scaur and

Eu - rope he - has tra - - velled o'er Al -

-though he's dead and is no more The

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The vocal line has a melody with dotted rhythms. The piano accompaniment features a complex, flowing arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

leg goes on as it did be - fore Ri

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line continues with a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment maintains its complex arpeggiated texture.

tid - dy - till - o - - - ri - lo - - ri - lad - dy - ti

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The vocal line ends on a half note, and the piano accompaniment features a final, sustained chord in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The time signature changes to 2/4 at the end of the system.

s

tid - dy - till o - - - ri - lo - - - ri -

s

-tee. So

s

of-ten you see in broad day-light a skel- e - ton on a cork leg tight, Al-

mf

though the artist did not him in-vite, He ne-ver was paid and it served him right. Ri

tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti

tid-dy-till-o . . ri-lo - ri-lo - ri-lee.

The Dark-haired Girl.

Traditional.

COUNTY DUBLIN.

Allegro. (M.M. ♩ = 104.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Allegro. (M.M. ♩ = 104.)'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piano part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The voice part enters with the lyrics: 'My... match is... made since e'er... last night To the girl I nei - ther love nor like But I know what I'll do, I'll... take my own ad - vice And... I'll tra - vel the wide... world'. The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, often using chords and single notes.

My... match is... made since e'er... last night To the

girl I nei - ther love nor like But I know what I'll do, I'll...

take my own ad - vice And... I'll tra - vel the wide... world

o - ver.

I..... walked up and I..... walked down,

I tramped Eng-land and Dub - lin's town, But the like of my dear one I

nev-er yet could find; O..... the dark-haired girl is my dar - ling.

I..... got..... up two....

hours be - fore dawn, I got a let - ter from my own true love,

cresc. *f* *poco stringendo*

I heard the lin-net and the black-bird sing, That my love..... has

ff *p*

crossed the wide o - - - cean.....