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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 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.

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 ḋiúltuġaḋ

Mo ġráḋ, ón 'sí mo ġráḋ
An ḃean is mó ḃíos 'g am' ċráḋ,
Is annsa í ó m' ḋéanaṁ tinn
Ná an ḃean do m' ḋéanaṁ slán.

'Sí mo stór, ón 'sí mo stór,
bean an roisg uaiṫne mar an rós,
bean naċ g-cuirfeaḋ láṁ fá m'-ċeann
bean naċ luiḋfeaḋ liom ar ór.

Mór mo ċás, ón mór mo ċás
Is iongraḋ fad go ḃfáġam bás,
bean naċ dtiúḃraḋ taoḃ liom
dar mo ṁionn is í mo ġráḋ.

'S í mo ṁian, ón 'sí mo ṁian,
bean is annsa liom faoi 'n ngréim,
an ḃean naċ g-cuirfeaḋ orm binn
dá suiḋfinn le na taéḃ.

'Sí do ċráḋaig mo ċroiḋe
A's d'ḟáġḃuiġ osna am' lár
Muna dtóġṫar an t-olc so óm'ċroiḋe
Ní ḃéiḋ mé go deó slán.

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 cruċ, which he has translated as "shape," may have been intended for croċ, meaning riches or cattle. He goes on to say that an old meaning of cruċ 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 cruaġ gan peata'n maoil agum
Ar cruaġ gan peata'n maoil agum
Ar cruaġ gan peata'n maoil agum
'Sna caoire beaga bána.

Chorus

Is ó goirim, goirim tú
Is gráð mo croide gan ceilg tú
Is ó goirim, goirim tú
'S tú peata beag do máthar.

Ar cruaġ gan maoilin bán agum
Ar cruaġ gan maoilin bán agum
Ar cruaġ gan maoilin bán agum
Ar fáilte ó mo ġrád geal.

Ar cruaġ gan bólaċt bainne agum
Ar cruaġ gan bólaċt bainne agum
Ar cruaġ gan bólaċt bainne agum
Ar Cáitín o na máthair.

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

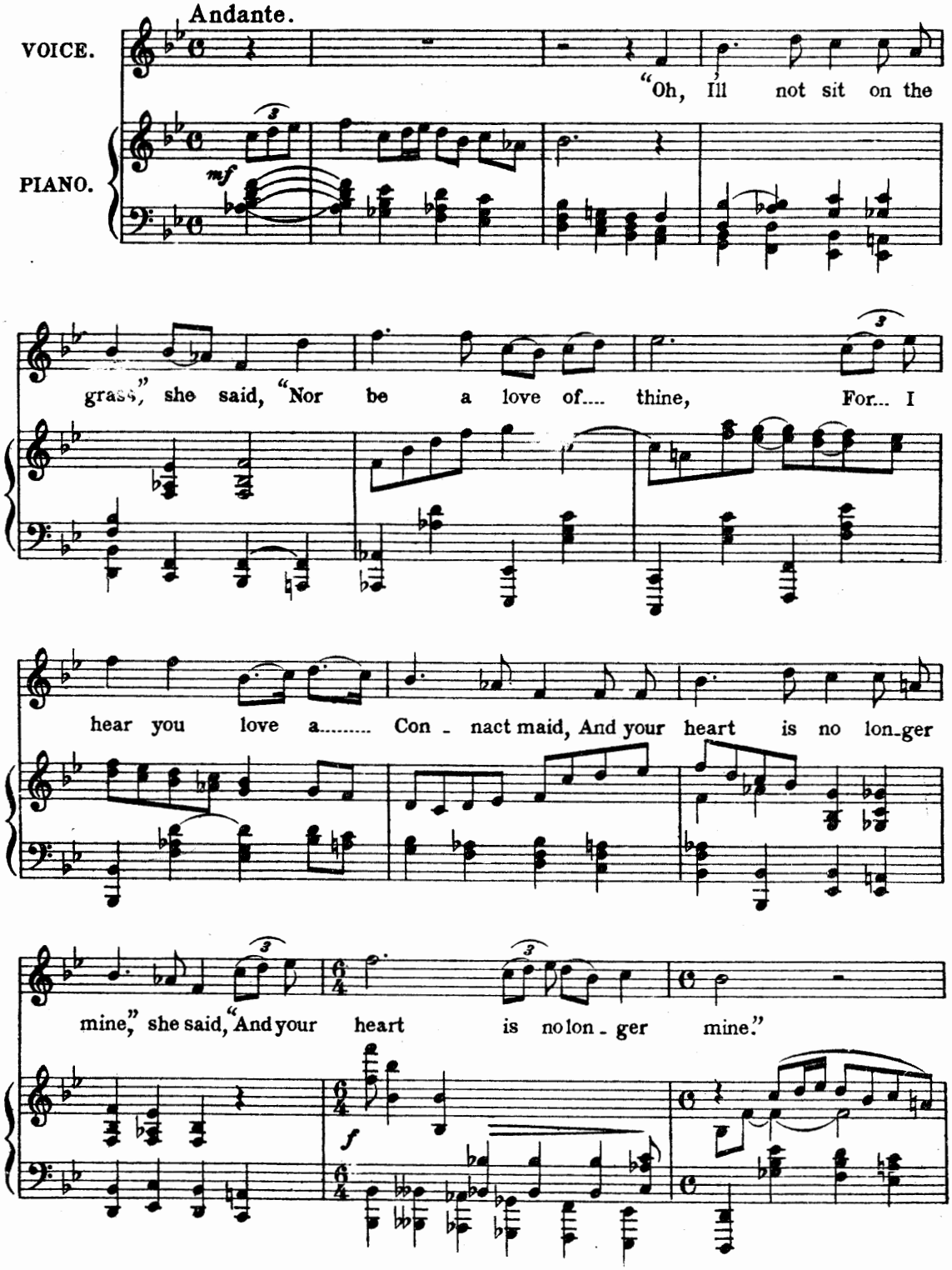
I DEDICATE

This Volume of our National Melodies.

The verdant brâes of Skreen.

From an old Ballad.

COUNTY DERRY



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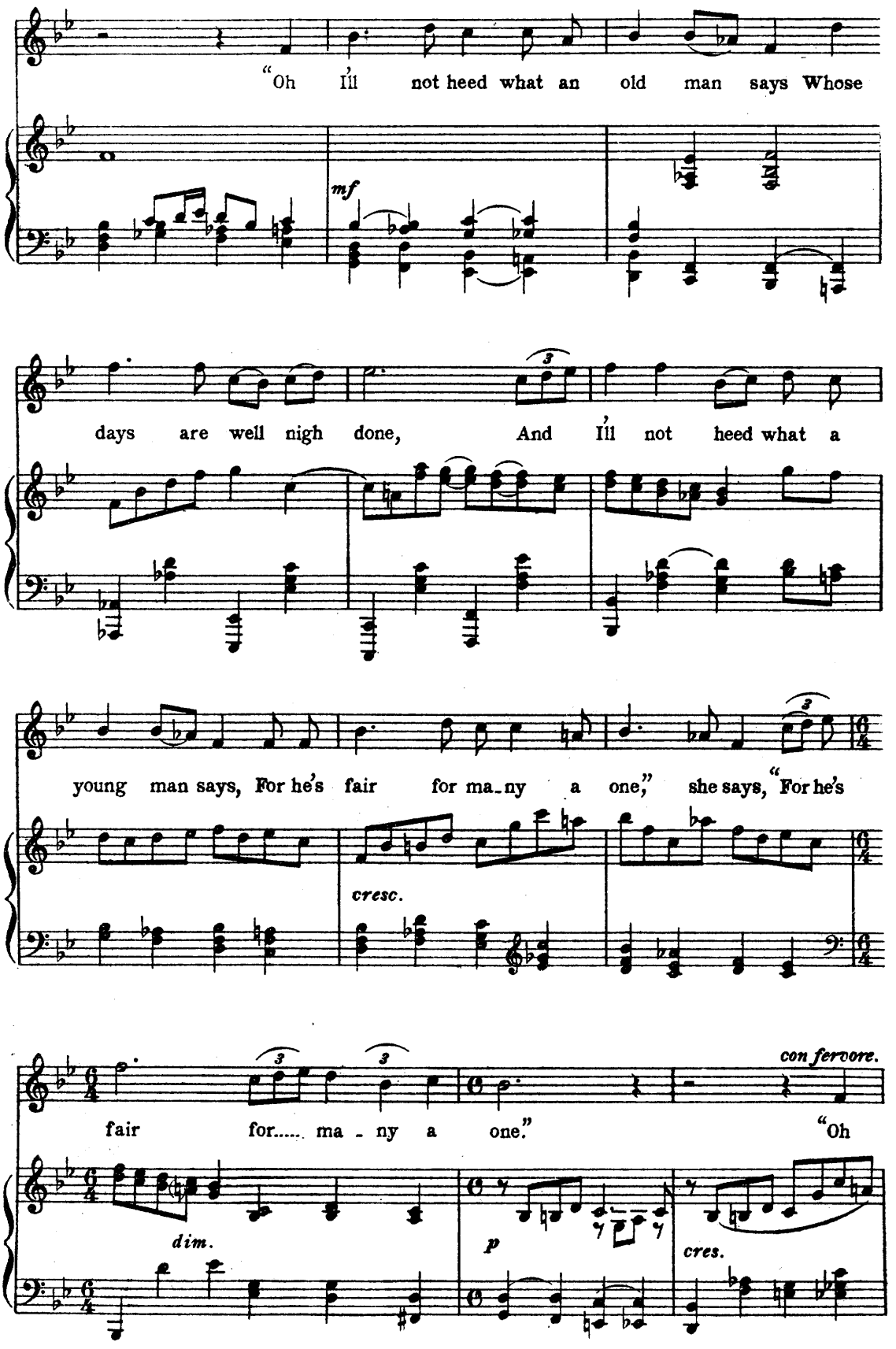
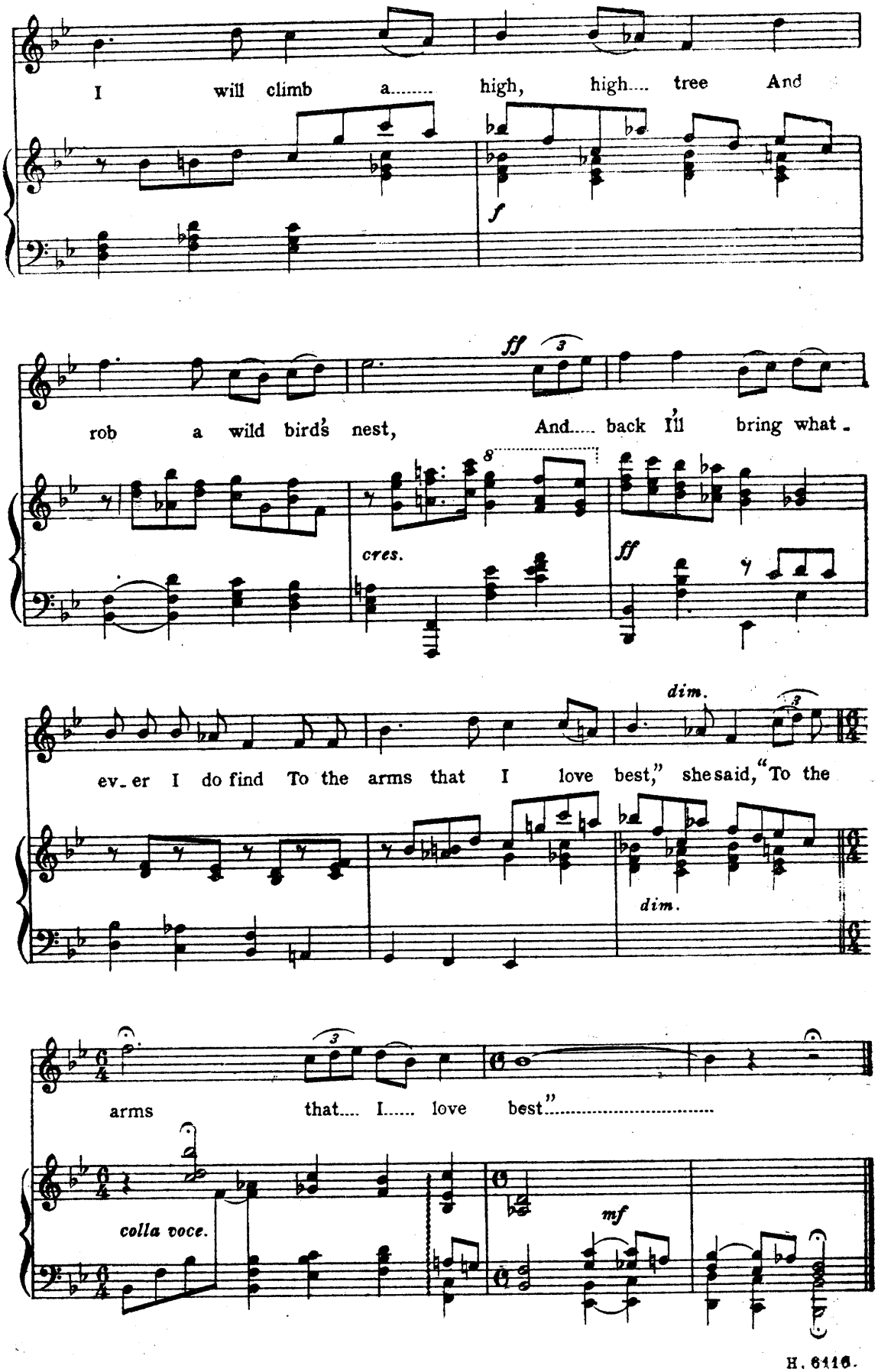
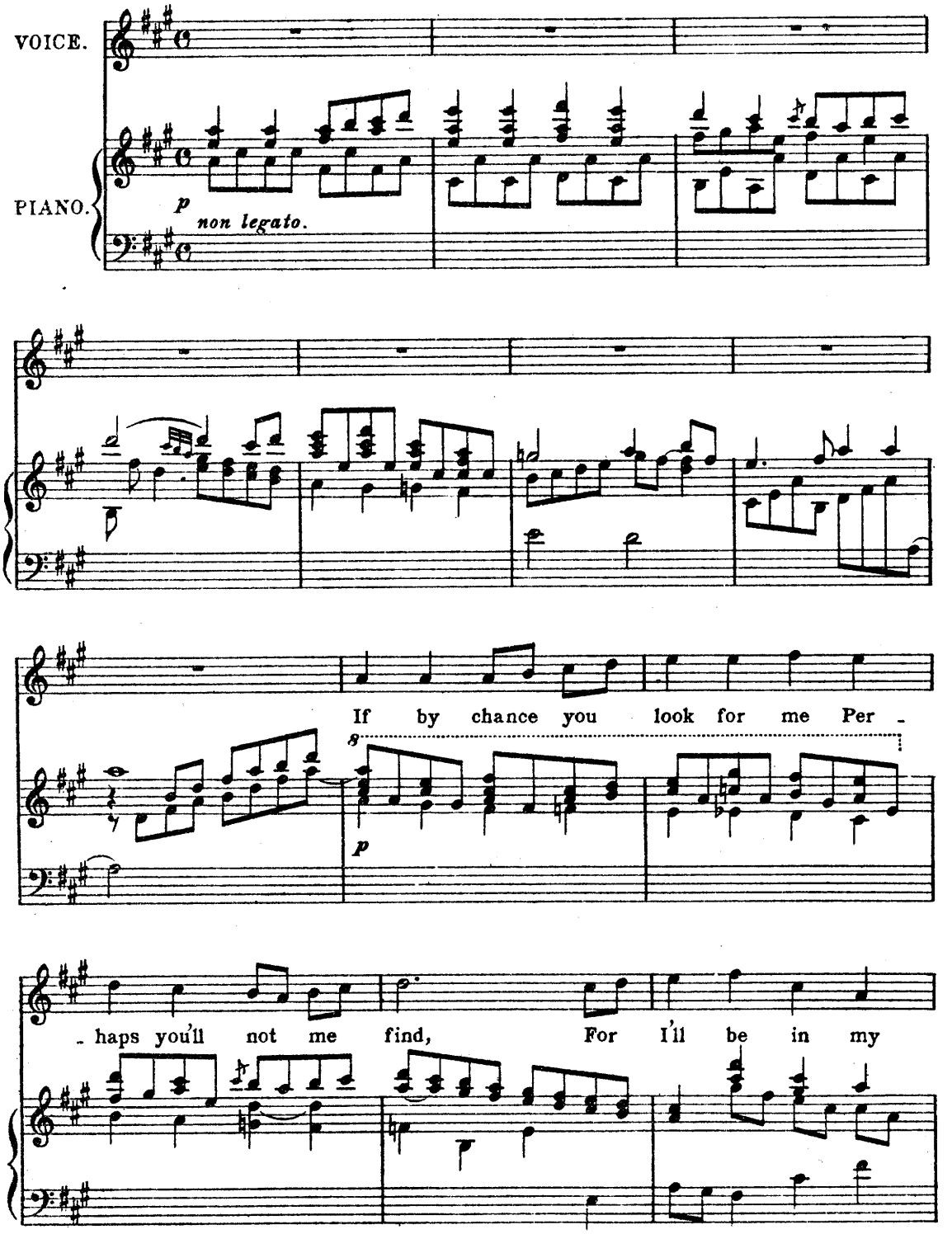

"Oh I'll not heed what an old man says Whose
mf
days are well nigh done, And I'll not heed what a
young man says, For he's fair for ma-ny a one," she says, "For he's
cresc.
fair for..... ma - ny a one."
con fervore.
"Oh
dim.
p
cres.


I will climb a..... high, high.... tree And
f
rob a wild bird's nest, And..... back I'll bring what -
ff
cres.
ff
dim.
ev-er I do find To the arms that I love best," she said, "To the
dim.
arms that.... I..... love best"
colla voce.
mf

*Reynardine.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad. Donegal version.



*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.

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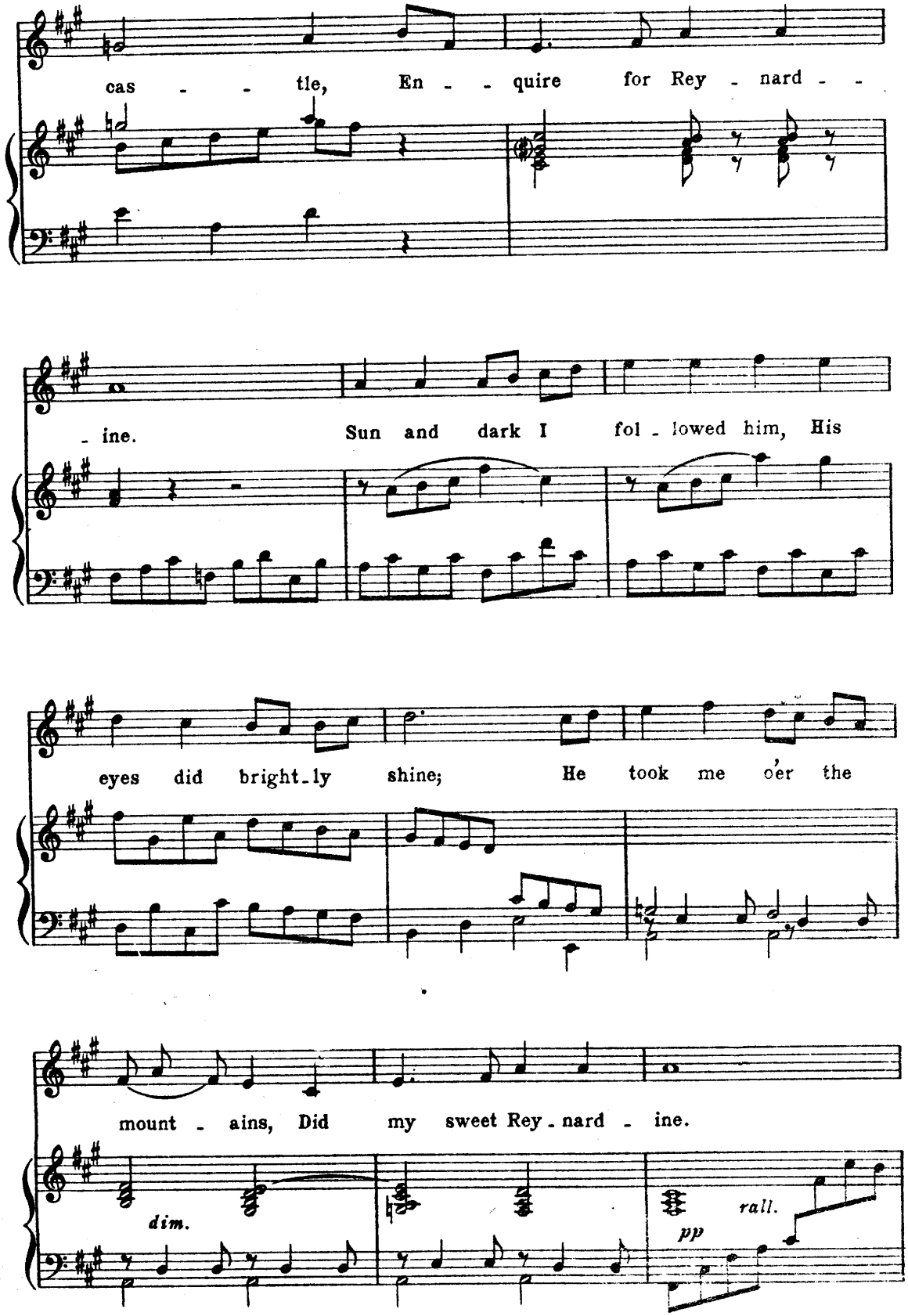
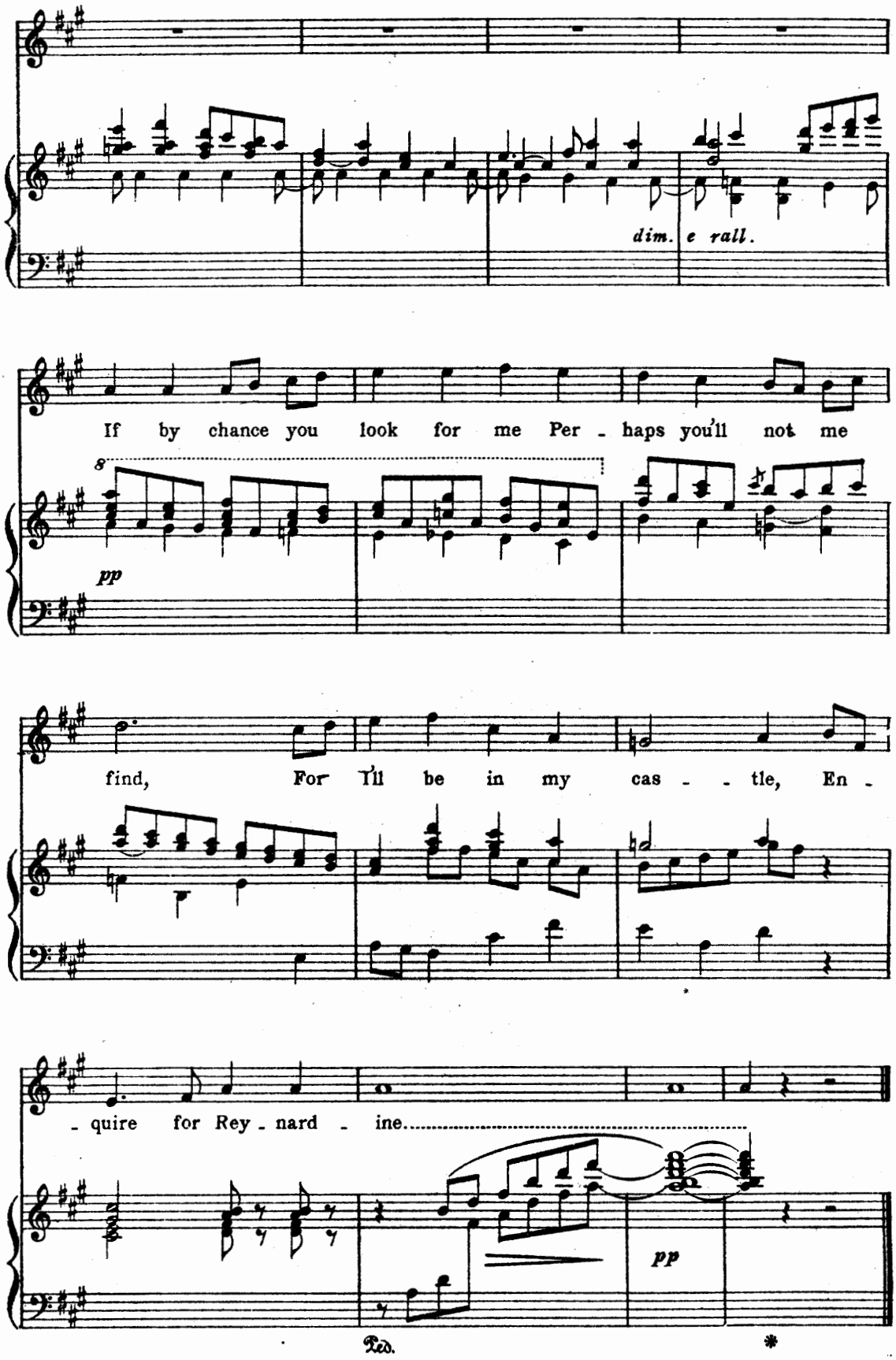
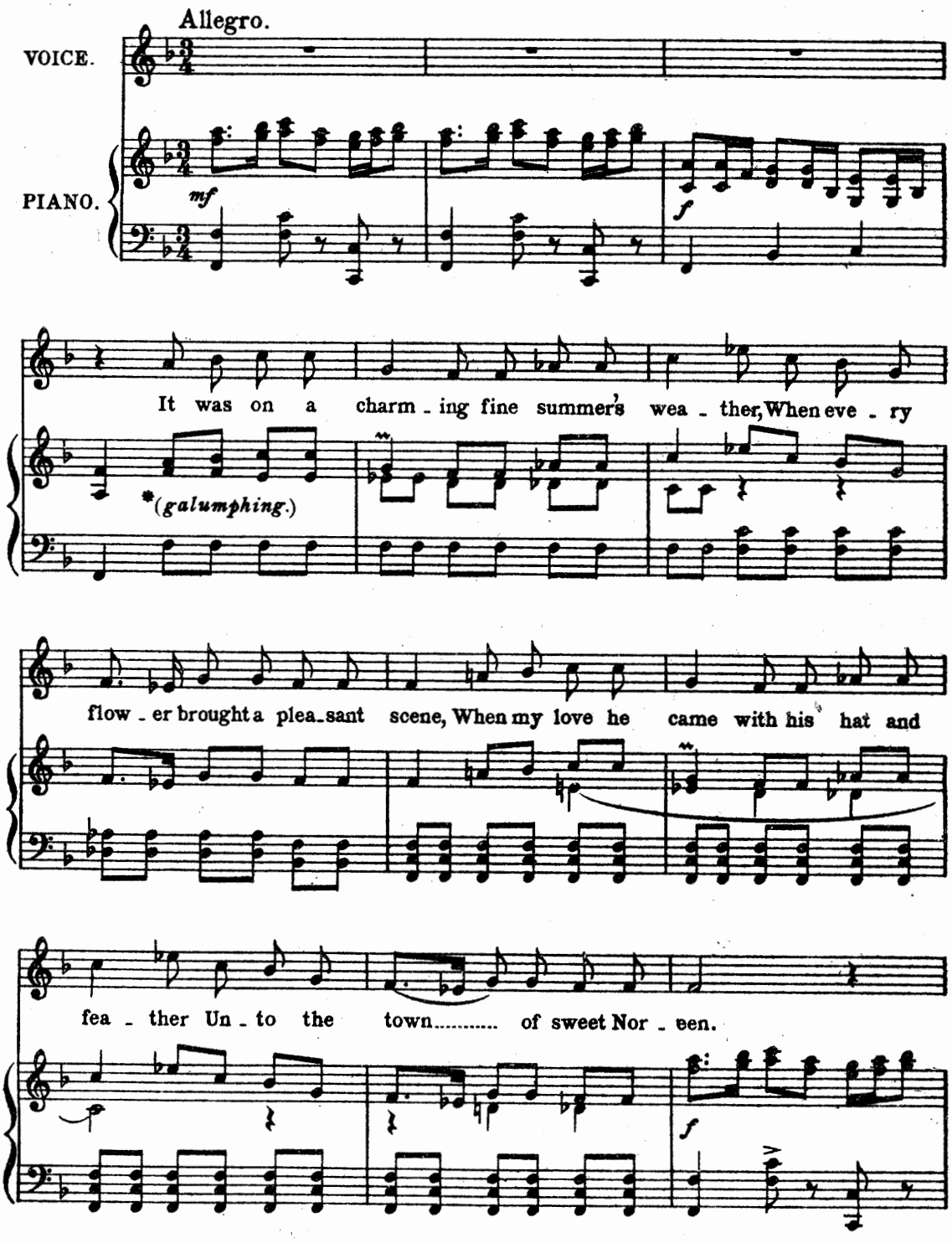

cas - - tle, En - - quire for Rey - nard - -
- ine. Sun and dark I fol - lowed him, His
eyes did bright - ly shine; He took me o'er the
mount - ains, Did my sweet Rey - nard - ine.
dim.
pp
rall.

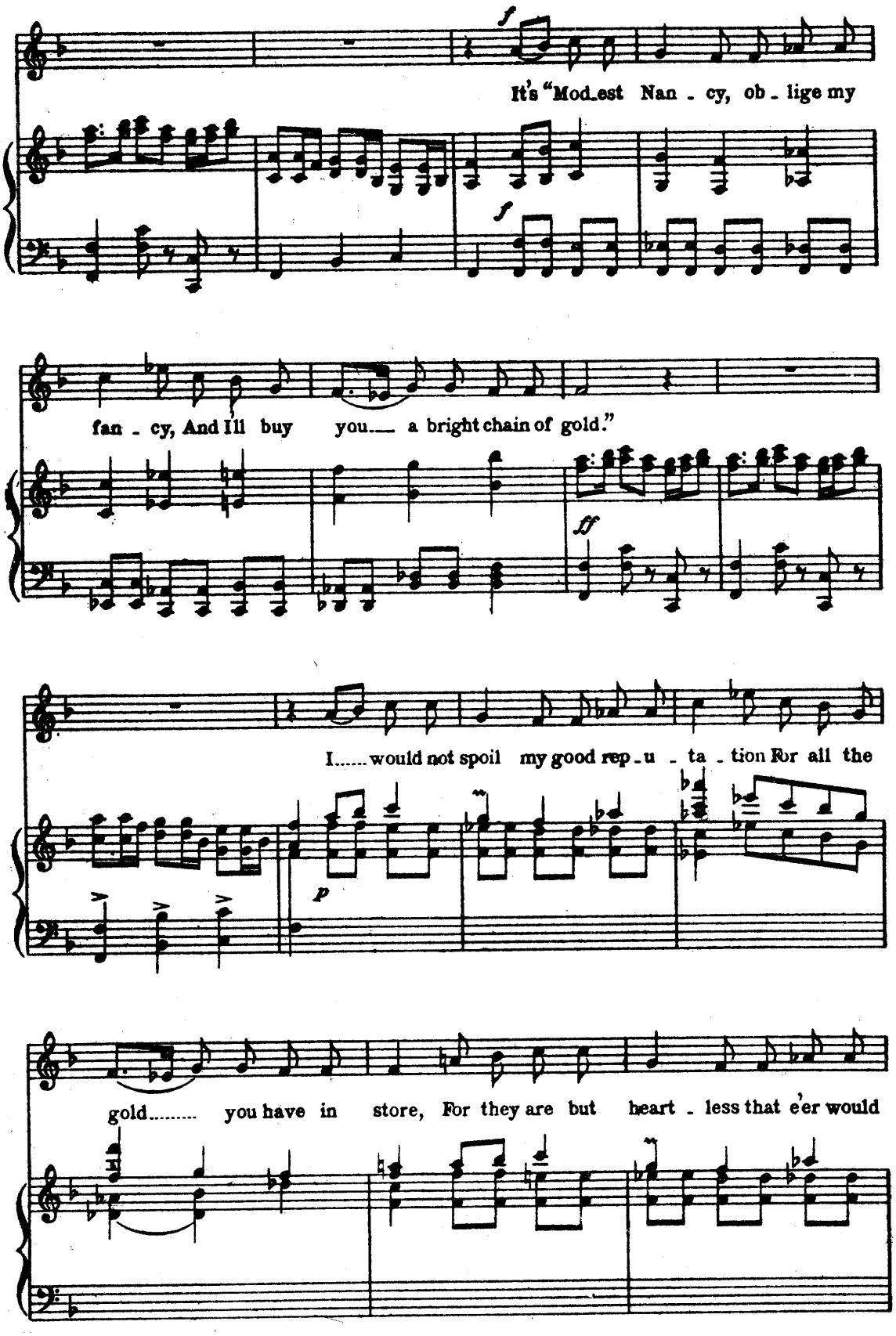

dim. e rall.
If by chance you look for me Per - haps you'll not me
8
pp
find, For I'll be in my cas - - tle, En -
- quire for Rey - nard - ine.
pp
Ped.
*

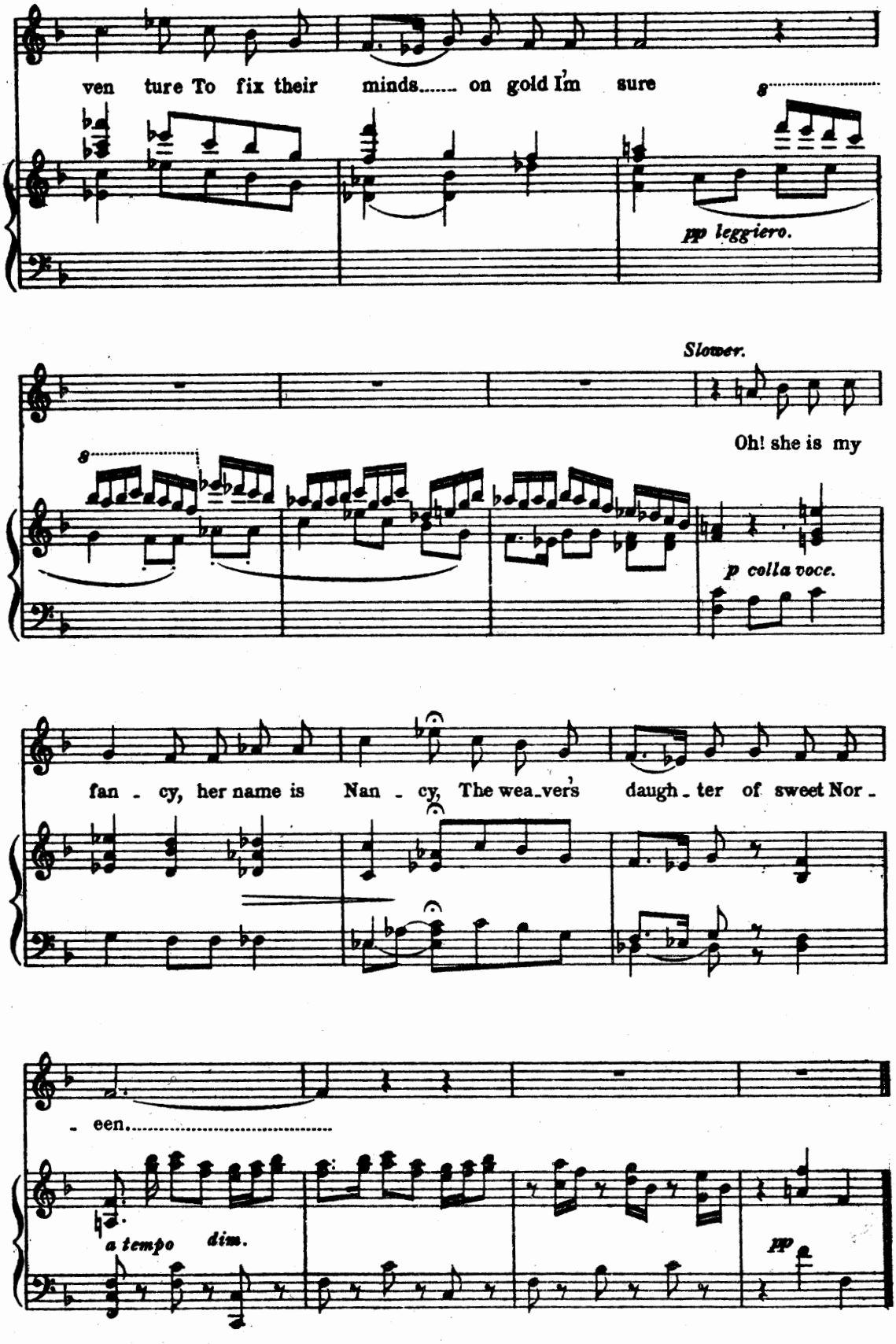
The Weaver's Daughter.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad. COUNTY DONEGAL.



*An Ulsterism.

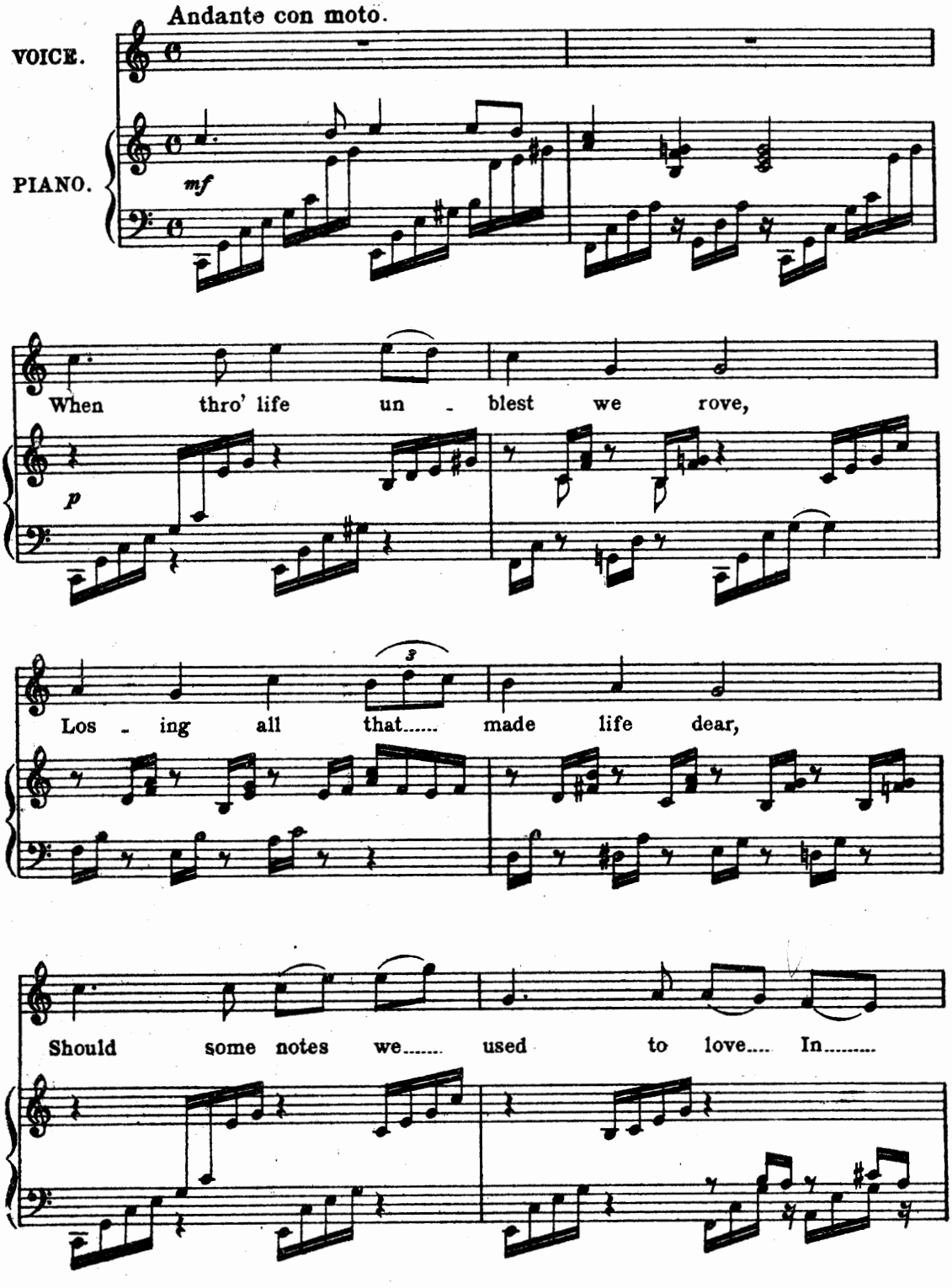

f
It's "Mod_est Nan - cy, ob - lige my
f
fan - cy, And I'll buy you___ a bright chain of gold."
ff
I.....would not spoil my good rep - u - ta - tion For all the
p
gold..... you have in store, For they are but heart - less that e'er would

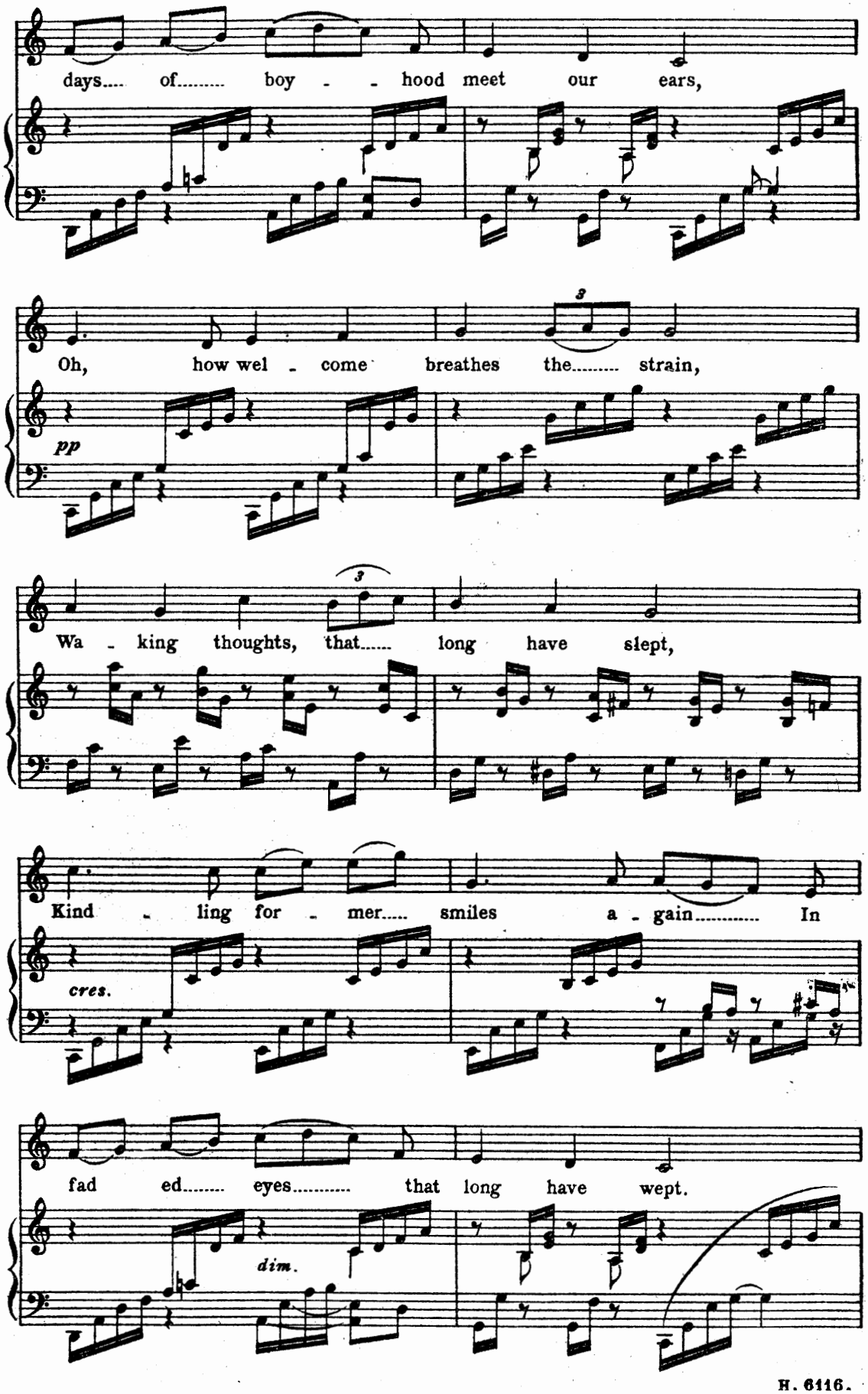

ven ture To fix their minds..... on gold I'm sure
pp leggiero.
Slower.
Oh! she is my
p colla voce.
fan - cy, her name is Nan - cy, The wea-ver's daugh - ter of sweet Nor -
- een.....
a tempo
dim.
pp

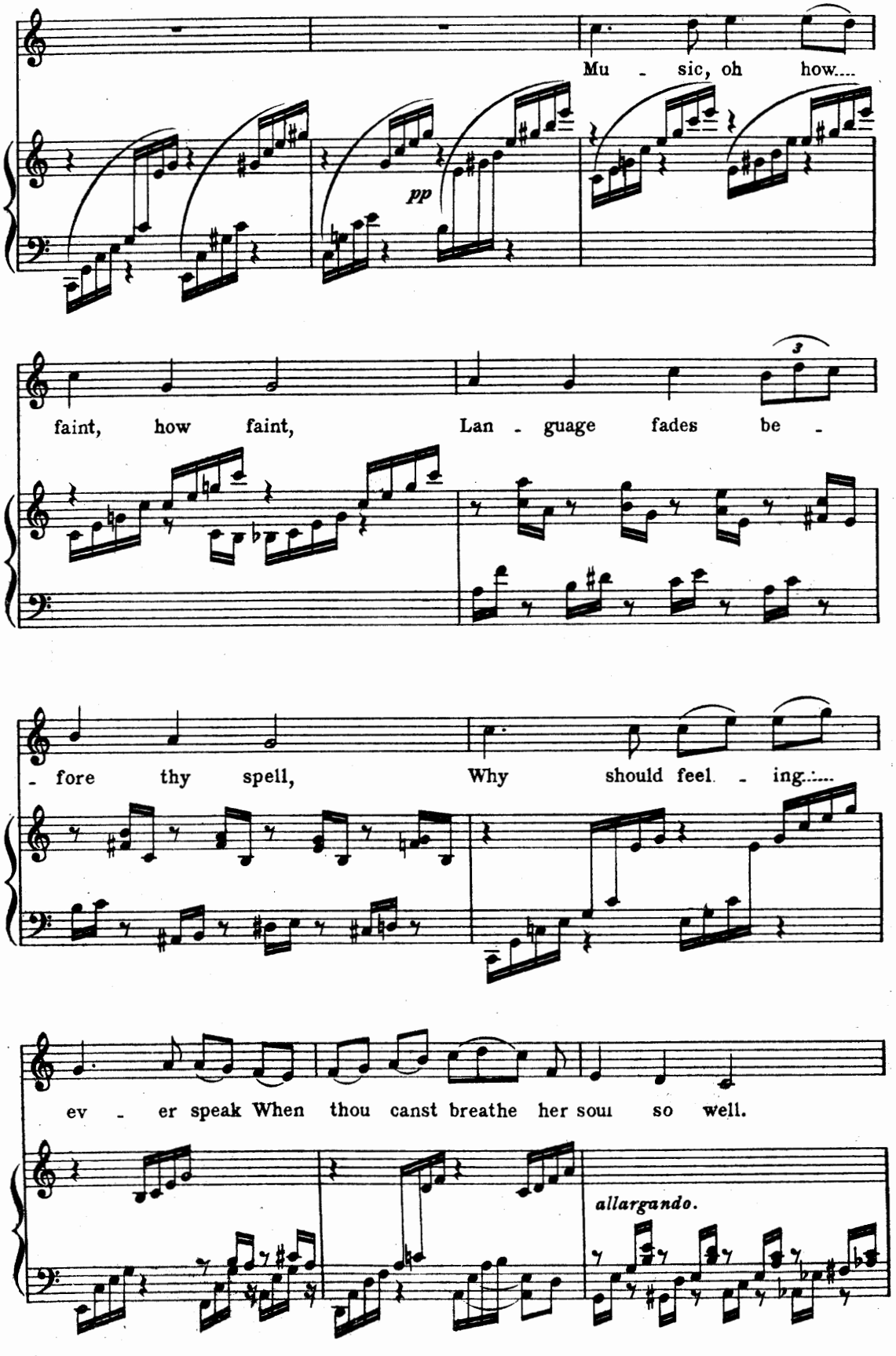
When thro' life unblest we rove.

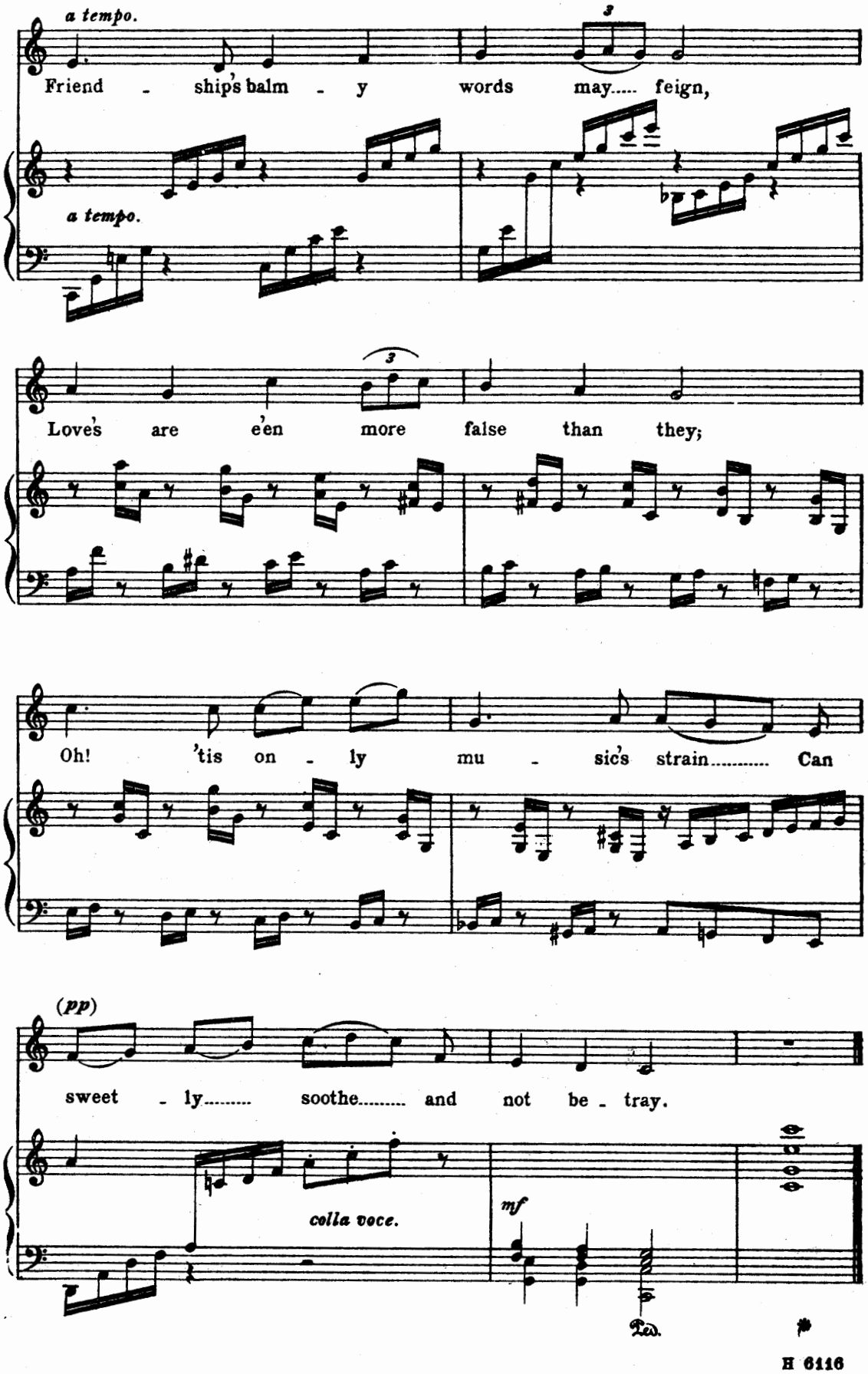
Words by
THOMAS MOORE

OLD AIR.



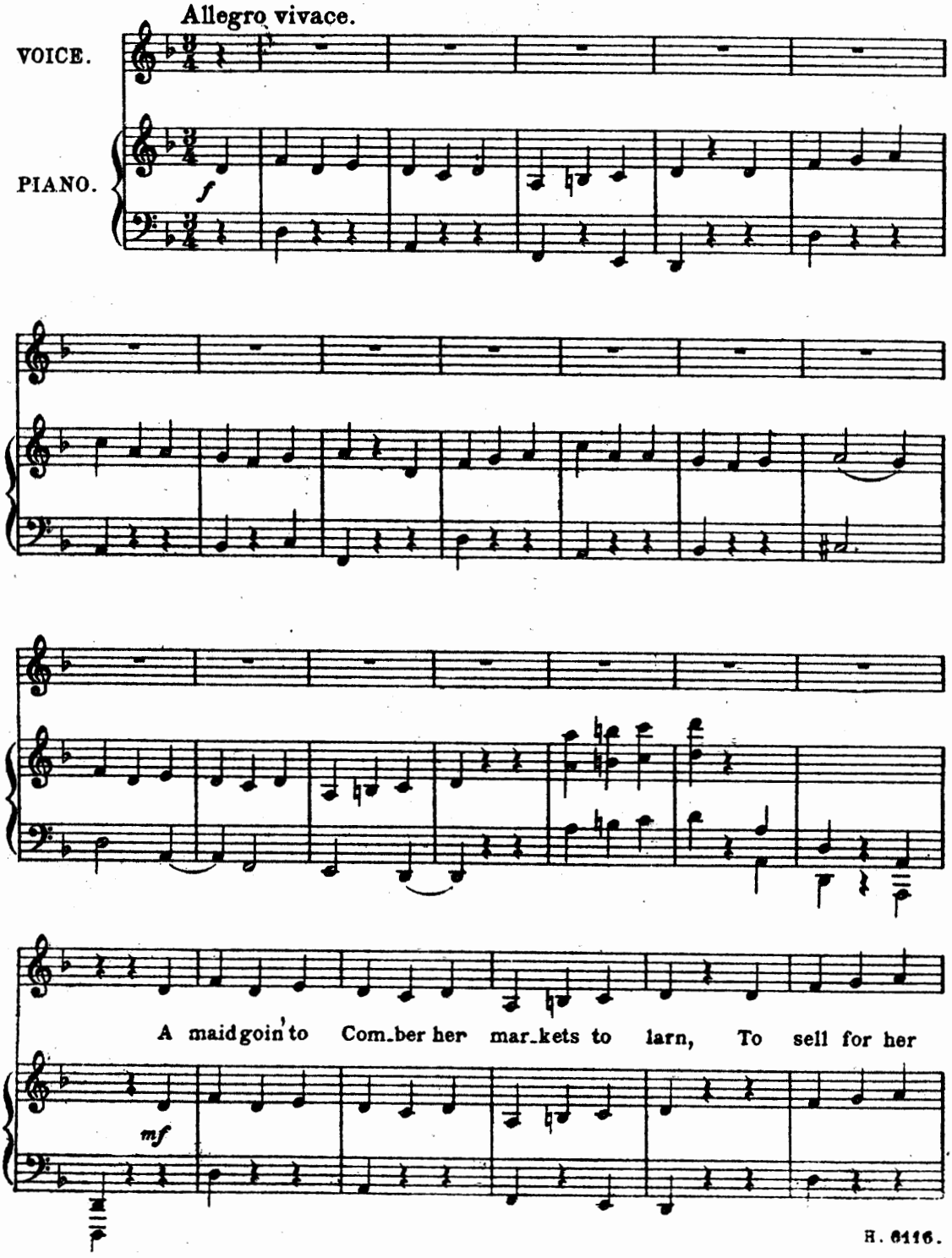

days.... of..... boy - - hood meet our ears,
Oh, how wel - come breathes the..... strain,
pp
Wa - king thoughts, that..... long have slept,
Kind - ling for - mer..... smiles a - gain..... In
cres.
fad ed..... eyes..... that long have wept.
dim.

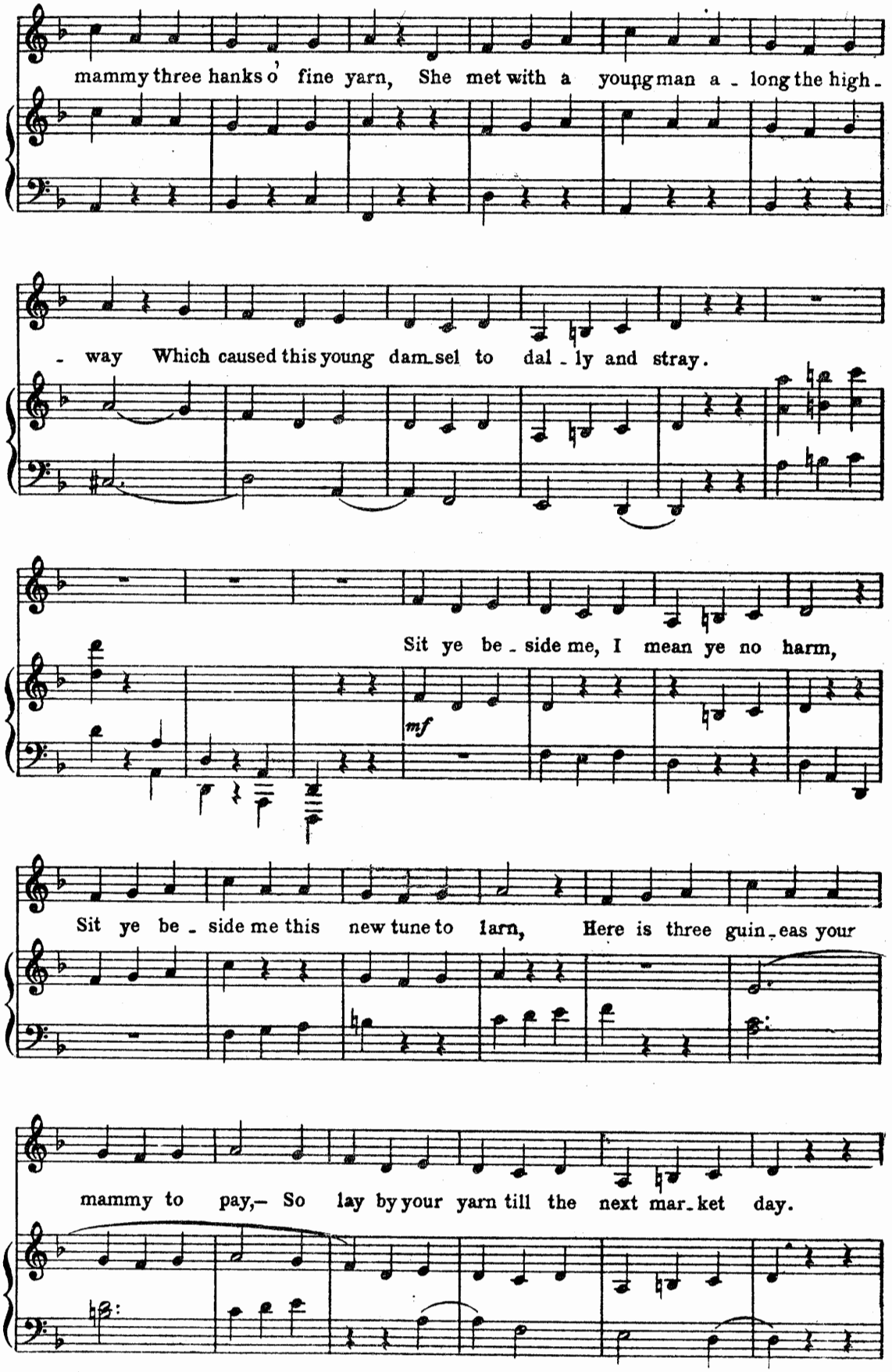

Mu - sic, oh how....
pp
faint, how faint, Lan - guage fades be -
- fore thy spell, Why should feel - ing.....
ev - er speak When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
allargando.

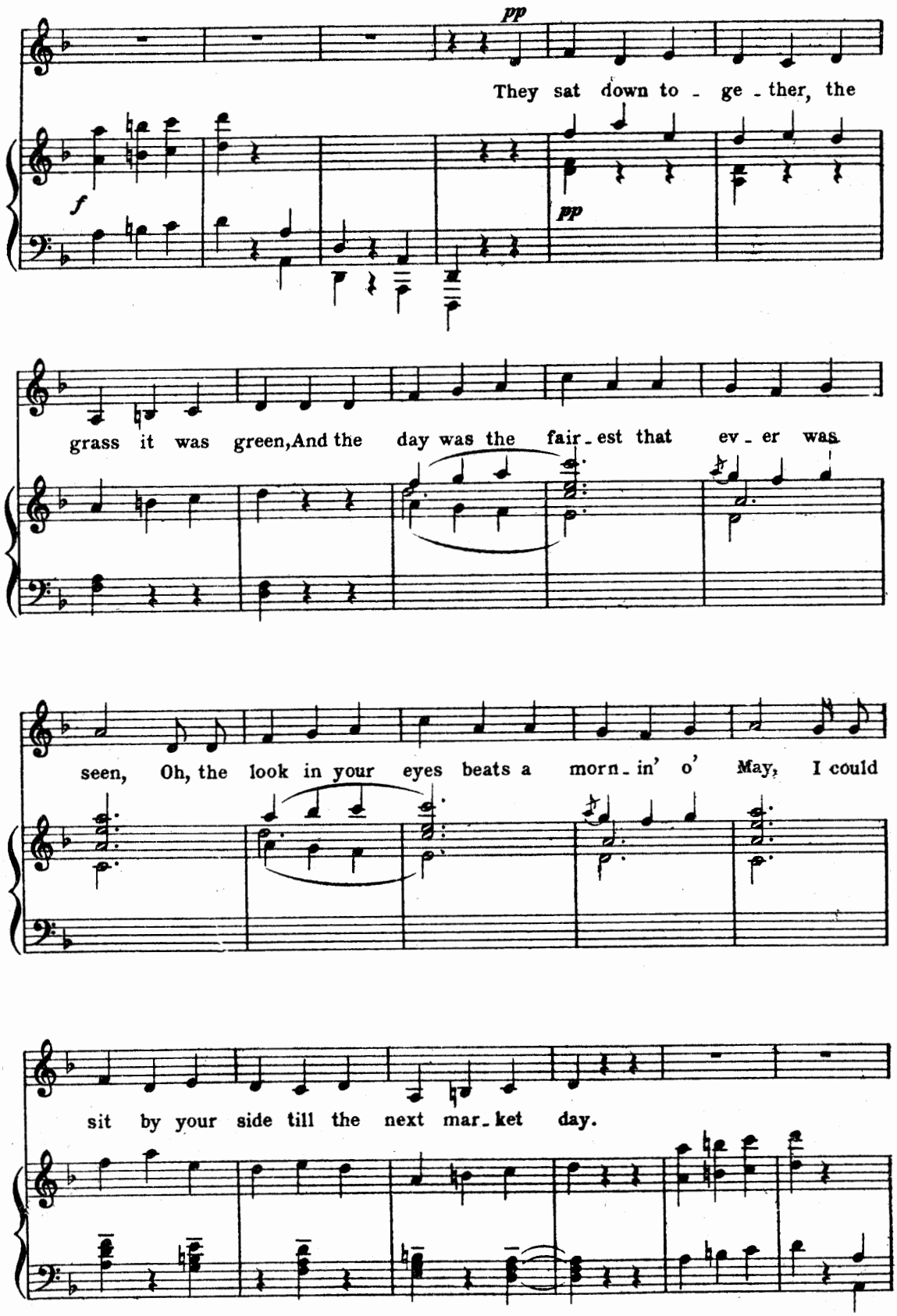

a tempo.
Friend - ship's balm - y words may..... feign,
a tempo.
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain..... Can
(pp)
sweet - ly..... soothe..... and not be - tray.
colla voce.
mf
Ped.

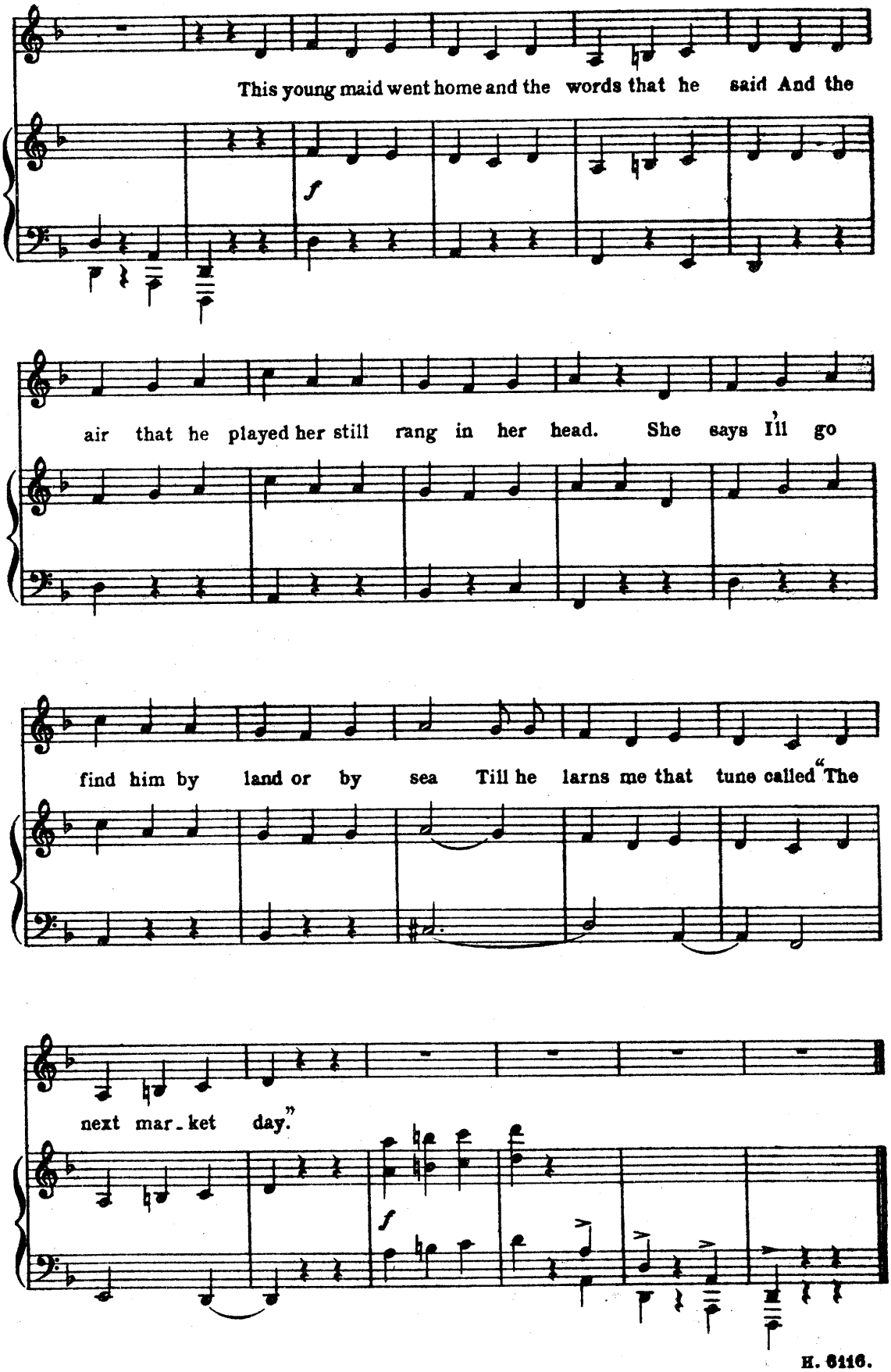
The next market day.

Fragment of Tyrone Ballad, adapted. ULSTER MELODY.




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,
mf
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.

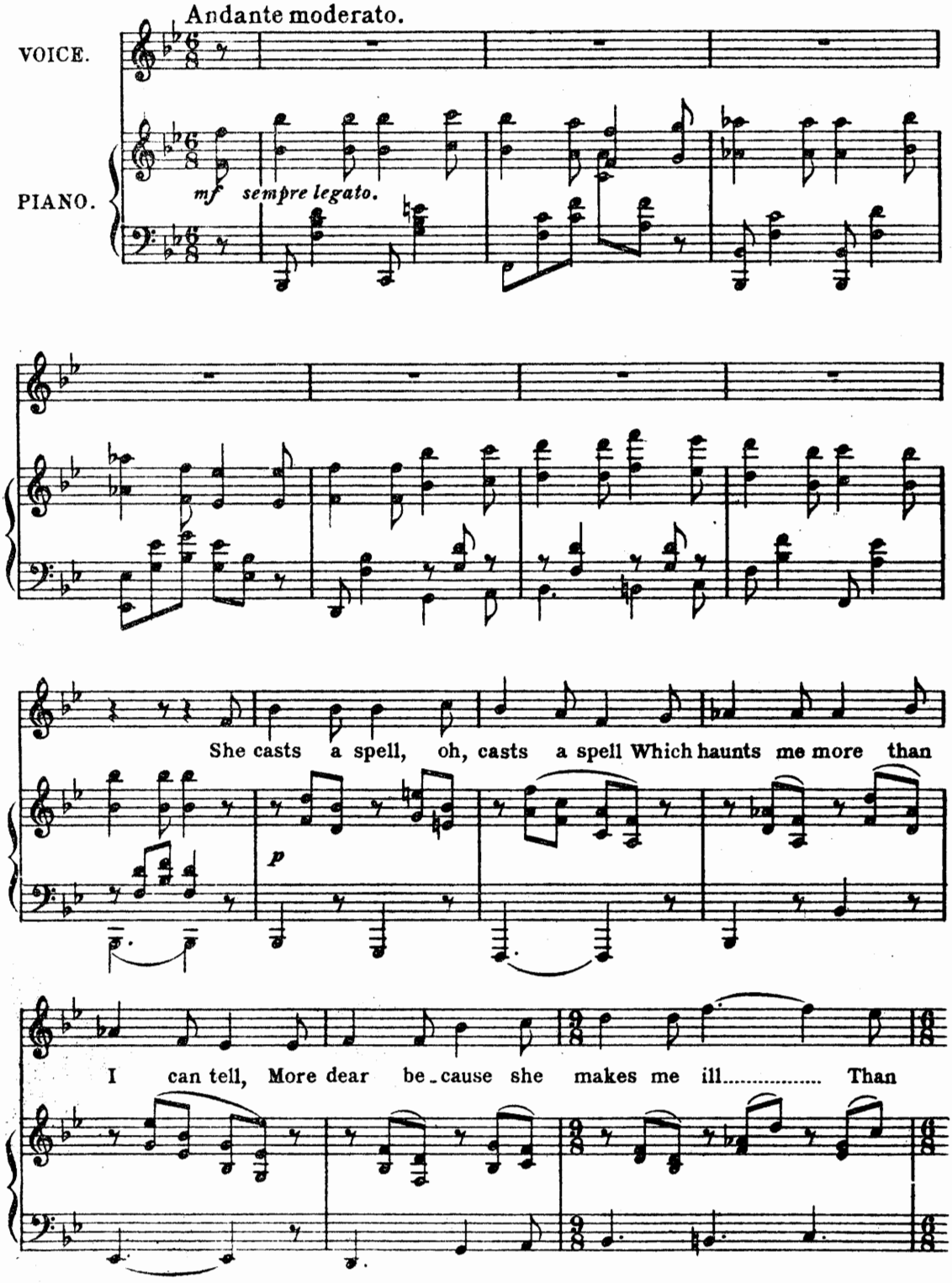

pp
They sat down to - ge - ther, the
f
pp
grass it was green, And the day was the fair - est that ev - er was
seen, Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could
sit by your side till the next mar - ket day.

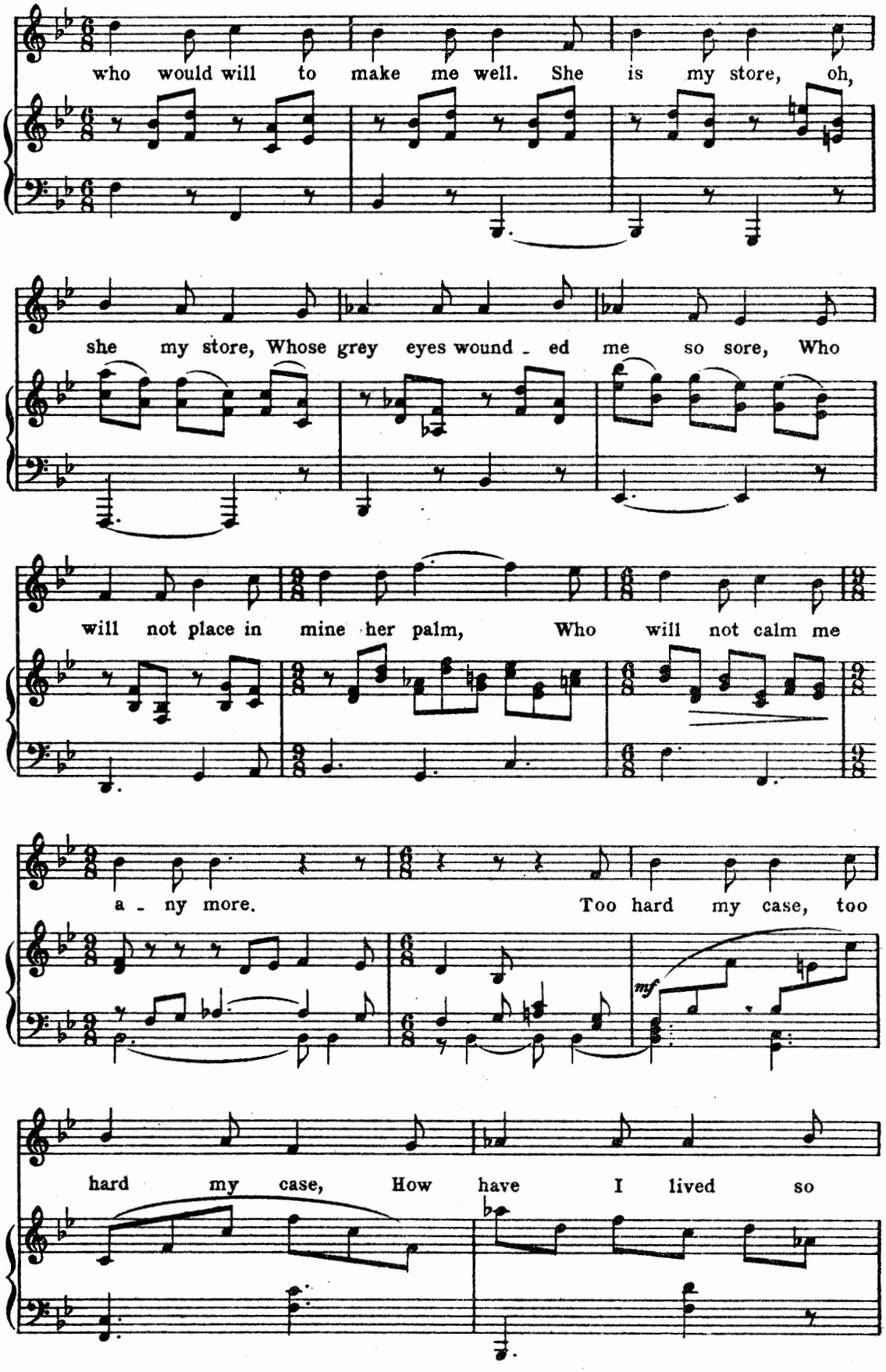

This young maid went home and the words that he said And the
f
air that he played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go
find him by land or by sea Till he larns me that tune called "The
next mar-ket day."
f

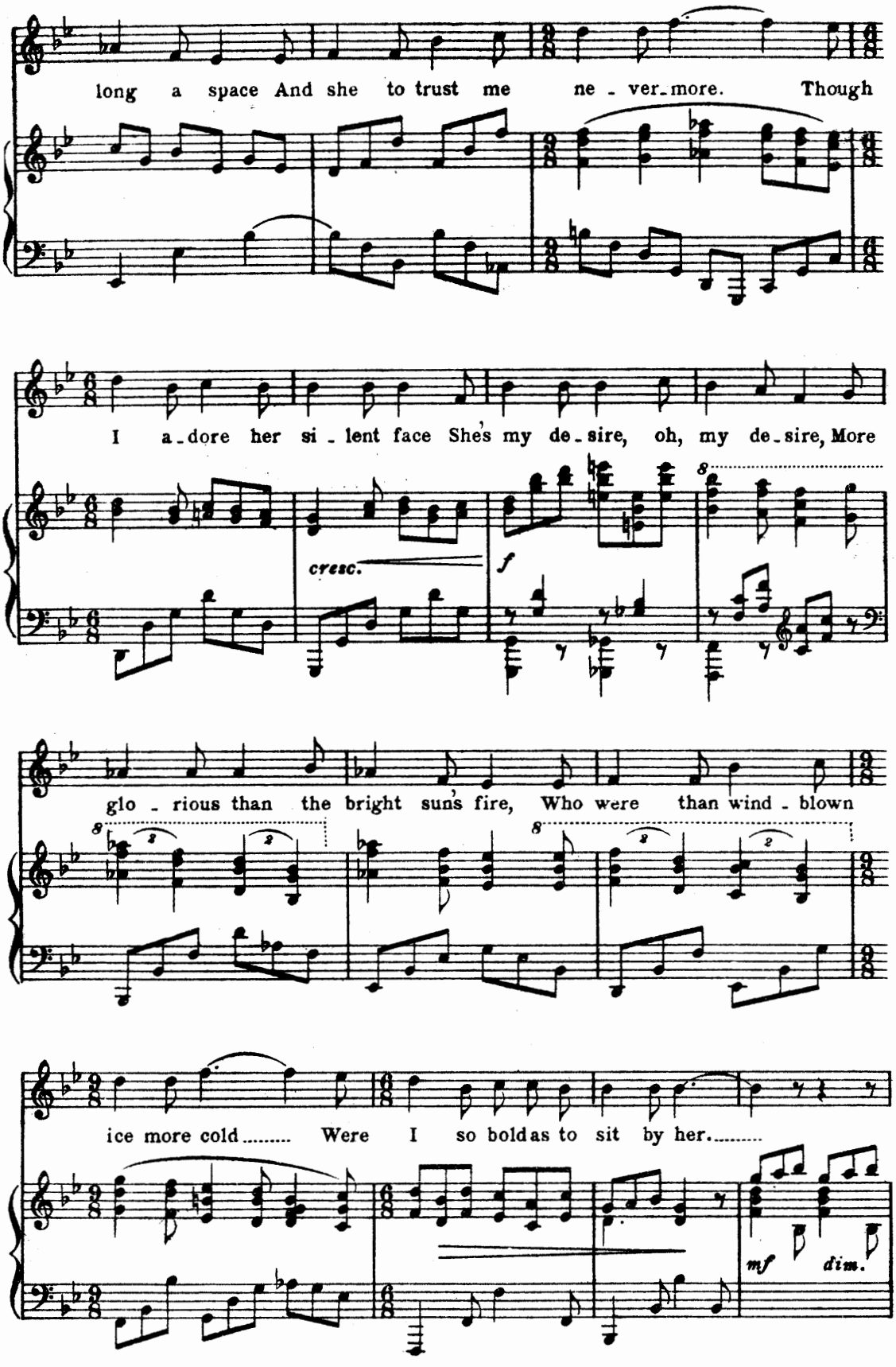
My love, oh, she is my love.

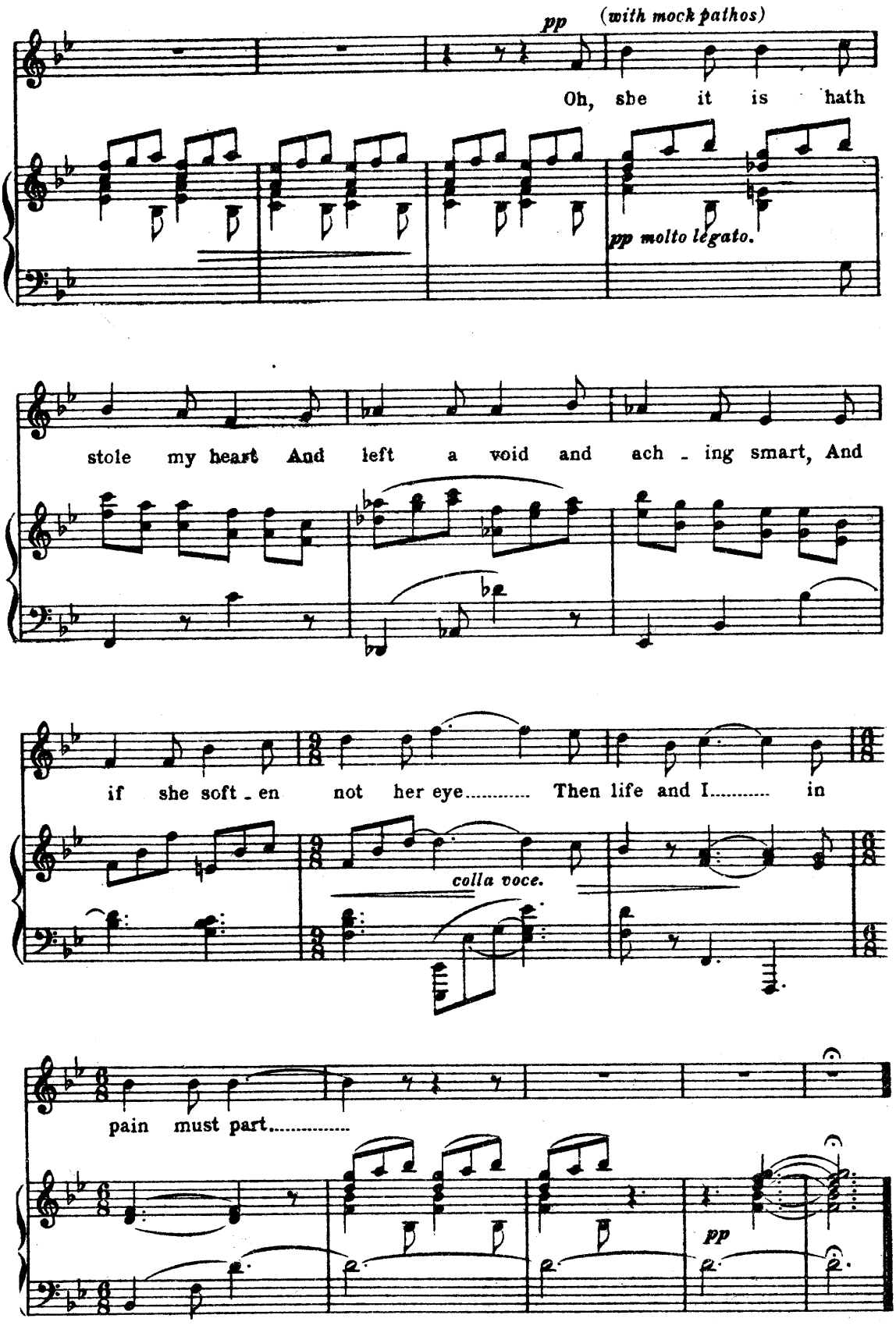
Words by
DOUGLAS HYDE.
(From the Irish.)

SOUTH IRISH.



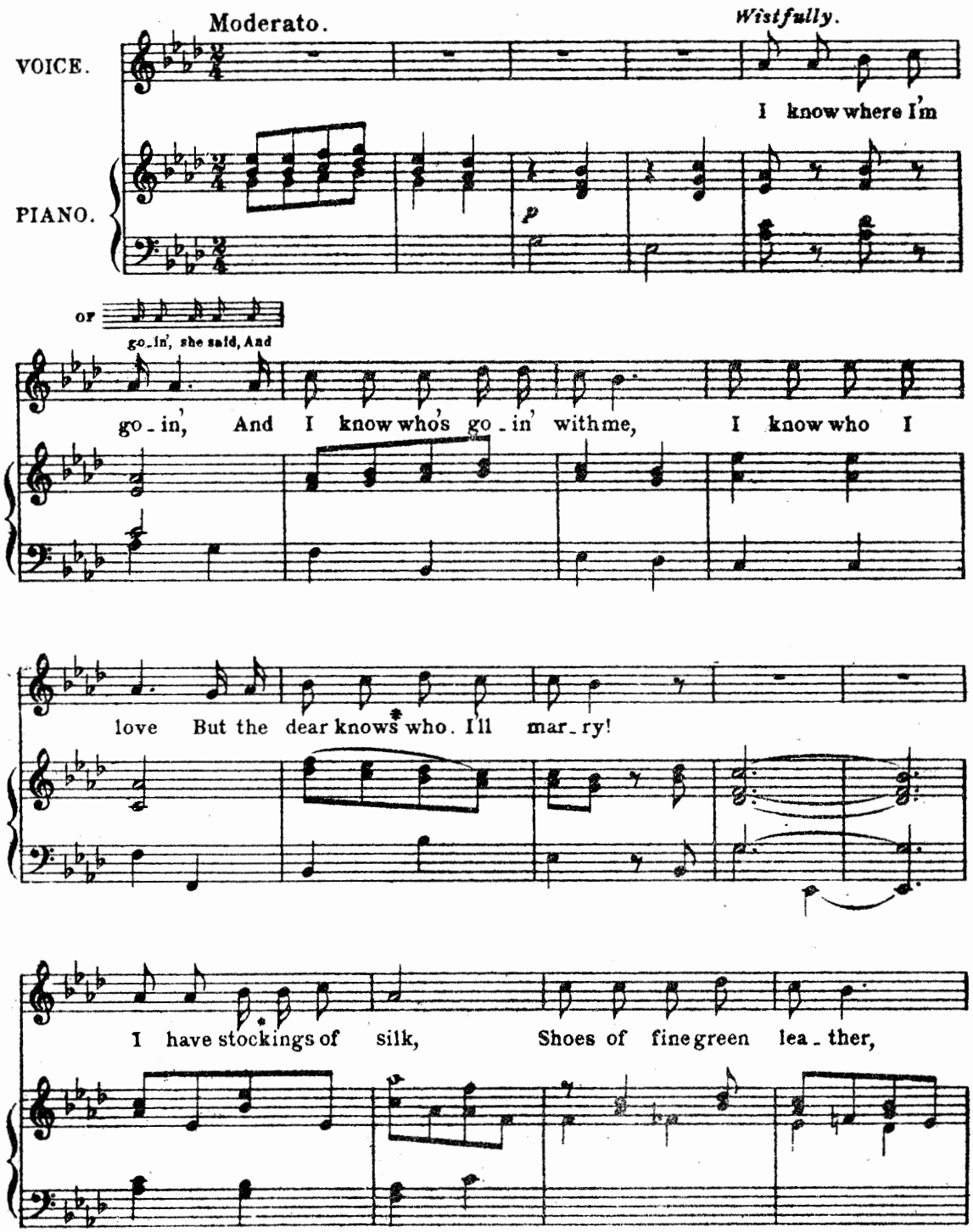

who would will to make me well. She is my store, oh,
she my store, Whose grey eyes wound - ed me so sore, Who
will not place in mine her palm, Who will not calm me
a - ny more. Too hard my case, too
mf
hard my case, How have I lived so


long a space And she to trust me ne - ver-more. Though
I a-dore her si - lent face She's 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.

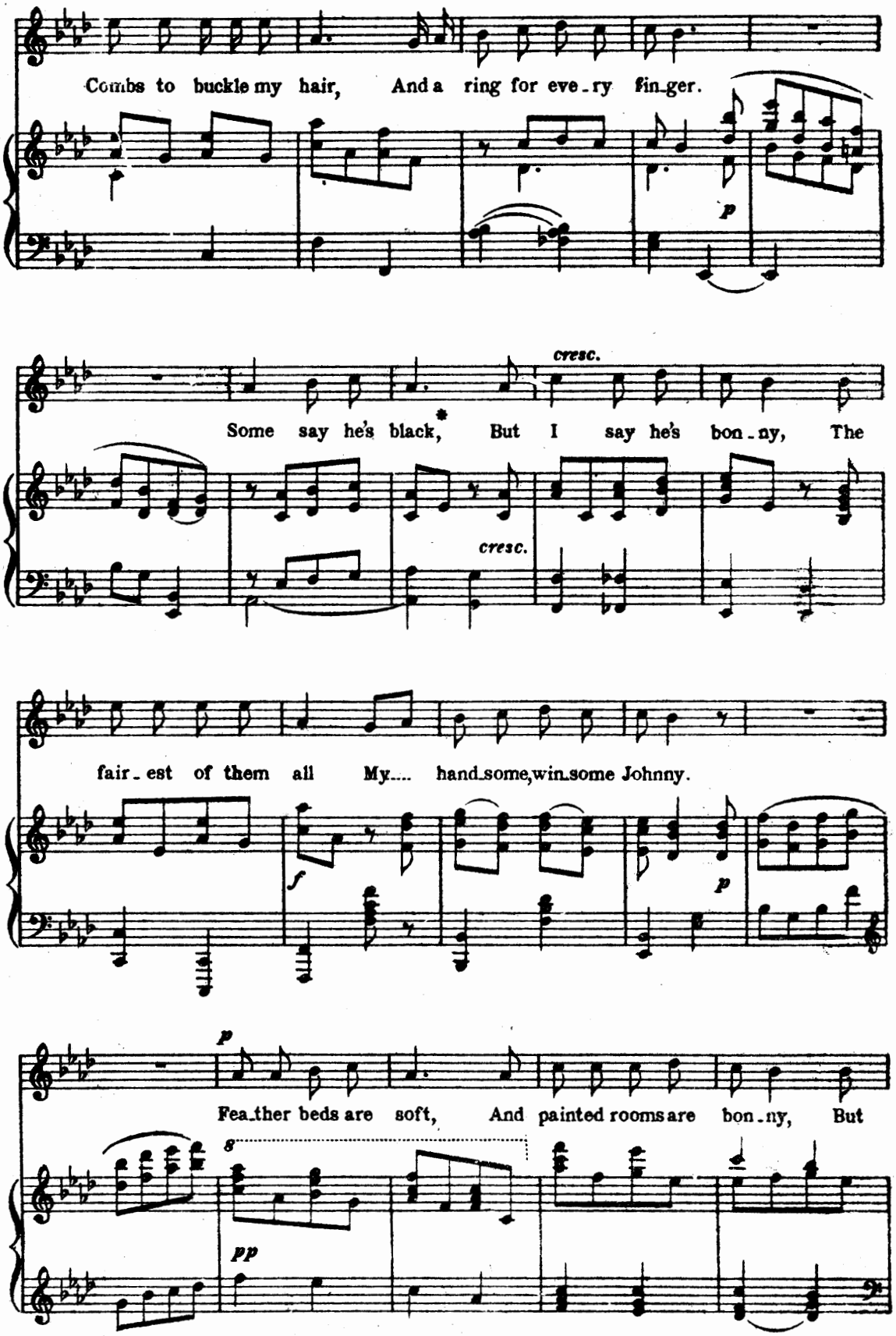

pp
(with mock pathos)
Oh, she it is hath
pp molto legato.
stole my heart And left a void and ach - ing smart, And
if she soft - en not her eye..... Then life and I..... in
colla voce.
pain must part.....
pp

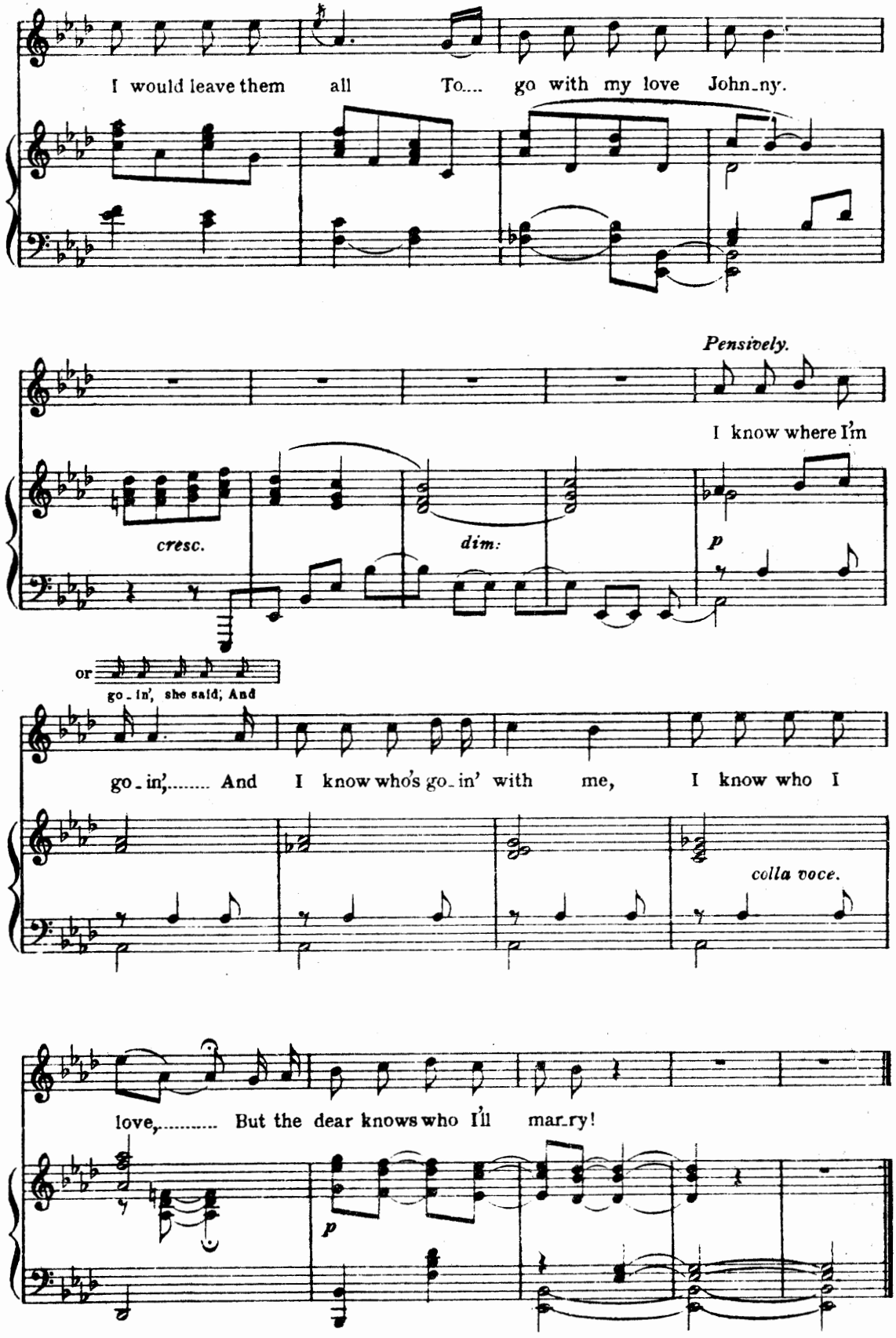
I know where I'm goin'.

OLD SONG. COUNTY ANTRIM.



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

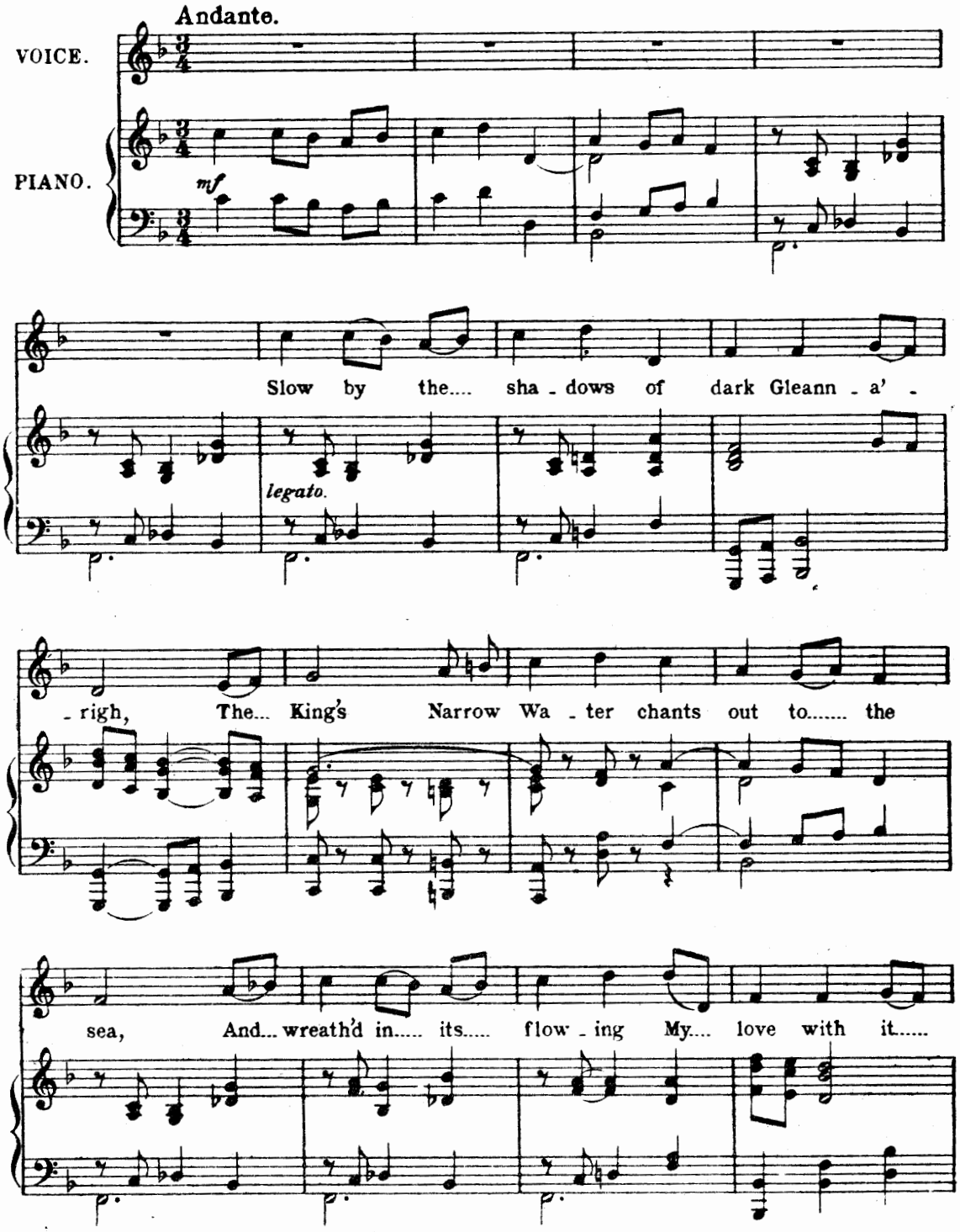

Combs to buckle my hair, And a ring for eve-ry fin-ger.
p
cresc.
Some say he's black, But I say he's bon-ny, The
cresc.
fair-est of them all My.... hand-some, win-some Johnny.
f
p
p
Fea-ther beds are soft, And painted rooms are bon-ny, But
8
pp

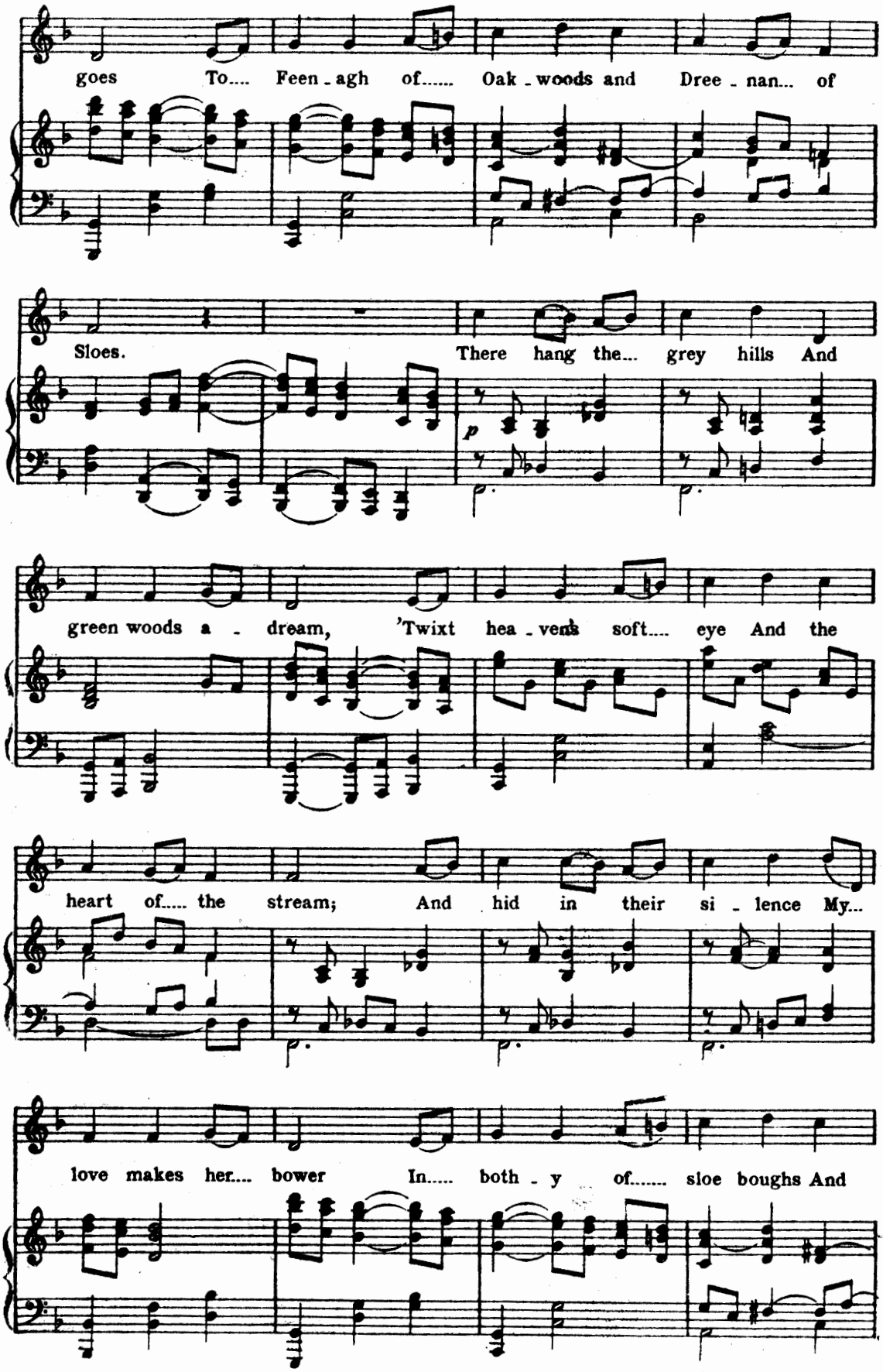

I would leave them all To.... go with my love John_ny.
Pensively.
I know where I'm
cresc.
dim:
p
or
go_in', she said; And
go_in',..... And I know who's go_in' with me, I know who I
colla voce.
love,..... But the dear knows who I'll mar_ry!
p

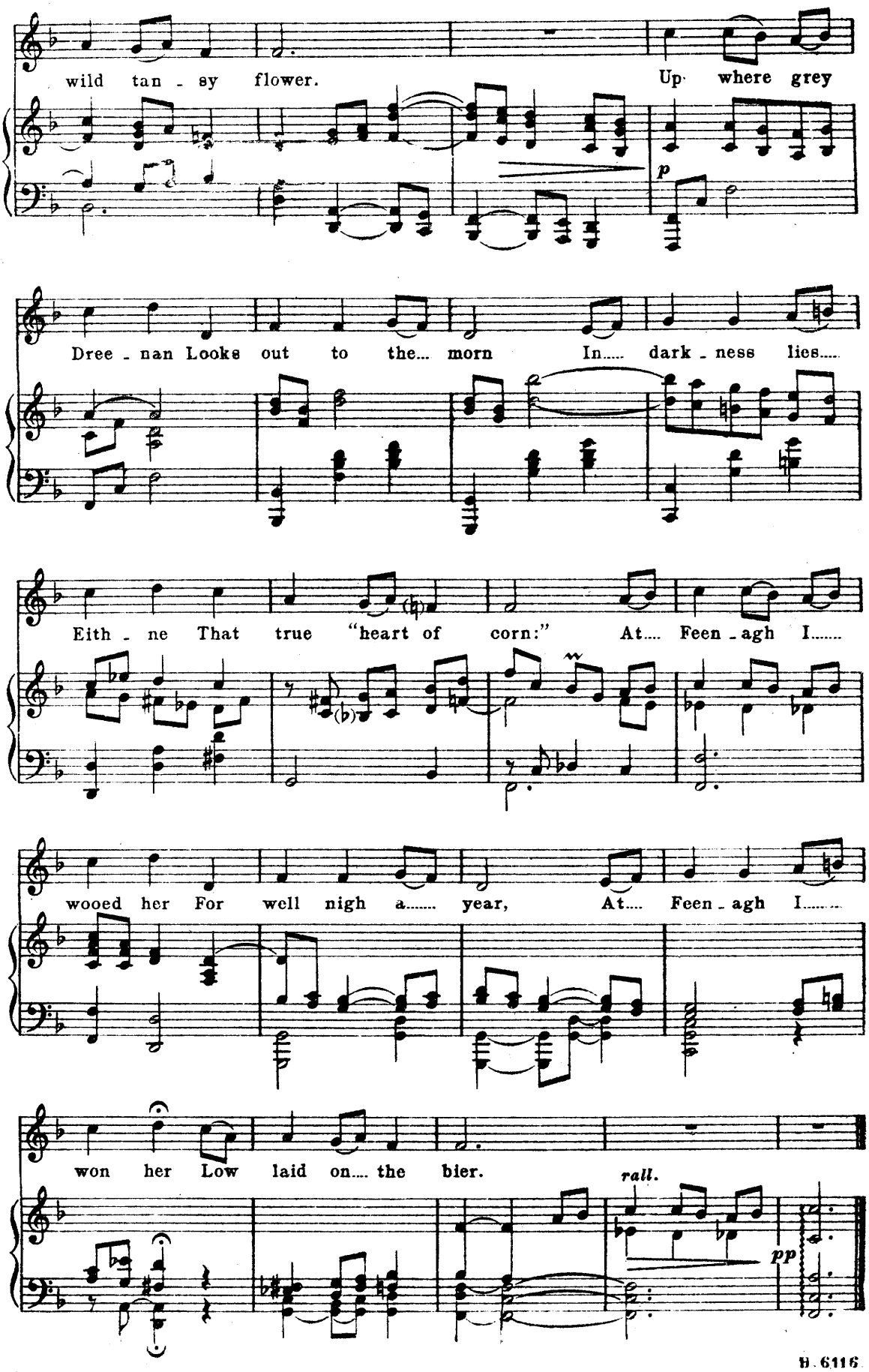
Slow by the shadows.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.



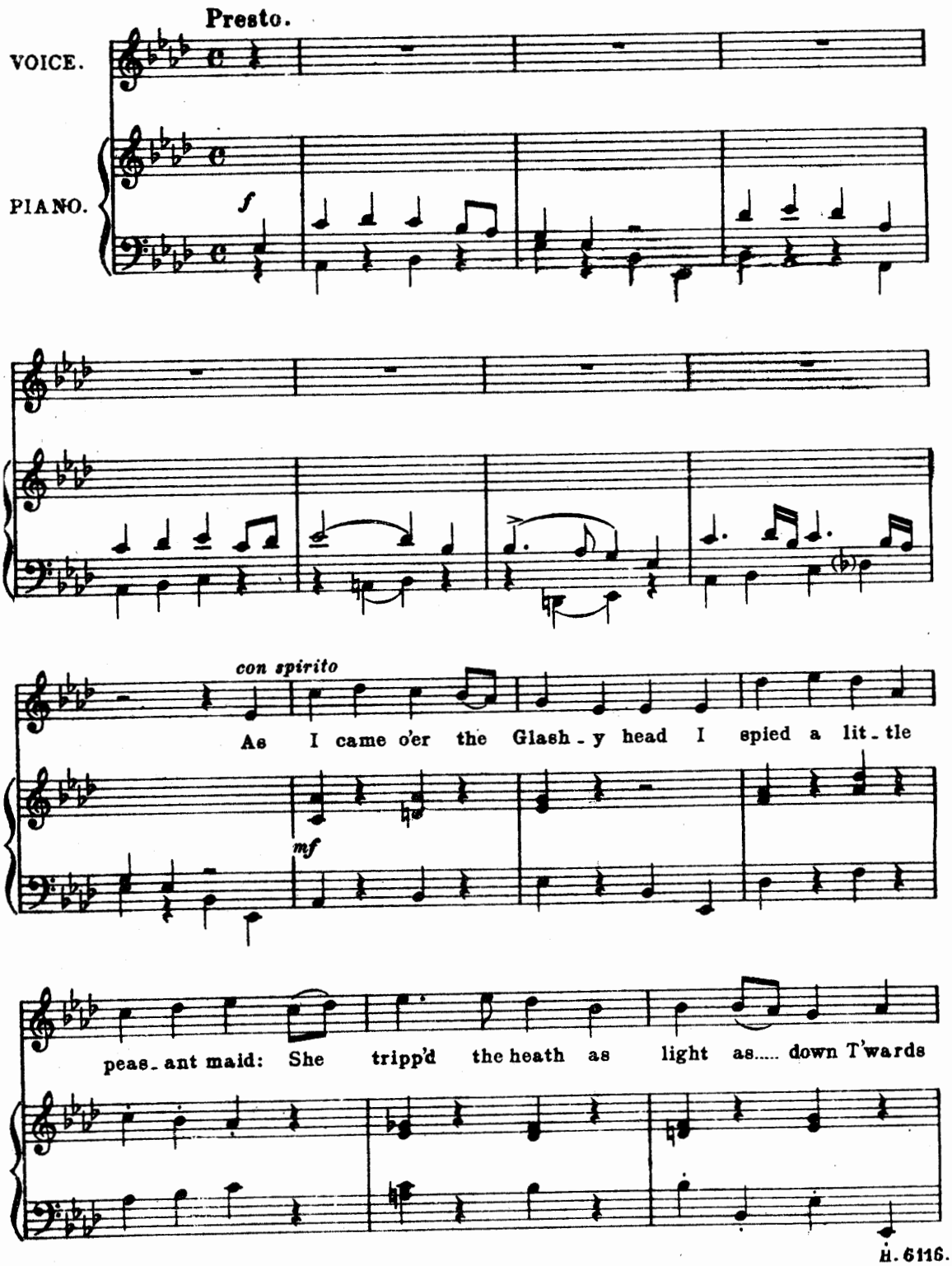

goes To.... Feen - agh of..... Oak - woods and Dree - nan... of
Sloes. There hang the... grey hills And
p
green woods a - dream, 'Twixt hea - vens soft.... eye And the
heart of..... the stream; And hid in their si - lence My...
love makes her.... bower In..... both - y of..... sloe boughs And

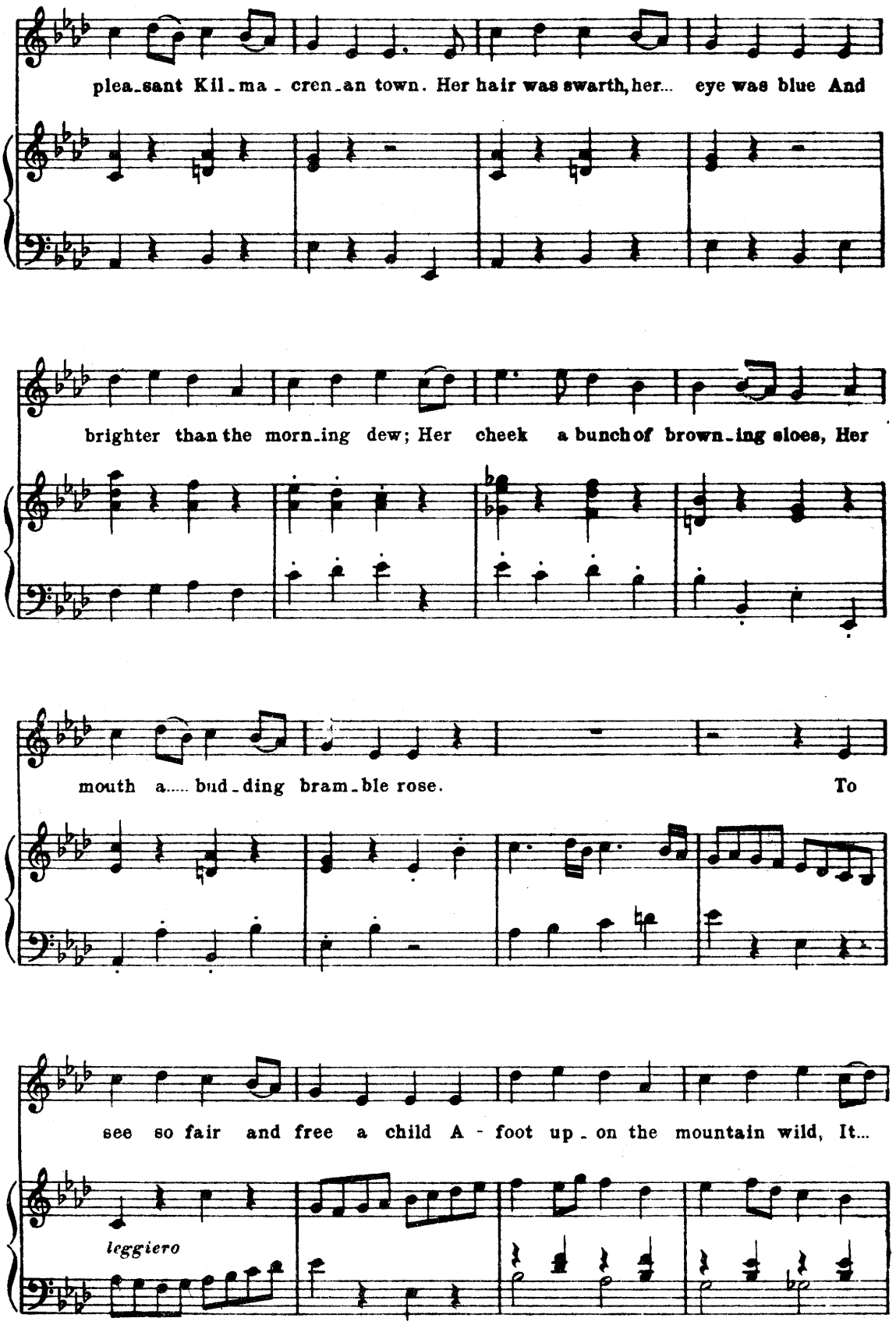

wild tan - sy flower.
Up where grey
p
Dree - nan Looks out to the... morn
In..... dark - ness lies.....
Eith - ne That true "heart of corn:"
At.... Feen - agh I.....
wooed her For well nigh a..... year,
At.... Feen - agh I.....
won her Low laid on.... the bier.
rall.
pp

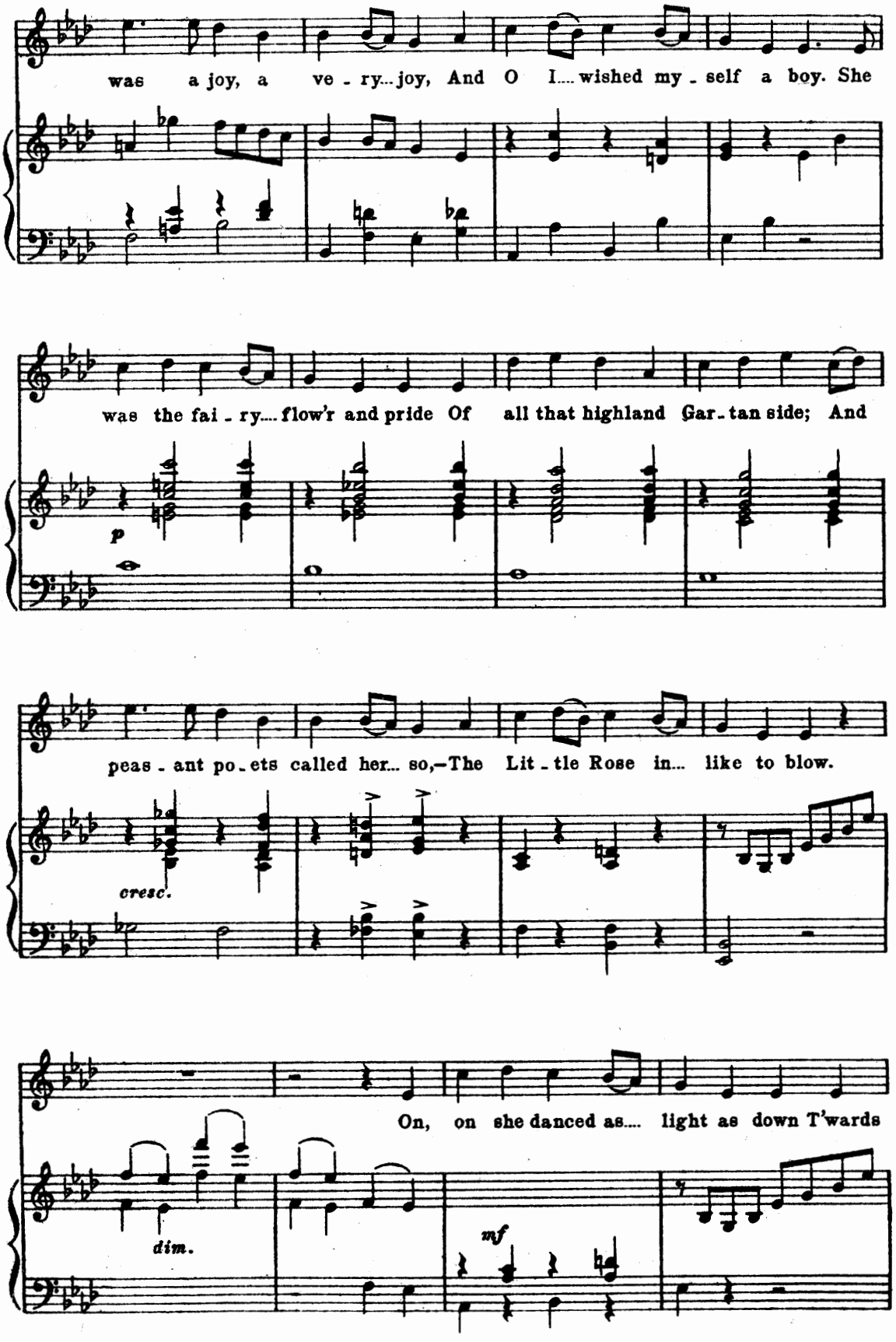
The Little Rose of Gartan.

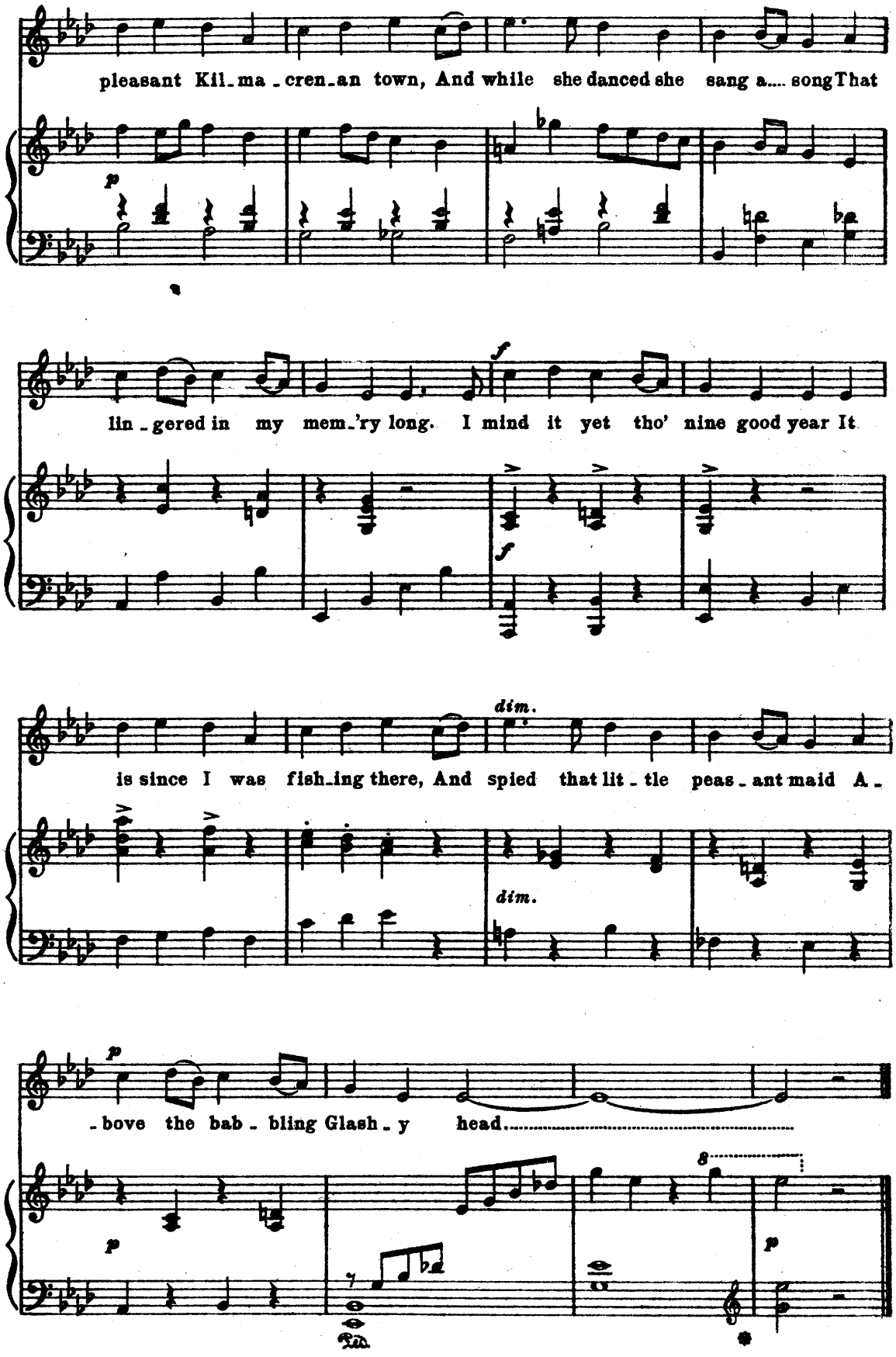
Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.




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...
leggiero


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
p
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

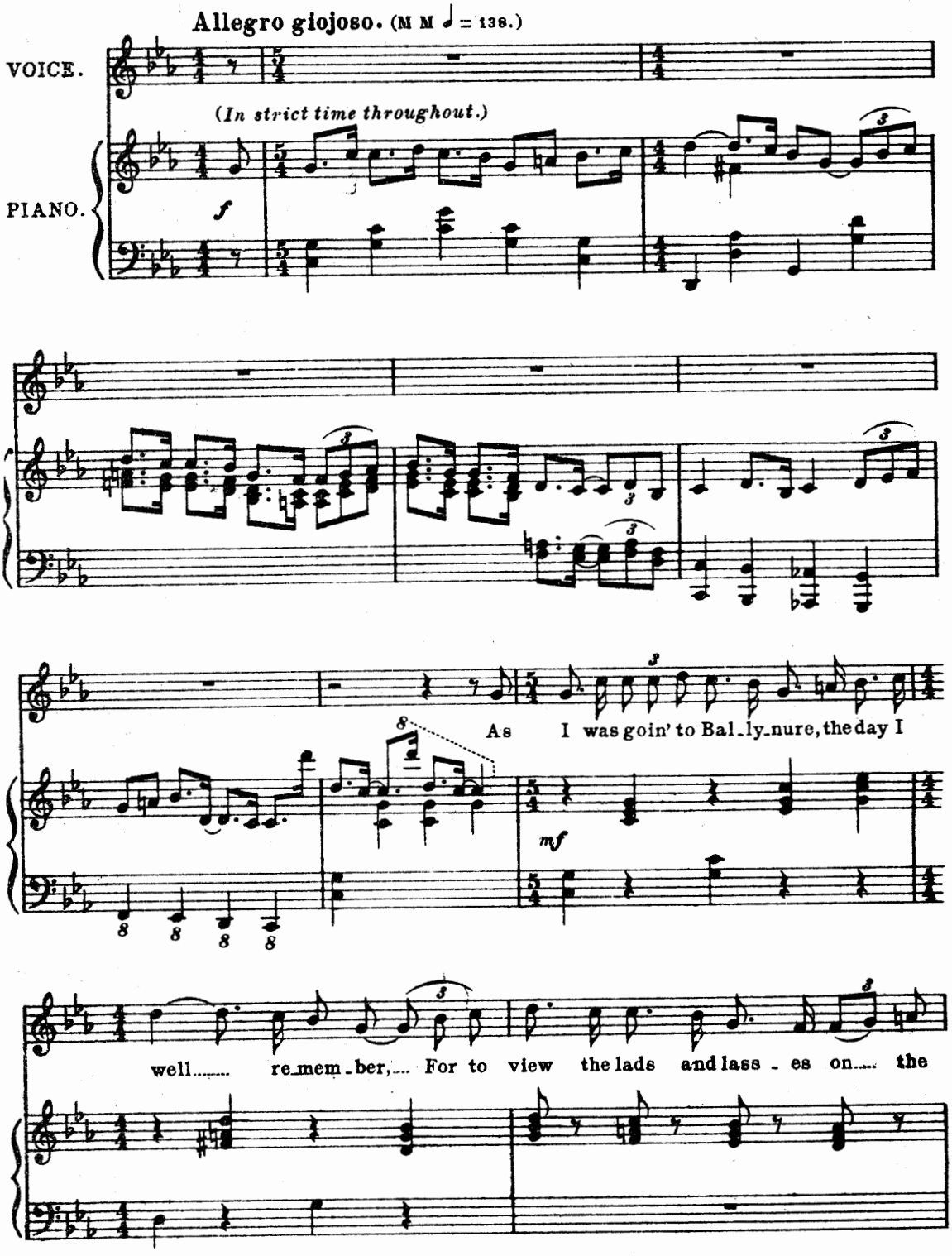

pleasant Kil-ma-cren-an town, And while she danced she sang a.... song That
p
lin-gered in my mem-'ry long. I mind it yet tho' nine good year It
f
f
dim.
is since I was fish-ing there, And spied that lit-tle peas-ant maid A-
dim.
p
-bove the bab-bling Glash-y head.....
p
p
8
Ped.

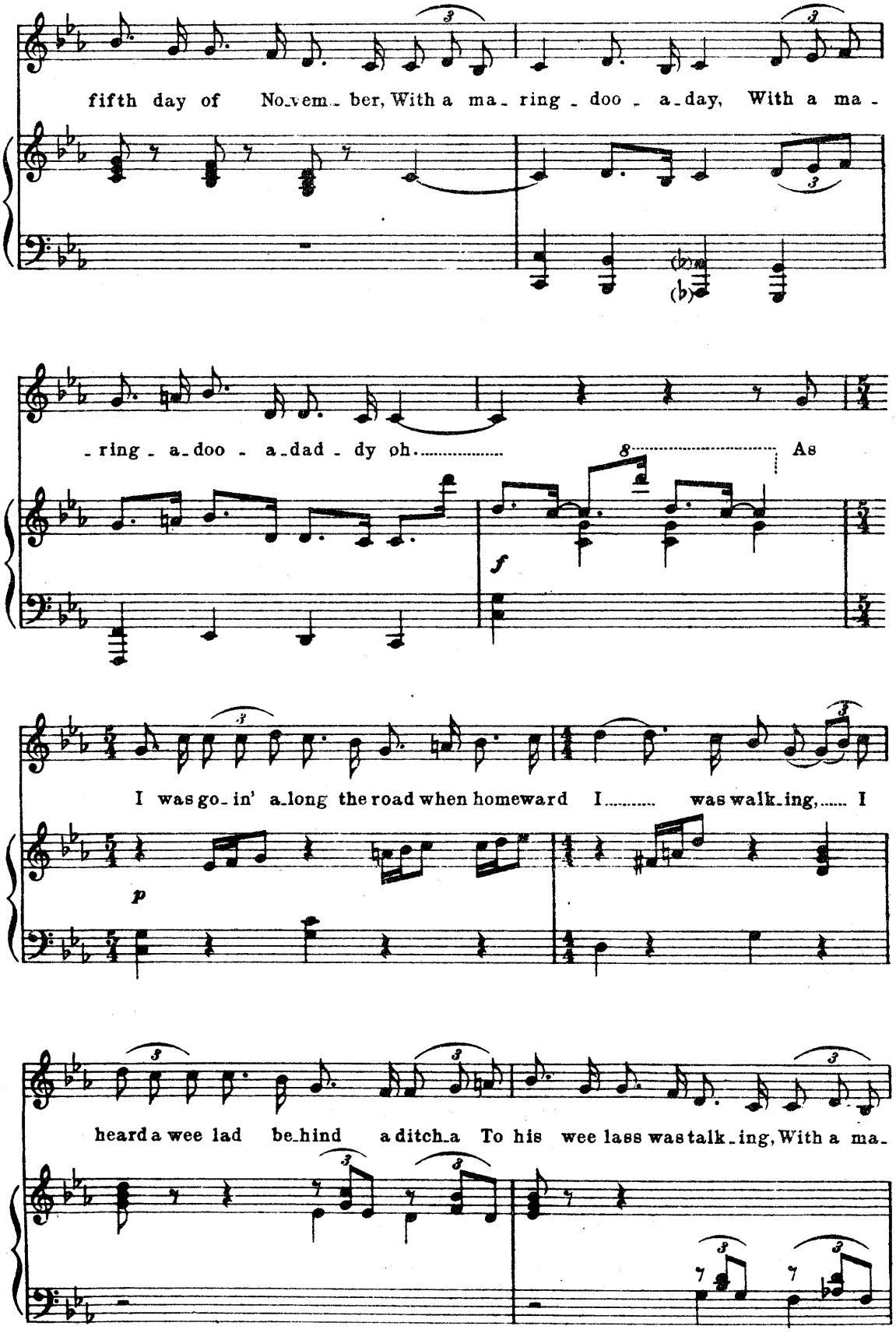
79965

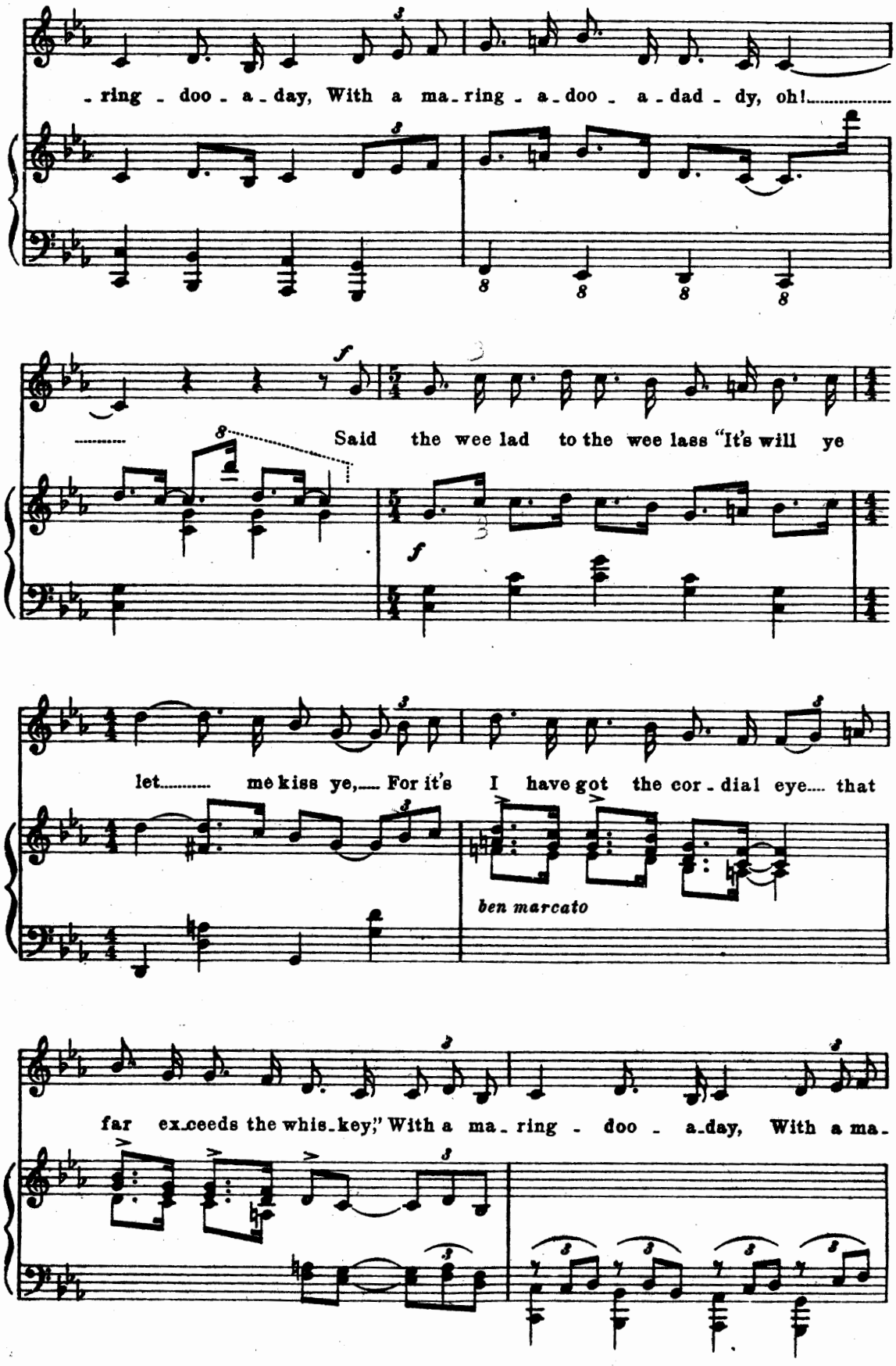
79965

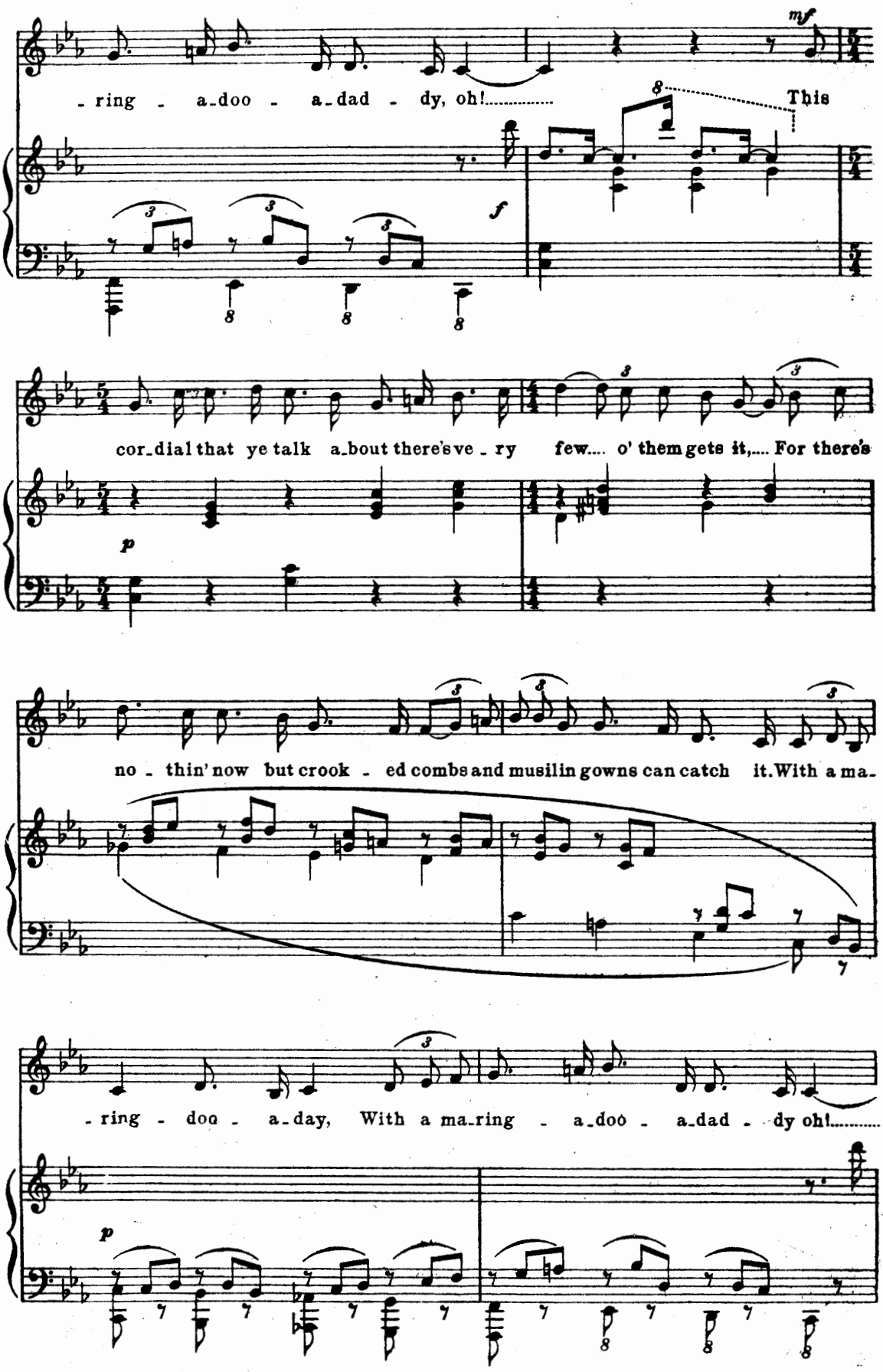
A Ballynure Ballad.

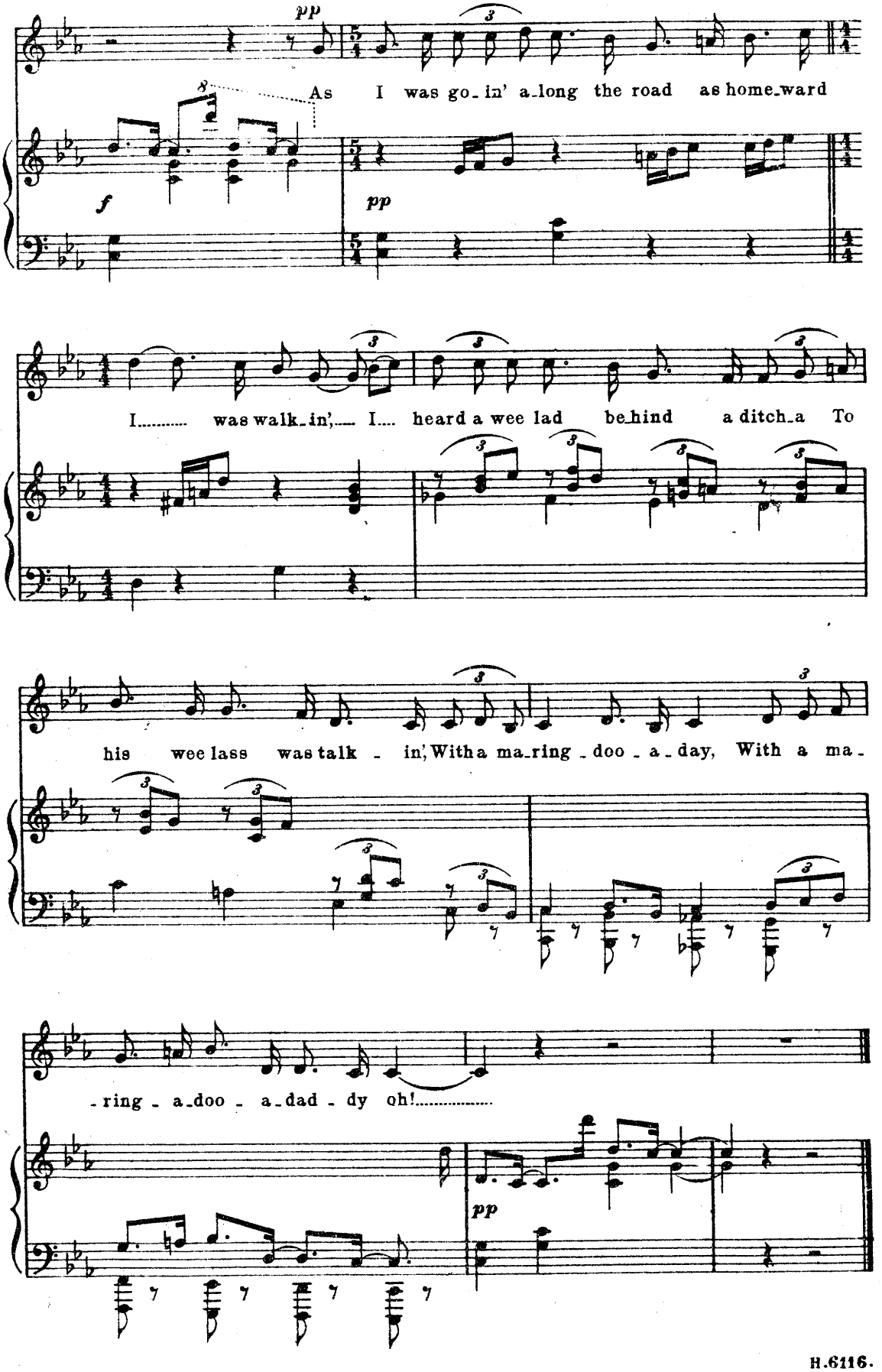
Fragment of an old Ballad. COUNTY ANTRIM.




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 ex - ceeds the whis - key," With a ma - ring - doo - a - day, With a ma -

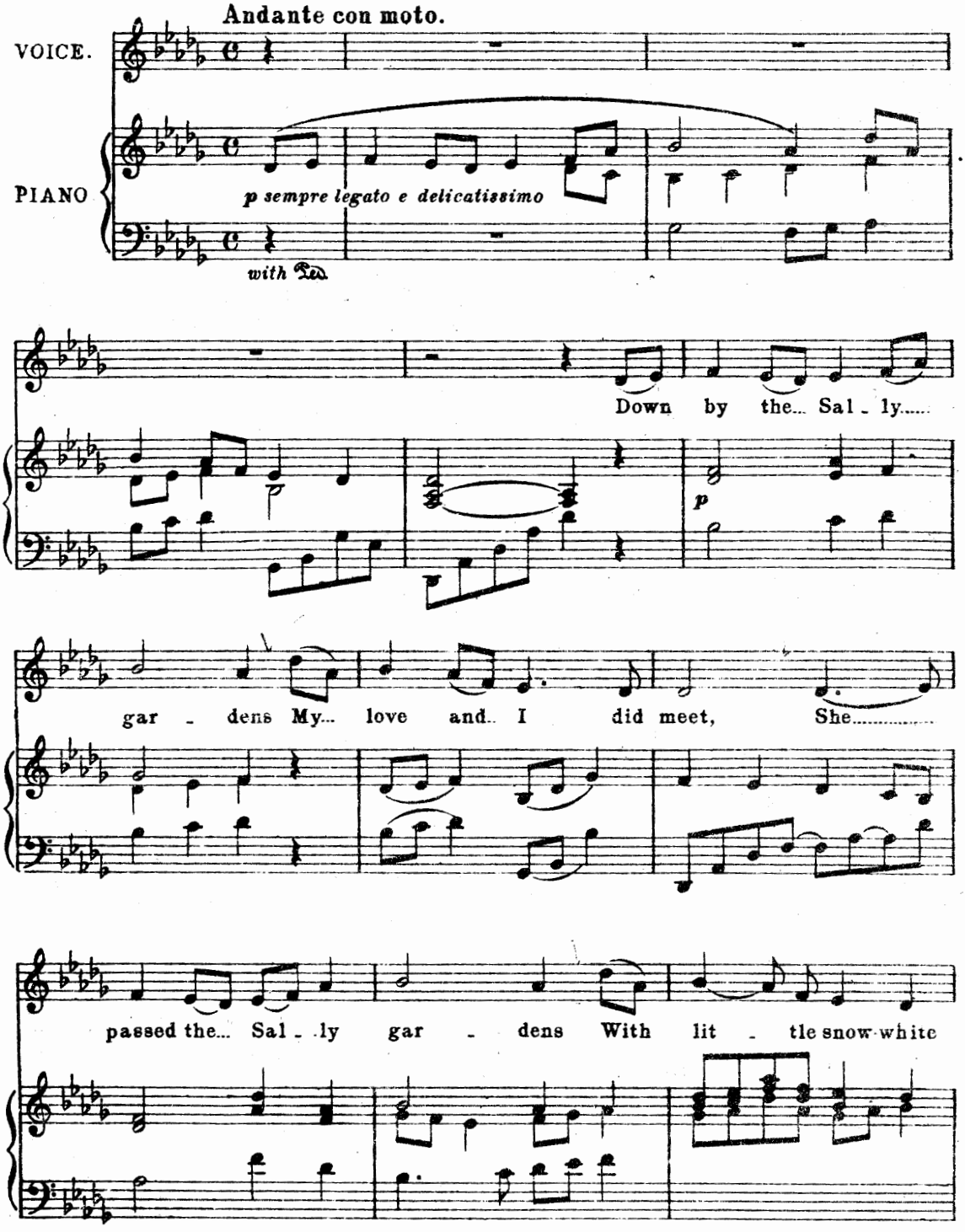

mf
- ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy, oh!..... This
f
cor-dial that ye talk a-bout there's ve - ry few.... o' them gets it,.... For there's
p
no - thin' now but crook - ed combs and musilin gowns can catch it. With a ma-
- ring - doo - a-day, With a ma-ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy oh!.....
p

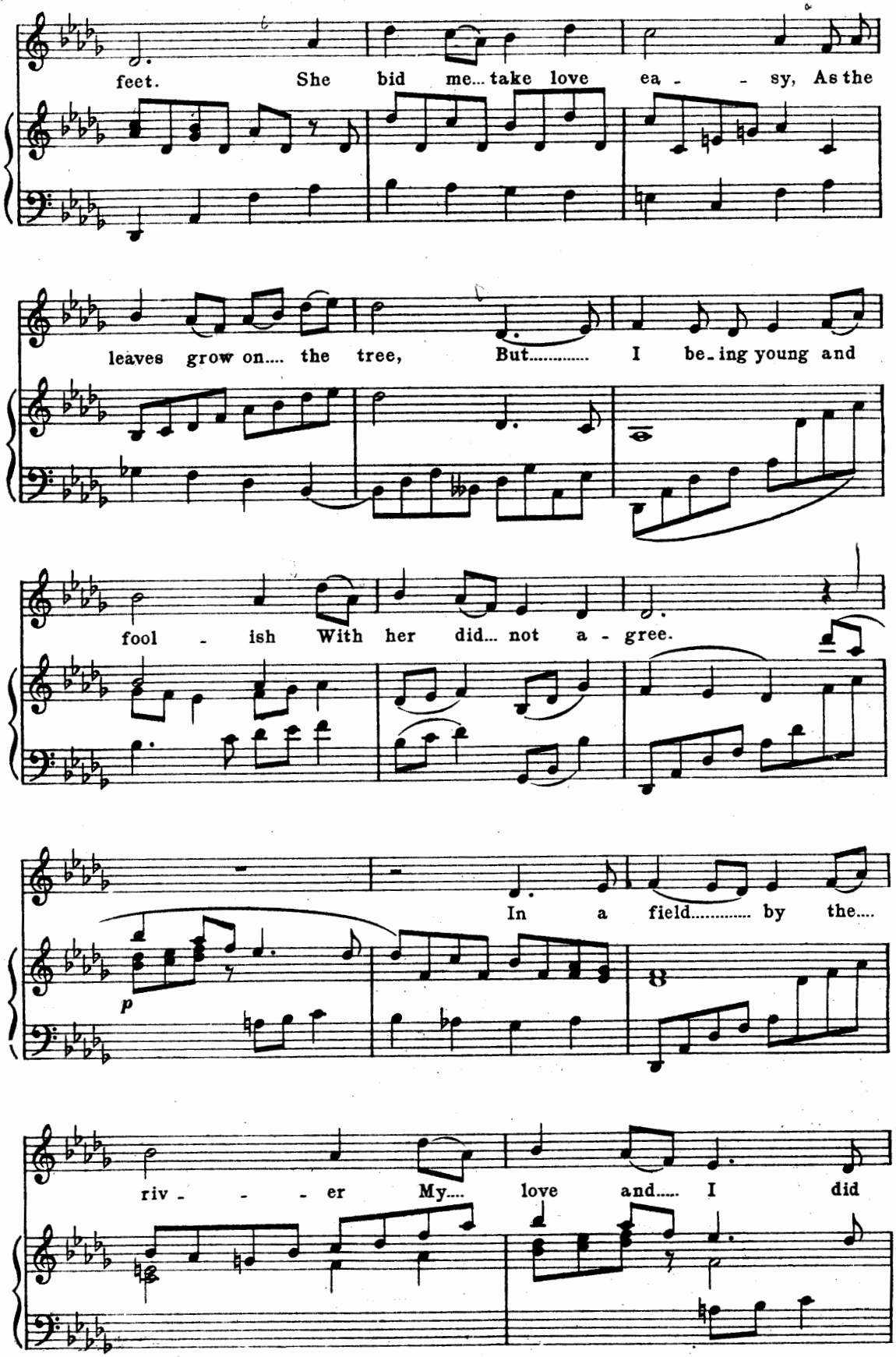

pp
As I was go_in' a_long the road as home_ward
f
pp
I..... was walk_in',.... I.... heard a wee lad be_hind a ditch_a To
his wee lass was talk - in', With a ma_ring _ doo _ a _ day, With a ma -
- ring - a_doo - a_dad - dy oh!.....
pp

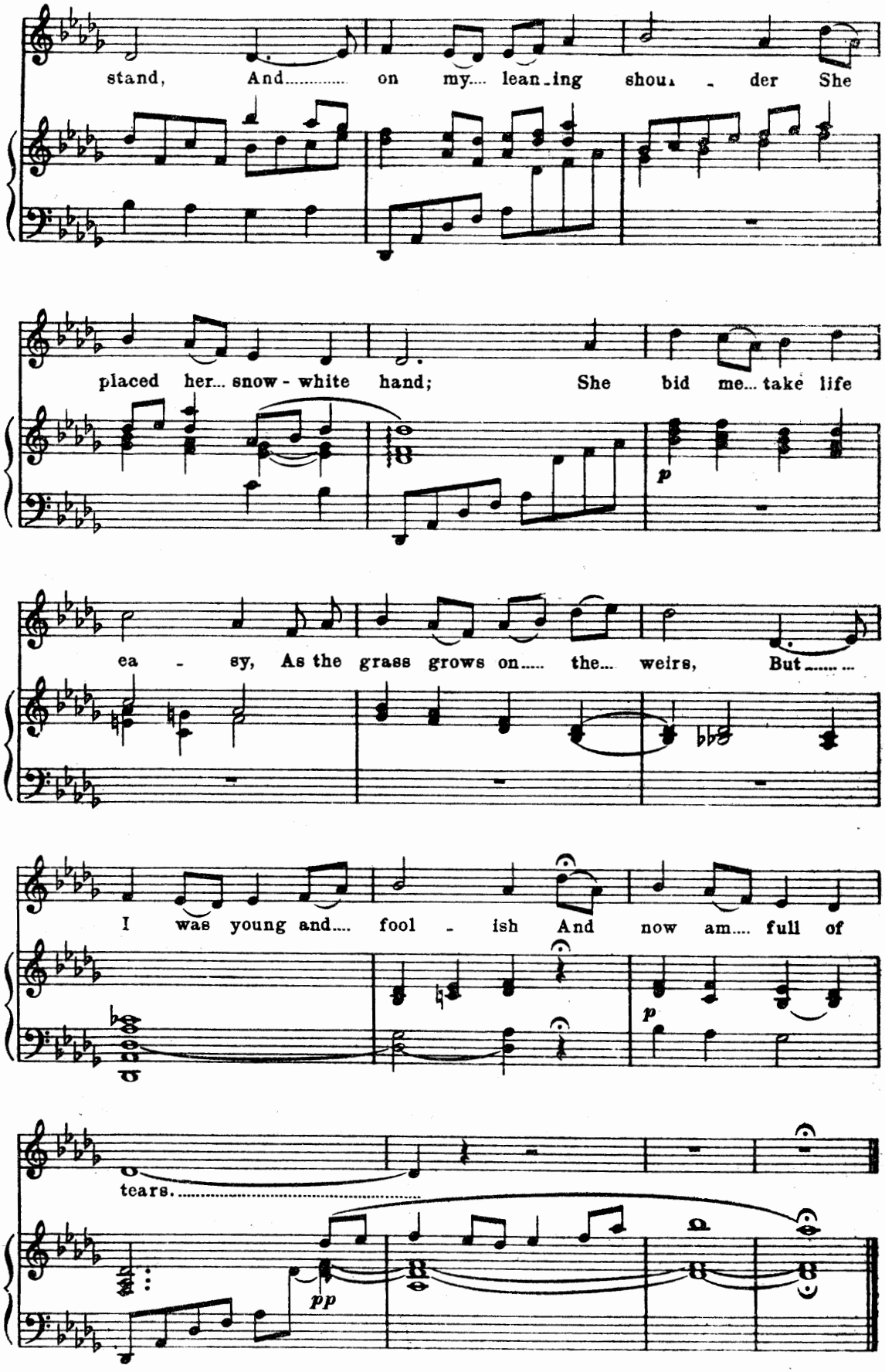
Down by the Sally Gardens.

Words by
W. B. YEATS.

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore."



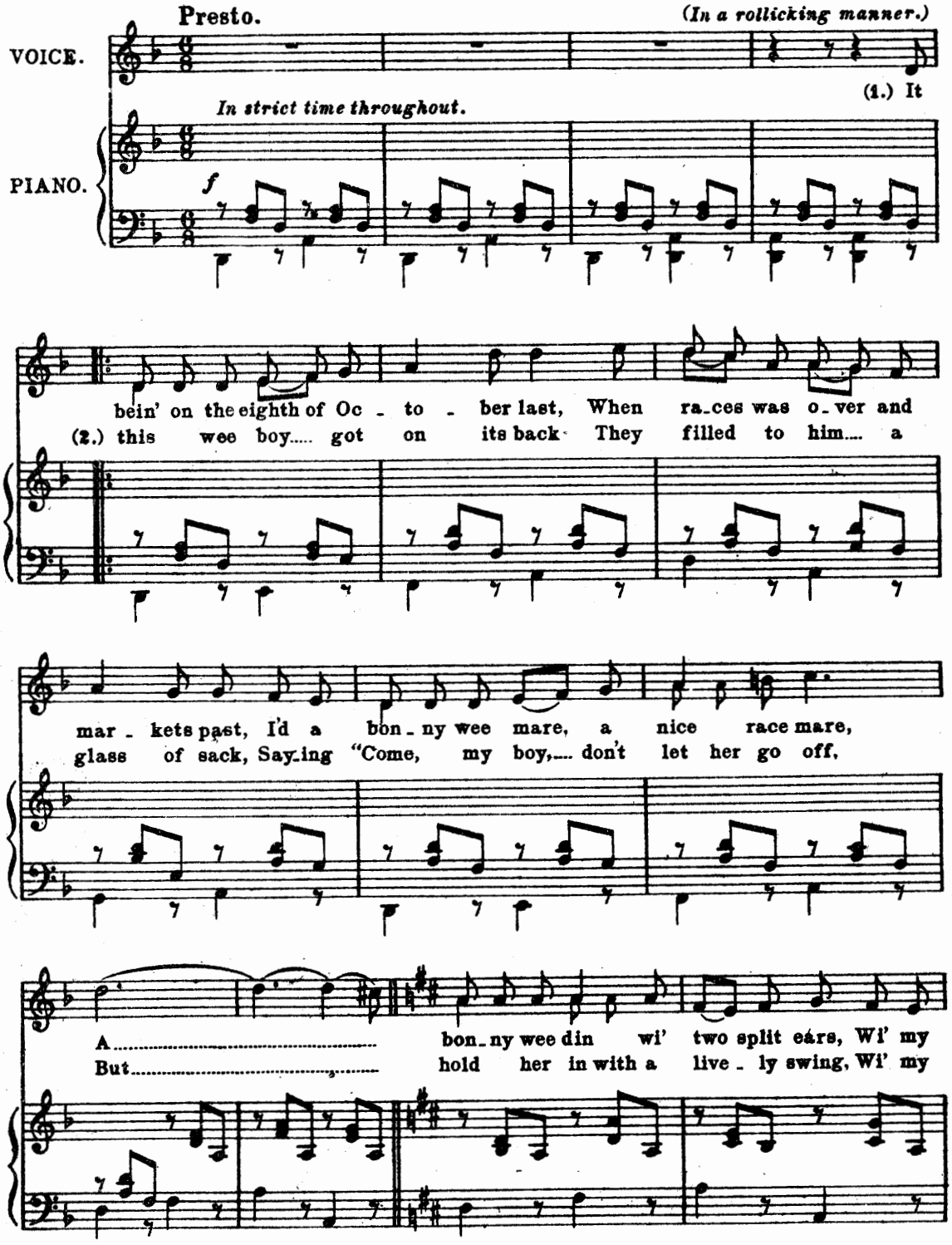

feet. She bid me... take love ea - - sy, As the
leaves grow on.... the tree, But..... I be-ing young and
fool - ish With her did... not a - gree.
In a field..... by the....
p
riv - - - er My.... love and..... I did

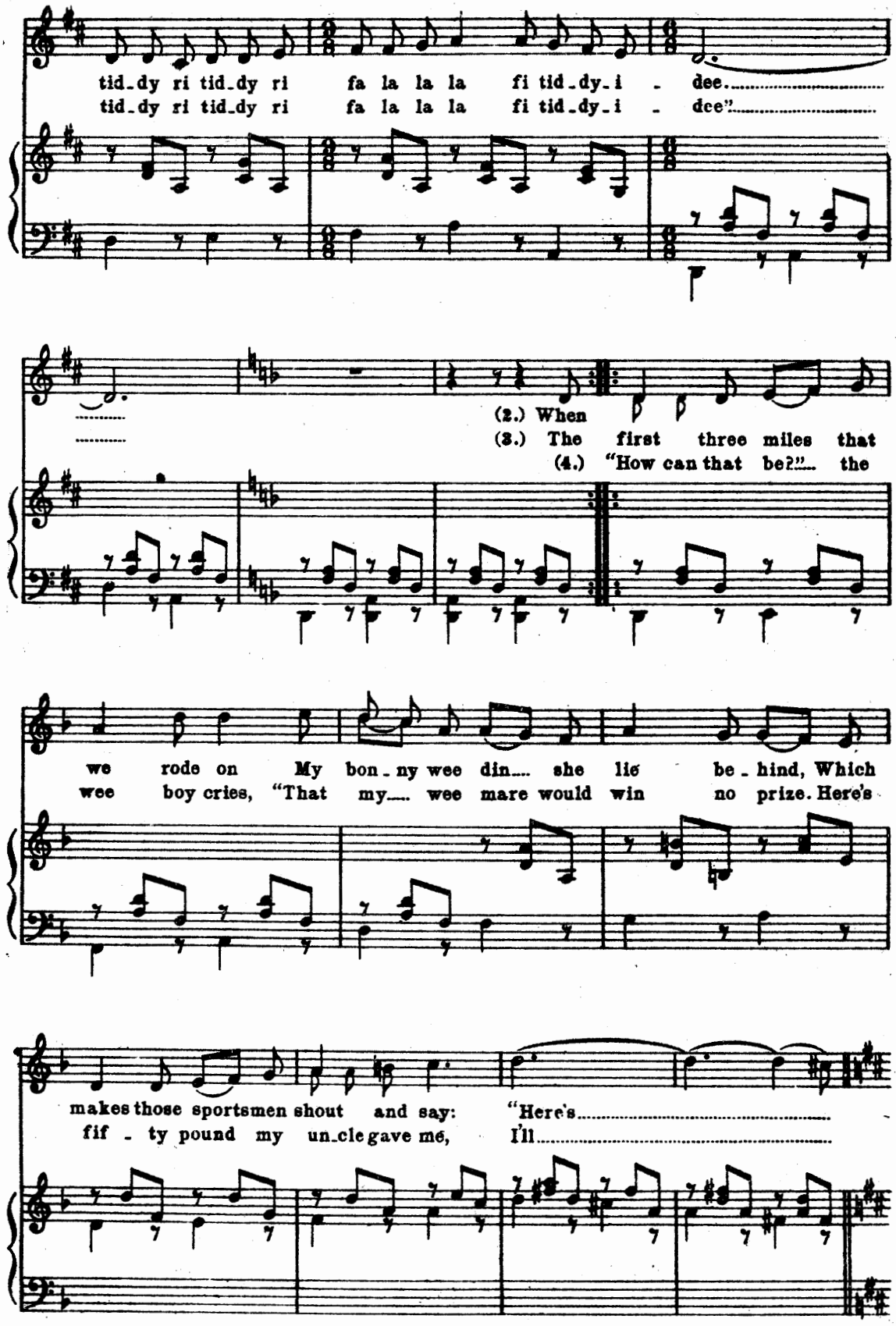

stand, And on my lean-ing shou - der She
placed her snow-white hand; She bid me take life
p
ea - sy, As the grass grows on the weirs, But
I was young and fool - ish And now am full of
p
tears.
pp

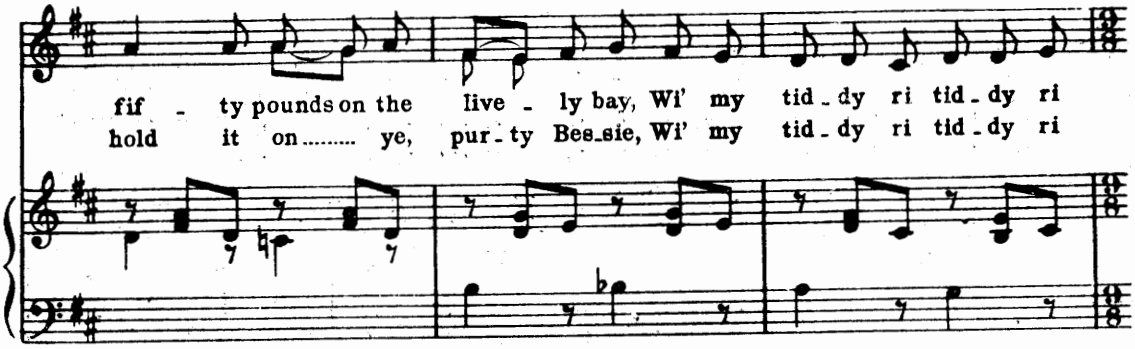
The Bonny Wee Mare.

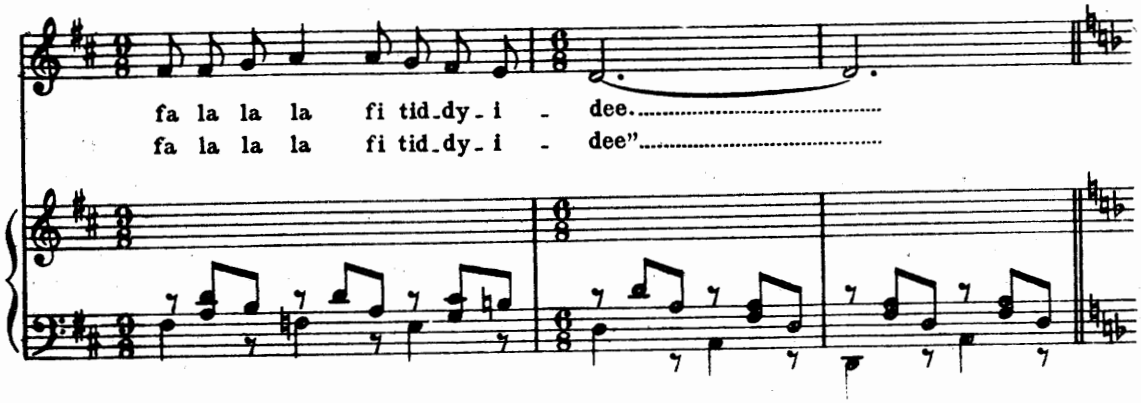
(A ballad of a horse-race.)

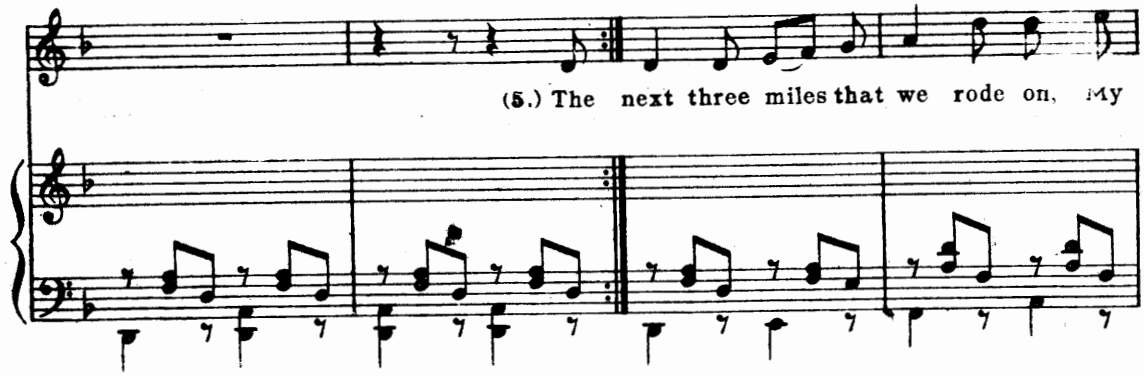
COUNTY DONEGAL.

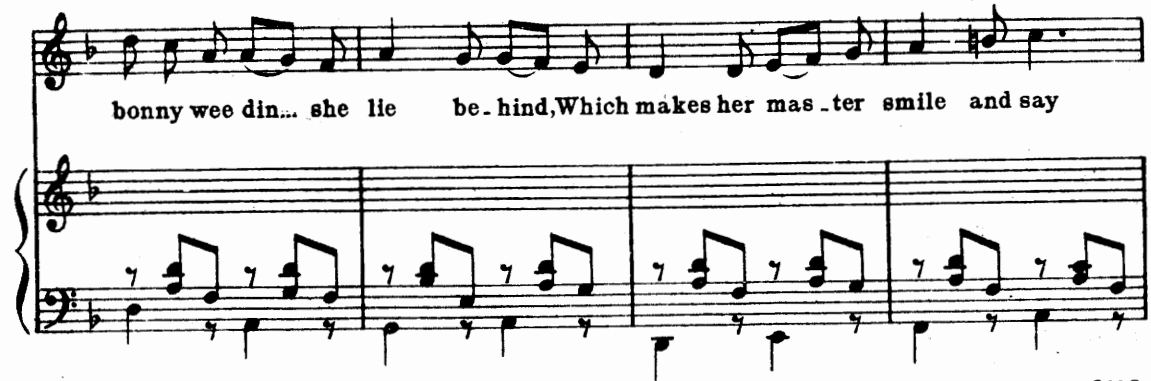


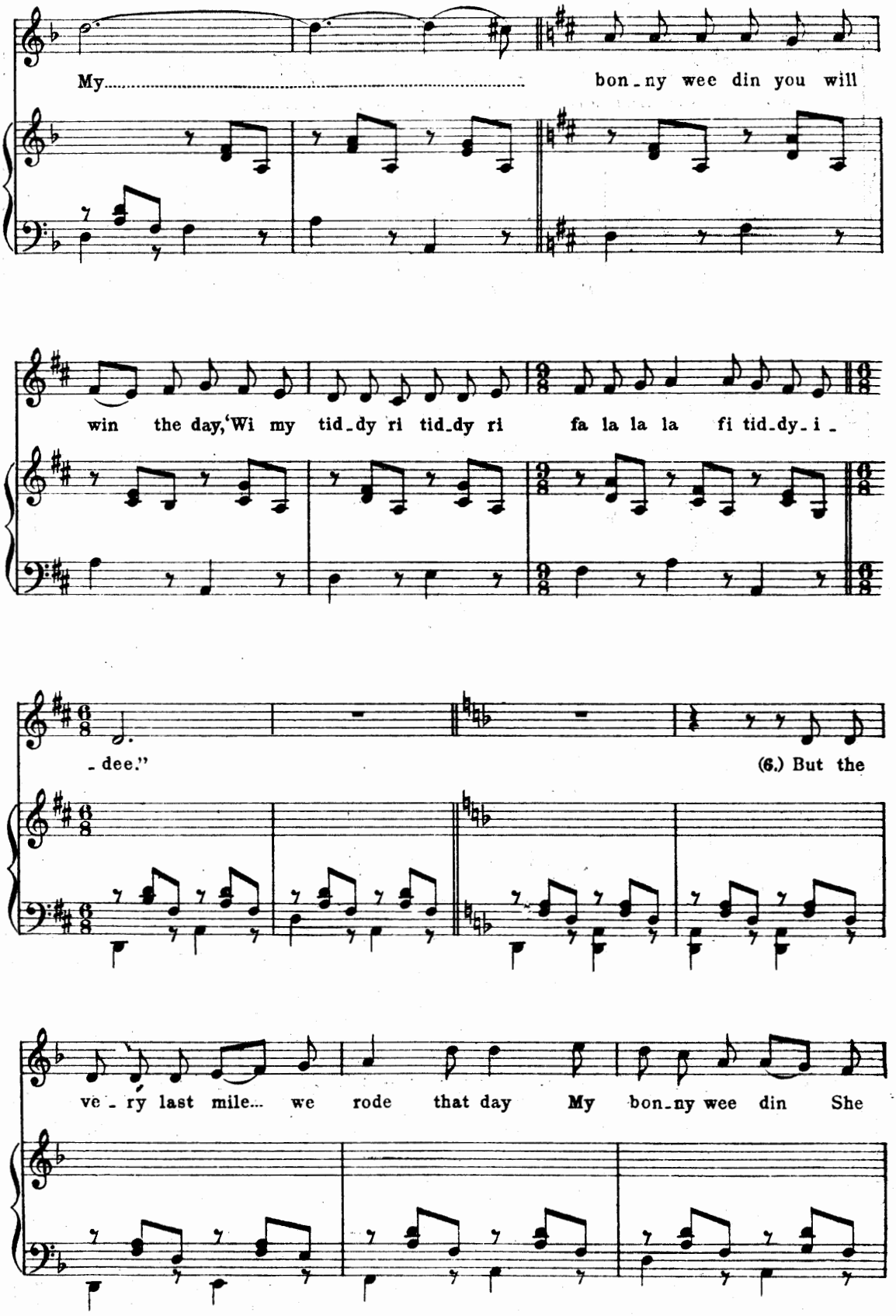

tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee.....
tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee".....
(2.) When
(3.) The first three miles that
(4.) "How can that be?"... the
we rode on My bon-ny wee din.... she lie be-hind, Which
wee boy cries, "That my.... wee mare would win no prize. Here's
makes those sportsmen shout and say: "Here's.....
fif-ty pound my un-cle gave me, I'll.....

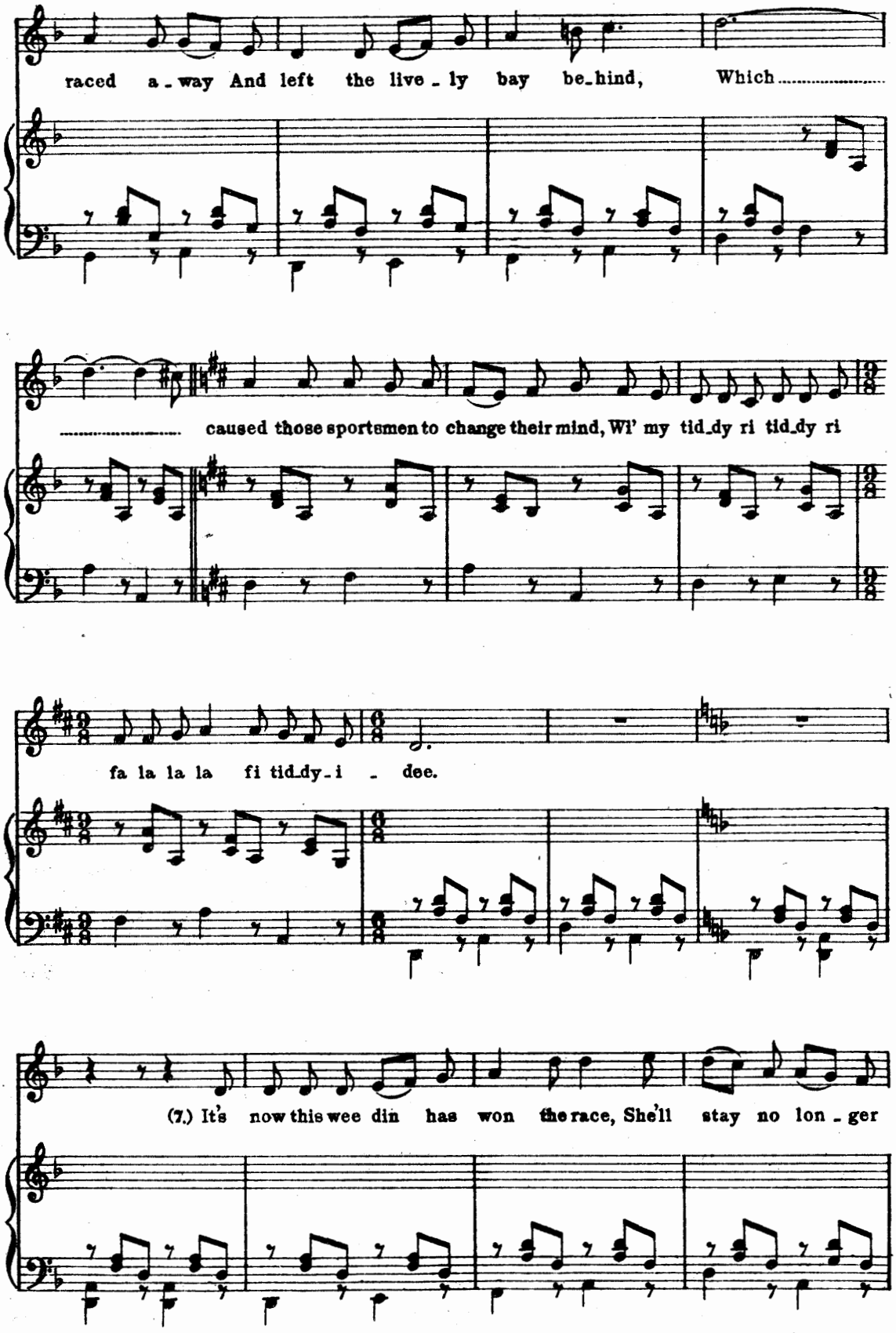

fif - ty pounds on the live - ly bay, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
hold it on..... ye, pur - ty Bes - sie, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri

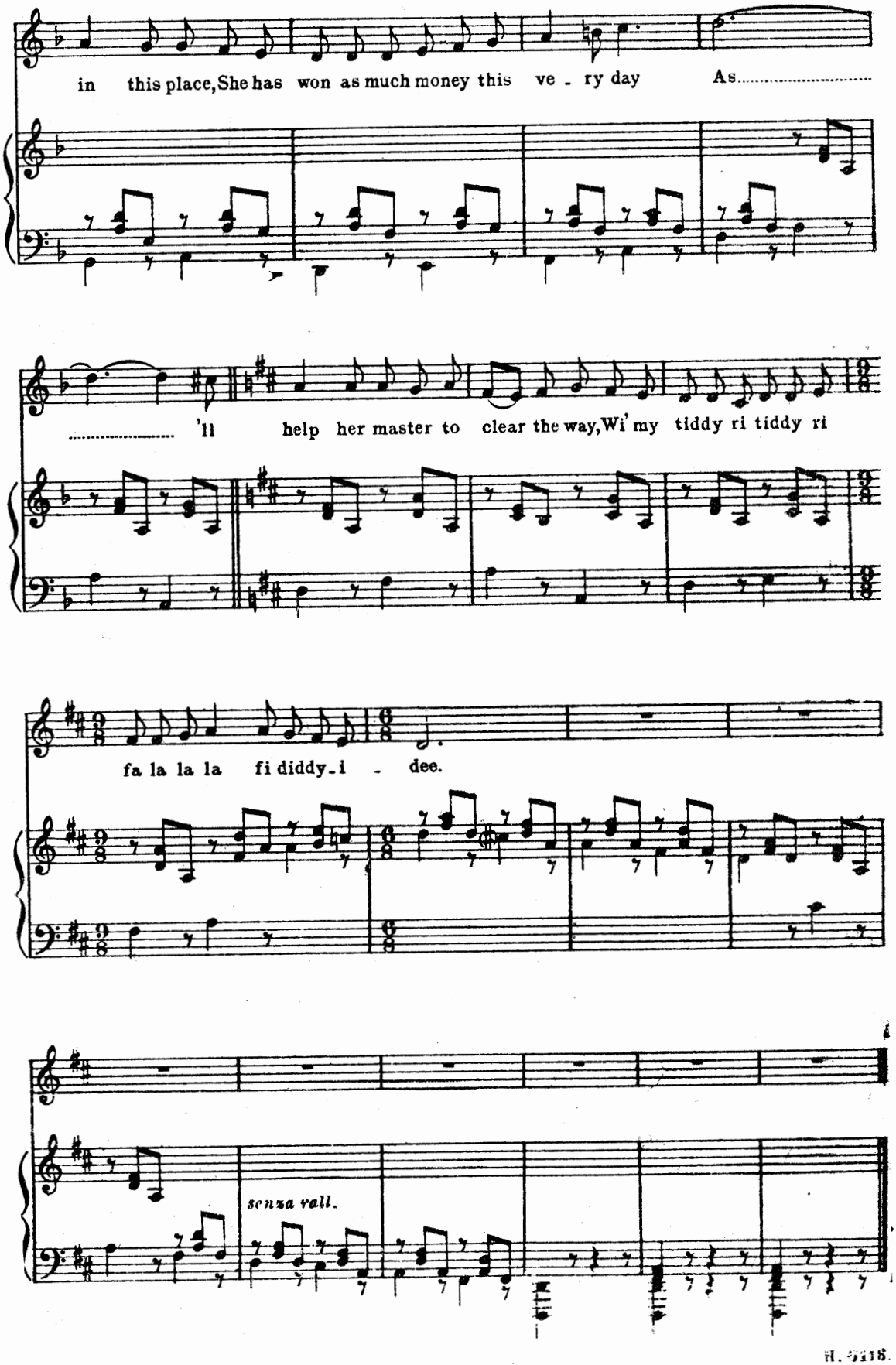

fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee.....
fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee".....


(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

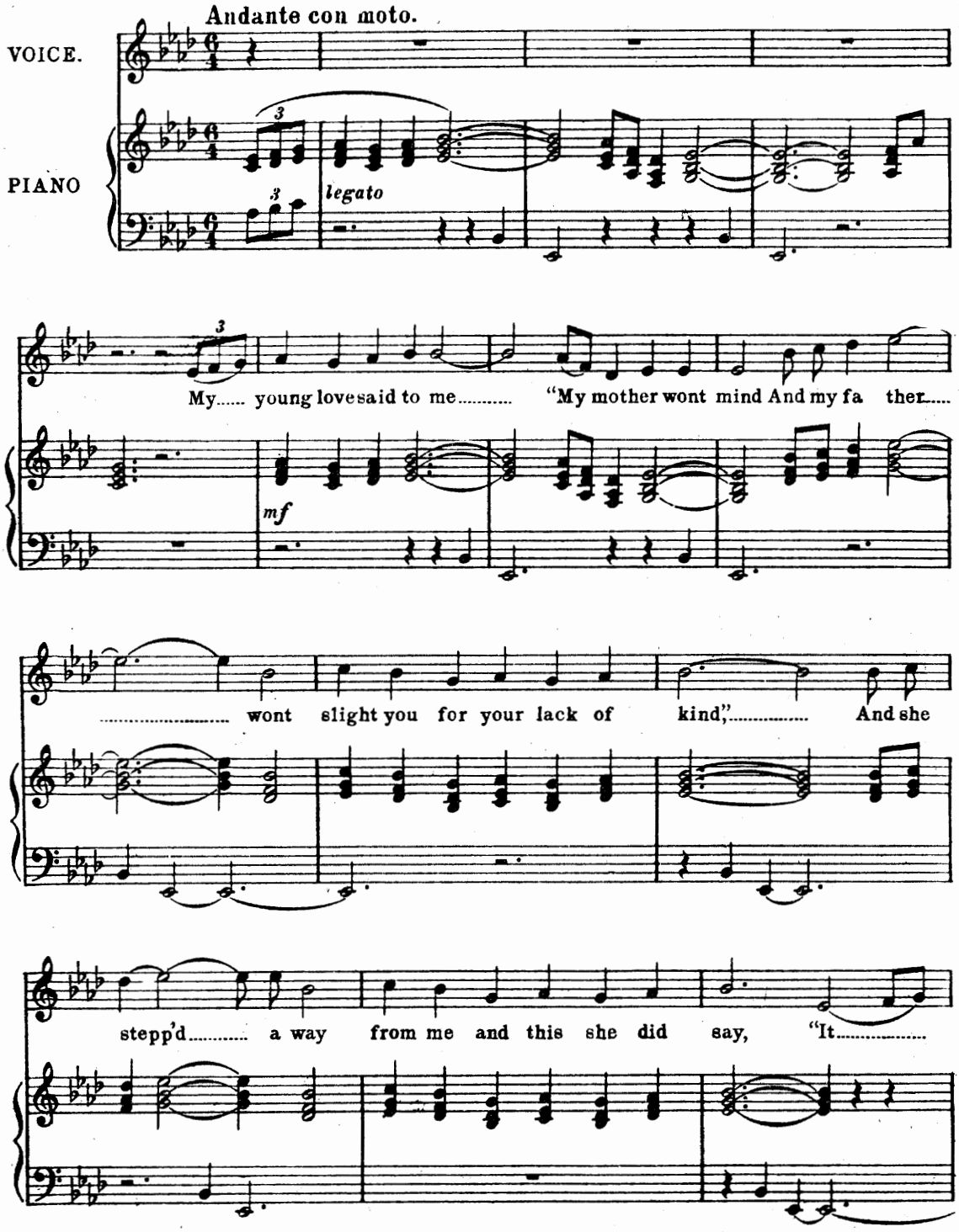

raced a - way And left the live - ly bay be - hind, Which
caused those sportsmen to change their mind, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee.
(7.) It's now this wee din has won the race, She'll stay no lon - ger

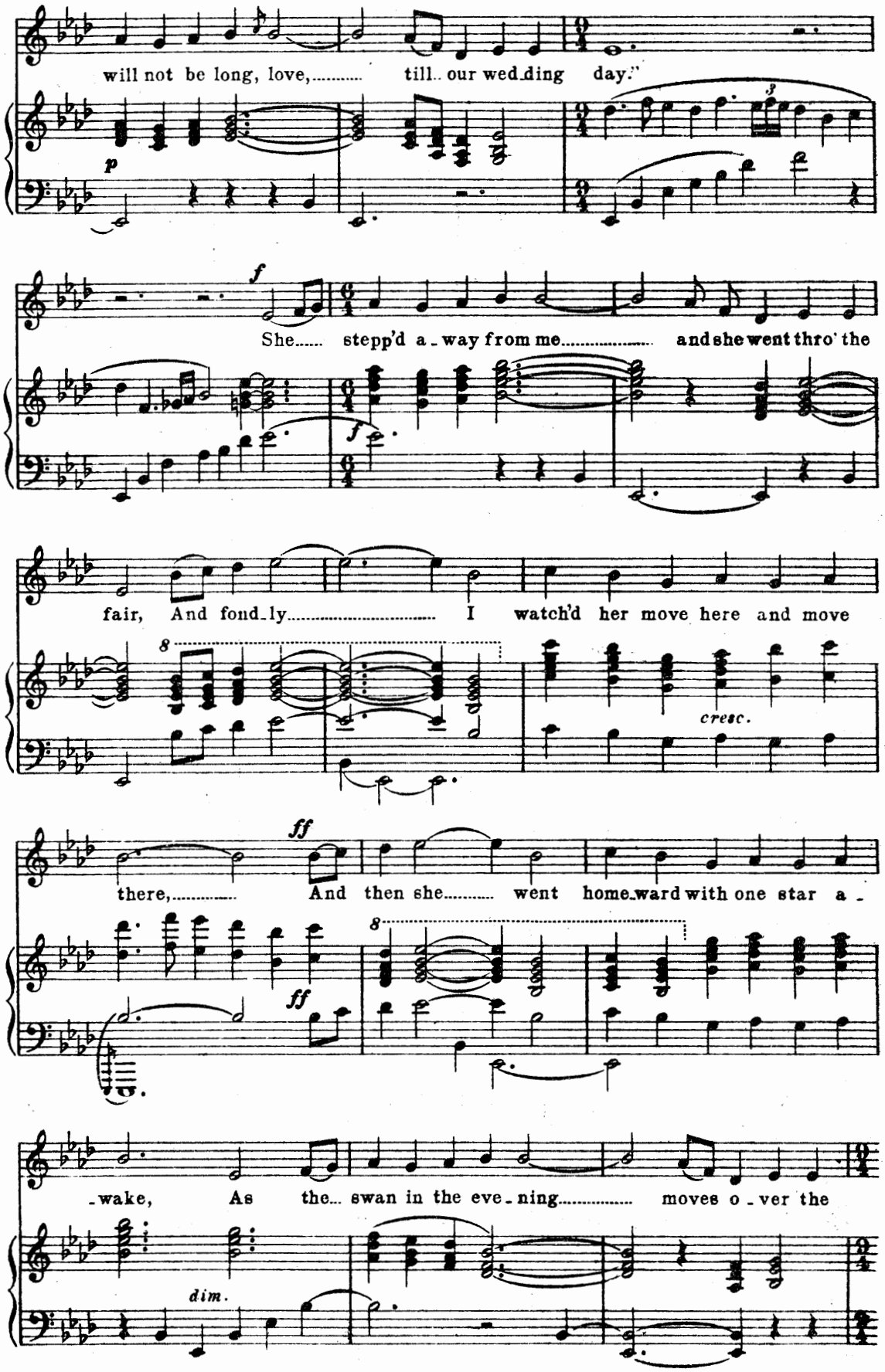

in this place, She has won as much money this ve - ry day As.....
..... 'll help her master to clear the way, Wi' my tiddy ri tiddy ri
fa la la la fi diddy-i - dee.
senza rall.

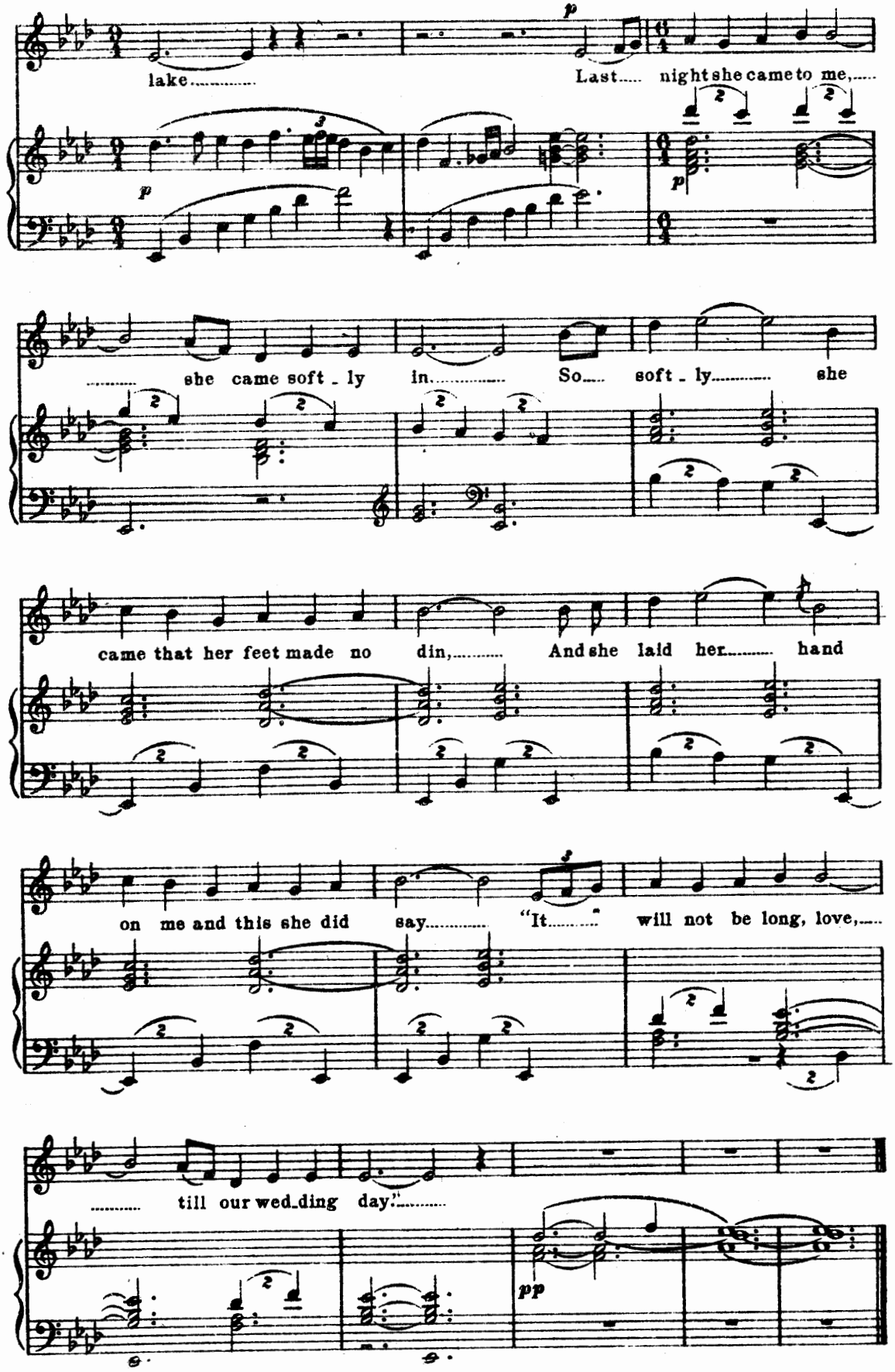
She moved thro' the fair.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.
Adapted from an old ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.



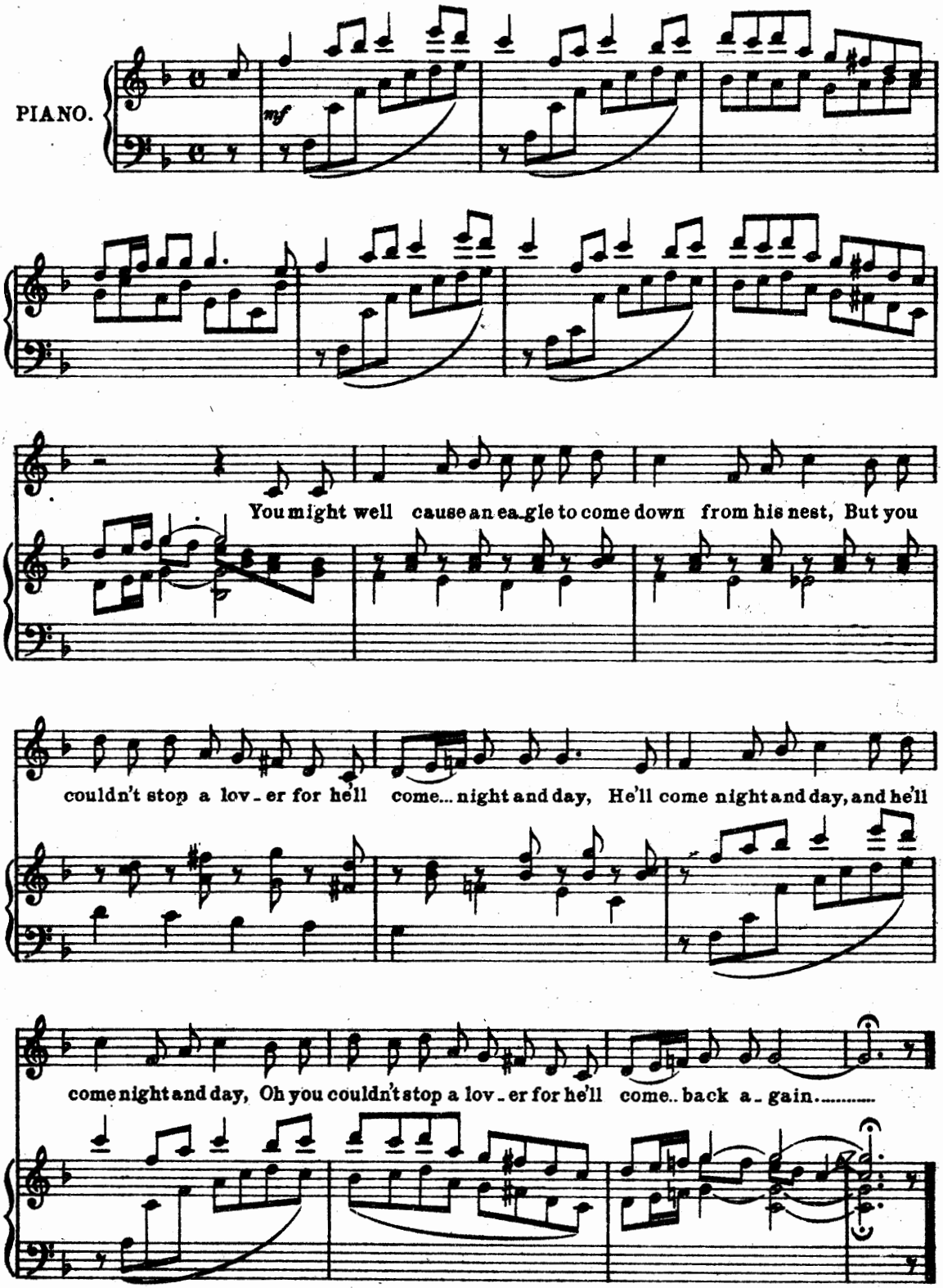

will not be long, love, till our wedding day."
p
f
She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the
fair, And fondly I watch'd her move here and move
cresc.
ff
there, And then she went homeward with one star a-
ff
-wake, As the swan in the evening moves over the
dim.


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."
p
pp

You couldn't stop a lover.

(A FRAGMENT.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

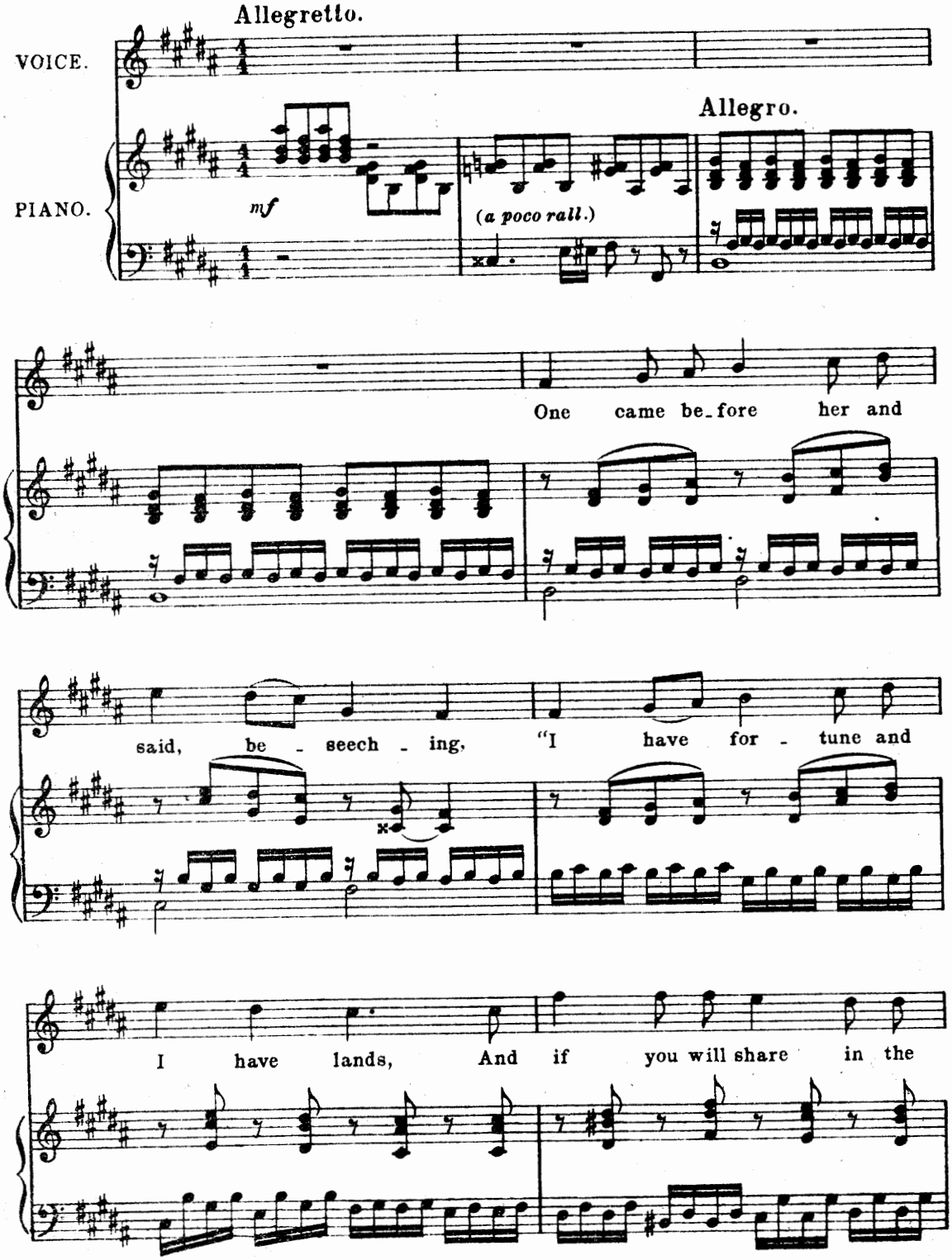


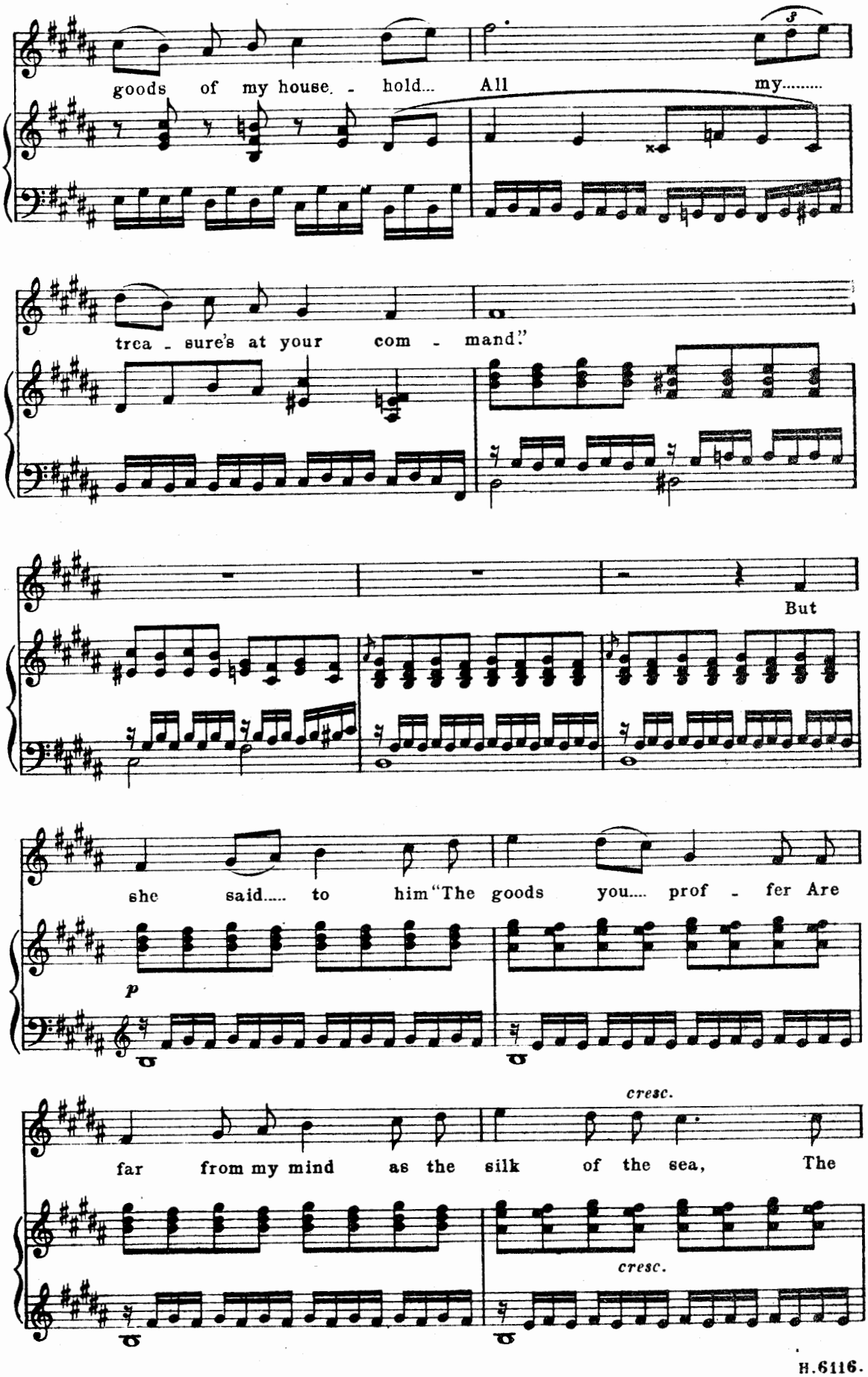
An Island Spinning Song.

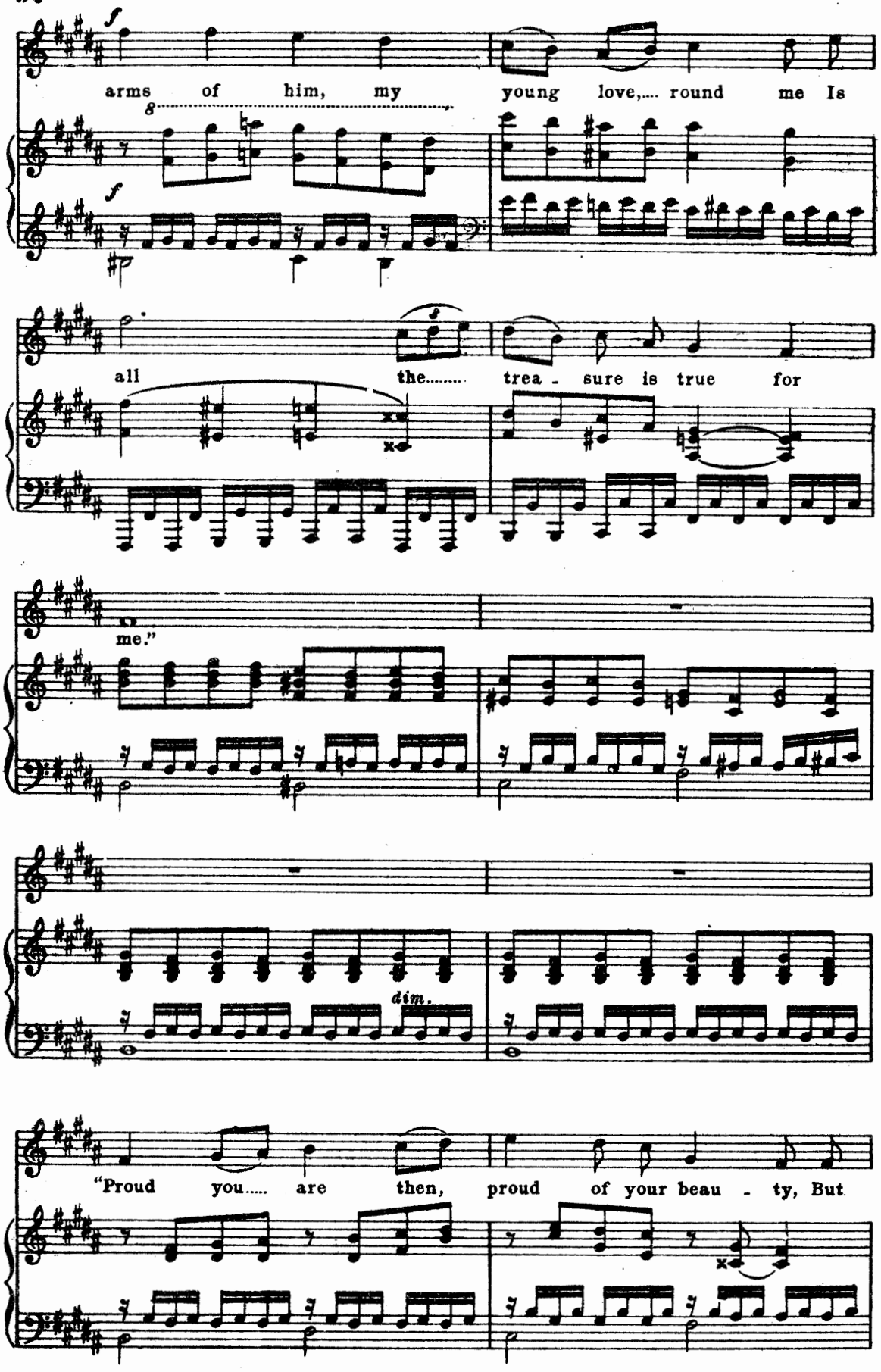
PÁDRAIC COLUM.

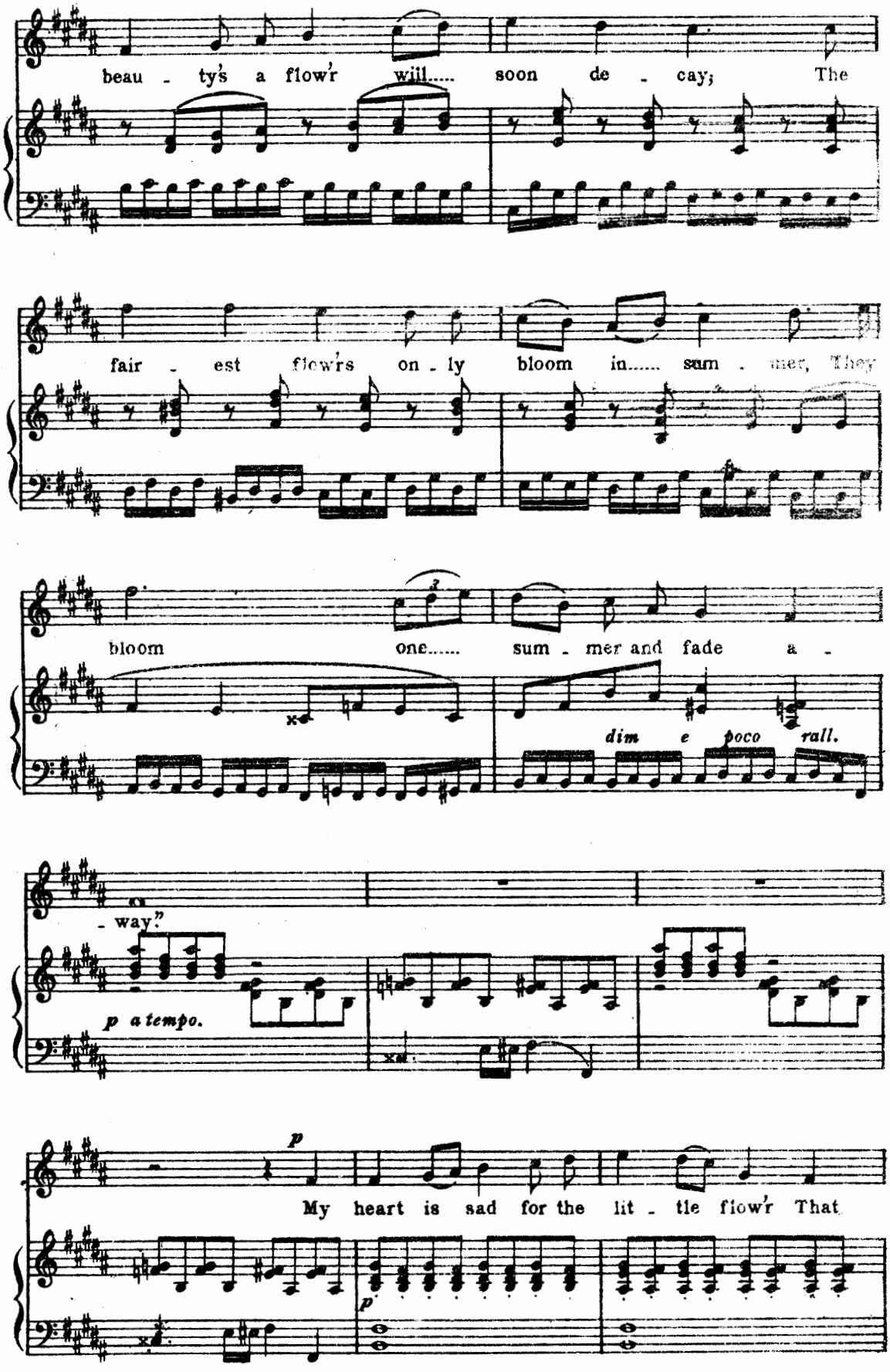
Adapted from an old ballad.

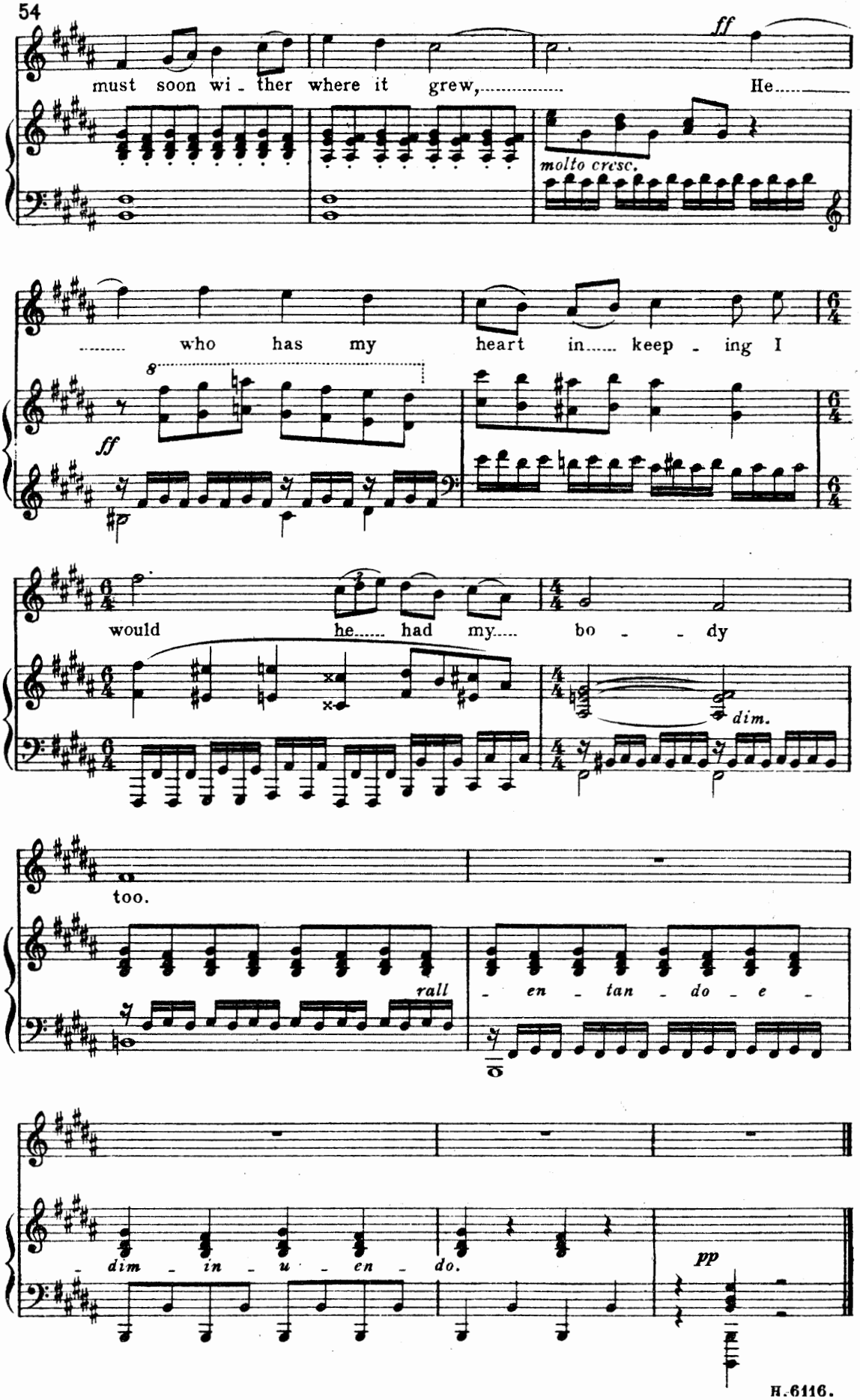
INNISMURRY.




goods of my house - hold... All my.....
trea - sure's at your com - mand."
But
she said..... to him "The goods you.... prof - fer Are
p
cresc.
far from my mind as the silk of the sea, The
cresc.


arms of him, my young love,.... round me Is
all the..... trea - sure is true for
me."
dim.
"Proud you..... are then, proud of your beau - ty, But

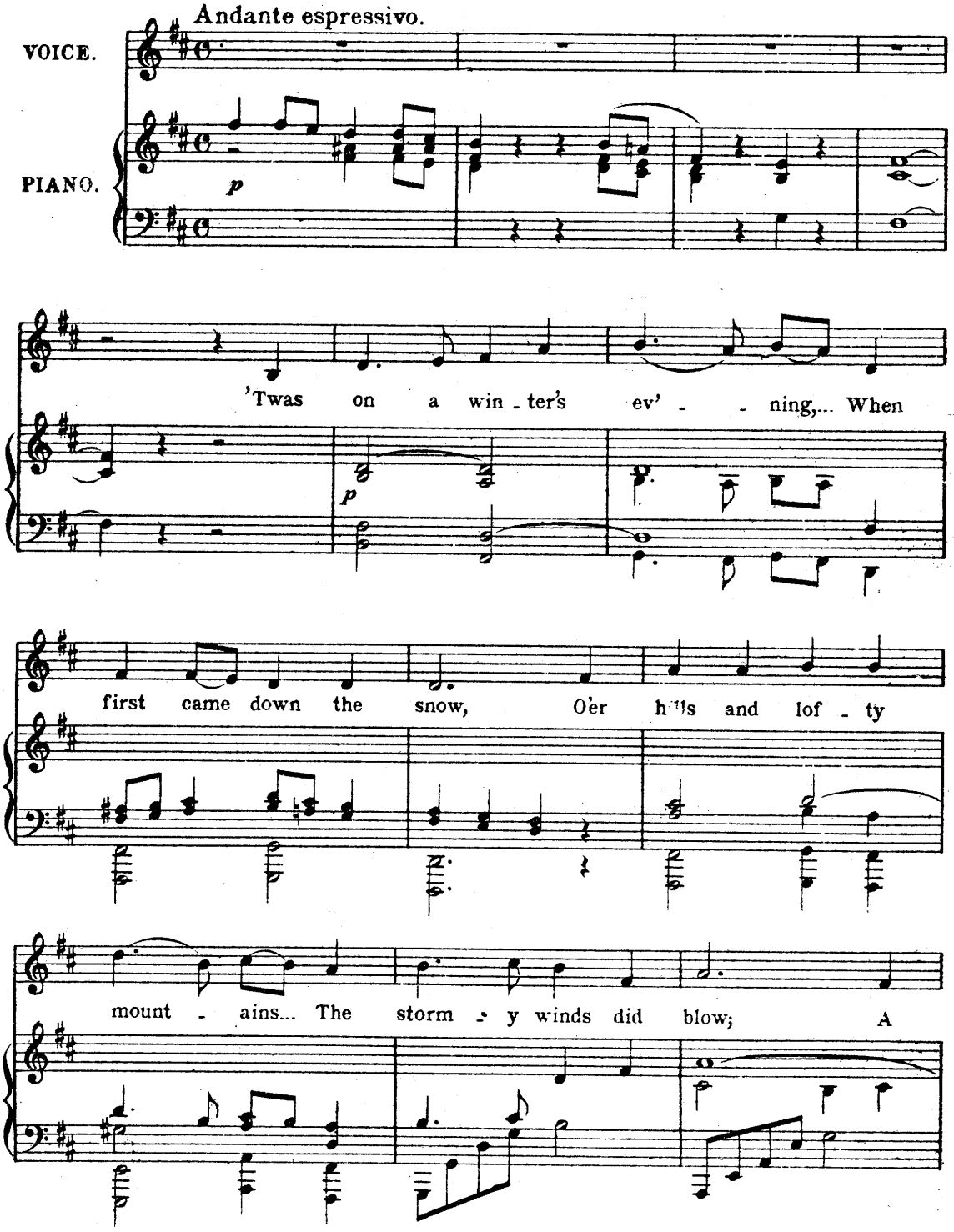

beau - ty's a flow'r will..... soon de - cay; The
fair - est flow'rs on - ly bloom in..... sum - mer, They
bloom one..... sum - mer and fade a -
dim e poco rall.
- way."
p a tempo.
p
My heart is sad for the lit - tle flow'r That
p

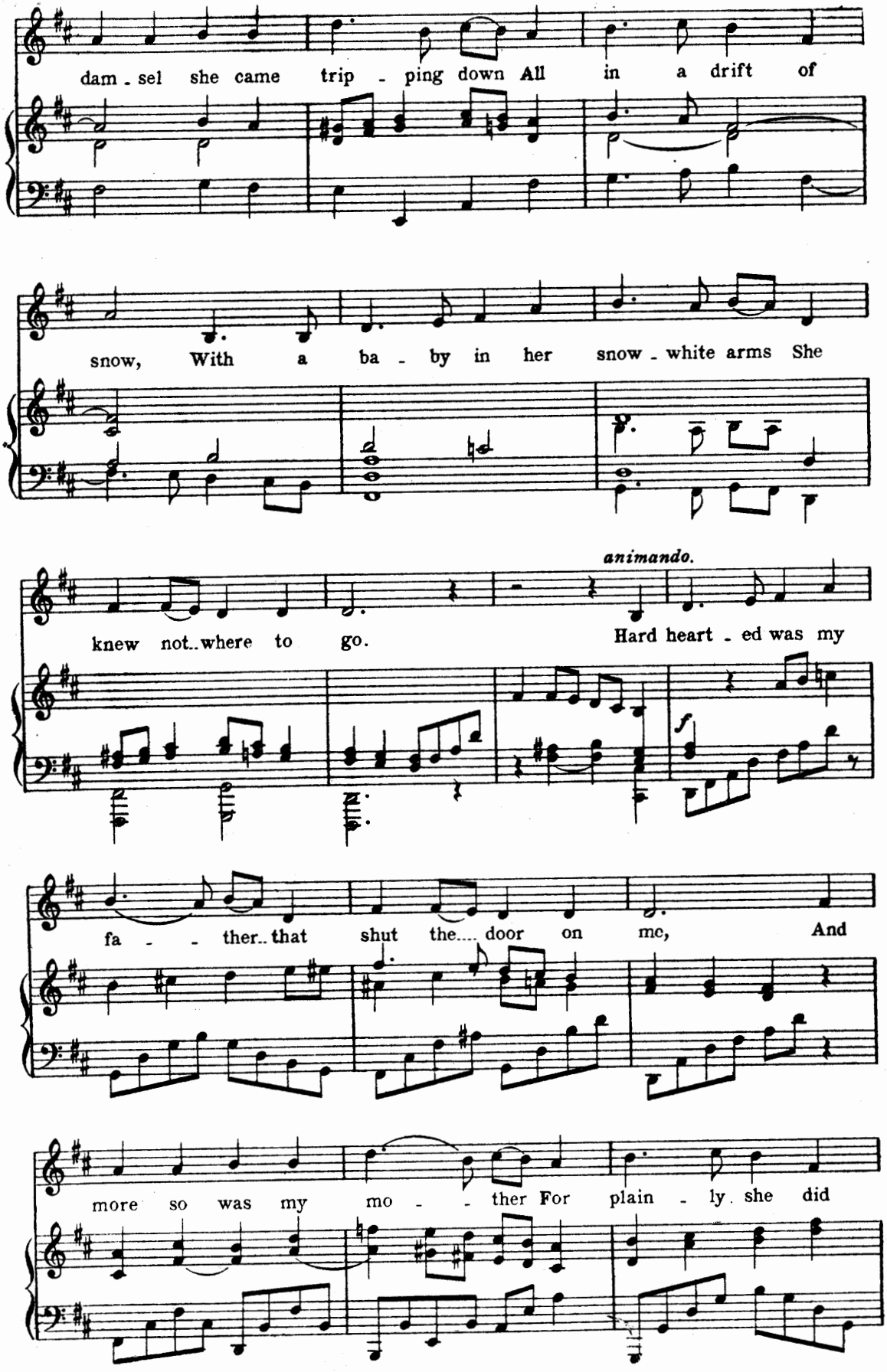

must soon wi - ther where it grew,
He
molto cresc.
ff
who has my heart in keep - ing I
ff
would he had my bo - dy
dim.
too.
rall
- en - tan - do - e -
- dim - in - u - en - do.
pp

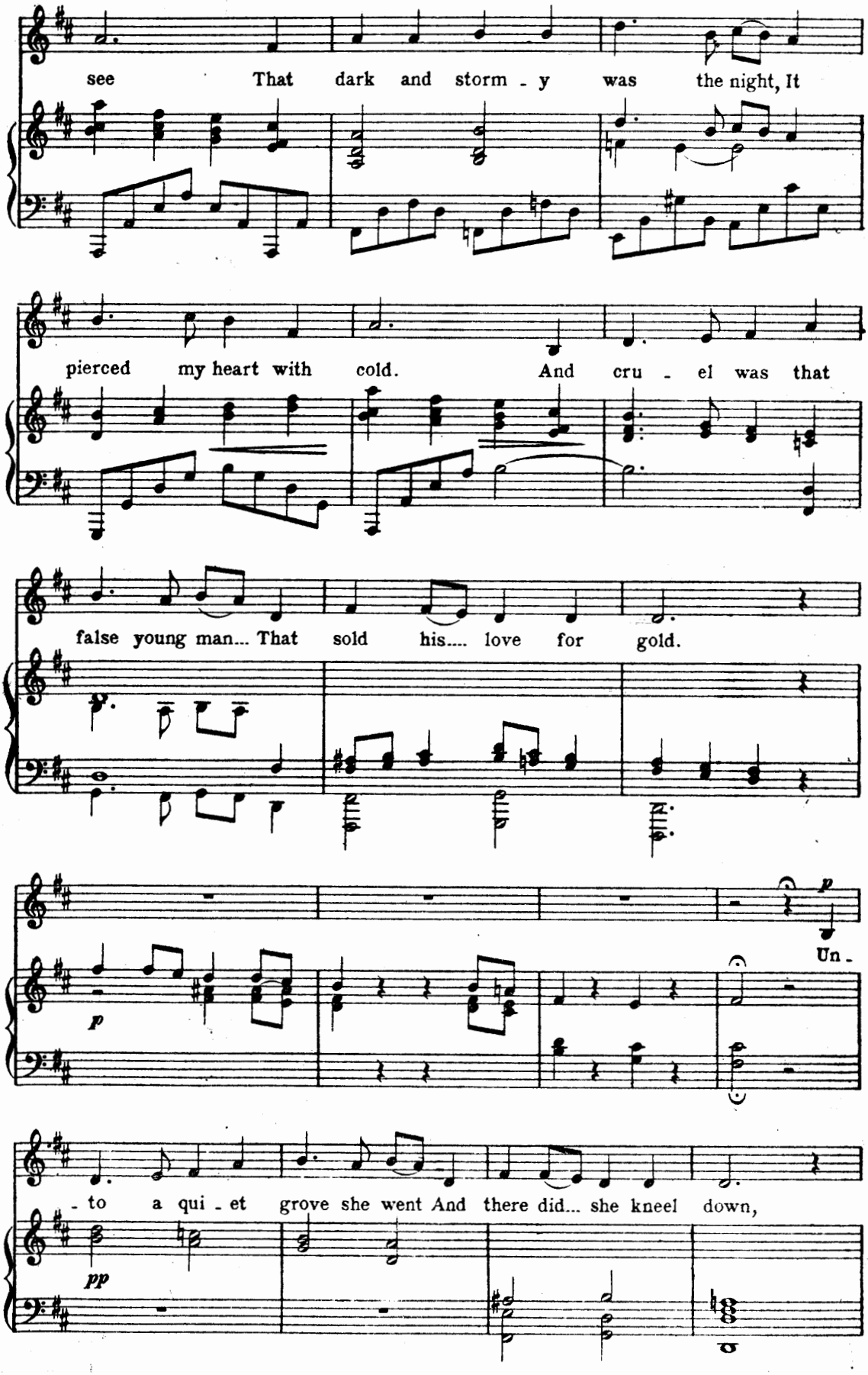
The Fanaid Grove.

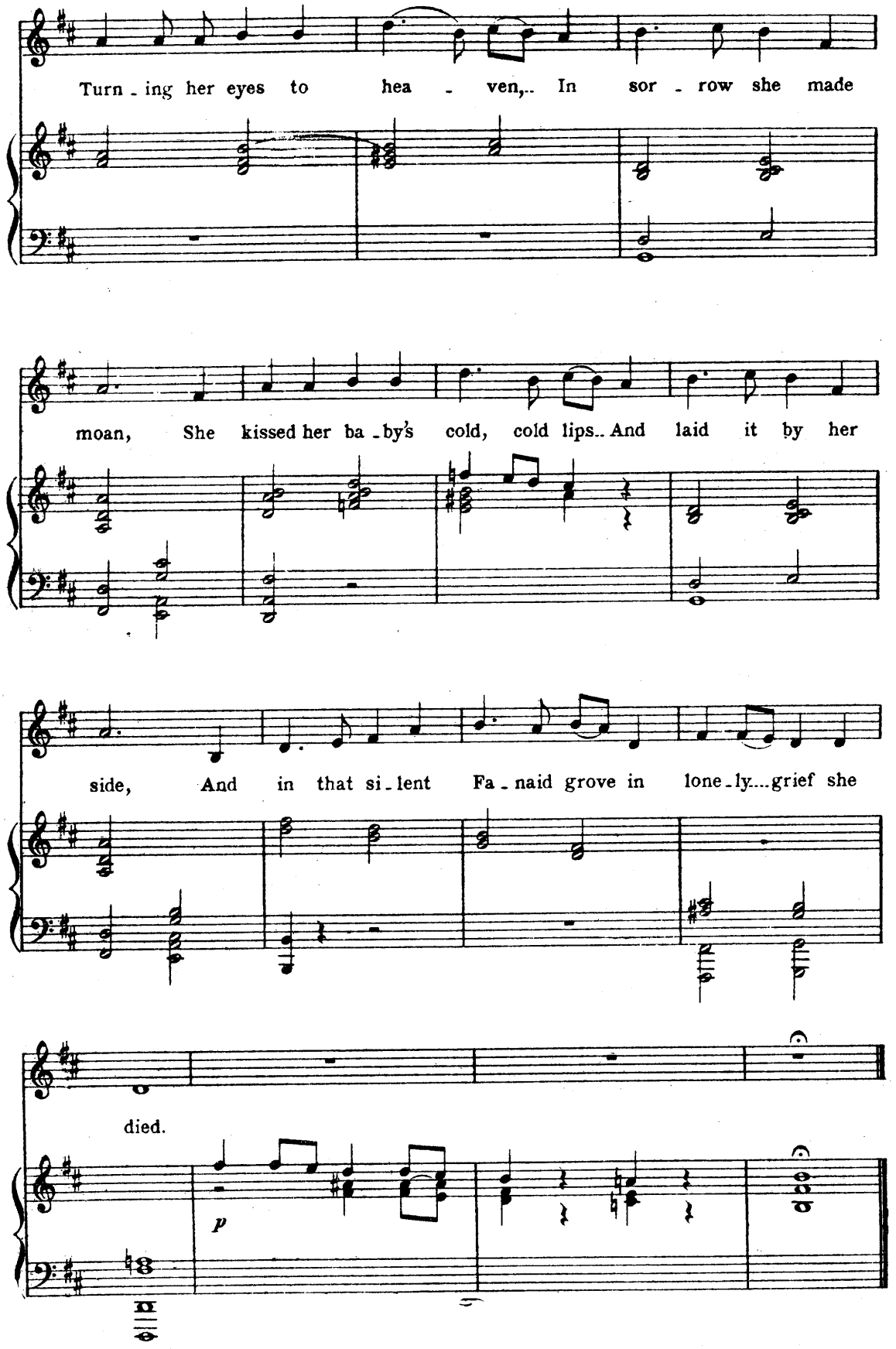
Old Ballad
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.




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
f
fa - - ther..that shut the.... door on me, And
more so was my mo - - ther For plain - ly she did

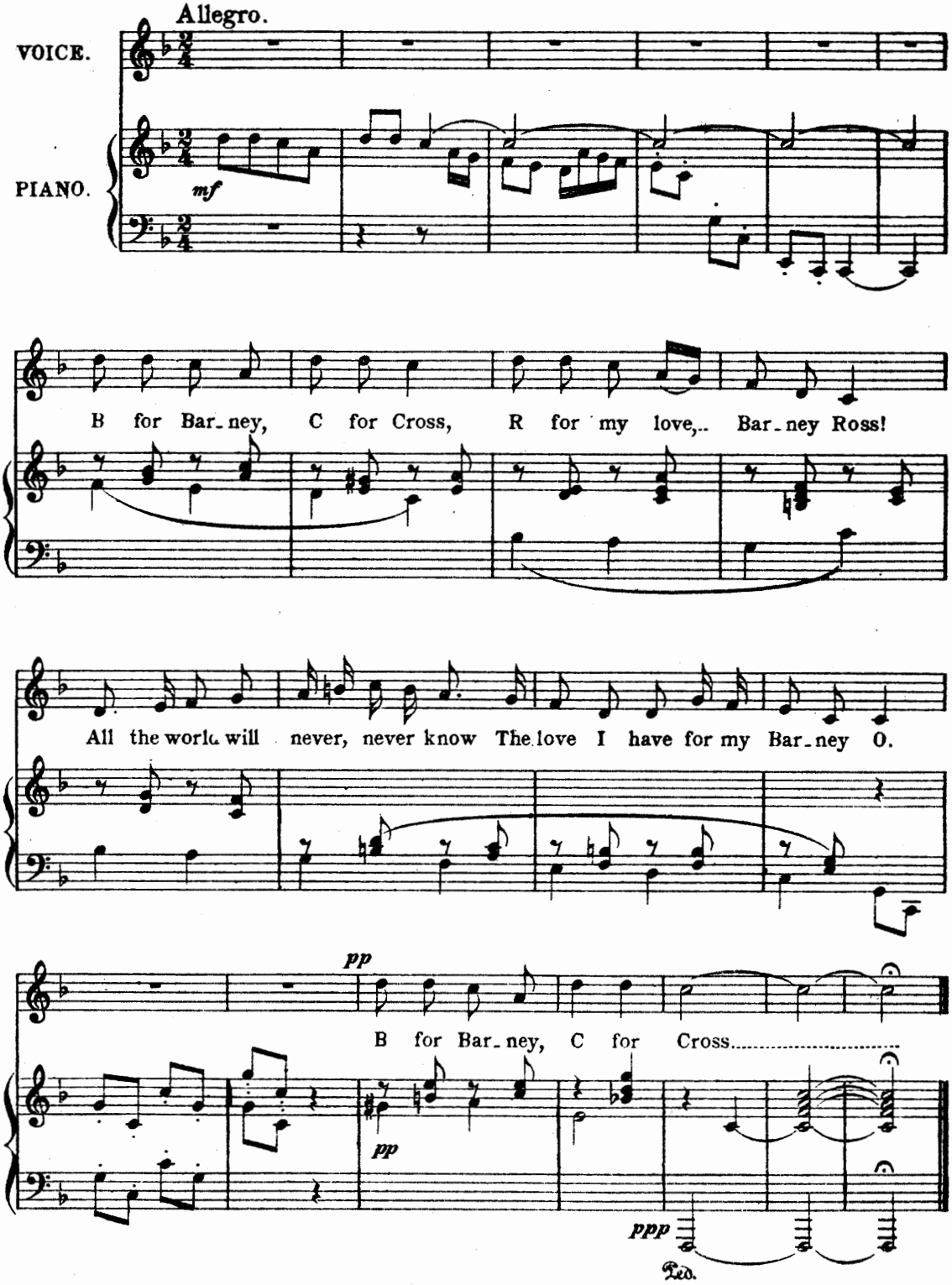

see That dark and storm - y was the night, It
pierced my heart with cold. And cru - el was that
false young man... That sold his.... love for gold.
p
Un -
p
- to a qui - et grove she went And there did... she kneel down,
pp


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.)

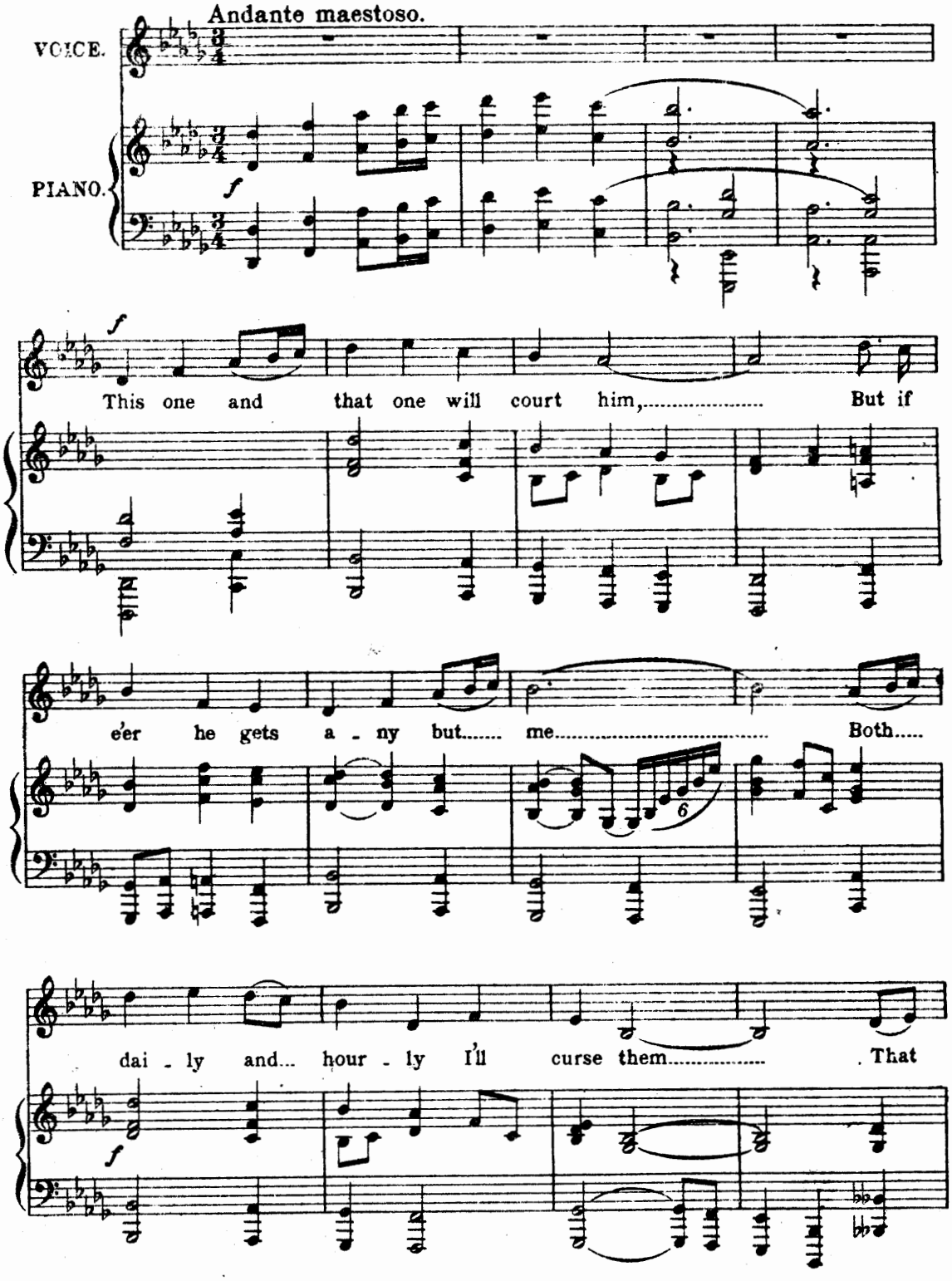
Belfast Street Song. COUNTY ANTRIM.

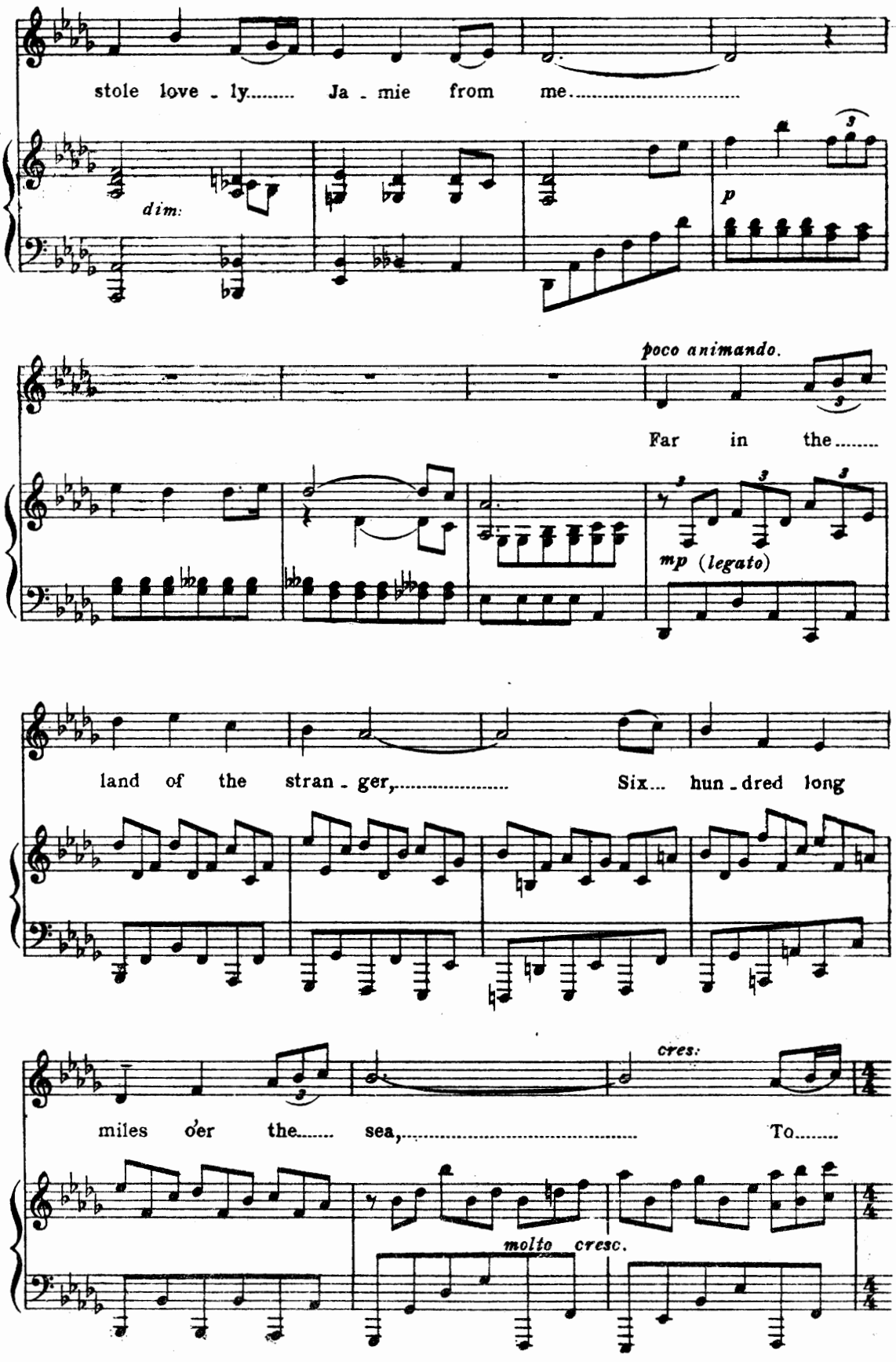


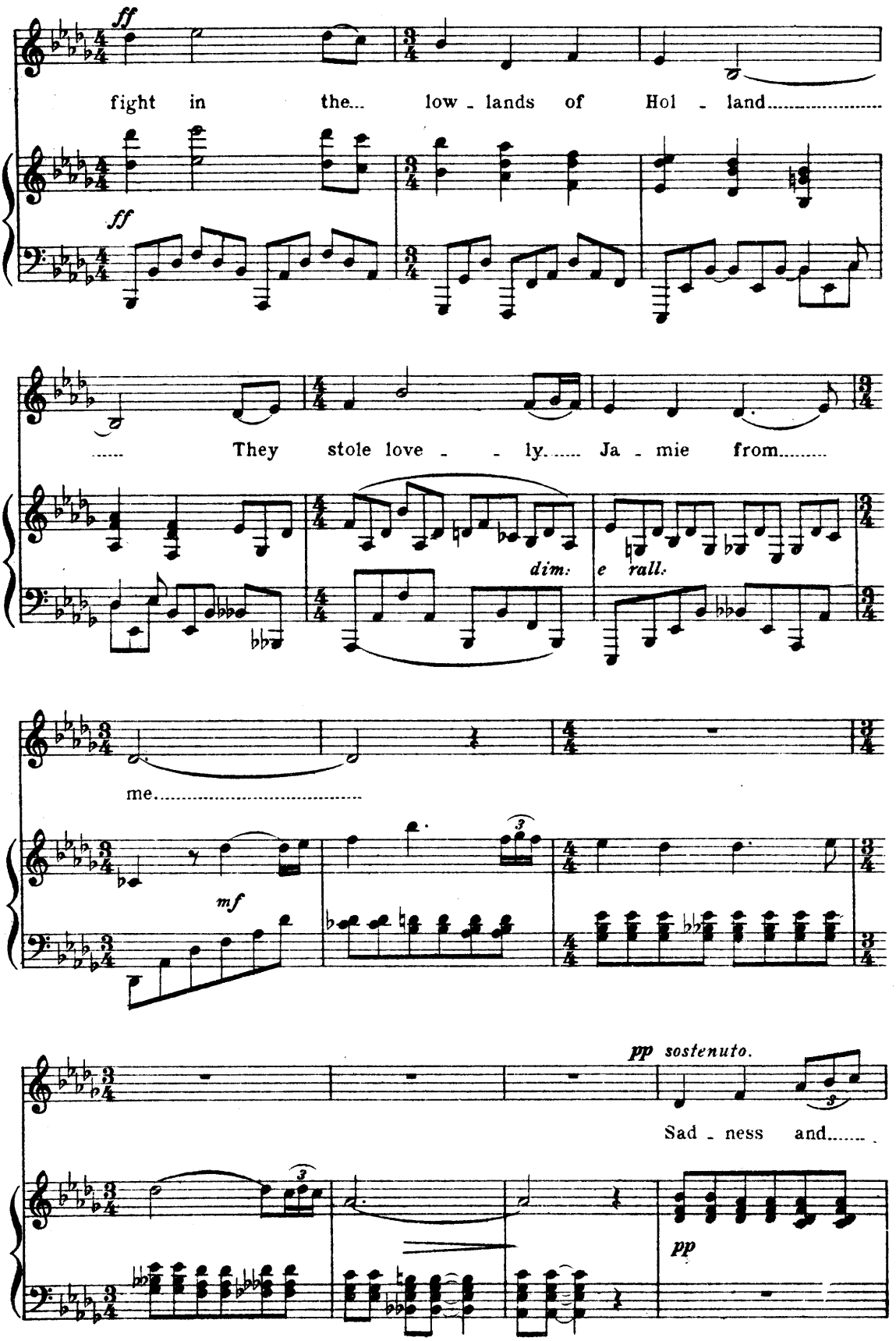
The Lover's Curse.

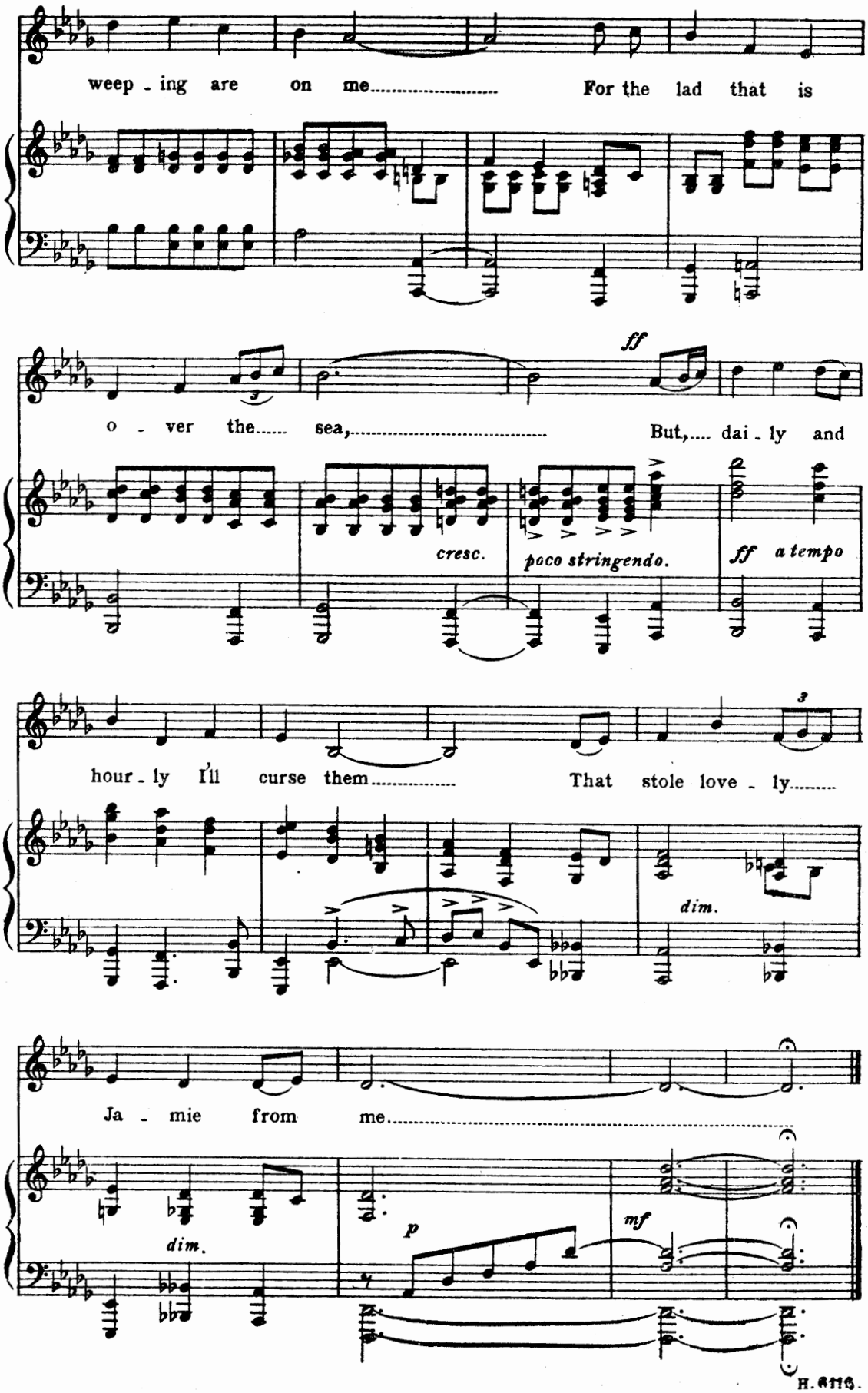
Old Ballad.
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.




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.

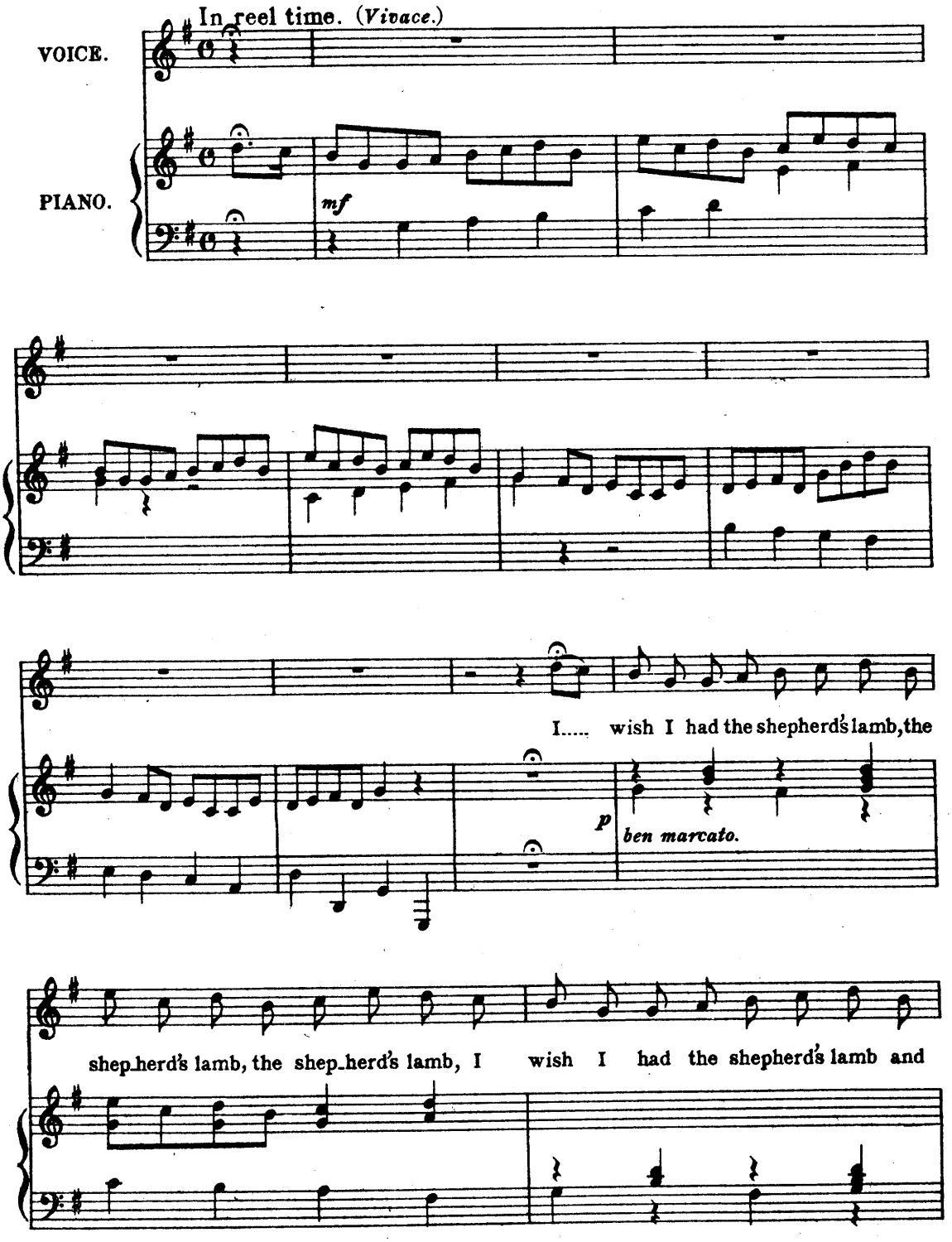

ff
fight in the... low - lands of Hol - land.....
ff
..... They stole love - - ly..... Ja - mie from.....
dim.
e rall.
me.....
mf
pp sostenuto.
Sad - ness and.....
pp

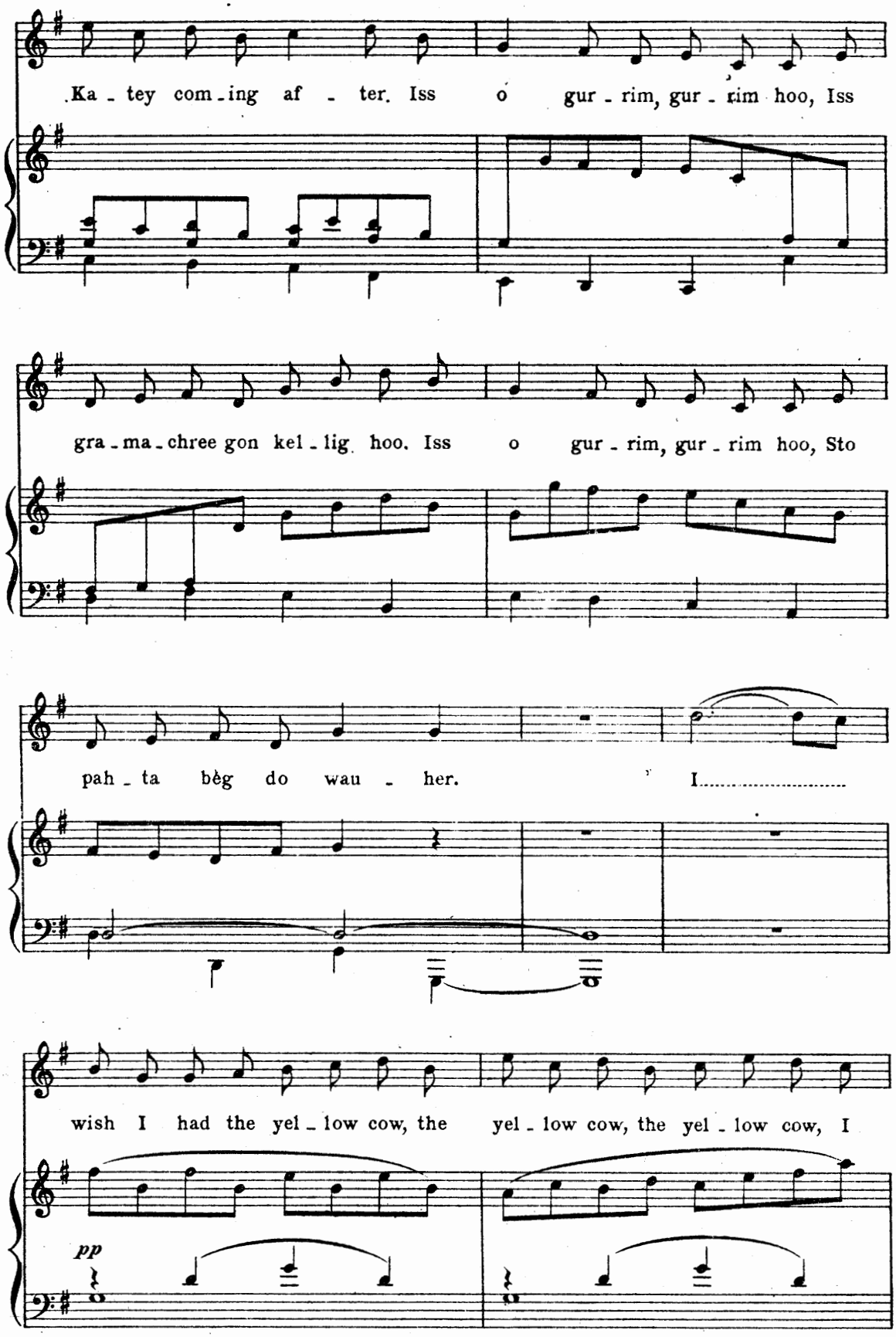

weep - ing are on me..... For the lad that is
o - ver the..... sea,..... But,.... dai - ly and
ff
cresc.
poco stringendo.
ff a tempo
hour - ly I'll curse them..... That stole love - ly.....
dim.
Ja - mie from me.....
dim.
p
mf

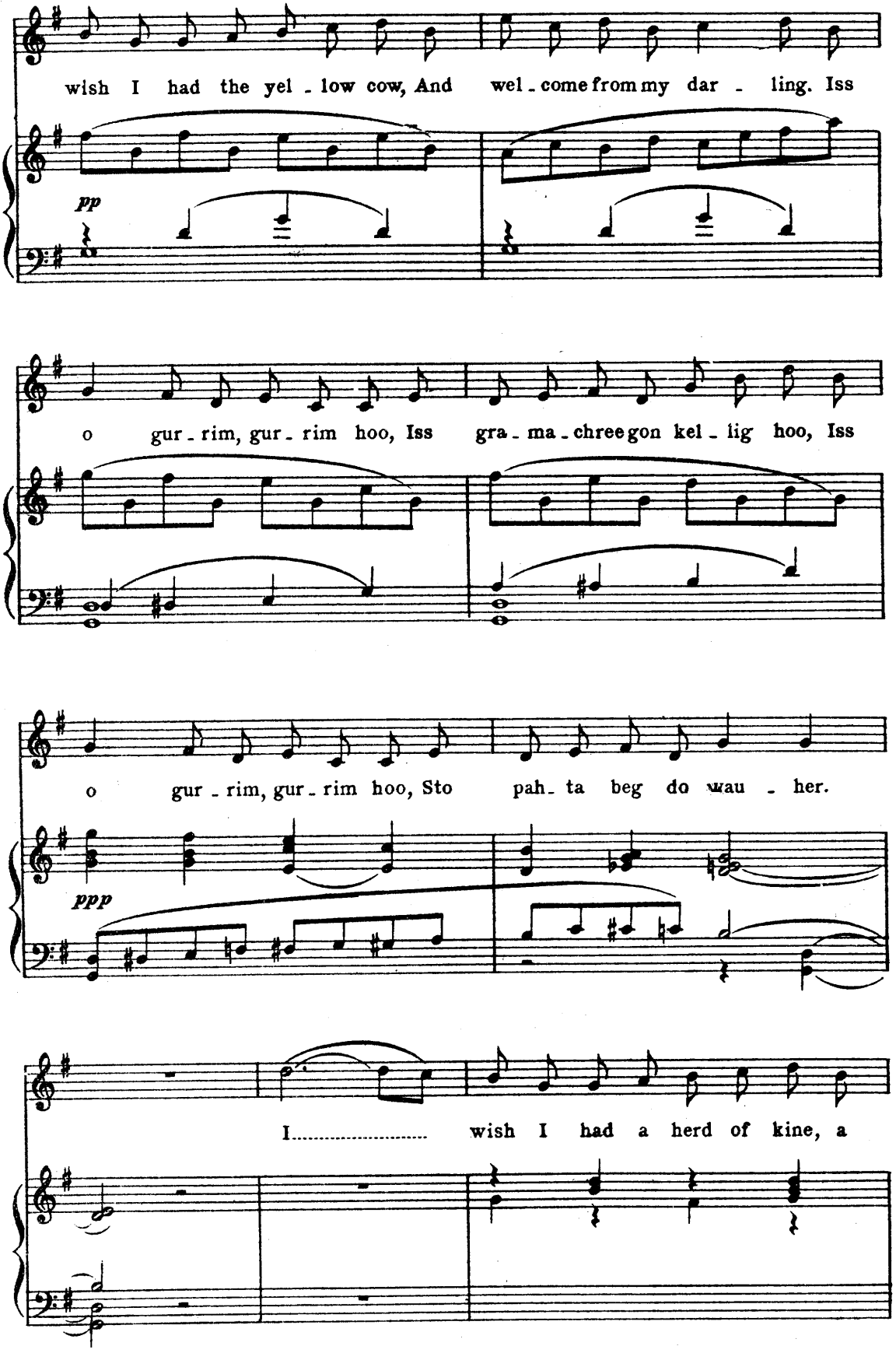
I wish I had the shepherd's lamb.

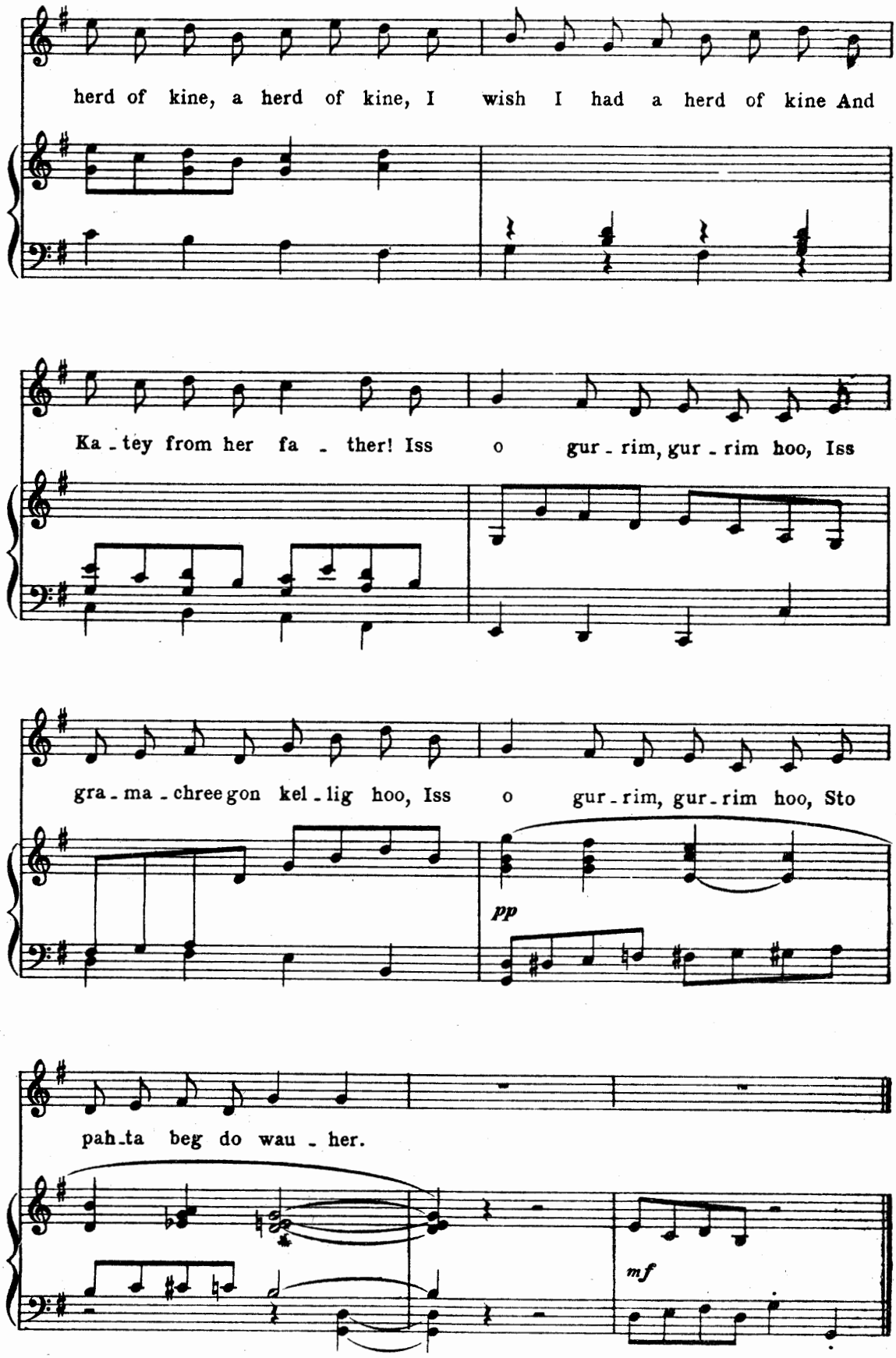
Words by permission from
Joyce's "Irish Music & Song."
(Translated by P. W. Joyce.)

The Glens of Antrim.



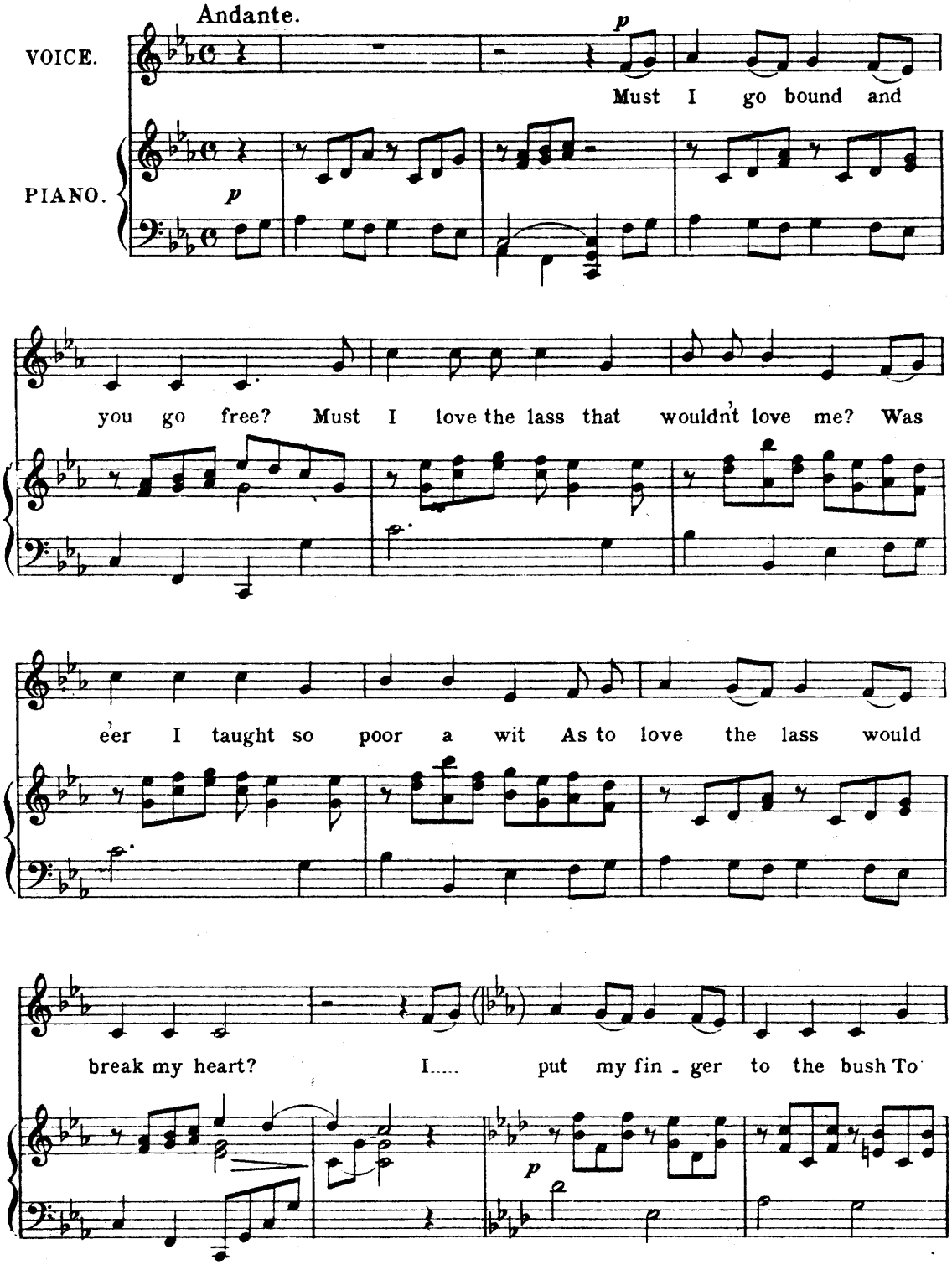

.Ka - tey com - ing af - ter. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss
gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto
pah - ta bèg do wau - her. I.....
wish I had the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, I
pp

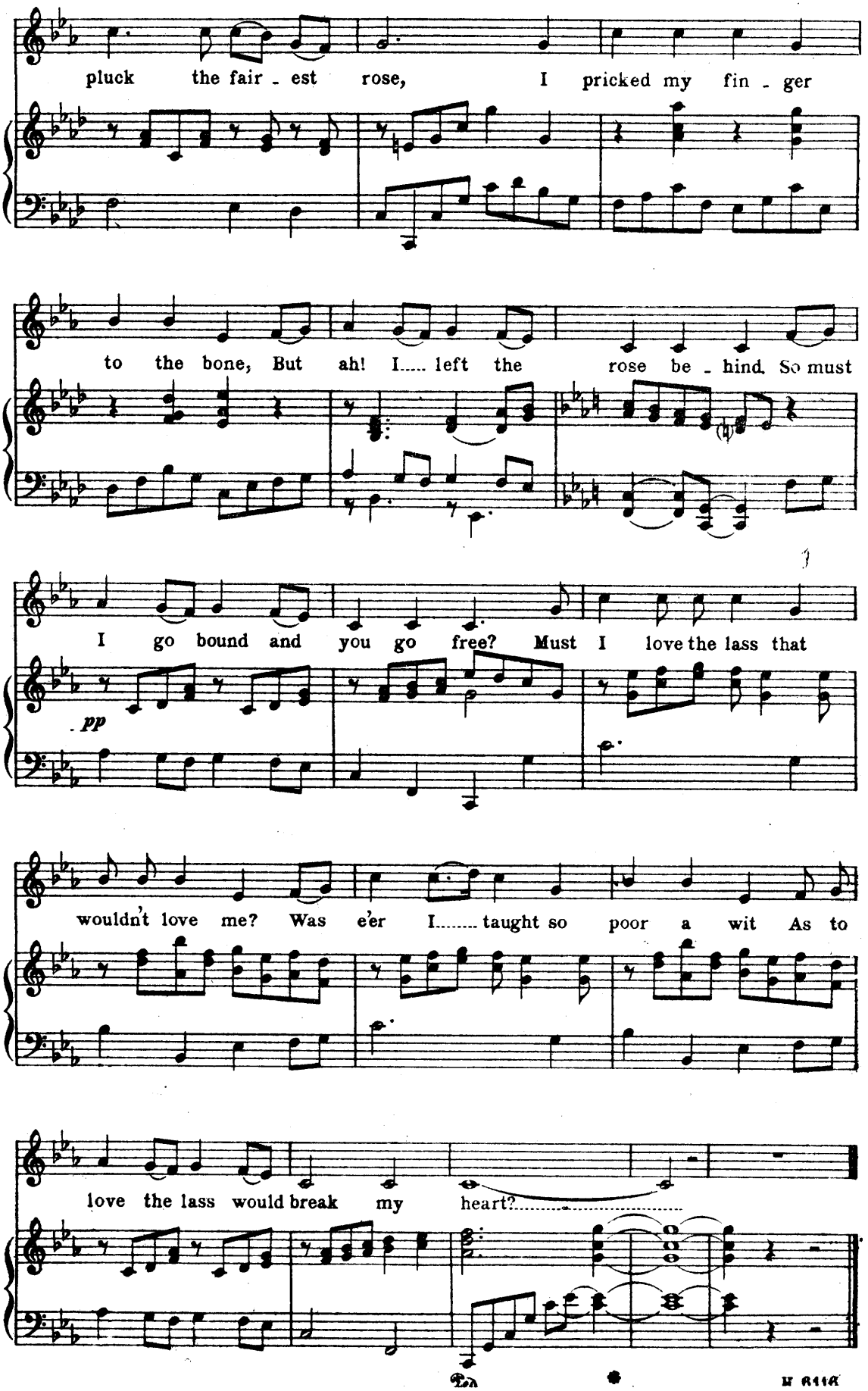

wish I had the yel - low cow, And wel - come from my dar - ling. Iss
pp
o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo, Iss
o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto pah - ta beg do wau - her.
ppp
I..... wish I had a herd of kine, a


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 - chree gon kel - lig hoo, Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto
pp
pah - ta beg do wau - her.
mf

Must I go bound?

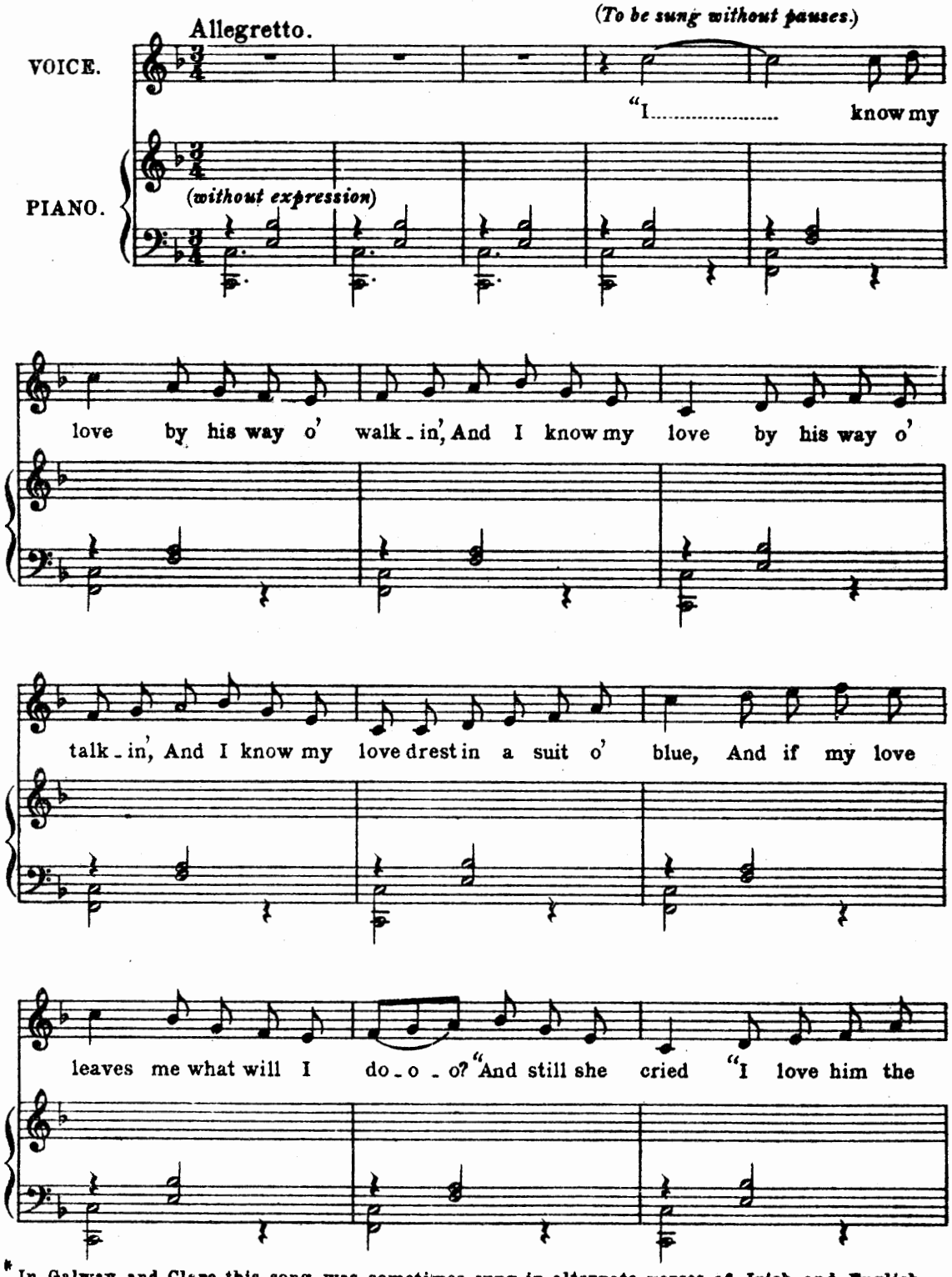
Fragment of an old Song. COUNTY DERRY.



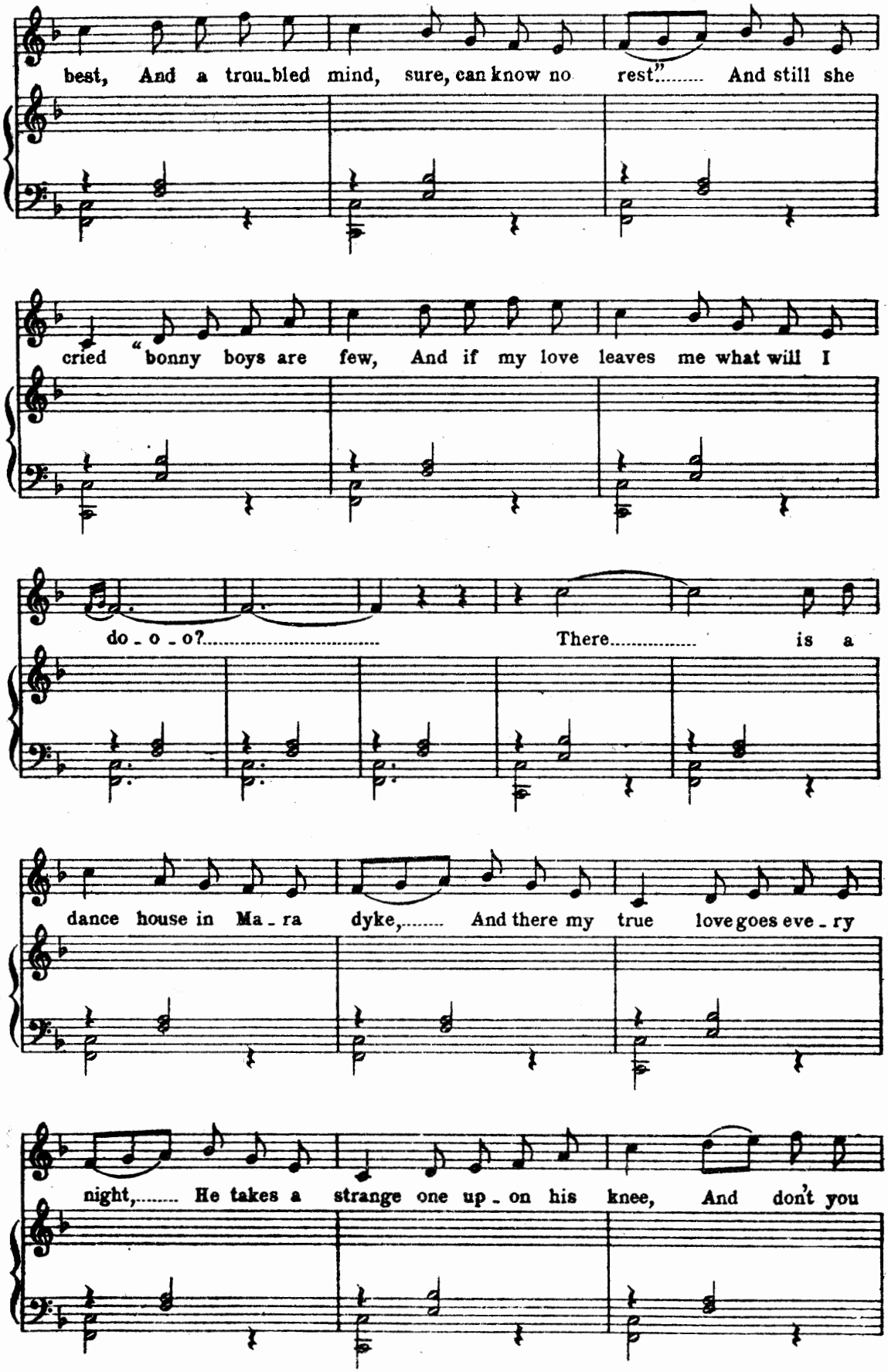

pluck the fair - est rose, I pricked my fin - ger
to the bone, But ah! I..... left the rose be - hind. So must
I go bound and you go free? Must I love the lass that
pp
wouldn't love me? Was e'er I..... taught so poor a wit As to
love the lass would break my heart?

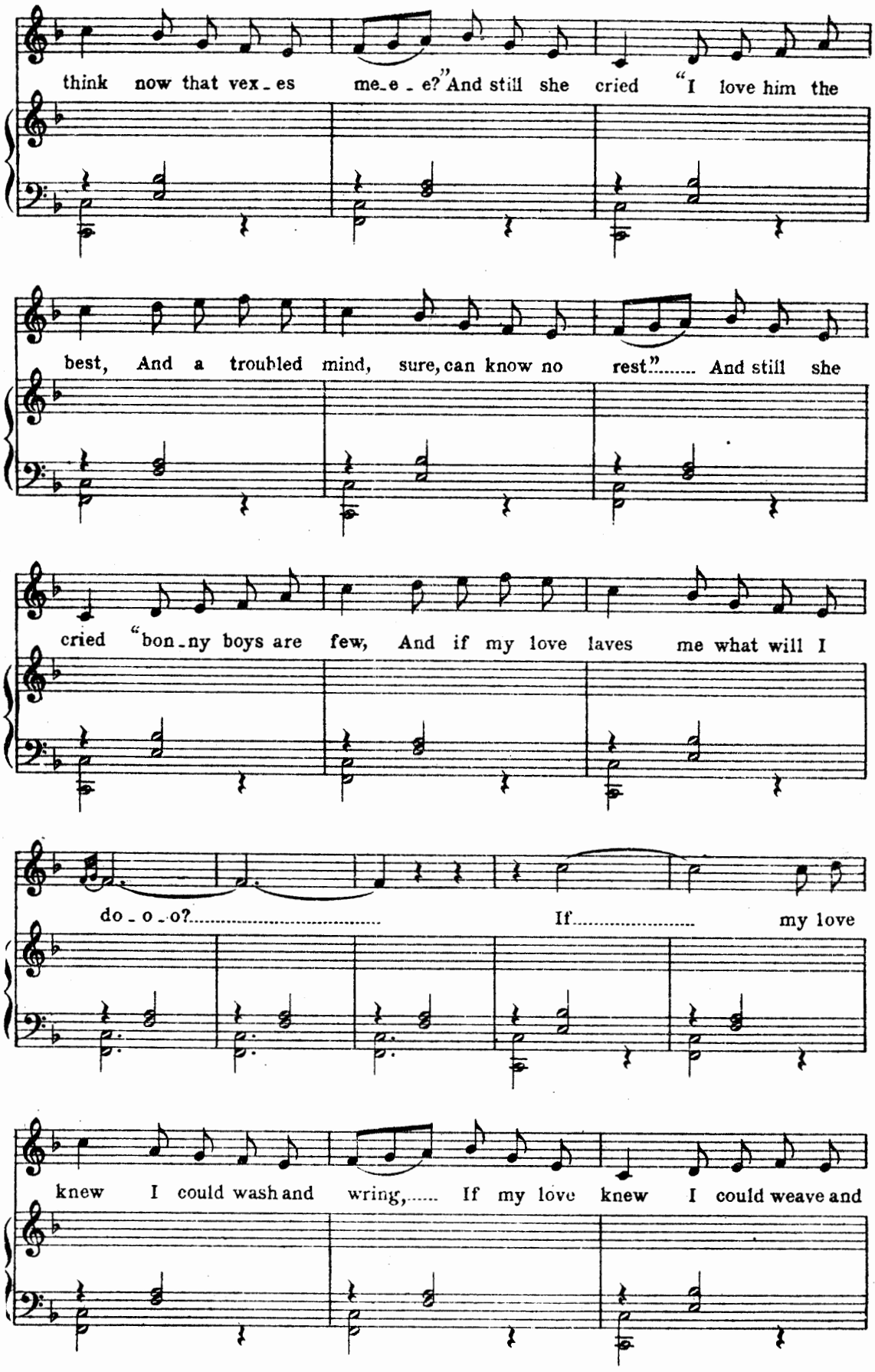
I know my love.

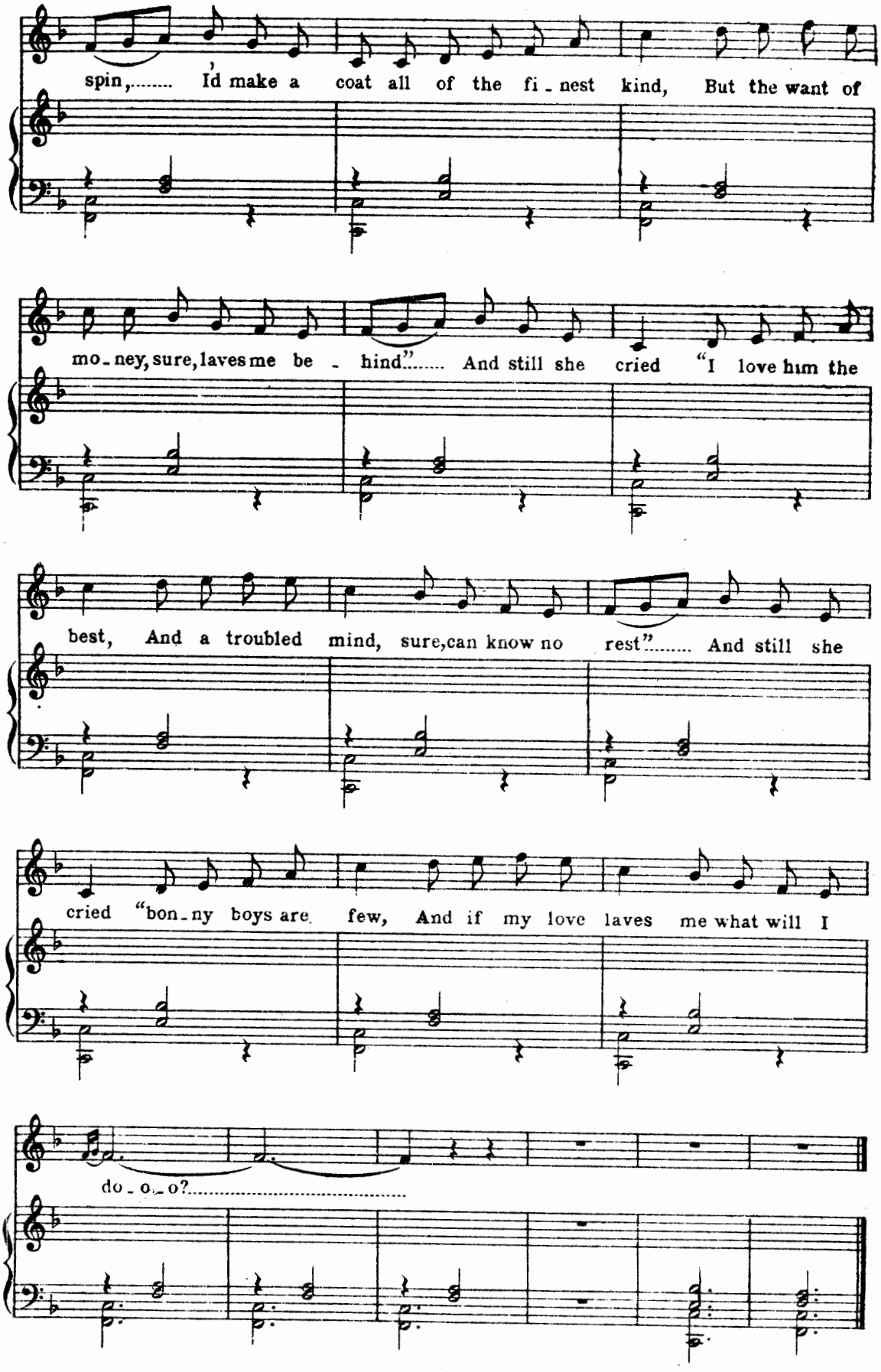
* Old Song. WEST IRISH.



* 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

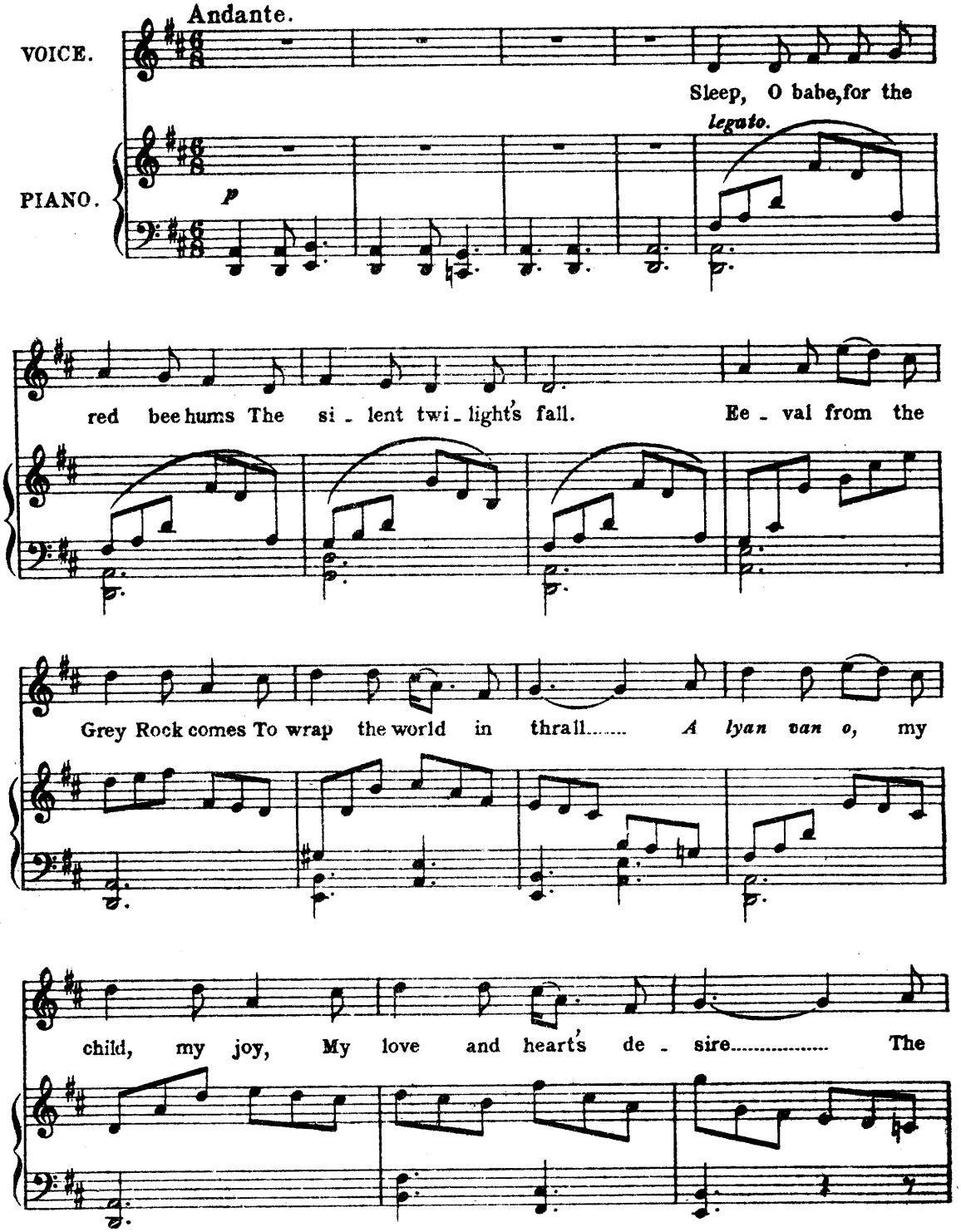

think now that vex-es me-e-e?" And still she cried "I love him the
best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest." And still she
cried "bon-ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I
do-o-o? If my love
knew I could wash and wring, If my love knew I could weave and

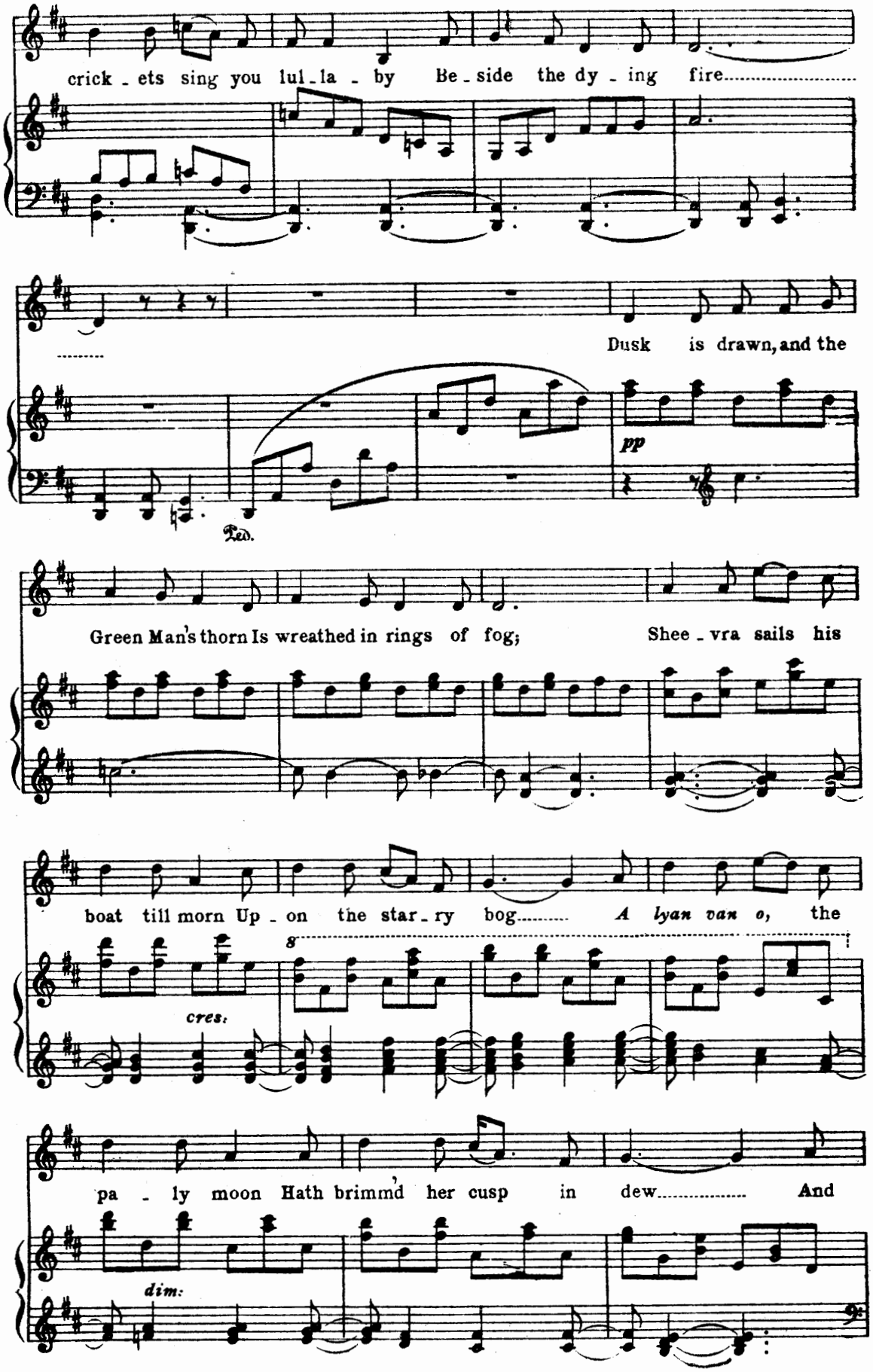

spin,..... Id make a coat all of the fi - nest kind, But the want of
mo - ney, sure, laves me be - hind"..... And still she cried "I love him the
best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she
cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I
do - o - o?.....

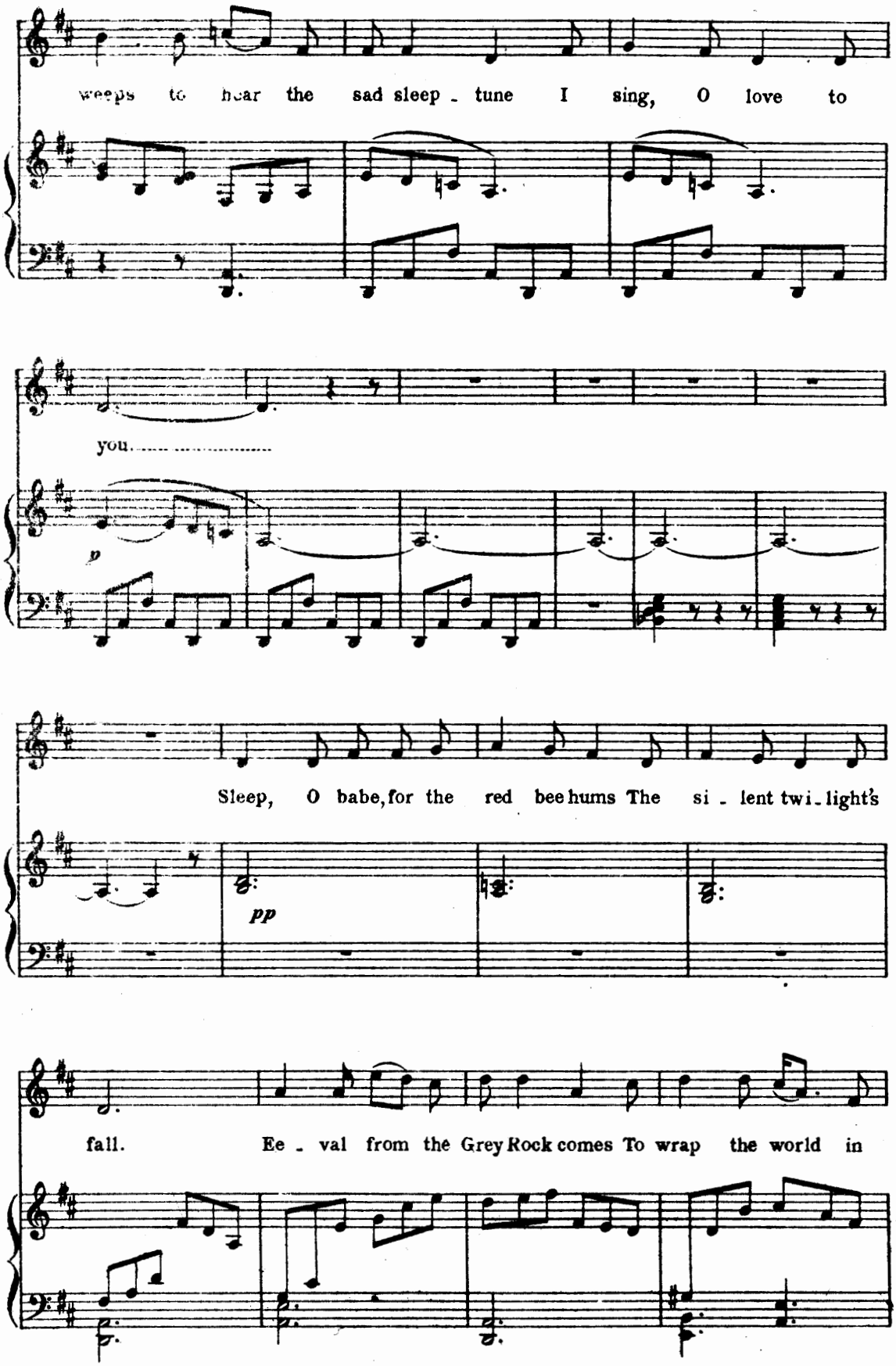
The Gartan Mother's Lullaby.

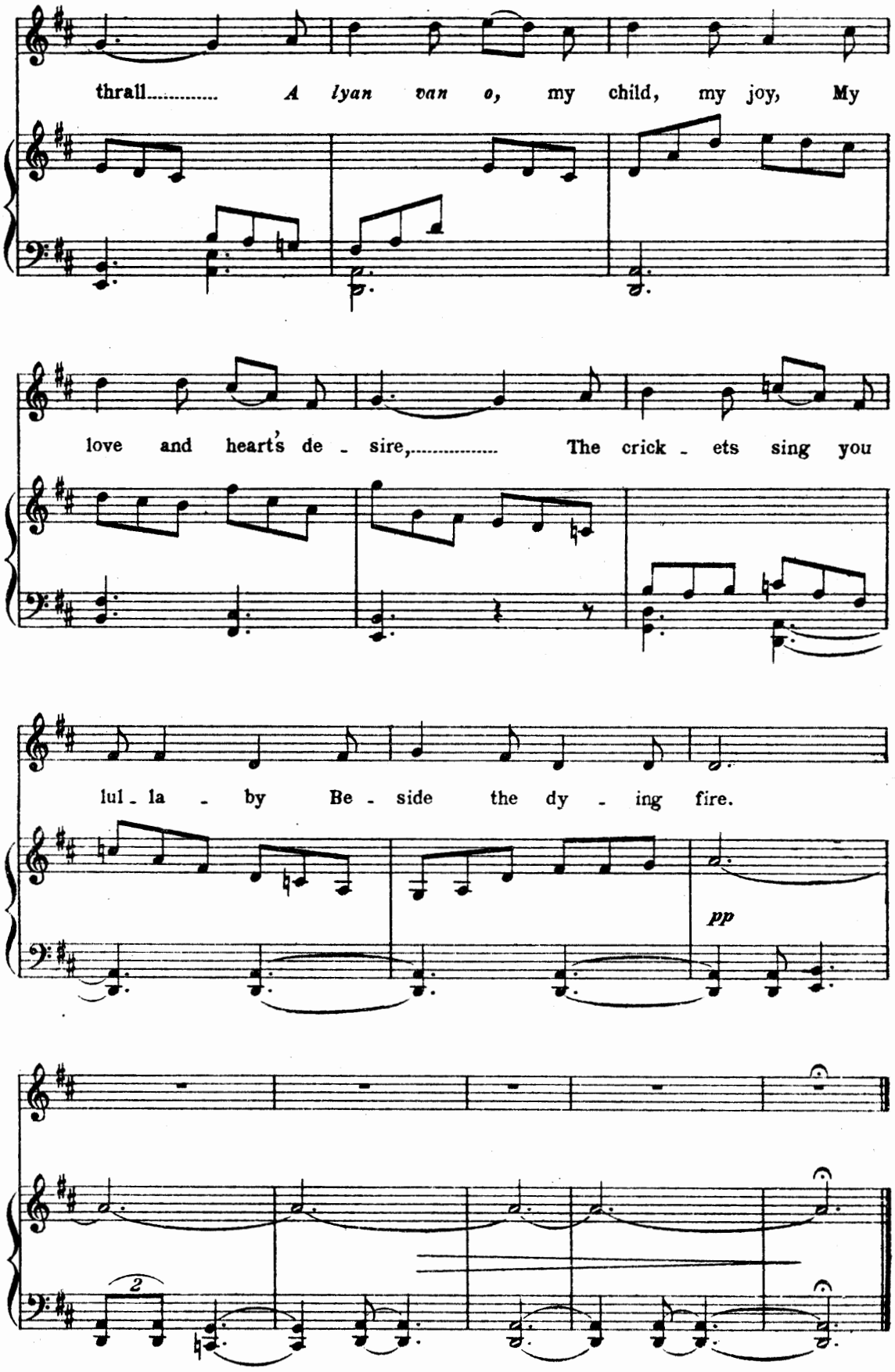
Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.




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


weeps to hear the sad sleep - tune I sing, O love to
you.
p
Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's
pp
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
2

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	*John Hilton*
Come again	*John Dowland*
Come, Phillis	*Thomas Ford*
Deare, if you change	*John Dowland*
Dear though your mind	*William Corkine*
Diaphenia	*Francis Pilkington*
Fain would I change that note	*Tobias Hume*
Faire, sweet, cruell	*Thomas Ford*
Fine knacks for ladies	*John Dowland*
Flow not so fast ye fountaines	*John Dowland*
Go to bed sweet Muse	*Robert Jones*
Here she her sacred bower adornes	*Thomas Campion*
If I urge my kind desires	*Philip Rosseter*
If she forsake me	*Philip Rosseter*
On a time	*John Attey*
Phillis was a faire maide	*Giles Earle's M S.*
Shaded with olive trees	*Thomas Greaves*
Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee?	*Thomas Campion*
Shepherd in a shade, A	*John Dowland*
Sleepe, sleepe	*Giles Earle's M S.*
Sweet Cupid, ripen her desire	*William Corkine*
Sweet Kate	*Robert Jones*
Sweet nymph, come to thy lover	*Thomas Morley*
There is a garden in her face	*Thomas Campion*
Underneath a cypress tree	*Francis Pilkington*
What if I seek for love	*Robert Jones*
When Laura smiles	*Philip Rosseter*
When lo! by breake of morning	*Thomas Morley*
Why dost thou turn away?	*Giles Earle's M S.*
Woeful heart with grief oppressed	*John Dowland*

SECOND VOLUME

PUBLISHED FOR LOW AND HIGH VOICE

Away with these self-loving lads	*John Dowland*
Beauty is but a painted hell	*Thomas Campion*
Break now, my heart, and die	*Thomas Campion*
Come away	*John Dowland*
Come, you pretty false-eyed wanton	*Thomas Campion*
Downe-a-downe	*F Pilkington*
Every dame affects good fame	*Thomas Campion*
Farewell, unkind farewell	*John Dowland*
Flora' wilt thou torment me?	*Thomas Morley*
Her rosie cheeks	*Thomas Campion*
If there be any one	*JohnBartlet*
I heard of late	*John Bartlet*
Now, O now, I needs must part	*John Dowland*
O deare, that I with thee might live	*Thomas Campion*
Oft have I sigh for him	*Thomas Campion*
Peaceful westerne winde, The	*Thomas Campion*
Pretty, pretty duckie, A	*John Bartlet*
Shall a smile or a guileful glance?	*William Corkine*
Shall I Sue, shall I seek for grace?	*John Dowland*
Sorrow, sorrow, stay	*John Dowland*
Stay, Time, awhile thy flying	*John Dowland*
Sweet was the Song	*John Attey*
Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the air	*Thomas Campion*
Weep you no more, sad fountaines	*John Dowland*
What if I never speede?	*John Dowland*
What if I speede	*Robert Jones*
What thing is love	*John Bartlet*
When from my love I lookte	*John Bartlet*
Whither runneth my Sweetheart	*John Bartlet*
Who doth behold my Mistress' face	*John Bartlet*

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VOL. II.

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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.

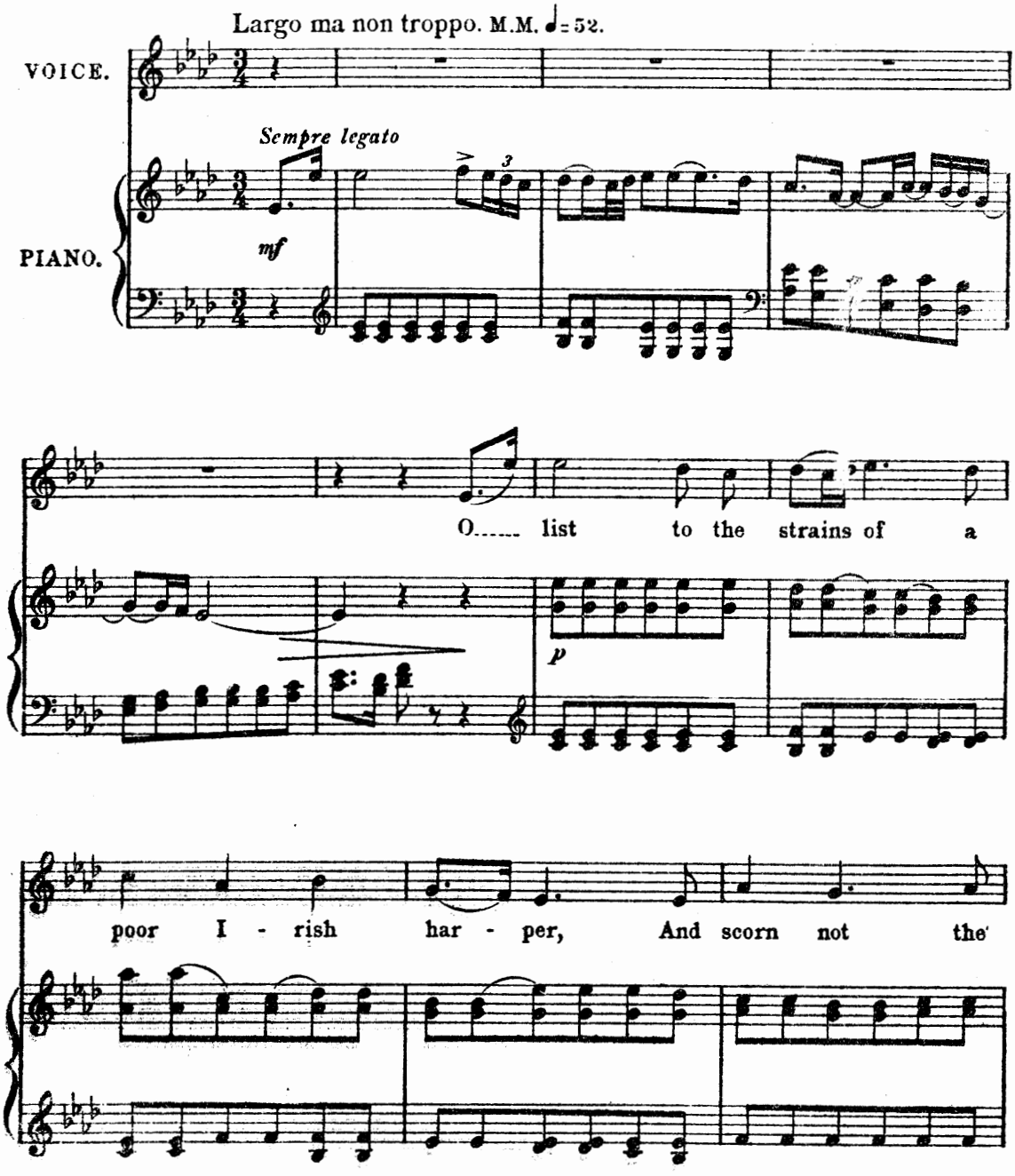
This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to our modern tempered scale, and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly as they were sung or played, I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system 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.

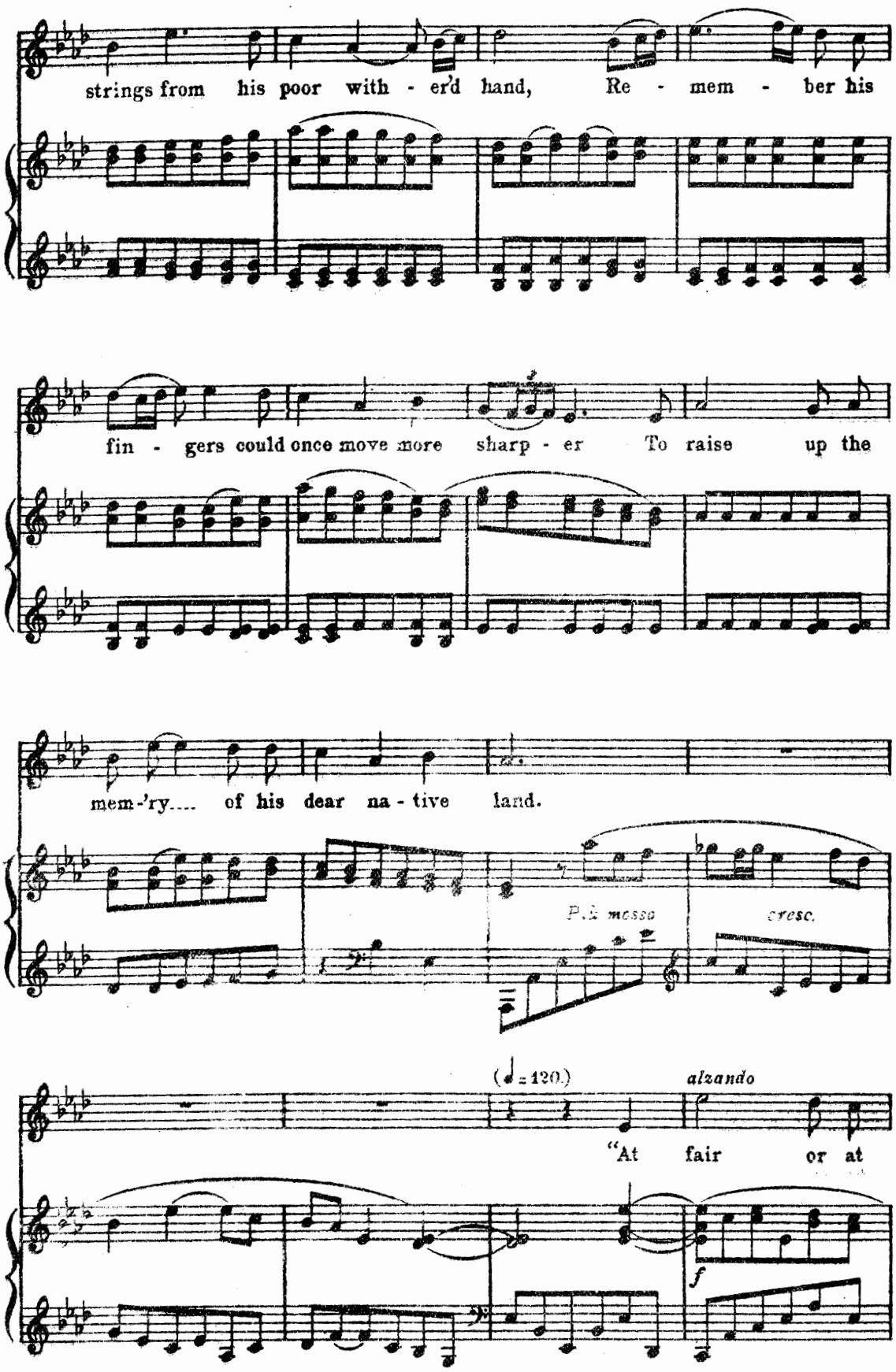
London, 1909.

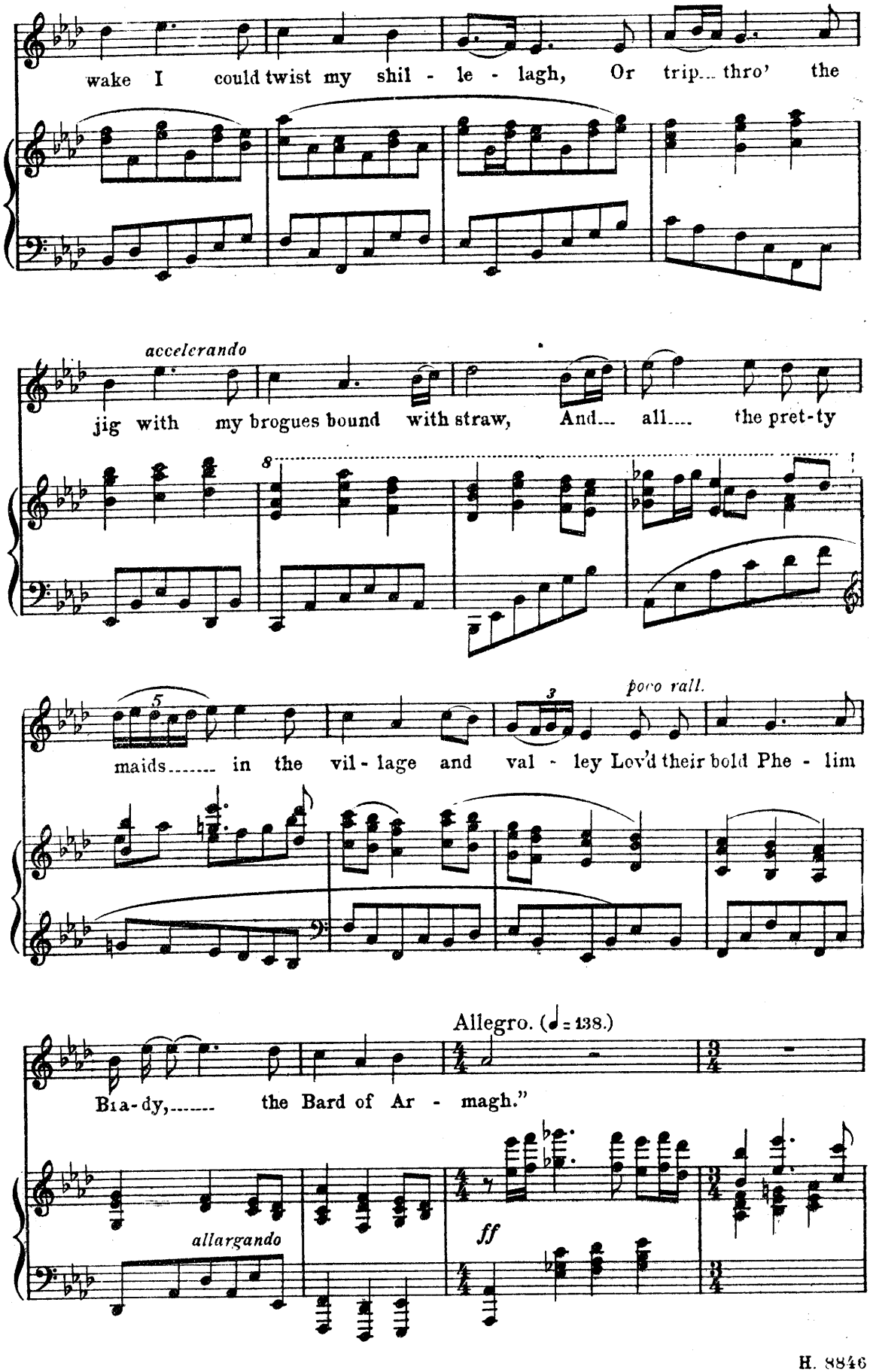
The Bard of Armagh.

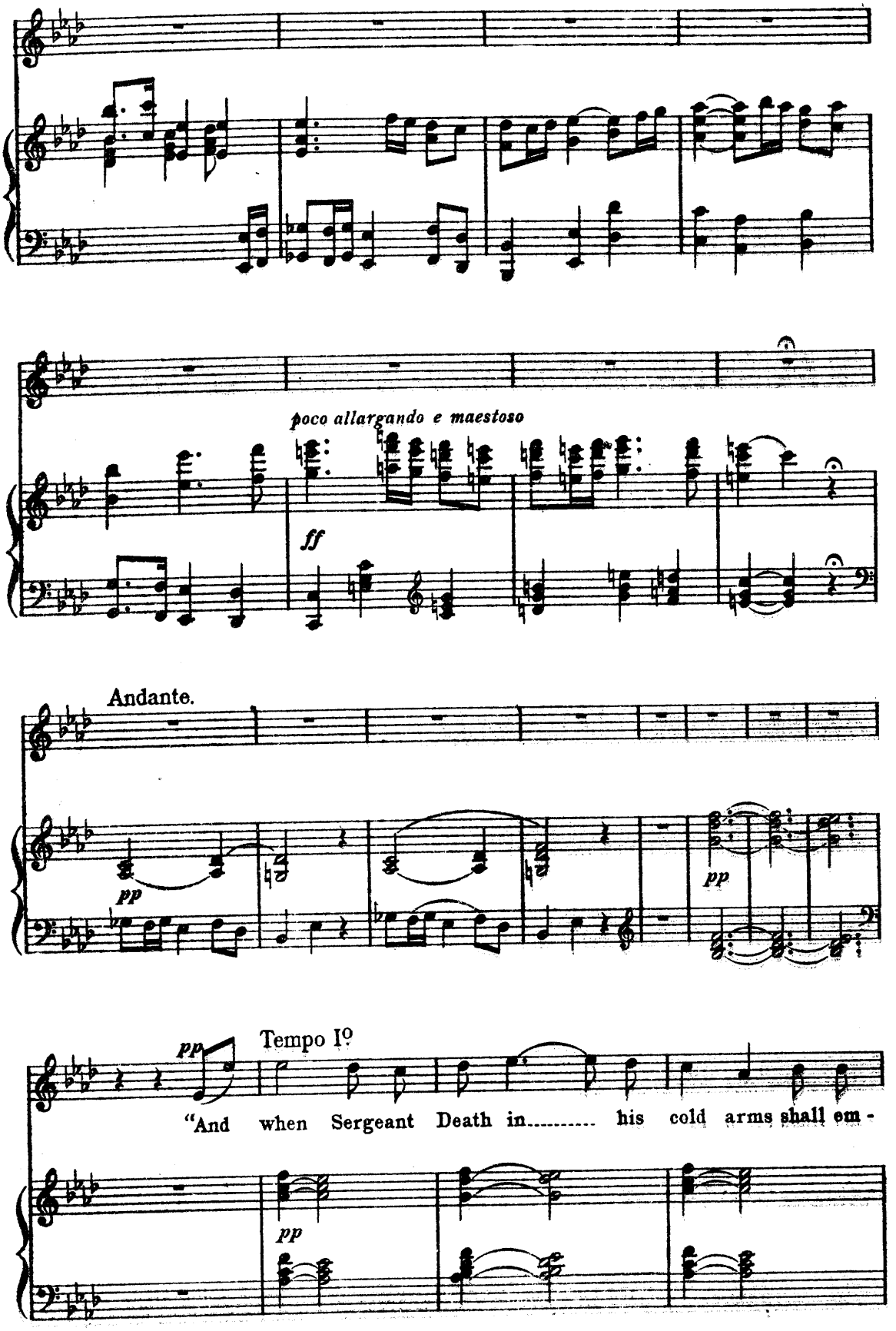
Traditional. COUNTY TYRONE.

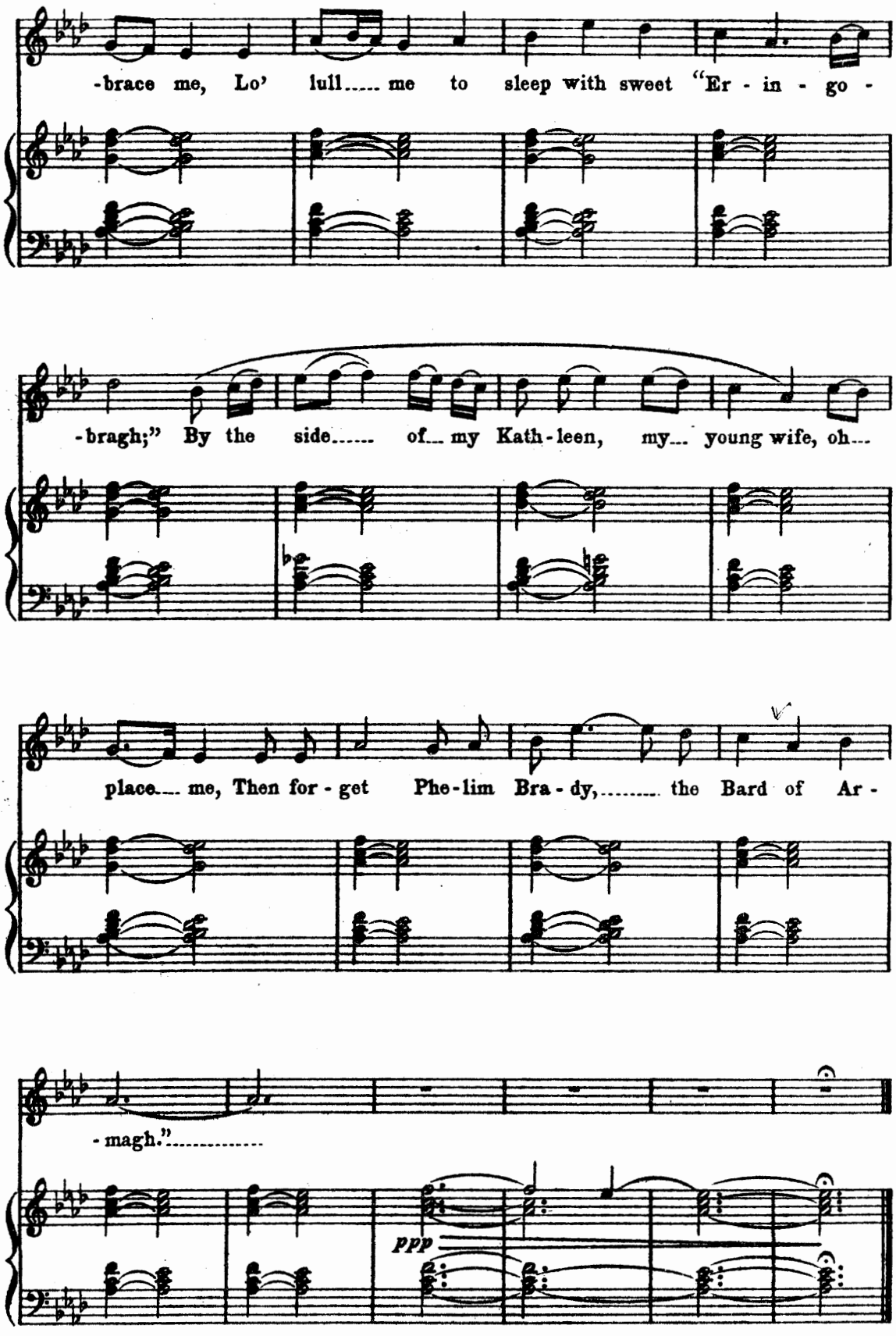


(Copyright 1914 by Boosey & Co.)


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. e messa
cresc.
(♩= 120.)
alzando
"At fair or at
f

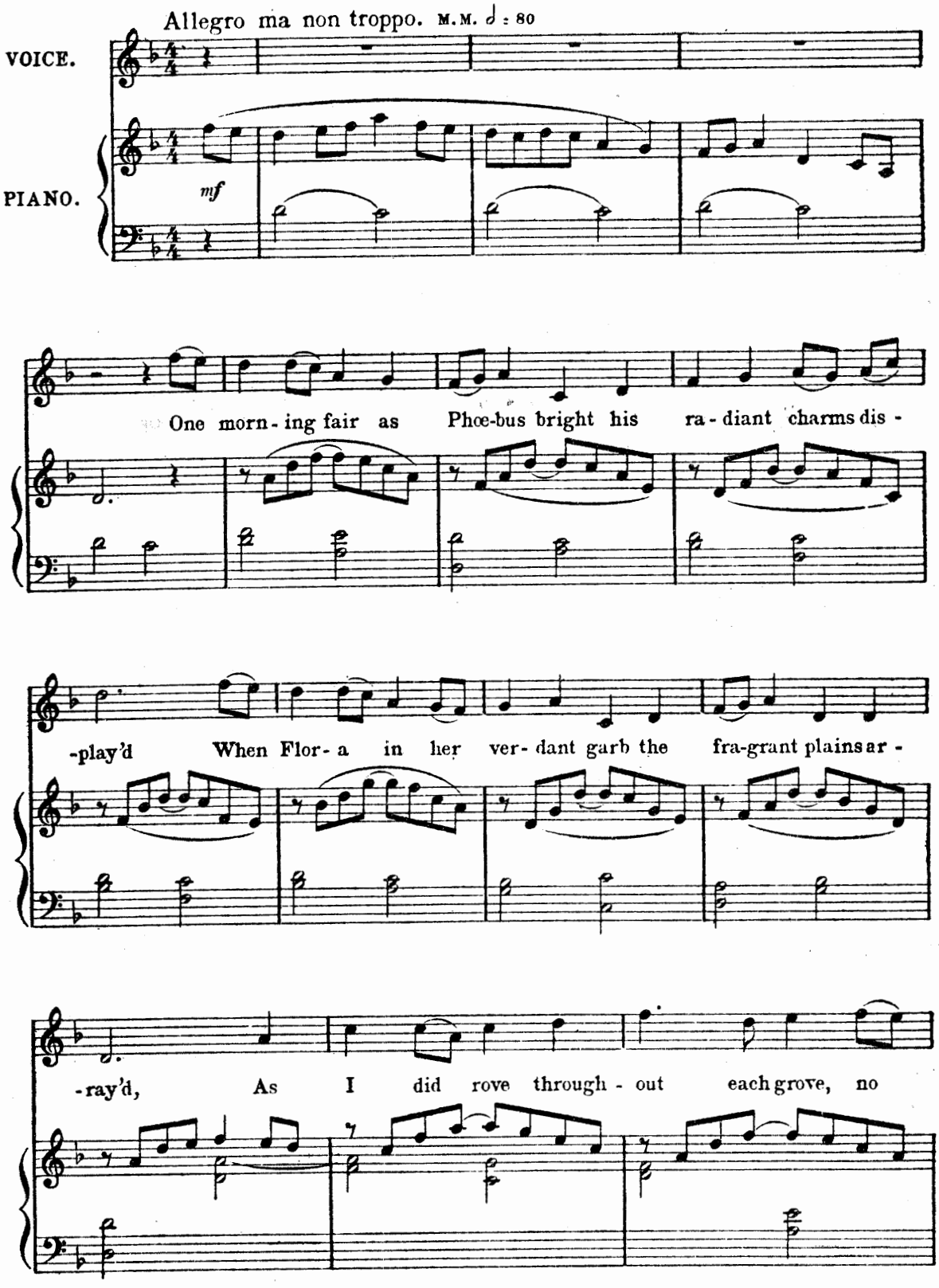

wake I could twist my shil - le - lagh, Or trip... thro' the
accelerando
jig with my brogues bound with straw, And... all.... the pret-ty
maids..... in the vil - lage and val - ley Lov'd their bold Phe - lim
poco rall.
Allegro. (♩= 138.)
Bra - dy,..... the Bard of Ar - magh."
allargando
ff

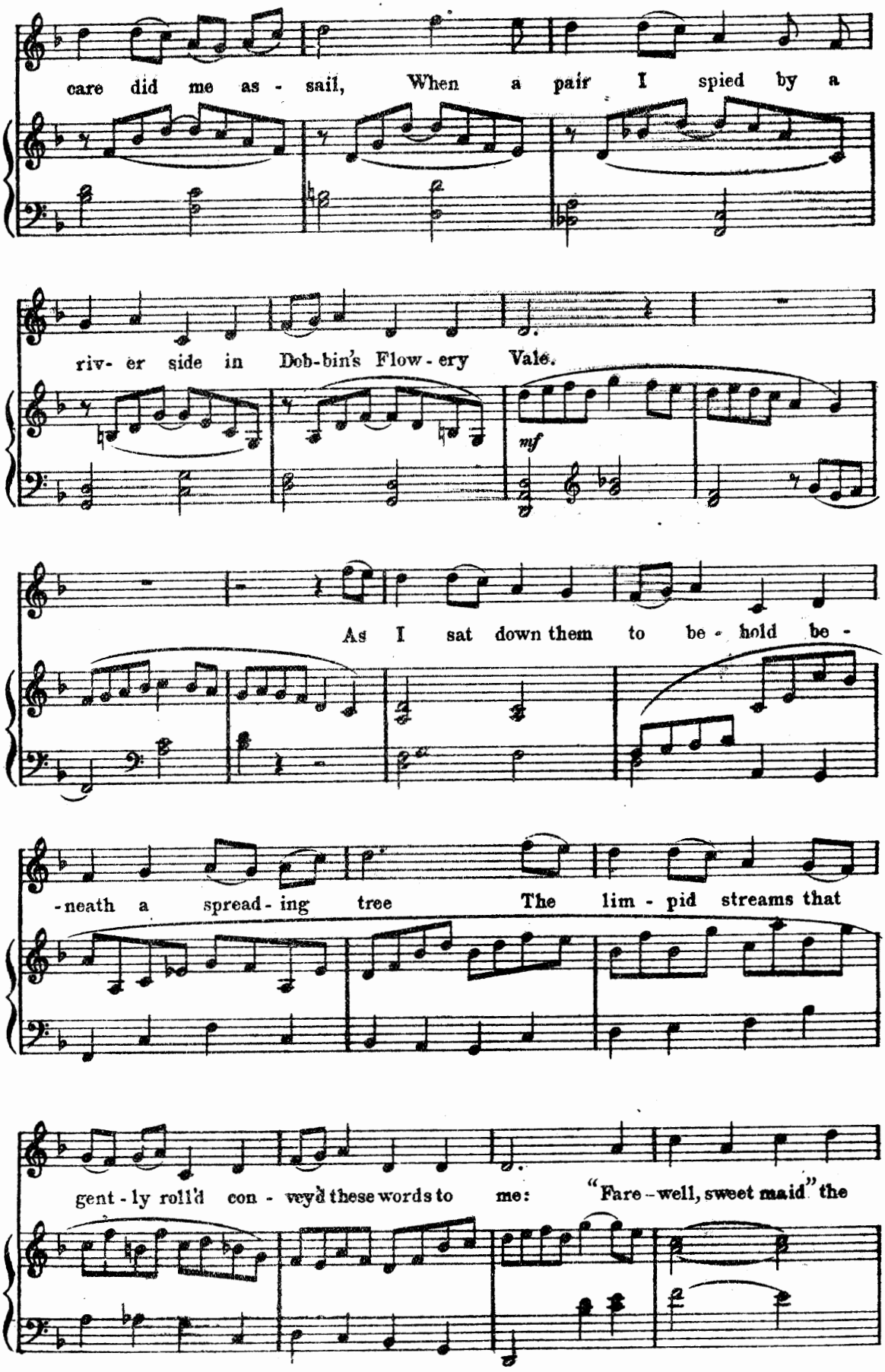

poco allargando e maestoso
ff
Andante.
pp
pp
pp
Tempo Iº
"And when Sergeant Death in..... his cold arms shall em -
pp

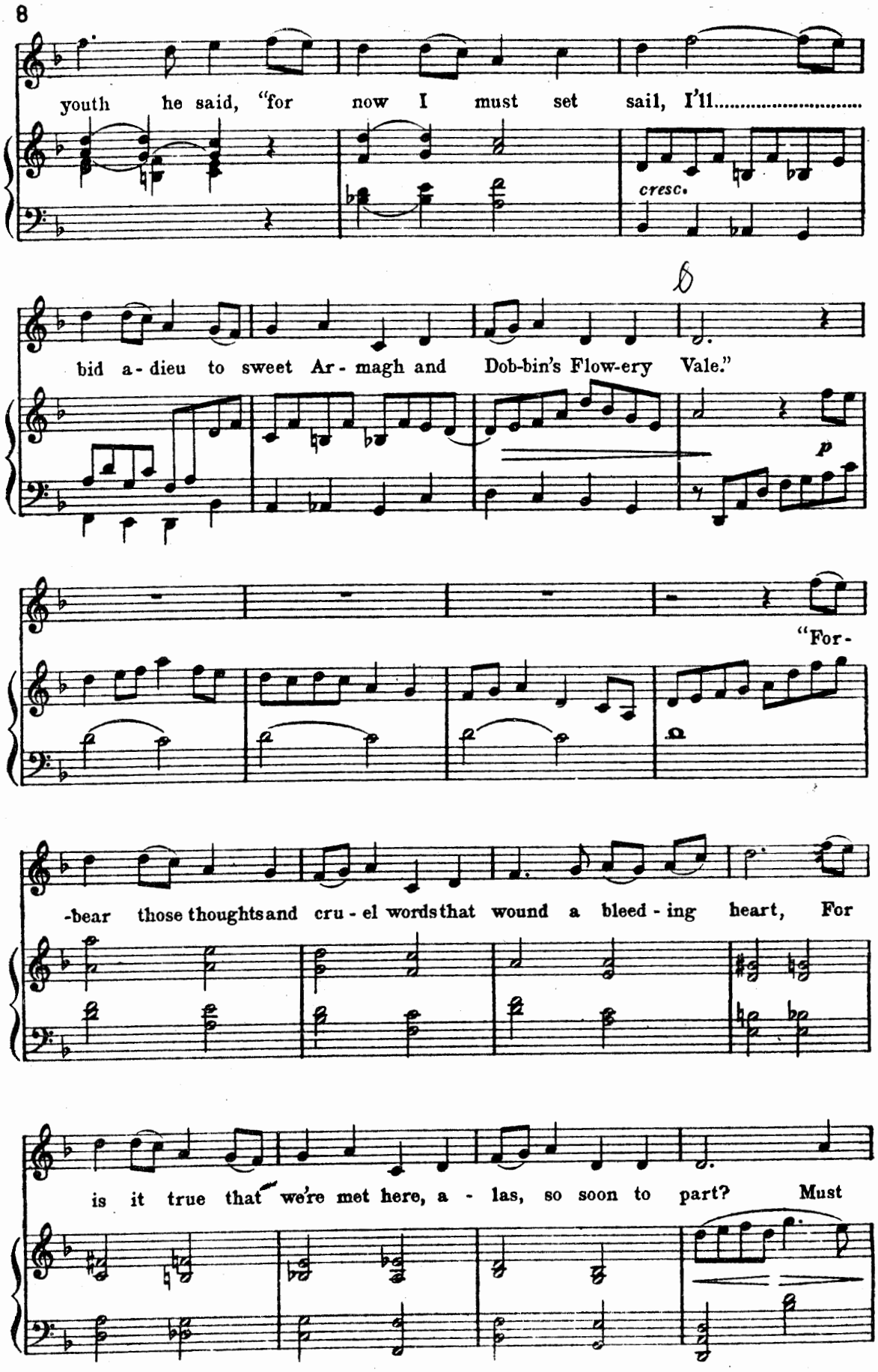

-brace me, Lo' lull..... me to sleep with sweet "Er - in - go -
-bragh;" By the side..... of... my Kath-leen, my... young wife, oh...
place... me, Then for - get Phe-lim Bra - dy,..... the Bard of Ar -
- magh."
ppp

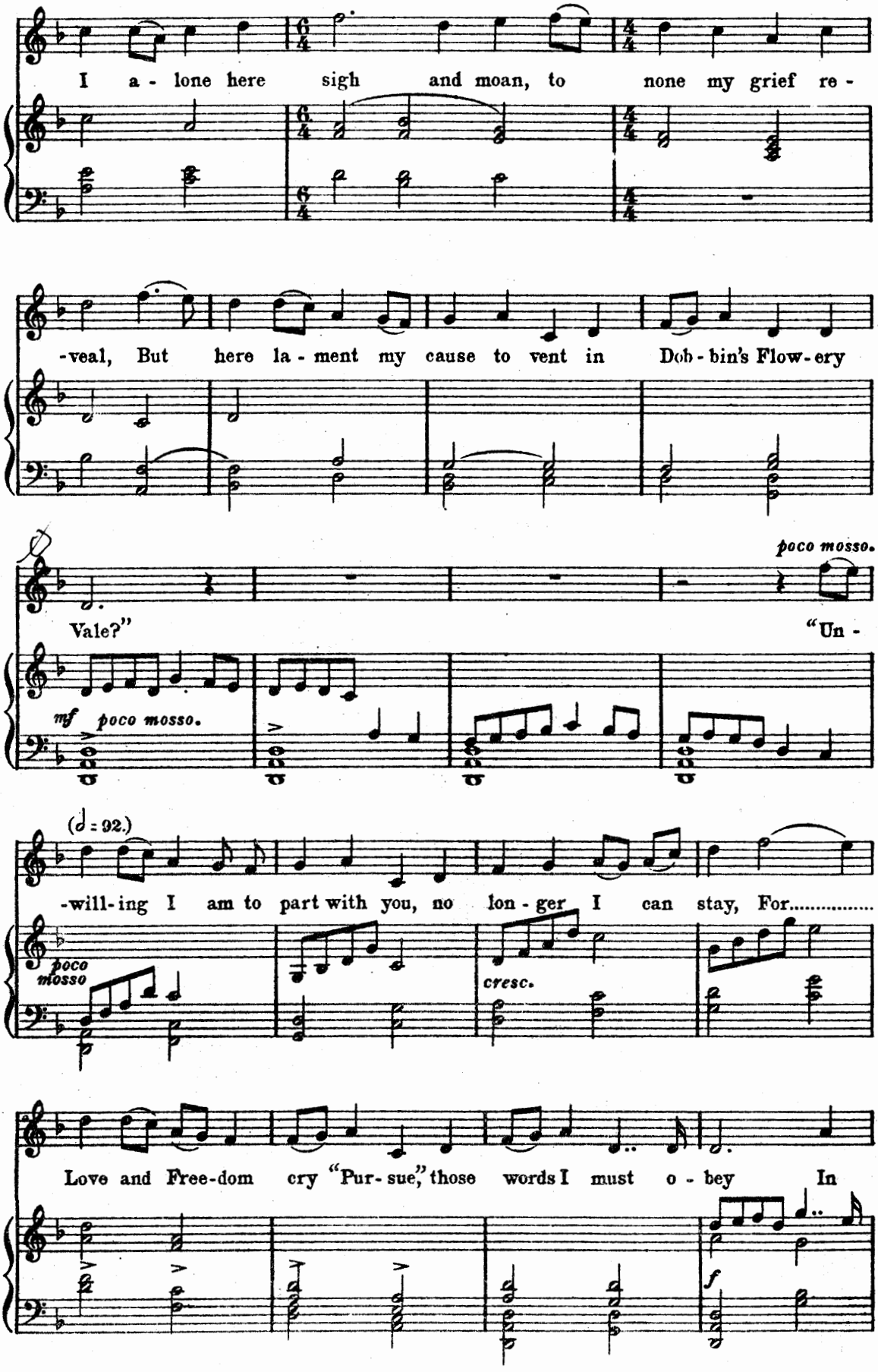
Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

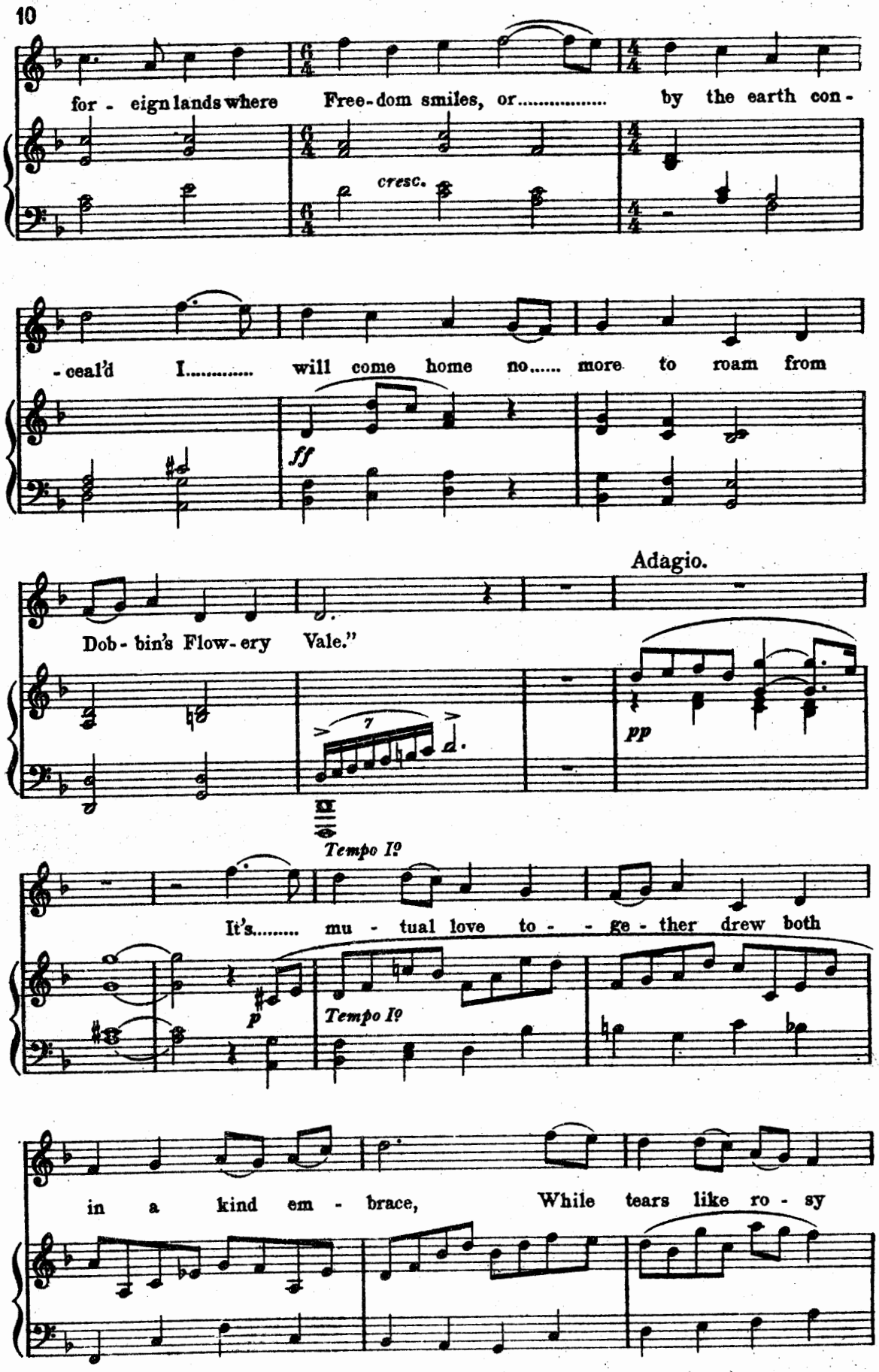
Traditional. COUNTY ARMAGH.

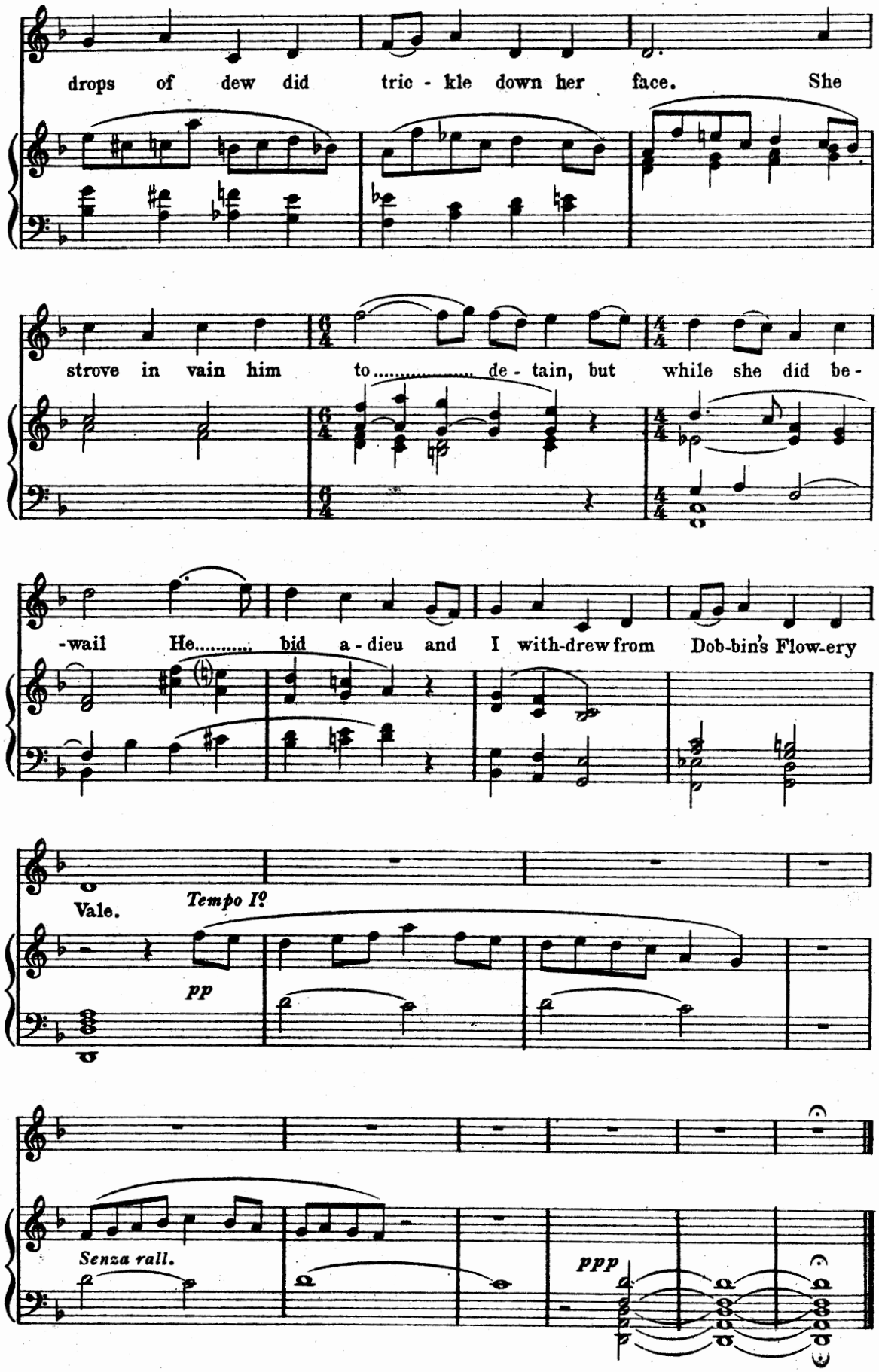



care did me as - sail, When a pair I spied by a
riv- er side in Dob-bin's Flow - ery Vale.
mf
As I sat down them to be - hold be -
-neath a spread - ing tree The lim - pid streams that
gent - ly roll'd con - veyd these words to me: "Fare - well, sweet maid" the


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 thoughts and 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?"
poco mosso.
"Un -
mf poco mosso.
(♩ = 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
f

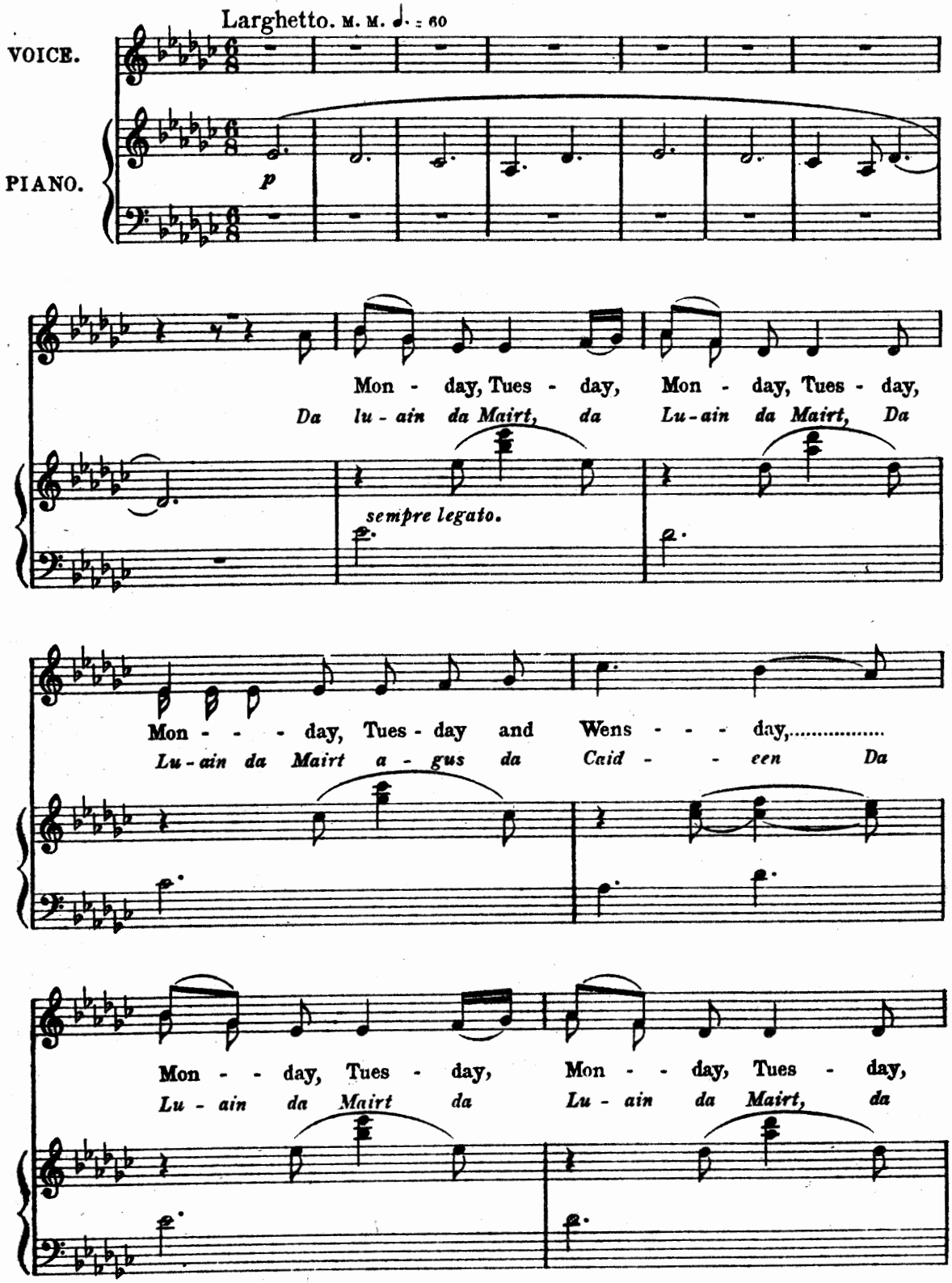

for - eign lands where Free-dom smiles, or..... by the earth con-
cresc.
-ceal'd I..... will come home no..... more to roam from
ff
Adagio.
Dob - bin's Flow-ery Vale."
7
pp
Tempo I?
It's..... mu - tual love to - - ge - ther drew both
p
Tempo I?
in a kind em - brace, While tears like ro - sy

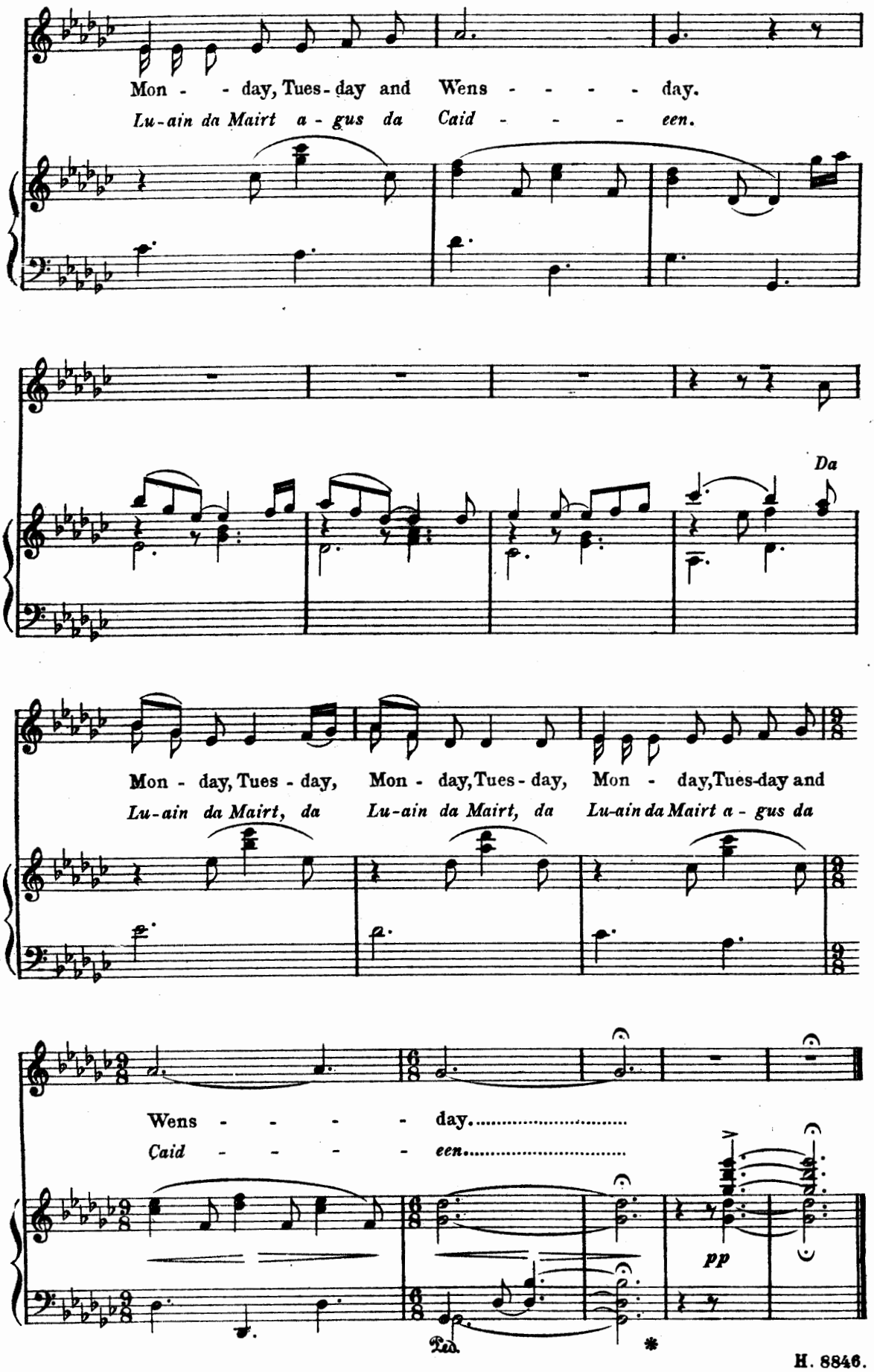

drops of dew did tric - kle down her face. She
strove in vain him to..... de - tain, but while she did be -
-wail He..... bid a - dieu and I with-drew from Dob-bin's Flow-ery
Vale.
Tempo I?
pp
Senza rall.
ppp

Monday, Tuesday.

(Da Luain, da Mairt.)

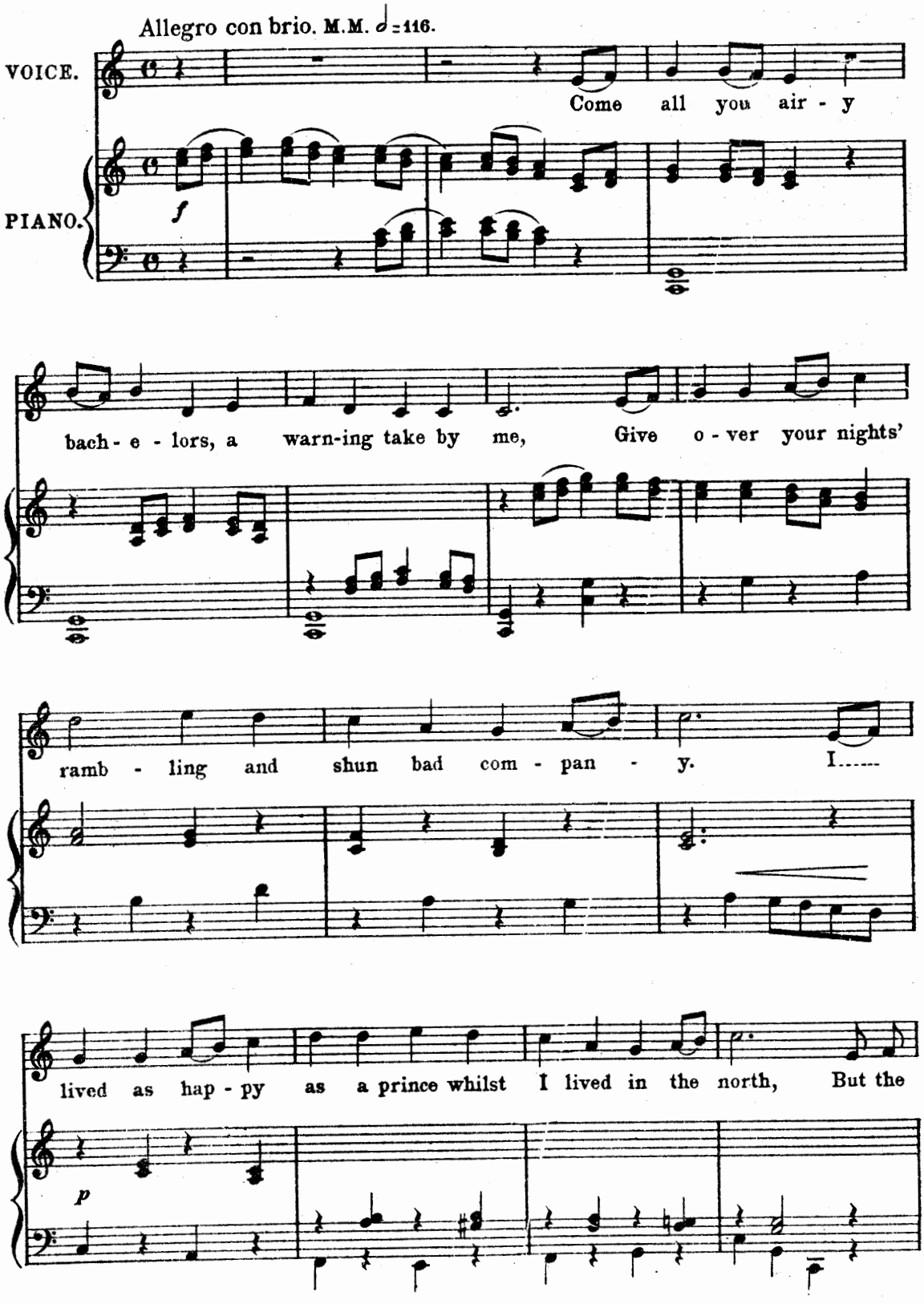
Traditional. SOUTHERN COUNTIES.

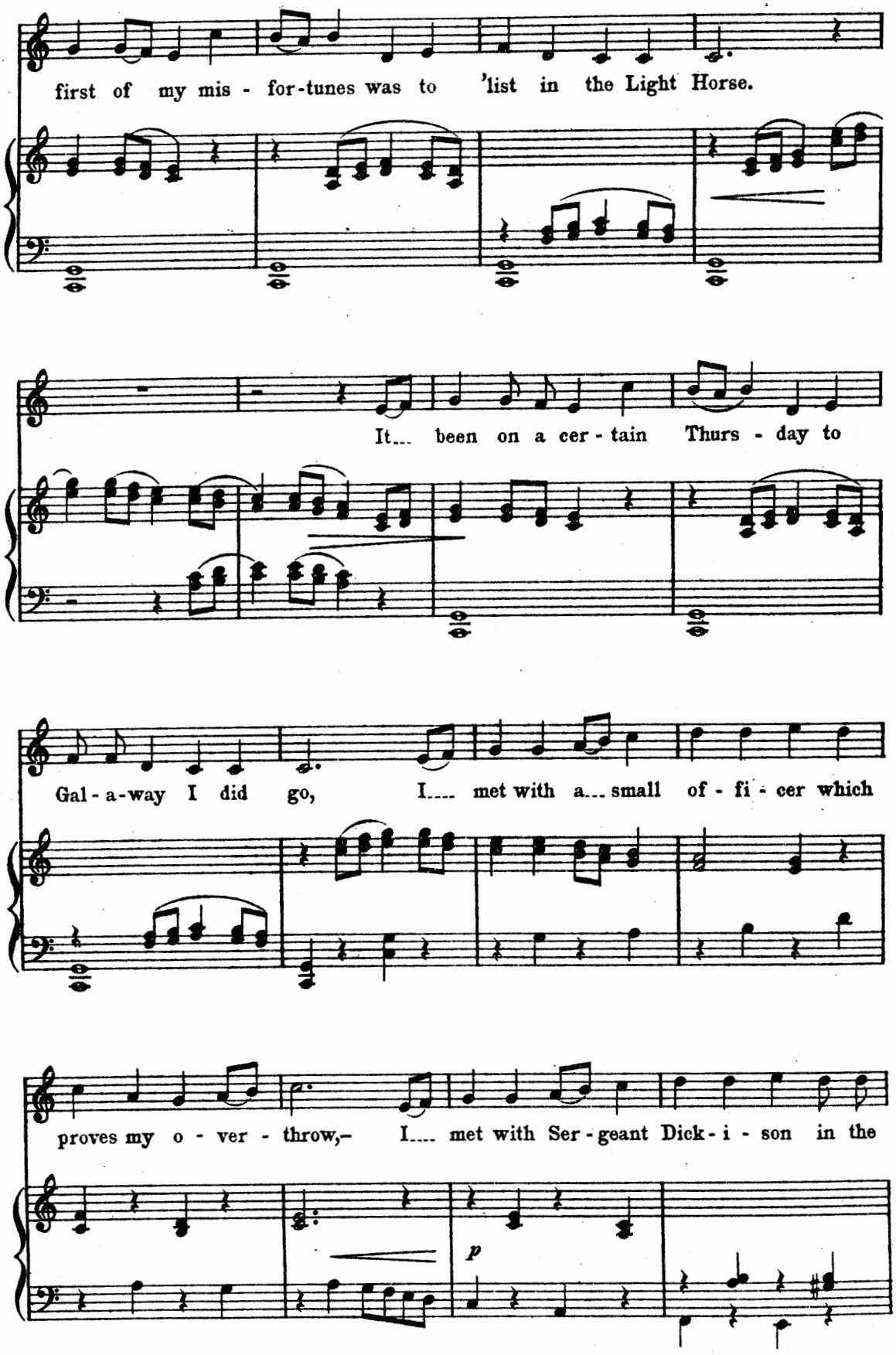


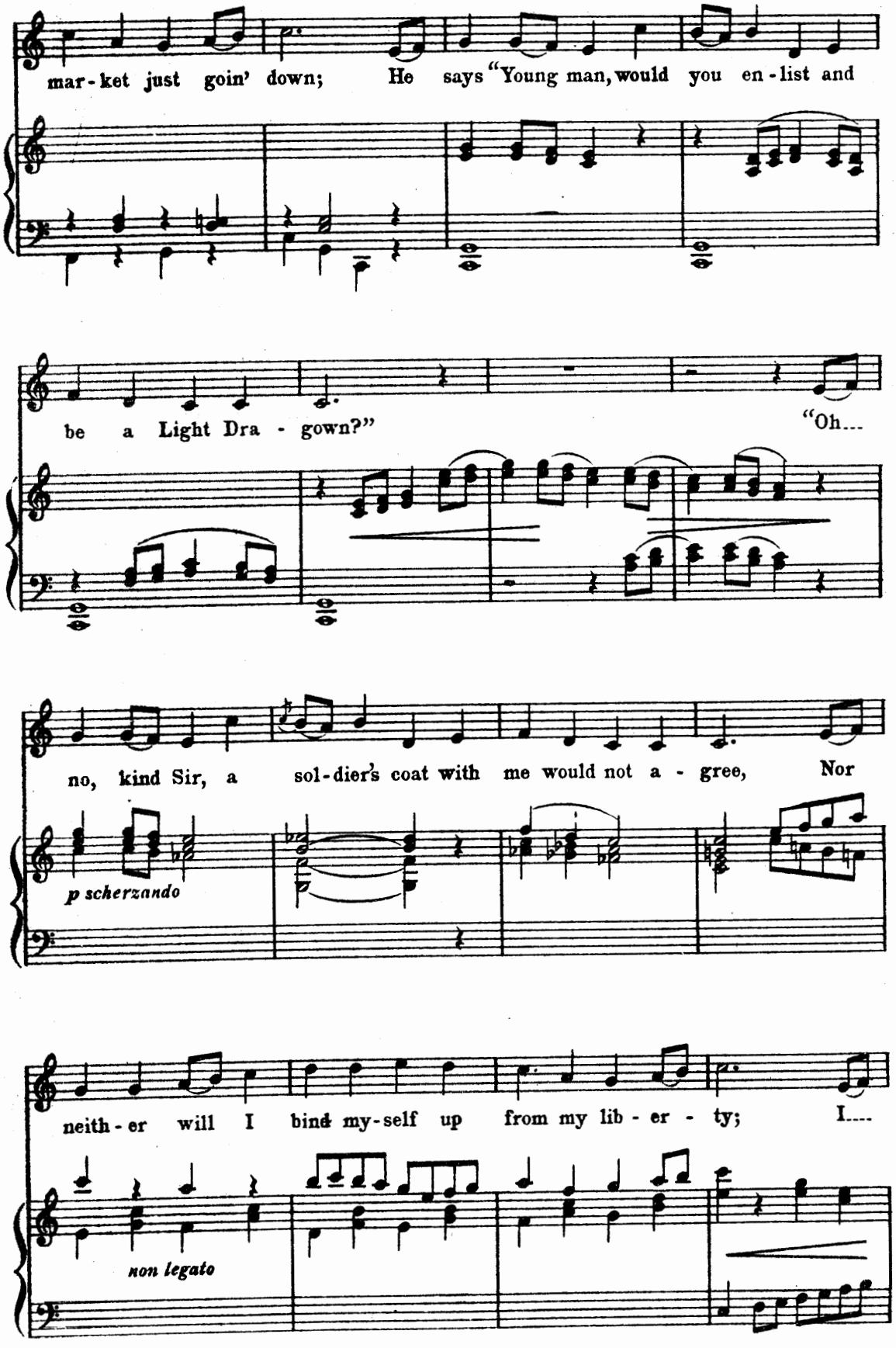

Mon - - day, Tues - day and Wens - - - - day.
Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da Caid - - - - een.
Da
Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day and
Lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da
Wens - - - - day.
Caid - - - - een.
pp
Ped.
*

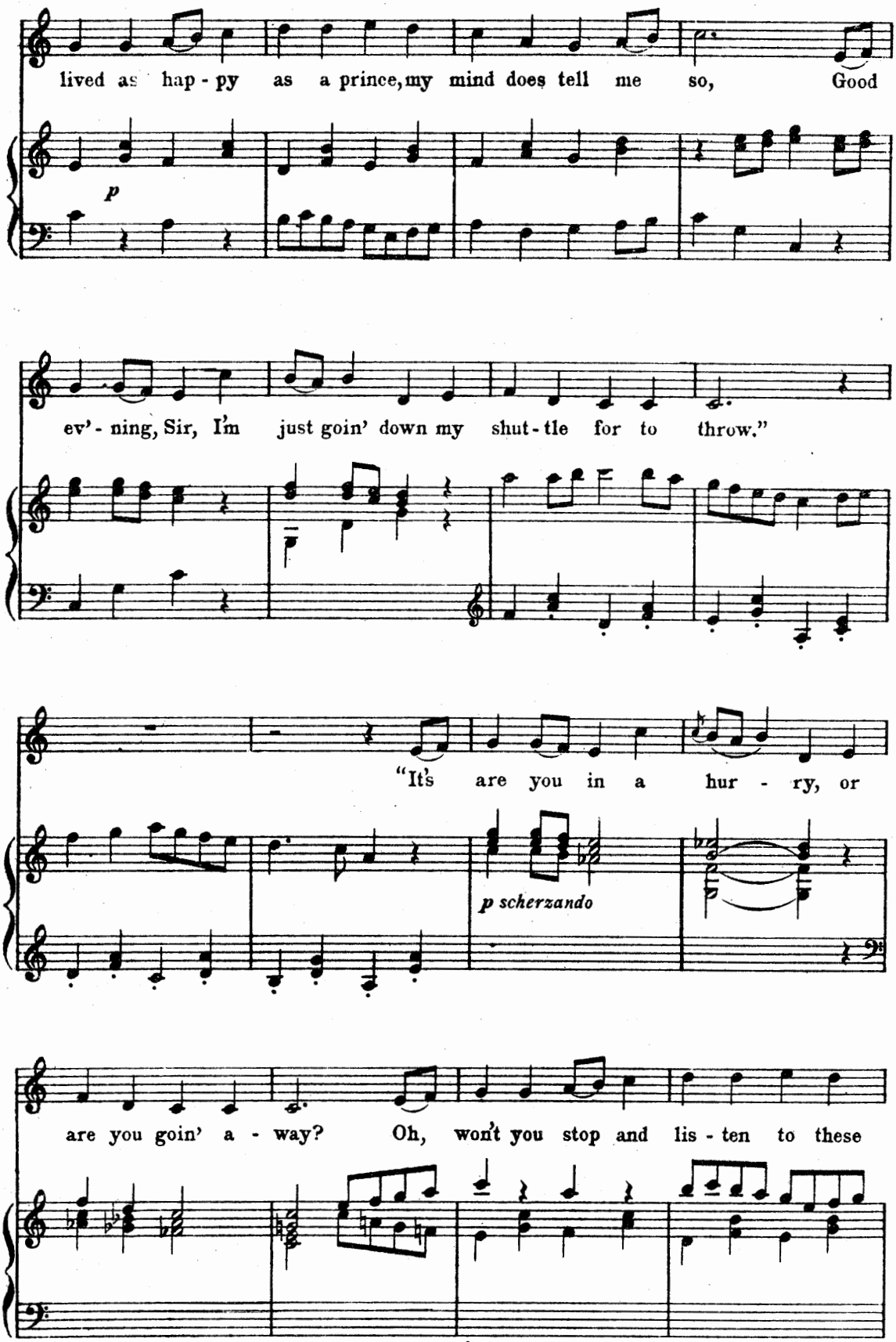
The Airy Bachelor.

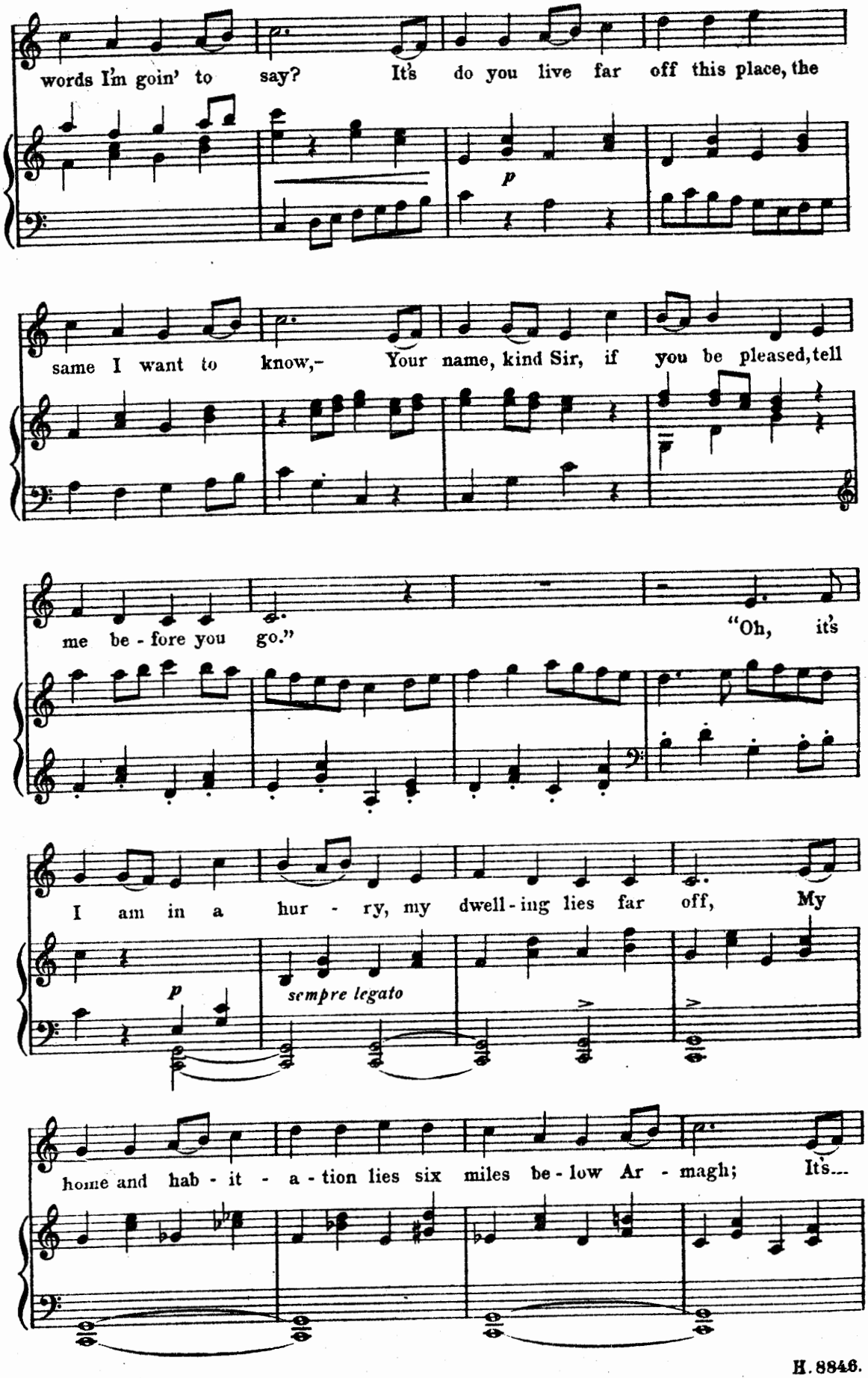
Traditional. COUNTY DONEGAL.

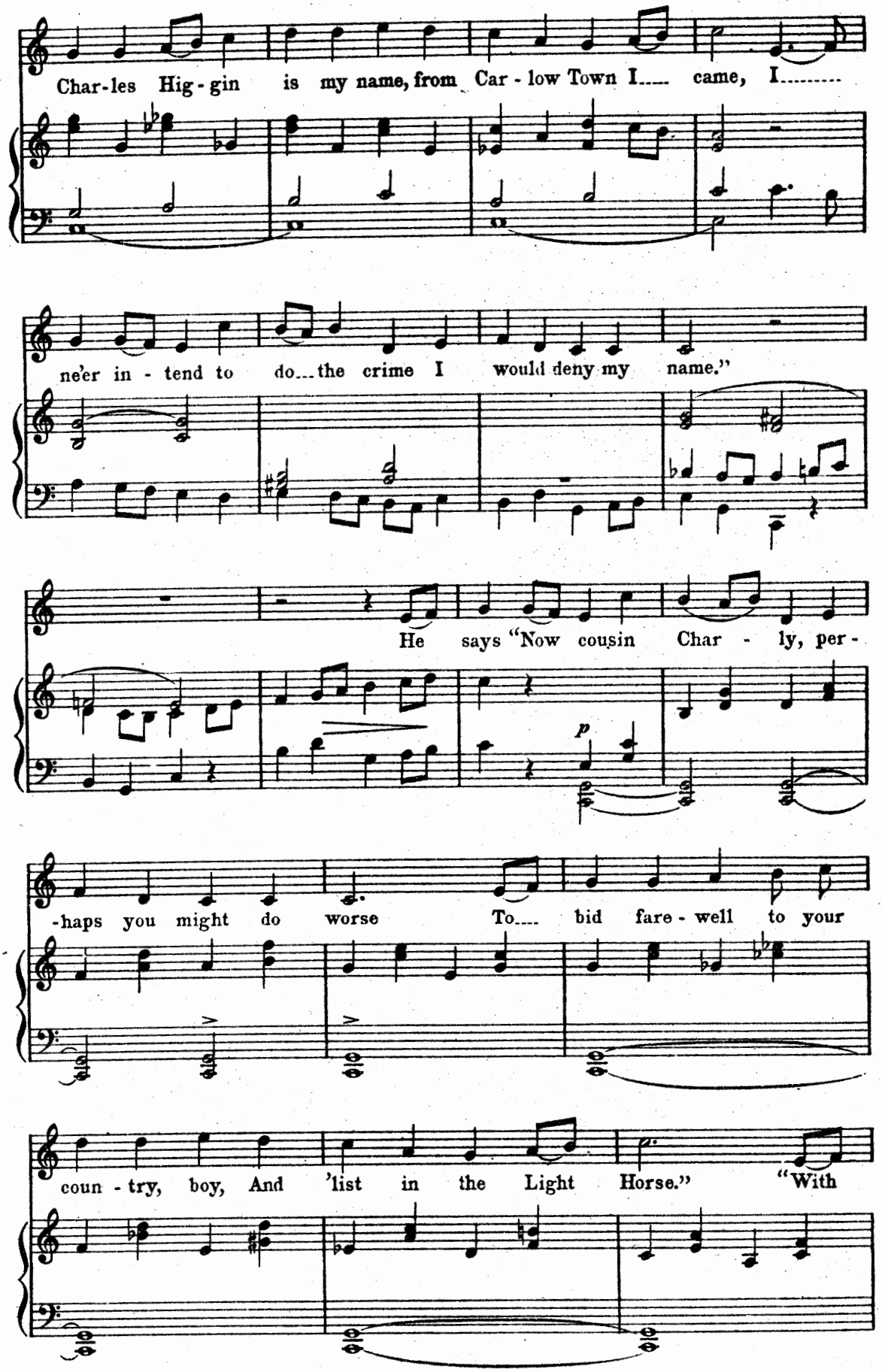


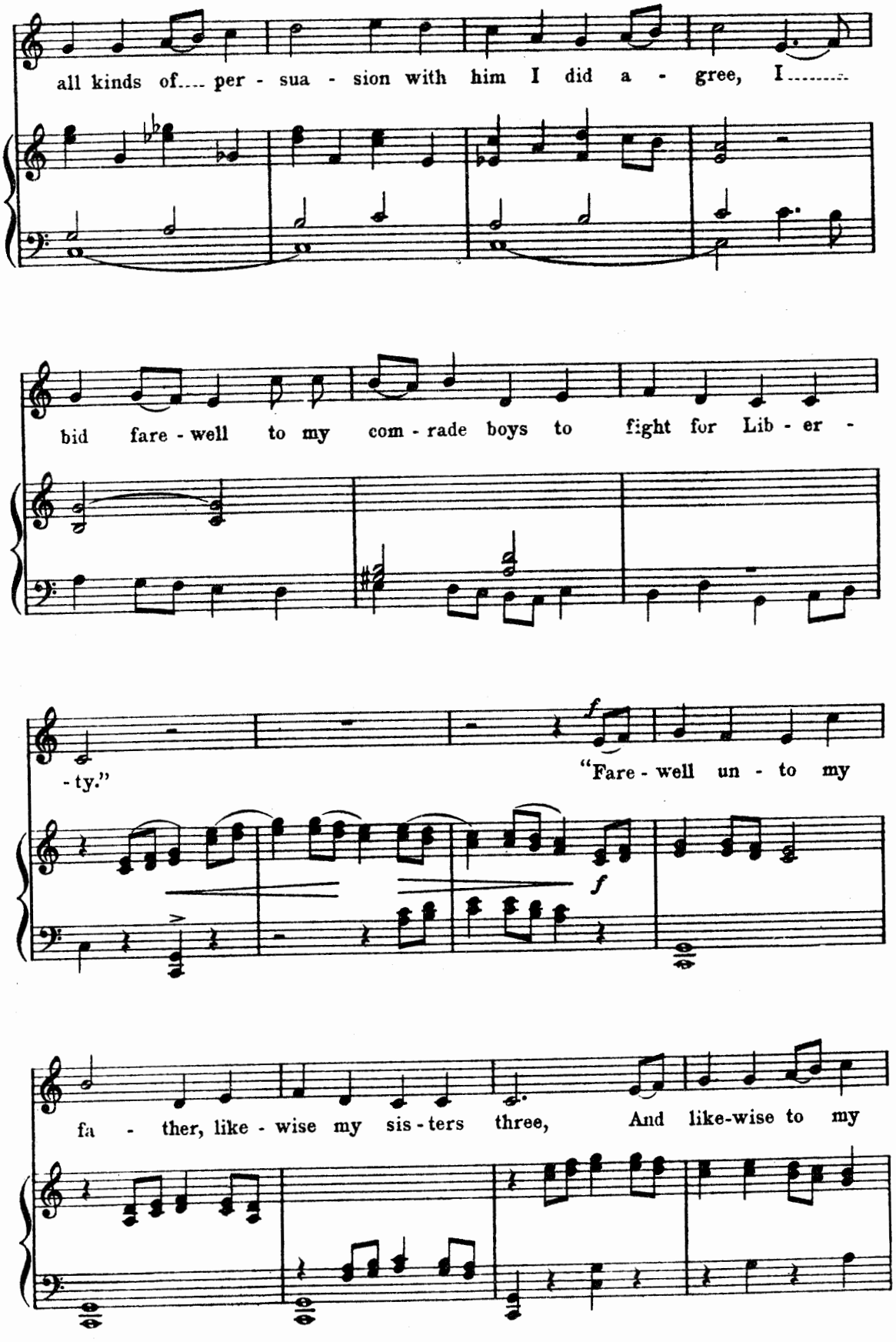

first of my mis - for-tunes was to 'list in the Light Horse.
It... been on a cer - tain Thurs - day to
Gal - a-way I did go, I.... met with a... small of - fi - cer which
proves my o - ver - throw,– I.... met with Ser - geant Dick - i - son in the
p

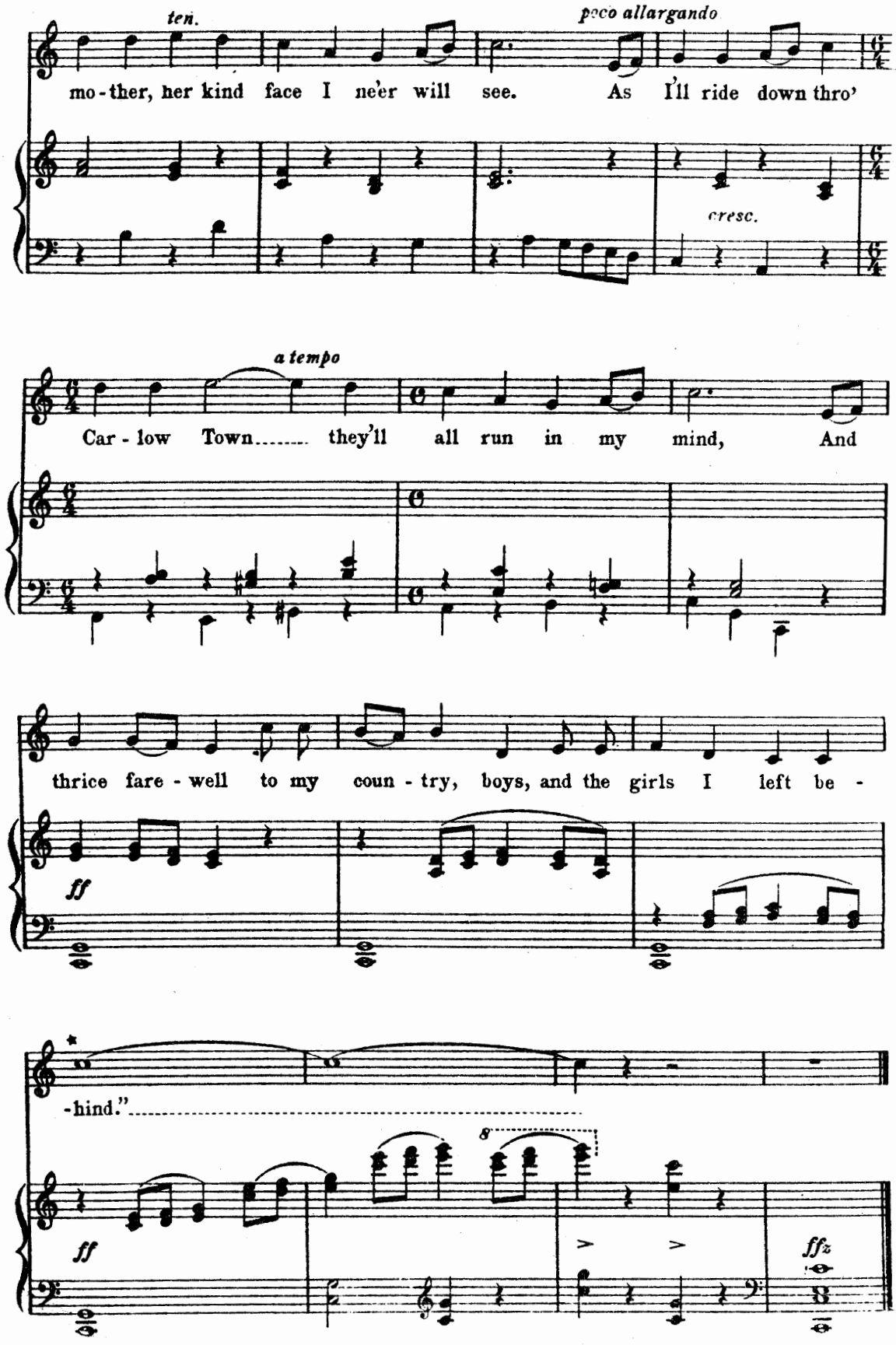

mar-ket just goin' down; He says "Young man, would you en-list and
be a Light Dra-gown?"
"Oh...
no, kind Sir, a sol-dier's coat with me would not a-gree, Nor
p scherzando
neith-er will I bind my-self up from my lib-er-ty; I....
non legato


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
p
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-
p
-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."
f
"Fare - well un - to my
f
fa - ther, like - wise my sis - ters three, And like-wise to my

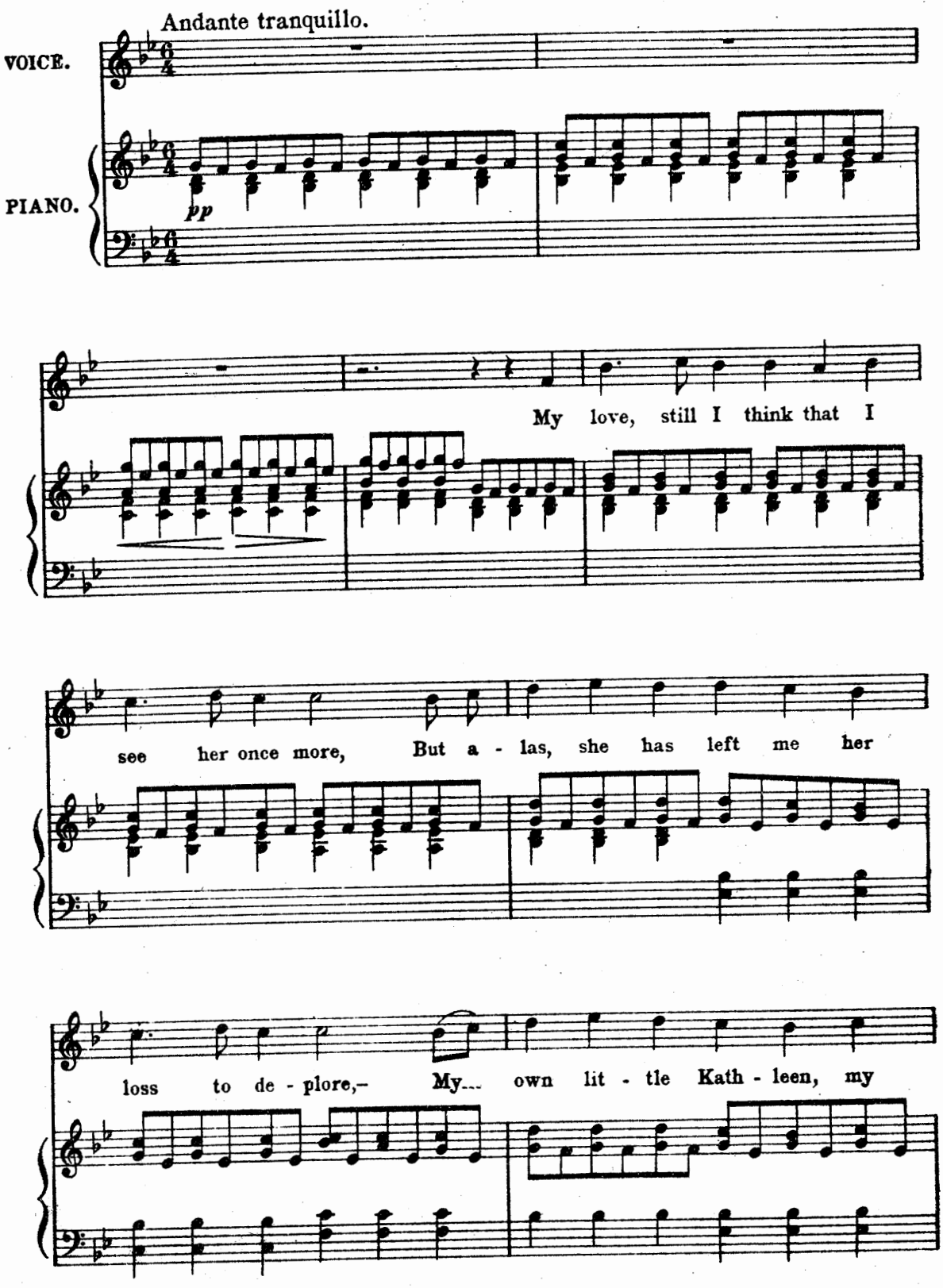


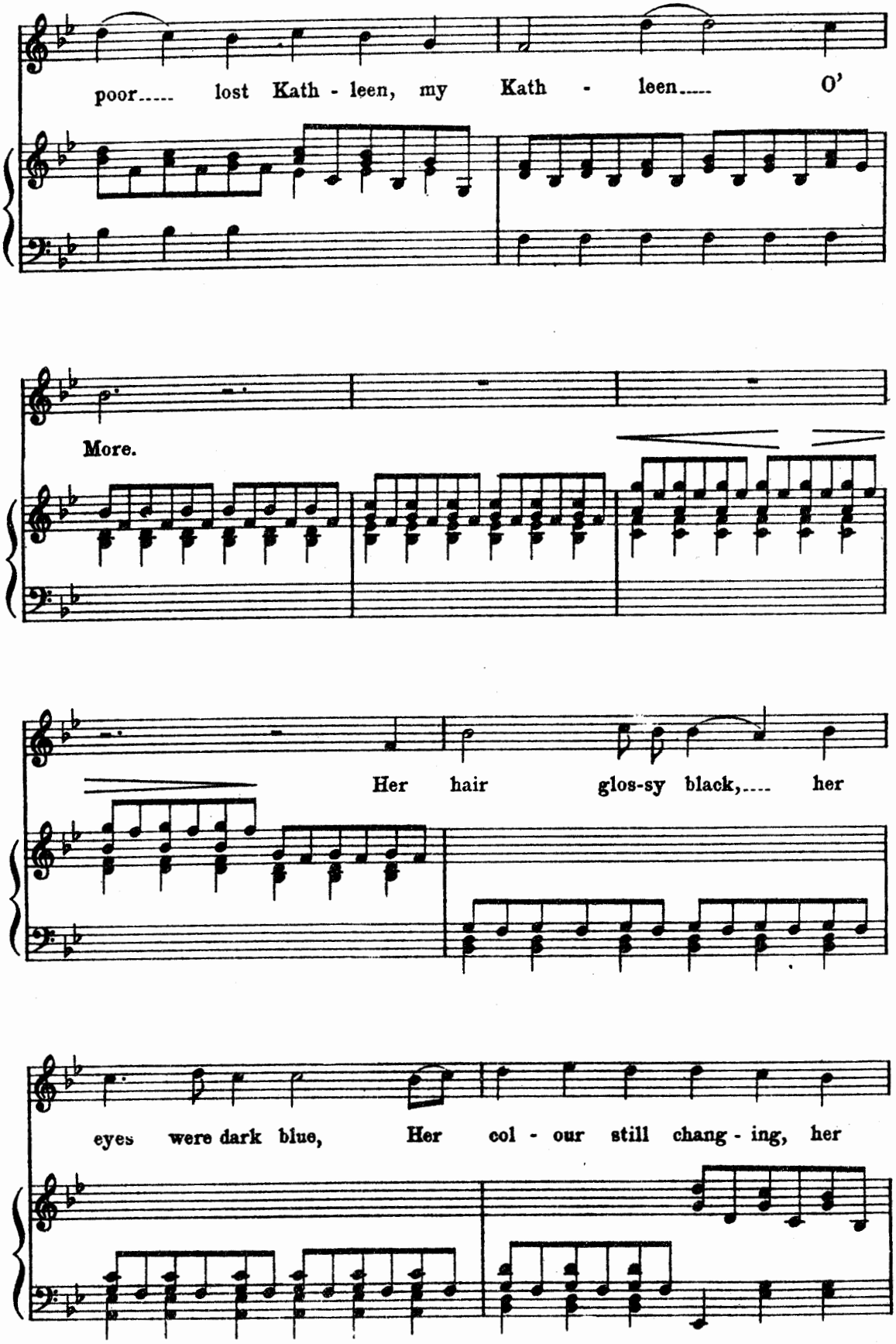
*This ending is traditional in the Donegal parish where the ballad was recorded.– Ed.

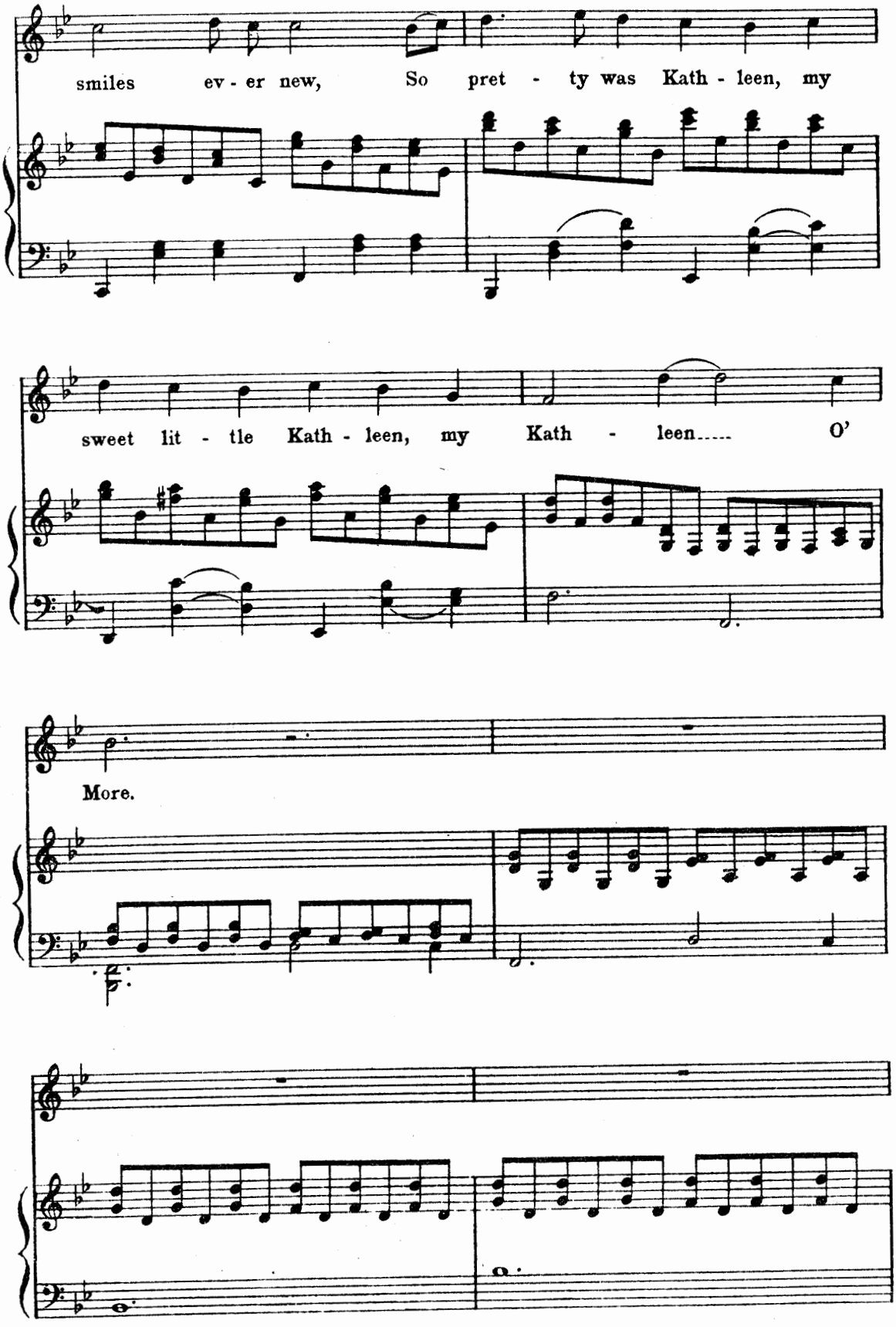
Kathleen O' More.

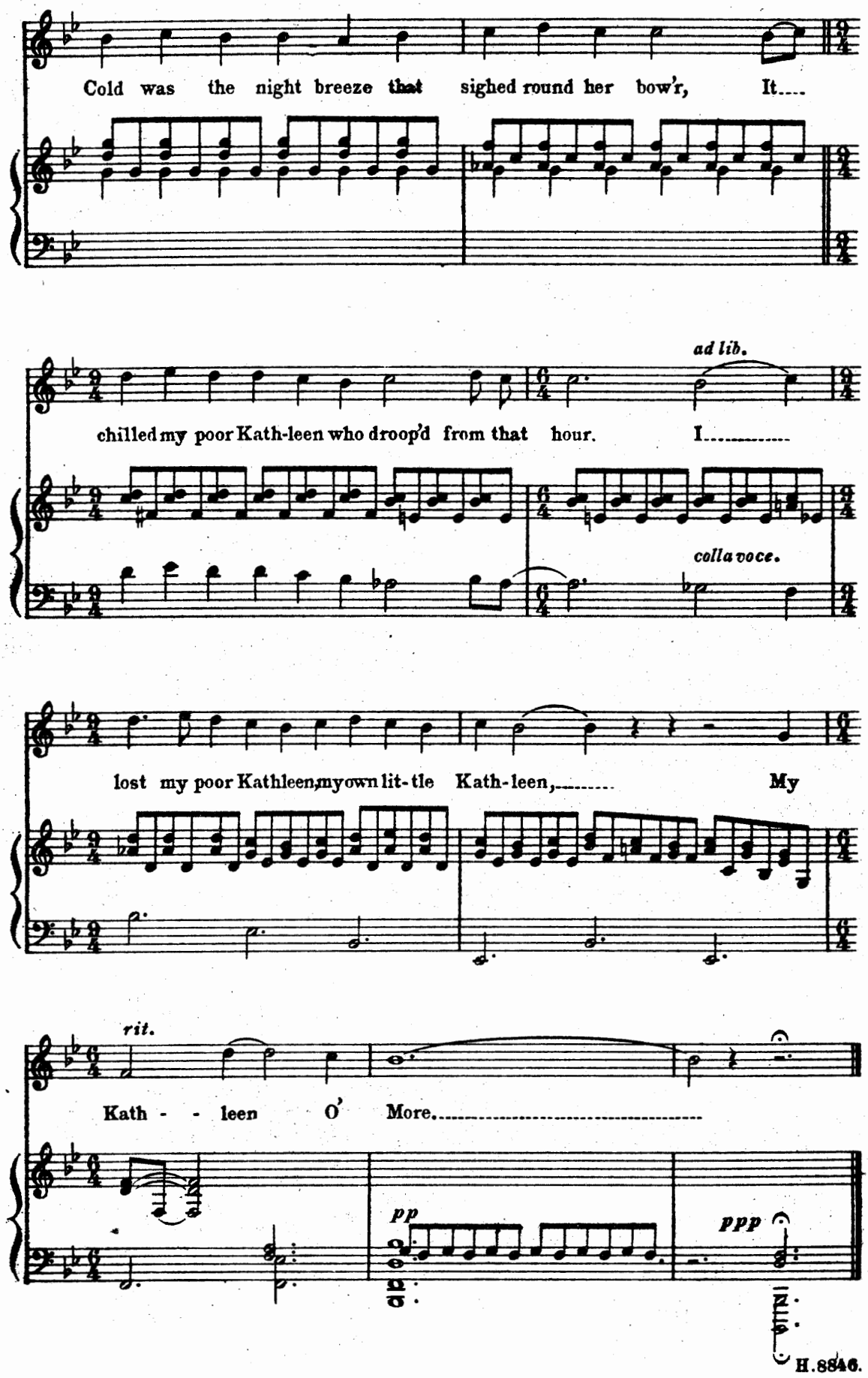
From a poem by
GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

AIR.—"Kathleen O'More."




poor..... lost Kath - leen, my Kath - leen..... O'
More.
Her hair glos-sy black,..... her
eyes were dark blue, Her col - our still chang - ing, her

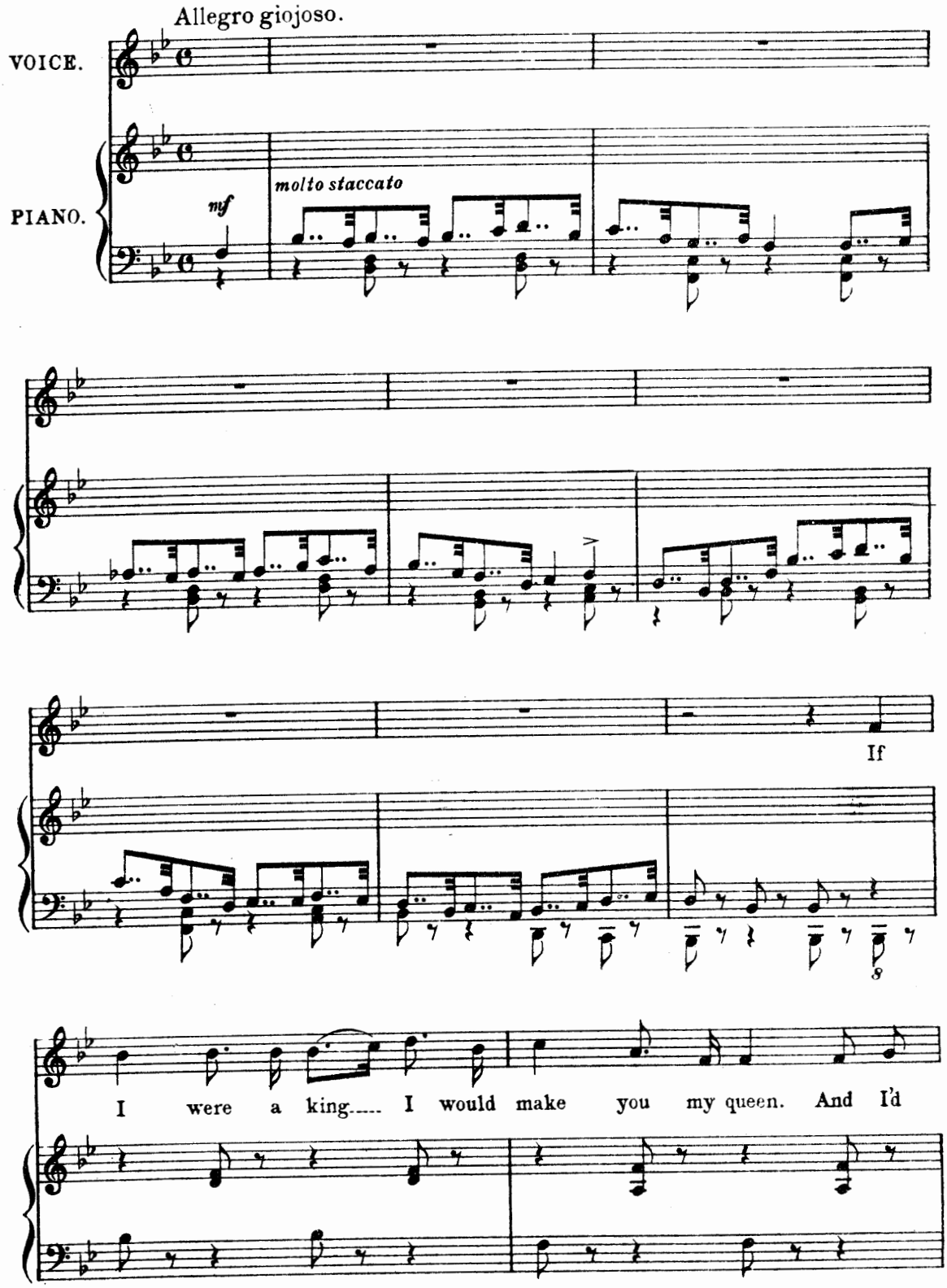

smiles ev - er new, So pret - ty was Kath - leen, my
sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen..... O'
More.

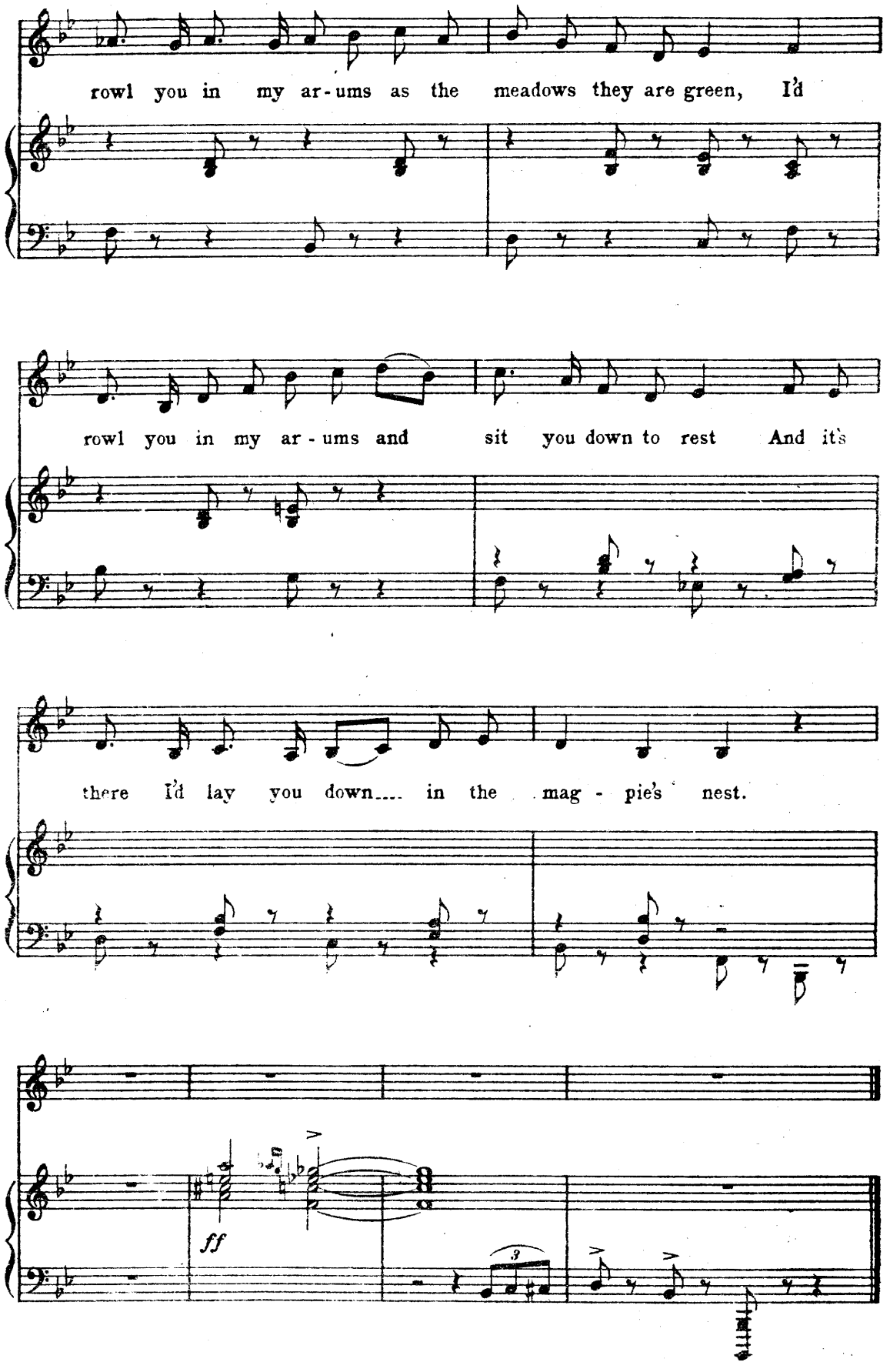

Cold was the night breeze that sighed round her bow'r, It.....
ad lib.
chilled my poor Kath-leen who droop'd from that hour. I.....
colla voce.
lost my poor Kathleen, my own lit-tle Kath-leen,..... My
rit.
Kath - - leen O' More.....
pp
ppp

The Magpie's Nest.

A FRAGMENT.

Traditional. DUBLIN.

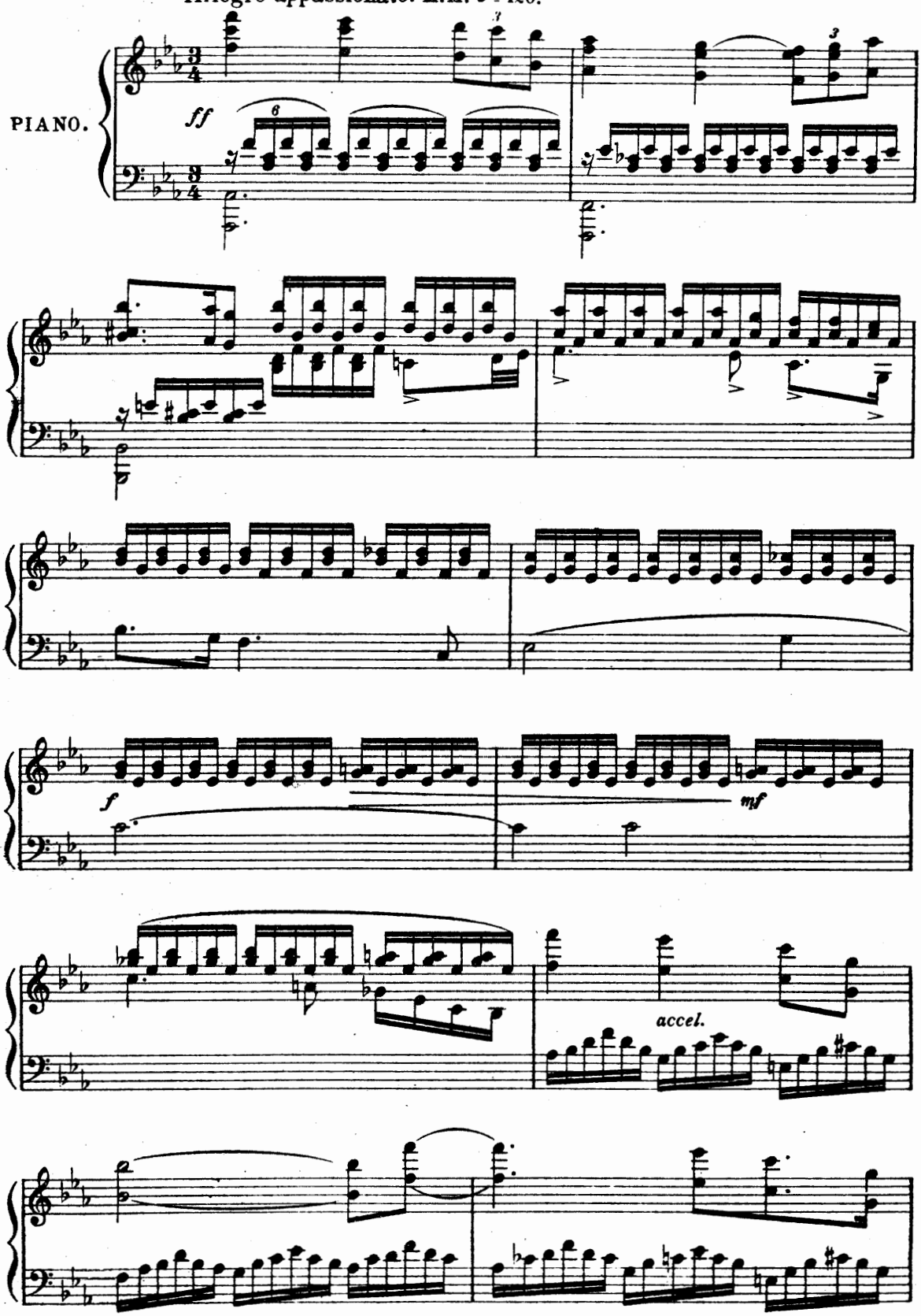



rowl you in my ar-ums as the meadows they are green, I'd
rowl you in my ar-ums and sit you down to rest And it's
there I'd lay you down.... in the mag-pie's nest.
ff
3

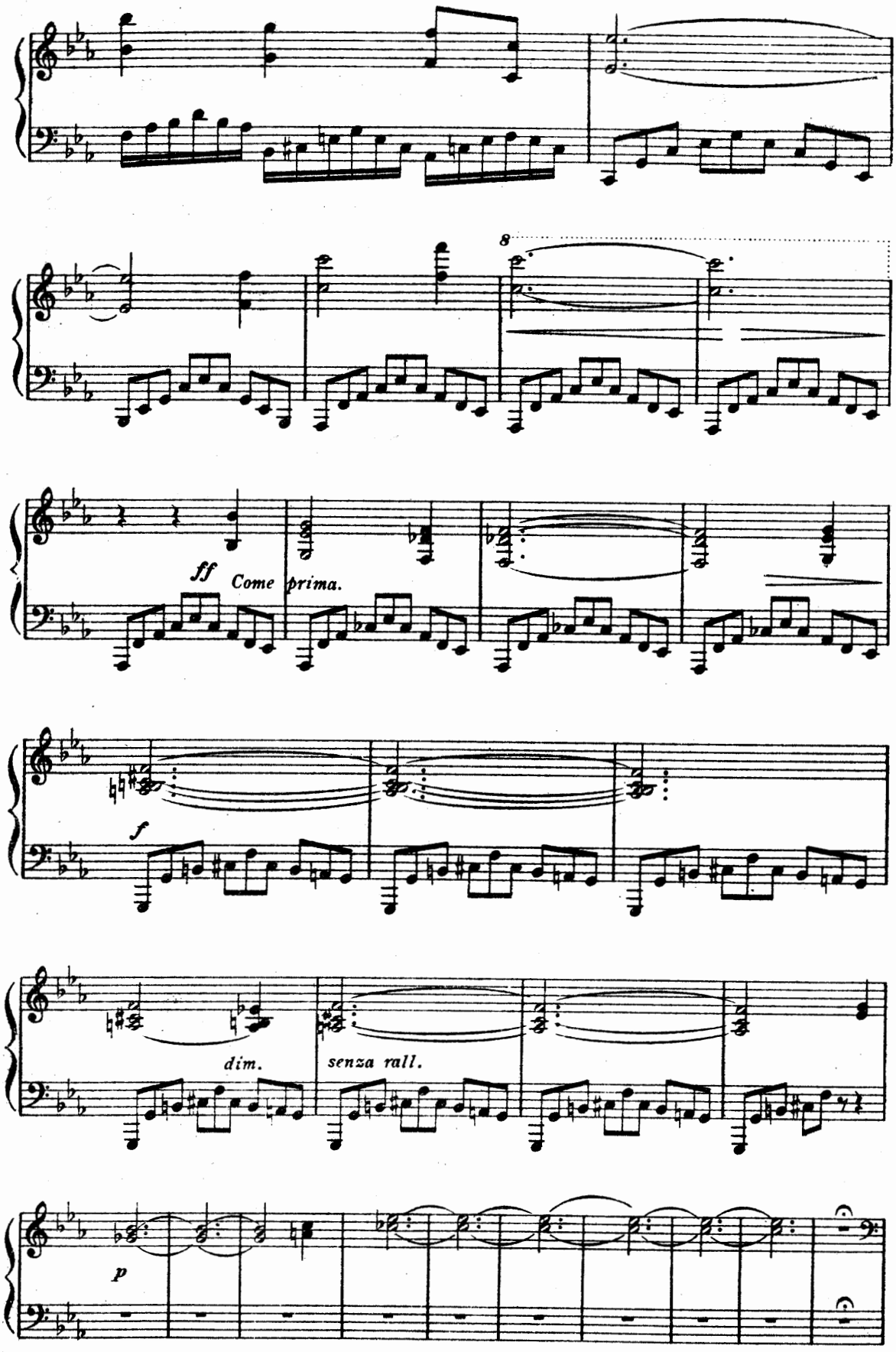
Cruckhaun Finn.

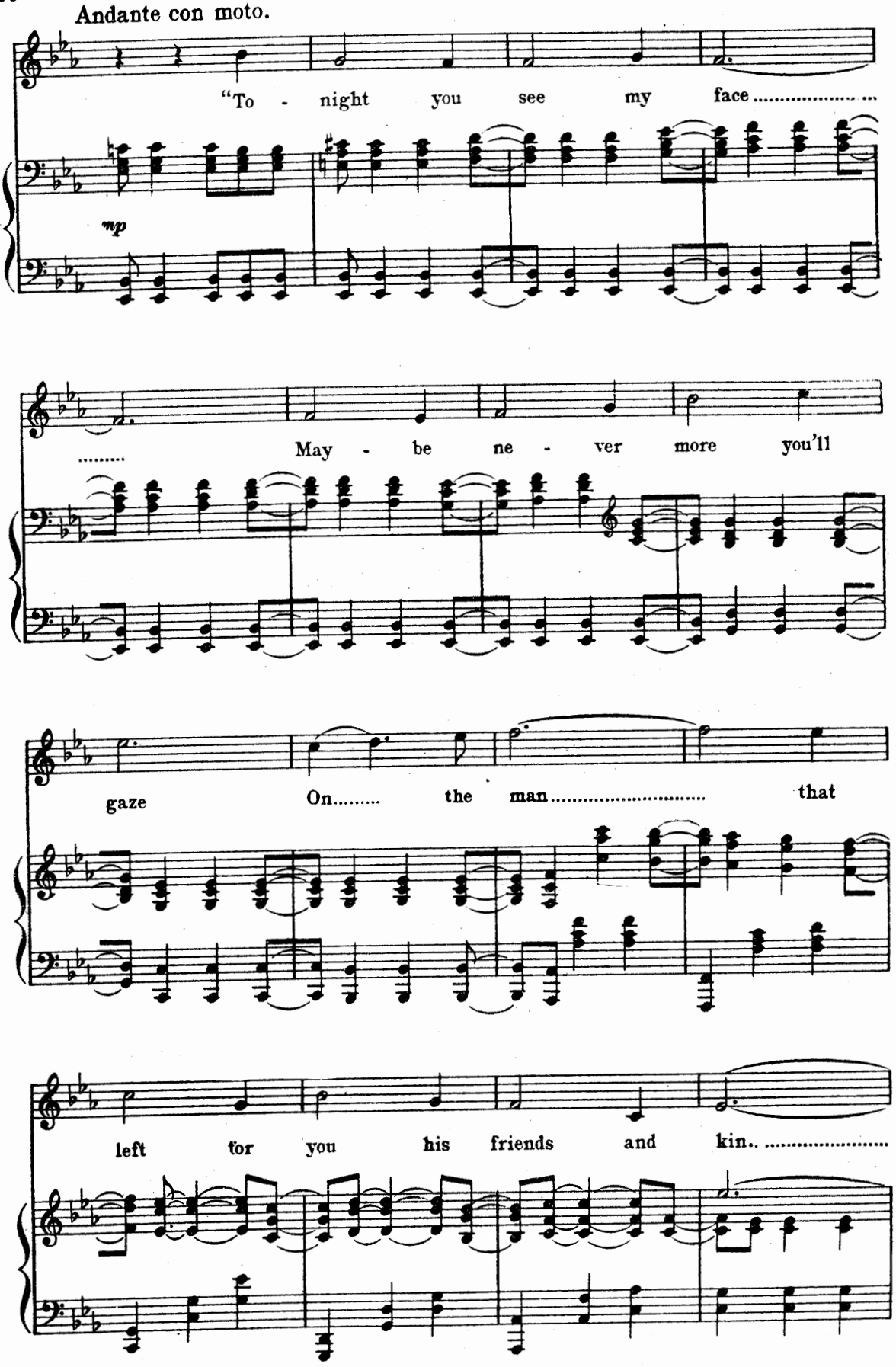
PADRAIC COLUM. COUNTY DERRY.

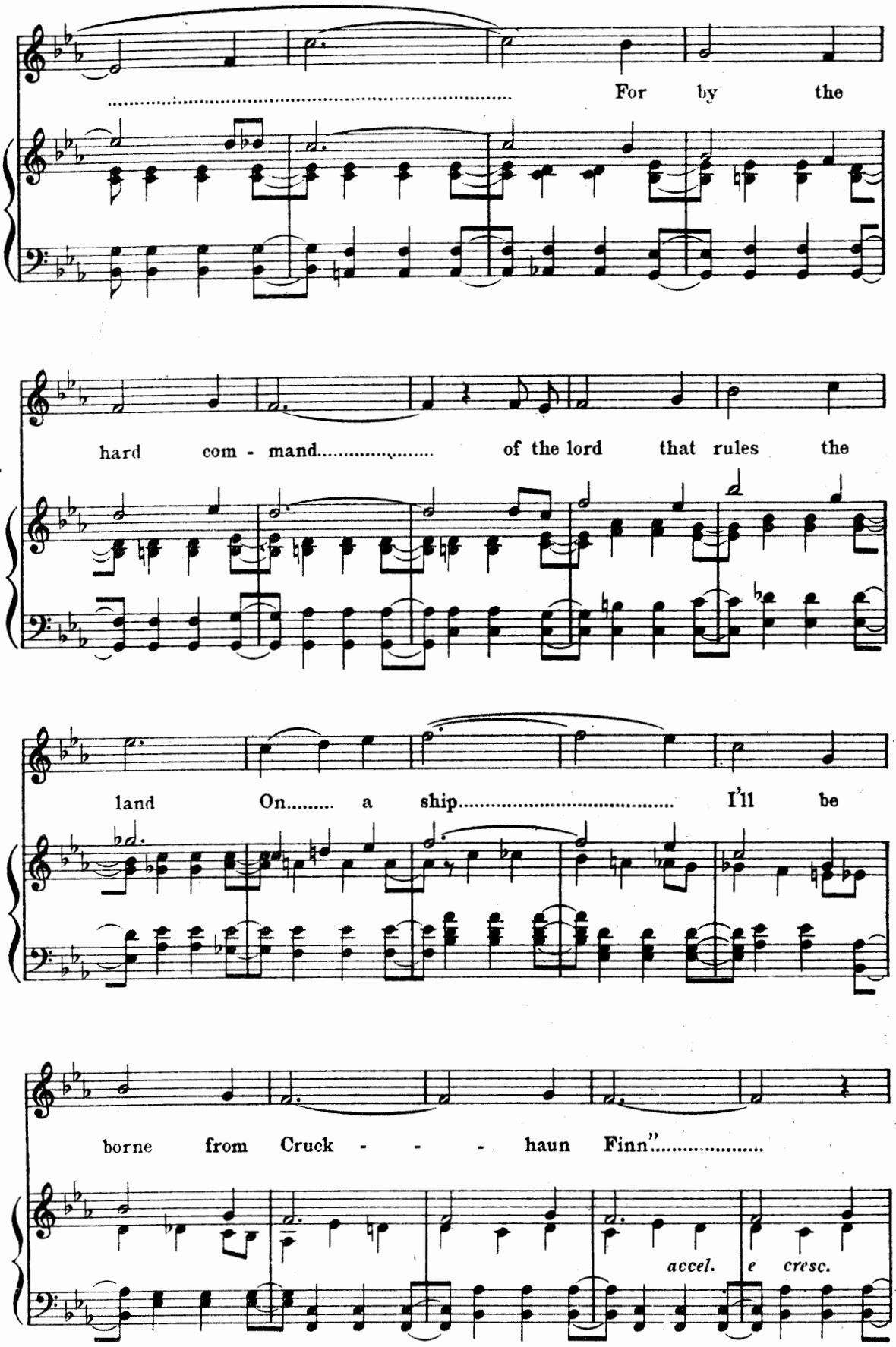
Allegro appassionato. M.M. ♩ = 120.

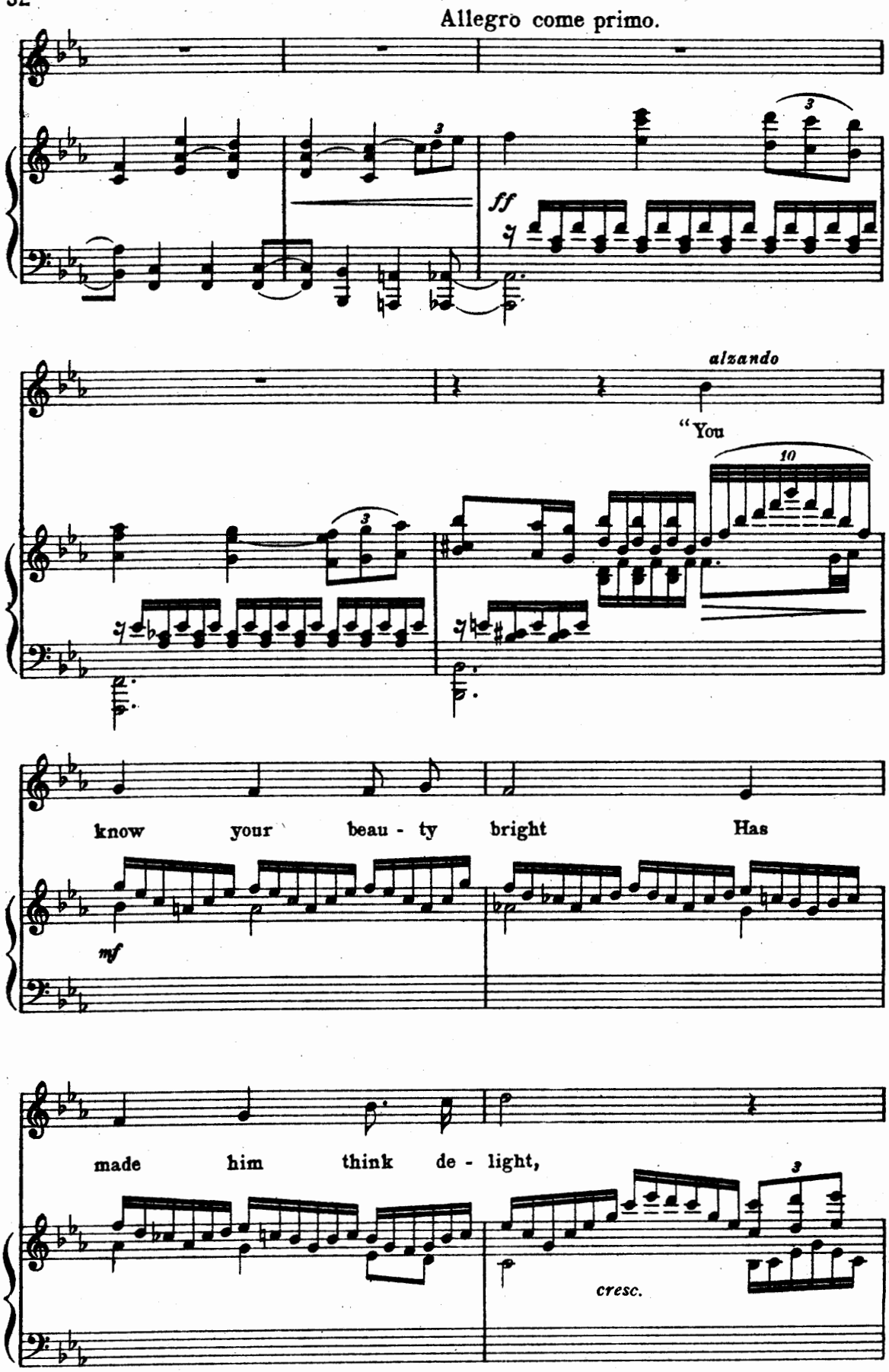


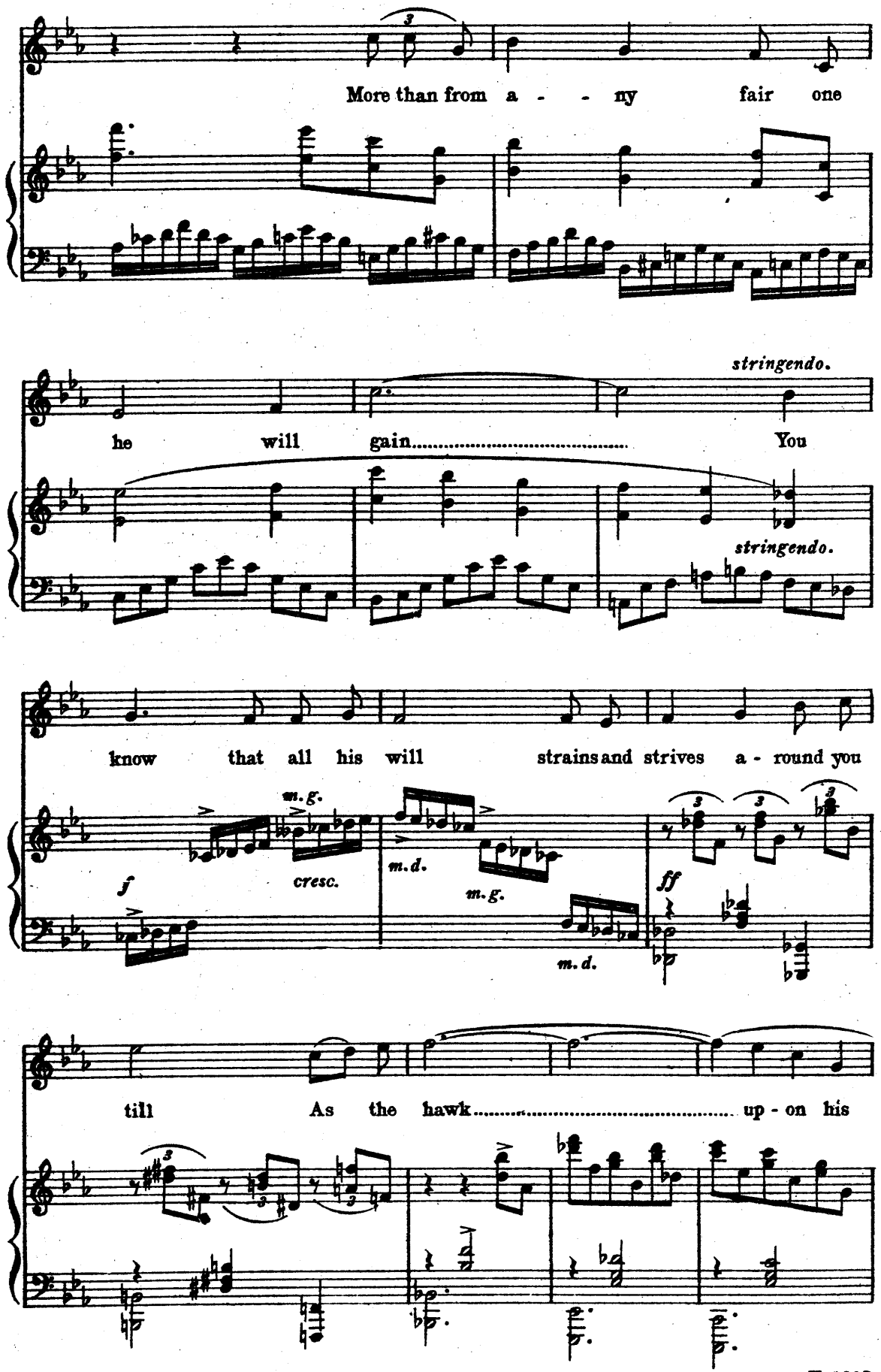
*The last verse is a fragment of a traditional ballad.

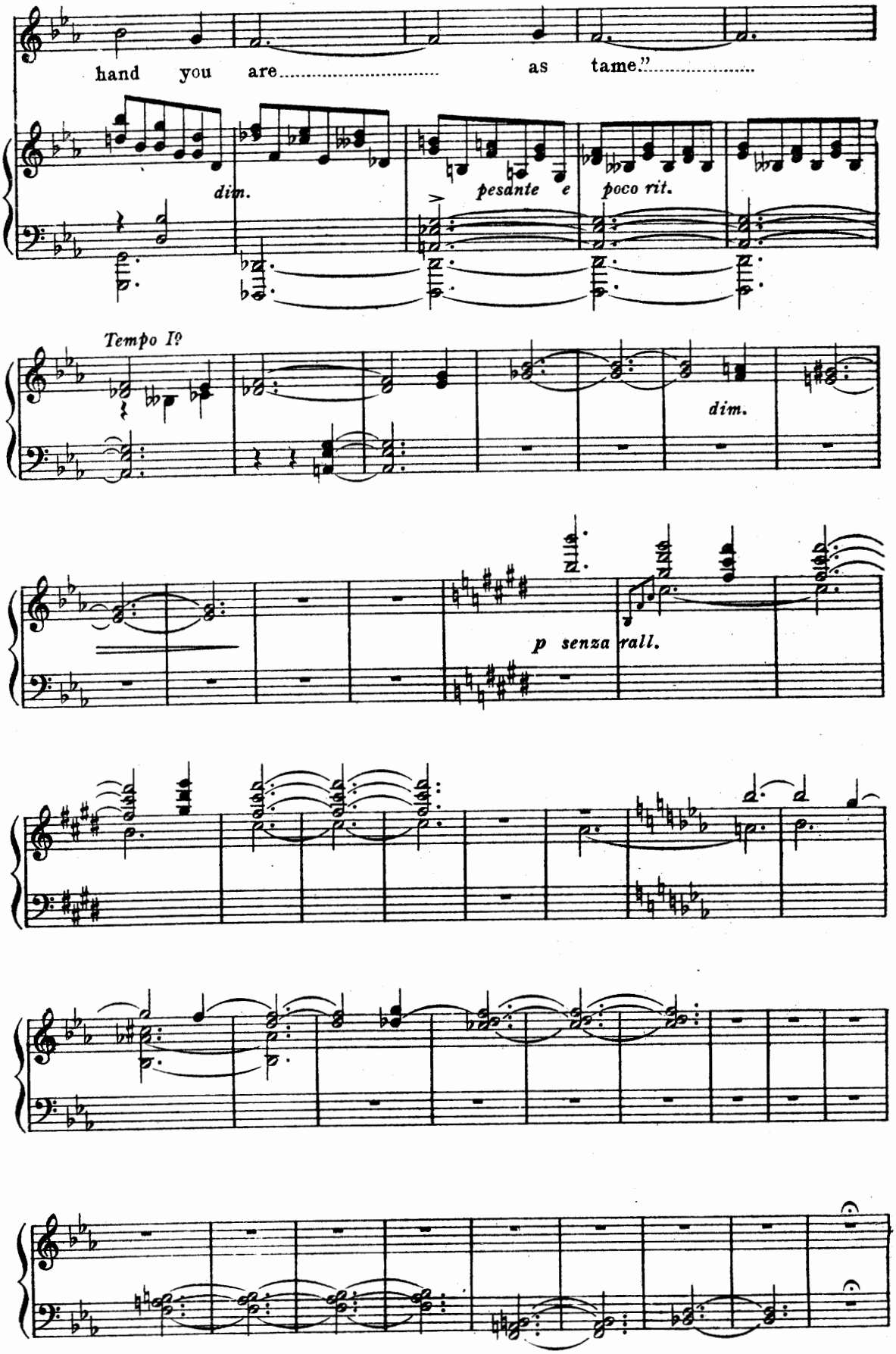

8
ff
Come prima.
f
dim.
senza rall.
p

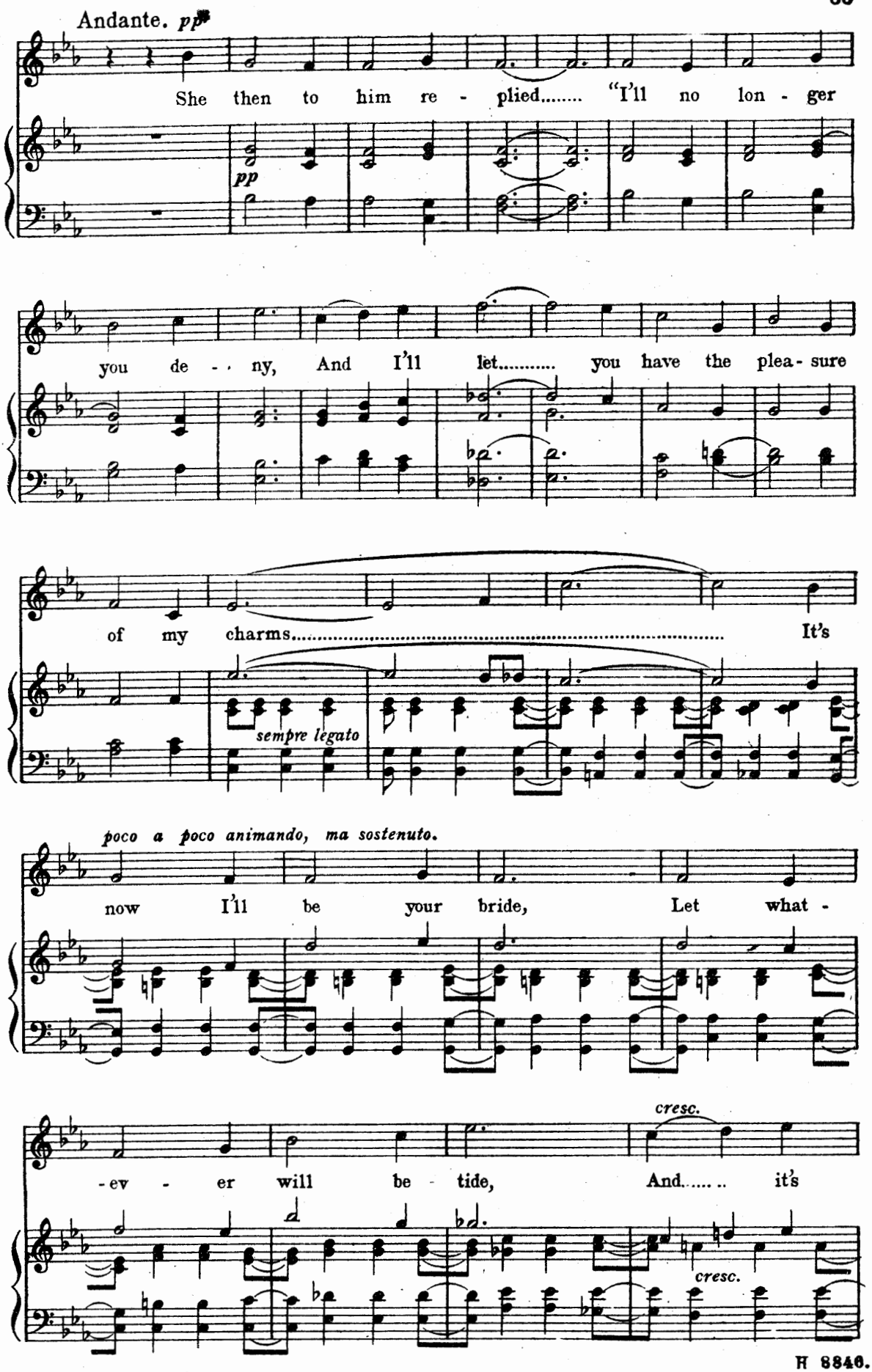

Andante con moto.
"To - night you see my face .....
mp
May - be ne - ver more you'll
gaze On..... the man..... that
left for you his friends and kin.. .....

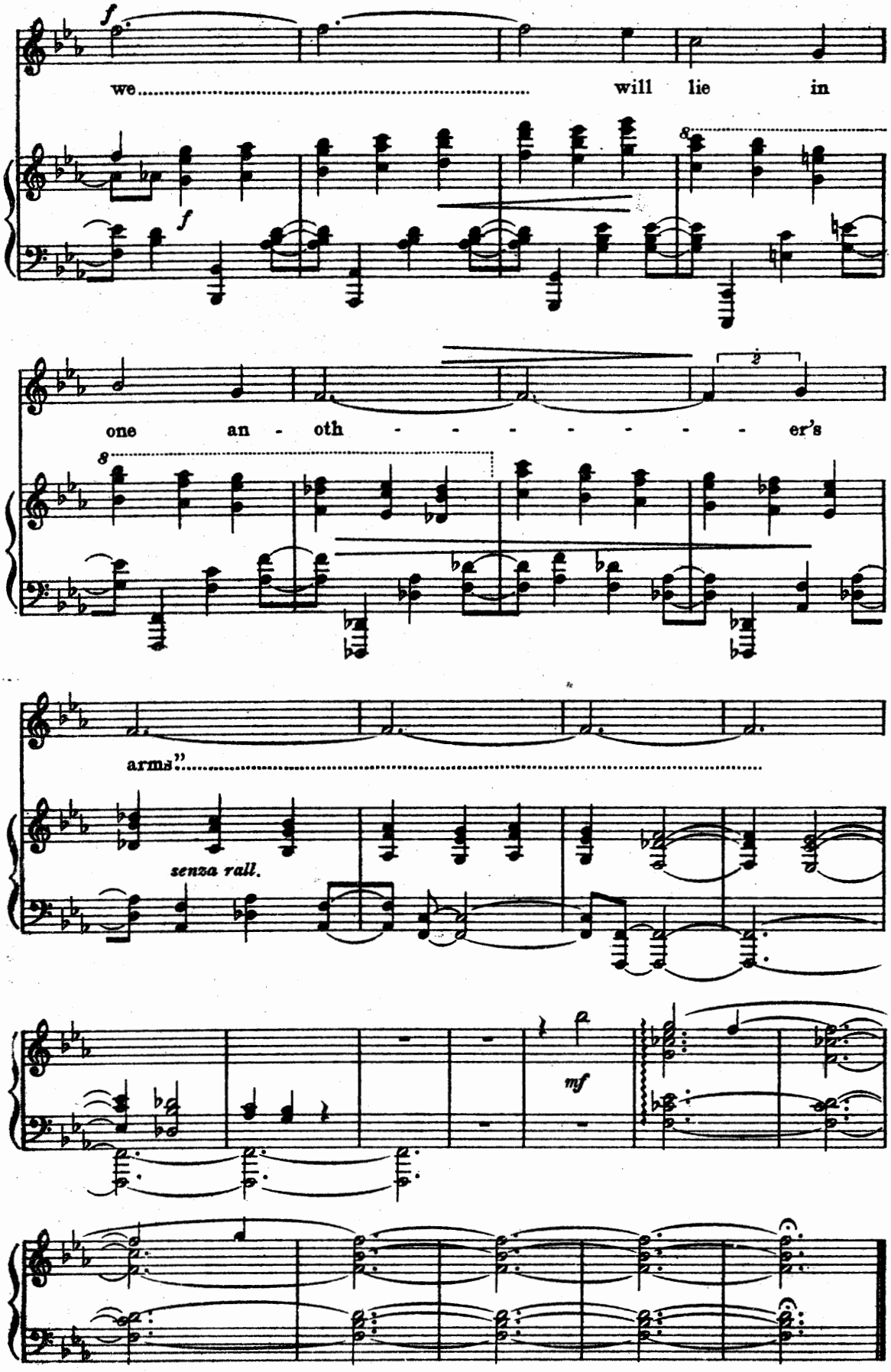

For by the
hard com - mand..... of the lord that rules the
land On..... a ship..... I'll be
borne from Cruck - - - haun Finn".....
accel. e cresc.


Allegro come primo.
ff
alzando
"You
know your beau - ty bright Has
mf
made him think de - light,
cresc.


More than from a - - ny fair one
stringendo.
he will gain..... You
stringendo.
know that all his will strains and strives a - round you
m.g.
f
cresc.
m.d.
m.g.
m.d.
ff
till As the hawk..... up - on his

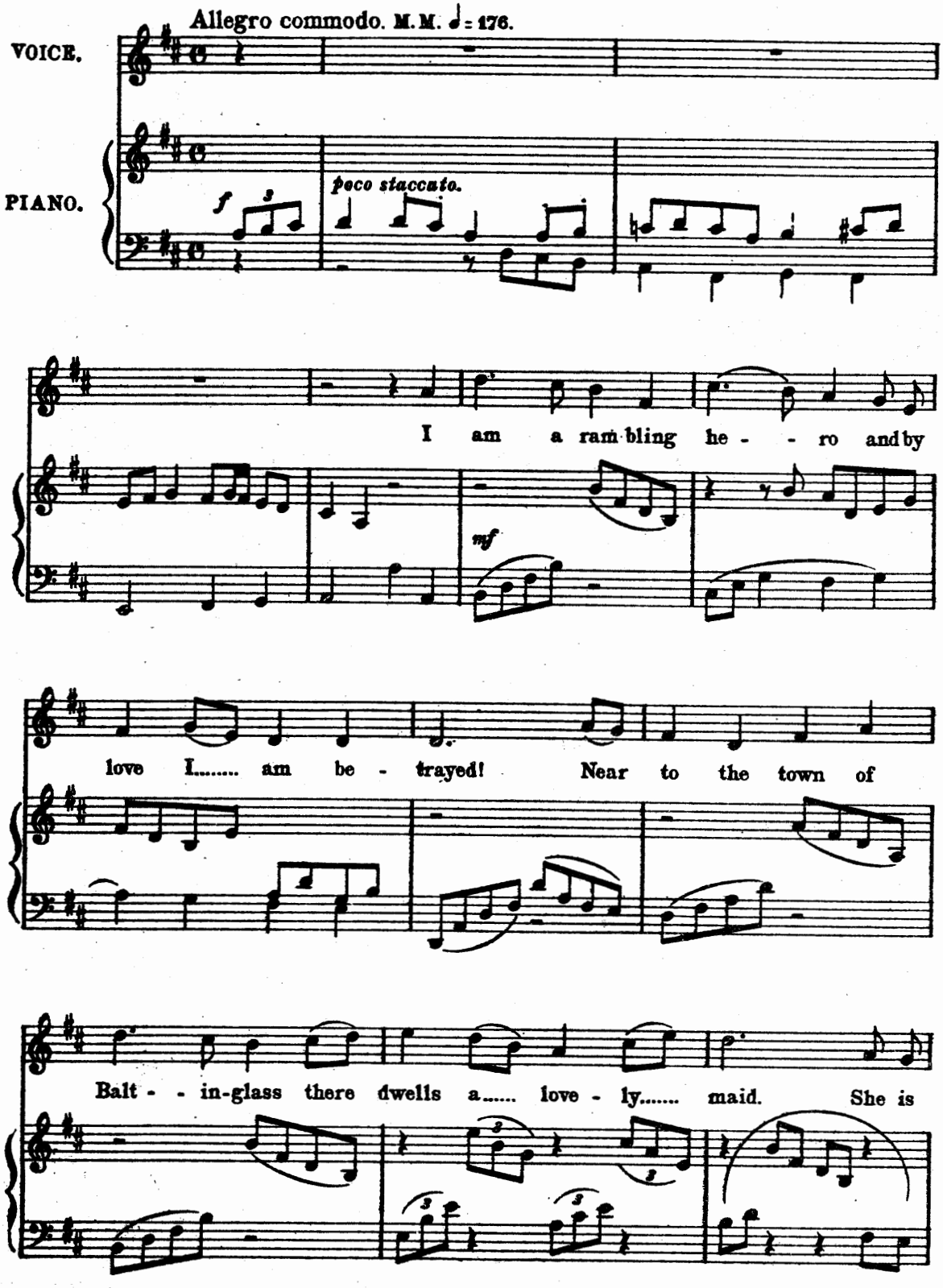

hand you are..... as tame."....
dim.
pesante e poco rit.
Tempo I?
dim.
p senza rall.

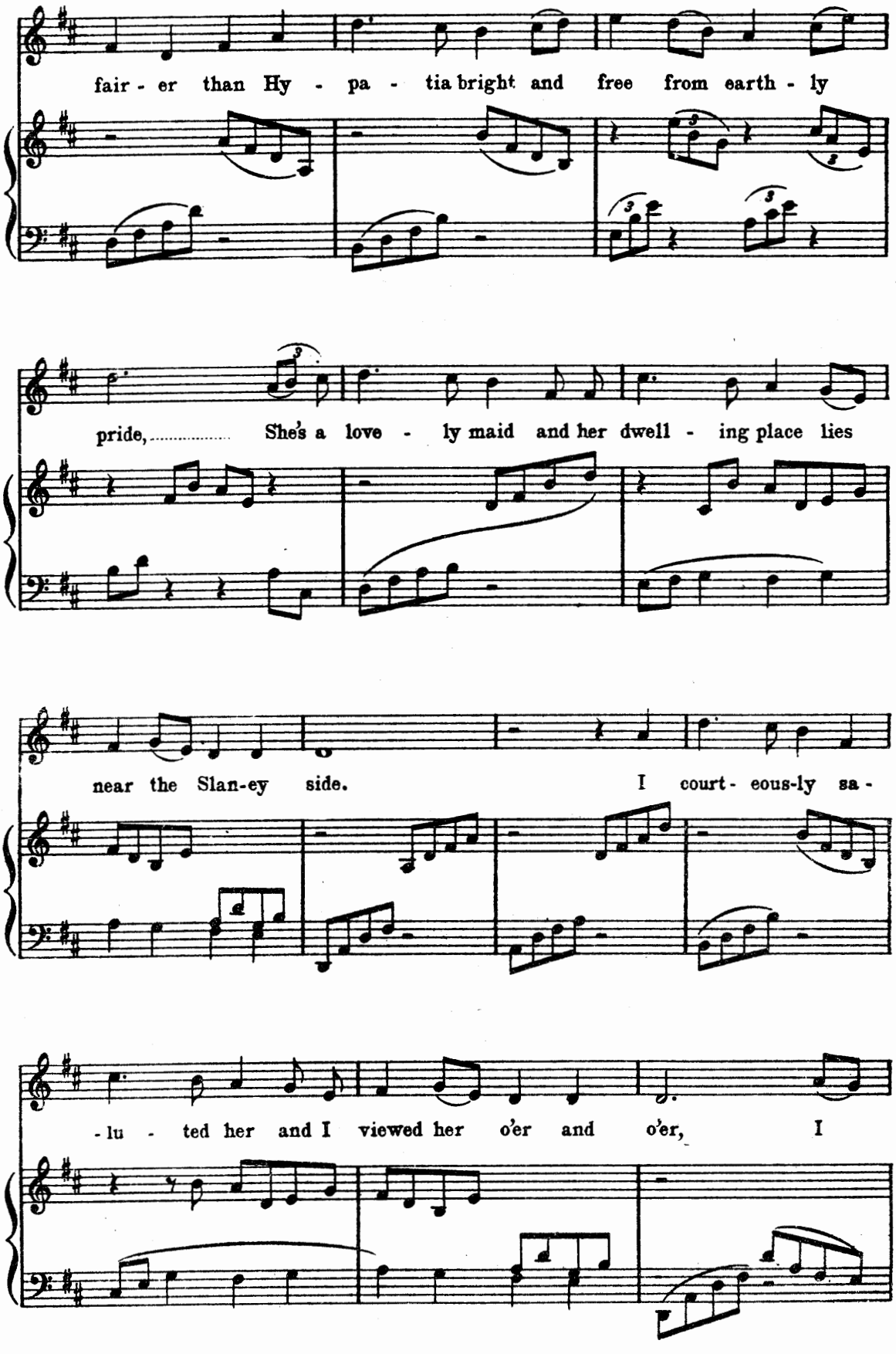

Andante. pp
She then to him re - plied..... "I'll no lon - ger
pp
you de - - ny, And I'll let..... you have the plea - sure
of my charms..... It's
sempre legato
poco a poco animando, ma sostenuto.
now I'll be your bride, Let what -
cresc.
- ev - er will be - tide, And..... it's
cresc.

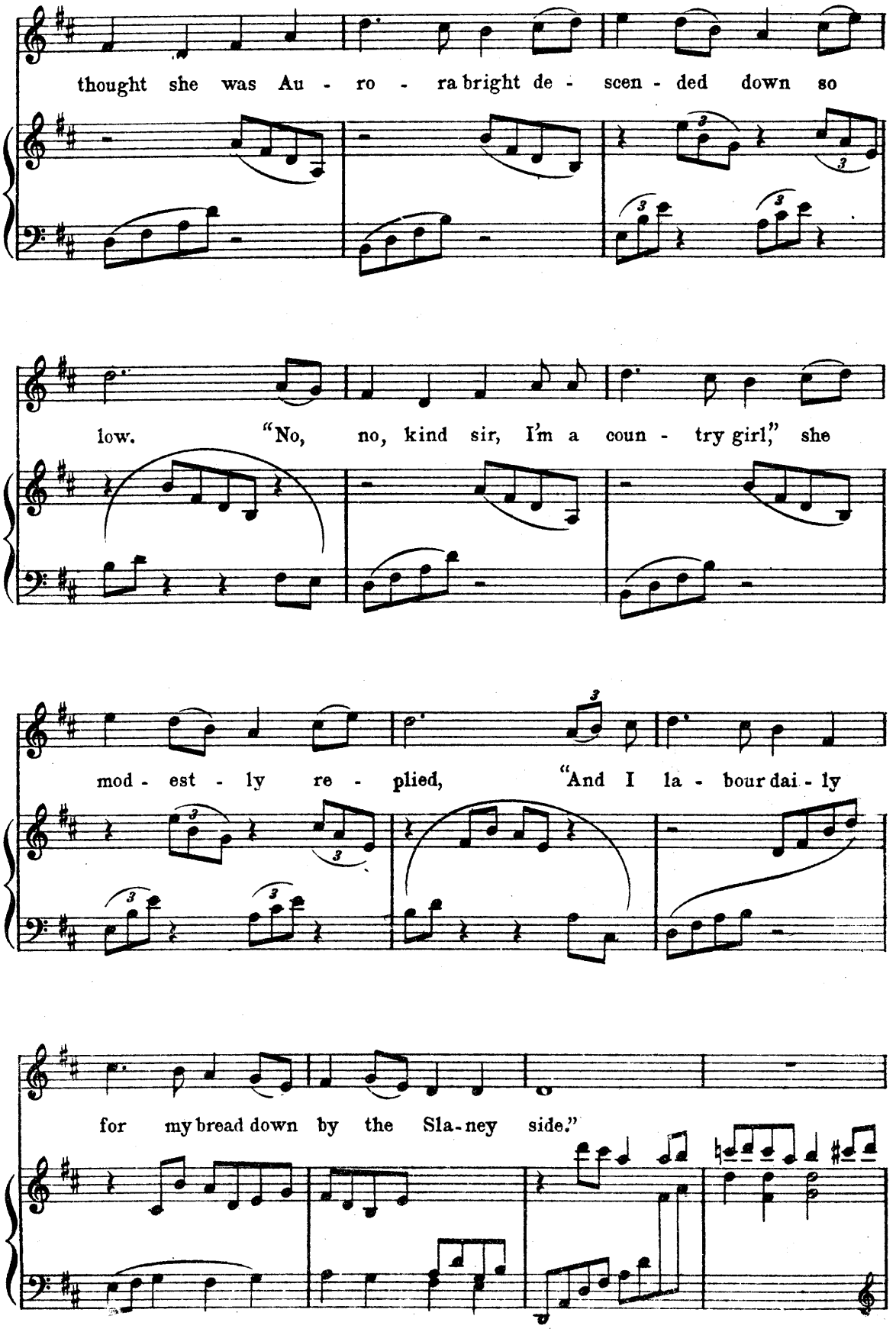

f
we
will lie in
8
f
one an - oth - - - - - - - - er's
8
arms"
senza rall.
mf

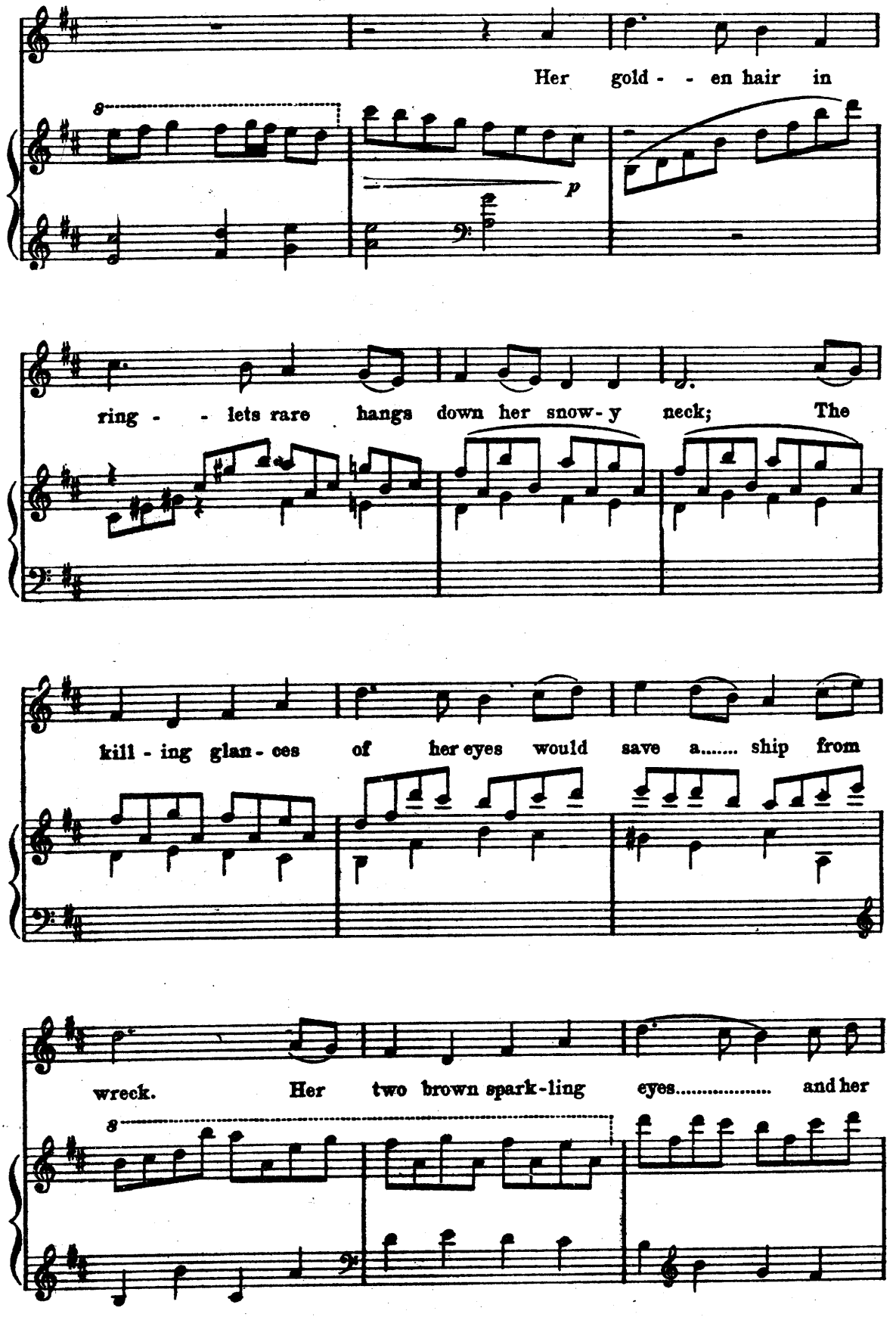
The Slaney Side.

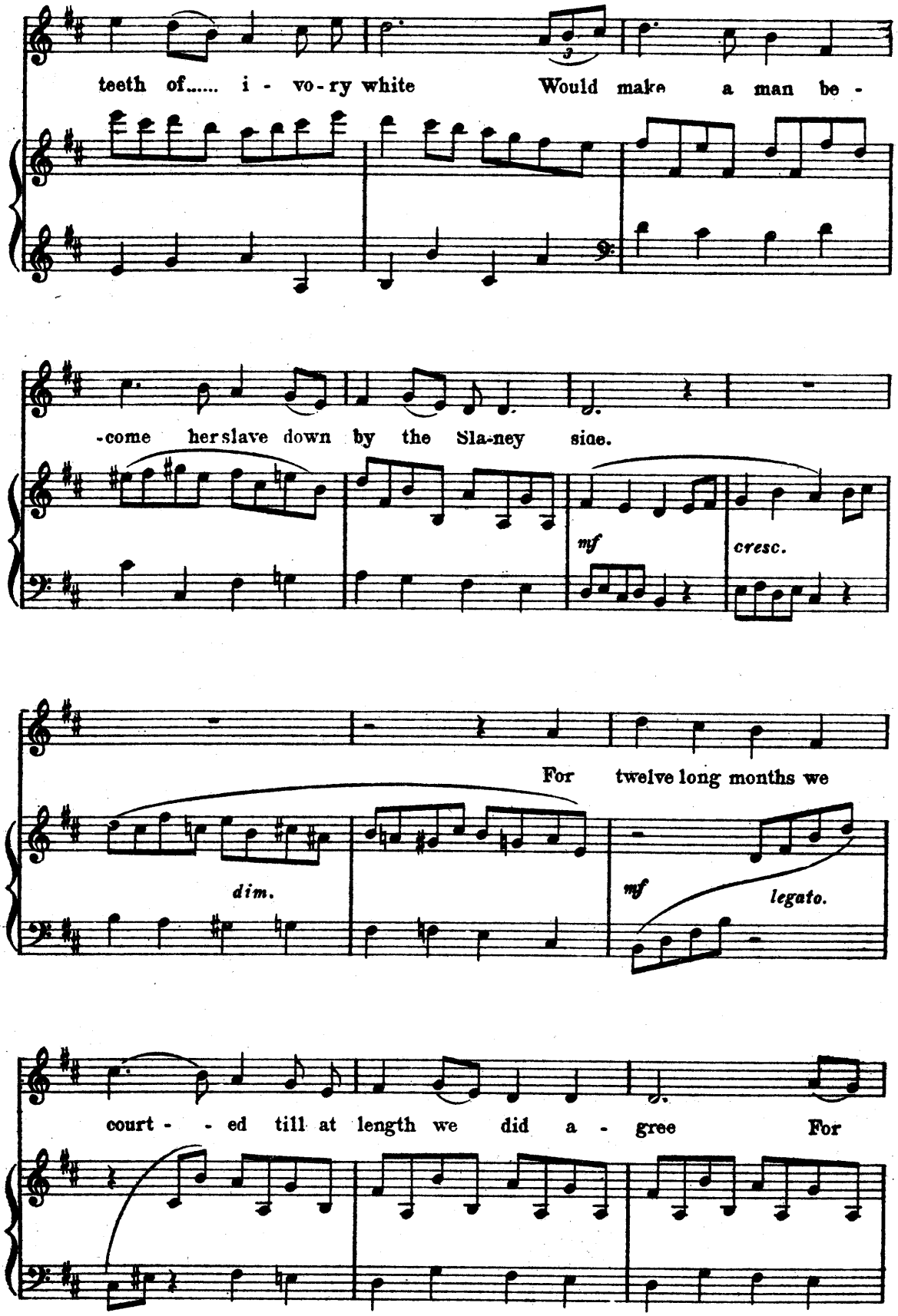
Traditional. COUNTY KERRY.

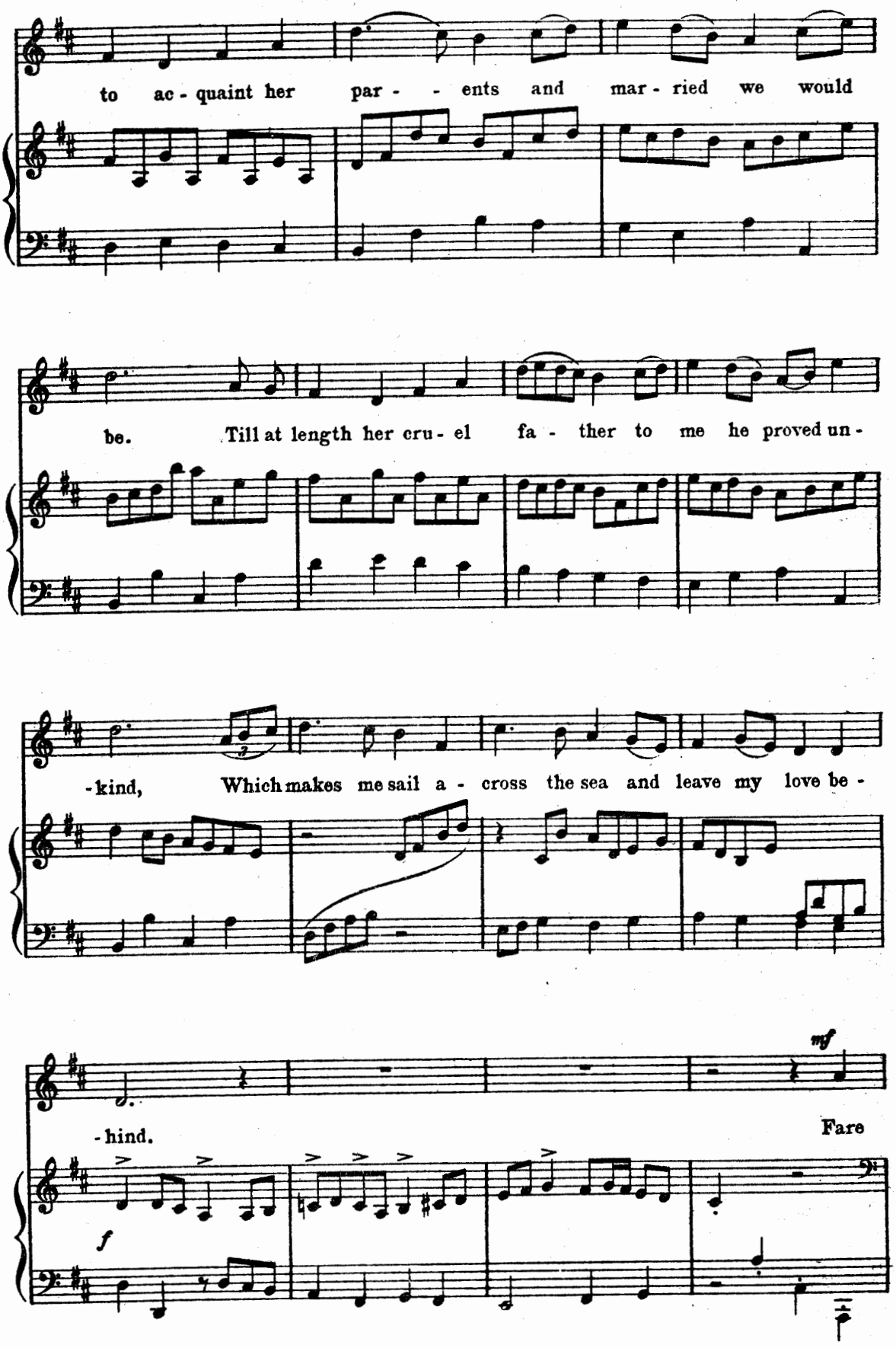


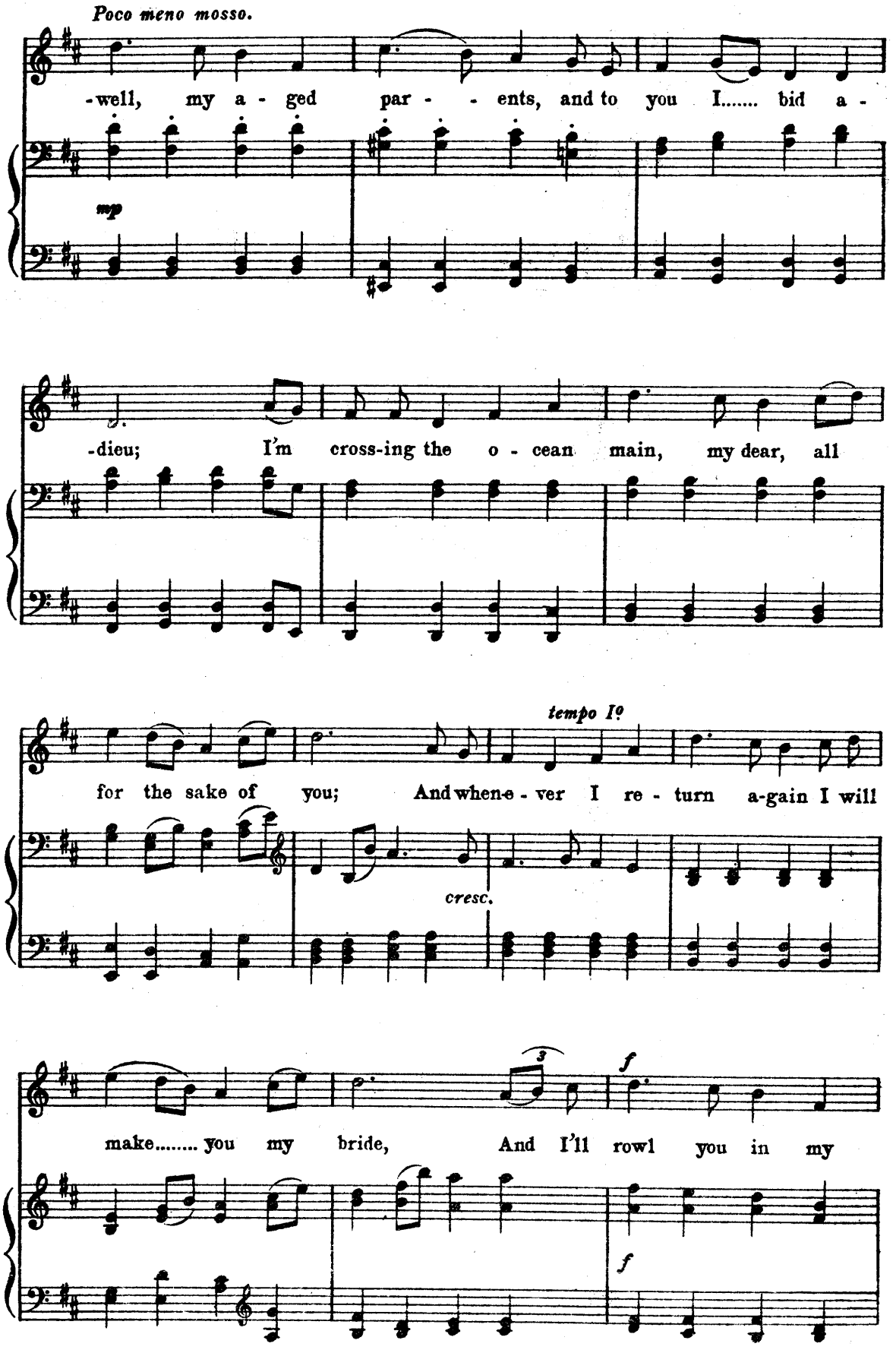

fair - er than Hy - pa - tia bright and free from earth - ly
pride, She's a love - ly maid and her dwell - ing place lies
near the Slan-ey side. I court - eous-ly sa -
- lu - ted her and I viewed her o'er and o'er, I

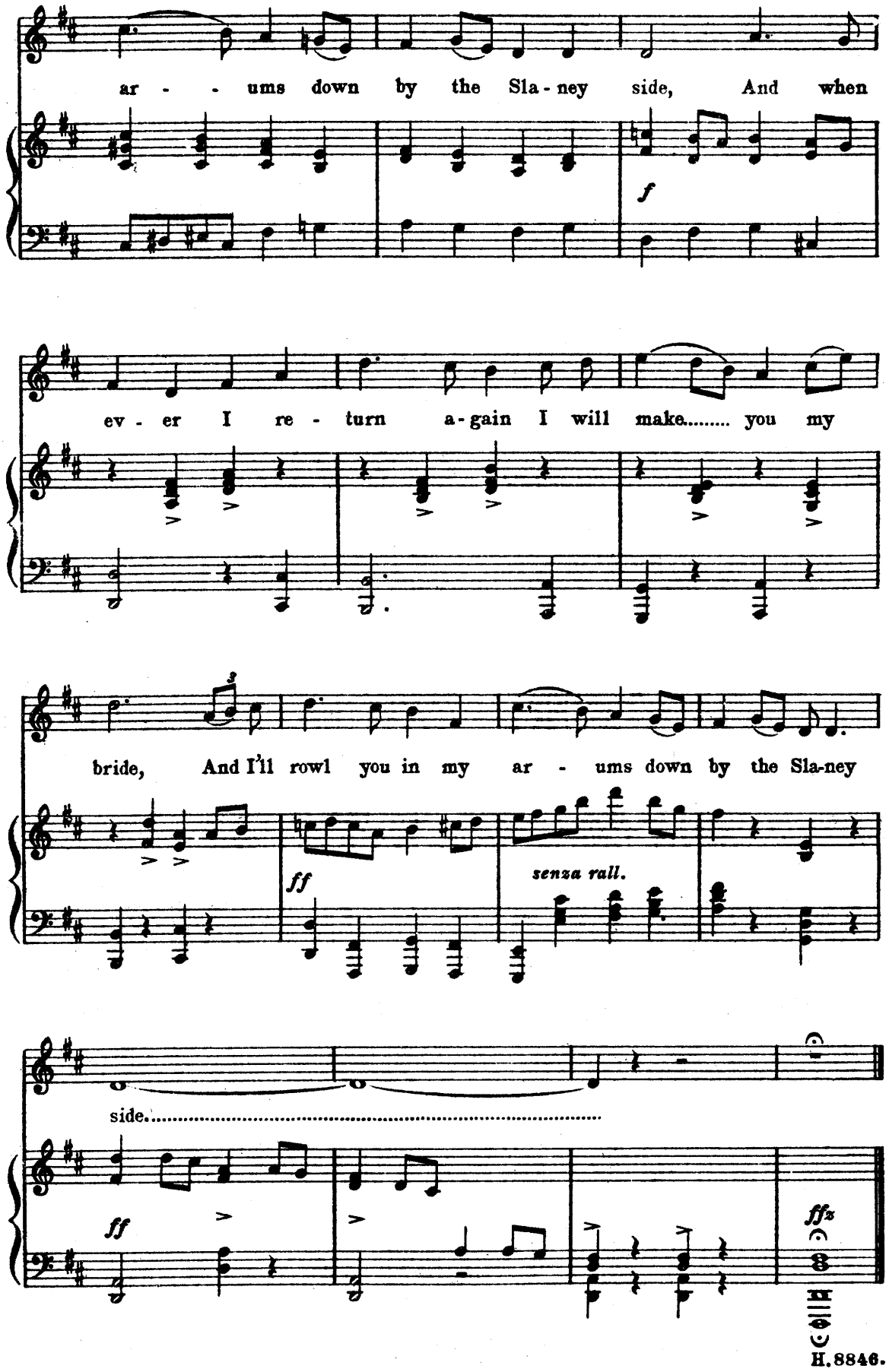

thought she was Au - ro - ra bright de - scen - ded down so
low. "No, no, kind sir, I'm a coun - try girl," she
mod - est - ly re - plied, "And I la - bour dai - ly
for my bread down by the Sla - ney side."


Her gold - - en hair in
p
ring - - lets rare hangs down her snow-y neck; The
kill - ing glan - ces of her eyes would save a..... ship from
wreck. Her two brown spark-ling eyes..... and her


teeth of..... i - vo-ry white Would make a man be -
-come her slave 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 -
mf
- hind. Fare
f

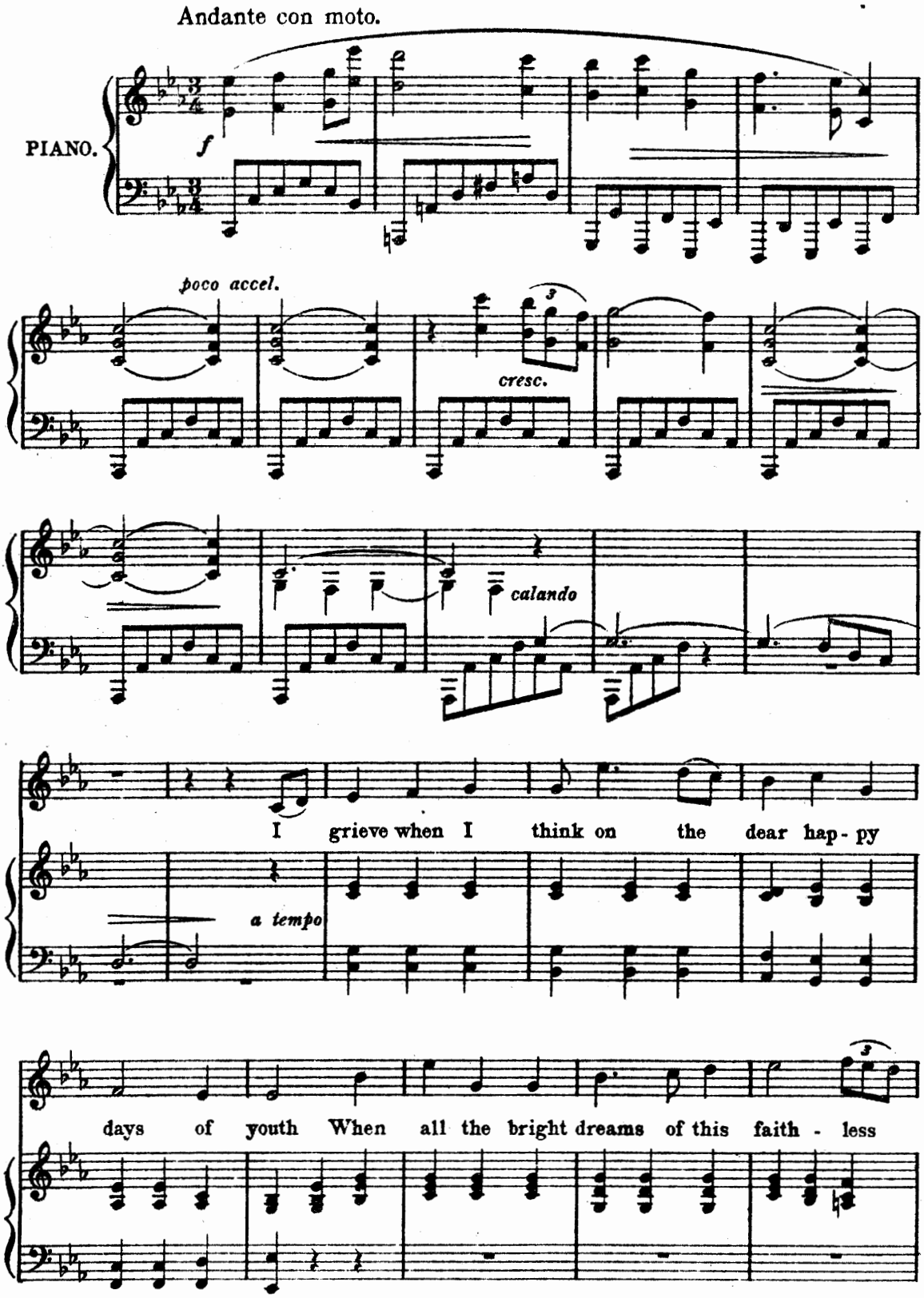

Poco meno mosso.
-well, my a - ged par - - ents, and to you I..... bid a -
mp
-dieu; I'm cross-ing the o - cean main, my dear, all
tempo I°
for the sake of you; And when-e - ver I re - turn a-gain I will
cresc.
make..... you my bride, And I'll row1 you in my
3
f
f


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
ffz

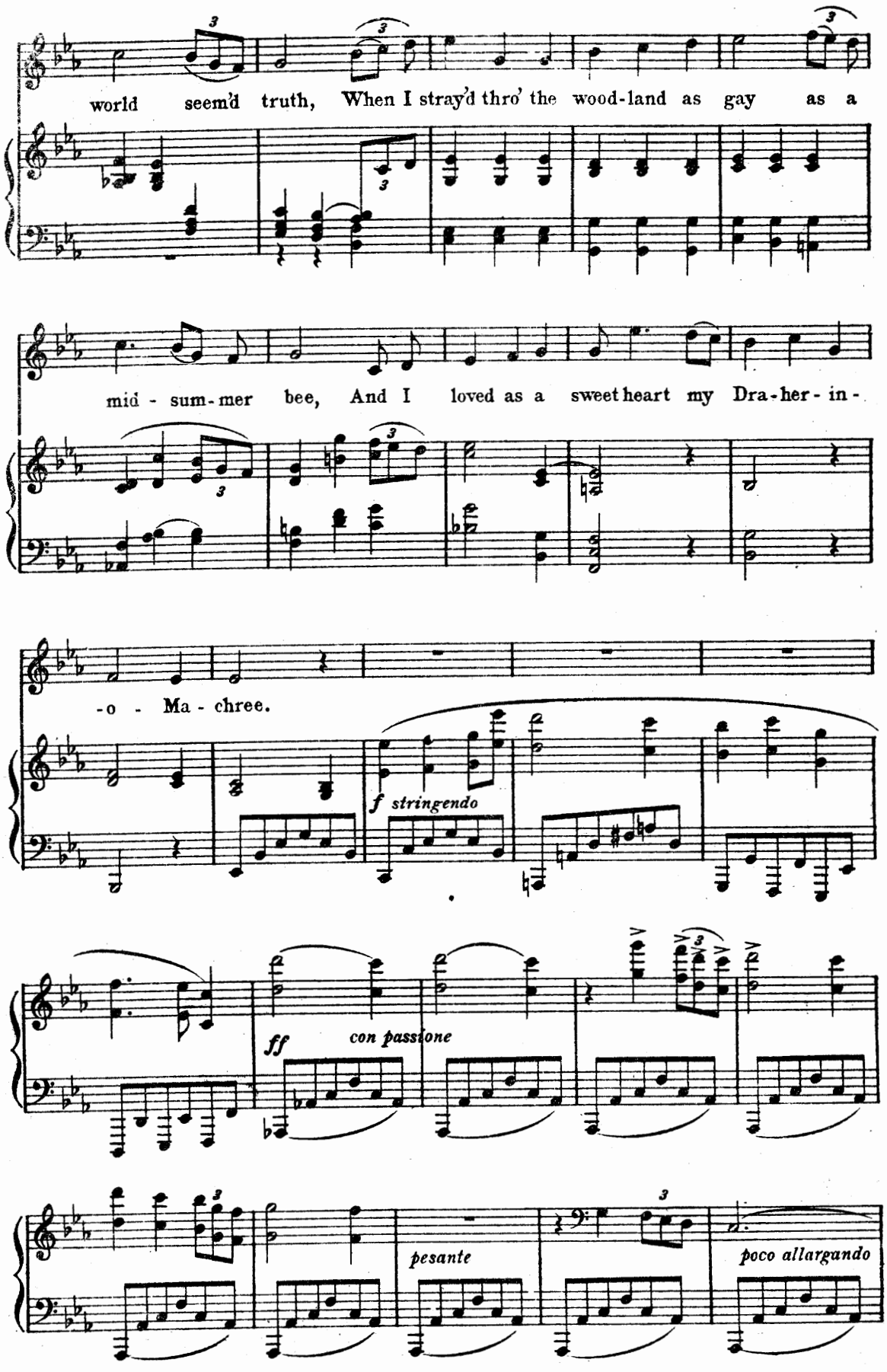
Draherin-o-Machree.*

From a poem by
the Bard of Thomond.

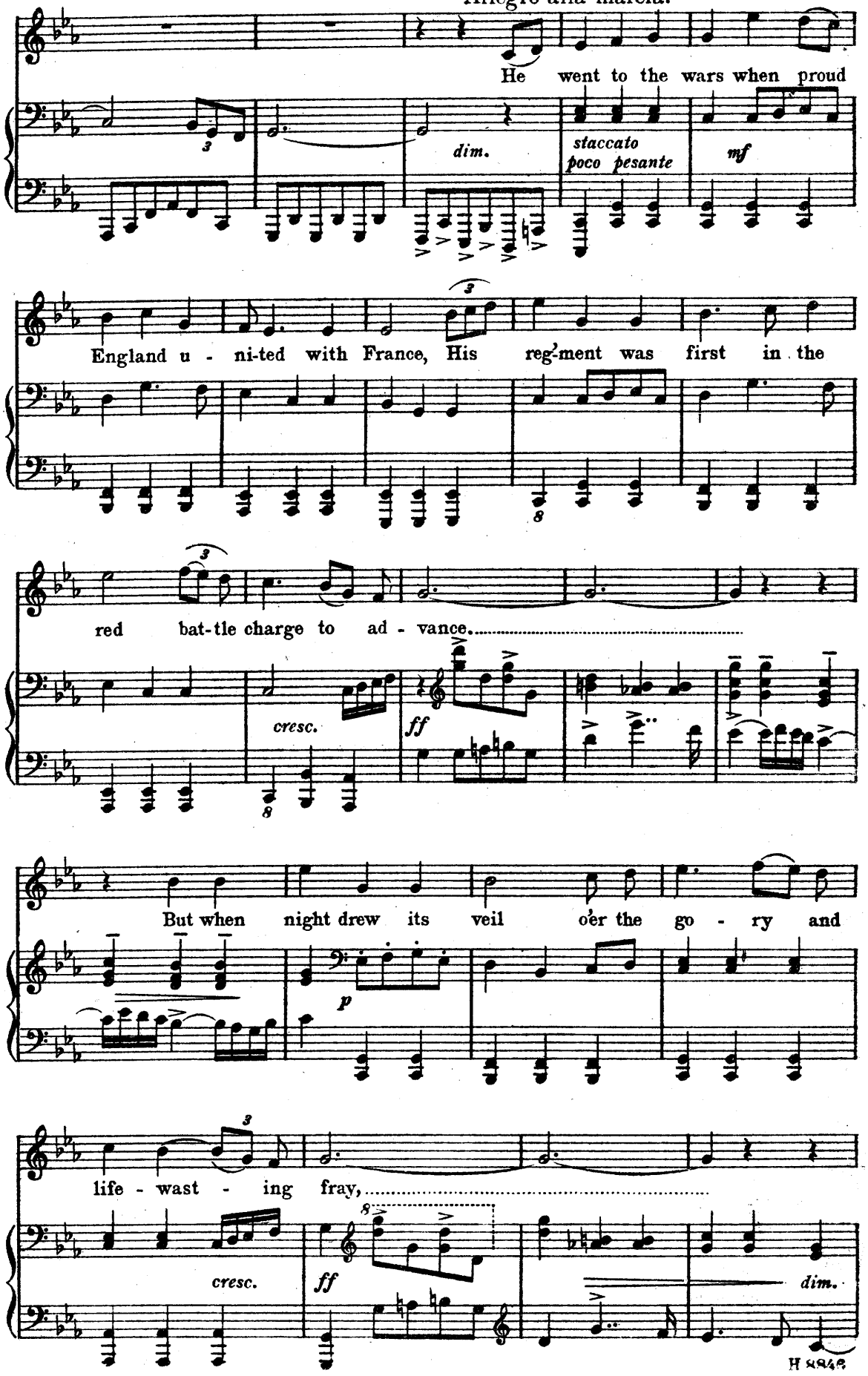
AIR.—"Draherin-o-Machree."

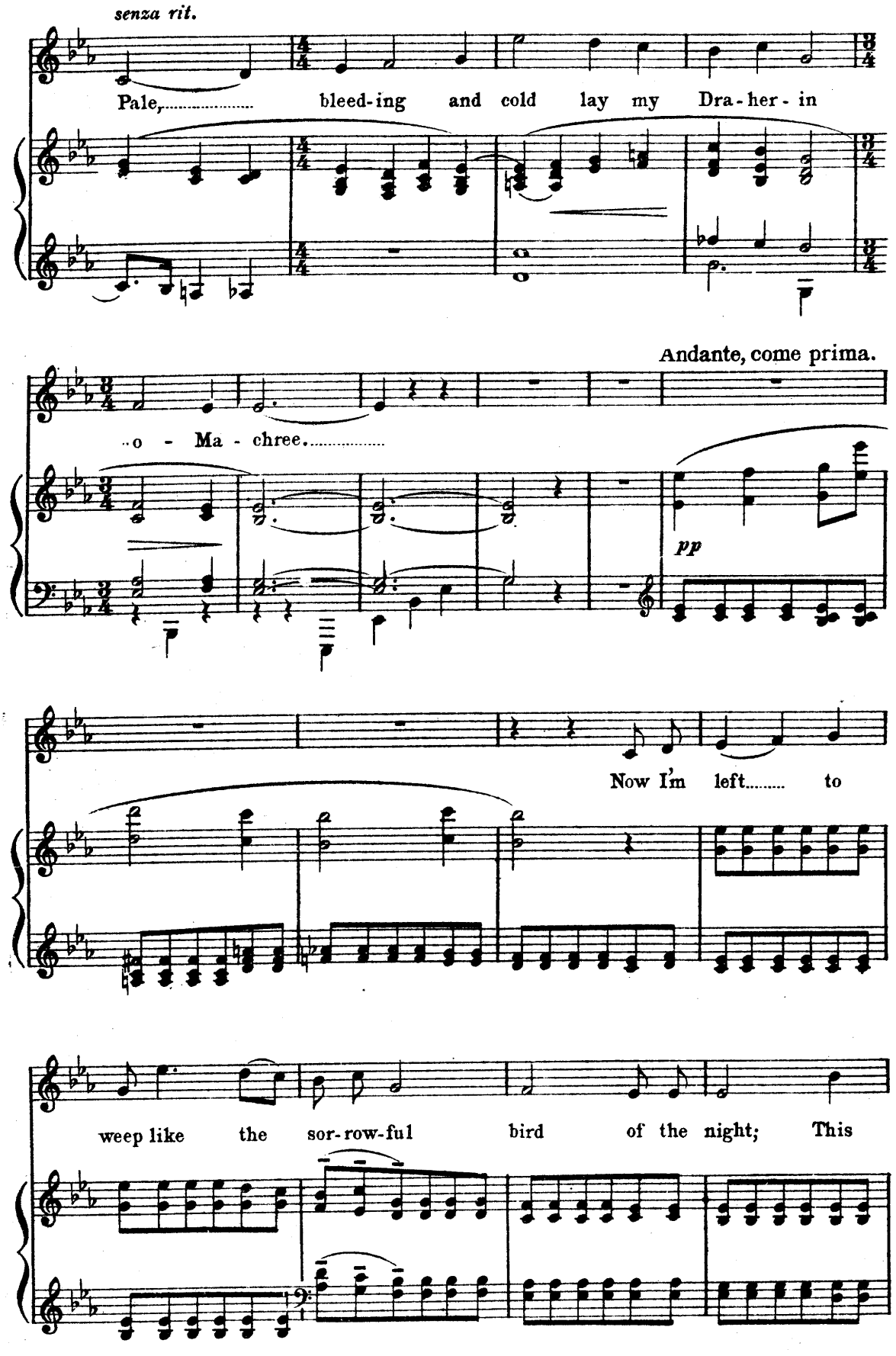


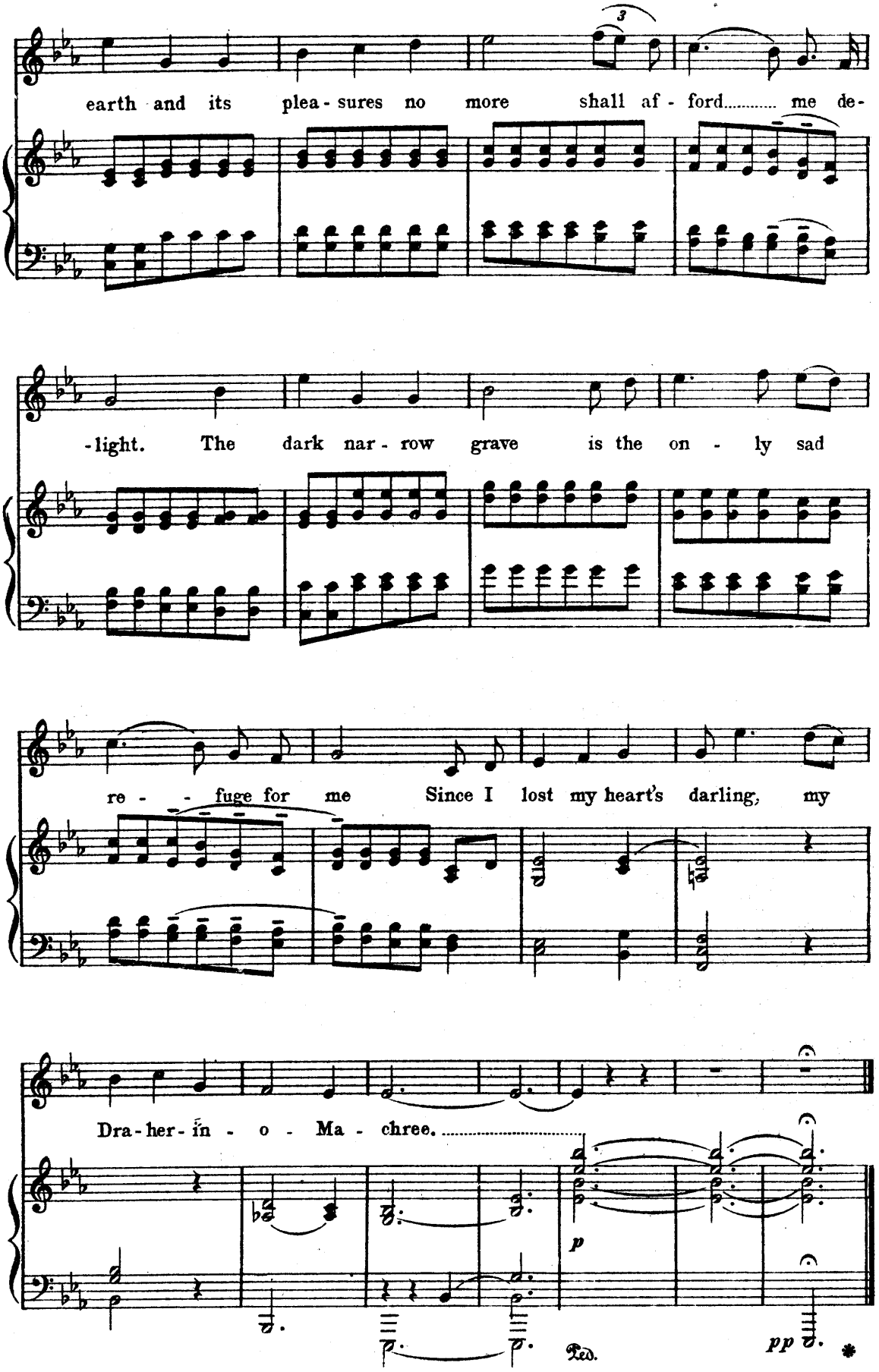
*Little brother of my heart.


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

Allegro alla marcia.



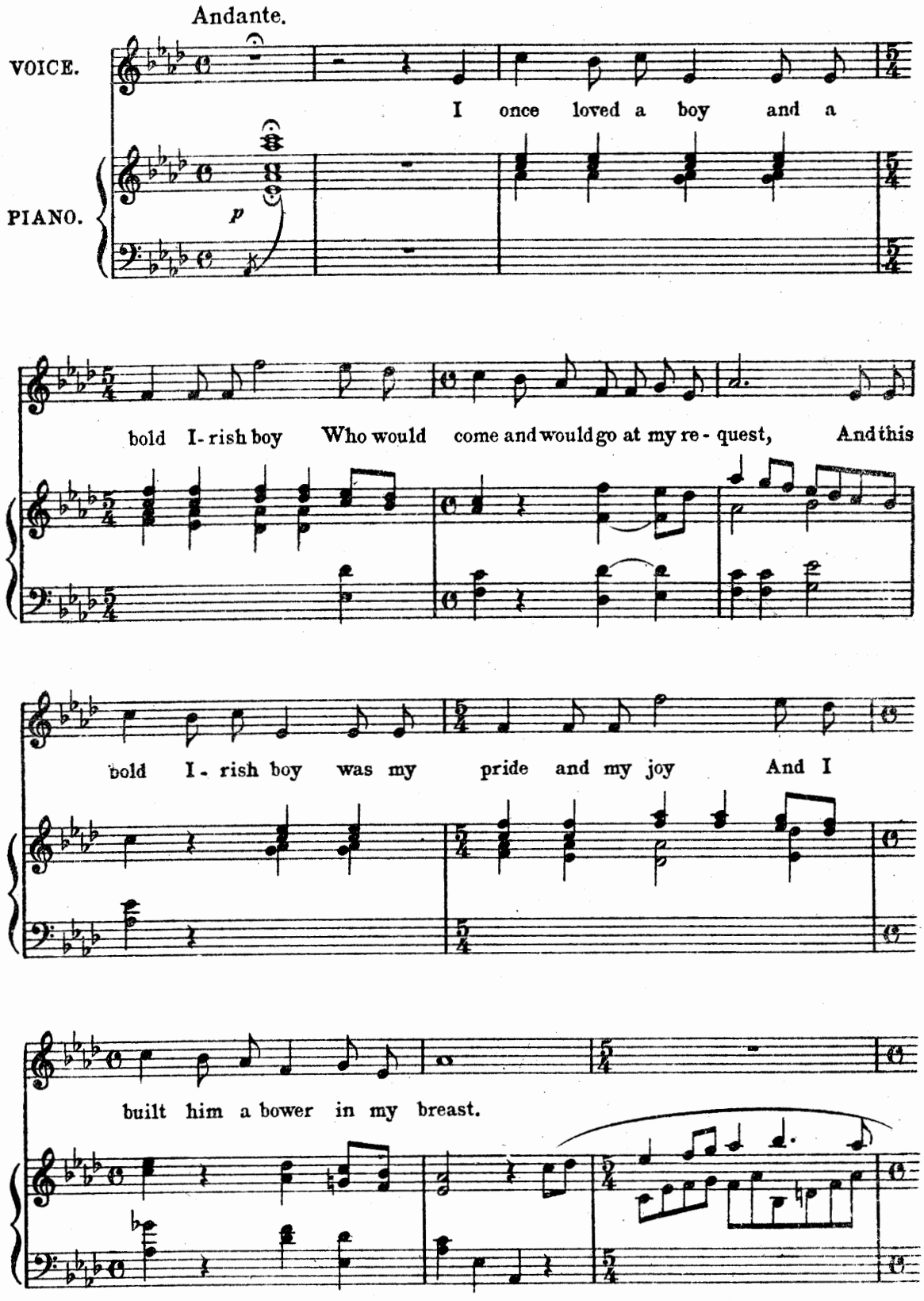

senza rit.
Pale,..... bleed-ing and cold lay my Dra-her-in
Andante, come prima.
..o - Ma - chree.....
pp
Now I'm left..... to
weep like the sor-row-ful bird of the night; This

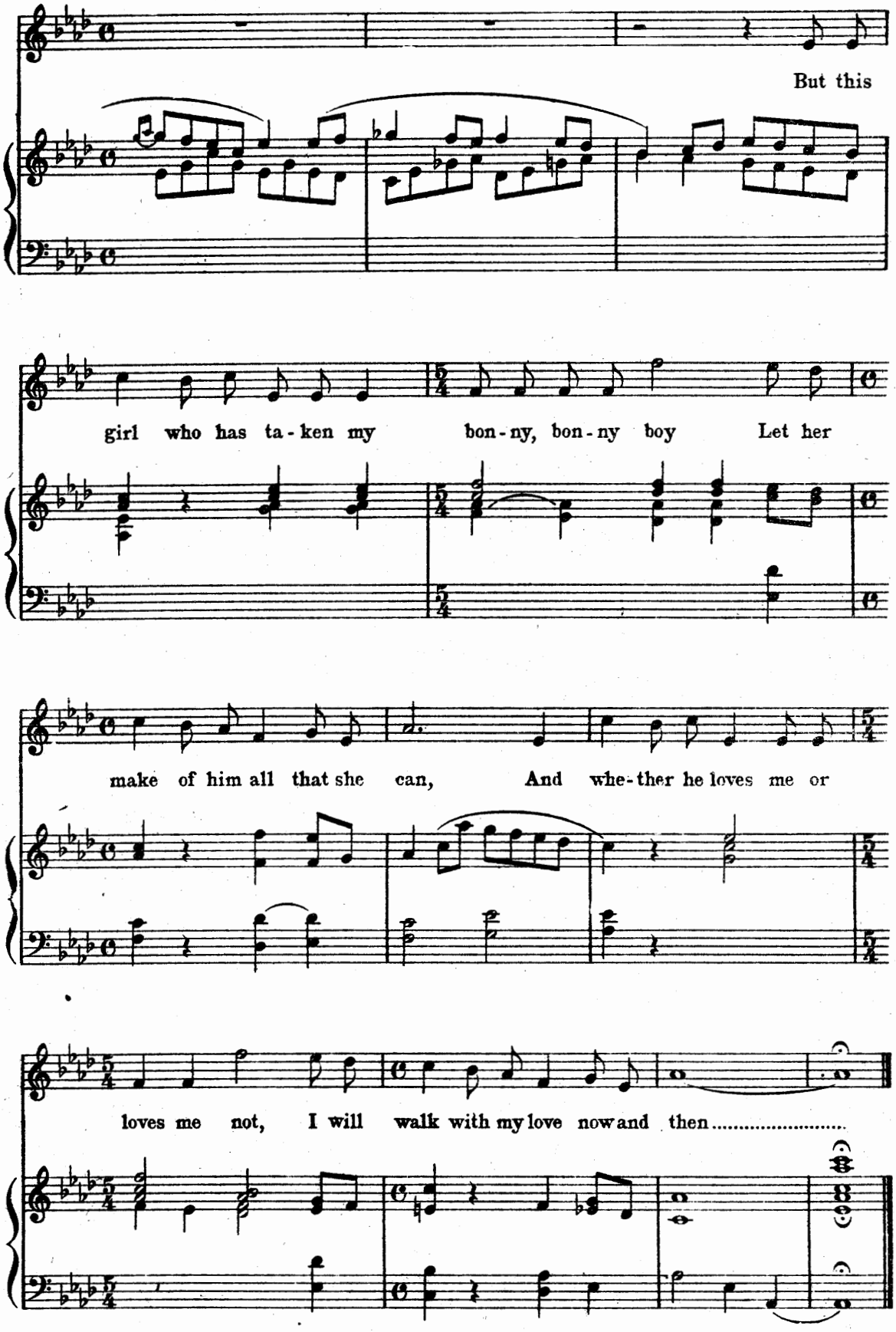

earth and its plea - sures no more shall af - ford..... me de-
-light. The dark nar - row grave is the on - ly sad
re - - - fuge for me Since I lost my heart's darling, my
Dra - her - in - o - Ma - chree.....
p
Ped.
pp

I will walk with my love.

A FRAGMENT.

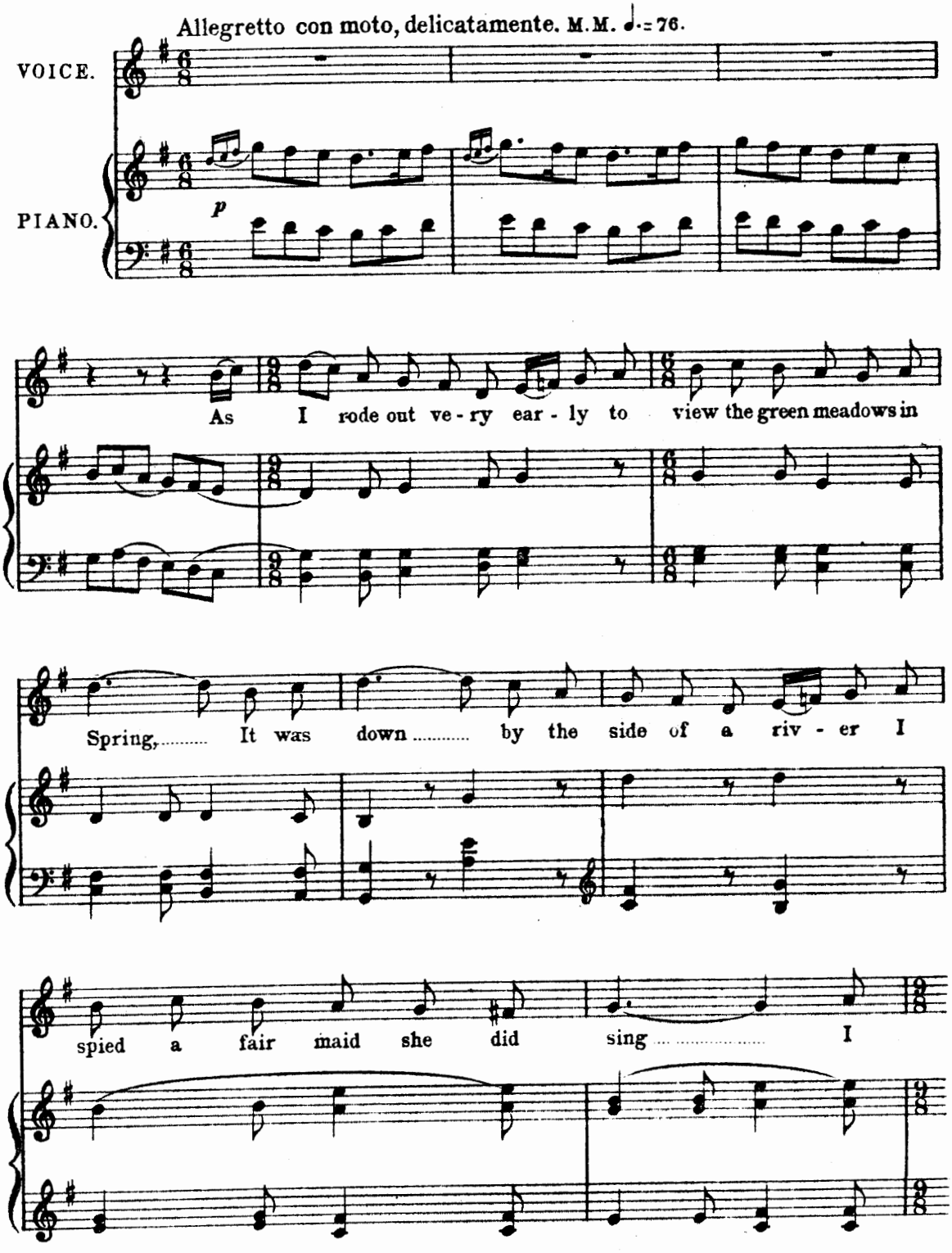
Traditional. COUNTY DUBLIN.

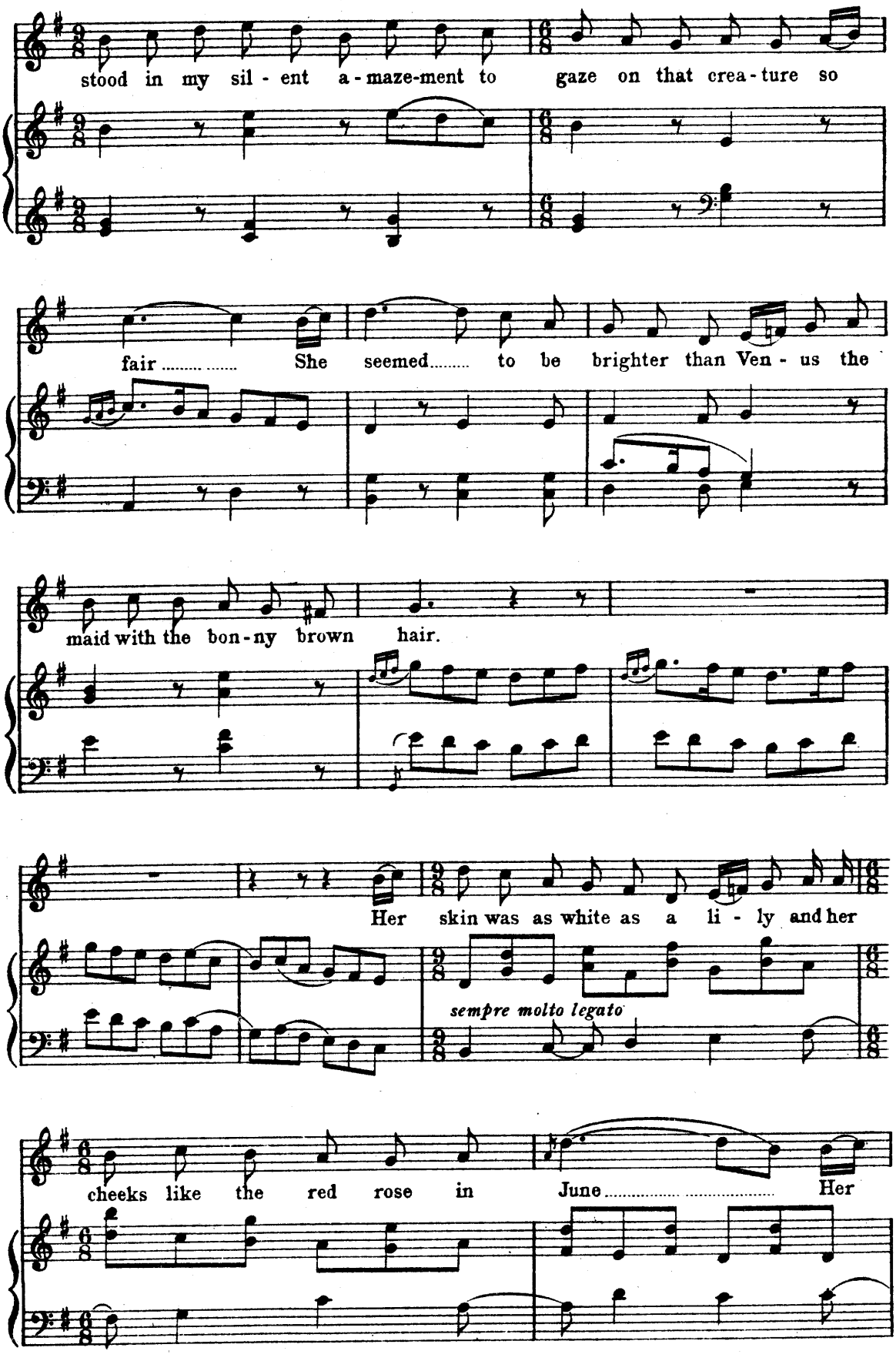


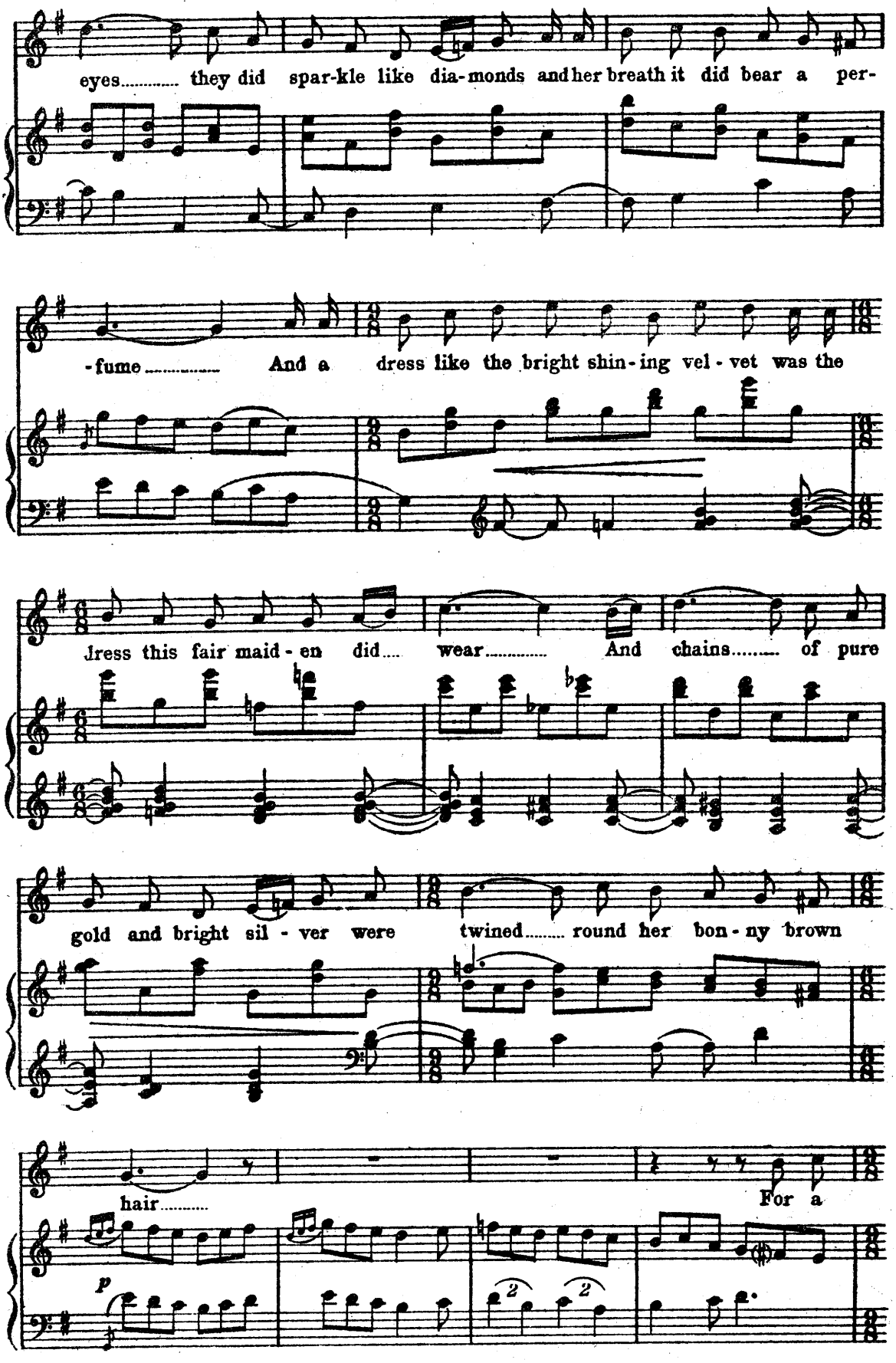

But this
girl who has ta - ken my
bon - ny, bon - ny boy
Let her
make of him all that she can,
And whe - ther he loves me or
loves me not, I will walk with my love now and then.....

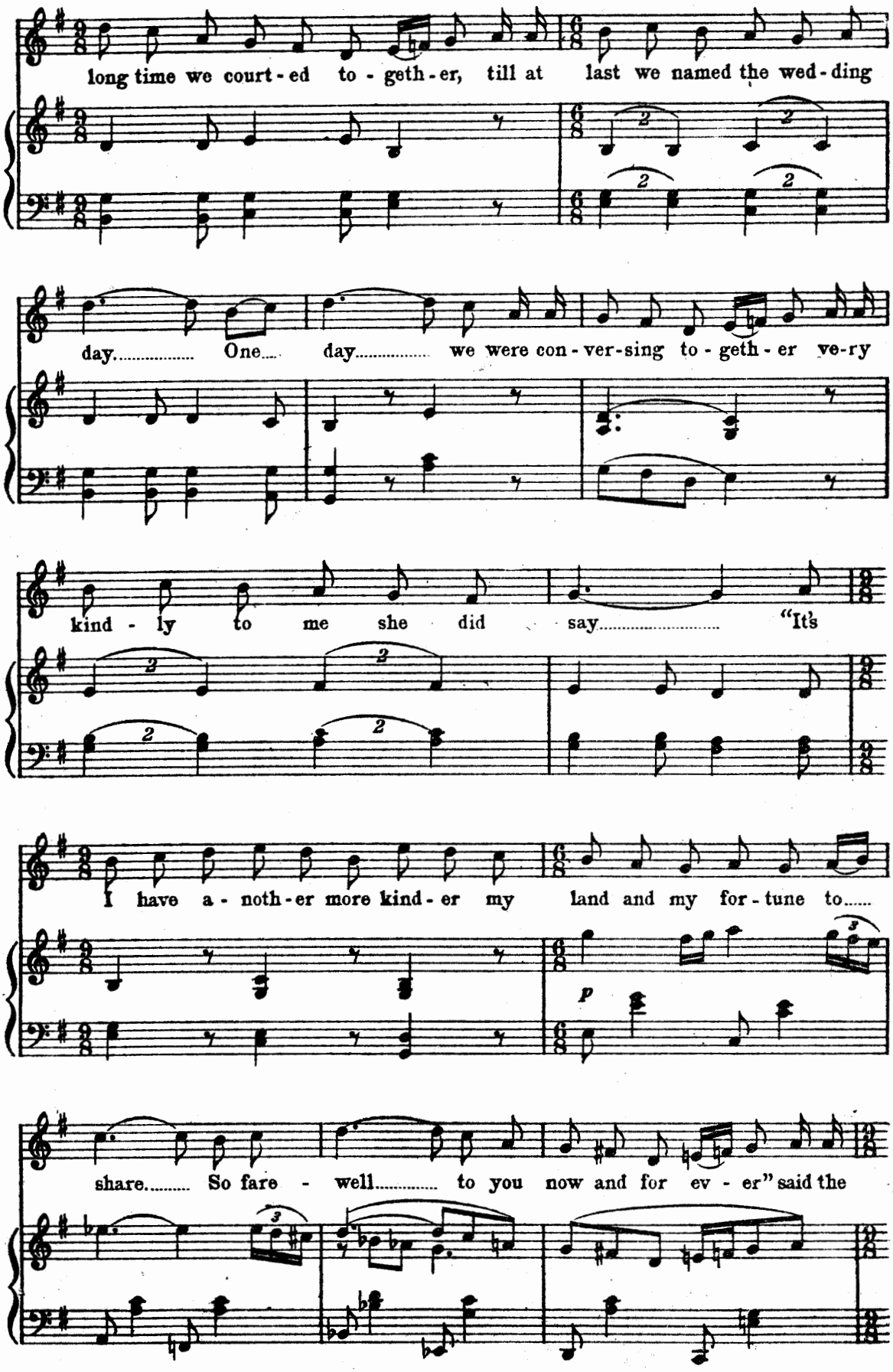
The Maid with the Bonny Brown Hair.

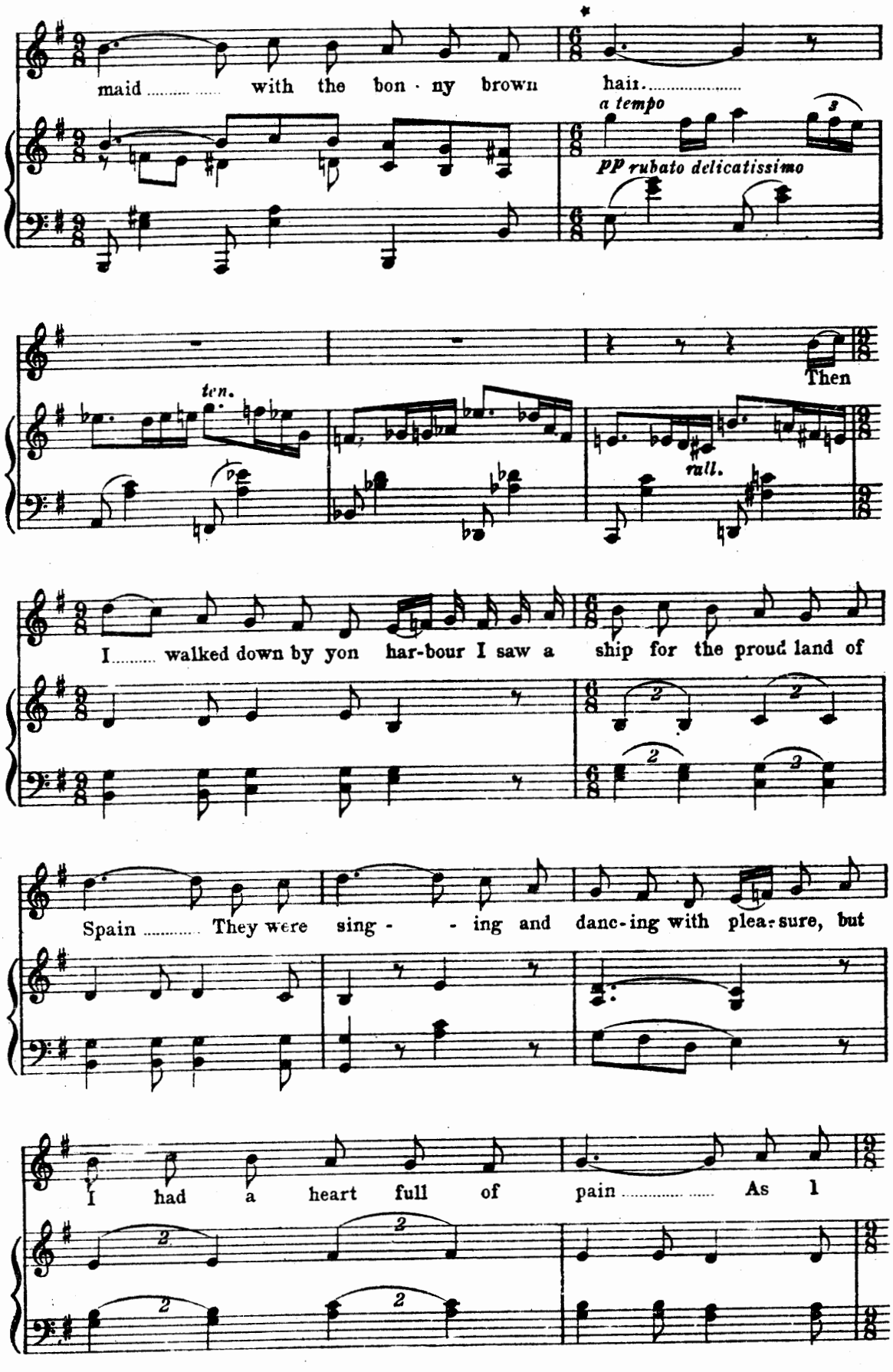
Traditional. COUNTY DONEGAL.



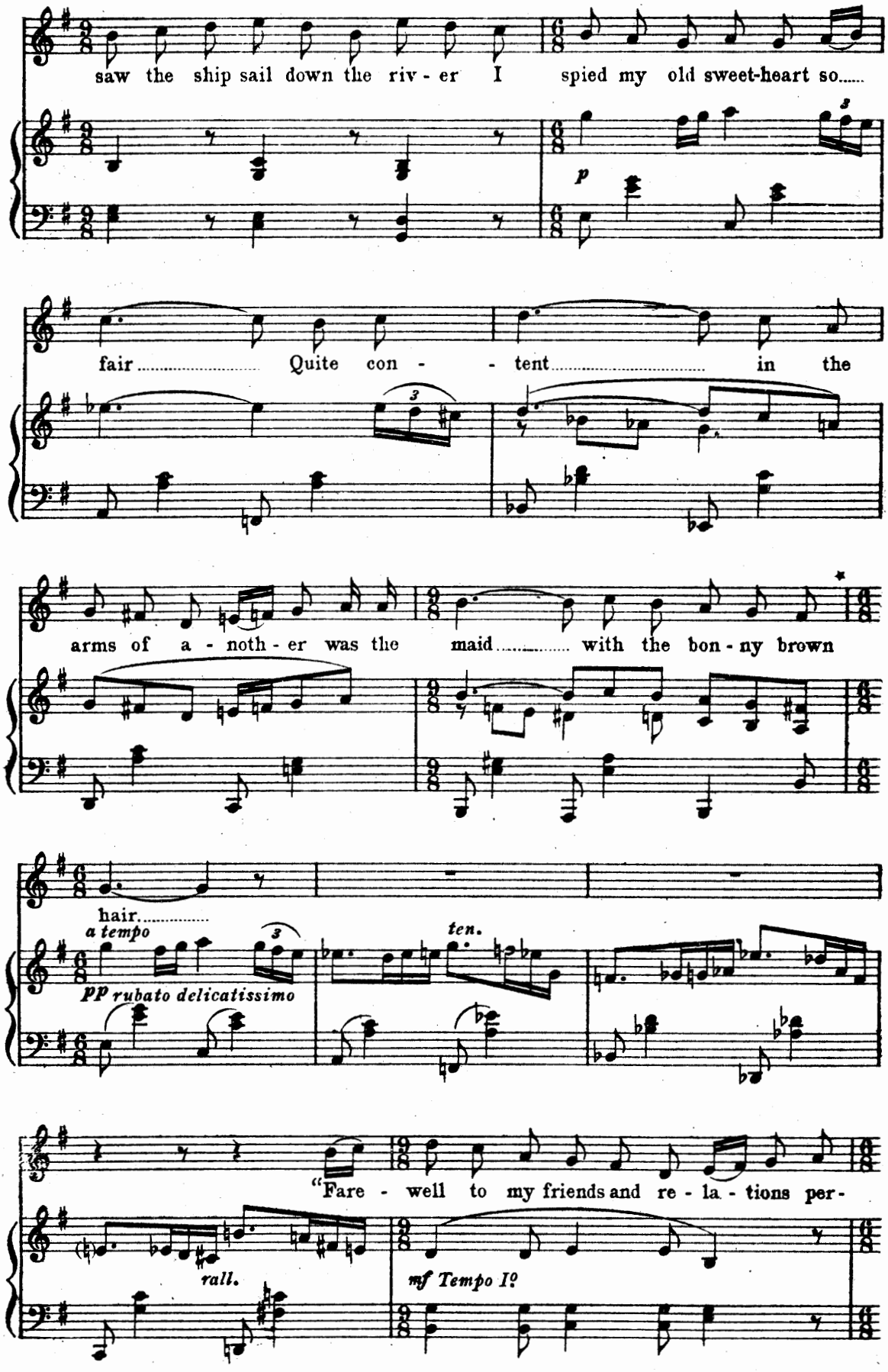

stood in my sil - ent a - maze-ment to gaze on that crea - ture so
fair ..... She seemed..... to be brighter than Ven - us the
maid with the bon - ny brown hair.
Her skin was as white as a li - ly and her
sempre molto legato
cheeks like the red rose in June..... Her

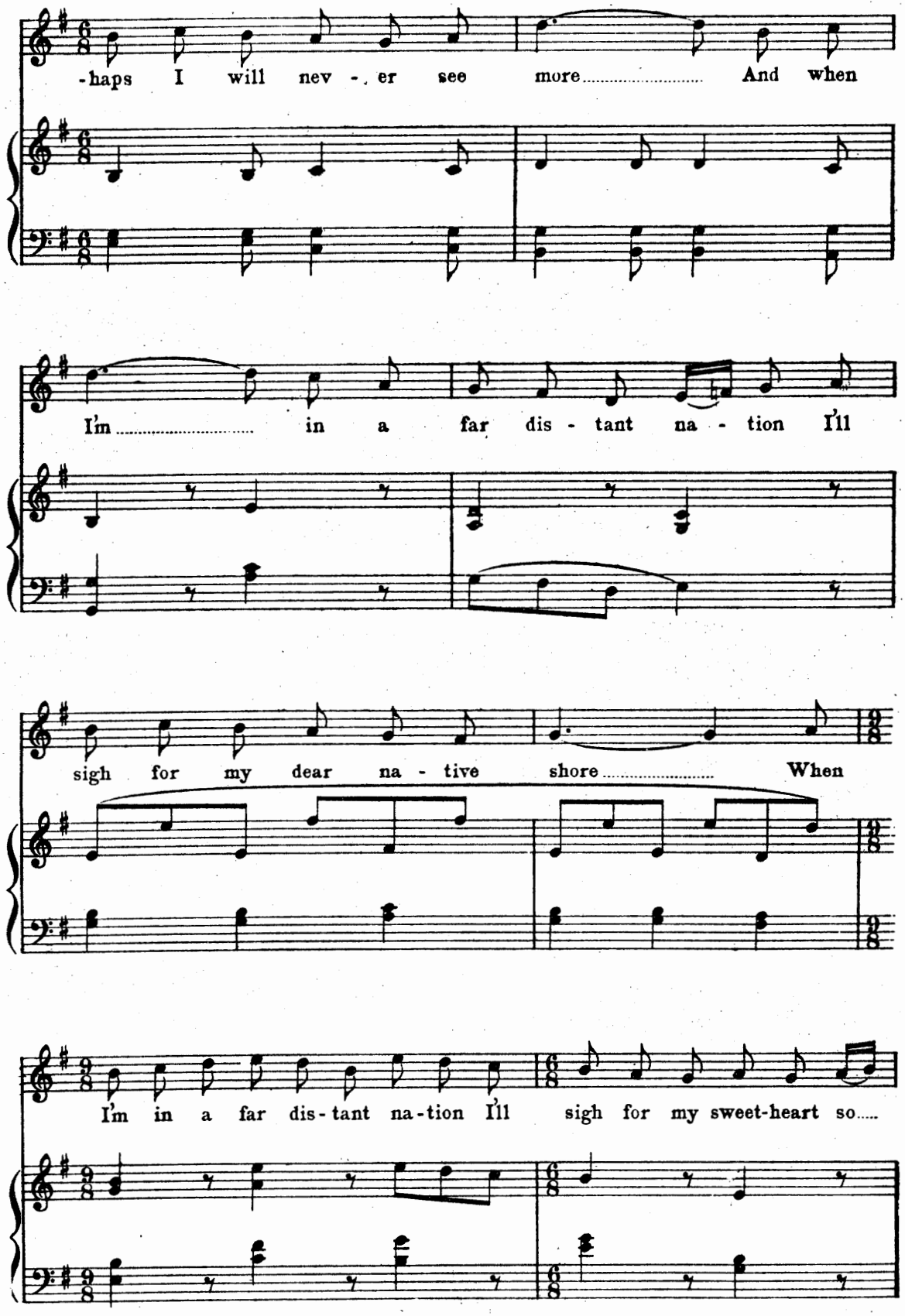

eyes..... they did spar-kle like dia-monds and her breath it did bear a per-
-fume..... And a dress like the bright shin-ing vel-vet was the
dress this fair maid-en did.... wear..... And chains..... of pure
gold and bright sil-ver were twined..... round her bon-ny brown
hair.....
For a
p

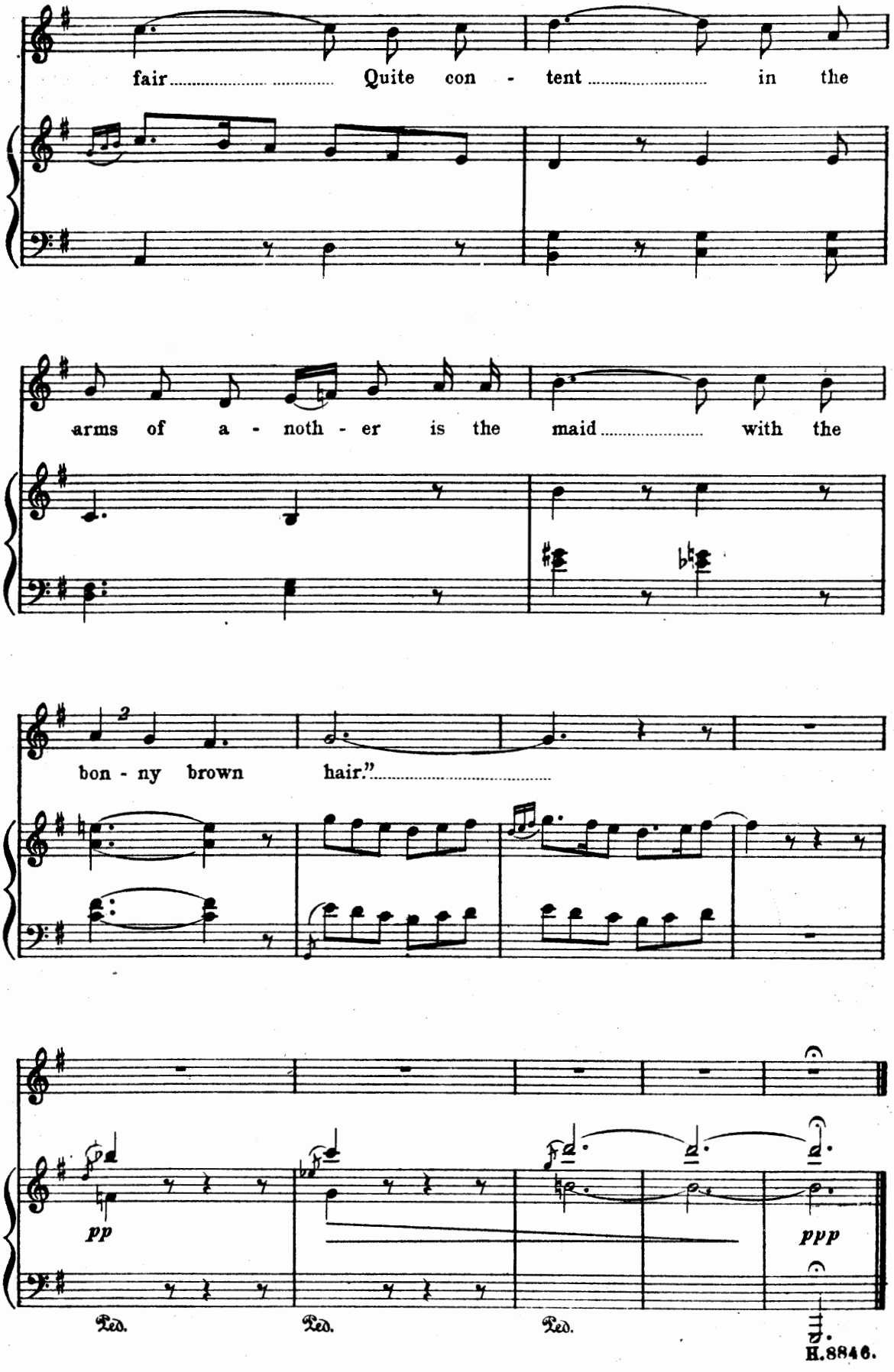

long time we court - ed to - geth - er, till at last we named the wed - ding
day..... One.... day..... we were con - ver - sing to - geth - er ve - ry
kind - ly to me she did say..... "It's
I have a - noth - er more kind - er my land and my for - tune to.....
p
share..... So fare - well..... to you now and for ev - er" said the



*The bars between the asterisks may be omitted.

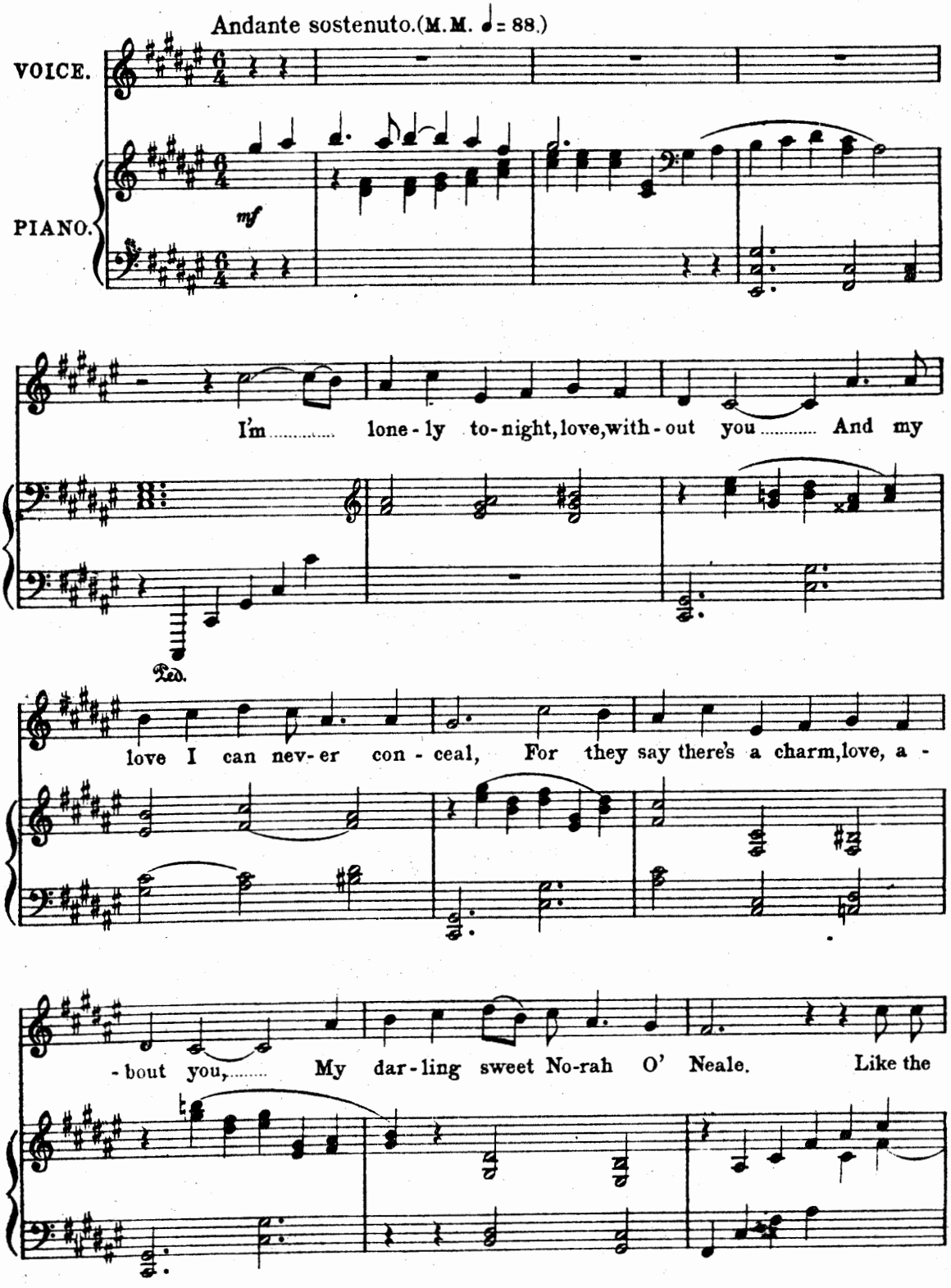

saw the ship sail down the riv - er I spied my old sweet-heart so.....
p
fair..... Quite con - - tent..... in the
arms of a - noth - er was the maid..... with the bon - ny brown
hair.....
a tempo
pp rubato delicatissimo
ten.
"Fare - well to my friends and re - la - tions per -
rall.
mf Tempo I?

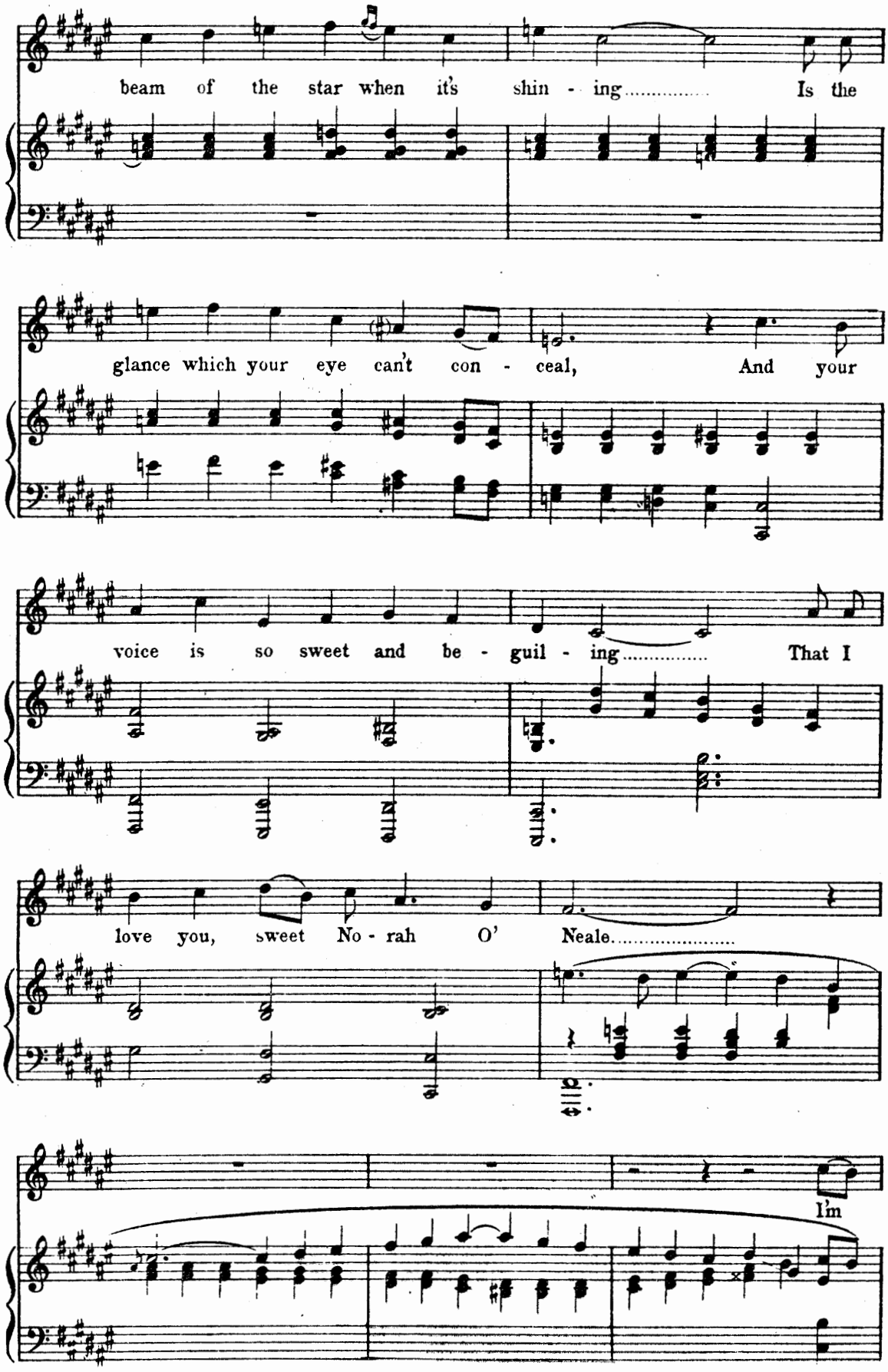

-haps I will nev - er see more And when
I'm in a far dis - tant na - tion I'll
sigh for my dear na - tive shore When
I'm in a far dis - tant na - tion I'll sigh for my sweet-heart so.....

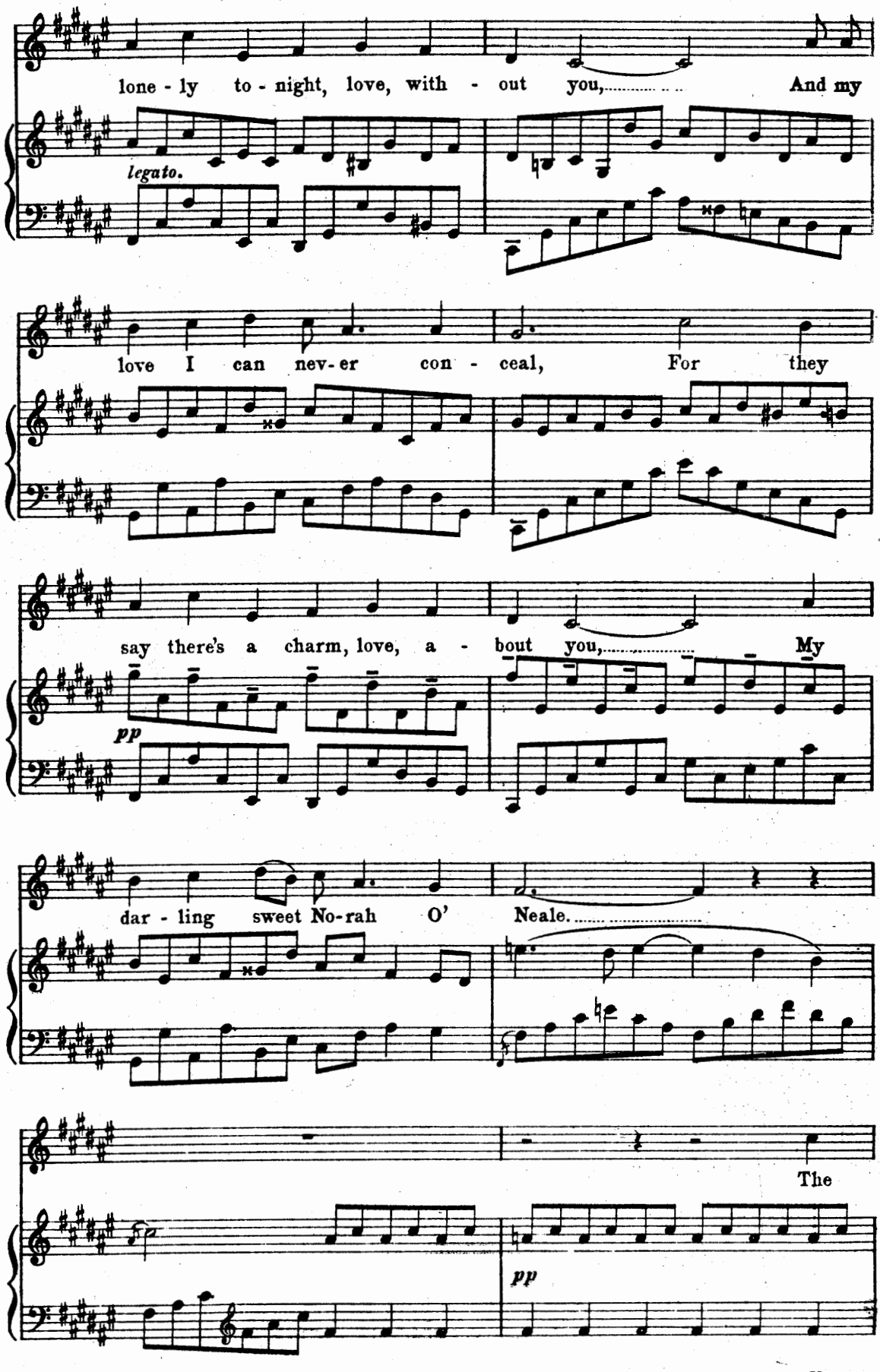

fair Quite con - tent in the
arms of a - noth - er is the maid with the
2
bon - ny brown hair."
pp
ppp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

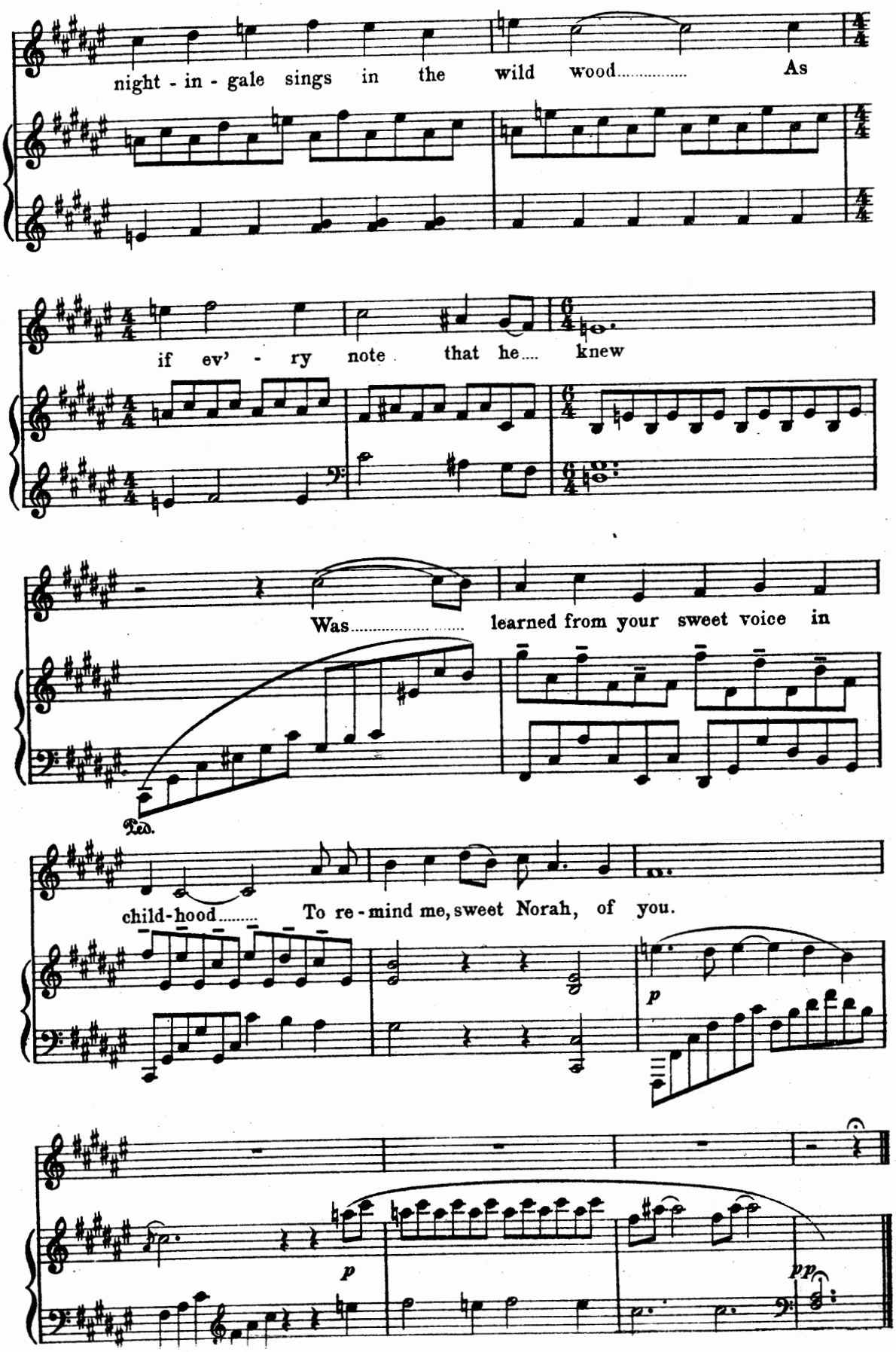
Norah O'Neale.

Traditional. COUNTY DERRY.



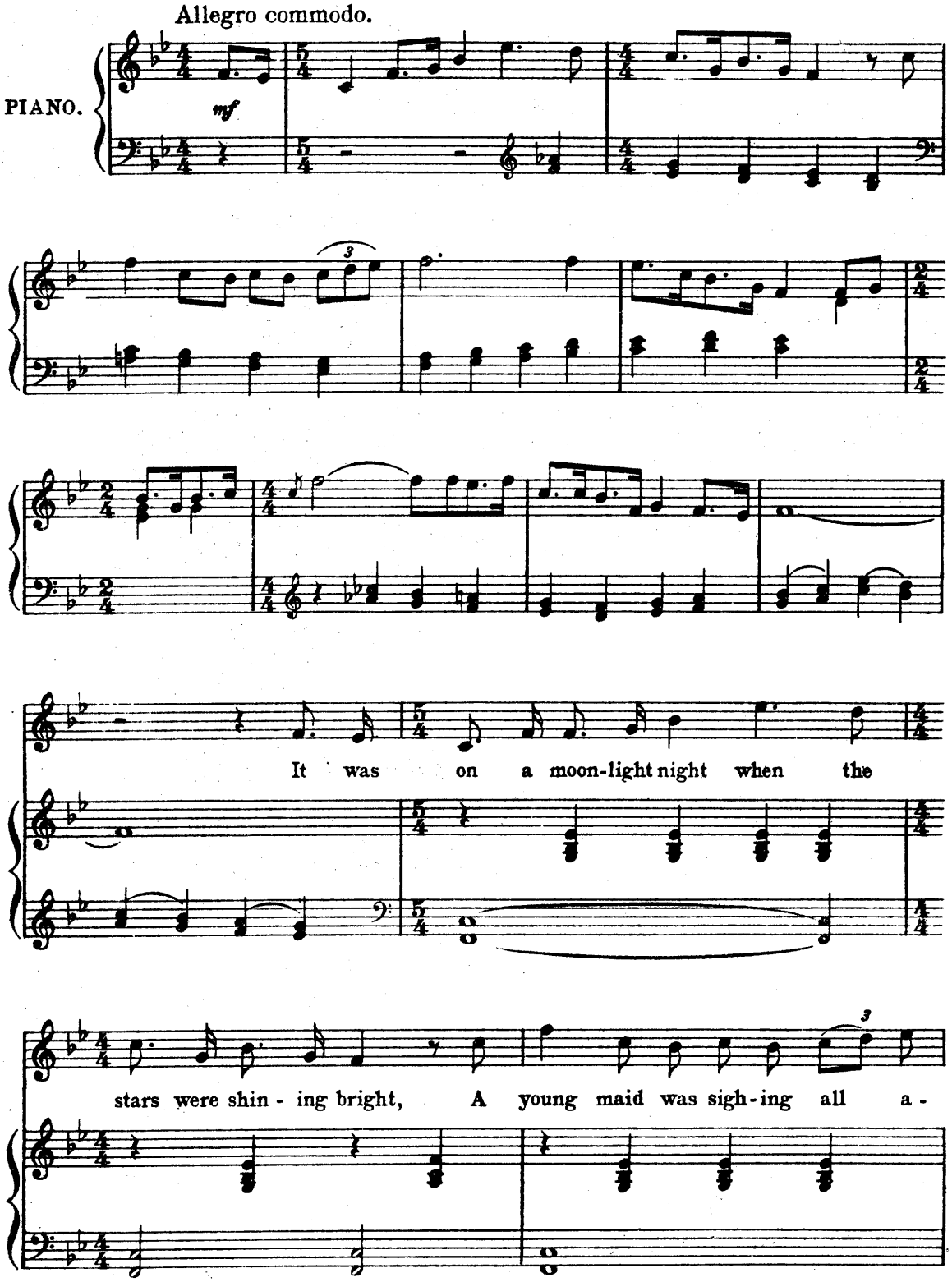

beam of the star when it's shin - ing..... Is the
glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your
voice is so sweet and be - guil - ing..... That I
love you, sweet No - rah O' Neale.....
I'm

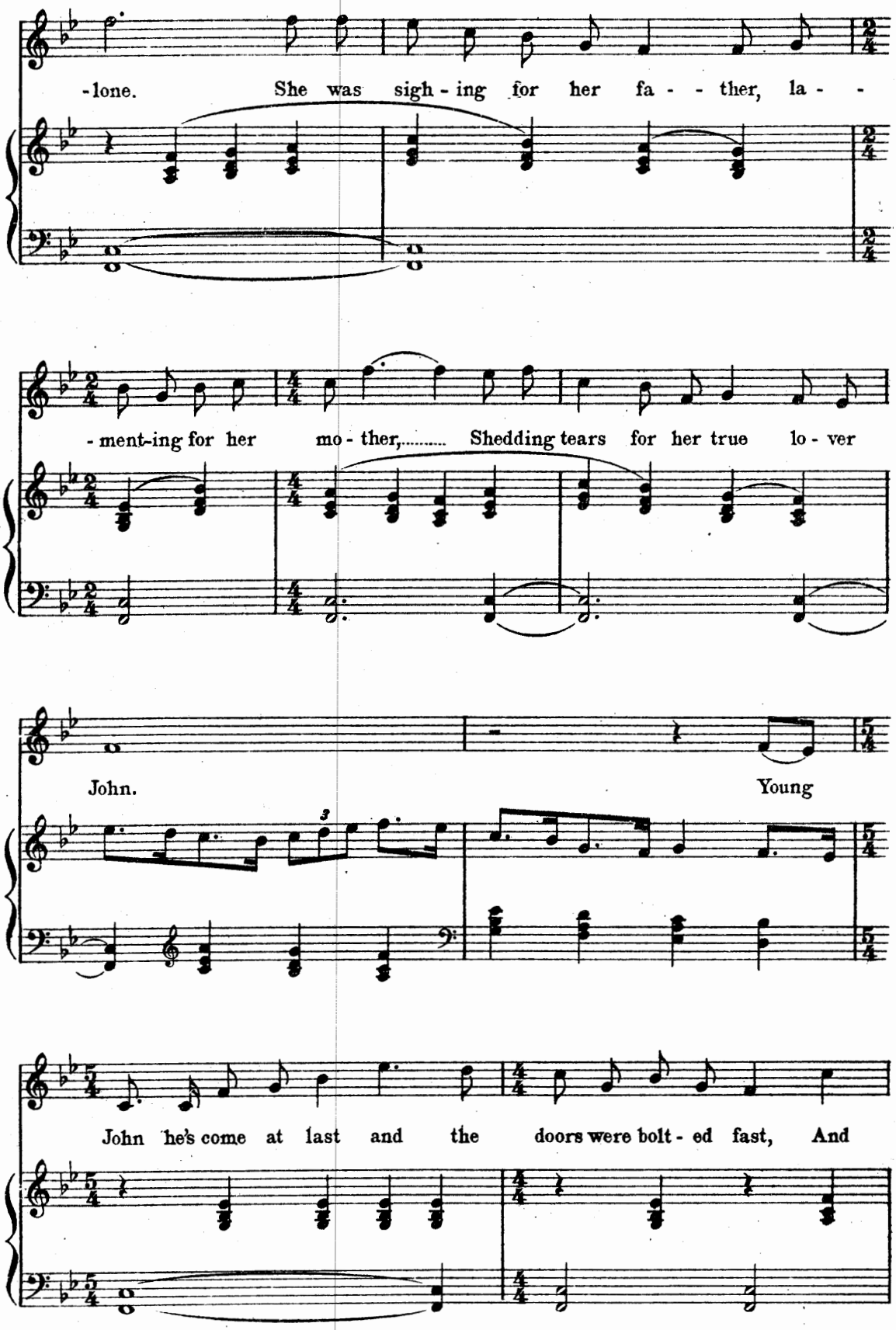

lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, And my
legato.
love I can nev- er con - ceal, For they
say there's a charm, love, a - bout you, My
pp
dar - ling sweet No-rah O' Neale.
The
pp

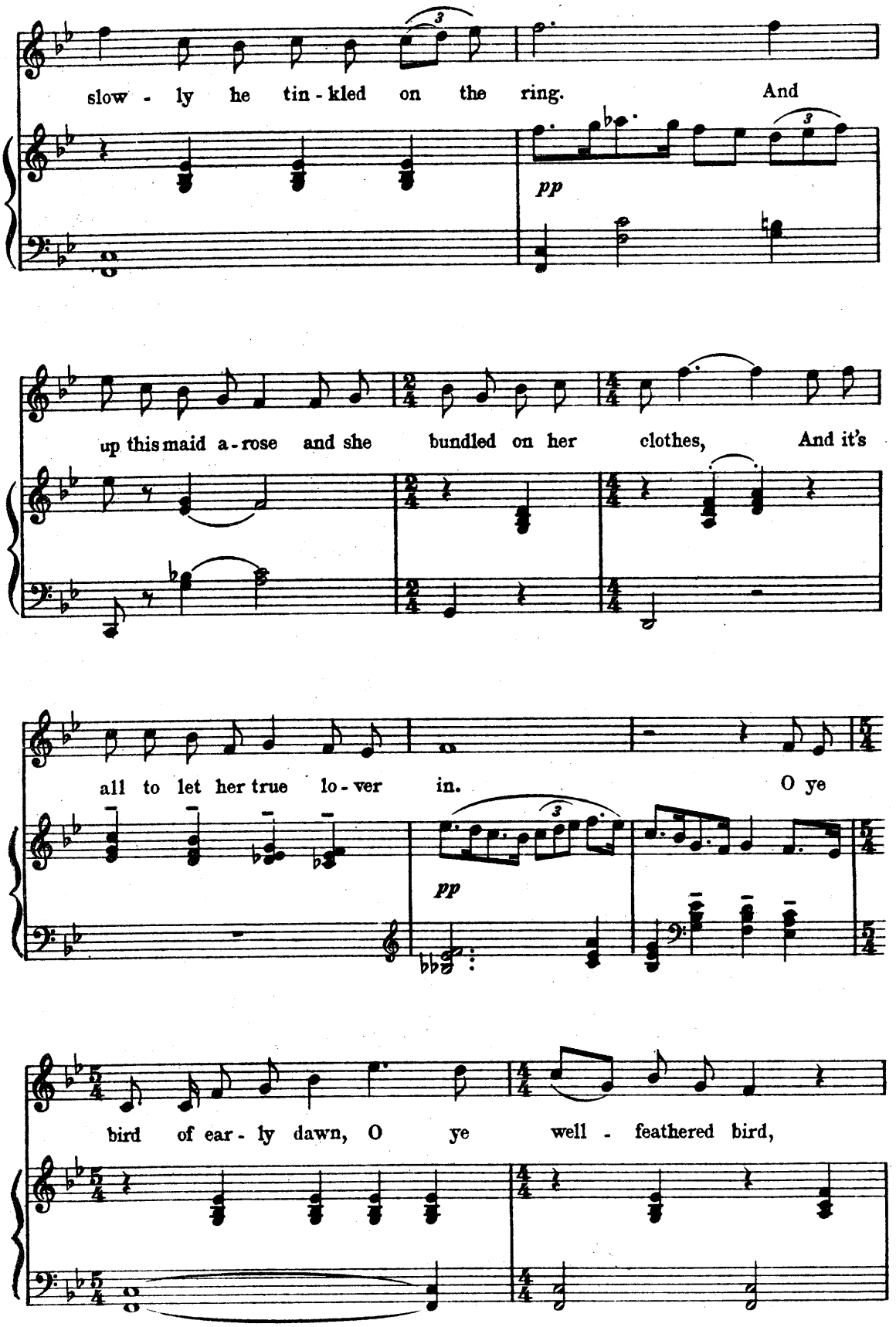

night - in - gale sings in the wild wood..... As
if ev' - ry note that he.... knew
Was..... learned from your sweet voice in
Ped.
child-hood..... To re-mind me, sweet Norah, of you.
p
p
pp

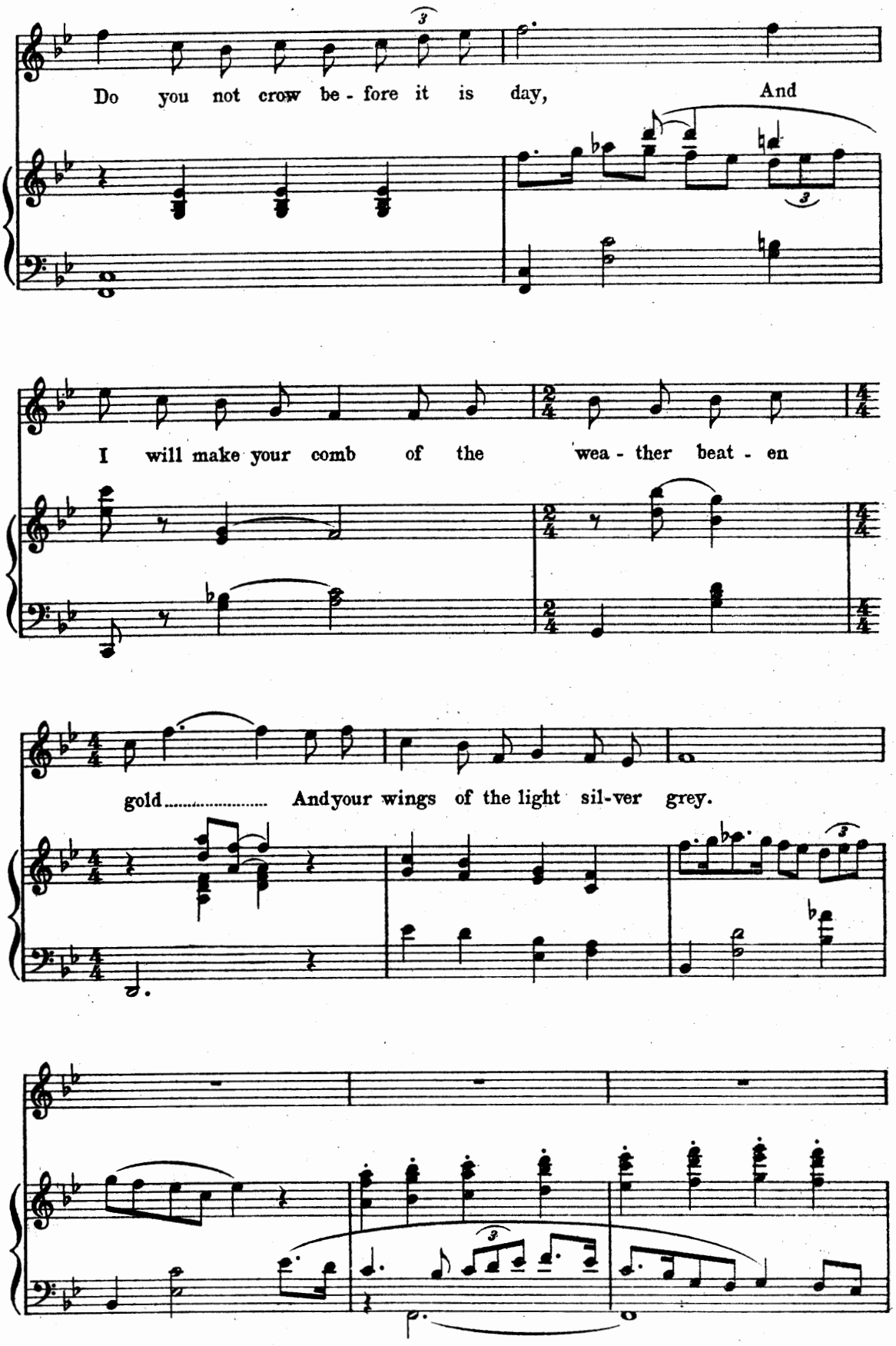
The light of the moon.

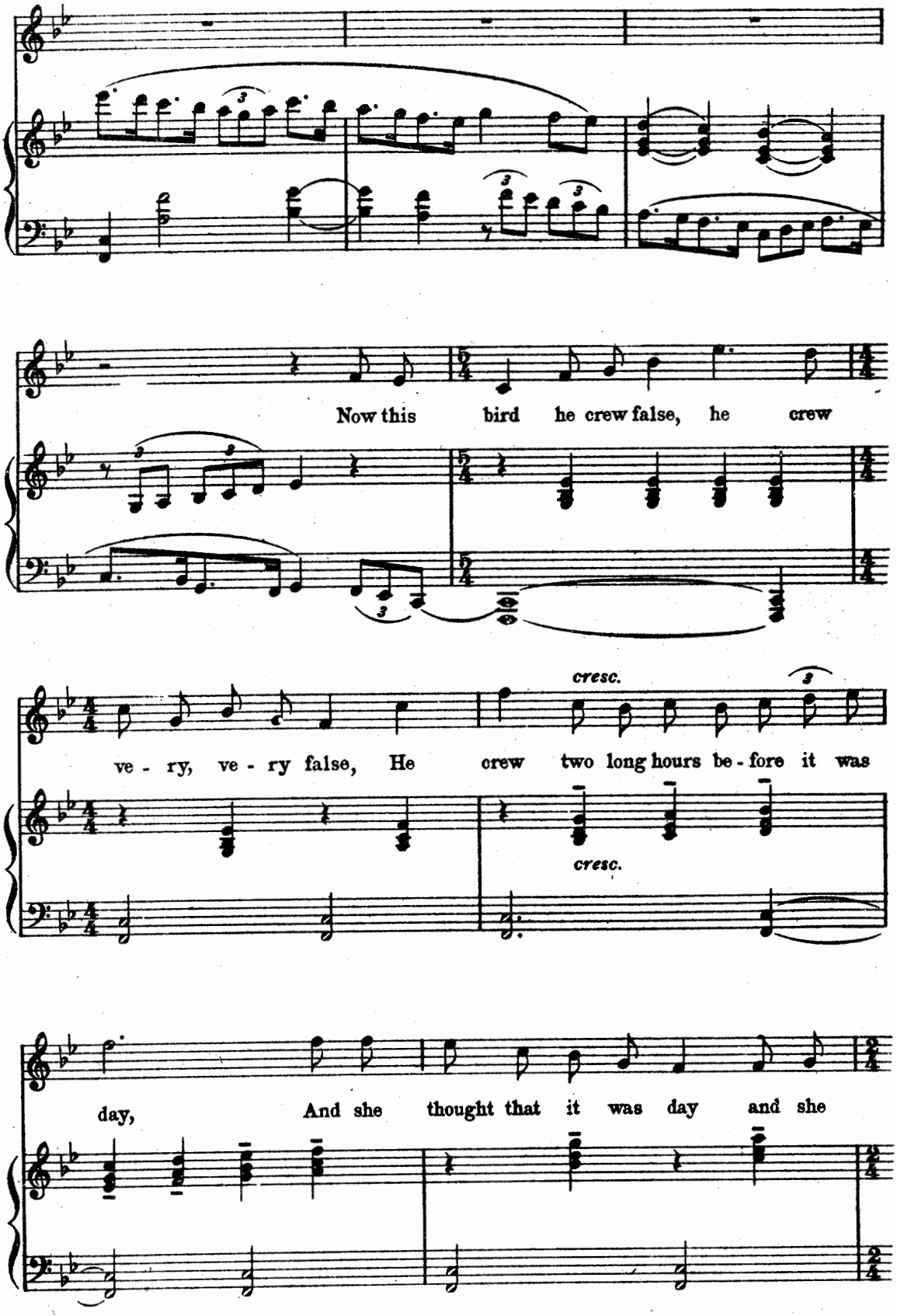
Traditional. COUNTY DERRY.

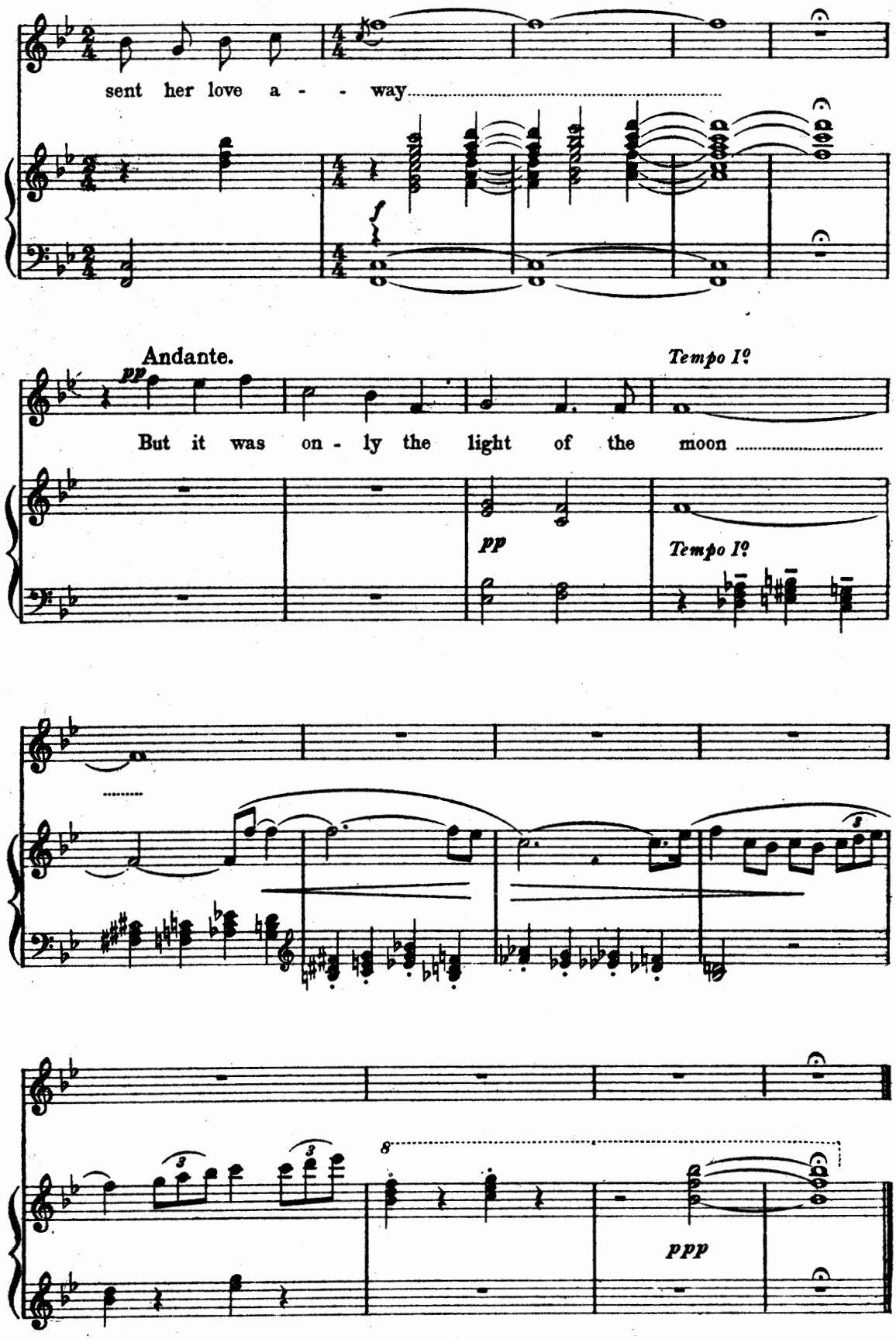



-lone. She was sigh - ing for her fa - - ther, la - -
- ment-ing for her mo - ther,..... Shedding tears for her true lo - ver
John. Young
John he's come at last and the doors were bolt - ed fast, And


slow - ly he tin - kled on the ring. And
pp
up this maid a - rose and she bundled on her clothes, And it's
all to let her true lo - ver in. O ye
pp
bird of ear - ly dawn, O ye well - feathered bird,


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.

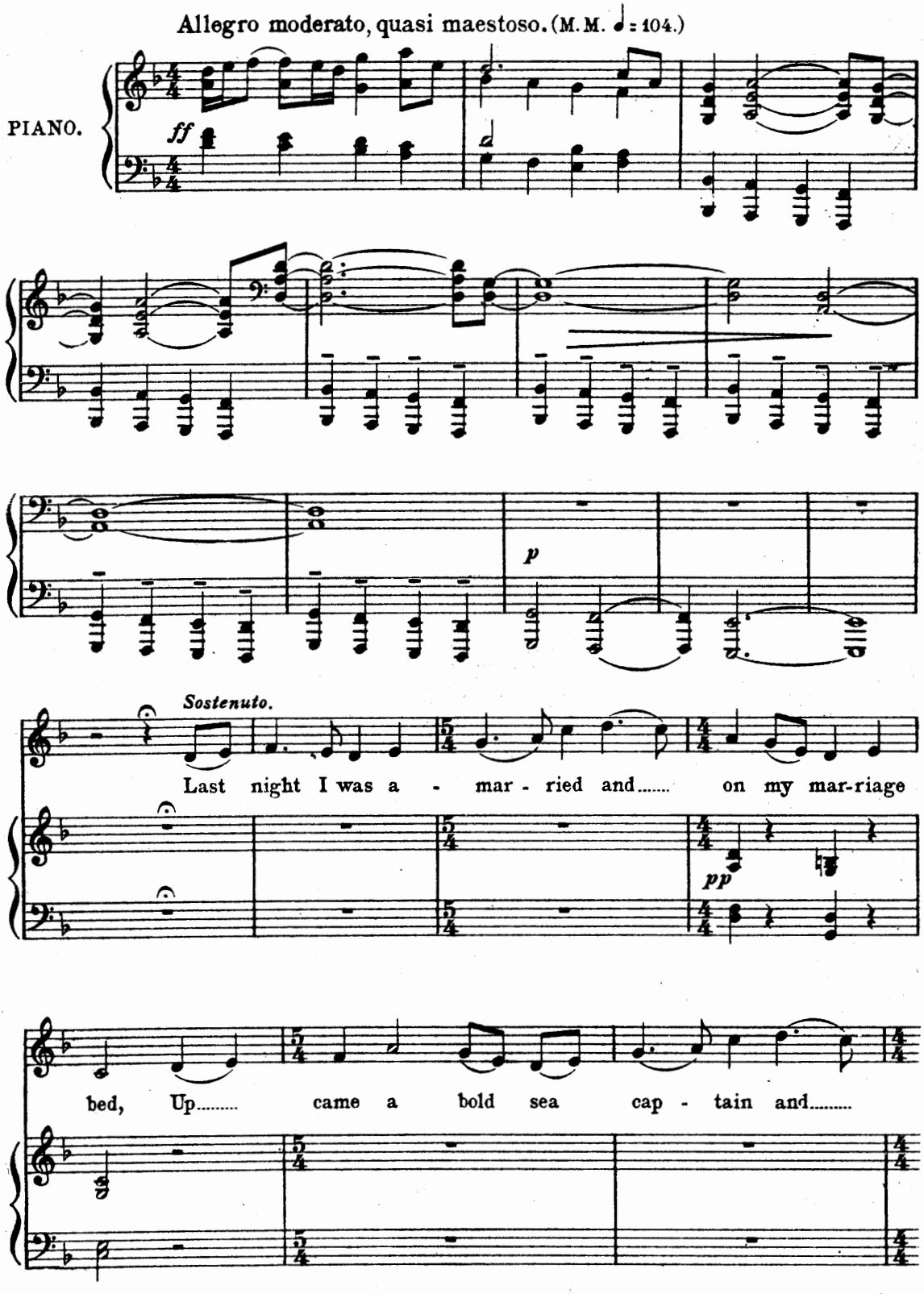

Now this bird he crew false, he crew
ve - ry, ve - ry false, He crew two long hours be - fore it was
cresc.
cresc.
day, And she thought that it was day and she

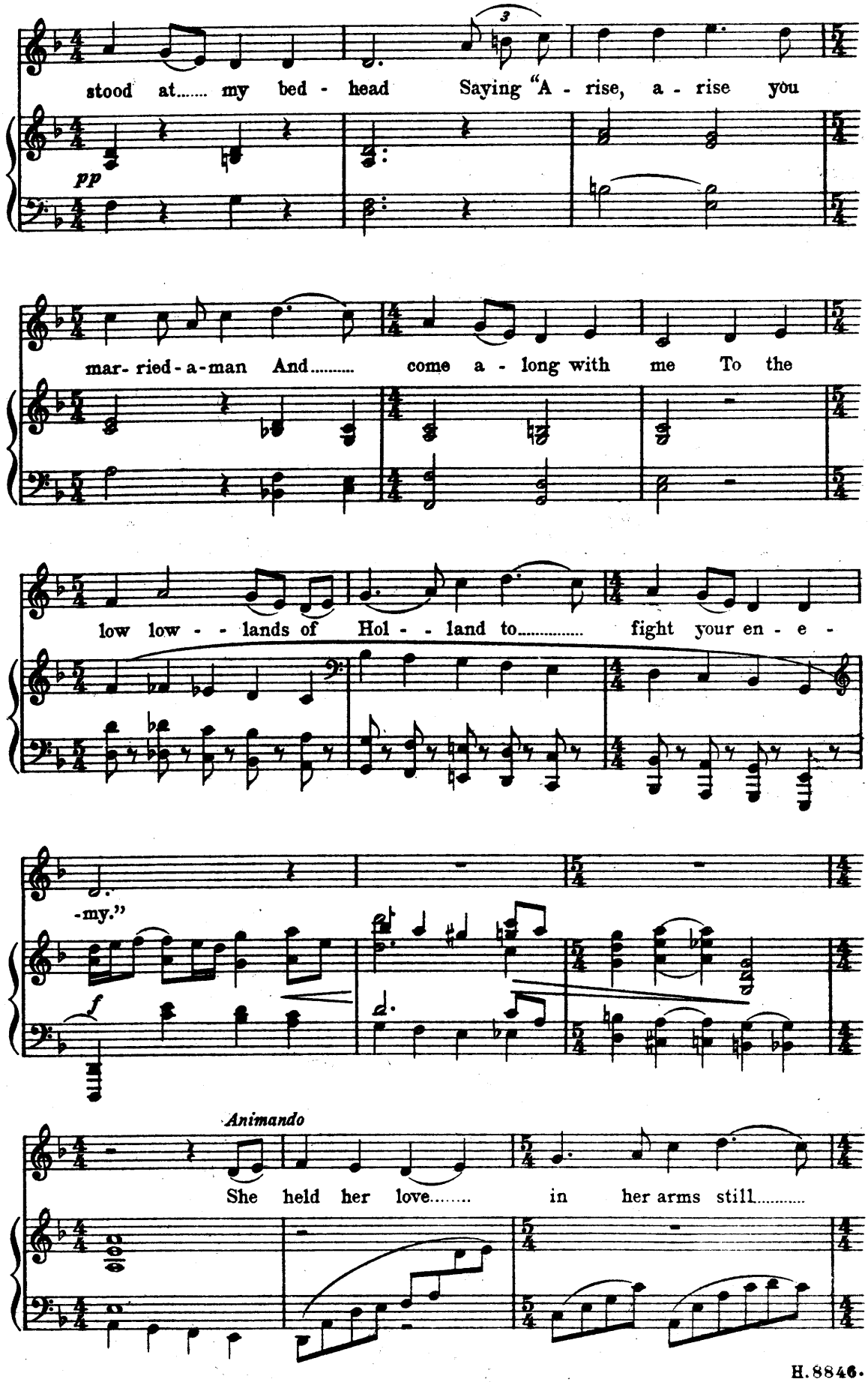

sent her love a - - way
Andante.
pp
Tempo I?
But it was on - ly the light of the moon
pp
Tempo I?
8
ppp

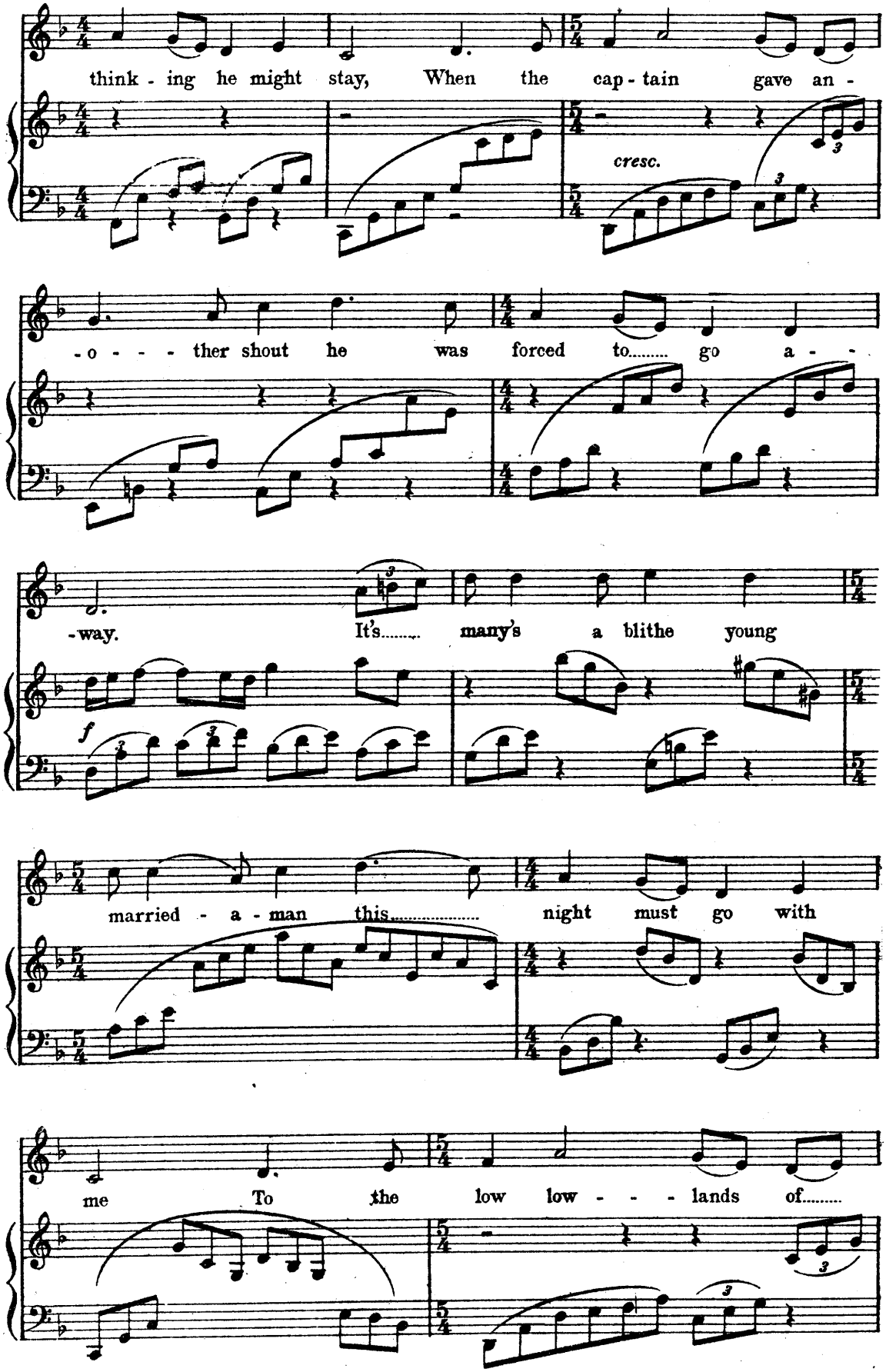
The Lowlands of Holland.

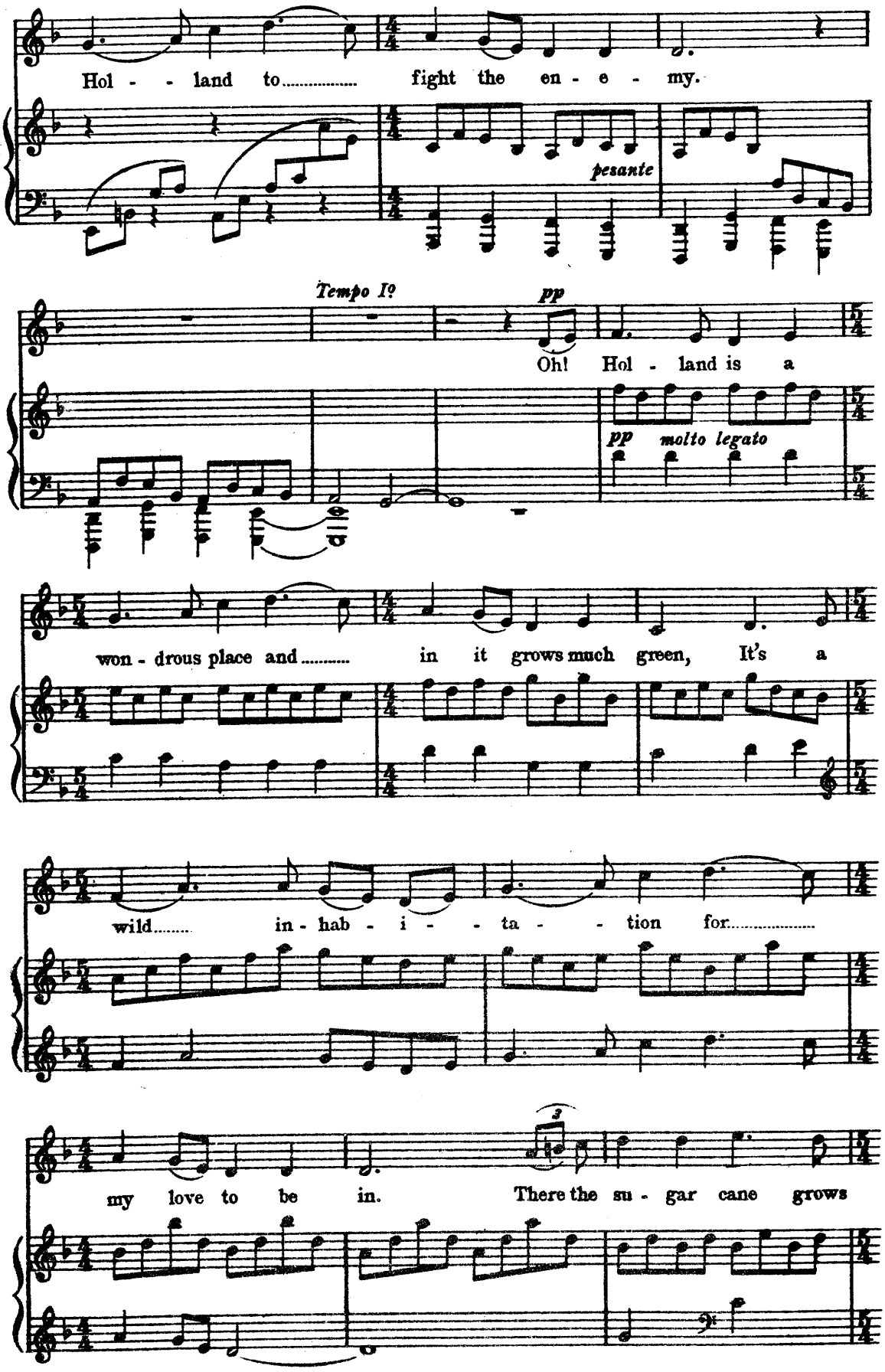
(LAST NIGHT I WAS A-MARRIED.)

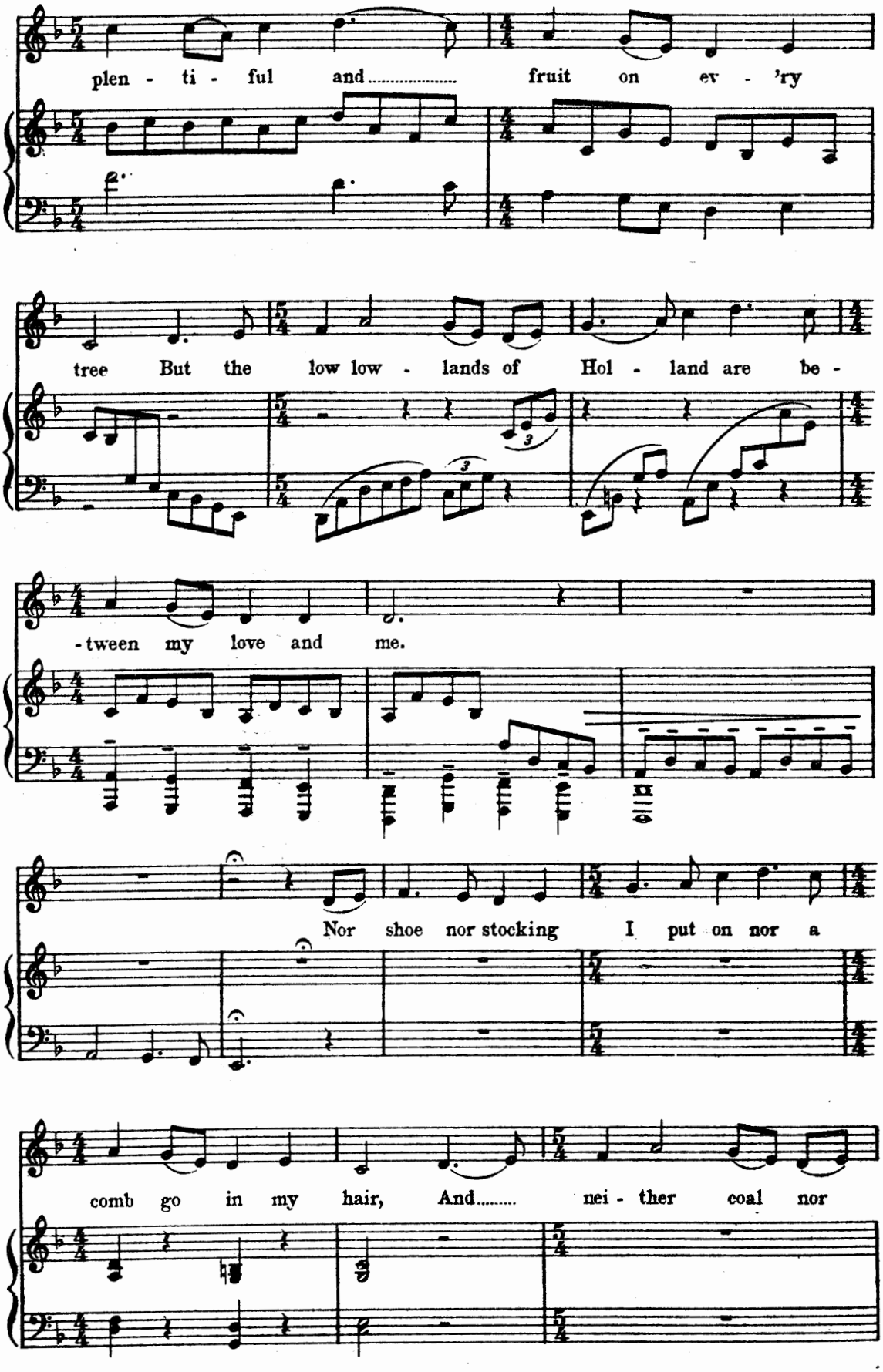
Traditional. COUNTY DERRY.

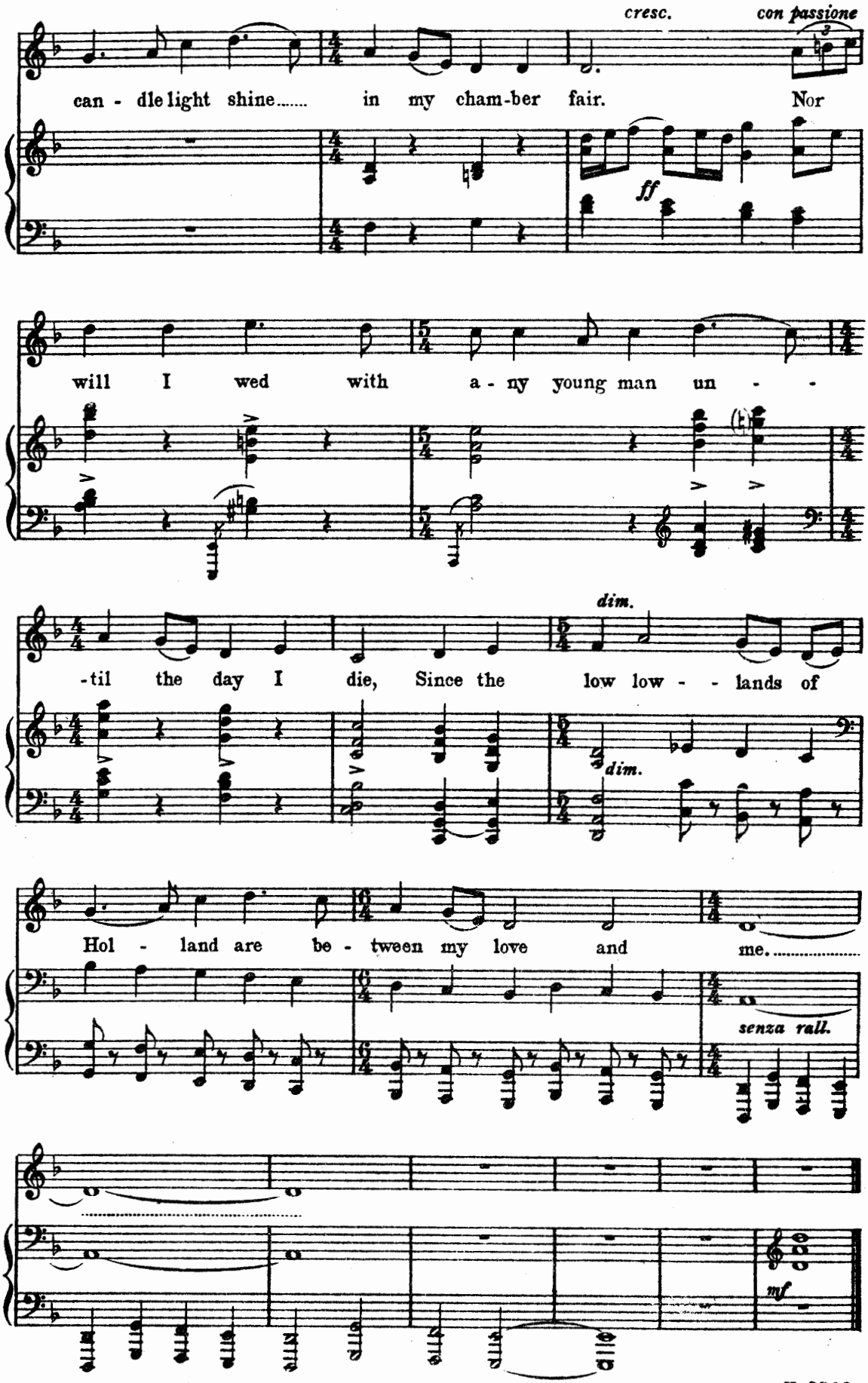



stood at..... my bed - head Saying "A - rise, a - rise you
pp
mar- ried - a-man And..... come a - long with me To the
low low - - lands of Hol - - land to..... fight your en - e -
-my."
f
Animando
She held her love..... in her arms still.....


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.....
3
my love to be in. There the su - gar cane grows

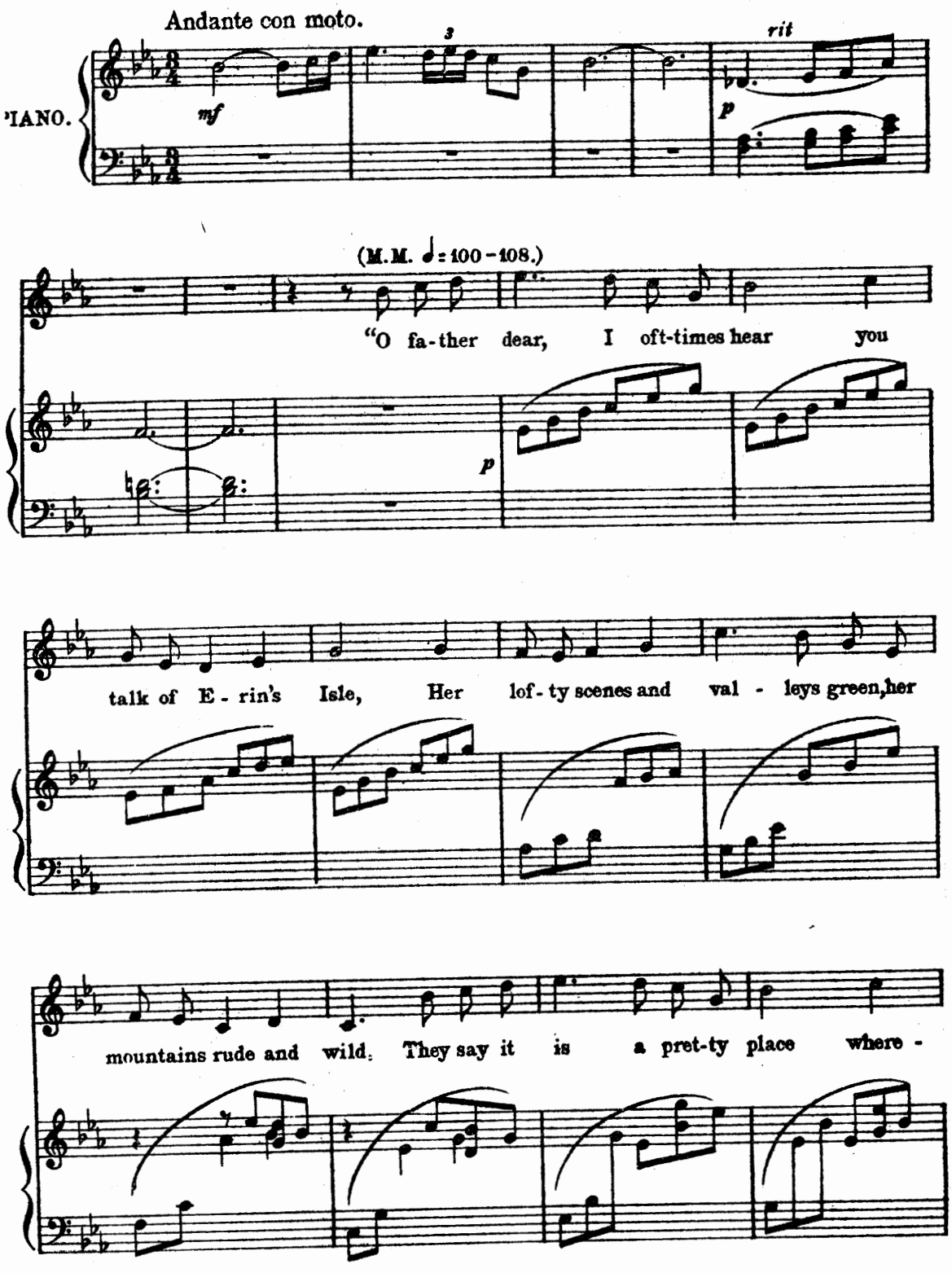

plen - ti - ful and..... fruit on ev - 'ry
tree But the low low - lands of Hol - land are be -
-tween my love and me.
Nor shoe nor stocking I put on nor a
comb go in my hair, And..... nei - ther coal nor

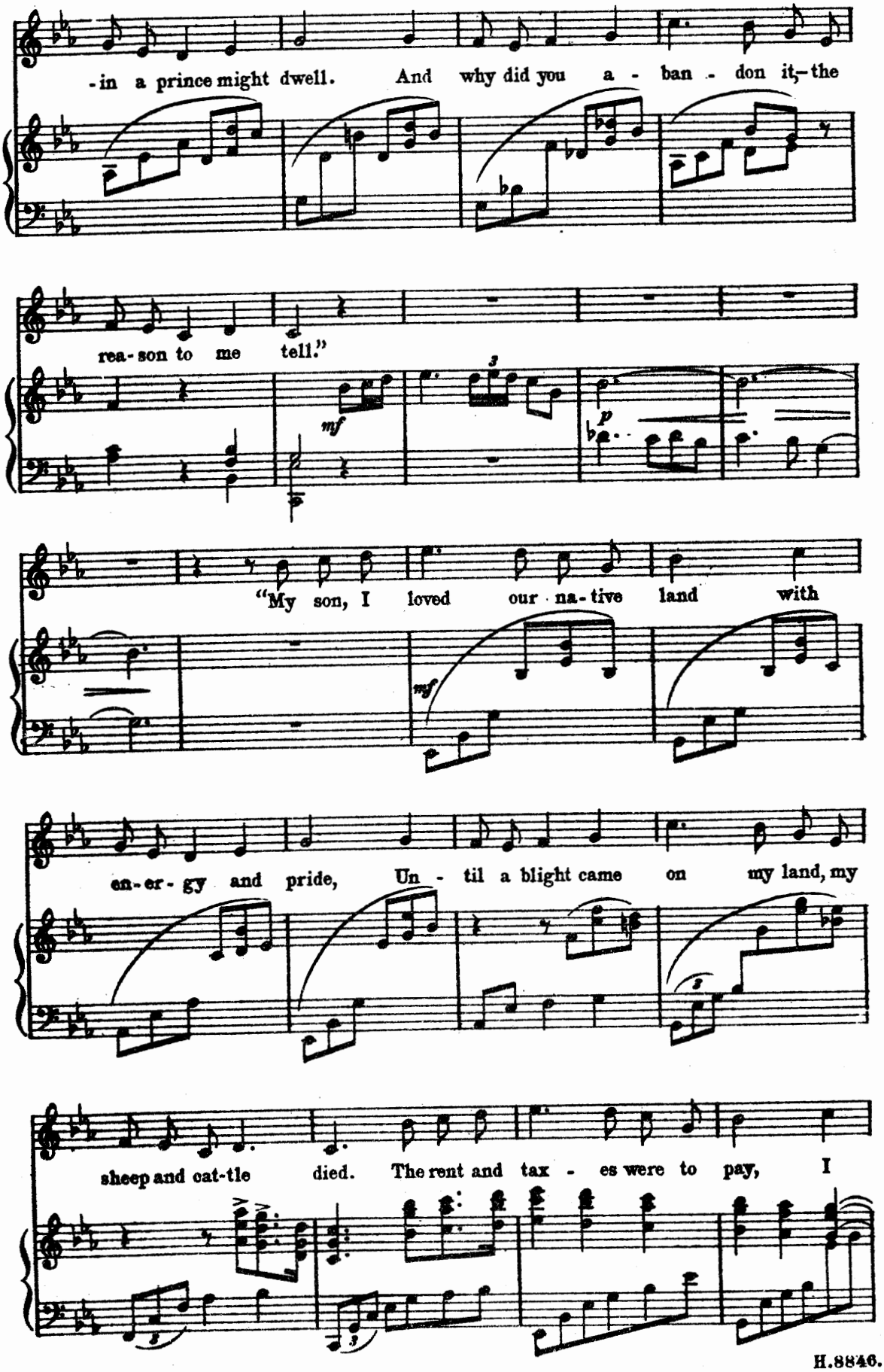

cresc.
con passione
can - dle light shine..... in my cham-ber fair. Nor
ff
will I wed with a - ny young man un - -
-til the day I die, Since the low low - - lands of
dim.
dim.
Hol - land are be - tween my love and me.....
senza rall.
mf

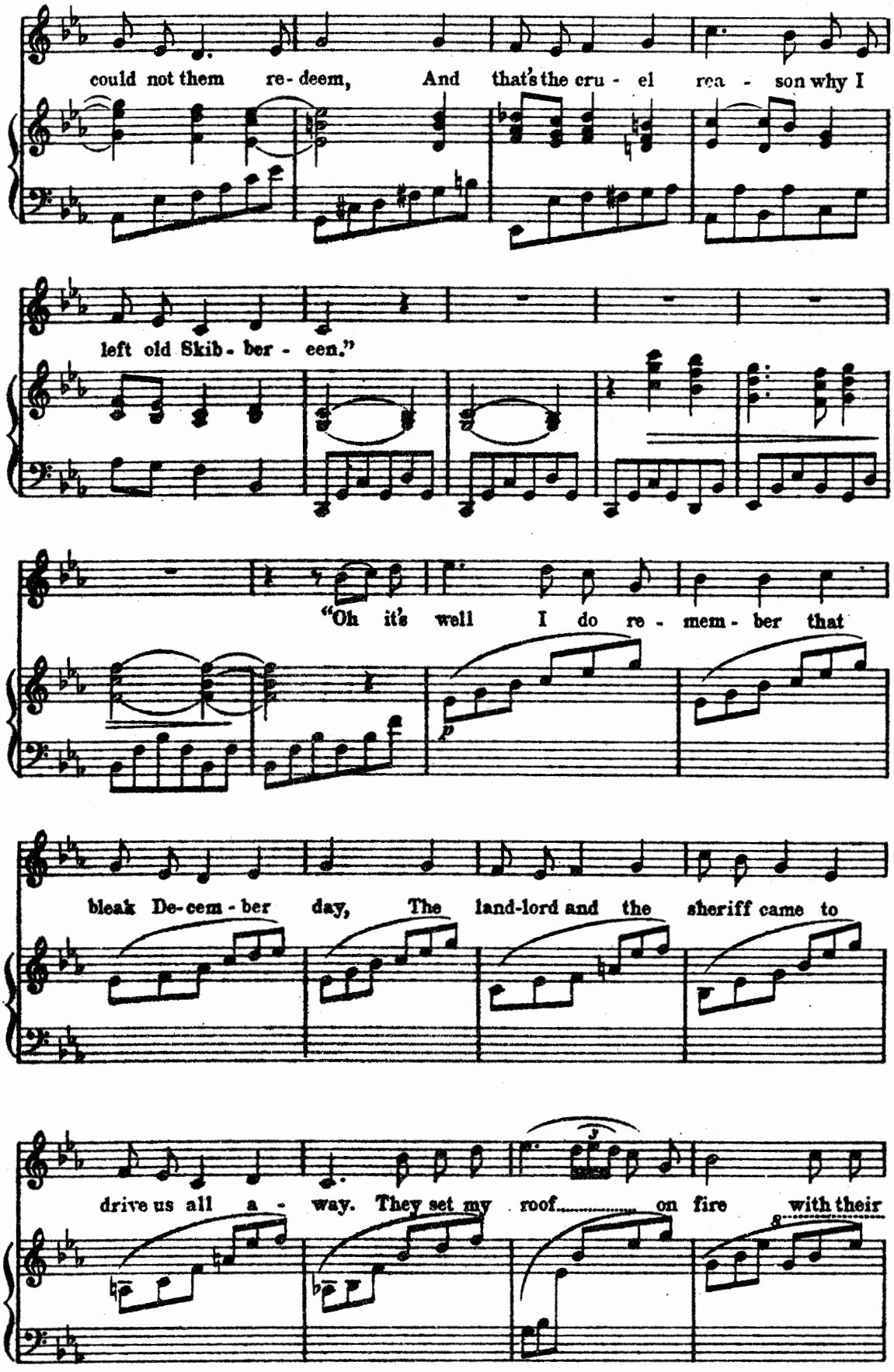
Skibbereen.

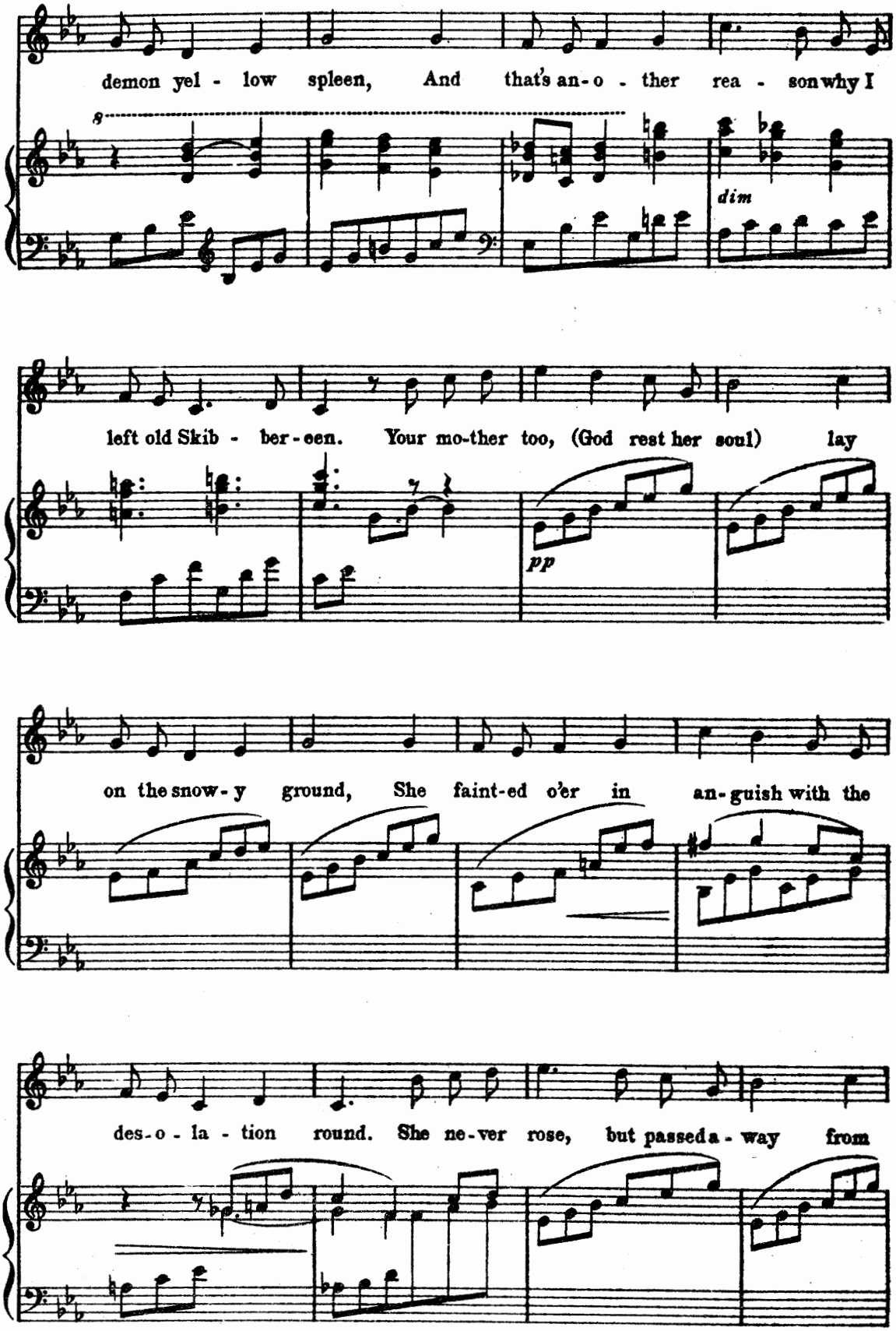
(A BALLAD OF THE FAMINE.)

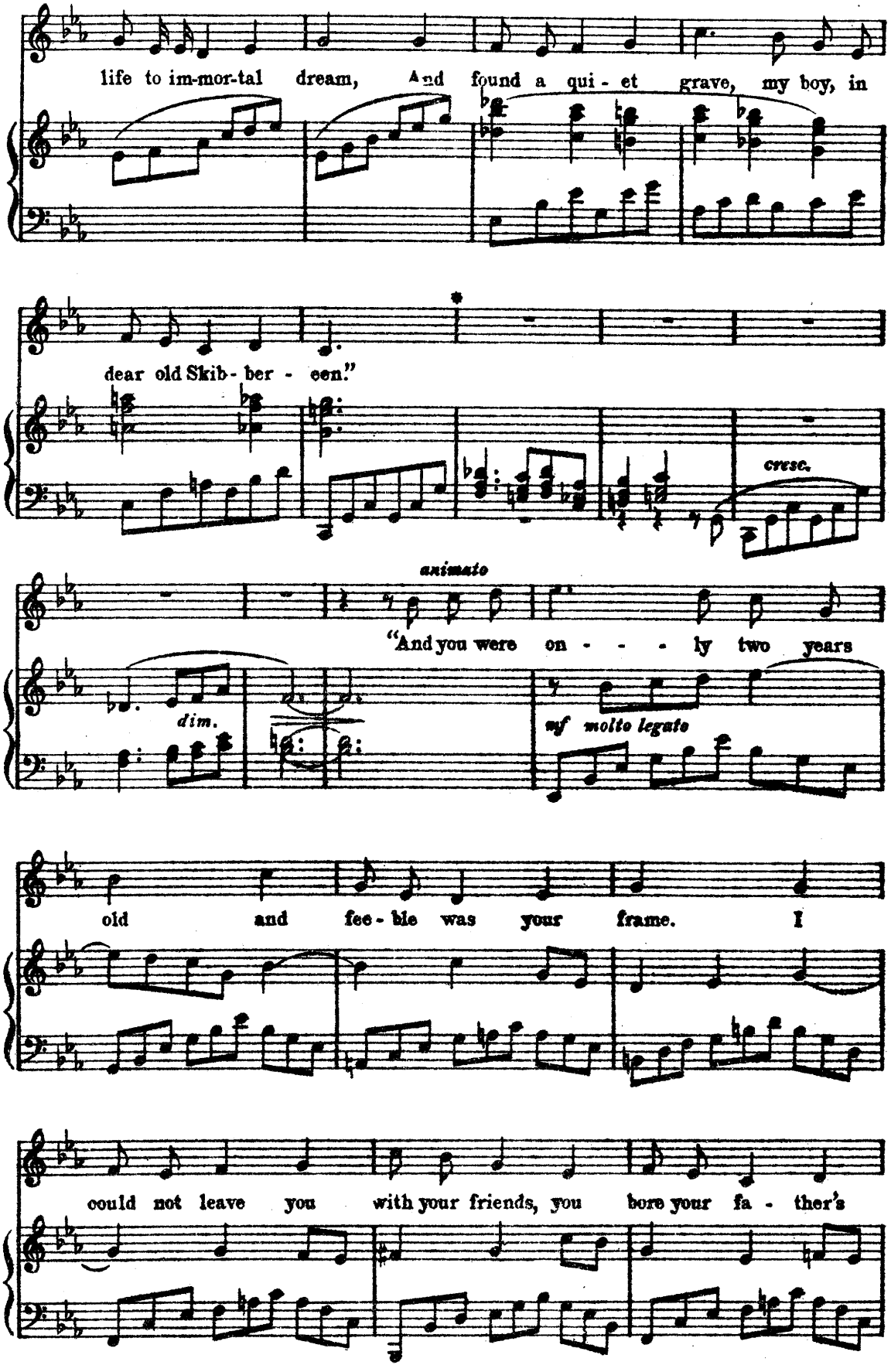
Traditional. COUNTY TYRONE.



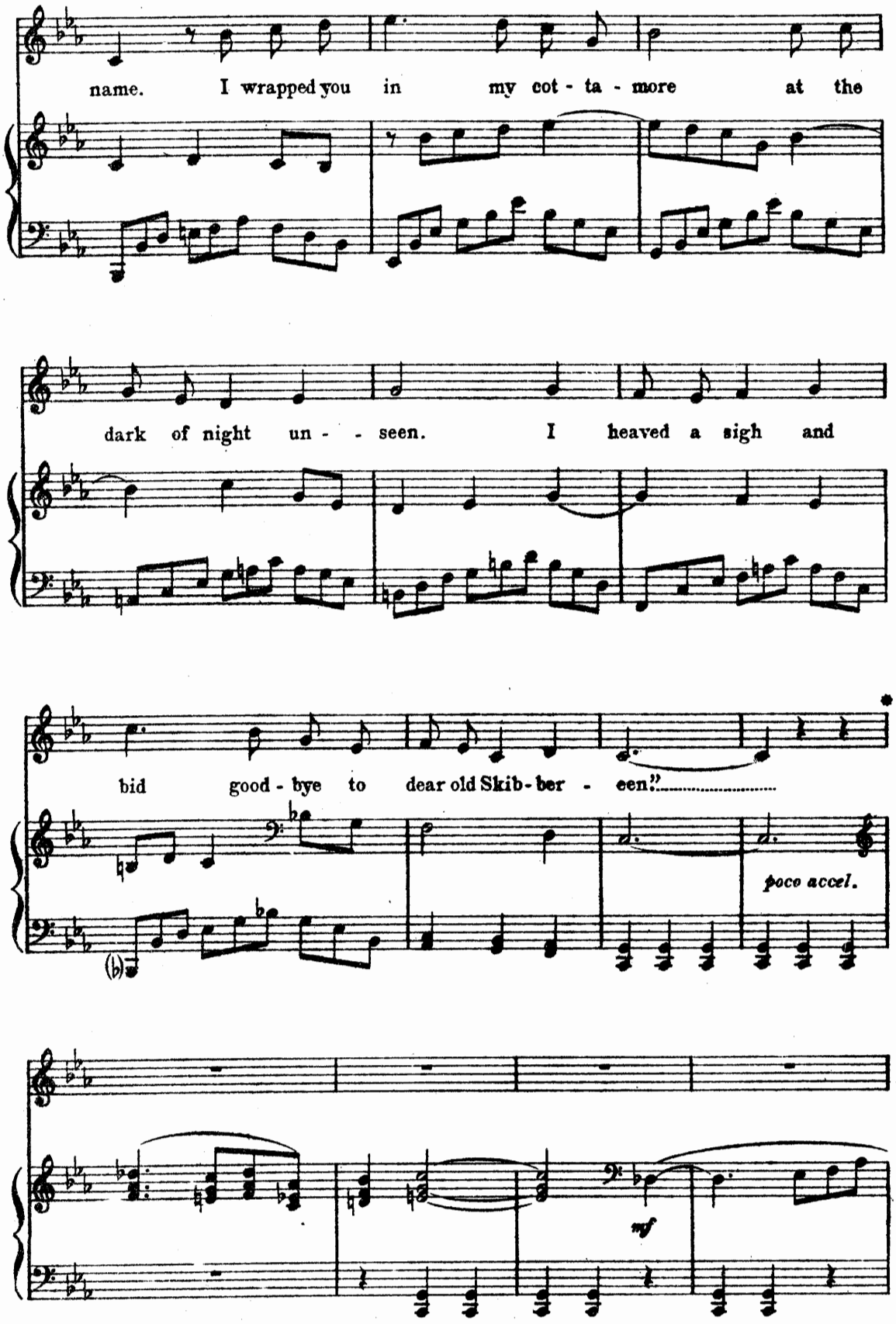

-in a prince might dwell. And why did you a - ban - don it,- the
rea-son to me tell."
"My son, I loved our na-tive land with
en-er-gy and pride, Un - til a blight came on my land, my
sheep and cat-tle died. The rent and tax - es were to pay, I

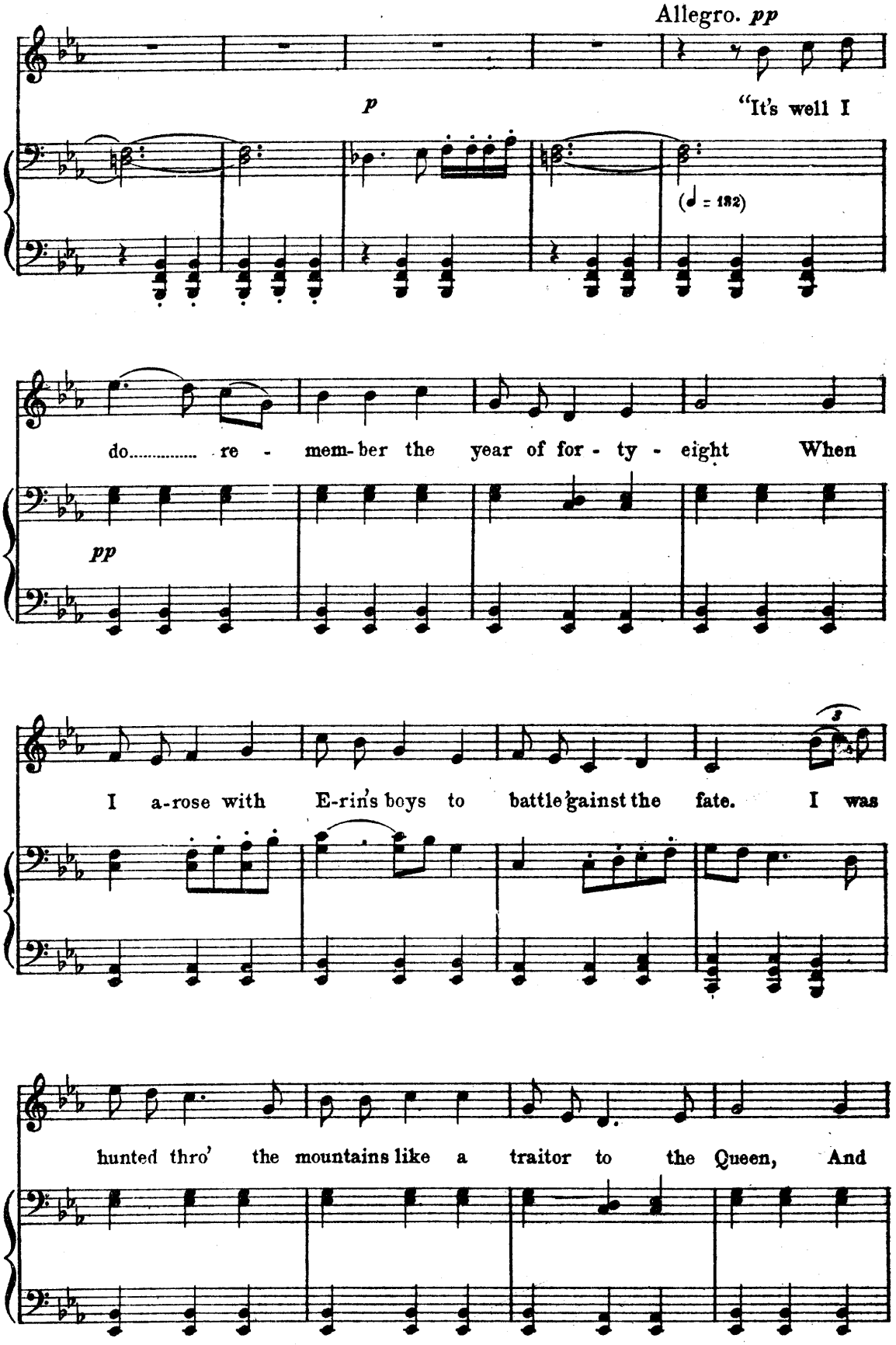

could not them re - deem, And that's the cru - el rea - son why I
left old Skib - ber - een."
"Oh it's well I do re - mem - ber that
p
bleak De-cem - ber day, The land-lord and the sheriff came to
drive us all a - way. They set my roof..... on fire with their

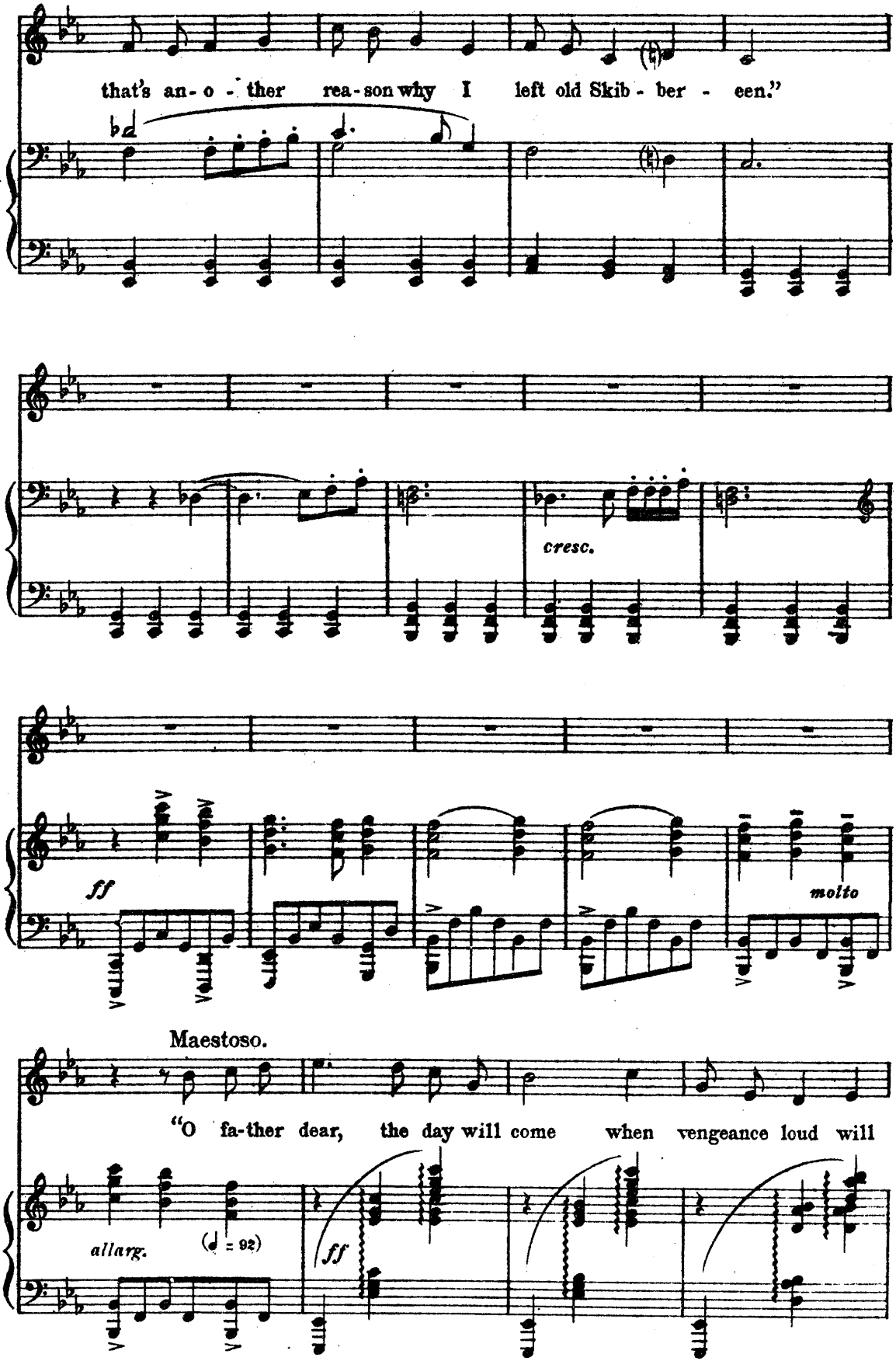

demon yel - low spleen, And that's an-o - ther rea - son why I
dim
left old Skib - ber-een. Your mo-ther too, (God rest her soul) lay
pp
on the snow-y ground, She faint-ed o'er in an-guish with the
des-o - la - tion round. She ne-ver rose, but passed a - way from

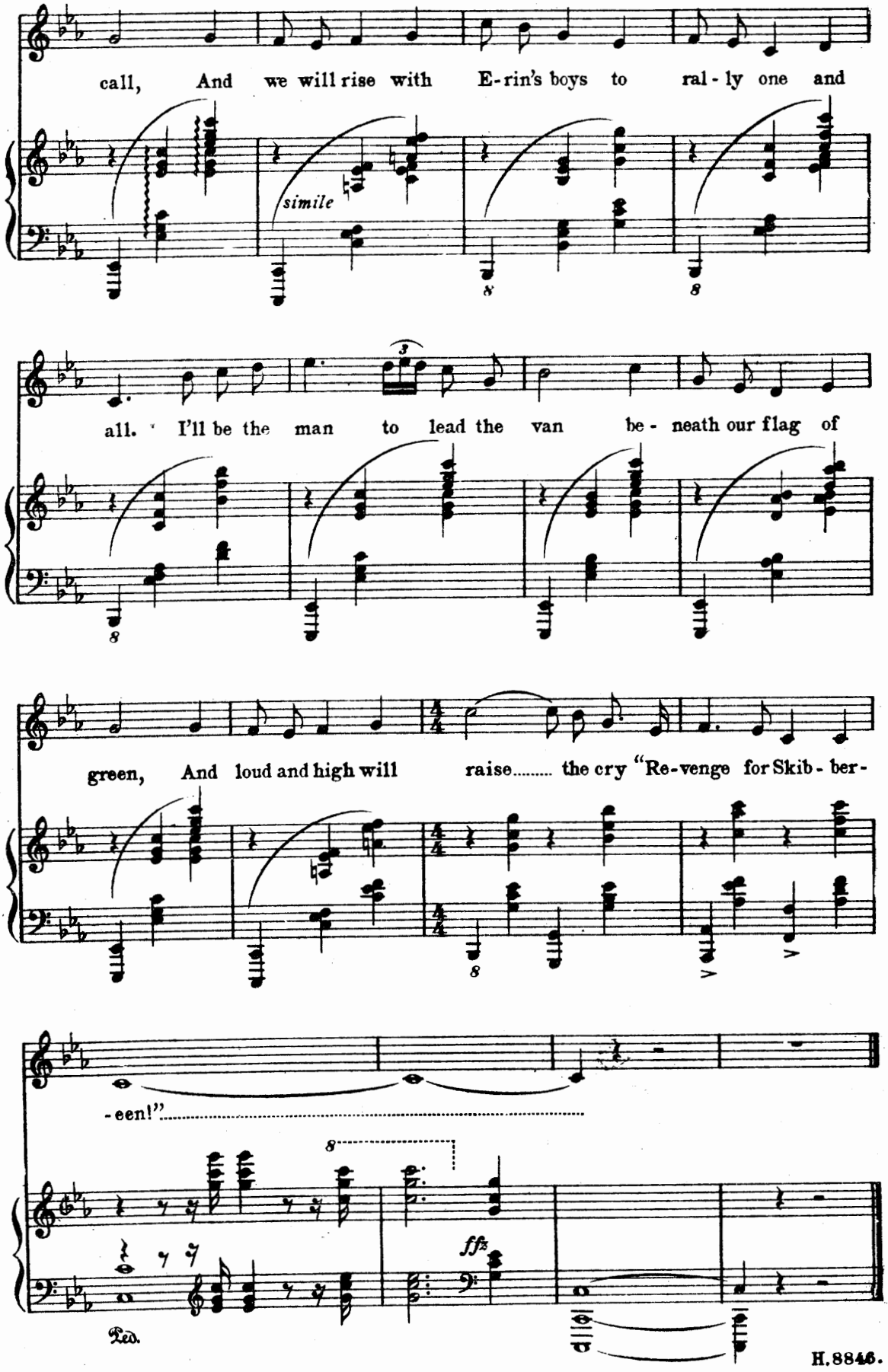


* The bars between the the asterisks may be omitted.


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.
mf


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

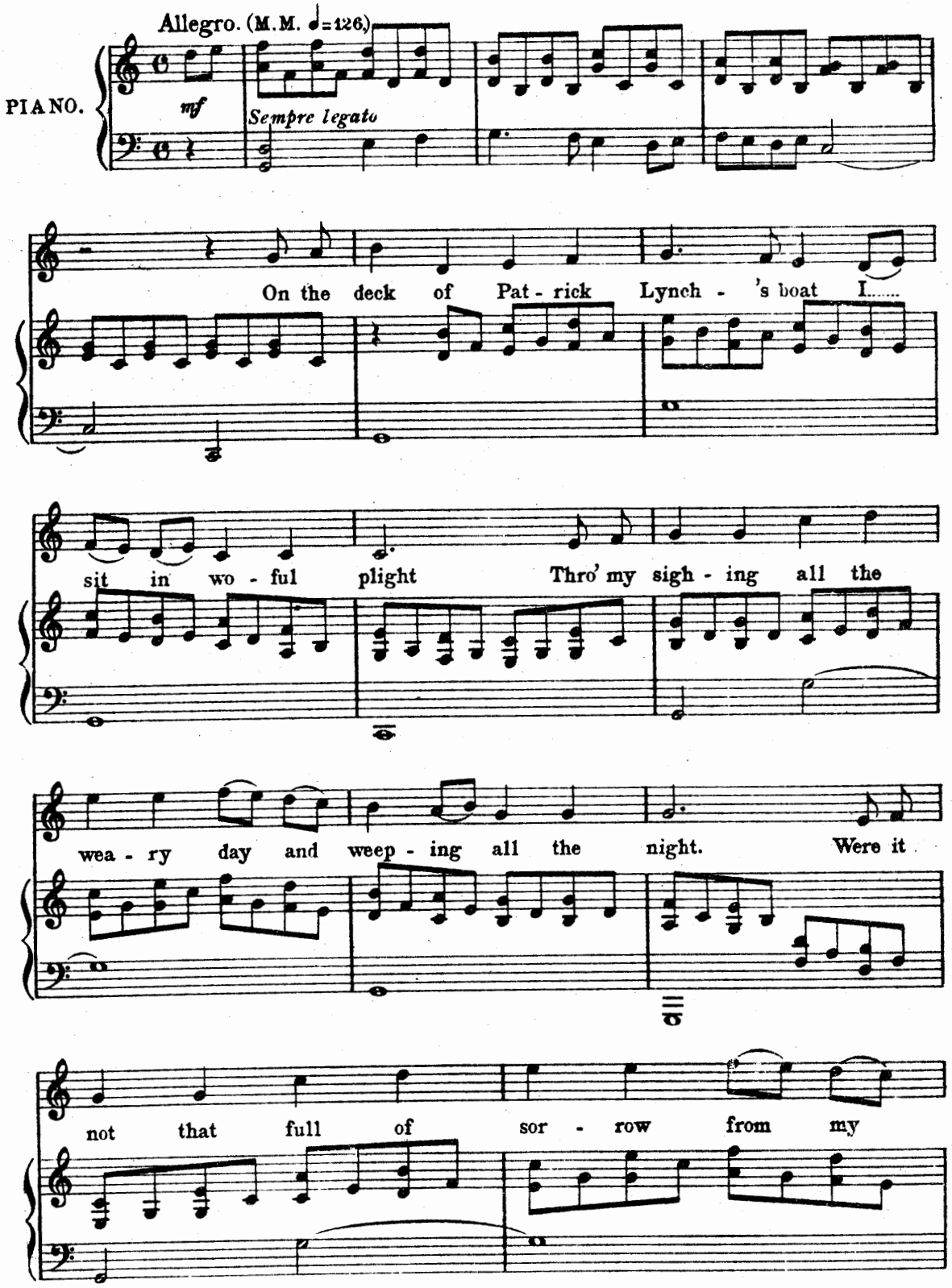

that's an- o - ther rea - son why I left old Skib - ber - een."
cresc.
ff
molto
Maestoso.
"O fa-ther dear, the day will come when vengeance loud will
allarg.
(♩ = 92)
ff

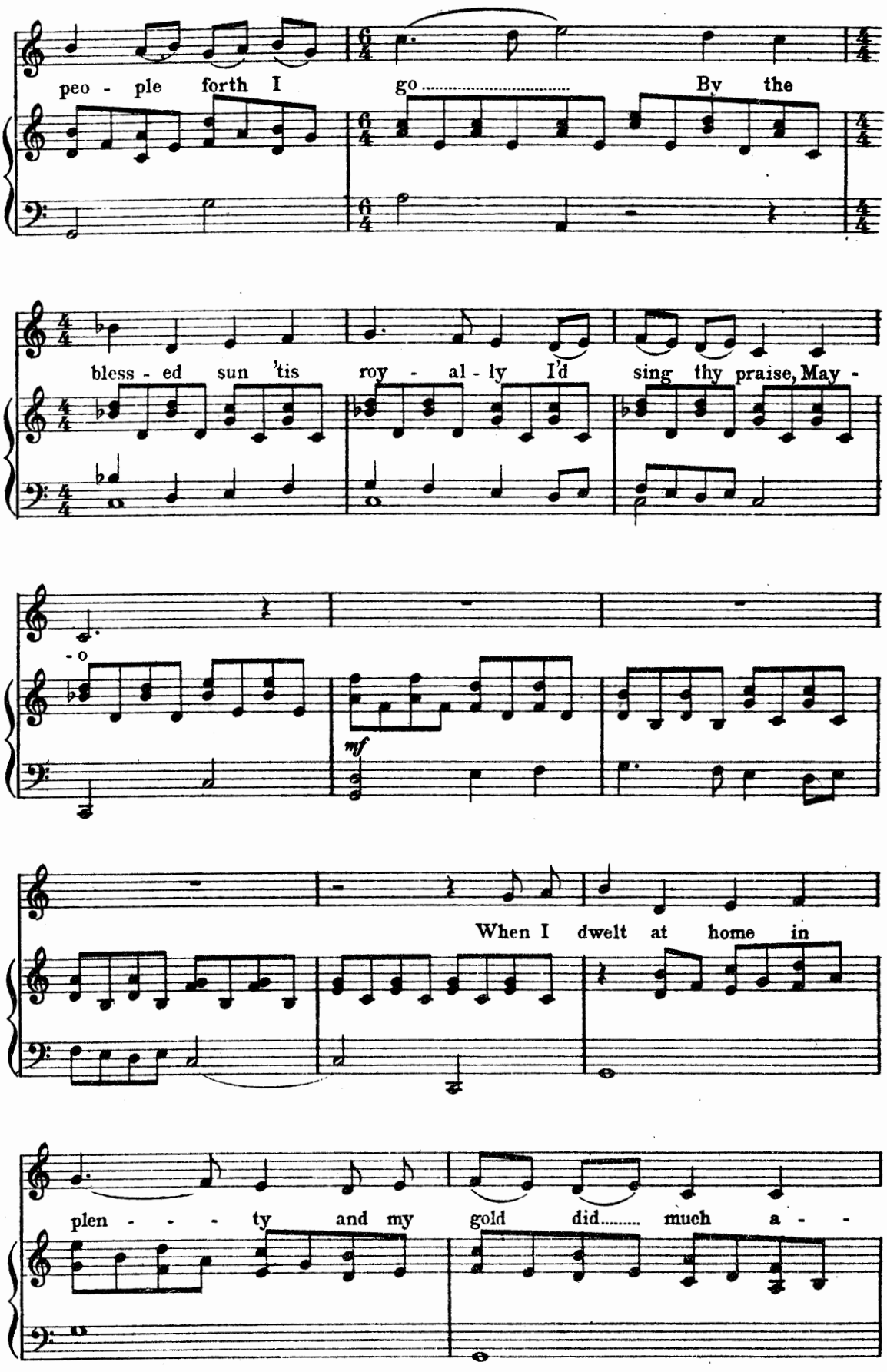

call, And we will rise with E-rin's boys to ral-ly one and
simile
all. I'll be the man to lead the van be-neath our flag of
green, And loud and high will raise..... the cry "Re-venge for Skib-ber-
-een!".....
ff
Ped.

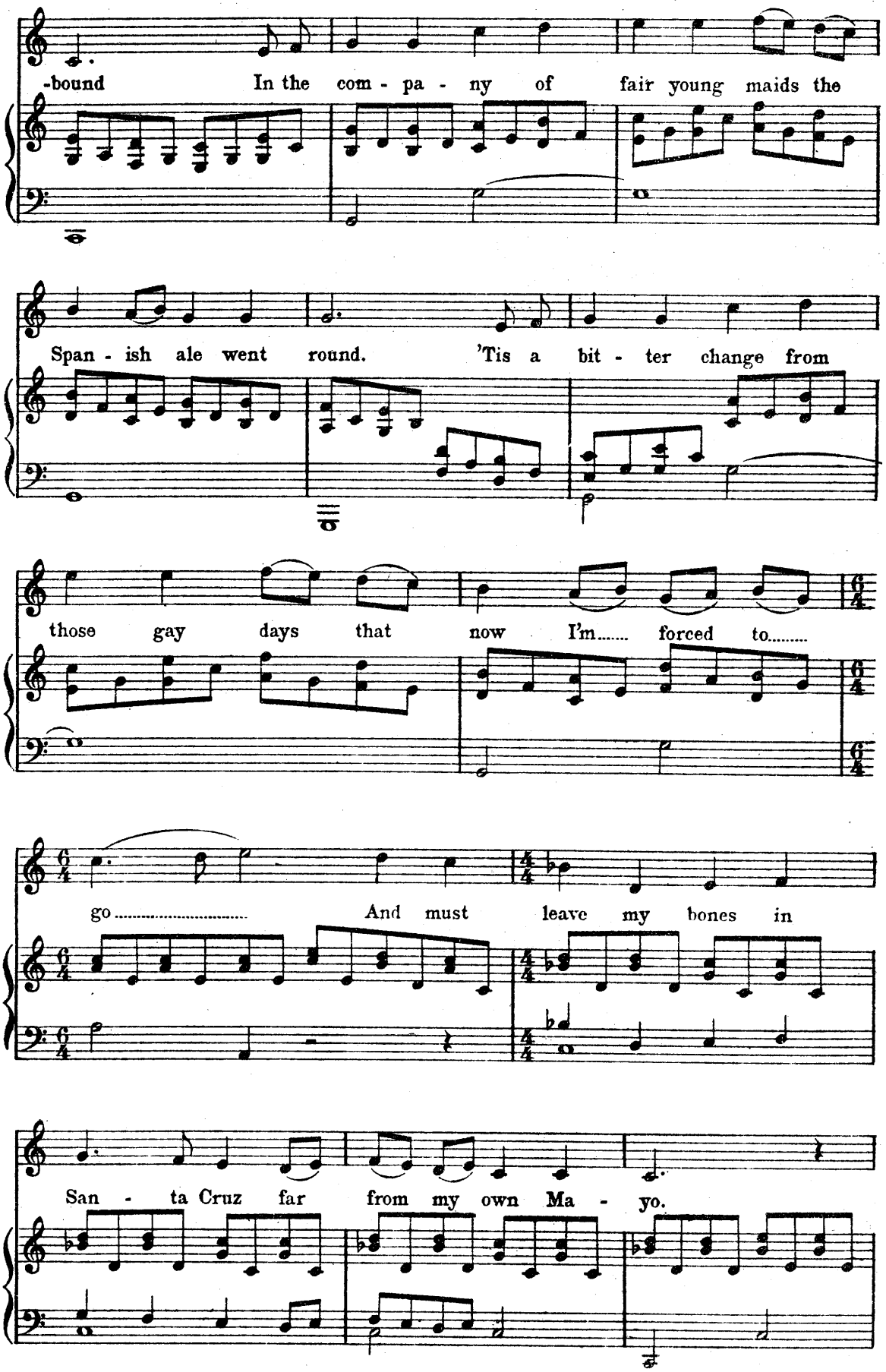
The County of Mayo.

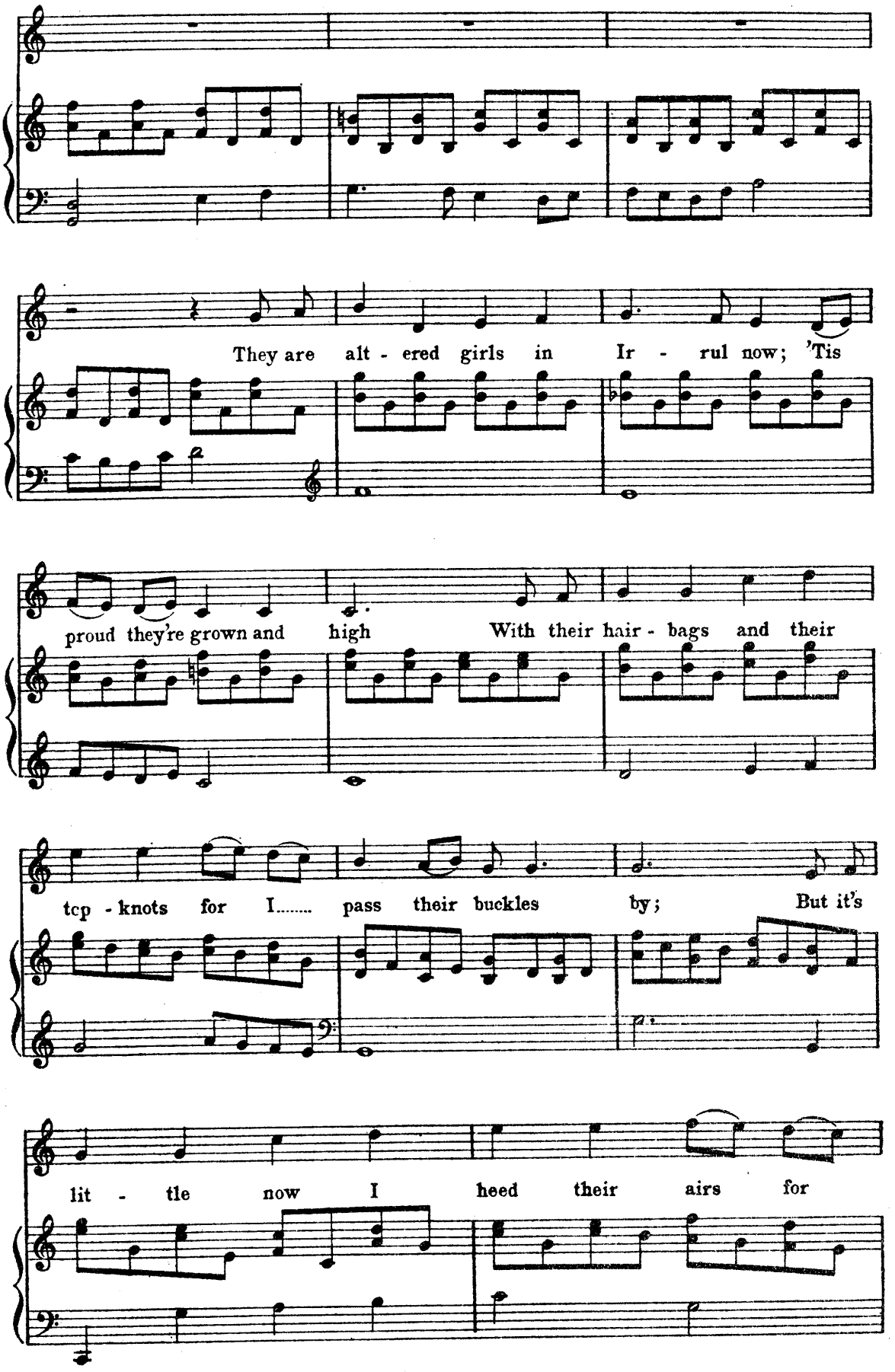
Translated from the Irish of Thomas Luvelle,
17th Century by George Fox.

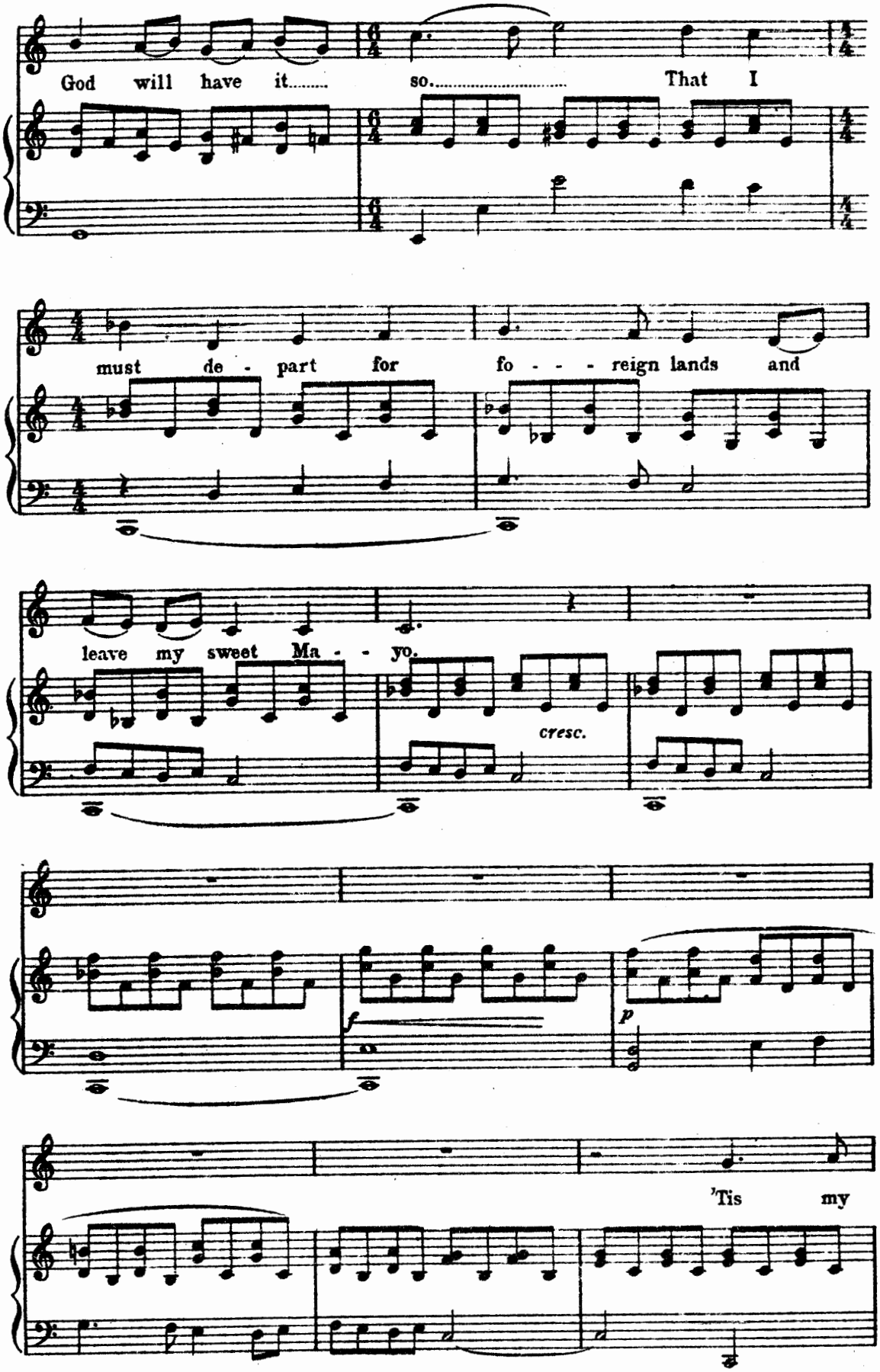
AIR.—"Billy Byrne of Ballymanus."

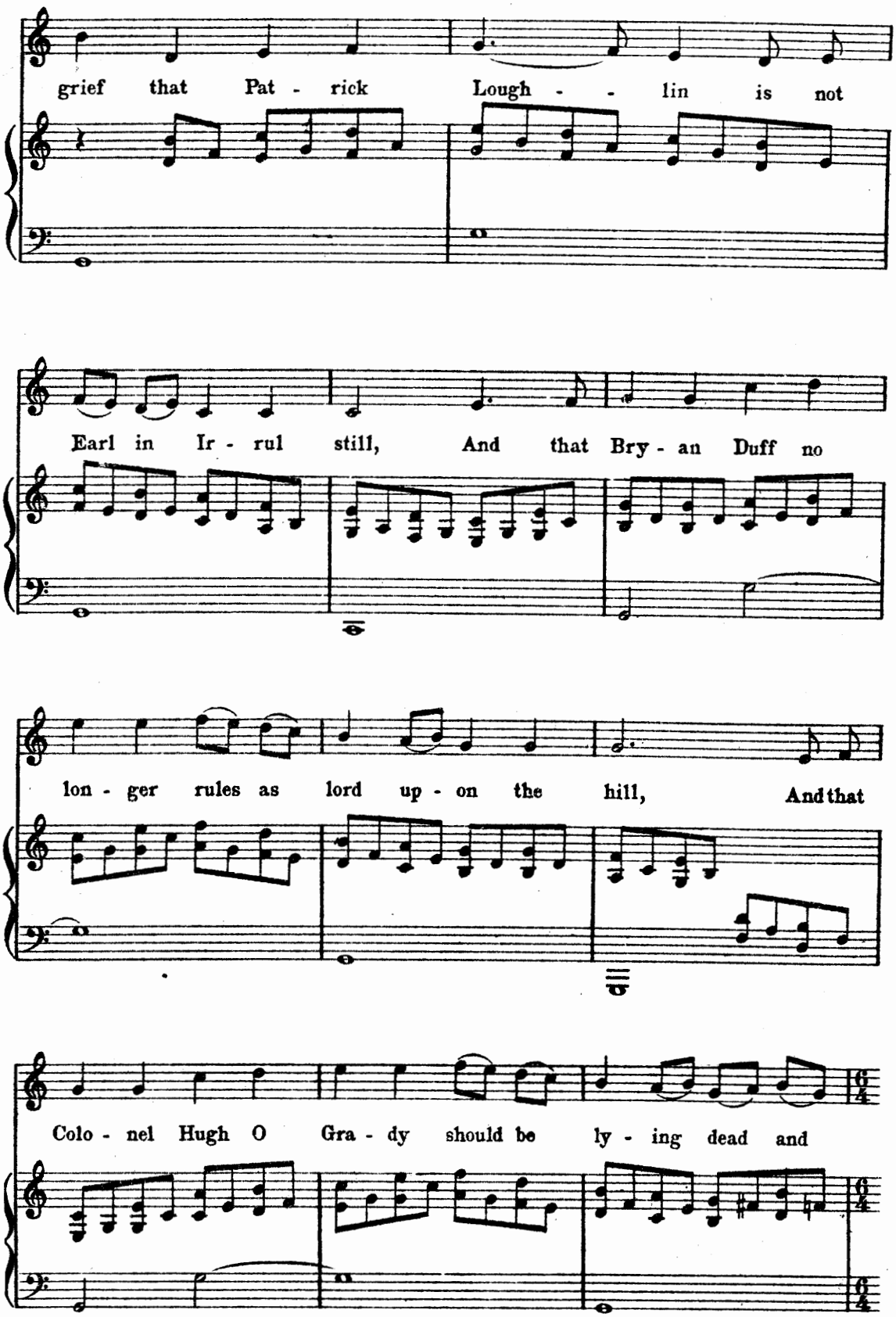


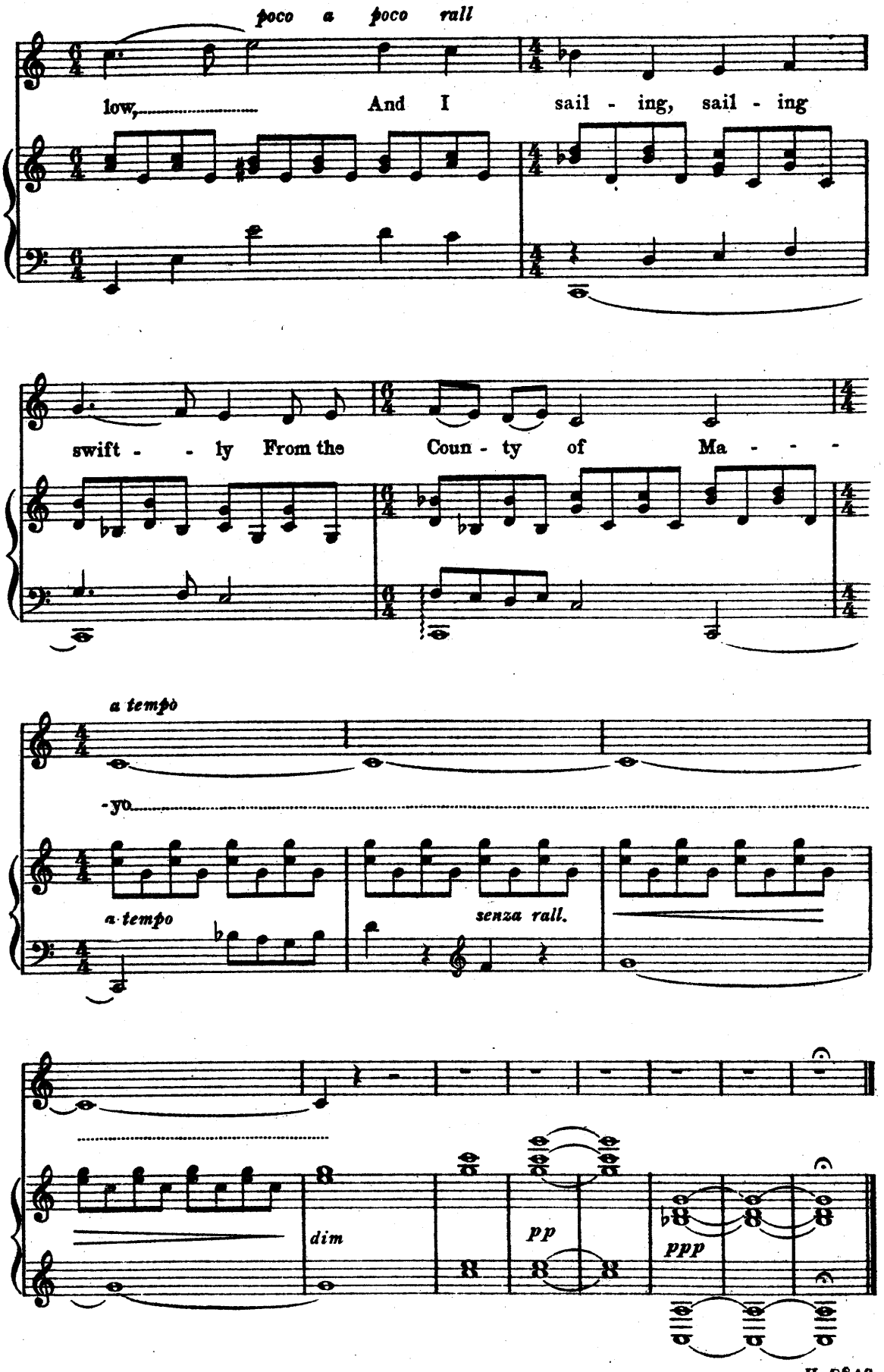

peo - ple forth I go By the
bless - ed sun 'tis roy - al - ly I'd sing thy praise, May -
- o
mf
When I dwelt at home in
plen - - - ty and my gold did..... much a - -


-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.


They are alt - ered girls in Ir - rul now; 'Tis
proud they're grown and high With their hair - bags and their
top - knots for I..... pass their buckles by; But it's
lit - tle now I heed their airs for


God will have it..... so..... That I
must de - part for fo - - - reign lands and
leave my sweet Ma - - yo.
cresc.
f
p
'Tis my

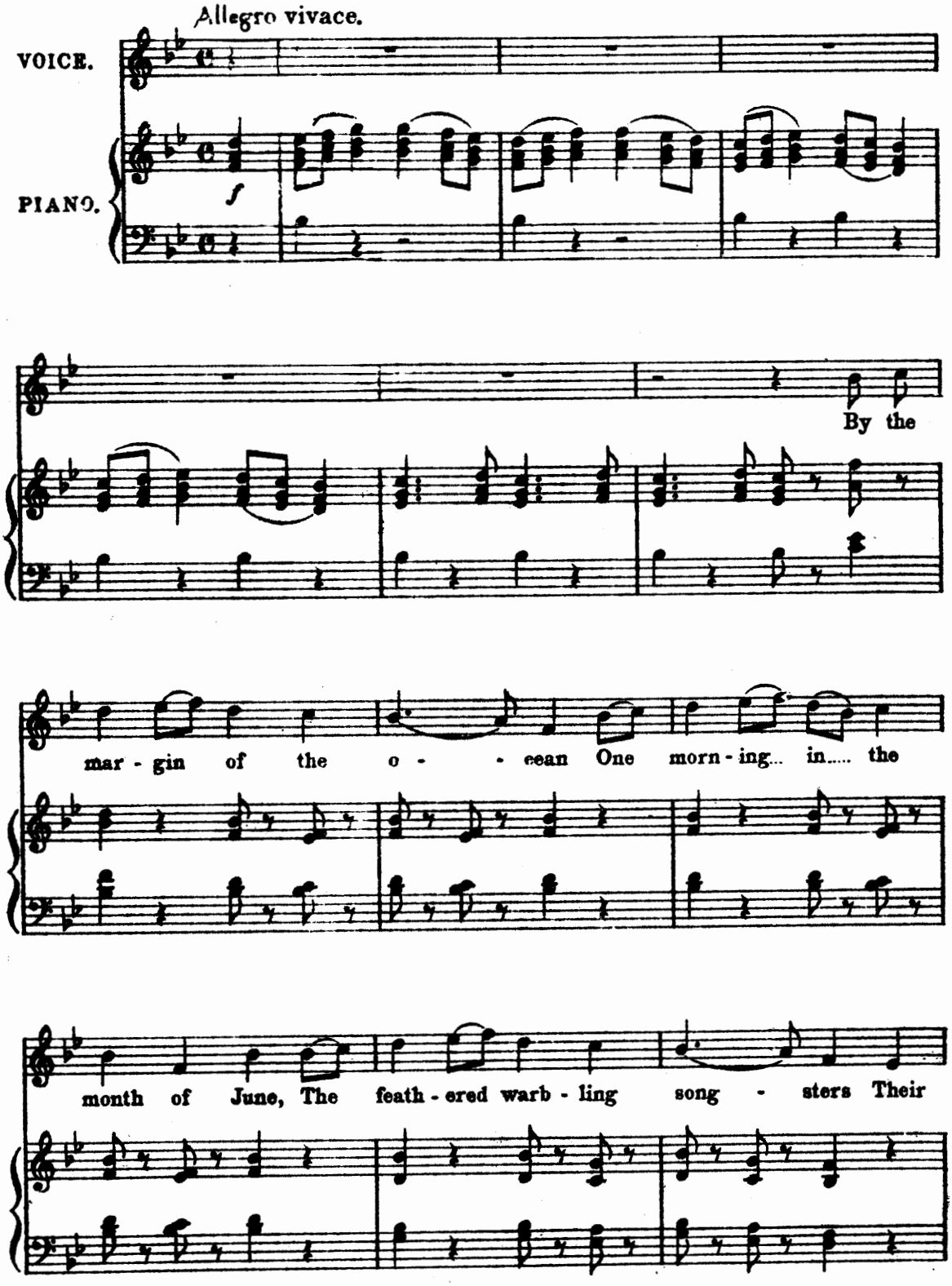

grief that Pat - rick Lough - - lin is not
Earl in Ir - rul still, And that Bry - an Duff no
lon - ger rules as lord up - on the hill, And that
Colo - nel Hugh O Gra - dy should be ly - ing dead and

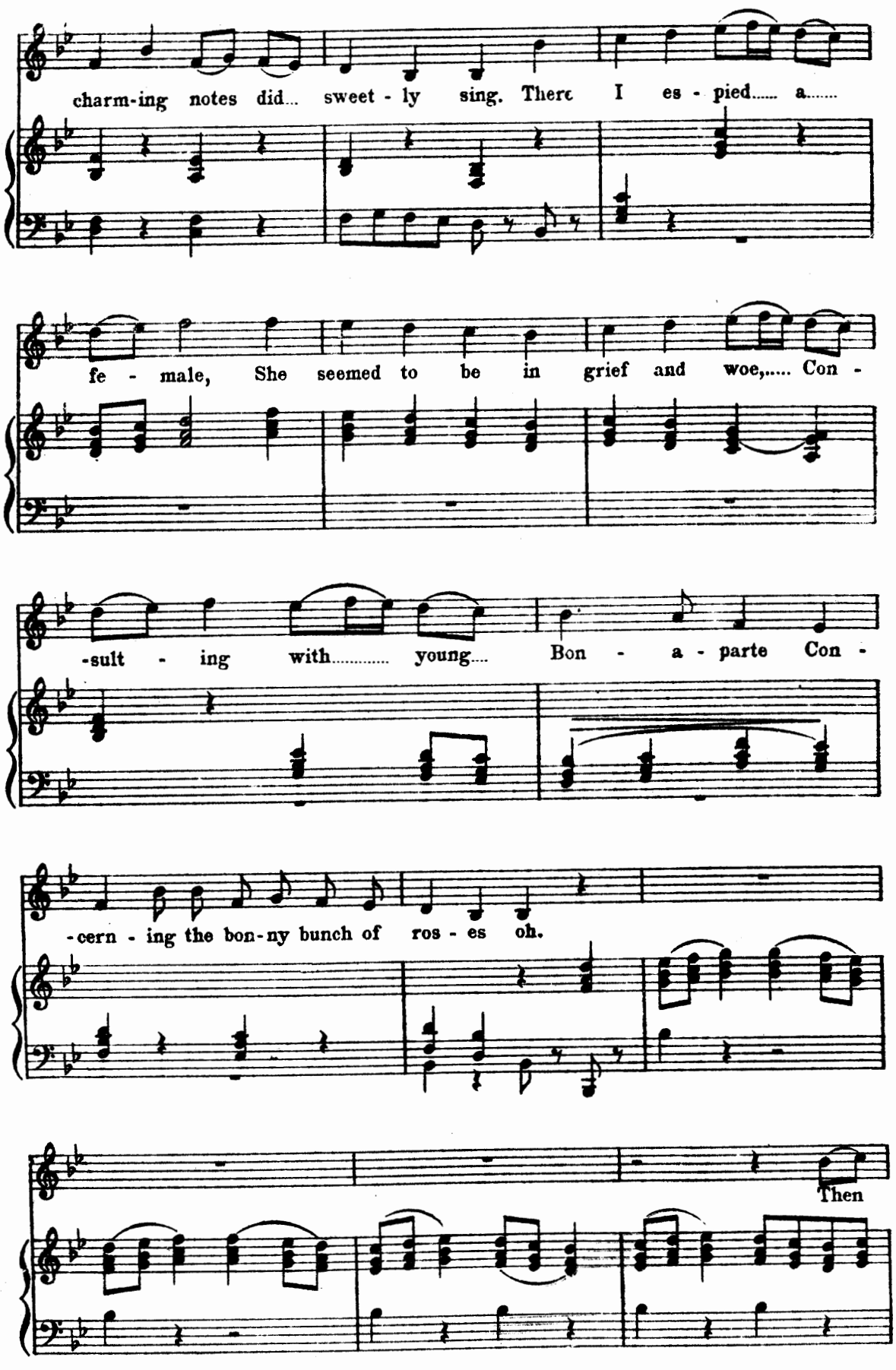

poco a poco rall
low,
And I sail - ing, sail - ing
swift - - ly From the Coun - ty of Ma - - -
a tempo
-yo
a tempo
senza rall.
dim
pp
ppp

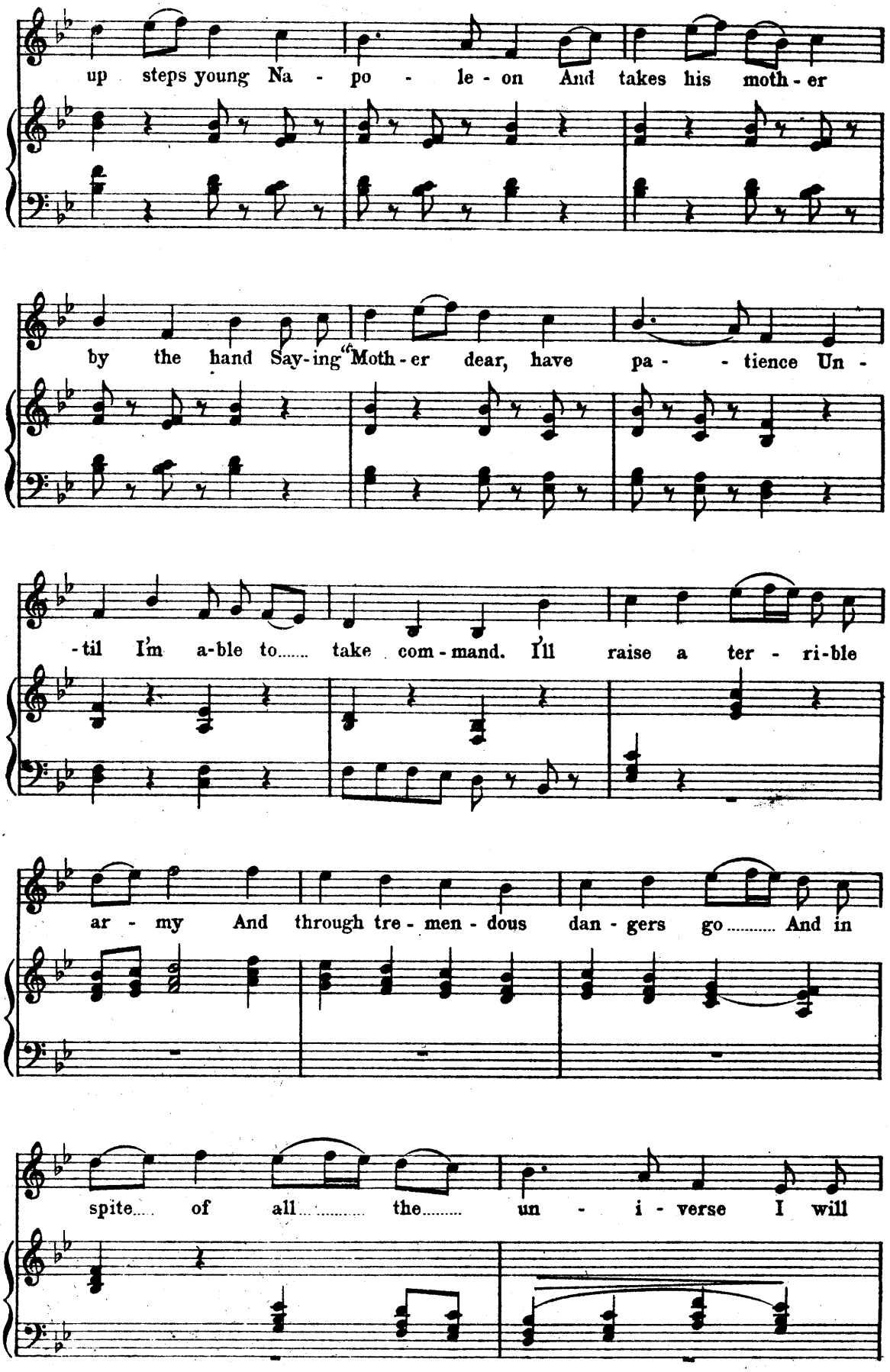
The Bonny Bunch of Roses.

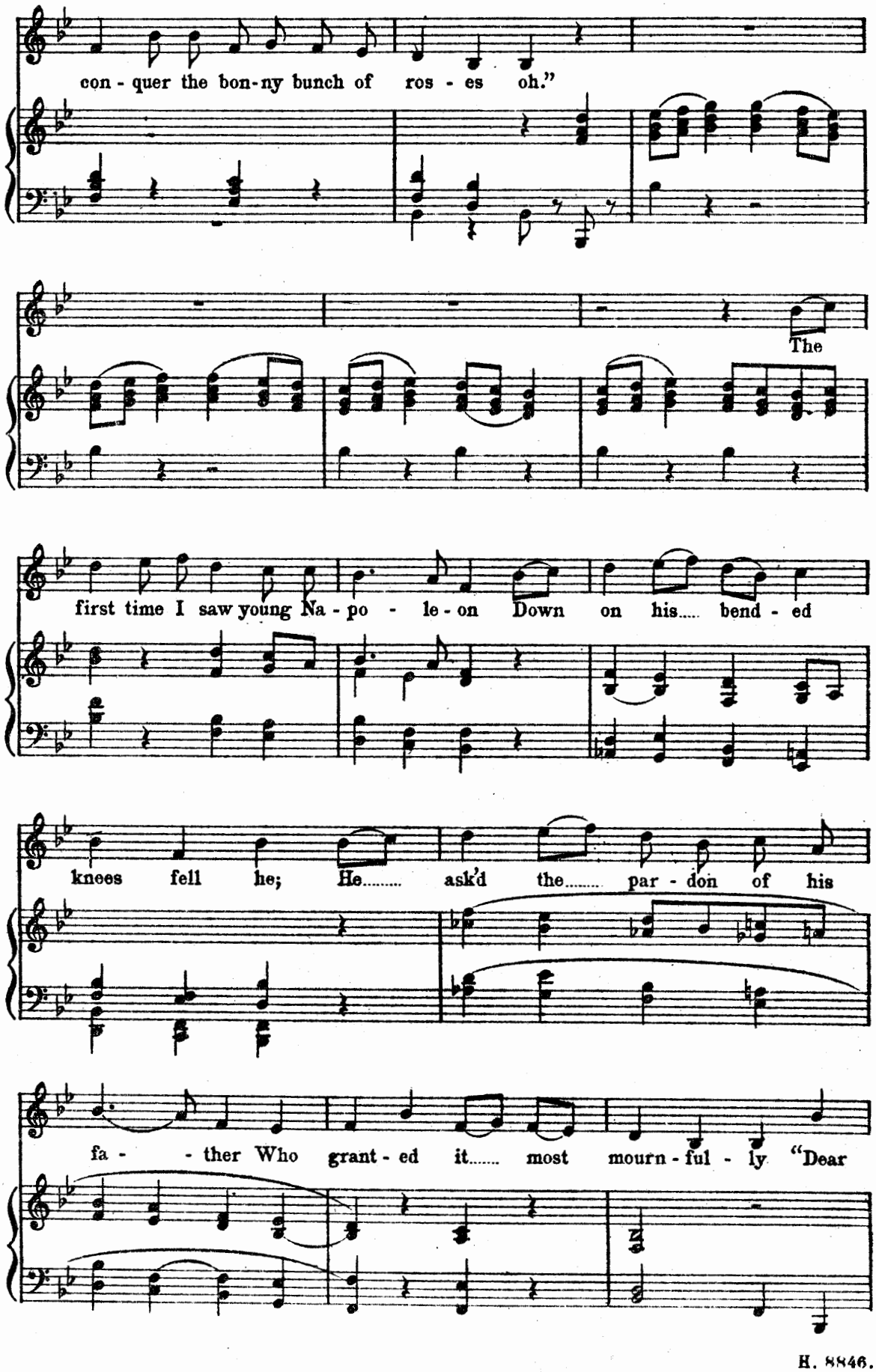
A BALLAD OF NAPOLEON.

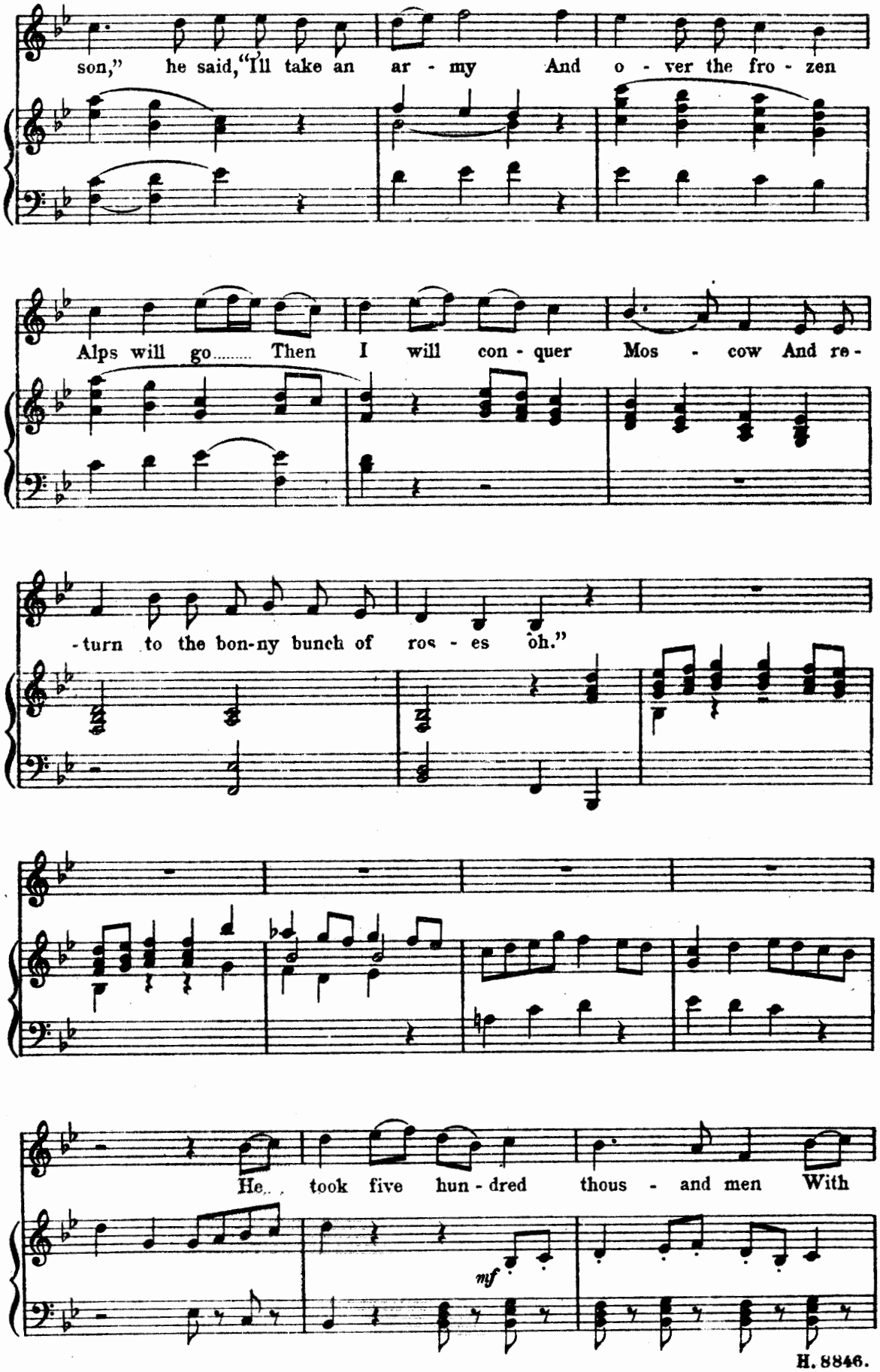
Traditional. Tyrone version.

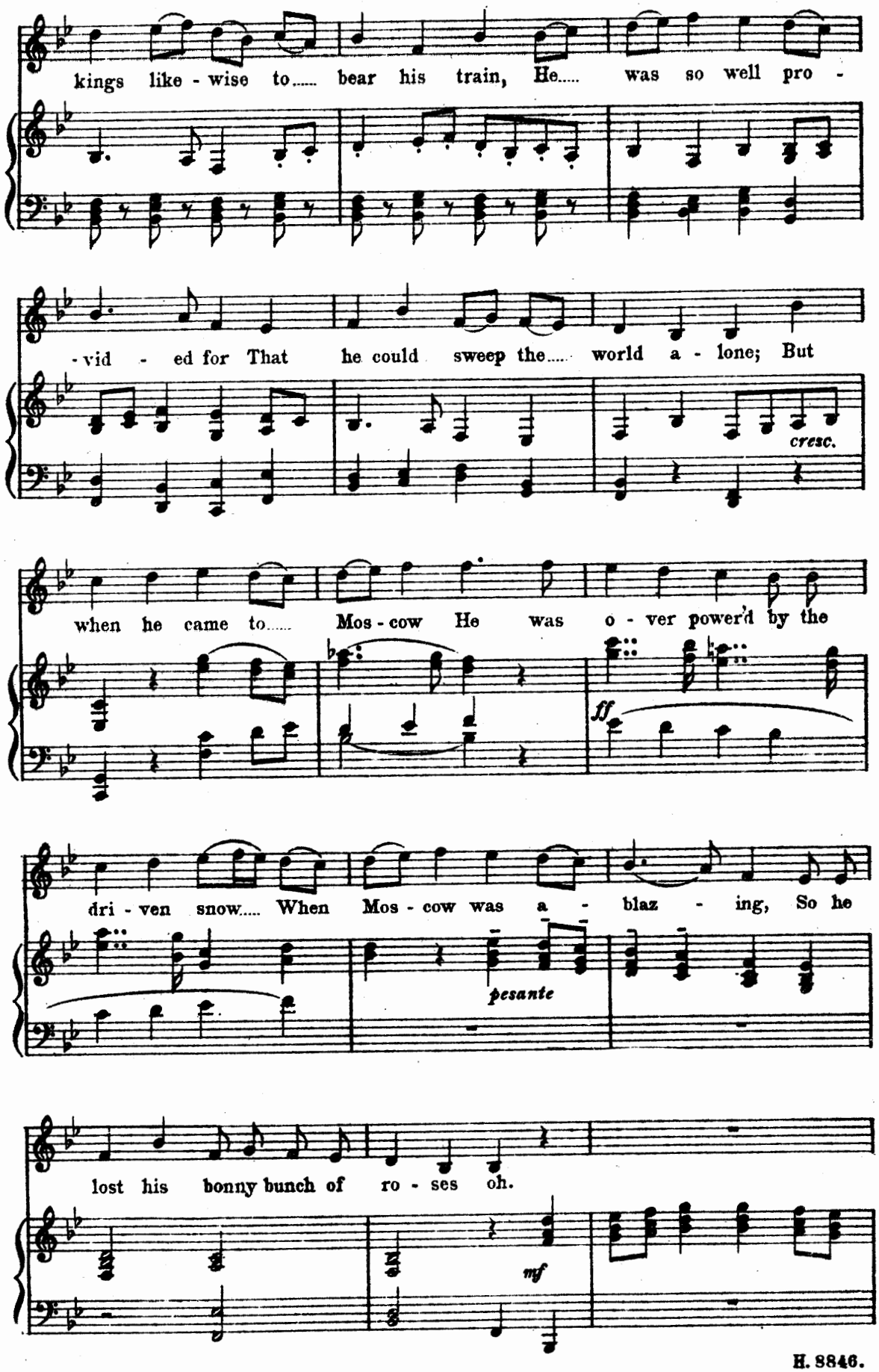


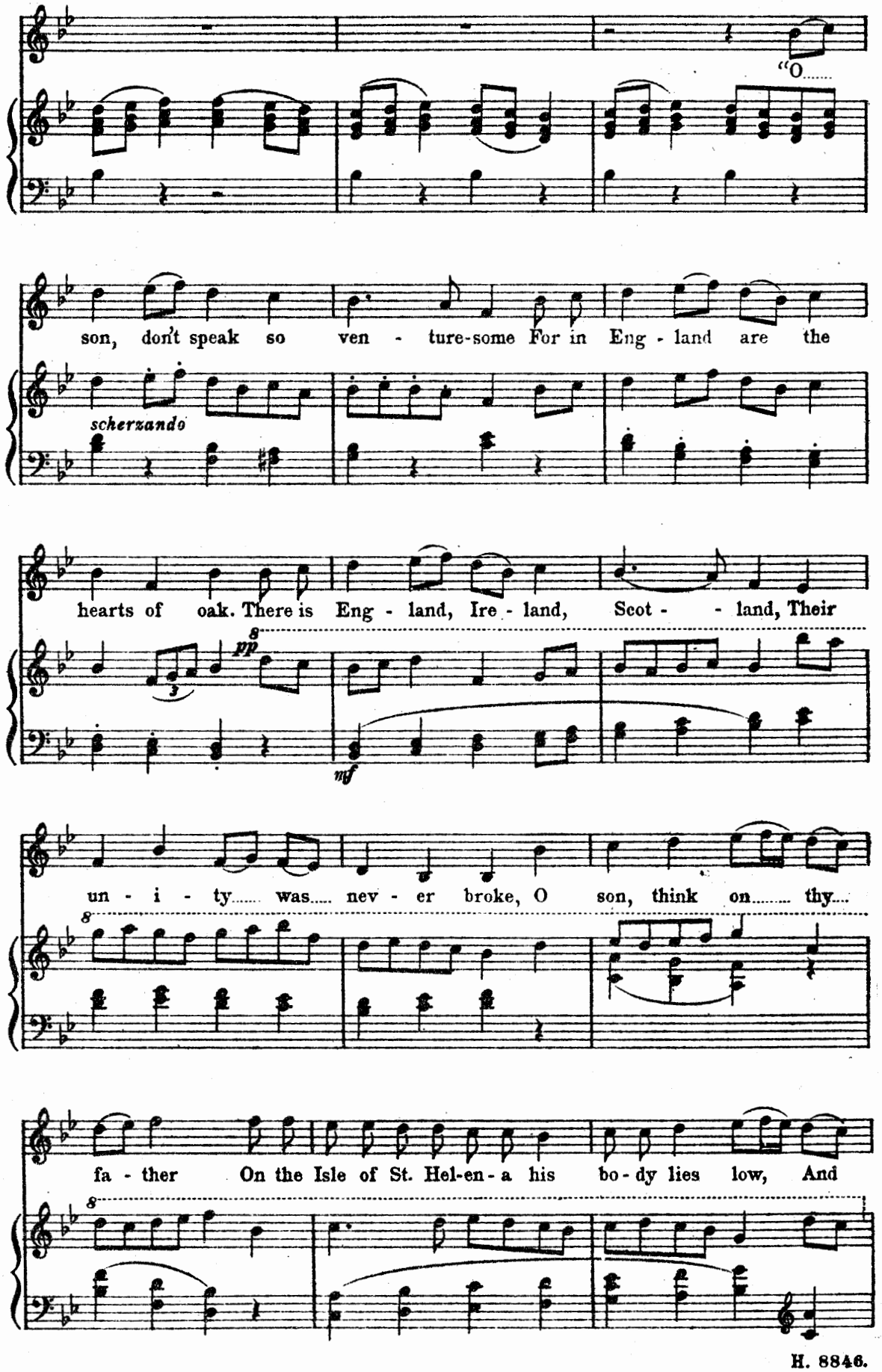

charm-ing notes did... sweet - ly sing. There I es - pied..... a.....
fe - male, She seemed to be in grief and woe,..... Con -
-sult - ing with..... young.... Bon - a - parte Con -
-cern - ing the bon-ny bunch of ros - es oh.
Then

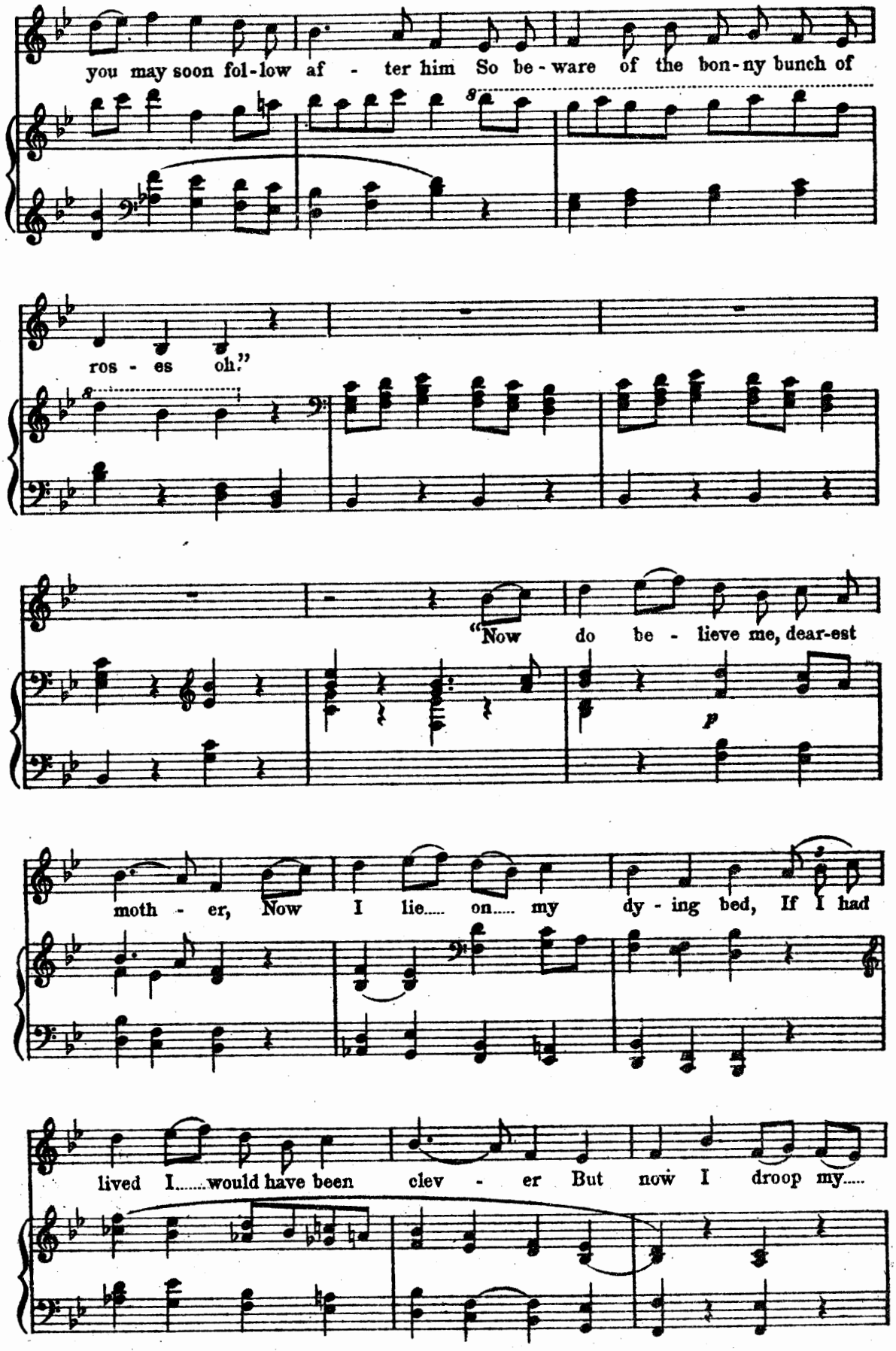

up steps young Na - po - le - on And takes his moth - er
by the hand Say-ing "Moth - er dear, have pa - - tience Un -
-til I'm a-ble to..... take com - mand. I'll raise a ter - ri-ble
ar - my And through tre - men - dous dan - gers go..... And in
spite.... of all..... the..... un - i - verse I will

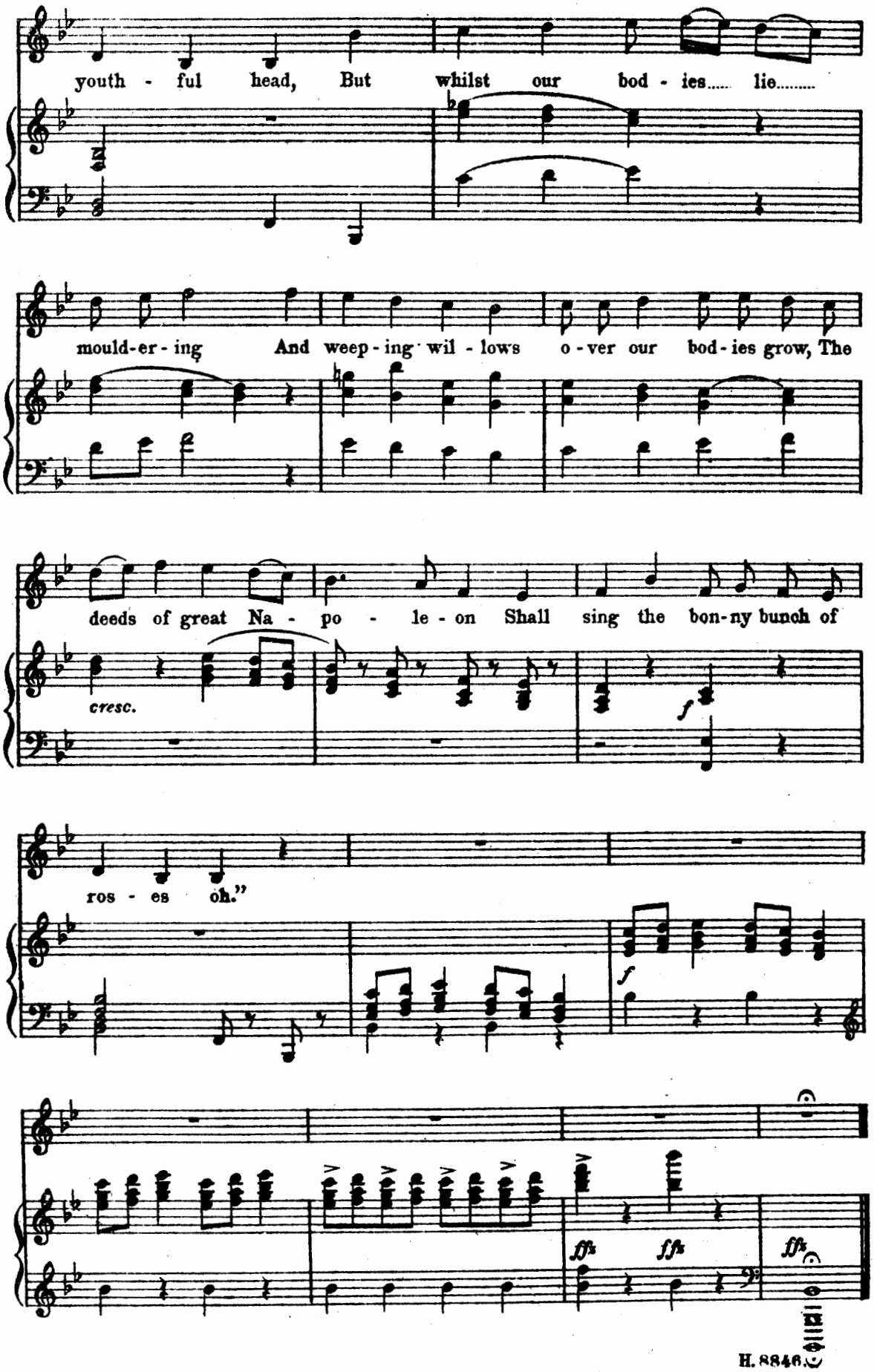

con - quer the bon-ny bunch of ros - es oh."
The
first time I saw young Na - po - le - on Down on his..... bend - ed
knees fell he; He..... ask'd the..... par - don of his
fa - - ther Who grant - ed it..... most mourn - ful - ly "Dear


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
mf


kings like - wise to..... bear his train, He..... was so well pro -
- vid - ed for That he could sweep the..... world a - lone; But
cresc.
when he came to..... Mos - cow He was o - ver power'd by the
ff
dri - ven snow..... When Mos - cow was a - blaz - ing, So he
pesante
lost his bonny bunch of ro - ses oh.
mf

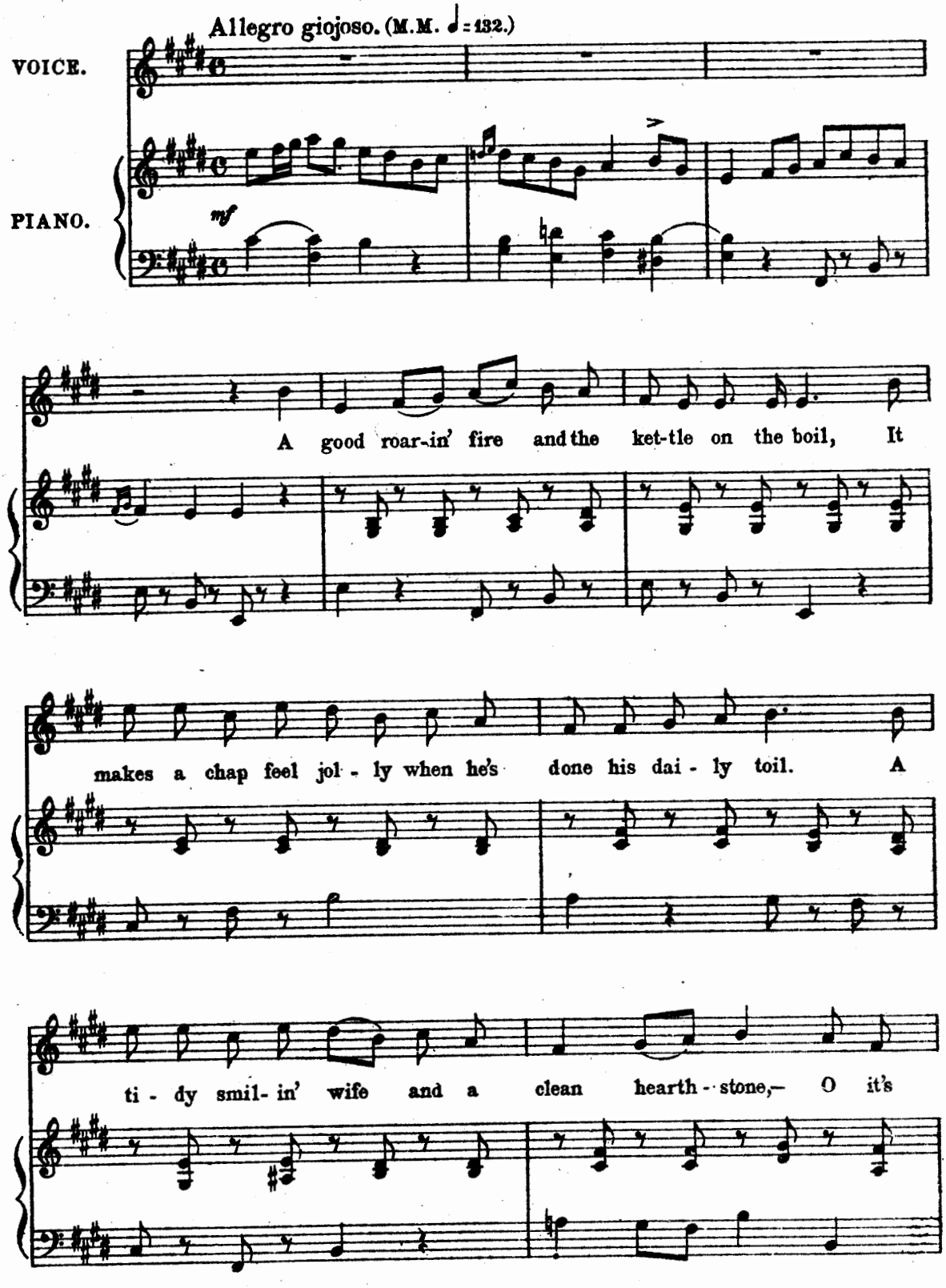

"O
son, don't speak so ven - ture-some For in Eng - land are the
scherzando
hearts of oak. There is Eng - land, Ire - land, Scot - - land, Their
pp
mf
un - i - ty was nev - er broke, O son, think on thy
fa - ther On the Isle of St. Hel-en-a his bo - dy lies low, And

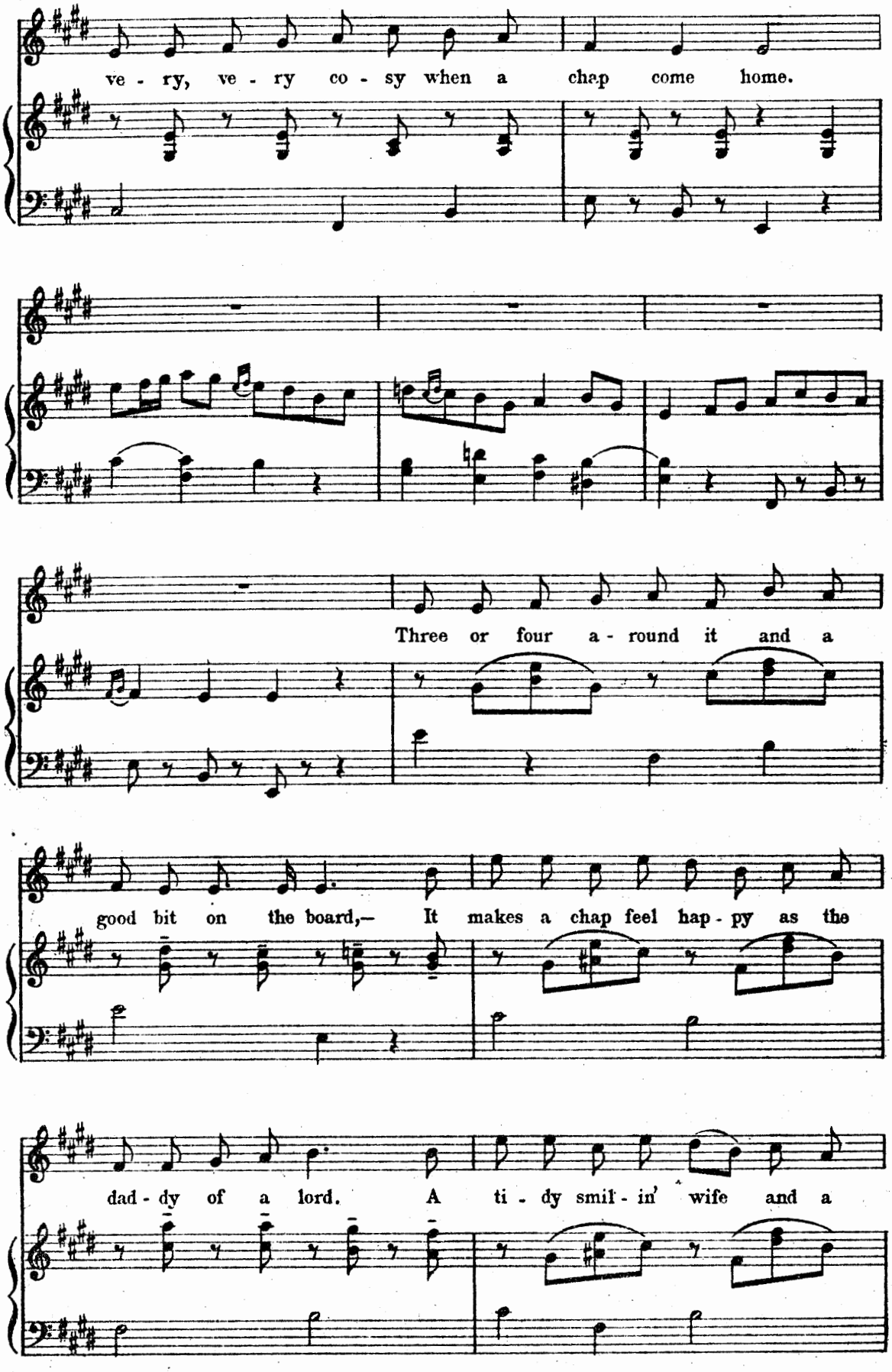

you may soon fol-low af - ter him So be-ware of the bon-ny bunch of
ros - es oh."
"Now do be - lieve me, dear-est
p
moth - er, Now I lie..... on..... my dy - ing bed, If I had
lived I.....would have been clev - er But now I droop my.....

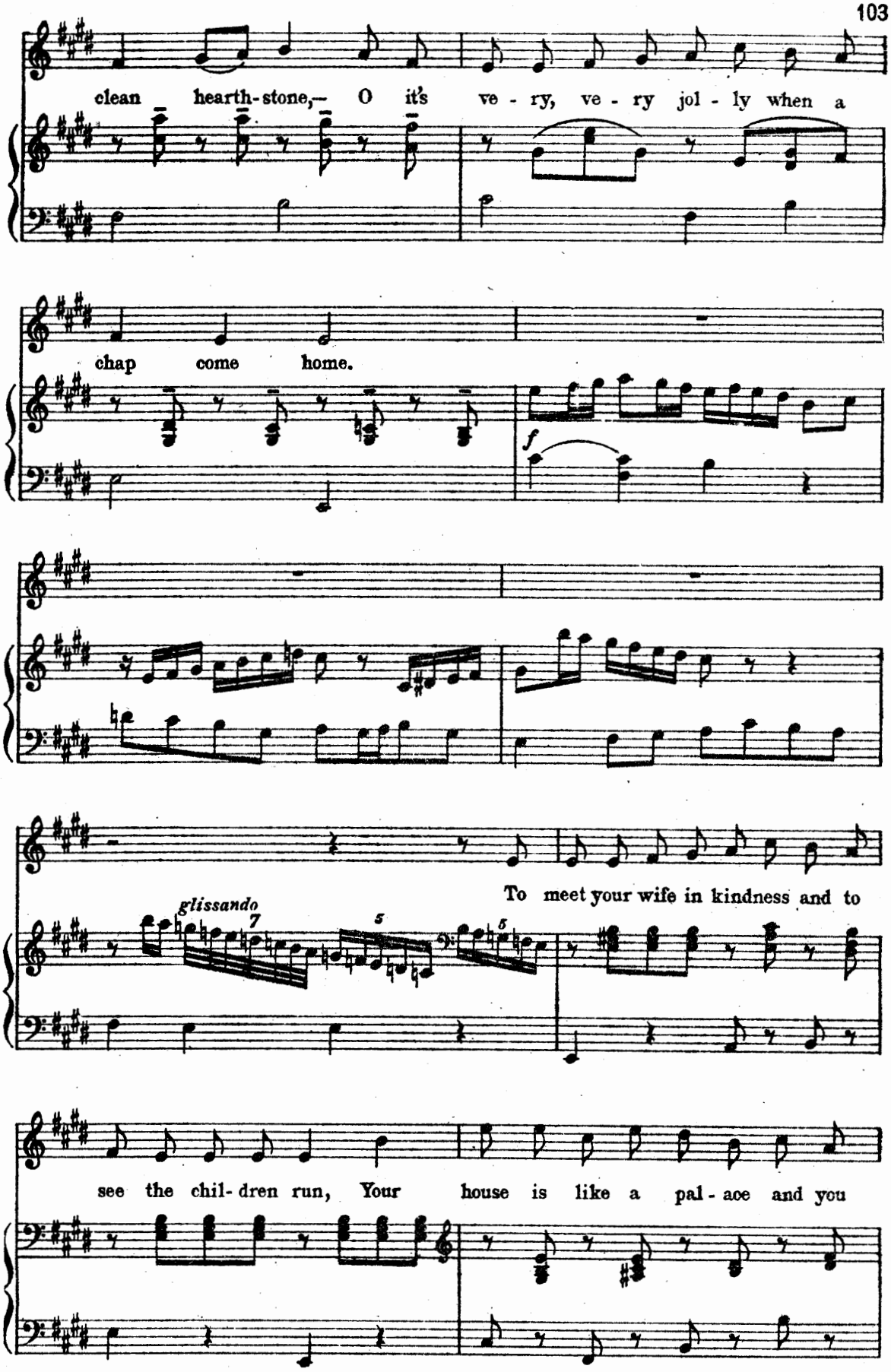

youth - ful head, But whilst our bod - ies..... lie.....
mould-er - ing And weep - ing wil - lows o - ver our bod - ies grow, The
deeds of great Na - po - le - on Shall sing the bon-ny bunch of
cresc.
f
ros - es oh."
f
fff
fff
fff

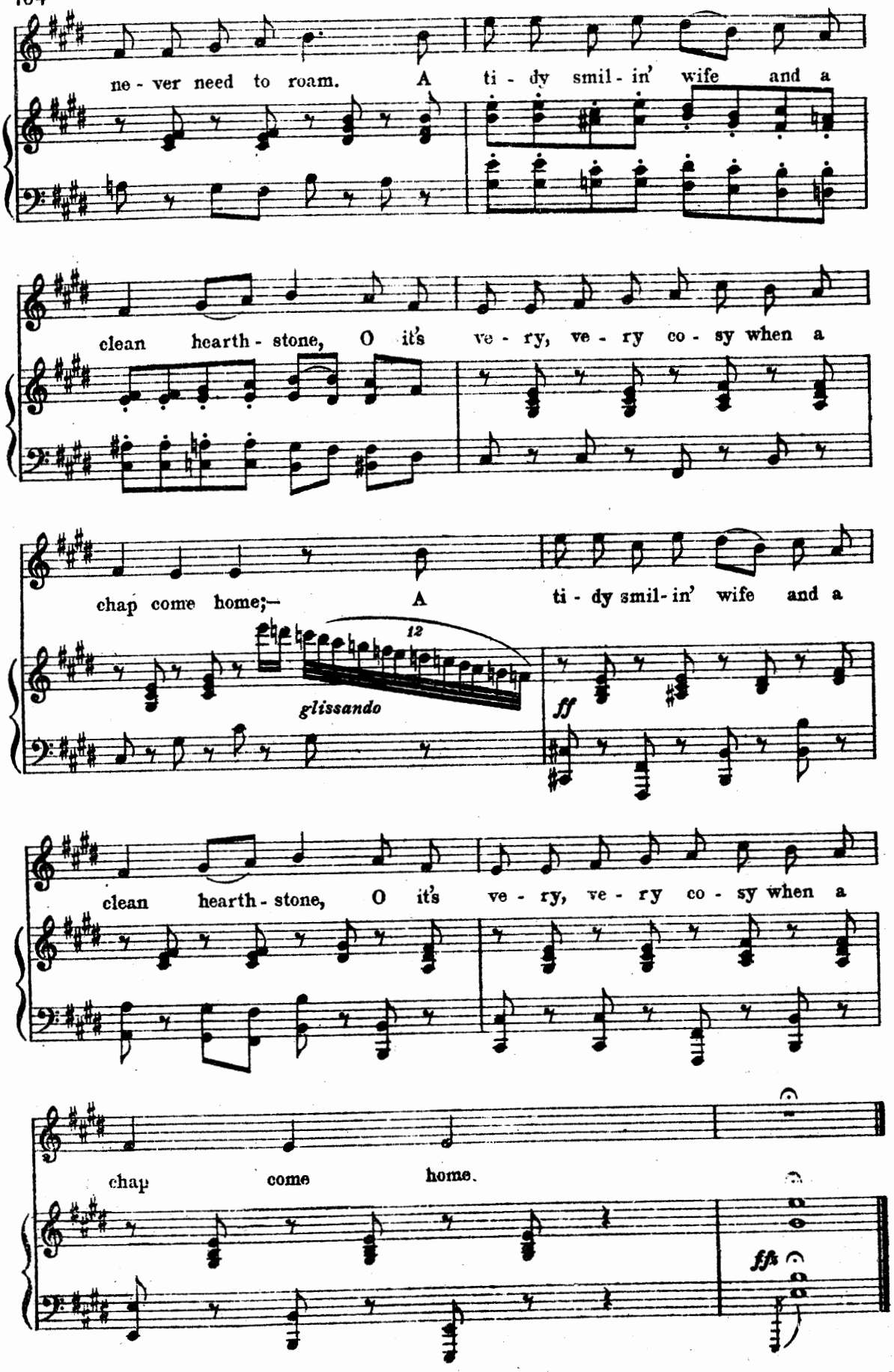
A good roarin' fire.

Old Song. COUNTY DERRY.



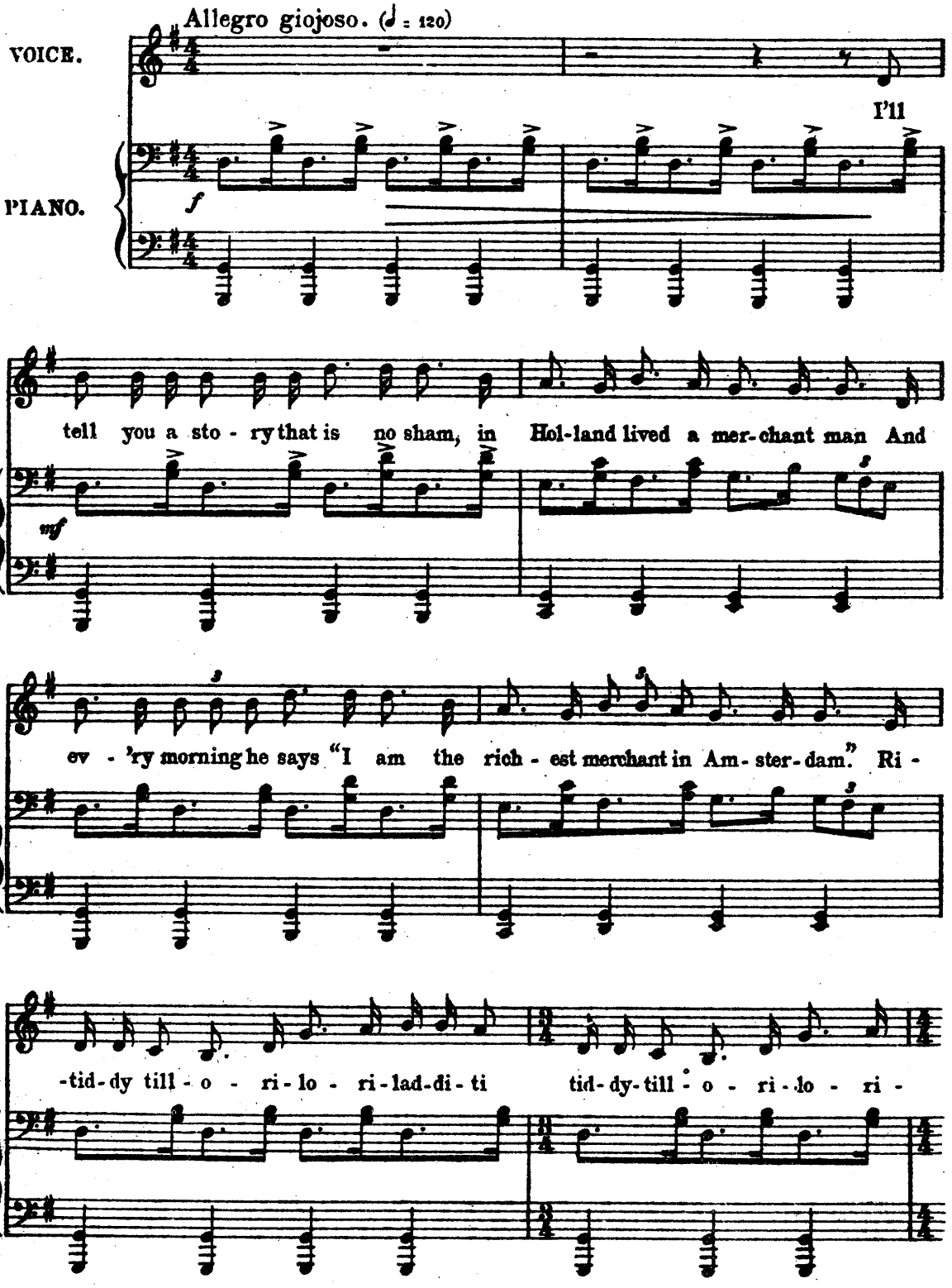

ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a chap come home.
Three or four a - round it and a
good bit on the board,— It makes a chap feel hap - py as the
dad - dy of a lord. A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a

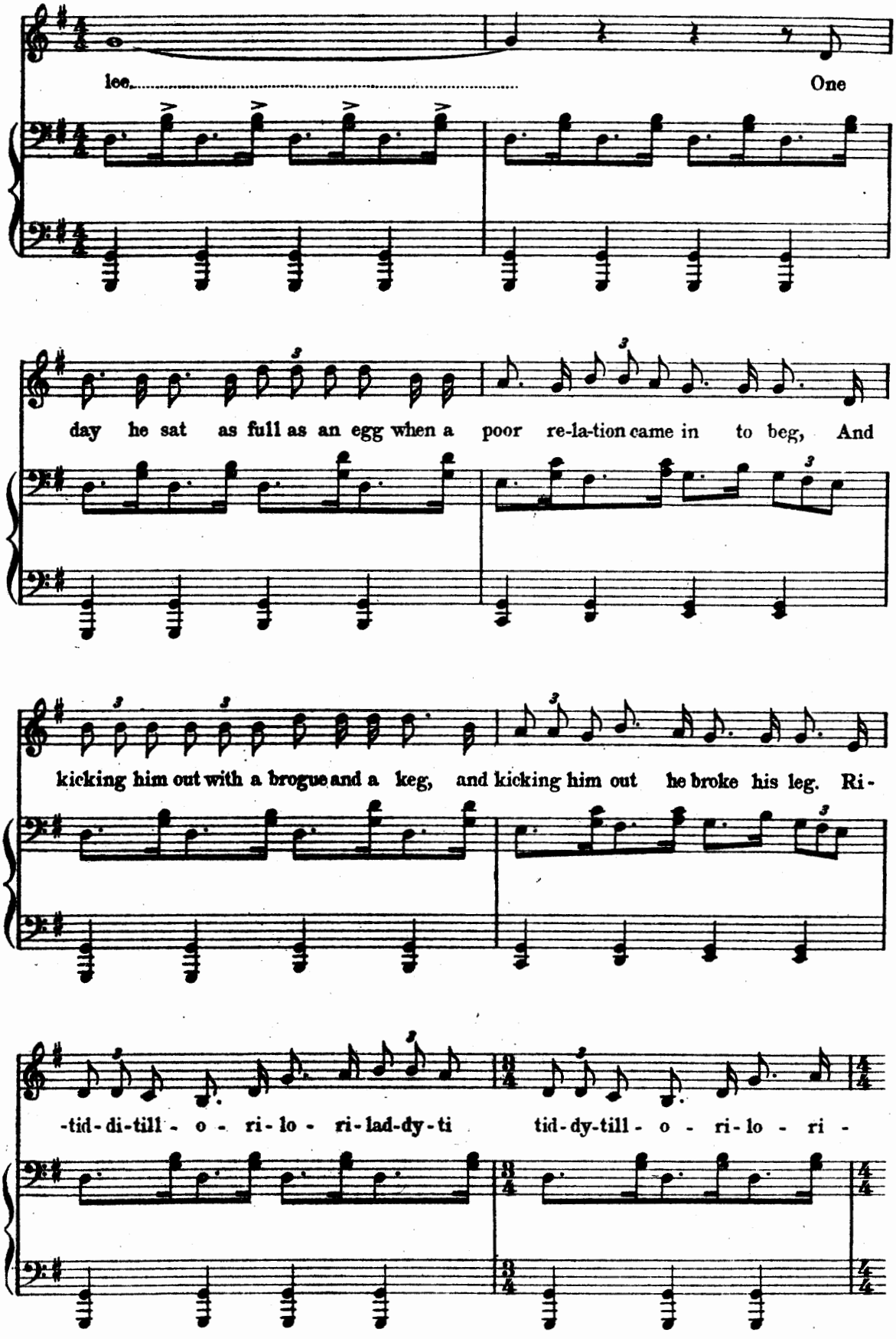

clean hearth-stone,— O it's ve - ry, ve - ry jol - ly when a
chap come home.
f
glissando
7
5
5
To meet your wife in kindness and to
see the chil- dren run, Your house is like a pal - ace and you

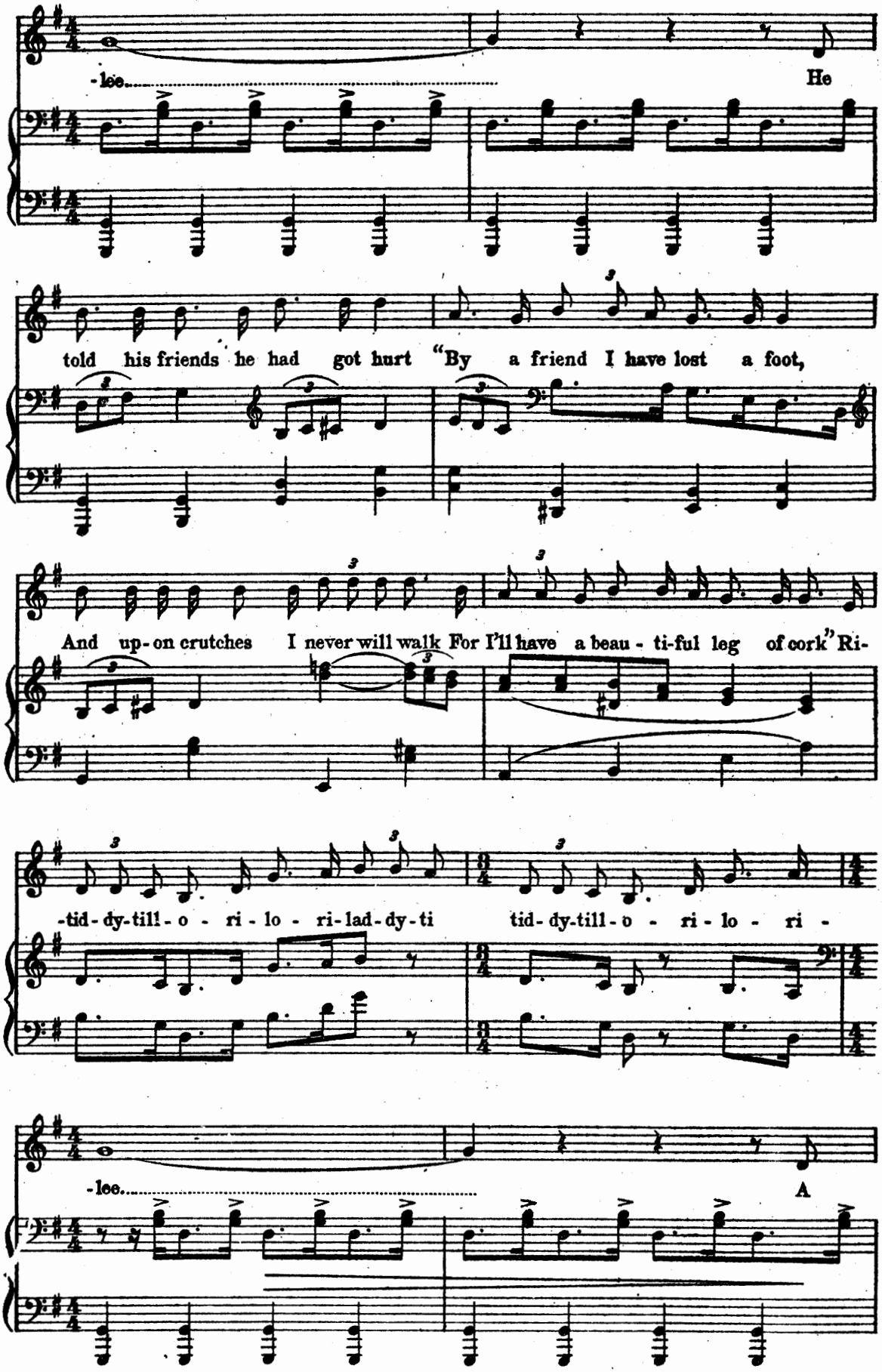

ne - ver need to roam. A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a
clean hearth - stone, O it's ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a
chap come home;— A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a
12
glissando
ff
clean hearth - stone, O it's ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a
chap come home.
fff

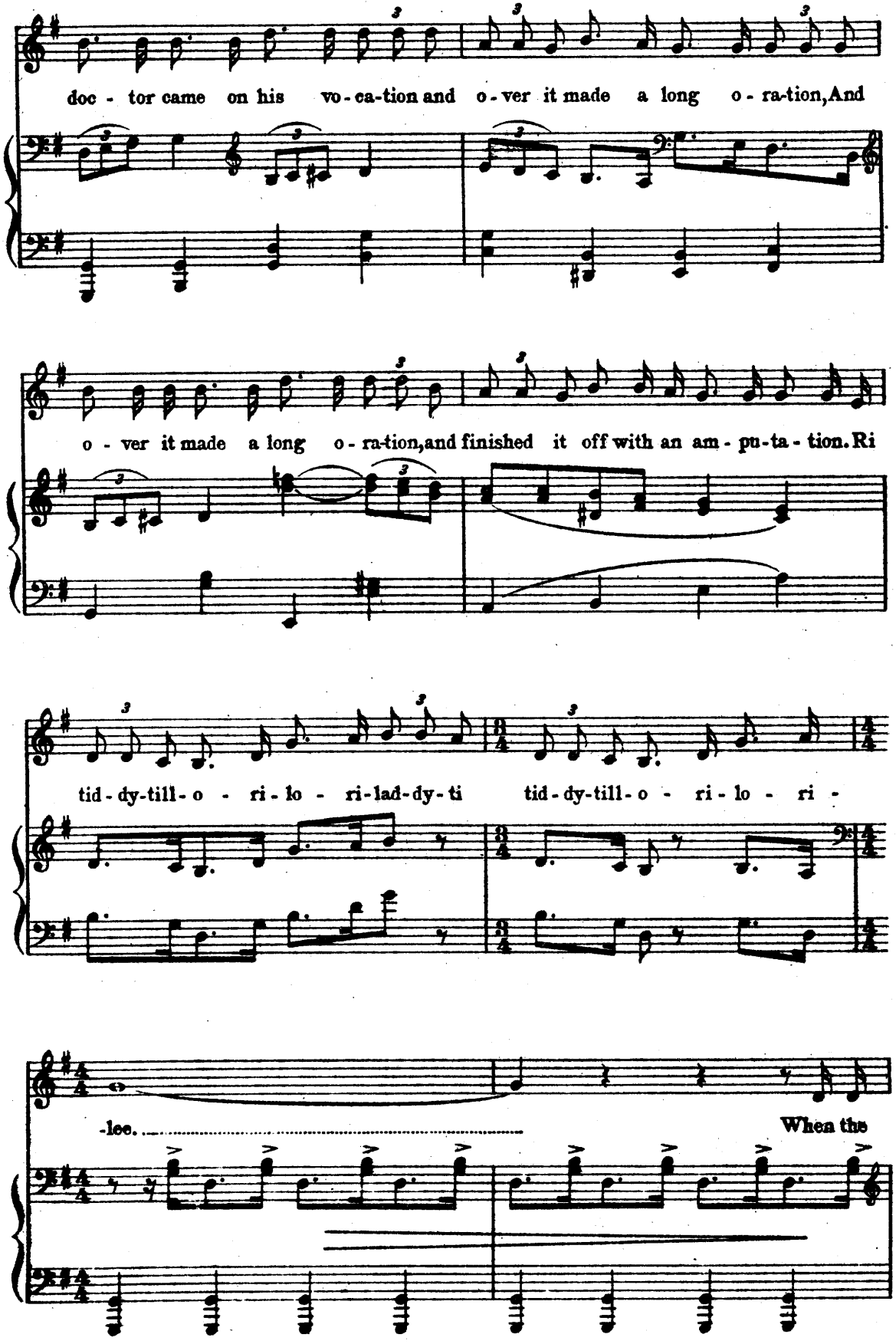
The Cork Leg.

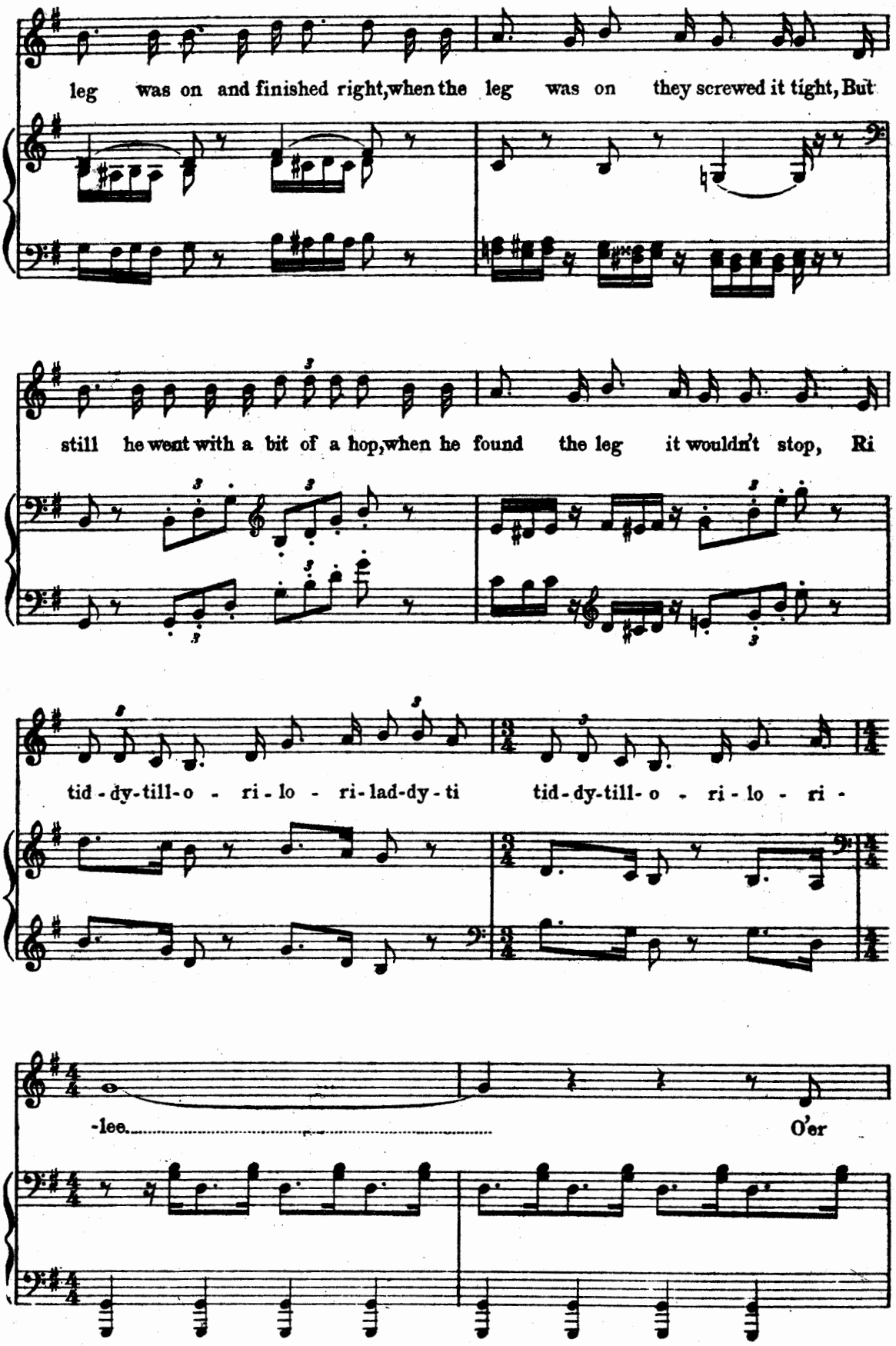
Old Song. Tyrone version.

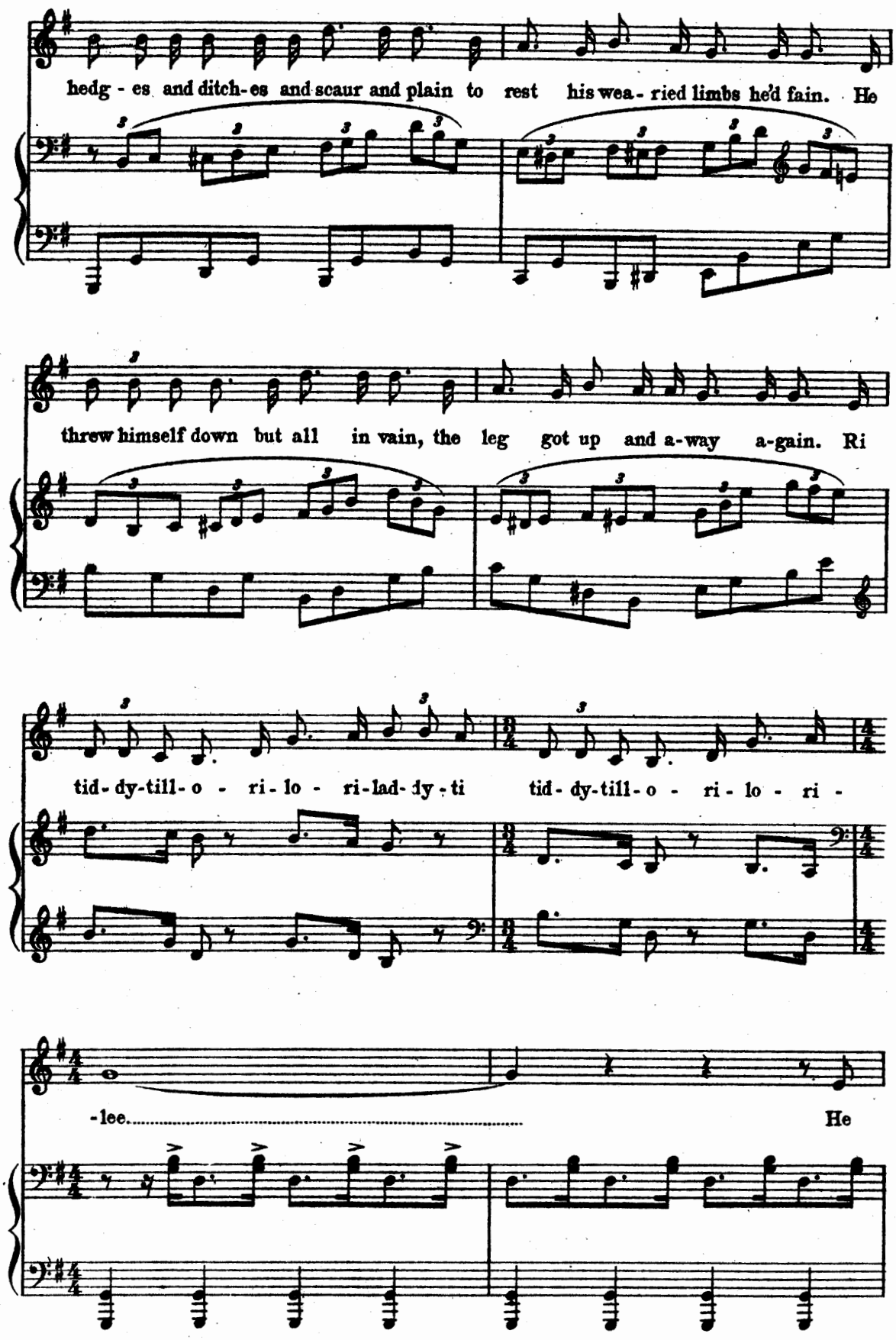


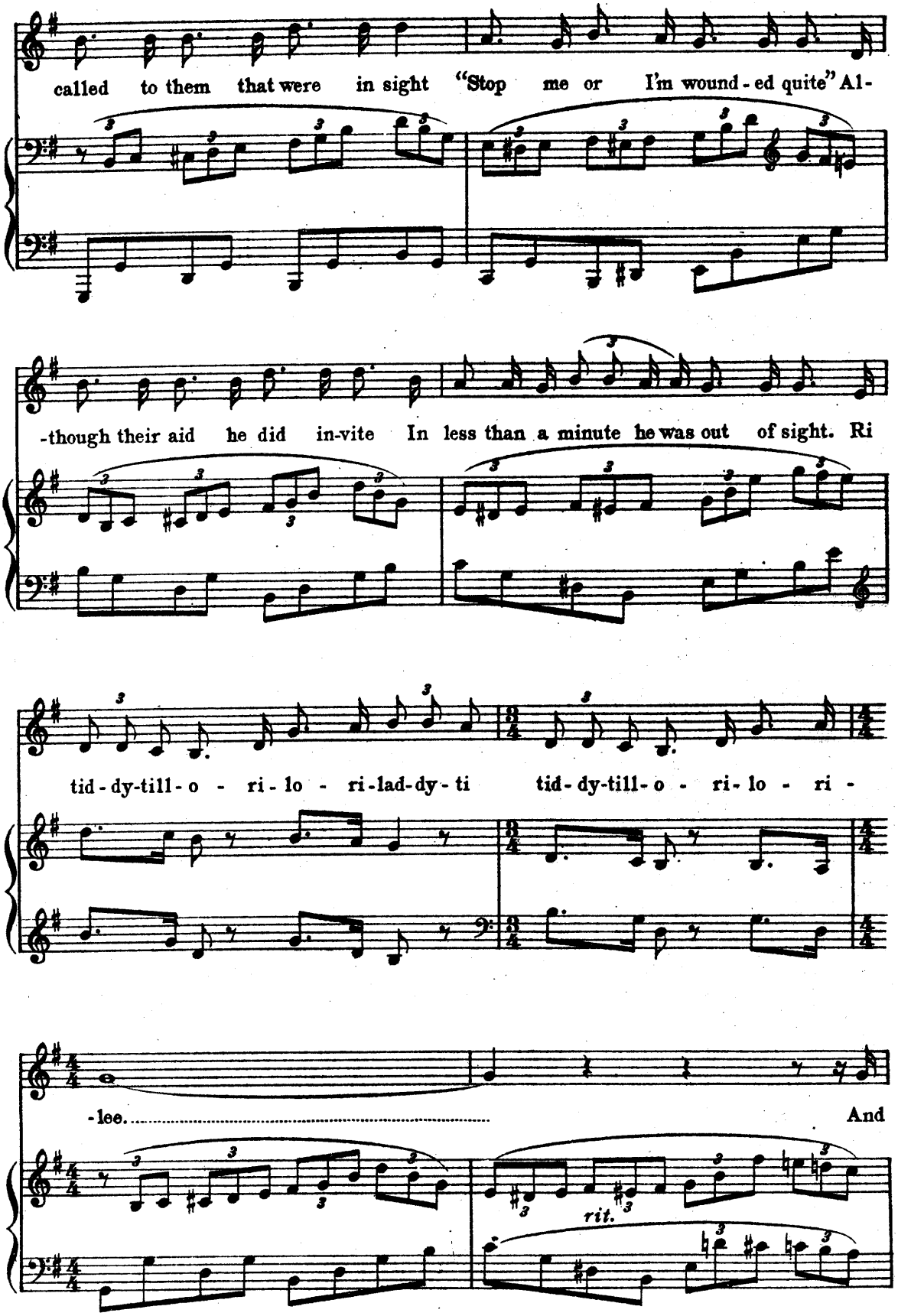

lee. One
day he sat as full as an egg when a poor re-la-tion came in to beg, And
kicking him out with a brogue and a keg, and kicking him out he broke his leg. Ri-
-tid-di-till - o - ri - lo - ri - lad-dy - ti tid-dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri -

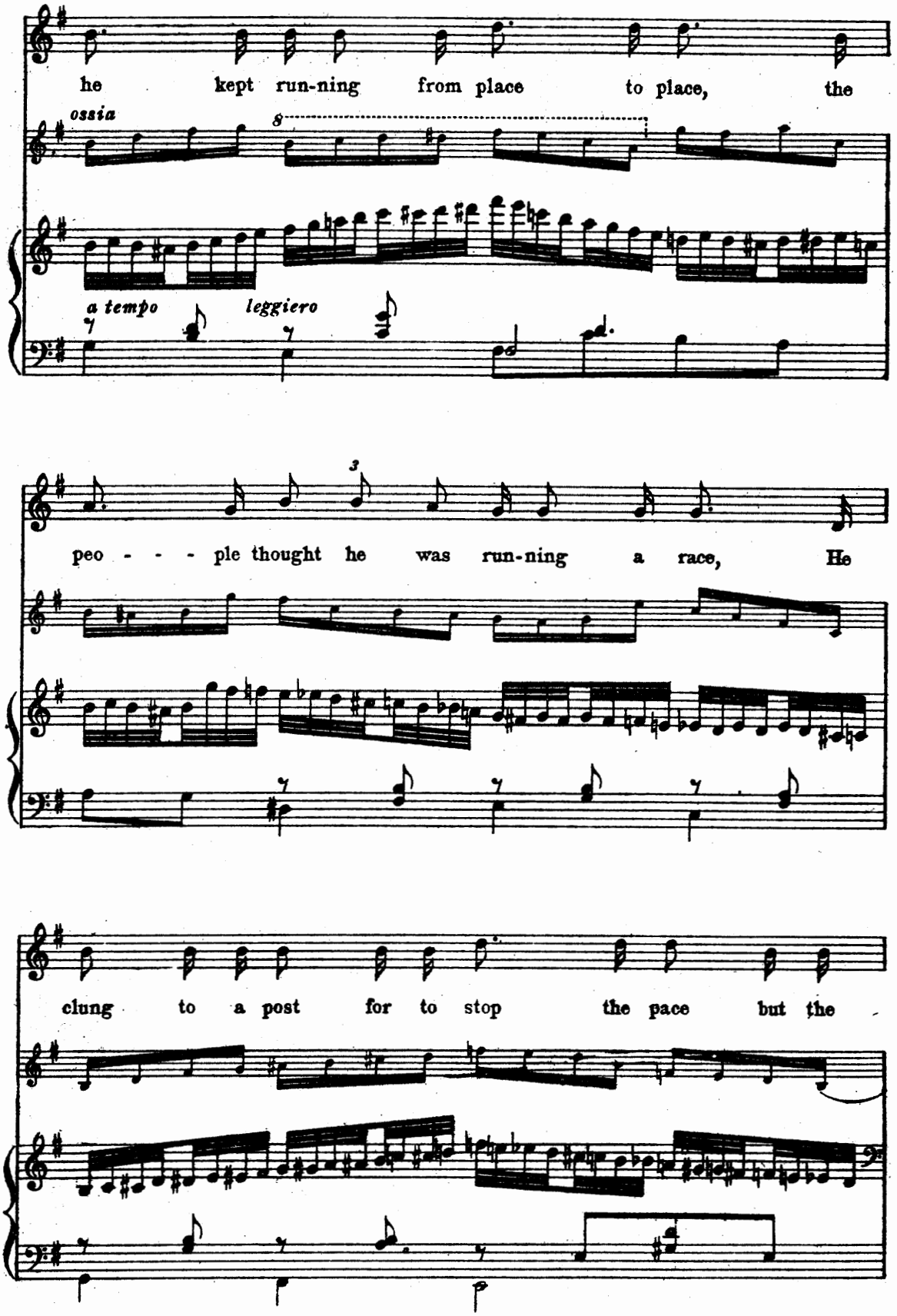

-lee.
He
told his friends he had got hurt "By a friend I have lost a foot,
And up-on crutches I never will walk For I'll have a beau-ti-ful leg of cork" Ri-
-tid-dy-till-o-ri-lo-ri-lad-dy-ti
tid-dy-till-o-ri-lo-ri-
-lee.
A

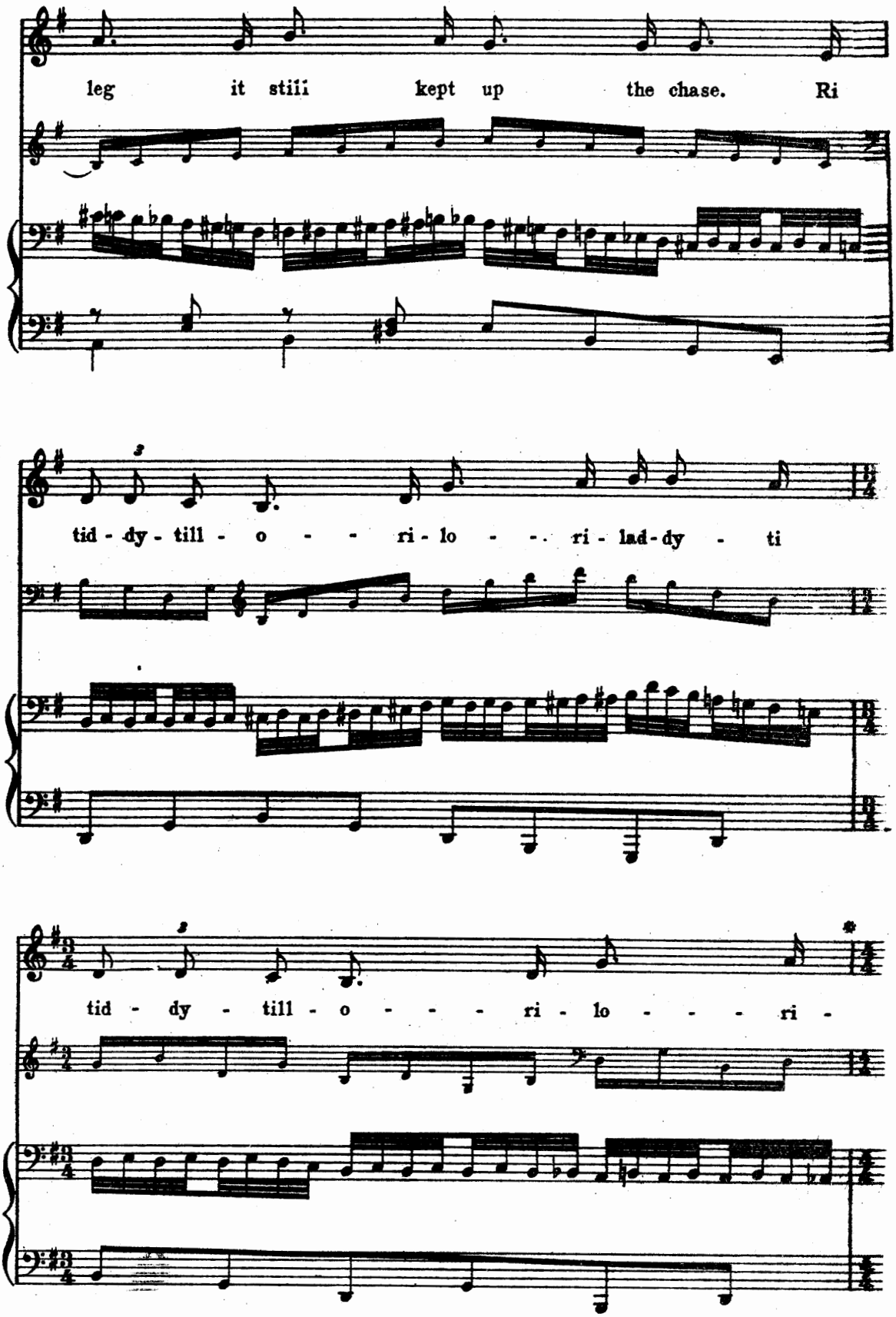

doc - tor came on his vo - ca-tion and o - ver it made a long o - ra-tion, And
o - ver it made a long o - ra-tion, and finished it off with an am - pu-ta - tion. Ri
tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri-lad-dy-ti
tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri -
-lee.
When the


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

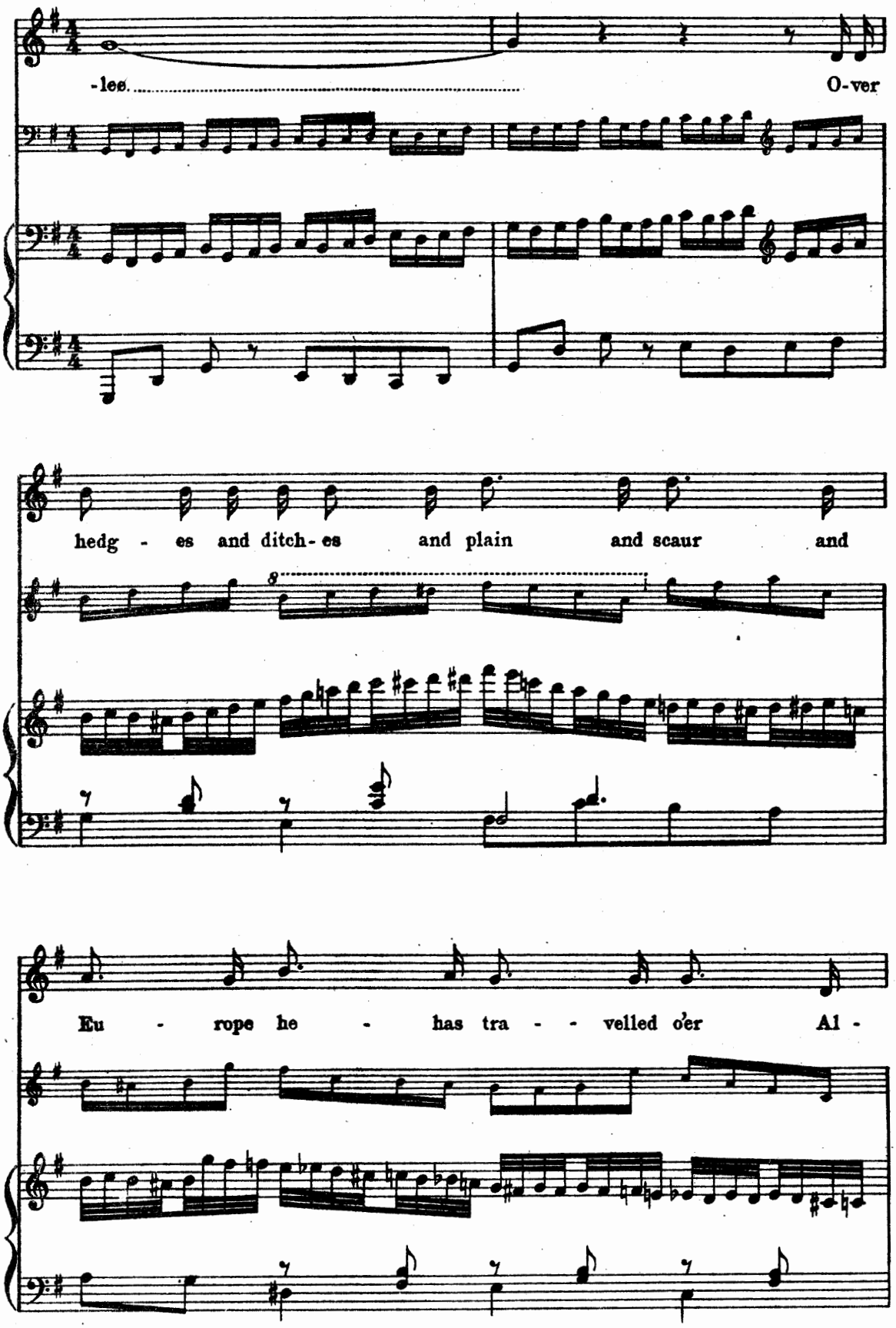

hedg - es and ditch-es and scaur and plain to rest his wea - ried limbs he'd fain. He
threw himself down but all in vain, the leg got up and a-way a-gain. Ri
tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri -
-lee..... He

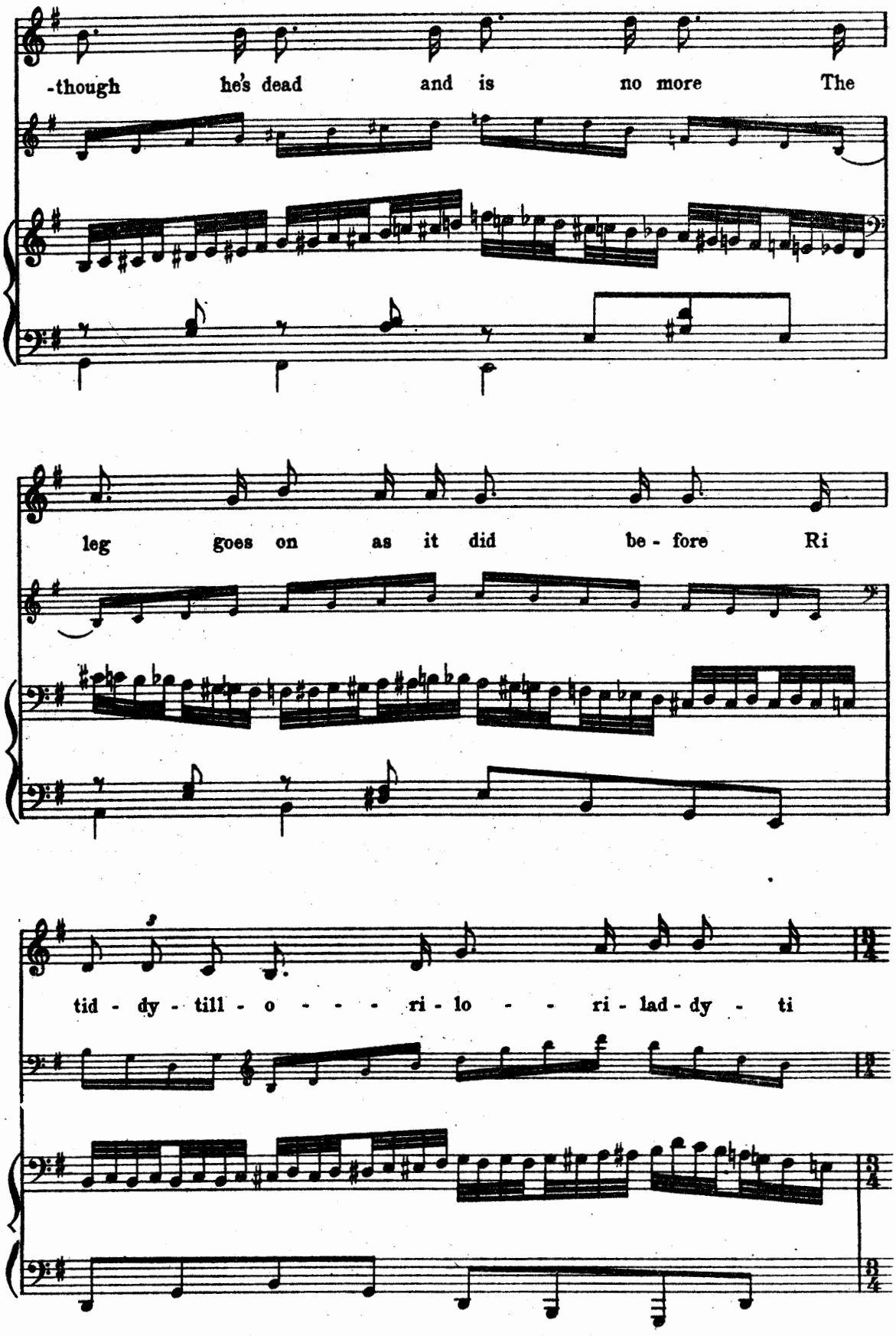

called to them that were in sight "Stop me or I'm wound-ed quite" Al-
-though their aid he did in-vite In less than a minute he was out of sight. Ri
tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri -
-lee.
And
rit.

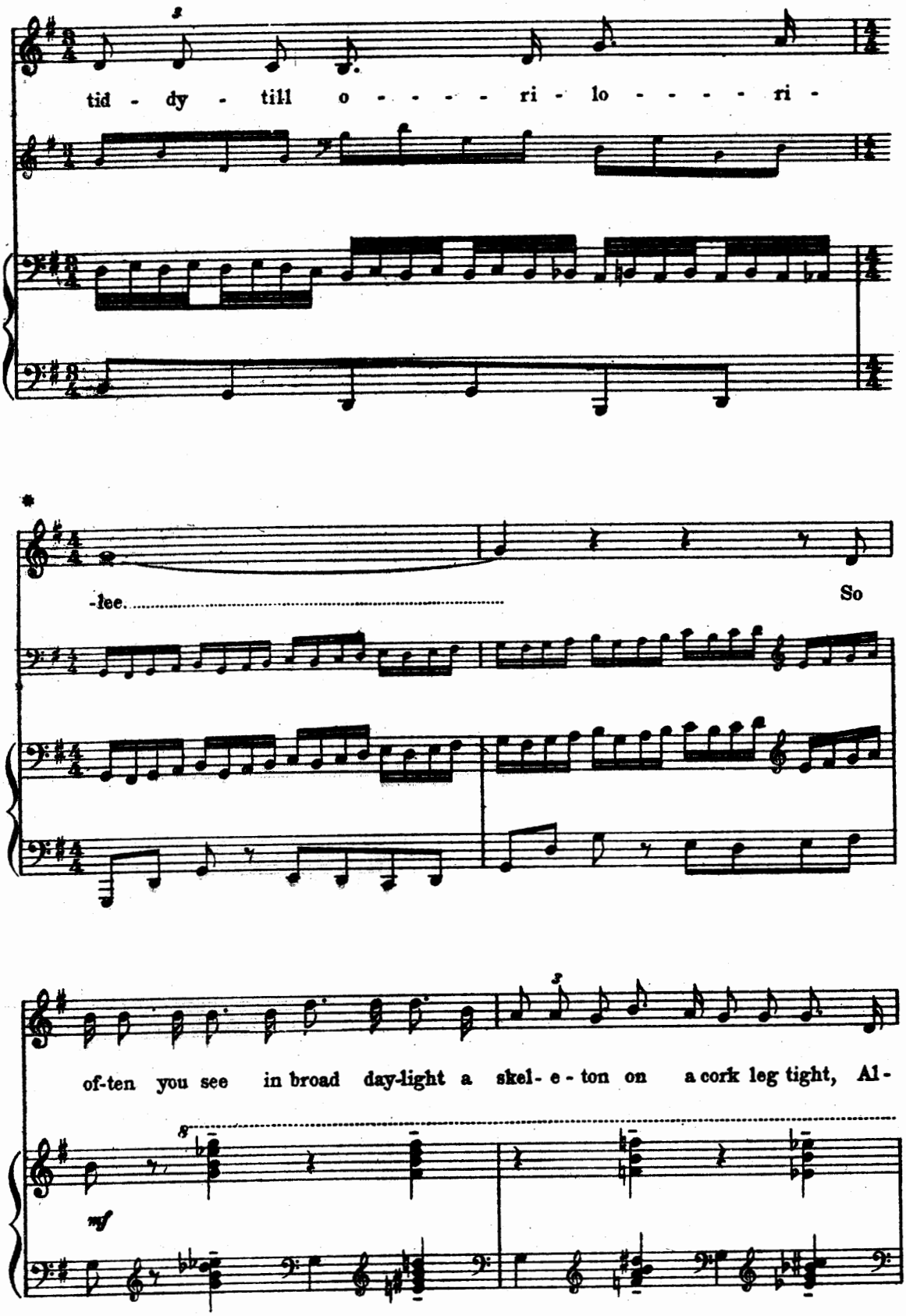

he kept run-ning from place to place, the
ossia
8
a tempo
leggiero
peo - - - ple thought he was run-ning a race, He
3
clung to a post for to stop the pace but the

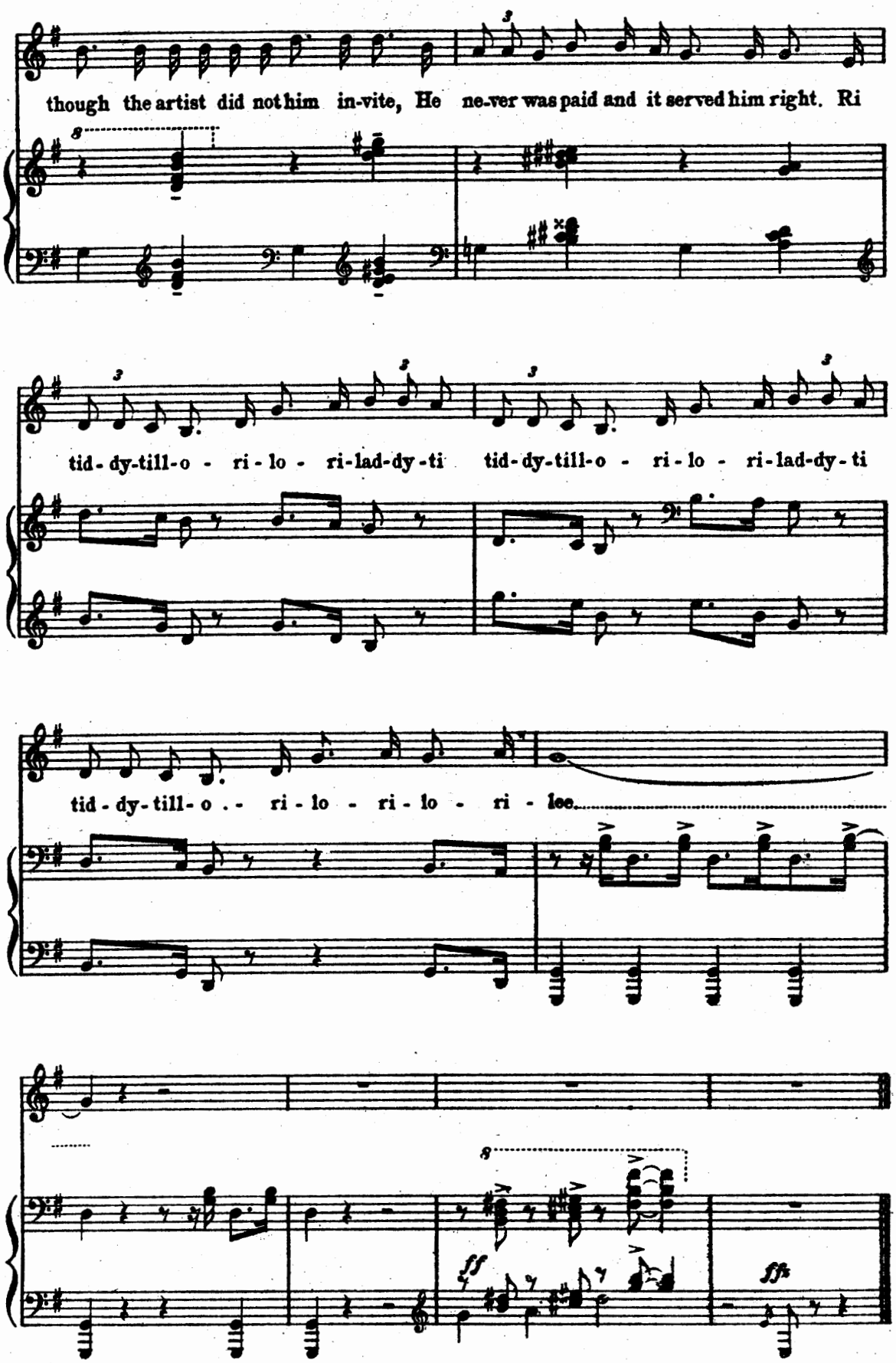


*The bars between the asterisks may be omitted.


-les. O-ver
hedg - es and ditch- es and plain and scaur and
Eu - rope he - has tra - - velled o'er Al -

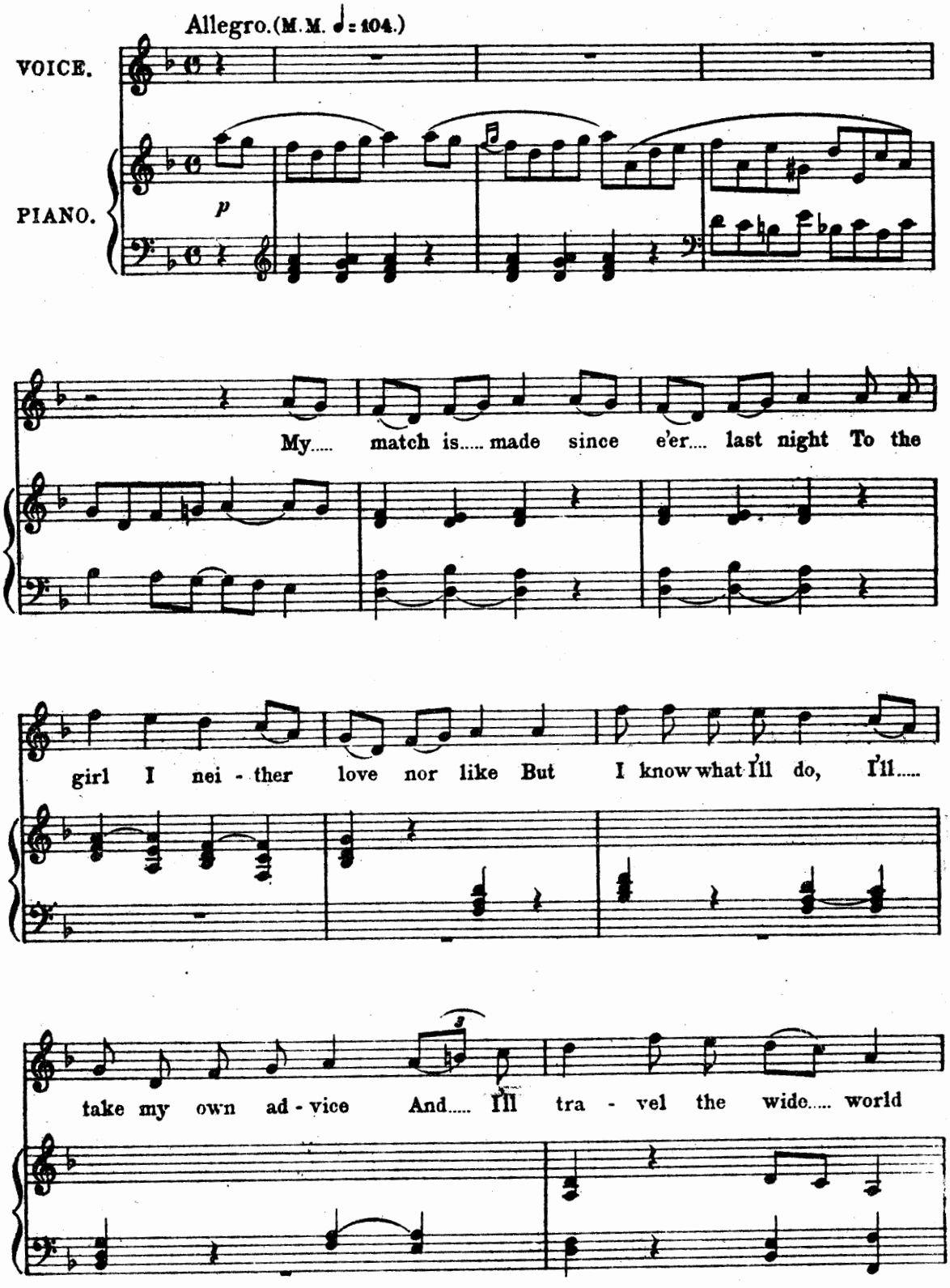

-though he's dead and is no more The
leg goes on as it did be - fore Ri
tid - dy - till - o - - - - ri - lo - - ri - lad - dy - ti

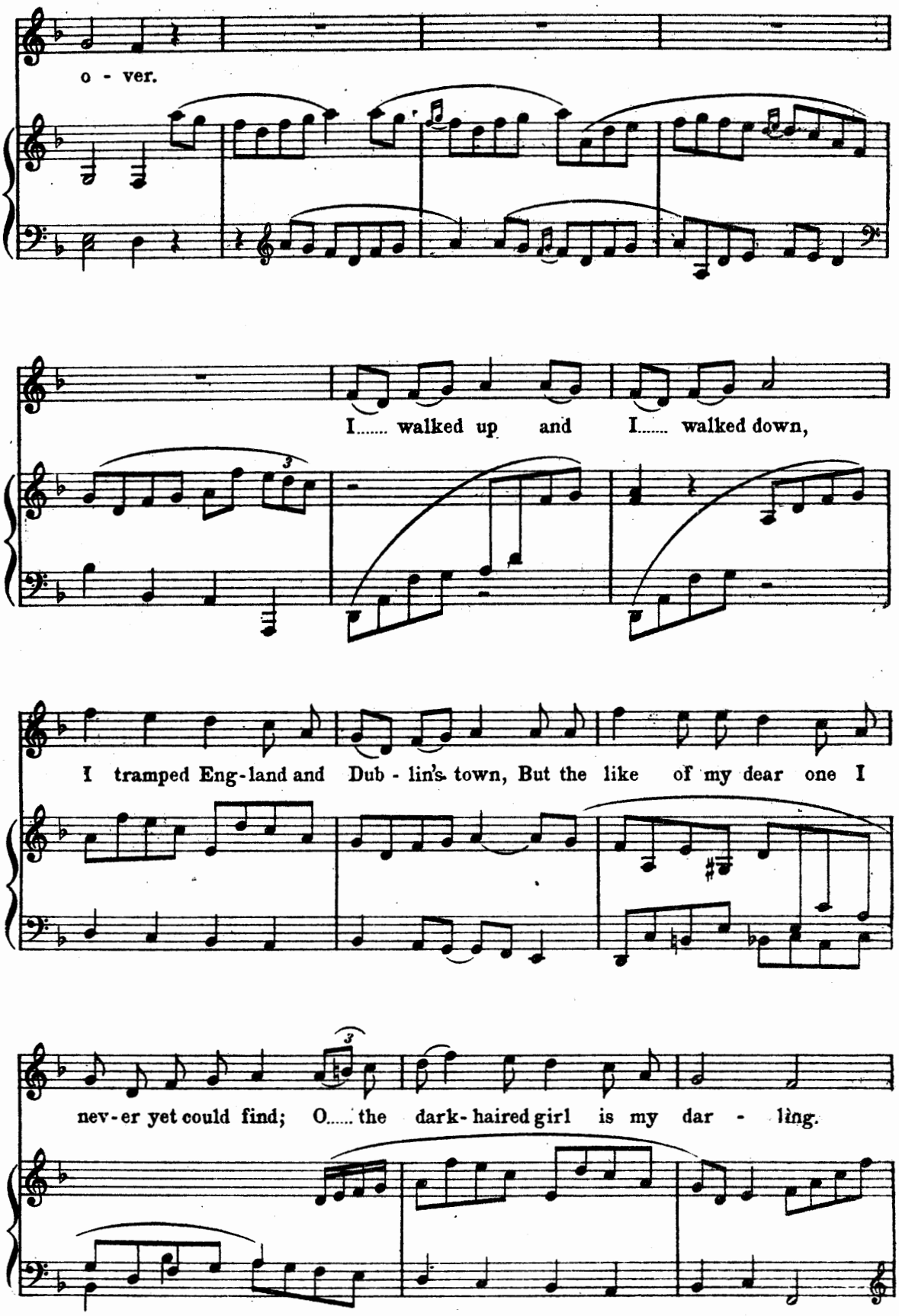

tid - dy - till o - - - - - ri - lo - - - - - ri -
-lee.
So
of-ten you see in broad day-light a skel- e - ton on a cork leg tight, Al-
mf

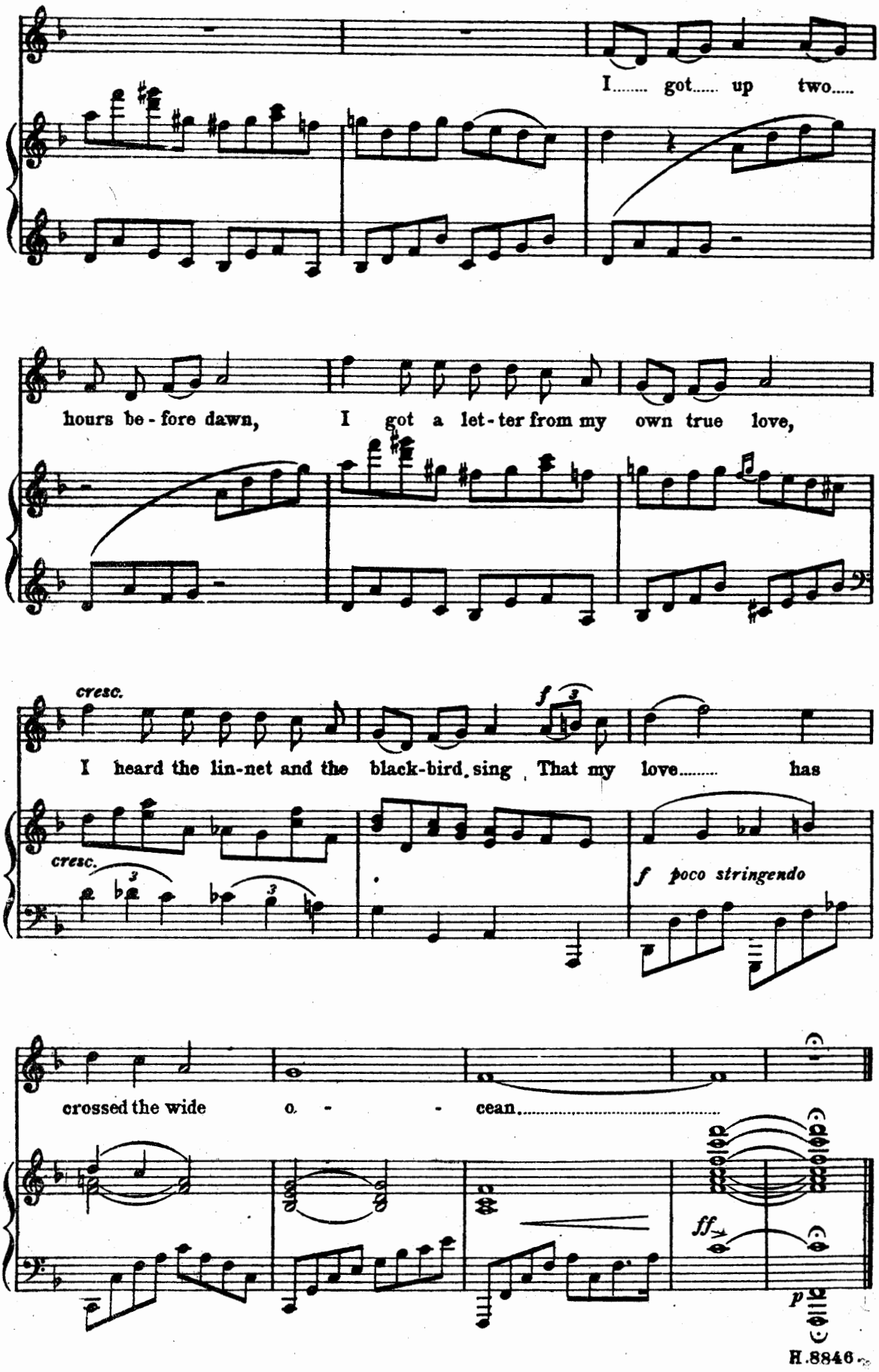

though the artist did not him in-vite, He ne-ver was paid and it served him right. Ri
tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till-o - ri-lo - ri-lad-dy-ti
tid-dy-till-o .- ri-lo - ri-lo - ri - lee.

The Dark-haired Girl.

Traditional. COUNTY DUBLIN.




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.
I heard the lin-net and the black-bird sing That my love..... has
cresc.
f poco stringendo
crossed the wide o. - - cean.....
ff
p