

THIRD VOLUME

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

*Old Melodies set to verses by
Authors known and unknown*

EDITED AND ARRANGED

by

HERBERT HUGHES

PRICE 4/- NET

BOOSEY & CO. LTD.

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IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

VOL. III

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PREFACE TO VOL. III

5.6.3 (18.3.1917)
Review

IN the course of a lecture delivered before the Royal Dublin Society last year I had occasion to refer to the relationship between the folk-song, as sung by the peasant who is giving voice to an ancient tradition, and the same song put into print with a piano accompaniment. The present volume, like the others that have preceded it, illustrates that relationship, obvious enough to the expert but only vaguely understood by many educated people. The folk-song becomes, as I think, an art-song, as much because it goes into print, with all the implications of print, as because it suffers a severe metamorphosis through harmonisation, and possibly earlier metamorphoses through being forced into the strait-waistcoat of an imported ecclesiastical mode and adapted to the notation of the tempered scale. The art of harmony—inseparable, as it is, from scientific laws—is, moreover, a period affair, practised by the musician according to his own fancy. It may be true that the musician who sets some old, anonymous song to harmony of his own invention recreates it; but it is equally true that his setting will suggest a period as definitely as a crinoline or a streamline car or a piece of architecture, and hardly less subject to the natural laws of change and decay. The tune itself may be of the kind that survives fashion, its origin may be of the remotest antiquity, but under his hand it is definitely transmuted into an art-song, an art-song of his own generation. If the tune be a good one, and his setting poor and unimaginative, someone else will surely come along and reset it according to his particular fashion, and the bad setting will as surely perish. If his setting be good he will give new life to the old song, sending it out into the world among people who had never known it in its native environment. For those who prefer the untouched original there is always the countryside, even if the singers of the old songs are becoming fewer year by year.

3.2.1917

It is, therefore, with a certain diffidence that I have harmonised the songs in this volume. Most of the tunes are familiar throughout Ireland, and very old, and my only excuse for setting them afresh is to make them more widely known beyond the frontiers of Ulster and the Free State. To place any of these songs or ballads in a series associated with pure folk-song would seem, moreover, to require explanation, only two coming into the ordinary "traditional" category. Not one conforms strictly to the indigenous ballad type, although "The Gallows Tree" and "Shule Agra" (Súthair a ghrá) nearly approach it. Each of those has a dramatic power combined with an artfulness of structure—in other words, a literary value—not found in the average ballad of the broadsheet. Yet each has become, as the other songs here have become, so much a part of what may truly be called the ballad-consciousness of the countryside that their inclusion in this edition of *Irish Country Songs* has seemed to me not merely justifiable but desirable. Several of the tunes have had, like the now famous "Air from Londonderry," more than one set of verses put to them, and my choice of George Colman's words to "Savourneen Deelish" (S a mháirín dítir) rather than, say, Thomas Campbell's, and Denis Florence MacCarthy's words to "The Drinaun Donn" (An t-ghrúneán donn) rather than those of Robert Dwyer Joyce is, I confess, purely arbitrary.

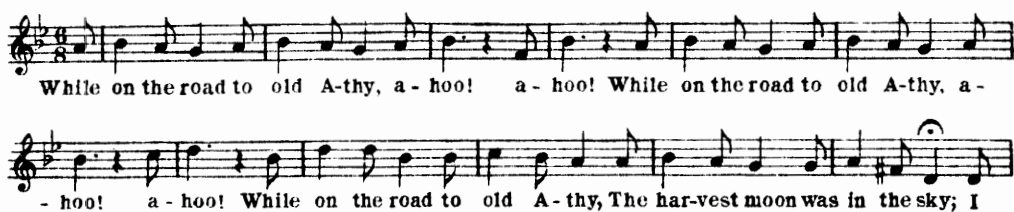
George Colman the Younger was a considerable figure in his day, and not always a pleasant one. As a boy he was at Westminster School, went up to Christ Church, Oxford, and after spending some terms at King's College, Aberdeen, and Lincoln's Inn, soon plunged into the world of the London theatre. He had the excuse of following closely in his father's footsteps, for George Colman the Elder (1732-1794), sometimes called George the First, had also been to Westminster and Christ Church, and was already much involved in theatrical enterprises. The elder George had formed a friendship with David Garrick, was the author of a number

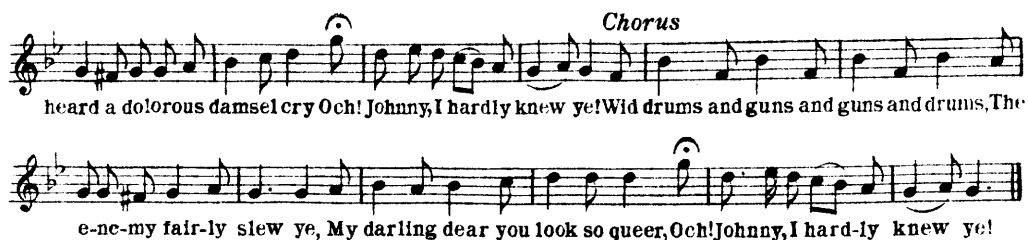
of successful plays, had acquired a fourth share in Covent Garden Theatre, and bought the theatre in the Haymarket. The younger George succeeded to these theatrical interests, wrote many successful pieces himself, and on his father's death took on the management of the Haymarket Theatre at a salary of £600 per annum. Certain financial difficulties followed which entailed sanctuary for some years within the Rules of King's Bench, from which he was finally released by the kindness of George IV. It was during his office as Examiner of Plays, to which he was appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Montrose, that he conspicuously abused his authority; for while his own plays were, as a biographer states, open to charges of indecency and profanity, he was illiberal and severe to those of his contemporaries, often successfully holding them up. There is no record, I think, of a production of *The Surrender of Calais* within living memory, yet I feel that the verses Colman wrote for that forgotten play are so good—they were sung by an Irish character called O'Carrol—that they should not be allowed to suffer the oblivion of countless other "period" pieces. The reference to booty in the last verse recalls a perquisite as much appreciated by the underpaid and badly-fed soldier of the Napoleonic wars as by the returning warrior of our own day who could drag home a captured machine-gun under the eyes of the transport officer and describe it as personal luggage. Shakespeare's famous rendering of *Callin ós a Stóir* into *Callino, castore me*, in the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, finds a parallel in Colman's effort to reduce the intractable 'S a mháirín tóir, Cúilín ós to some sort of phonetic verisimilitude in this fashion:



Dr. Samuel Arnold (1740-1802) was Colman's musical collaborator in this work, which was produced in 1791.

"Johnny, I hardly knew ye," so well remembered to-day by the older generation, is a characteristic case of a song surviving its period and presenting a problem for the later folklorist. It is a song that I have remembered since I was a child, sung in Ireland to the tune of "Johnny comes marching home," which tune has appeared in popular collections as "old English." When I first thought of putting it in this volume I discussed the song with my father, who is in his eighty-second year, with Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, Dr. John S. Crone, and others whose memories went back to the American Civil War, or a little after. Without being dogmatic, they agreed that it belonged to that period and came from the States, Sir Richard Terry remarking that it was probably in the repertory of the Christy Minstrels. I did not want to commit my friends to an opinion on a song heard so long ago, but made some researches. I knew that the late Mrs. C. Milligan Fox, with whom I had the pleasure of working in the early days of the Irish Folk Song Society, had published a version of it in New York as "an old Irish ballad, collected and arranged" by herself. This was in 1915. But I discovered that a song with the same title, with "words and music by J. B. Geoghegan," had been published in London about 1867, and "sung with tremendous applause by Harry Liston, the star comic." The words of Mr. Geoghegan's song were substantially the same as those recorded by Mrs. Fox, but the tune, while recalling that of "Johnny comes marching home," was definitely an inferior one:





Note the word "wid": a relic of its stage-Irish phase. The cover-design of this publication of the 'sixties was in colour, pretty in its conventional way, showing the dolorous damsel with hair nicely parted in the middle, complete with shawl, pinafore, and a pair of elegant shoes on incredibly small feet. She is making a gesture of surprise before a heavily mustachioed soldier who is clad in red tunic and dark trousers, and wearing the high infantry cap of the time, with an eye-guard over one eye, an arm in a sling, and one leg doubled up in a short crutch.

So far it would have appeared that the song was Geoghegan's, with all the printed authority of his now-defunct publishers. But further research dated it back, conjecturally, to the period immediately succeeding the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, when, as H. H. Sparling pointed out, Irish regiments were extensively recruited for the East India service. In his "Irish Minstrelsy" (Walter Scott, 1887) Sparling described it as a street ballad in which "the island of Ceylon" is given as "the island of Sulloon"; and in the complete edition of that work he made the following note:

Because in one late version "Why did you run from me and the child?" is made "Why did you skedaddle," etc., and this word only came into use during the War of Secession, some have imagined this song to be of recent date, and have even attributed it to the Irish-American music halls. My own memory carries it back to very near the war, when I heard an old fisherman sing it, to whom it was even then old. It was he who told me of its age and meaning, what I have said above, which is corroborated by the reference to Ceylon. It is hard to believe that any one can read this wonderful piece of grotesquerie, with its mingling of pathos and ribald mockery so closely allied to the spirit that produced "The night before Larry was stretched," and be unable to see either its value or its genuineness.

According to D. J. O'Donoghue ("The Poets of Ireland," Dublin, 1912) J. B. Geoghegan died at Bolton on January 21, 1889, at the age of 74, according to some papers and at 79 according to others. He was the author of "some admired songs," such as "John Barleycorn" (of which one may recall pre-Geoghegan variants), "Merry England," etc. He managed the Victoria Music Hall in Bolton for 25 years and was proprietor of the Star Theatre, Hanley, and altogether was responsible for over 200 songs. The resemblance between the tune printed above and that of "Johnny comes marching home" is such that one is tempted to assume that the composer's memory was at fault. The practice of setting music-hall doggerel to traditional tunes without acknowledgment is not, of course, uncommon, and has been profitably developed by more than one famous comedian of our own day. Some years ago I was visited by an American doggerel writer who sought my collaboration in songs that should have a world-wide appeal; we were to concentrate on songs that should be a "hit." "You must," he said, "be reminiscent"; and he proceeded to coach me in the procedure, quoting the most favourable material upon which to begin work. It was only then that I realised that the business of being reminiscent in music is a business indeed; and my visitor, who had all the frankness of a good merchant selling his wares in the best market, was quite sincerely puzzled and a little hurt by my refusal to consider so easy a proposition. Is it too much to suppose that the late Mr. Geoghegan, with the music-hall mind of his epoch, considered that a good old ballad was anybody's property?

The sentiment created on both sides of the Atlantic by the War of Secession was certainly worth exploiting. Thus far, then, my friends had good excuse for associating the song with that epoch.

Two of the songs in this volume—"Róisín Dubh" (Róipín Dub) and "The Red-haired Man's Wife"—bear symbolistic titles that belong to a time when it was the habit of poets and ballad-writers to refer to Ireland under a concealed name. She became *Caitlín ni-Houlíhan*, the *Sean Bean Boct* (the Poor Old Woman), Dark Rosaleen, *Máirín ni-Cúttéan*, and so on. When the fiat went forth from Dublin Castle that ballads (being powerful political instruments) were not to be sold, ballad-mongers adopted the simple subterfuge of selling bundles of straw, especially on such lucrative occasions as market days, for the price of a broadsheet, giving the concealed broadsheet away with the bundle of straw. In Jacobite times the allegorical ballad was at the height of its vogue, yet when the ban was lifted the allegorical method remained, and has persisted even into the twentieth century, becoming living drama in Yeats's "*Cathleen ni-Houlíhan*" and poignantly lyrical in Katherine Tynan's poem. Changing fashions may bring a new method and a new imagery into Anglo-Irish verse, but it is unlikely that the theme will ever be exhausted, or that James Clarence Mangan's treatment of it will ever be surpassed—

Oh ! my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen !
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen.

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake ;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen.

• • •

Dedham,
Christmas, 1934.

HERBERT HUGHES.

The Leprehaun

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE (1827-1914)

By permission of
The Talbot Press Ltd., Dublin.

Air taken down by P.W. Joyce from a
ballad singer in Limerick in 1853

Allegro giocoso

VOICE

PIANO

pp

p

3 *sva...*

3 *sva...*

In a

sha - dy nook one moonlight night, A lep - re-haun I spied;.... With scar-let cap and

p

Editor's Note. When Dr. Joyce published his collection of old Irish airs in 1872 he was unable to remember more than one line of the ballad to which this air had been sung both in Dublin and Limerick, and wrote the words here given. In his "Ancient Irish Music" (1901 Edition) he made the following remarks about the leprehaun: "It may be necessary to state, for the information of those who are not acquainted with Irish fairies, that the leprehaun is a very tricky little fellow, usually dressed in a green coat, red cap and knee breeches, and silver shoe buckles, whom you may sometimes see in the shades of evening, or by moonlight under a bush, and he is generally making or mending a shoe... If you catch him and hold him, he will, after a little threatening, shew you where treasure is hid, or give you a purse in which you will always find money. But if you once take your eyes off him, he is gone in an instant; and he is very ingenious in devising tricks to induce you to look round... Every Irishman understands well the terms *cruiskeen* and *mountain dew*... but for the benefit of the rest of the world I think it better to state that *cruiskeen* is a small jar and that *mountain dew* is potteen or illicit whiskey." *H. H.*

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Tous droits réservés

coat of green, A cruiskeen by his side.....'Twas tick tack tick, his ham-mer went, Up-

cresc.

-on a wee-ny shoe; And..... I laughed to think of a purse of gold; But the

ritard. a tempo

8va

f

ritard. a tempo

fai-ry was laughing too!.....

ff

dim.

pp

With..... tip-toe step and beat-ing heart, Quite soft-ly I drew

nigh:.....There was mischief in his mer-ry face;—A twink-le in his eye..... He

hammer'd and sang with ti - ny voice, And drank his mountain dew... And..... I

ritard. a tempo
laughed to think he was caught at last:—But the fai-ry was laugh-ing too!.....

As quick as thought I seized the elf, "Your fai - ry purse" I

meno mosso

cried,..... "The purse," he said, "'tis in her hand..... That la - dy at your

f *dim.*

poco più mosso

side."..... I turned to look: the elf was off! Then what was I to

Tempo I

do?..... O,..... I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;

f

And the fai-ry was laughing too!.....

dim. *p* *pp*

Rich and Rare

From the poem by
THOMAS MOORE
(1779-1852)

AIR.—"The Summer is Coming."

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

mf molto legato

p

mf

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

bright gold ring on her hand..... she bore; But

oh! her beau - ty was far.... be - yond Her spark - ling

gems.... and snow - white wand But oh! her beau - ty was

far..... be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white

wand.

cresc. *dim.*

Animando

"La - dy dost thou not fear to stray, So... lone and
Knight! I feel not the least a - larm, No... son of

love - ly thro' this... bleak way? Are E - rin's sons... so
E - rin will of - fer me harm, For though they love wo - man and

cresc.

good or so cold As.. not... to be temp - ted by
gol - den store Sir.. Knight!..... they love hon - our and

dim.

wo - man..... or gold!..... "Sir
vir - tue..... more".....

cresc. *rall.*

Tempo I⁹

mf *sonoro* *cresc.*

ritard. *a tempo* *rit. e dim.* *p* *a tempo*

On she went and her maid - en smile in...

safe - ly light-ed her round the Green Isle; And blest for ev - er is she whose - tied upon

cresc. *cresc.*

E - rin's honour and E - rin's pride..... And blest for ev - er is she whose -

dim. *dim.* *Ped.*

- tied upon E - rin's hon - our and E - rin's pride.....

I'm not myself at all

Words and air by
SAMUEL LOVER
(1797-1868)

Allegretto, comodamente

VOICE

PIANO

mf *cresc.* *ed.*

Oh, I'm not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear! I'm not myself at all
Oh, I'm not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear! My ap-petite's so small

mf *p* *cresc.*

Nothing car-ing, nothing knowing 'Tis
I..... once could pick a goose But my

p *cresc.*

af-ter you I'm going buttons is no use Faith your sha-dow 'tis I'm growing, Mol-ly
Faith my tight-est coat is loose, Mol-ly

p *cresc.* *p*

ad lib. *a tempo*

dear, Mol-ly dear And I'm not myself at all! Th'other
 dear, Mol-ly dear And I'm not myself at all! If.....

cresc. *colla voce* *a tempo* *dim.*

day I went confessin' And I ask'd the fa-ther's blessin' "But" says I "don't give me one En-
 thus it is I waste You'd bet-ter dear make haste Before your lover's gone a-way En-

p

cresc.

tire-ly For I fret-ted so last year But the half o' me is here So
 tire-ly If you don't soon change your mind Not a bit o' me you'll find And

cresc.

give the o - ther half to Molly Brierly Oh! I'm not myself at all.
 what'nd you think o' that Molly Brierly Oh! I'm not myself at all.

mf colla voce. *p*

mf

I'll be not my-self at all Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear Till

mf *cresc.*

p

you my own I call Since a change o'er me there came

p

mf

Sure you might change your name And 'twould

mf *cresc.*

a tempo

just come to the same Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear 'Twould just come to the same

p *colla voce a tempo*

For if you and I were one All con - fusion would be gone And 'twould

p

simpli-fy the matter en - tire - ly And 'twould save us so much bother when we'd

cresc.

cresc.

both be one a - no - ther So lis - ten now to ray - son Mol - ly

mf

Bri-er-ly Oh, I'm not my-self at all.

colla voce

p

rall.

p

Róisín Dubh

(LITTLE BLACK ROSE)

THOMAS FURLONG 1794-1827
from the Irish

Andante con moto

VOICE

Oh! my sweet lit-tle rose cease to...

PIANO

mf *p*

pine for the past, for the friends that come east-ward shall see.....thee at

last; They bring bless-ings and fa-vours the past.... ne-ver knew So....

pour forth in... glad-ness on my Rois - - in Dubh.*

*Pronounced Rosheen Doov.

Note:— Róisín Dubh was one of the many secret or allegorical names by which Ireland was referred to in bardic literature and folk-lore. See note on "The Red Haired Man's Wife."

f poco animando

There's no flow'r that e'er bloom'd can my rose..... ex -

- cel There's no tongue that e'er moved half my..... love..... can

tell; Had I strength had I..... skill.... the wide world..... to sub-

- due Oh, the queen of.... the wide world should be Rois - - in Dubh.

The

p *cresc.*

moun-tains high and mis-ty on... the moors shall lie low The

rivers shall run back- - ward and the lakes..... o-ver-flow The...

wild waves of old... o - - - cean wear a crim - - - son... hue

..... Ere the world sees the.... ru - in of.... my....

dim. Rois - - - in Dubh.....

The Gallows Tree

Anon.

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

pp

p

p

Oh, take me to your

arms love for we, a-las, must part;.... Oh, take me to your arms love, the

pain is at my heart... She hears me not, she cares not, but cold-ly turns from me

While..... here I lie... a - lone..... to die be - neath the gal-lowstree.

My

cresc. *dim.*

love has bloom-ing beau - ty, my cheek is dead-ly wan My love has count-less

p

rich - es, my gal-lant for-tune's gone This rib-bon fair that bound her hair is

all that's left to me While..... here I lie a - lone..... to die be-neath the gal-lows

tree....

cresc. *f rubato* *dim.*

pp *cresc.*

I once had gold and sil-ver I thought would ne-ver end..... I

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

once had gold and sil-ver and I thought I had a friend... My wealth is sped, my friend has fled and

p *dim.* *p*

sto-len my love from me While here I lie... a-lone.... to die be-

pp *mf* *p*

-neath the gal-lows tree.

The Red-Haired Man's Wife

KATHARINE TYNAN

By permission

AIR — bean an fear ruad
(The Red-Haired Man's Wife)

Quasi senza tempo

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

Though
full... as..... 'twill hold..... of gold the... har-vest has smiled I'll.....
ne - ver.. have re - lief... from grief.. for that fond grey-eyed child,
Whom kin - dred most cru-el poor jew-el in-to love-less wed-ded life, With...

Editor's Note. It is easy to conventionalise this very old air by putting it into a strict 3-4 measure. I have preferred to write it out in this way so that the singer may the more easily express its freedom of rhythm. The note-values are to be taken as an approximation only. "The Red-Haired Man's Wife" is one of several symbolistic names for Ireland mentioned in the Preface. H.H.

an - guish be it told have sold to be the Red-Haired Man's Wife.

That fond va - len -

-tine of...mine a... let-ter I... sent That I'd soon set sail with stores

ga - lore to.....wed her ere Lent Her....

friends stole..... the note..... I...wrote and far... worse than with knife Have....

slain my.... bright pearl for a churl! She's the Red-Haired Man's Wife.

Oh child.... and sweetheart their art had you... but with-stood Till...

I..... had come home o'er the foam for our great joy and good. I had

not... now to.... go..... un-der woe..... o'er the salt.... sea's strife A.....

wand -'rer... to.... France from the glance of the Red-Haired Man's Wife.

Shule Agra

ANON. 18th Century

AIR—*Siúbail a ghrá*

Moderato ma con moto

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

p

I would I were on yon-der hill 'Tis there I'd sit and

p

sempre legato

cry my fill Till ev-'ry tear would turn a mill *Is go dé tu, ma-

*Pronounced *Ish-go-day-too, ma-vourn-yeen-slawn*

- vour - nin - slán

cresc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel And then I'll sell my

mf

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

spin-ning wheel For to buy my love a sword of steel Is go dé..... tú ma -

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

dim.

our - nin - slán I'll

cresc. *ff* *dim.*

dye my pet-ti-coat I'll dye it red And round the world I'll beg my bread Un-

p molto legato

- til my pa-rents shall wish me dead Is go dé..... tú ma -

cresc. f

- vour - nin - slán I wish, I wish and I wish in vain I

dim. p

wish I had my heart a-gain And vain - ly think I'd not com-plain Is go

cresc.

dé... tú ma - vour - nin - slán

f *p* *cresc.* *gve bassa.....*

f

But now my love has gone to France to try his for - tune to ad-vance If he

f *sonoro* *gve bassa...*

cresc. *p* *rit. e dim.*

ev-er comes back 'tis but a chance Is go dé... tú ma - vour - nin -

cresc. *p* *rit e dim.*

a tempo

- slán.

pp *gve bassa.....*

The Drinaun Donn

(THE BROWN THORN)

DENIS FLORENCE Mac CARTHY
(1817-1882)

AIR— An Droigheán Donn

Allegro con brio

VOICE

PIANO

f

mf

Of... late I'm... cap-ti - va - ted by a...

mf

hand-some young man I'm... dai-ly... com-plain-ing for my own dar-ling John I'll... be

rov-ing all day un - til... night does come on And I'll be sha - ded by the

p

green leaves of the Drin - aun Donn.

cresc.

f

Next fair day I'll get a fair-ing from my hand-some young man

p *f*

f

Twen-ty.... bright kiss-es from my own dar - ling John Con - fuse them, con -

mf *f*

-sume them that say I'm not true Through green groves and lof-ty mountains I'll.....

rove..... with you. *g* My

p

f

love is far.... fair - er than a fine sum - mer day His....
 pa - tient - ly.... wait - ing for my true loves re - turn And...

f *p*

breath is..... far..... sweet - er than the new - - - mown hay His
 for his..... long..... ab - sence I'll..... ne - ver cease to mourn I'll

f

hair shines like gold when ex - - posed to the sun He is
 join with the sweet birds till the sum - mer comes on To.....

f

fair as... the... blos - som of the Drin - - aun Donn I'm Donn
 wel - come the... blos - som of the Drin - - aun Donn Donn

f

mf

I..... wish I had a small boat on the o - cean to

p

float I'd..... fol - low..... my..... dar - ling Wher - ev - er he did re -

rallentando

- sort I'd soo-ner have my true love to..... roll sport and play Than

rallentando

a tempo

all the gold - en trea - - - sure by land or by..... sea.

p a tempo

f senza Pedale

cresc.

An Irish Elegy

THOMAS MOORE
(1779-1852)

AIR.— The Sixpence

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

p

mf

It... is...not the tear at this mo-ment shed When the cold turf has just been laid

mf

o'er him That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled Or how deep in our hearts we de-

-plore him 'Tis the tear thro' ma-ny a long day wept 'Tis life's whole path o'er

shad - ed 'Tis the sad re-mem-brance fond-ly kept When all oth - er griefs have

fad - ed Oh

thus shall we mourn, and his mem'ry's light While it shine thro' our hearts will improve them For

worth shall look fair - er and truth more bright When we think how we lived but to

love them And as bur-ied saints the

f

cresc.

f

grave per-fume When fade-less they've long been ly-ing So our

p

hearts shall bor-row a sweet-ning bloom From the im-age he left there in

p

dim.

dy-ing.

p

pp

Savourneen Deelish

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER
(1762-1836)

AIR—'Σ ἀμύμνιν οἶκῳ

Poco adagio

VOICE

PIANO

mf
gva bassa.....

p
Oh, the mo-ment was sad when my love and I..... part-ed Sa -

dim.

p
gva bassa....

cresc.

- vour - nin deel - ish Eil - een ogel As I kissed off her tears I was

cresc.

p
nigh...bro-ken-heart-ed Sa - vour - nin deel - ish Eil - een ogel!

p

Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoul-der Damp was her hand, no

mar-ble was cold-er I felt that I ne-ver a-gain should be-hold her Sa-

f *svabassa...*

- vour-nin deel-ish Eil - een oge!

mf *dim.*

Long I

fought for my coun-try far far from my true love Sa - vour-nin deel-ish

pp *cresc.*

Eil - een oge! All my pay and my boo - ty I

mf

hoard-ed for you love *Sa vour nin deel- ish Eil - een oge!*

f Peace was pro-claimed es - cap-ed from the slaugh-ter Land-ed at home my sweet

dim. girl I..... sought her But sor-row, a - las! to the cold grave had brought her *Sa-*

dim. *gva bassa*...

- vour - nin deel - ish *Eil - een oge!*.....

pp *gva bassa*

Oh, breathe not his name

THOMAS MOORE
(1779-1852)

AIR—Carlin Bonn

Andante

VOICE

Oh!

PIANO

p

breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade. Where cold and un-hon-our'd his

re-lics are laid; Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the

p

gva bassa.....

night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

p

p
But the night dew that falls, though in

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

cresc.
si - lence it weeps Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the

cresc.

cresc.
tear....that we shed, Though in se - cret it rolls, Shall.....

p *cresc.*

p
long keep his mem-o - ry green in our souls.

dim. *cresc.* *pp*

ad.

*

Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

Traditional

Allegro con spirito

VOICE *mf* When going the road to

PIANO *f* *mf*

sweet A- thy, Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... When going the road to sweet A- thy, Hur -

- roo!..... Hur - roo!..... Whengoing the road to sweet A- thy, A stick in my hand and a

drop in my eye, A dole - ful dam - sel I heard cry Johnny I hard - ly

p *p*

(Refrain) *f*

knew ye With your drums and guns and guns and drums Hur-roo!..... Hur-roo!...With your

drums and guns and guns and drums Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... With your

8

drums and guns and guns and drums The en-e-my near-ly slew ye, Oh..... dar-ling dear, you

f *p*

look so queer Faith Johnny I hard-ly knew ye!

mf

Where are your eyes that looked so mild, Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... Where

mf

are your eyes that look'd so mild Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... Where are the eyes that

look'd so mild When my heart you so be-guild Why did you ske-dad-dle from

me and the child? Why Johnny I hard - ly knew ye!

Where are the legs with which you run Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!.....

Where are the legs with which you run Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!.....

f

Where are the legs with which you run When you went for to car-ry a gun In-

f

- deed your danc - ing days are done Faith Johnny I hard - ly know ye!

f

I'm hap - py for to see you home Hur-

ff *dim.* *f*

- rool!..... Hur - rool!..... I'm hap - py for to see you home Hur - rool!..... Hur-

ff

- rool!..... I'm hap - py for to see you home All from the Is - land of Cey-lon So

ff

dim.

- low in flesh so high in bone Faith John-ny I hard - ly know ye With your

dim.

poco meno mosso

drums and guns and guns and drums Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... With your

f

8va bassa.....

Tempo I

drums and guns and guns and drums Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!.... With your drums and guns and

poco a poco dim.

guns and drums The en - e - my near - ly slew ye Oh, why did you ske-dad-dle from

poco a poco dim.

me and the child Faith Johnny I hard - ly knew ye

pp

FOURTH VOLUME

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

VERSIONS COLLECTED CHIEFLY
FROM SINGERS IN WEST KERRY

Edited and arranged

by

HERBERT HUGHES

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* *With Gaelic words.*

DEDICATION

To Edward F. Tilyou

A Capa Dóir

It would seem, on first thoughts, a strange and unusual thing that an Irishman living in Coney Island should induce an Irishman living in Chelsea to come to Kerry in search of music. Yet on second and last thoughts it has seemed not merely natural but inevitable. You had been here before me and had made yourself beloved; your enthusiasm became my enthusiasm as a fire is lighted by a match; and I ask you now to accept the dedication of a volume that but for you would have been long delayed. Its making has been to me an unclouded and happy adventure, and these pages, with all their imperfections, enshrine friendships and conversations that you and I, with the Atlantic between us, value as living and very precious memories.

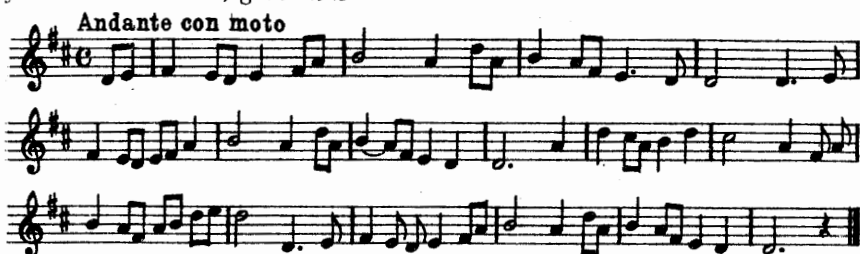
Long ago in the North, when at work on my *Songs of Uladh*—a youthful collaboration with Seosamh MacCathmhaoil—I realised that the art of ballad-making, if in decline, was far from being dead. Local events in Donegal, episodes of recent history, were still being celebrated in rhymed verse. In the intervening years Ireland has experienced the agonies of revolution and civil war beyond all telling, and I have heard highly respected scholars state—it has even been given the permanence of print—that the ballad singers are gone and the countryside is silent. Never was there a more dismal mis-statement. As a nation we are today going through a phase of extreme self-consciousness and introspection, and it is the more easy, therefore, for intelligent people, living a reflective life among their books and going into the Gaeltacht occasionally for a holiday, to miscalculate the very thing in which they are most interested. This part of the ancient Kingdom of Kerry is alive with music, even if that music, as elsewhere in the world, is tempered and influenced by the decentralising tendency of modern life which is going on all the time. Here I have listened to far more songs than I could put in this volume, songs that show an unbroken continuity from the days of Irish-speaking poets to the latest of the Come-all-yes. The two traditions overlap, each intensely vital, with a natural preponderance on the side of what we must call Anglo-Irish. The familiar manner of the Come-all-ye is retained in certain ballads about (for example) a famous football match between North Kerry and Dublin in the year 1924, the achievements of an equally famous greyhound, and a battle between local Republicans and the Free State troops during the civil war. Living personalities are referred to with such frankness that I have had to resist my first inclination to put their exploits in this book.

To the folk-lorist, as to the sociologist, the present phase of our national life presents an unprecedented spectacle. With the creation of a (limited) Free State has come the intensive cultivation of Irish in the national schools. This has raised problems, economic and scholastic, which it is not my business to discuss here. The policy, far-seeing though it may be, is, however, having curious paradoxical reactions in the domain of folk-music. Partly through a desire for standardisation, and partly through the modifications created by music print, the old rhapsodic beauty of such songs as *Éamonn an Chuic* and *Seán O'Duibhir an Bleanna* is being shorn and trimmed into a neat Anglicisation which it is the very object of the authorities to avoid. Children with beautiful voices, singing in unison and phrasing with admirable unanimity, are unconsciously helping on this deadly work day by day, and unless the matter is taken in hand now the next generation, brought up even more effectively on compulsory Irish, will receive a tainted and discredited legacy.

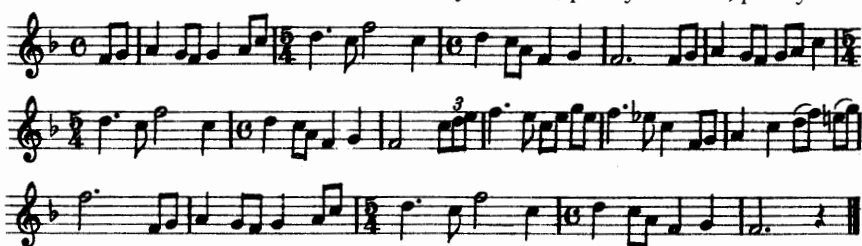
This is a danger, of course, that does not confront the more modern Anglo-Irish ballads of the kind included in these pages. These are songs of leisure and relaxation sung in the kitchen or round the public-house fire, songs that conform more easily than do the traditional Irish to the notation of the tempered scale. More than once I have had to abandon the attempt to make an air fit into the conventional five-lines-and-four-spaces of a musical clef, a difficulty that generally besets the "collector" of Irish tunes. The question of harmonisation I have fully discussed in previous volumes, and I need only admit once more that much of the essential character of an old song is lost the moment it is brought into contact with harmony—in other words, with the piano. At the best, it is created

anew, and if the spirit is retained that is all the interfering musician can hope for. At least it extenuates his meddling.

I have found West Kerry rich in musical folk. It is true that the Uilleann pipes have practically disappeared, that there are few fiddles about, that the imported melodeon is now the common domestic instrument, and that you must dance to it—even on the Great Blasket. My personal experience is that the art of music is concentrated in the love-song and ballad, and that the singer is often a good critic with more than a touch of the creative artist in him. One day, for instance, a youth with a fine tenor voice, came to Cahirciveen on a visit and sang a number of songs to me. He had no technical knowledge of music, but always listened when he could to other singers on the radio. Among the songs he had heard was my somewhat formal setting (1909) of the air to “Down by the Sally Gardens” which, you will remember, goes thus—



He remembered the tune imperfectly, while I purposely refrained from pretending to any knowledge of it. His recollection of Yeats's verses, however, was almost without fault, and out of his musical sense he evolved this lovely variant, partly derived, partly invented—



and this is, again, not unlike a variant of something else, yet fits the words precisely.

We are too much inclined to pedantry on this subject of variants, forgetting that what matters most is not that an air is “correct,” but that it is good. I am not at all convinced that there is really such a thing as a correct version of any traditional tune, even if you can point to its earliest appearance in print. In this part of the world, where ballads have been composed apparently without a break for generations, tunes are often borrowed and adapted to fit the words at the discretion either of the author or the singer, or both, the verses generally cast in a familiar metre. Natural laws operate here as in everything else and, provided the ballad is strong enough to survive, one of two things is bound to happen to the tune: if it is distinctive enough it will be kept fairly intact; if it is not, it will take some slightly new shape according to the singer's inventiveness, and be modified gradually by the community until it becomes more or less fixed. (The quality of beauty is a resultant matter, and may be left to metaphysicians and philosophers. My own feeling is that our people have an unerring, though maybe half-conscious, sense of it in music. In the ballad it is the words that matter first and last).

You remember “Skiberreen”—I gave a Tyrone version of it in Volume II of *Irish Country Songs*—a ballad of eviction with its period written indelibly all over it? Here the same tune is sung, slightly varied, to two other ballads which have no connexion with each other—to “Galway Bay” and to “My blue-eyed mountain queen,” and I think there are others. The former, very well sung in the traditional manner by a young man in this neighbourhood, begins characteristically—

It's far away I am today from scenes I've roamed a boy,
It's long ago the hour I know I first left Illinois,
Nor time nor tide nor waters wide can win my heart away;
For ever true it flies to you, my dear old Galway Bay. . . .

and I have chosen to give " My blue-eyed mountain queen " for its local references. Again another air is sung both to " My bonny labouring boy " and to " Old Erin so far away," the latter beginning—

The sun sank down in the Western sky and a deadly fight was o'er,
And thousands lay on the cold, cold ground their lives to claim no more.
The moonbeams shone on the battlefield where a dying soldier lay
Far away from the friends that he loved so well in old Erin so far away . . .

and I have chosen the former with no more excuse than it is on a more cheerful theme. (There is still another ballad in existence, called " My bonny Irish boy " which goes to the same air, but I have not heard it here) As you turn over these pages you will notice other points of resemblance or relationship. You will observe that " I'm a decent good Irish body " goes to a sprightly variant of the slow Northern tune to which " Norah O'Neale " is sung (Vol. II). " The Star of the County Down " is another that has had a travelling career. It, too, is obviously of the North, but it is known in the States, and has been familiar here for generations. The late Mrs. Milligan Fox published many years ago a ballad with the refrain—

My love Nell is an Irish girl
From the County Down she came

and there is a version here of which the corresponding lines are—

My love Nell is a darling girl
From the Cove of Cork she came

In this the North and South are amicably related, the tune going equally well to each set of verses. You will realise that such ballads as " Oh, father, father, build me a boat," " A young maid stood in her father's garden," and the facetious " Tigaree torum orum " must have come to us from England generations ago in spite of the Irish tang that is an essential ingredient. How and when they came to the heart of these Kerry mountains it would be interesting to discover, for there is no longer any considerable migration of labourers to English and Scots farms such as that which was customary in the North at harvesting time: always a fruitful source of exchange in balladry. And I cannot regard " I have a bonnet trimmed with blue " as anything but a nineteenth-century importation of a familiar polka from the other side of the Irish Sea in spite of the fact that my friends, Colm O'Lochlainn and John F. Larchet, have printed it in their *An Clárceol* going delightfully to the words—

Ó hÍ! geo hÍ! veir a 'bó
'Sí 'gáí ríor tréigleann a 'ceo . . .

a quaint metamorphosis indeed.

" Oh Limerick is beautiful " is a further case of a song having more than one incarnation. I am inclined to think that the verses attributed to Dion Boucicault were, like those of Michael Scanlan, founded on an anonymous or traditional original. Otherwise it would be impossible to account for the close similarity between the work of the two writers. I give them here for comparison:

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful,
As ev'rybody knows,
And by that city of my heart
How proud old Shannon flows!
It sweeps down by the brave old town
As pure in depth and tone
As when Sarsfield swept the Saxons from
The walls of Garryowen.

'Tis not for Limerick I sigh—
Though I love her in my soul—
Though times will change and friends will
And man will not control; [die,
No, not for friends long passed away
Or days for ever flown,
But that the maiden I adore
Is sad in Garryowen.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

Limerick is beautiful,
As everybody knows;
The river Shannon full of fish,
Through that city flows.
But 'tis not the river or the fish
That weighs upon my mind
Nor with the town of Limerick
I've any fault to find—
Ochone, ochone.

The girl I love is beautiful
As soft-eyed as the fawn;
She lives in Garryowen
And is called the Colleen Bawn.
And proudly as that river flows
Through that famed city
As proudly and without a word
That Colleen goes by me—
Ochone, ochone.

Oh, she I love is beautiful,
And world-wide is her fame ;
She dwells down by the rushing tide,
And Eire is her name ;
And dearer than my very life
Her glances are to me,
The light that guides my weary soul
Across life's stormy sea.

I loved her in my boyhood,
And now in manhood's noon,
The vision of my life is still
To dry thy tears, aroon ;
I'd sing unto the tomb, or dance
Beneath the gallows tree,
To see her on the hills once more
Proud, passionate and free.

If I was made the Emperor
Of Russia to command,
Or Julius Caesar, or the Lord
Lieutenant of the land.
I'd give the armies off the land
My fleets from off the sea,
With the Horse, the Rifles and the Foot
And the Royal Artillerie—
Ochone, ochone.

I'd give the crown from off my head
My people on their knees ;
I'd give the fleet of sailing ships
Upon the briny seas.
A beggar I would go to bed,
And happy rise at dawn ;
If by my side, for my sweet bride,
I had found my Colleen Bawn—
Ochone, ochone !

There are, no doubt, other versions extant, but the fragment I have noted from a local singer seems to me to get near enough to the root of the matter to deserve inclusion on its own simple merits. The *Caílín bán*, like *Róirín Dub*, the *Sean bean boct* and *Caicilín na houlahan* is, as you know, but one of several symbolical names for Ireland, and in this version of the Limerick song you will see that the reference to Garryowen has some point.

In "Johnny Doyle" there is a song of a type familiar in the North with its tragic story of a "mixed marriage," while in such ballads as "The Fenians of Cahirciveen," "The Top of Inney's Side," "The Hounds of Filemore," and "The Dingle Puck-Goat" the vivid life of West Kerry is crystallised in a way that the finest realistic prose can hardly equal and certainly never surpass. "The Top of Inney's Side" is a curious parallel, both in words and tune, to "The Winding Banks of Erne"; and since I began this collection a Kerry man, in a cross-channel steamer, sang me, to the same tune, at half-past six in the morning—neither he nor I having found a bed the previous night—a capital South-*Irish* ballad of post-Fenian days entitled "Erin's lovely Lee." Only our arrival at Cork put a stop to his superb singing, singing that was accompanied by that rhythmic gesture of hands which is so characteristic of the older generation of Kerry singers. Again since working on this collection I was able, through the courtesy of Fionan MacCollum, to obtain the complete verses of "*Там і н-Аппеар*." As there are thirteen of these, plus the refrain, I decided it would be better for the purpose of this volume to set the fragmentary version just as I heard it, with a fairly literal translation of my own into English.

In these pages you will find fighting and poaching, beagle-hunting and riotous fantasy that are in the blood of these courteous and hospitable people. You may find satire in "The Philippine Soldier" that recalls "The Playboy of the Western World," a portrait faithful in all its details ; but it is satire without real malice. For indeed the subject himself had shyly collaborated in its composition, and the singer who sang it to me remarked "I gave him a greyhound pup to get the words of that song, a pup worth four pounds."

As I write here from the wooded seclusion of Villa Nova, with the stark slopes of Castlequin and Knocknatobar behind me, the lively little town facing me across the Ferta, and Valentia out in the Atlantic to my right, I find myself preoccupied with impressions and memories of the last few months. Light-heartedness and conviviality, dignity and gentle manners, are outstanding characteristics of a community that faced pillage and death only a few years ago and will, no doubt, face the problems of tomorrow with equal fortitude. The chequered period covered during the last two decades is but a phase in the history of a people bearing names that were old before ever a Norman or an Englishman had set foot on the land. History itself has been a great leveller and mixer through the centuries, and today class distinctions are nearly non-existent. Success in dealing and bargaining may bring as much credit and respect as it deserves ; but the ballad is more honoured than the newspaper, if only because it is regarded as permanent and more true to life, and no one is more welcome round a fireside than the singer of a good song.

Міфe до чапа юнiшiн

Lovely Mollie

Andante moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

dim.

"Good-

- bye, love-ly Mol-lie, I am now.....goin' to leave you, To the East or West

p

(b)

In-dies I am now goin' to... go; Al - though we are part-ed I'll be

cresc.

mf

ten.

true and loy-al heart-ed I'll be back, love-ly Mol-lie, in the Spring of the

p

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Animando

year" "I'll dress..... like a sail-*lor*, true

love,... I'll go with you, Thro' the midst of all dangers I'll go with-out

ten.
tear; When the big ship is... sail - ing and the wild waves are ra - ging I'll be

with you, dear-est Wil-lie, To reef your top sail".....

"Your de - li-cate hands, love, stout

f *dim.* *mf* *f* *cresc.* *ff* *dim.* *mf* *p*

ca-bles can't han-dle, And your pretty little feet, love, in the rig-ging can't

go; Your del - li-cate bo - dy wild waves can't en -

-dure, love; Be ad-vised, love-ly Mol - lie to the sea do not

Tempo I?

go' The

big ship set sail and left Mol - lie be wail - ing, Till her cheeks grew as

mf *pp*

pale as the li - ly that grows. Her gay gold - en locks she kept

p

con - stant - ly..... tear - ing, Saying, "I'll sigh till I die, love..... will I

cresc. *mf*

eer see you more?"...

p *dim.* *ritard* *pp*

I'm a decent good Irish body

Allegro giocoso

PIANO

Im a de-cent good I-rish bo-dy.... And I come from the County Ty-

- rone, I can do with a rale glass of tod-dy.... And my name it is Mol-lie Ma-

- lone I can whis - tle and sing like a

star - ling..... By the young-sters I could-n't..... be bet

pp *cresc.*

Whis - per I'll tell... you my dar-ling I'm as good as they're making them yet

pp *cresc.* *f*

p *cresc.*

I'm.....

p *cresc.*

..... a de-cent good I-rish bo-dy.. And I come from the County Ty-

- rone I can do with a rale glass of tod-dy..... And myname it is Mol-lie Ma-

- lone.....

ff

The Star of the County Down

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Near

f

dim.

Ban-bridgetown in the County Down one morn-ing last Ju-ly Down a

mf

bo-reen green came a sweet *cai-lín* and she smiled as she passed me by. She

looked so neat from her two bare feet to the crown of her nut brown hair Such a

The musical score is for a song in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It is marked 'Moderato'. The score is written for voice and piano. The piano part features a lively, rhythmic accompaniment with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The voice part has a melody that follows the lyrics. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The lyrics are: 'Ban-bridgetown in the County Down one morn-ing last Ju-ly Down a bo-reen green came a sweet *cai-lín* and she smiled as she passed me by. She looked so neat from her two bare feet to the crown of her nut brown hair Such a'.

senza rall.

[Chorus]

win-some elf I was ashamed of myself for to see I was real-ly there From

Ban-try Bay up to Der-ry quay and from Gal-way to Dub-lin town, No.

maid I've seen like the brown cai-lin that I met in the Coun-ty Down

As she

dim.

on-ward sped sure I scratch'd my head and I looked with a feel-ing rare And I

p

says, says I, to a pass-er by "Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?" He

cresc.

smiled at me and he says to me "That's the gem of... Ire-land's crown, Young

p

cresc *senza rall* **Chorus**

Ro-sie McCann from the banks of the Bann, she's the star of the County Down" From

cresc

Ban-try Bay up to Der-ry quay and from Gal-way to Dub-lin Town No

f

maid I've seen like the brown *cai-lín* that I met in the Coun-ty Down

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The key signature is D major (two sharps).

At the

mf

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line has a whole rest followed by a half note G4 and a quarter note A4. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand with slurs and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present. The key signature remains D major.

har-vest fair shé'll be sure-ly there, so I'll dress in my Sun-day clothes; With my

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature is D major.

shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right for a smile from the nut brown Rose No

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with quarter notes G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature is D major.

pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke till my plough is a rust coloured brown Till a-

- smi-ling bright by my own fire-side is the star from the County Down. From

[Chorus] *f*

cresc.

Ban-try Bay up to Der-ry quay and from Gal-way to Dub-lin town, No...

f

cresc.

maid I've seen like the brown cai-lin that I met in the County Down.

ff

Oh father, father, build me a boat

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

It was early, ear-ly in the month of May Down by the green fields I chanced to

p

stray I heard a fe-male to sigh and say The lad she loved was gone far a -

mf *cresc.*

- way. "Oh father, father build me a boat For it's o'er the oc - ean I... long to

cresc. *mf* *cresc.*

float To watch the big ships as they pass by And to....en-quire of my sailor

boy." She was not

long floating on the deep When three large vessels she chanc'd to meet Saying "Captain, clothes did your Willie wear? What col-our was..... your true love's hair?" His hair was

Cap-tain, come tell me true Was my love Wil - lie on board with you?" "What coloured light and his eyes were blue And he wore a coat of the na-vy

2

blue."

dim *p* *cresc.* *sva* *3* *3* *3* *3*

mf

"Oh no, no, maid-en he is not here, He's swamp'd and drown'd I dread-ly

mf *sva bassa*

cresc.

fear; It was at Green-is-land as we passed by We lost three more and your sailor

cresc. *3* *3*

f *cresc.*

boy" She wrung her hands and she tore her hair Like an-y fair maid in deep de -

f *cresc.* *3* *3*

ff *dim.*

- spair; She dashed her small boat a - gainst the rocks Saying "What will I

mf *dim.*

do now my love is lost?".....

p

"Now I'll sit down and I'll write a song, And if I write it I'll....write it

long; For ev-e-ry line sure I'll.....shed a tear And for ev-e-ry

verse I'll cry Wil-lie dear. Oh dig my grave..... and dig it

deep; Put a marble stone at my head and feet, And in the middle put a tur-tle

dove To let the world all know that I died of love."

I have a bonnet trimmed with blue

(A POLKA FRAGMENT)

Allegro

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

I have a bon- net trimmed with blue, Do you wear it?

Yes I do. I will wear it when I can, Go-ing to the ball with my young man.

f

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Allegro'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part starts with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'I have a bon- net trimmed with blue, Do you wear it?'. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern. The voice part then sings 'Yes I do. I will wear it when I can, Go-ing to the ball with my young man.' The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The score ends with a final piano flourish.

My young man has gone to sea, When he comes back he'll play for me, Tip to the heel and

mf

tip to the toe, And that's the way the pol-ky goes.

pp

I have a bon-net trimmed with blue, Do you wear it?

dim. *pp*

ritard. e poco cresc. *mf a tempo*

Yes I do. I will wear it when I can, Go-ing to the ball with my young man.

colla voce *mf a tempo*

She lived beside the Anner

from the verses by
CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM
(1826-1882)

Quasi senza tempo

VOICE

PIANO

mf *dim.* *p*

mf

She lived be-side the An-ner at the foot of...Slieve-na-man, A.....

gen-tle pea-sant girl..... with mild eyes like the.....dawn. Her....

lips were dew-y rose - - buds, her teeth of pearls.....rare, And a

snowdrift 'neath a beechen bough Her neck and nut-brown hair. How

plea-sant was to meet her on Sun - day... when the bell Was.....

fill - ing with its mel - low tones lone wood and gras - sy..... dell And....

when at eve young maid-ens strayed the ri-ver bank a - long The... *mf*

widow's brown-haired daughter was..... love-li-est of the throng. Ah

cold and well nigh cal - lous this..... wea - ry.... heart has grown For thy

mf

help - less fate, dear Ire - land, and for sor - rows of my....own; Yet a

cresc. *p*

cresc.

tear my eye will moist-en...when by An - ner side I..... stray For the

p

li - ly of the mountain foot that withered far a - way.

p *pp*

Where the grass grows green

Moderato *mf*

VOICE I'm

PIANO *f*

Den - is Doyle from Coun - ty Clare, I'm here at your com - mand, To
Pad - dy's oft - en paint - ed with a rag - ged coat and hat, But his

mf

sing a song in praise of home, our dear old na - tive land. I've sailed to fo - reign coun - tries and to
heart and hos - pi - tal - i - ty's a lot to do with that. Let slan - der - ers say what they will, They

[Chorus] *f*

ma - ny climes I've been, But my heart is still with Er - in where the grass grows green. I
can - not call him mean, For a stran - ger's al - ways wel - come where the grass grows green. Let

love my na - tive country and tho' rich - er lands I've seen, Yet I
 slan - der - ers say what they will they can - not call him mean, For a

f

can't for - get old Ire - land where the grass grows green. Poor
 stran - gers al - ways welcome where the grass grows green.

mf

It's true he has a weak - ness for a

p

mf *dim.* *p*

drop of something pure, But that's a slight de - bil - i - ty that ma - ny more en - dure, He's

fond of fun, he's wit-ty, tho' his wit is not too keen, For there's

f [Chorus]
ten-der hearts in Ireland where the grass grows green. He's fond of fun he's wit-ty, tho' his

wit is not too keen, For there's ten-der hearts in Ire-land where the grass grows green.

mf *f*
There's not a true born Ir-ish-man, where

ev - er he may be, But loves the lit - tle em - er - ald that

spark-les in the sea, May the sun of bright pros-per - i - ty shine

peace-ful and se-rene, And bring bet-ter days to Ire-land where the

[Chorus]
grass grows green. May the sun of bright pros-per - i - ty shine

peaceful and se-rene, And bring better days to Ireland where the grass grows green.

The Fenians of Cahirciveen

Allegro con spirito

VOICE *f* (1) I

PIANO *f*

am a bold Fen-ian from Ca-hir-ci-veen, That late took my gun for to
marched all a-long and our guns we did load We met a po-lice-man, on

fight for the green; O'er moun-tains and wood-lands I wan-dered a-long—Now I'll
horse-back he rode We asked him to sur-ren-der But the an-swer was No And a

leave it a-lone and com-mence up my song. We marched to Kells sta-tion that
ball from young Con-way soon le-velled him low, A-way we marched on and our

lies near the strand Where the sea rush-es in with great force to the land; And..
guns we did load We met Fa-ther Meg-gan and for him we bowed low He...

then you may say we had cou-rage go leor When Kells sta-tion was ta - ken by the
gave us his bless-ing say-ing "God be your friend In the bat-tle for Free-dom on

boys of File-more, which you are bent?' (2) We

(3) Come shoul-der your arms, come

march and o - bey, For a - las! we were bea-ten all on the next day Our...

plans were found out by some ug-ly old spy And on Cap-tain Mo-ri - ar - ty they

did cast an eye. Mo-ri - ar - ty came in on the mail car next day To....

lead all our brave boys to join in the fray, To our great-est sur-prise he was

marched in-to jail, Which left us in sor-row our loss to be-wail.

Then it's off thro' the mountains we

dim. e rall. *a tempo* *f*

all took our course, Our sto-machs be-ing slack and we had but bad clothes, We...

This system contains the first three measures of the song. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

were in a num-ber a - bout six-ty strong, Sur - round-ed by red coats, for

This system contains measures 4 to 6. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support in the grand staff.

some-thing went wrong. Then hur-rah for the Fen-ians of Ca-hir-ci-veen No...

This system contains measures 7 to 9. The melody features a 'hur-rah' section with a more rhythmic feel. The piano accompaniment includes some chords in the bass line.

bol-der nor bra-ver in E - rin was seen; No... sol-diers more true to the

This system contains measures 10 to 12. The melody continues with a steady rhythm. The piano accompaniment features a consistent bass line.

ban-ner of green Than the true-heart-ed Fen-ians of Ca-hir-ci-veen...

This system contains measures 13 to 15, ending with a double bar line. The melody concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment also ends with a final chord.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful

Moderato *mf*

VOICE (1) Oh

PIANO *f*

Lim-er-ick is beau-ti-ful, As ev'-ry-bo-dy knows;... The ri-ver Shan-non
girl I love is beau-ti-ful, She is fair-er than the dawn;.... She lives in Gar-ry-

full of fish through-out the ci - ty flows;... It's not the ri - ver or the fish that
-o-wen, my boys, and is called the *Cai-lín Bân*;.... She kept the e - ne-my out all night un-

weighs u - pon my mind, ... Or... with the town of Lim - er - ick have I a - ny fault to
- til the clear day dawned. Most wor - thy of all my ti - tles is this dar - ling Cai - lin

1

find.....
Bán.....

(2) Oh the

mf *dim.*

2

p

(3) Her skin is whi-ter

dim. *p*

than the snow all on... the moun-tain side;..... And soft-er than the crea-my foam that

flows down by... the tide;..... Her eyes are brigh-ter than the dew that spar-kles on.. the

lawn;... She is the sun-shine of my heart,... My dar-ling Cai-lin

Bán Oh the girl I love is

cresc. *f*

beau-ti-ful and fair-er than the dawn;..... She lives in Gar-ry-

grv bassa...

- o-wen, my boys,..... And is called the Cai-lin Bán,

The bold tenant farmer

VOICE *Moderato* *mf*

One

PIANO *f*

eve-ning of late as from Ban-don I strayed And towards Bal-lin-gar-ry I

mf

made a near way And in Bal-lin-spiddal I made a de-lay When I

wet-ted my whis-tle with por-ter. I ligh-ted my pipe and I spat on my fist And

out on the road like old Nick I did twist Say-ing "I care for no land-lord no

bail-iff or miss But I'm off like a lark in the morn - ing!"

f molto staccato

I was-n't a scarce a mile

out on the road When I heard a great fight in a far-mer's a - bode By the

son of a landlord an ill-look-ing toad And the wife of a poor tenant far - mer. "Oh

8va bassa

f

what in the di-vil comes o-ver you all? When we call for our rent we can't get it at all; But
 husband was drinking in town t'other night And shouting and fighting for bold tenants' right; But our

mf *cresc.*

sure at next Sessions you'll pay for it all, Or you'll get the high road to Dun-gar - van* "Your
 plan of campaign it will give him a fright" Oh, we'll bear ev'-ry wind in your

f

stor'm..... *a tempo* "If my husband was drinking, now

f *dim. e rall.* *a tempo* *f*

what's that to you? I'd... ra-ther he'd drink it than give it to you; You

* to the County jail

hun-gry old mi-ser, you're not worth a chew And your mos-sy old land is no

ff

bar - - - gain!" He shouted 'hoo-ray,' and she shouted 'hoo-roo' And

ff

o - ver the green fields like Old Nick he flew saying "May God help the landlords and

ritard.

ritard.

old Ire-land too!" A-gus fág ai - mis siúdh mar a tú sé!*

pp a tempo

pp a tempo

8va bassa...

* meaning, practically, "Let us leave that as it is!"

The dear Irish boy

Andante

VOICE

mf

My Connor his cheeks are as
roe-buck more swift could fly

PIANO

p

mf

cresc.

ruddy as morn-ing. The bright-est of pearls but mi-mic his teeth, While
o-ver the mountain No ve-ter-an bolder meet danger or scars He's

cresc.

mf

Na-ture with ringlets his mild brow a - dorn-ing His hair Cupid's bowstrings and
sight-ly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain His eyes twinkle love Oh, he's

dim.

mf

ro - ses his breath }
gone to the wars } Smi-ling, be - guil - - ing cheer-ing, en - dear-ing - To

p

mf

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the voice entering with a melody marked 'mf' and the piano accompaniment starting with a 'p' dynamic. The second system continues the melody with a 'cresc.' marking. The third system features a 'dim.' marking in the piano part. The fourth system concludes with a 'p' dynamic in the piano part and a 'mf' dynamic in the voice part.

cresc.

ge-ther how oft o'er the mountains we strayed, By each o-ther de-lighted and

cresc.

f

dim. *p*

fond-ly u-ni-ted—I have listened all day to my dear I-rish boy.

dim. *p* *f*

mf

2. No war be-ing o-ver and he not re-

3. The

dim. *mf*

cresc.

-turned, I... fear that some dark en-vi-ous plot has been laid; Or that some cru-el

cresc.

p

goddess has him cap - ti - va - ted And left her to mourn - his dear I-rish

pp

maid. Smiling, be - guil - -ing, cheer-ing en - dear-ing - To - ge - ther how

pp

mf

oft o'er the mountains we strayed, By each o - ther de - lighted and fond - ly u -

mf

- ni - ted - I have listened all day to my dear I - rish boy.....

Sua bassa.....

The old turf fire

VOICE *Moderato* *mf*

Oh, the old turf fire and the hearth swept clean, There is

PIANO *mf senza Pedale*

no one half so hap - py as my-self and Pad-dy Keane; With the

ba - by in the cra-dle you could hear her mam-my say "Would-n't you

p *ritard.* *a tempo*

go to sleep, a-lan - na, till I wet your da - dy's tay" "Oh the

p.

mf

man that I work for is a rich - er man than me, But

some-how in this world, feth, we ne ver can a - gree; He has

big tow-'ring man - sions and cas - tles o - ver all, But

sure I wouldn't exchange with him my little marble hall" "I have

mf

p

got a lit - tle house and a ti - dy bit of land; You would

mf

ne - ver see a bet - ter on the side of Knock-na - cran; I've no pi -

cresc.

- a - no in the cor - ner and no pic - tures on the wall, But..... I'm

cresc.

3

dim. *ad lib.* *pp*

some how quite con - tent - ed in my lit - tle mar - ble hall?" Oh the

dim. *colla voce*

a tempo

old turf fire and the hearth swept clean, There is

pp a tempo

no one half so hap - py as my-self and Pad-dy Keane; With the

ba - by in the cra-dle You could hear her mam-my say "Would - n't you

go to sleep, a - lan - na, till I wet your da - dy's tay"

pp colla voce.

The hounds of Filemore

From the verses
by THADE BOWLER

(BALLAD OF A DRAG-HUNT)

Allegro con spirito

VOICE *f* You

PIANO *f*

lads and lasses gay And you with sporting faces If you live un-to next year You will
ra-ces we will have without bri-dle whip or saddle And none of you will say That it's

1 2 [Chorus]
ne'er forget the races such faddle Oh, File more you're the place For mer-ry sport and
all a fid-dle

sing-ing And the chief a-mong them all Is the charm-ing beagle hunt-ing

Editor's note— The author of this nineteenth-century ballad was schoolmaster and sportsman, and died a few years ago at an advanced age. He was a tenant on Daniel O'Connell's estate at Carhan, and it is said that as a boy he frequently took part in the local drag-hunt with the Liberator himself. For these verses I am indebted to his nephew, Mr Patrick O'Reardon, of Cahirciveen. H.H.

mf

A -

drag-hunt we will have Swift hor-ses and fine riders Gentlemen there will be For to
- round the course we'll go To see wholl rouse the echo From, Car-han woods a-bove To the

wield their swords and sabres If a sin-gle man should fall We will all feel ve-ry sorry For a
moun-tains of Ki - me-go. Kenmare will hear the shock, And Dingle will awaken, Kill-

f [Chorus]
sign it is most sure That-year he will not marry { Oh, File-more you're the place For
-org-lin will re-sound And Va-len-tia will be sha-ken

merry sport and singing And the chief amongst them all Is the charming beagle hunting

mf
Come-ly struck it

f *dim.* *mf*

first, There was Rattler Thade the Weaver, Small Tru-man from Tureen, And Tanner was their

leader; Ju-no Coffey of Coars, Like-wise Ju-no Fo-ley; Ju-no Lynch in-

f [Chorus]
- deed Were three Ju-nos full of glo-ry. Oh File-more you're the place For

f

merry sport and singing And the chief amongst them all Is the charming beagle hunting.

mf

mf a tempo

And now the hunt is

o-ver, The sun is near-ly setting In - to the town we'll go As tired our limbs are

f *cresc.*

getting. In tap rooms we will sit, Call for porter, ale and whisky, Then homeward we will

f *cresc.*

[Chorus]

go, With spirits light and frisky. Oh File-more you're the place For merrysport and

singing, And the chief amongst them all Is the charming beagle hunting....

8va

My blue eyed mountain queen

Moderato *mf*

VOICE

It being in the month of May when
is a fish-er-man, he's

PIANO *mf*

fields were fresh and green, I was forced to leave my na - tive home, my age being scarce eight -
on the rag - ing sea; My mother she through seven long years sleeps cold be - neath the

- een; And when I part - ed with my dear her lov - ing tears were seen; In troubled mind I
clay. My sisters and my brothers four I re - gard them with es - teem But little they know I

1
left be - hind my blue-eyed moun - tain queen.
weep full sore for my blue-eyed moun - tain queen.

2. My father

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The score consists of four systems. The first system shows the vocal melody starting with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics 'It being in the month of May when is a fish-er-man, he's'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the vocal melody with lyrics about fields being fresh and green, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The third system includes lyrics about parting with dear ones and the piano accompaniment. The fourth system presents two endings for the vocal melody, both with lyrics about leaving the blue-eyed mountain queen, and the piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

2

Fare-well to

dim. *mf*

Glen-beigh's lof-ty hills and to those mountain streams Where sun or moon though

molto legato

in the gloom pours forth its brill-iant beams; Her cas-tle * stands beneath the

cresc. *f*

hill, bound round with lau-rels green;... But in A-mer-i-ca's plain I'll

cresc.

spend my days with my blue-eyed moun-tain queen....

p *f*

*An old mansion, locally known as Wynne's Folly, now in ruins. The gardens have long disappeared.

f
God speed the

ship a-cross the deep that steers my love to me, The wind to fly her

gva bassa.....

top-sail wide to waft her o'er the sea; Her steel-made bow has made a

vow for to plough the waves with steam, And in her breast to

bear the crest of my blue-eyed moun-tain queen.

gva bassa.....

The black ribbon-band

Allegro con brio

VOICE *f* 1. It was

PIANO *f*

in..... the town of Tra-lee an ap - prentice to trade I was bound With a
I.....went down the Broad - way Not in tending to stay ve-ry long I.....

plen-ty of bright a - muse-ment for to see the days go round..... Till mis-
met with a tick-le-some dam - sel as she came tripping a - long A

- for-tune and ru-in came ov - er me which caused me to stray from my land Far a -
watch she pull'd out of her pock - et And slipped it right in - to my hand And the

[Chorus]

way from my friends and compan - ions to fol-low her black ribbon-band } Oh her
 ve - ry first day that I met her Bad luck to her black ribbon-band }

eyes they shone like dia - monds You would think she was queen of the land With her

hair thrown ov-er her should - ers Tied up with a black ribbon - band.....

2. As.....
 3. Be-fore.....

judge and ju - ry next morn - ing We both of us did.... ap -
all you young I - rish lads a - warn - ing take by

mf

- pear And a gentleman swore to the jew - el - ry And the case against us was
me Be - ware of those ticklesome cai - lins that are knocking around in Tra -

clear..... For sev - en years transport - a - tion right in - to Van Die - men's
- lee They'll treat you to whisky and por - ter un - til you're not ab - le to

Land Far a - way from my friends and re - la - tions. To follow her black ribbon
stand And be - fore you have time for to leave them you are in - to Van Die - men's

f [Chorus]

band } Oh her eyes they shone like dia - monds, You would think she was queen of the
Land }

land With her hair thrown ov - er her should - ers Tied up with a black ribbon

1

band.....

sva.....

mf

Oh..... up with a black rib - bon band.....

2

My Buachaillín Donn

(MY BROWN-HAIRED BOY)

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY

("Leo") 1845-1878

Moderato

VOICE *mf* My

PIANO *mf*

true love he dwells in the mountains Like a war ea-gle fearless and free,..... By the
céad mí-le táil te I give him When he comes ev-ry Sunday to me,..... And

side of the low tuning fountains That wander thro'wide An-na-lee..... His
what can I do but be-lieve him As he whispers a *cuisle mo chroidhe* ... For the

soul has more valour and honour, Than a king with a palace and crown For the
look is so truthful and tender Of his bright roving eyes of dark brown That I'm

blood of the race of O' Con-nor, Fill the veins of my *buach-aill-in donn*.....
 sure e'en a la-dy of splendour Would be coaxed by my *buach-aill-in donn*.....

dim.

1

Soft

p

2

My

p

fath-er has riches in plen-ty And sui-tors for me in his eye,..... But

mf

oh let my age come to twenty If I don't give them all the goodbye For I

ad lib.
sigh for a... life on the mountains Far a-way from the dust of the town With the

ad lib.
song of the soft tuning fountains..... And the love of my buachaillin donn.....
p *colla voce*

p

My bonny labouring boy

59

Allegro

VOICE

PIANO

mf

As I roved out one
John-ny was my

f *mf*

morn - ing being in the blooming Spring I heard a love-ly maid com-plain and
true love's name as you shall plain-ly see My parents they em - ployed him their

griev-ous-ly did sing..... Saying cru-el was my par - ents that did me so an-
labouring boy to be..... To harrow reap and sow the seed and plough my fath-er's

-noy..... And would not let me mar - ry My bon-ny la-bouring boy..... 2. Young
land But soon I fell in love with him As you may un - der

2

stand

My

moth-er thought to have me wed un-to some lord or peer I be-ing the on - ly
court-ed him for twelve long months but lit-tle did I know That both my cru - el

heir-ess to ten thousand pounds a year I placed my heart on one true love and he
par - ents would prove my ov - er - throw They watched us close one eve - ning whilst

was my on-ly joy This na - tion I will ram-ble with my bon - ny la-bour-ing
in a shady grave Pledging our vows to - geth - er in the con-stant bands of

1 2

boy. I love.

My

moth - er came next morn - ing and to me she did say..... Your

fath - er has in - tend - ed to ap - point your wed - ding day..... I nob - ly made her

ans - wer with him I'd ne'er com - ply..... But sin - gle would I

still re - main for my bon - ny la - bouring boy..... Fill your glass - es to the

ritard. *f* *a tempo*

ritard. *f* *a tempo*

brim, my boys, let the toast go mer-ri-ly round Here's health to ev - 'ry

la-bour ing boy that ploughs and works the ground And when his work is

poco allarg.

ov - er to his home he will go with joy..... And hap - py is the

colla voce

girl that gets a bon - ny la - bour-ing boy.....

mf

A young maid stood in her father's garden

Andante *mf*

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

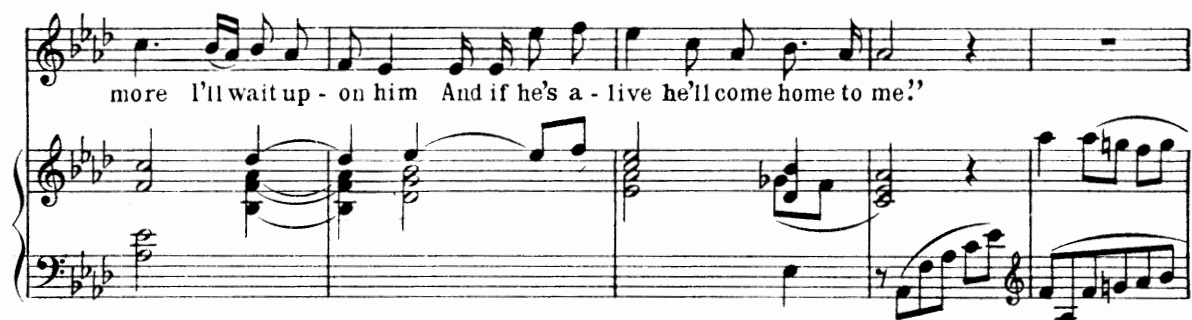
A young maid

stood in her fa-ther's gar-den, Pluck-ing ro - ses all cover'd with dew; A stranger

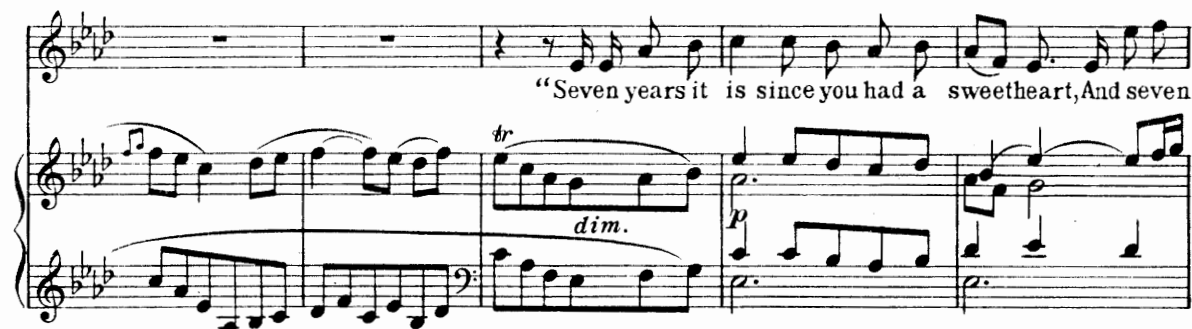
came and gazed up - on... her And said "Fair la-dy, will you wed with me?" "It's se-ven

years since I had a sweetheart And se-ven more since I did him... see, And se-ven

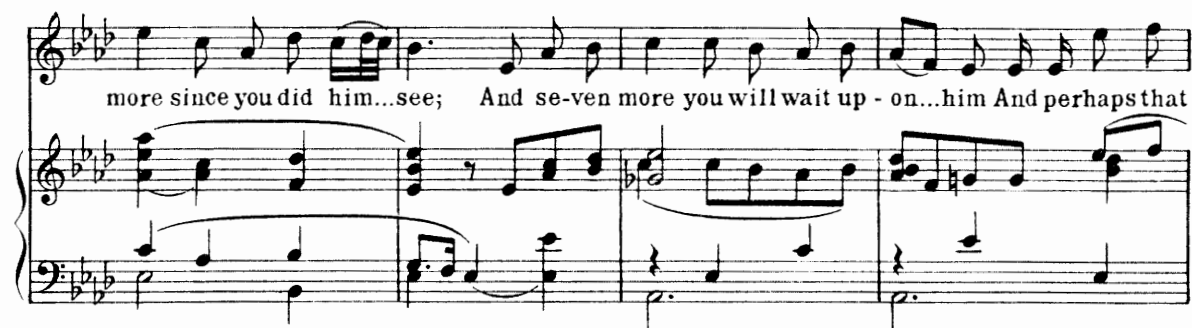
more I'll wait up - on him And if he's a - live he'll come home to me."



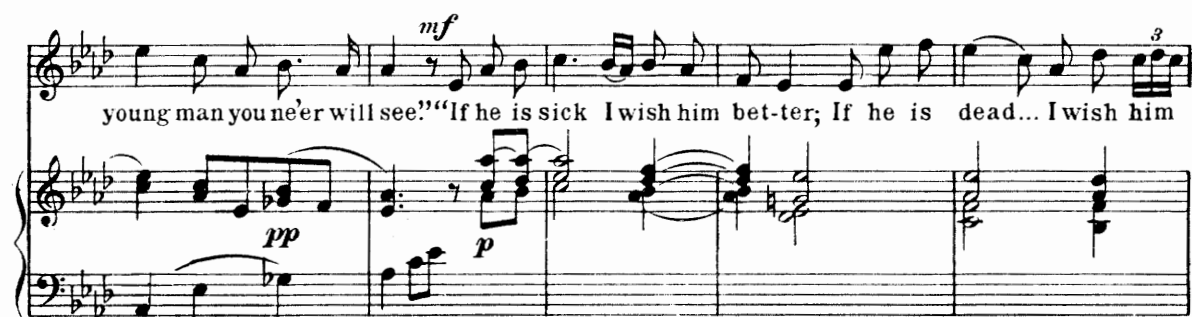
"Seven years it is since you had a sweetheart, And seven



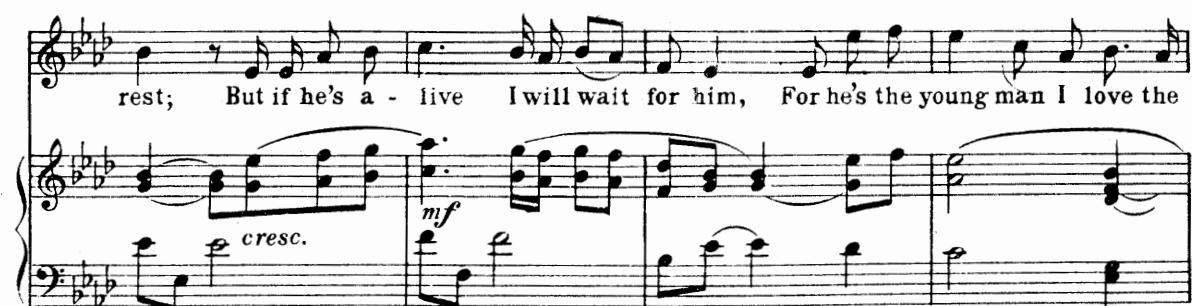
more since you did him...see; And se-ven more you will wait up - on...him And perhaps that



young man you ne'er will see." "If he is sick I wish him bet-ter; If he is dead... I wish him



rest; But if he's a - live I will wait for him, For he's the young man I love the



best." *mf* He put a

hand in-to his pock-et, His sin-ew-y hands they were slim and small, And up be-

p

- tween them he pulled a gold ring, And when she saw it she down did fall. He took her

up and gave her sweet kiss-es And he em-braced her so ten-der-ly Saying, "I am your

f

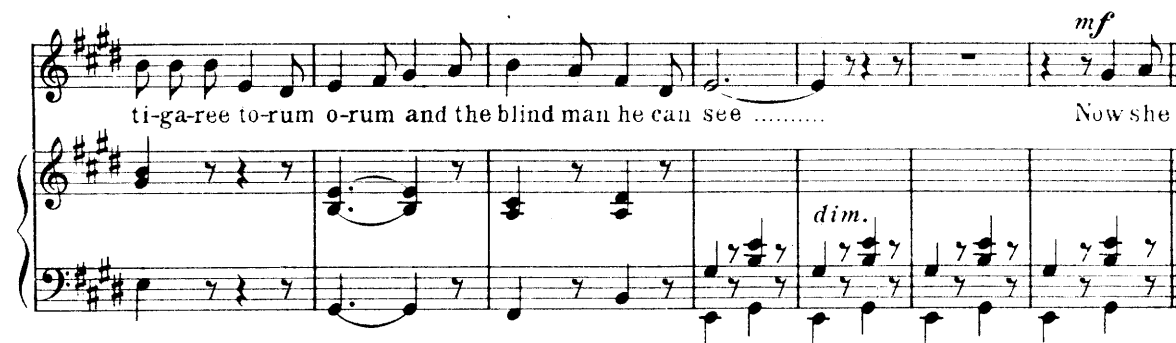
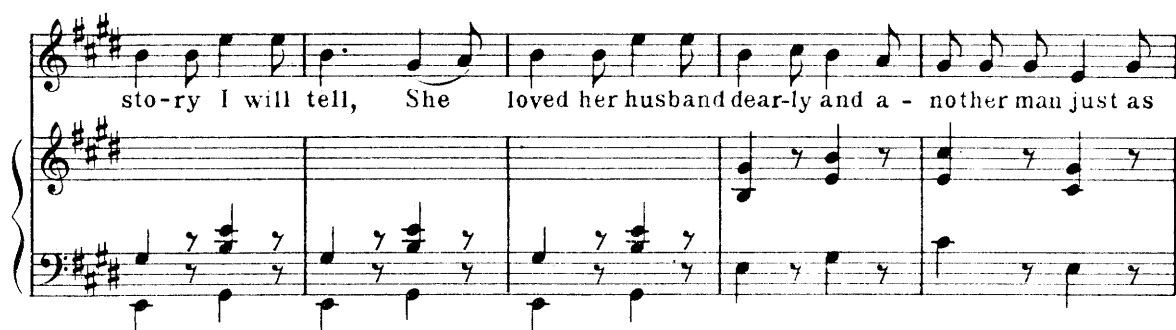
true and loving sai-lor That came from sea for to wed with you.".....

dim. *p*

Tigaree torum orum

Molto animato e giocoso

PIANO



went in-to the doc-tor's shop some me-dicine for to buy She asked the doc-tor
get for him some marrow bones and make him suck them all And when he has the

f [Chorus]
kind-ly what would close her old man's eye { With my ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum And my
last one sucked he cannot see you at all

to-rum o-rum me With my ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum and the blind man he can see "Now

see *mf* Now the doc-tor sent for this old man and
got for him the mar-row bones and she

[Chorus] *f*
told him what she spoke He thanked the doc-tor kind-ly and he said he'd play the joke { With my
made him suck them all And when he had the last one sucked he couldn't see her at all

ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum And my to-rum o-rum me With my ti-ga-ree to-rum

o rum And the blind man he can see Now she see In this

world I have no com-fort and it's here I can't re-main Sure I'll go out and
world you have no com-fort and it's here you can't re-main And if you like to

drown myself if I could see the stream {drown yourself I'll show to you the stream {With my ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum And my

to-rum o-rum me With my ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum and the blind-man he can

1 2

see In this see Let

cresc.

you stand on the ri - ver bank and I'll run up the hill Then.....
 he stood on the ri - ver bank and she ran up the hill And when

[Chorus]

push me in with all your might, he says, "My love, I will"
 she ran down he slipped a-side and let her tum-ble in { With my

ti-ga-ree to - rum o - rum and my to - rum o - rum me With my

1 2

ti-ga-ree to - rum o - rum and the blind man he can see Now see

mf

f *cresc.*

She sank down to the bot-tom and she floa-ted to the

top He..... put a wat-tie to her side and he shoved her fur-ther

[Chorus]

off With my ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum and my to-rum o-rum

me With my ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum and the blind man he can

mf

see "Yir-ra, John-ny, dear-est John-ny, are you leav-ing me be-

mf

f *ritard*

- hind?" "Yir-ra, Nan-cy, dear-est Nan-cy, sure you thought you had me blind!".....

f

[Chorus] *a tempo*

..... With my ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum and my to-rum o-rum me With my

ritard

ti-ga-ree to-rum o-rum and the blind man he can see

Johnny Doyle

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

There's

one thing be - tween us that I do con - fess That I go to

meet - ing and my true love goes to Mass But for to go to Mass with him I'd

count it no great toil And the world I would wan - der with you Johnny

Doyle A horse and side sad - dle did my fath - er pro - vide He

dim *p*

thought to get me married and to be an - other's bride A horse and side

mf

saddle did my fa - ther pre - pare With six no - ble foot - men to

mf

ave bassa.....

wait on me there. We

mf

rode all a - long un - til we came to Belfast town, Our horses be - ing
was in my dear bro - ther's arms that I was carried home My mother she con -

mf

stabled and the foot-men seated down, While they were at their mer - ri-ment I
- duct-ed me in - to my own bed-room, My own bed being the soft - est My

had my own toil For my heart is on the oc - ean with you Johnny Doyle. It
head I did lay down For to seek consoling sor - row my bo - dy it was

1

found. *a tempo*
"I'll send for Johnny

mf *p* *dim. rall.*

Doyle for you, my own darling child, I'll send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own heart's de -

ppp *p*

- light" "You'll send for John-ny Doyle, mother, but I fear it is too late For

death it is com - ing And sad is my fate. Now death you are

mf *dim.*

com-ing, you are welcome to me. From the pains of true love I'm sure you'll set me

dim. *pp*

free. There is more trouble in my mind than my poor tongue can tell, And my heart is on the

pp

o - cean with you, Johnny Doyle?

cresc. *mf* *p*

Red.

I'm in arrears

(TÁIM I N-ARREARS)

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

cresc.

mf

dim.

mf

"I'm in ar-rears, ar-rears,
"Táim i n'ar-pearr, ar-pearr,

I'm in ar-rears through
Táim i n'ar-pearr i n'ar-pearr an

drink..... I'm in ar-rears and ex-pect that I
óil..... Táim i n'ar-pearr, i n'ar-pearr as - ur

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 9/16. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The voice part enters in the second measure. The lyrics are in Gaelic and English. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

ne - ver can pay for it all..... I
 baog - lac ná oíol fap go oíol.....

cresc.

f
 spent a whole year in the town and an - - oth - er one drink - ing
 tug-ar ra bhiaðanair a' éat - air a g-uí bhiaðanair a' gcair-eal a g

f

dim.
 there,..... And the fol - low - ing year I was home... with
 ól,..... A g-uí bhiaðanair a' éat - air a baile bí

dim.

for - ty one writes at the door?.....
 phoir-eap ir da - éad im' oíol?.....

cresc. *m.g. m.d.*

p

"I'm in ar-rears, ar-rears, I'm in ar-rears....through drink.....
 "Τάιμ ι νάρ-ρεαρρ, αρ-ρεαρρ, Τάιμ ι νάρρεαρρ ι ποιατό αν όιλ.....

I'm in ar-rears and ex-pect that I ne-ver can pay for it all?.....
 "Τάιμ ι νάρ-ρεαρρ, ι νάρρεαρρ ας - υρ βαος-λας ná víol far zo veó?.....

p *cresc.*

"O - pen the door for me, Nel-lie, The night it is long..... and
 "Ορ-καί αν πο-παρ α Nel-lie Τά'η ούό-σε ρεο φα-σα αρ'ί

f *dim.*

cold..... There's no light from the moon or the stars, There is
 ψυχρὸν..... ἦν ἰσ-τορὶς ἀν-ηλι-τε νῆαν ἡμέ-λαις Ὁ

f *dim.* *p* *cresc.*

sleet in the wind from the North?..... "I'm
 ἰσχυρὸν ἀν-ηλι-τε ἀν-ηλι-τε..... "ἴ

f

moith-ered and tired of your do-ings, You've no bus-ness at all at the
 μιθ-ηρὸν καὶ ἐκ-κα-τα-ρ-α-ν-η-ν ὅ-τι οὐ-κ ἔ-στιν ἔ-ργον ἀν-ηλι-τε

f *cresc.*

fair..... Oh..... scat-ter-brain, where are your sens-es That you
 ἡ-γί-α..... Ὁ οὐ-κ ἔ-στιν ἔ-ργον ἀν-ηλι-τε

f

makesuch a fool of your - self!.....
 ὁὐκ - ἵψ' ἂν τ-έψ-τεὰς ὁ'αψ' beó.....

molto dim.

pp
 "I'm in ar - rears, in ar - rears,...
 "Τάιμ ἰ νὰρ-ρεαρρ, ἰ νὰρ-ρεαρρ...

I'm in ar - rears... through
 Τάιμ ἰ νὰρ-ρεαρρ ἰ νὰρ-ρεαρρ

pp

drink..... I'm in ar-rears and ex-pect that I ne-ver can pay for it
 ὀὐ Τάιμ ἰ νὰρ-ρεαρρ, ἰ νὰρ-ρεαρρ ἀς-υρ βαος-λας νὰ ὀὐὸς ραρ γο

f
 all!....."Come in, my old mo-ther - in - law, Come drink this last drop...with
 ρεό..... "Σίνο ορε α ματὰιρ μό ἐίλε Μά ρεα-κα λε βλιαδ-αν νό

cresc.

f

allargando

me.....Though I have-*n't* seen you for a year or two, All will be well with us
 to..... Σίω ορτ ιρ όιυς ορτ αν βραον ιο αςιρ bei-míō a paon zo maíē

colla voce

pa tempo

yet.".....
 fór.".....

"I'm in ar-rears, in ar - rears,....
 "Τάιμ ι νάρ-ρεαρτ, ι νάρ - ρεαρτ

dim. *pa tempo*

I'm in ar - rears through drink..... I'm in arrears and ex-pect that I
 Τάιμ ι νάρρεαρτ ι ιοιαιό αν όιλ..... Τάιμ ι νάρρεαρτ, ι νάρ-ρεαρτ ας-ιρ

ad lib.

ne - ver can pay for it all.".....
 baoγ-lac ná vól φαr zo veó.".....

colla voce *dim. e rall.*

The Philippine soldier

Allegro con brio

VOICE

PIANO

f (1) You

lads and..... lass - es..... lis - ten for a - while And I'll

sing you a dit - ty that will cause you to smile Of a

mf lass from Clare and a Din - gle boy And they called him the Philippine sol - dier It was

at Puck Fair that these two met, On his way from Li-ver-pool he was bent They

mf

drank a-way to their heart's con-tent Her-self and her Phillippine sol-dier.

cresc.

(2) He

dim.

told her some tales a-bout the Philippines And in all the bat-tles he had been The
went to Queen'stown in a few days And they booked the good ship New Brunswick there They

mf

bat-tle of San Di-e - go and San Ju - an This ro-guish old Philippine sol - dier She
sailed a - way a - cross the say Her-self and her Philippine sol - dier When they

says "My young he - ro, you have won my... heart, My.....
land - ed in Bos - ton we were told here a - round They were

gold you can have if you'll on - ly.... start; And a -
go - ing to be mar - ried in some church of re-nown She

cresc.
-way to A - me - ri - ca we both will.... start My - -
count - ed ev - 'ry cent of her mo - ney right... down And a -

-self and my Phi-lip-pine 'sol - dier."
-way fled her Phi-lip-pine 'sol - dier.

1 2
(3) They (4) Now

dim. *dim.*

p *f*
she is.. moan-ing and tear-ing her hair Her.. mo-ney's all gone and the soldier's not there And old

p

Nick himself'll hold him up in his snare This god-dam old Phi-lip-pine Sol - dier.

f *sva bassa*

Innisfree

Allegro moderato, con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

The first system of musical notation for 'Innisfree'. It features a voice part and a piano accompaniment. The voice part consists of a single measure with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note B4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato, con moto'.

The second system of musical notation for 'Innisfree'. It features a voice part and a piano accompaniment. The voice part begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and the lyrics 'Come all ye strange a - - mu-sers of high and low de-gree And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato, con moto'.

The third system of musical notation for 'Innisfree'. It features a voice part and a piano accompaniment. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'like-wise pay at - ten - tion and lis - ten un - to me I'. The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato, con moto'.

mean to leave this coun-try bound for a... land that's free And bid fare-well to

all my friends al - so to... In-nis-free.....

mf

When he ri - ses in the morn-ing he oils and

combs his hair He dresses up in su - per-fine and goes to meet his, dear Her

p

dim.

name I will not mention for it's of - fen - ded she might be She's

pp

one of the fair - est flowers that bloom..... in... In - nis - free.....

cresc.

f poco agitato

When she ri - ses in the morn - ing she walks a - -
"Fare - well un - to those bounding rocks that rise round

molto legato

- long the shore She watch-es for the big ship that bears her true love
Ar - an - more, And like-wise to you Ma - ry will e - ver see you

o'er She watch-es the foaming bil-lows as they roll up on the
more? And when I am on the o - cean no hills or dells to

sea She sighs and cries "My Jim-my, you are far from In-nis-free".....
see I'll be thinking of you, Ma - ry, so..... far from In-nis-free".....

.....

mf

"You know I love you dear-ly_ I could not love you more_ I

mf

p

love you far bet-ter than an-y man did be - fore; And if e-ver we chance to

p

cresc.

meet a-gain all in a land that's free We'll live and love each o-ther as we

cresc.

dim.

did round In - nis - free".....

dim. *f* *dim.* *p* *pp*

senza misura *p*

Green grows the laurel

Moderato *mf*

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

mf

once had a sweet heart but it's now I have none, And since he has left me I
wrote him a let - ter all crest-ed in red; He wrote me an an-swer, and

live all a - lone; I live all a-lone and con-tent-ed I'll be, For
guess what he said— "Keep your love-let-ters and I will keep mine;

p

he loves a - no-ther far bet-ter than me. } Green grows the lau-rel and
Write to your sweet-heart and I'll write to mine. }

mf

p

soft falls the dew, Sad was the day love I part-ed from you; I

p

hope our next meet-ing will prove kind and true; Don't change the green laur-el for the

red white and blue (2 & 3) 1

mf *p*

mf

won-der and won-der why wo-men love men I won-der and never think

mf

how they love them. For wo-men are faith-ful and kind as you know, But

men are de-cei-vers where e-ver they go. Green grows the lau-rel and

soft falls the dew, Sad was the day love I part-ed from you; I hope our next

meet-ing will prove kind and true; Don't change the green lau-rel for the red white and blue.

The top of Inny's side

Allegro comodo

VOICE

PIANO

I am

far a-way both night and day From scenes I've loved so dear,..... Scenes of joy and
oft-en did I climb Cnocmeal for to pick the ber-ries there,.... Cast my eyes up-

beau - ty they were for ma-ny a year,..... Scenes of sport and plea - sure which
- on those things that Na-ture made so fair,..... There are mountains towering o'er them where

I.....boast of with pride And I've left them all be - hind me on the
hares and rab - bits hide And goats and sheep are graz - ing on the

1 2

top of In - ny's side. (2) How
top of In - ny's side.....

mf

How ma - ny were the sports we had, On Sun - days aft - er
see that no - ble In - ny's side, by night in win - ter

staccato

ave

Mass..... Run - ning, jump - ing, danc - ing Like - wise pitch and
time..... Torch - es blaz - ing in a line Was a pic - ture most sub -

8

toss..... Hurl - ing wrestling and fish - ing, and oth - er sports be - sides These
- lime..... I had oft - en joined my com - rade boys, and each man would have died For to

1 2

were the games and a - musements on the... top of In - ny's side. And I
save the oth - ers from disgrace on the top of In - ny's side.....

And when bai - liffs used their ef - forts for to

pesante

f

fright-en us a - way,..... We ne'er re - ceived them cold - ly but

oft - times did an - noy,..... We ne'er re - ceived them cold - ly but

al - ways did de - ride, And..... showed that we were poach-ers on the

top of In - ny's side.....

The Little Black Rose

97

English words from the version by
THOMAS FURLONG (1794-1827)

Irish words from the anonymous
original (circa 1602?)

(RÓISÍN DUB)

Andante quasi maestoso ma con moto

VOICE

PIANO

0 my sweet.... lit - tle rose..... do not
Róir - ín ná bíod bhrón

f Esaltato

pine..... for the past, For the friends that come.....
oite fá'ir... éir - ís out: Tá na bráit - re 'teacht tar

east - ward... shall see.....thee at last. They bring bless-ings and.....
rái - le ir iad a's ciall..... ar muir Tiocfaid do páir - óin ó'n.....

fa - vours the... past..... ne-ver knew To pour forth... in... glad - - -
brá - pa ir ó'n Róim..... an - oir..... ir ná rpáir - áil fíon Spáin - - -

- - ness on.....my Róis - ín Dubh.
neac ar mo Róir - ín Dub.

dim. *mf*

p.

mf

Had I power,... Oh my
Siubal-painn féin..... an

dim. *mf*

loved one,..... to plead thy right I should
máire leat..... ag-us fáir - aís gairt mair....

f

speak out in..... bold-ness for my heart's... de - light;..... I should
ráil go bráðainn púin uait nó... ráirt dem' toil..... a éraoib-fu

tell to all.....a - round me how my fond - - ness grew And....
 éim - ra, geall - air dom - ra go raib ghráó..... aḡat dom 'S sup b'í

cresc.

cresc.

bid them bless the beau - - - - ty of.....my Róis - ín
 éir - ríot na Muman..... í..... mo..... Róir - ín

dim.

dim.

Dubh.
 Dub.

The....
 biaḡo an

mf

cresc.

moun-tains high and mis - - - - ty..... on the moors shall lie
 Éir - ne 'na tuil-tib tréa - - - na aḡ-ur réab - far

f

f

low; The ri - vers shall run... back-ward and the lakes o-ver-
 cnile bíarò an Éairr-ge na tonn-aib' deap-ge ir - - doirt - fear

dim. *f molto legato*

- flow; The... wild waves of... old o - cean wear a
 fuil bíarò gac gleann pléibe an fuo Éir - eann ir

ad lib.

crim - - son hue Ere the world sees the... ru - -
 móin - te an Críot lá éir - in fuil a n-éag - -

dim. *colla voce*

dim.

- - in of... my Róis - in..... Dubh.....
 - fearò mo..... Róir - in..... Dubh.....

dim. *p* *p* *mf*

8va bassa

The Dingle puck - goat

Allegro comodo

VOICE

PIANO

f

1
2. This

am a young jobber both fool-ish and air-y, The green hills of Ker-ry I
dar-ing old fel-low I stood for to stare him, Al-though I feared he was a

came for to see; I went back to Ding-le to buy up some cat-tle And I
monster to see; He wore a long meggal as gray as a bad-ger That would

want you to lis-ten to what happened me. As I en-tered the fair on a
reach from Dingle to Ca-hir-ci-veen; With a pair of long horns like

Sat - ur - day morning The first thing I saw was a long leg - ged goat; Be -
an - y two bayonets And just like two needles were point - ed on top. I

- dad and says I for to com - mence our deal - ing I think this bold he - ro is
am ve - ry sure you'd be a week laughing if on - ly he happened to

worth a pound note.
hit you a rap. (3) I

made my ap - proach to the own - er that held him, A bar - gain we struck with -
old man de - part - ed and I was for starting Those words that he told me put
came near to Brandon I thought it was Lon - don; I re - gret - ed my journey when

- out much de-lay; He said if you pay me down twen-ty two shillings Some ad-
me in des-pair. The first jump he gave he near broke my left arm; I
I saw the sea. He jump'd in - to the wa-ter and swam right a-cross it to -

- vice I will give you before go-ing a-way; This dar-ing young he-ro was
jump'd on his back and got hold of his hair; Says I, "my bold he-ro on
- wards Cas-tle gregory to make a near way. The waves of the o-cean they

reared on the mountains, In the year six-ty four he first used to drill; And
your back I'm land-ed, And un-less I will fall you may go where you will." He
put me in mo-tion, The fish-es they eat all the nails off my toes, And a

some of his comrades were hung and transported And since he's de-termined some
ran thro' the streets like some-thing distract-ed And soon made his way to -
might-y big mack-er - el jump'd for my nostrils And I thought he was gone with the

Verses 4 & 5

blood for to spill.
- wards Connor Hill.
half of my nose.

(4) The
(5) When he

(6) When he
(7) We

came on the strand now quickly he ran towards Clones or Cas-tlemaine he did steer To
done our returns and stopp'd there till morning, It's during the night I sat up on his back; As the

Mill-town, Kill-org-lin and like-wise Kil-lar-ney, And nev-er cried stop till he
day it was dawning he jumped from the corner, And t'wards Cas-tle - is - land he

came to Ken-mare. At length then he spoke "We have passed our headquarters it's
went in a crack. To the town of Tra - lee..... we next took our rambles_ I

where our an-ces-tors al-ways have been; Then let us re-turn and
think he was anxious to see some more sport. Out-side of the town we

take up our lodgings At Curragh-namore where there's lots of pot-teen."
met some Highlanders; He up with his horns and tore all their clothes.

(8) The Highlanders shouted and bawl'd "Meela, murder— Send for the po-lis and

Ped.

get him to jail," But the loud-er they shouted the fast-er my goat ran And

ov - er the Ba - sin he gave them leg-bail. On cross-ing the Bas-in I

fell on the foot-way, A - way went the goat and I saw him no more; Sure

if he's in Ire-land he's in Camp or in Brandon Or a-way in the mountains some-

Meno mosso

- where re-mote; But while I am liv-ing I've a sto - ry worth telling Of my

ram-bles through Ker-ry on the Din-gle puck-goat!