

# IRISH MUSIC AND SONG:

A COLLECTION OF SONGS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE

Set to Music.

EDITED FOR THE

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE

BY

P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

*NEW EDITION.*



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1903



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## P R E F A C E .

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THIS Collection of Irish Songs is the first of its kind ever published. We have had many collections of Irish Songs and many of Irish Music ; but in no case have the songs been set to the music—the syllables under the notes.

In some cases the arrangement of these songs was attended with a little difficulty. The Irish song writers were, in some cases, not very particular in adapting their words, syllable by syllable, to the airs. In singing Irish songs, therefore, you have sometimes to run two or more syllables into one note : and on the other hand, the song sometimes gives no syllables for certain notes of the air. So I have in several instances been obliged to make slight changes either in the words or in the music—more generally in the former—to make them correspond with one another. Thus, in the *Páistín Fionn*, page 15, I have had to insert the verb *ir* at the beginning of the first two stanzas, so as to give a syllable to the start note of the air. In the song *A cúirle mo éiríde ceao í an ghraim rín ort*, page 37, the third line of the first verse in the original is *Sneaceta agur caop bí ag cairmirt 'na rgeim*, which I have been obliged to write in this slightly altered form :—*Ohí sneaceta 'gur caop ag cairmirt 'na rgeim*. And so in several other cases.

I need hardly remind the reader that the imperfection noticed here, such as it is, is not peculiar to songs in the Irish language ; for we often find English songs only very imperfectly adapted to the airs for which they were written. And the arrangement of such songs with the music, is always more or less troublesome to a musician.

There are some Irish consonants which, when they come together in a word, do not coalesce in sound, so that when they are uttered, a very short vowel sound is heard between them. This short inserted sound, according to

the laws of English metre, forms an additional syllable, though it is not reckoned as such in Irish verse. Thus the word *Caomnac*, in the song, page 23, counts as two syllables in Irish metre: but to ears accustomed to English, the word, as pronounced (*thaim-a-nach*) is really a trisyllable. This additional sound must be indicated somehow in print, inasmuch as there is an essential note of the air that corresponds with it: so I have inserted an English *Italic* letter to represent it:—*Caom-a-nac*. This *Italic* letter is inserted also in a few other cases.

With the exception of these and the correction of a few grammatical or typographical errors, I have made no changes in the Irish words: I have copied them as I found them.

The twenty songs now given to the public, forming Part I., will I hope be followed by others, till we have a collection of all the best Irish songs of the last two or three centuries, correctly set to their several airs. This is not the place to dwell on the subject of Irish music; but I wish to remark that the airs of these songs are generally very much older than the words. We know the authors of most of the songs; but we can trace the origin of only very few of the airs. The great body of our Irish music has come down to us from a remote time, when music was cultivated in Ireland to a high degree of perfection.

P. W. J.

LYRE-NA-GRENA, RATHMINES,

*Dublin, December, 1837.*



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## IRISH MUSIC AND SONG.

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### NO. 1. ODE IN PRAISE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.



THE following Ode to the Irish Language, which was published by John O'Daly, in his "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry," forms a very appropriate beginning to this collection of Irish songs. O'Daly states that he copied it from a manuscript written between 1750 and 1785, by a man named Philip Fitzgibbon, and that the name of the author is unknown. It is a song of considerable merit, and was no doubt composed by one of that brilliant band of poets noticed further on, who

flourished in Munster in the last century.

The air, which was composed by Carolan, is published in the third volume of Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland." It is one of the finest and most spirited of all Carolan's airs; and it was such a favourite all over the southern counties that a great number of songs were written to it, both in Irish and English: I can at this moment recall to memory at least half a dozen.

There is no complete metrical translation of this ode. But one of my friends has translated the first two stanzas; and I give his version, as it preserves the rhythmical structure of the original with great exactness, and can consequently be sung to the air.

#### I.

Our Gaelic tongue of high repute,  
As soft it reads as breathes the flute,  
It sings like love-notes of the lute,  
And shines like letters golden;  
No tongue on earth could e'er compare  
In tuneful tone and cadence rare,  
And, oh, to hear its music where  
In song and tale,  
Through Innisfail,  
Of mighty kings and chiefs it sings  
For Erin's nation olden!

#### II.

And Erin yet shall have her own  
Right royal princes on the throne,  
To whom the Gaelic speech is known,  
And welcome in their sireland;  
The gentle harp shall sound once more,  
And prosperous be the sons of lore,  
While proud, the gallant deeds of yore  
Before the king  
The bards shall sing,  
And there recall the glories all  
That gave renown to Ireland.



## No. 2. BE N-ERINN I.

The author of this beautiful song was William Heffernan, commonly called William Oall or Blind William, a native of Shronehill in Tipperary, one of the brilliant band of poets who flourished in Ireland about the middle and towards the end of the last century. It was published by O'Daly in his "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry," and also in "Irish Popular Songs" by Edward Walsh, whose metrical translation is appended.

The air was published for the first time by me in my "Ancient Irish Music," as I had noted it down some time previously from Michael Dinneen, a farmer of Coolfree on the border of the counties of Limerick and Cork. The Irish song is exquisitely adapted to the air: and indeed the same may be said of the translation.

The refrain, "Be 'n Eirinn í," (pronounced *Bay-nairing-ee*) is common to several love songs, of which however the one given here is by far the best.

'Be 'n Eirinn í.

WHOEVER SHE BE.

*Tenderly, not too slowly.*



1.—Δ η-γλεανν - ταιβ πέιμ na h-éiς - re bíom, Δ  
2.—Mí épác - τa mé ari ééi - le naoir, chuγ



b-pann - ταιρ πέιnn Δ η-γέιβ ζαc λαι; Δn  
ari na η-ζαοιρεαλ ari o-τεαc von Chηαιοιβ, nά'n



τ-ρεαγ-θεαν γλε ba βέαρ - ac ζηαιοι vo  
báb on η-ζηέις vo ééar an τηαιοι, le



η-ζανν - παρ μέ, 'be η-ει - μnn i; 'be η-ει - μnn i,  
ζηάο mo éléib 'be η-ει - μnn i; 'be η-ει - μnn i,

3. 1η ηρεάξ οεαρ ορέμμεαξ ηέρο α ολαι 4. 1η cάριμαρ, τασοαc, οευραc, bíom,  
ζο βάριη an πέιη ná ηλαοο ari bíc; ζο cηαιότε, cρέιμεαc, cευραc on  
Δ cλαc-ποc ηέρο vo θεαηραο an mηαιοι,  
ηαιορ Δ'η páναc, παon, ζαν ééill, ari βαιοιρ,  
Διη épác mo éléib, 'be η-ειμnn i, le ζηάο von βέιc, 'be η-ειμnn i,  
'be η-ειμnn i! 'be η-ειμnn i!

5. Διη neom nuaiη éeíom ari éαοβ Suróe-φinn,  
Fa ηρόn α ζ-cém η ζαν aon vom buíom,  
Cia φéolφαδ aon mηac 'De am líon  
Acτ ητόρι mo éléib, 'be η-ειμnn i,  
'be η-ειμnn i!

## 'BE N-EIRINN I.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD WALSH.

## I.

In Druid vale alone I lay,  
Oppress'd with care, to weep the day—  
My death I ow'd one sylph-like she,  
Of witchery rare, 'be n-Eirinn í!

' Be n-Eirinn í!

## III.

Behold her tresses unconfin'd,  
In wanton ringlets woo the wind,  
Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,  
My heart's dear maid, 'be n-Eirinn í!

' Be n-Eirinn í!

## II.

The spouse of Naisi, Erin's woe—  
The dame that laid proud Ilium low,  
Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,  
Match'd with my fair, 'be n-Eirinn í!

' Be n-Eirinn í!

## IV.

Fierce passion's slave, from hope exil'd,  
Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—  
Some magic spell she wove for me,  
That peerless maid, 'be n-Eirinn í!

' Be n-Eirinn í!

## V.

But oh! one noon I clomb a hill,  
To sigh alone—to weep my fill,  
And there Heaven's mercy brought to me  
My treasure rare, 'be n Eirinn í!

' Be n-Eirinn í!



## No. 3. OWEN CORE.

This song was first published by Hardiman, and the best way to introduce it here is to give his words. "The ironical song or mock-elegy which follows is an old favourite in Iar-Connaught. It has been attributed to MacSweeney (for whom see 'Iar-Connaught,' p. 283), but improperly, for it is now ascertained to be the production of a cotemporary bard of perhaps superior powers, the late Richard Barrett, a native of Erris in Mayo; and every Irish reader will, we think, be gratified at finding it preserved here. It is entitled *Eoghan Céir*, which may be paraphrased 'Owen, the honest and humane.' This hero is still remembered as one of the most rapacious land agents of his time. For poignancy of wit and felicity of expression, these few stanzas have seldom been excelled. Mr. Knight, in his account of Erris, Dublin, 1836, 8vo., describes Barrett as a man of real genius, though entirely unknown to the world. His humorous compositions in Irish were exceedingly pleasant, generally ironically satirical: he extravagantly praised those for qualities of which they had the opposites." (Hardiman's Edition of O'Flaherty's "Iar-Connaught," p. 292.)

The air is now published for the first time. About twenty years ago a young national teacher from Mayo lent me a music book containing a great number of beautiful Irish airs, extremely well written, and nearly all belonging to Connaught, which had been copied in a district on the shore of Lough Conn. Among these airs I found the present one, and copied it with many others.

Both air and song are well known to this day all over Connaught; and I heard it sung two years ago in Bray by a gentleman from the county Galway. It was a favourite song with the late patriotic Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, who sang it with great animation and spirit when he found himself in congenial company.

I may be permitted to use Hardiman's words by saying that every Irish reader—and especially every Irish reader belonging to Connaught—will be gratified to see both words and air printed here, and the air, in all probability, preserved from extinction.

Εοζαν Cόρη.

HONEST OWEN.

*Lively.*

1.—Νάε' έ πο αν ηγευλ νεαε-ηαε' ραν τιη - ρι Δ η -  
 2.— βήι ζηαοι αε - υη ζεαν αε ζαε' η-αον αη, αν  
 αν - α - αηη έηοηοε 'ζυρ βηόηη, Ο ηαε-βαρ ρέ Cηεαε-αν αν  
 ρεαν-ουη-ε εηόηη 'ραν τ-όε, βήι 'η ηαυ-βηη 'η αν ναυ-βηη α  
 λι - ηε ζο υ-τερο ρε ζο υ-τι 'η φάλ μόηη. Α λειτεαο υεηηεαο-αό 'η υε  
 η-ζηάο λειη Μαη ηεαλλ αηη α έηοηοε μαηη μόηη. Λε τοεα 'η λε ηο - εα ηα  
 έαοηη - ε ηιοη ελινη - εαό 'ραν υ-τιη - ηι ρόη, ζιό  
 τιη - ε Όο έαηε - εαό ρέ ηίοη - αιό όηη, 'S λε  
 ηι β-ηυη Δ - ζυη-ηε Δ η-ιουε-ηαό, Ο αηη-λεαό, ραη-αοηη! Εοζαν Cόρη.  
 ναοη-ηε βοε' εηη - ε ηιοη ηηίο λειη βοηο - έαλ υε'η τ-ηι - βηη υ'όλ.

3. Τά Αηοηηε Ο'ζάβαιη αε αοηηεαό,  
 ηη ηι Σεάεαν Ο'βαιοηιλλ α β-ραο  
 βεό,  
 Ο αηηηεαό α ε-αηαηο ραν υ-τιη ηο  
 'Sε υ-φάεηαό α ε-ηοηοε ραοη βηόηη;  
 Αη αηααηη έαηαηη ηιοη ηιηεαό,  
 'S ε ηηεαηαηη, ρα λια ηά ρόο,  
 Αοηη ηεαε βυό ηηεαηα υο'η υη-ρε  
 ηοηα αν υηηεβοε' μαοι, Εοζαν Cόρη.
4. βυό ηο μαηε αε τόςβαηι αν έιοηα έ  
 βυο βεαε αηε ηι ηό όό,  
 ζο η-υιολεαίό αν βό αηη αν αοηαε,  
 ηο αν ηιοα υο βίδεαό 'ραν τ-ρεόι.  
 'Sε υυβαηητ Σεαμυρ ηηεαοαηη ηιό  
 Ρηαβαηε,  
 ηη έ αε αεαηητ αηη Ρηε ηα η-υεόηη,  
 Όο ηέηη μαηη βι ηεηηοη υο όαοηηβ  
 ζυη αβ αηηαίό βεηό Cηηιοητα όό
5. Αοη αεζυρ ηεαετ αηηηα ληηε,  
 Αεζυρ όετ υο έηη ηίοη ραοη όό,  
 Τηά εηαε ρε-ηιοη εαε ηε ηα όαοηη  
 Αεζυρ ηίοη λαβαηη ρέ ηίοε ηίοη μό.  
 Τά ρέ υεαηηεα, ηεηηόβεα,  
 ζυη ταλαη ηη εηιόε ζαε βεό,  
 ηη εοηη ηαο α'η βεηόηηο 'ραν τ-ραοαη ηο  
 Cά ηιηε υόηηηη ηηαοη βεαε υ'όι.

## No. 4. EILEEN AROON.

This is one of the most widely known of all the Irish airs. It has all the marks of extreme antiquity; and on account of its great beauty and simplicity is a favourite in every part of Ireland and Scotland, as well indeed as elsewhere.

In the time of Burns the Scotch first put forth a claim to this air under the name of Robin Adair. But the air is Irish; and Robin Adair himself, who gave it this name, was an Irish gentleman, a member of parliament, who lived in the early part of the last century at Hollypark in the county Wicklow, and was ancestor to Viscount Molesworth. Hardiman observes, "As well might it be asserted that the Hill of Howth lay in Perthshire, as that this ancient air was Scotch."

Hardiman states that the song (the first of the two given here) was composed by a Munster bard of the seventeenth century; but he does not give the name. The metrical translation of this song is by Dr. George Sigerson.

The original song of Eileen Aroon is much older and simpler; and there is a tradition that it was composed by Carroll O'Daly, under the following romantic circumstances. He had been paying his addresses to Eileen or Ellen, the daughter of a neighbouring chief named Kavanagh; but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and Eileen's friends, taking advantage of this, persuaded her that he was false, and, much against her will, obtained her consent to marry another. On the very day of the wedding O'Daly returned, and disguising himself as a harper, mixed among the guests. Eileen, not suspecting who he was, asked him to play for her; when he took his harp and poured forth this simple and passionate love strain. She recognised the sound of his voice and the touch of his harp; and when in one verse he asked, "Wilt thou stay or wilt thou come with me, Eileen Aroon," she found means to let him know she would go with him. Then bursting forth in joyous strain he ended the song with, "*Cead míle fáilte romhat, Fáilte 'gus fithche romhat, Naoi g-cead míle fáilte romhat, A Eibhlín a rúin!*" "A hundred thousand welcomes to thee; one-and-twenty more welcomes to thee, nine hundred thousand welcomes to thee, Eileen Aroon!"

The tradition goes on to say that she contrived to escape that night, that she fled with her lover, and that they were happily wedded.

The translation of this older song is by Thomas Furlong, as given by Hardiman.

Eibhlín a rúin.

EILEEN AROON.  
(Eileen, my Treasure.)

*In moderate time.*



1.—Le ghráó òuit ní'l raódaic am cionn Δ Eib - lín Δ  
2.—Le cuirt - éir 'sur clú beac - úgao, Δ Eib - lín



rúin; bheic eiréac - ao oit 'r aoib - neaf liom Δ Eib - lín Δ  
rúin, Dubrair bheug nó'r liom fear buó tú, Δ Eib - lín Δ




  
 nínn; Mo móir - óáil nó - éinnn ír tú, á'í  
 nínn, ír bheas - óa ná dhé - nur tú, ír


  
 ró - lár an t-raoiáil ír tú, Mo éneann á'í mo  
 áiln - e ná réil - teann tú, Mo hel - en éan


  
 meáóair ír tú, Δ Eib - lín Δ nínn! Mo bhuin-neall go  
 éinn ír tú, Δ Eib - lín Δ nínn. Mo nóí mo líl mo


  
 veimín ír tú, Mo cólúir b-fuil 'ra é-coill. ír tú, 'S áir mo  
 éair ír tú, Mo róir b-fuil ran t-raoiáil ró tú,


  
 éiríóe-re ní'l leigear éan tú, Δ Eib - lín Δ nínn!  
 Rún mo éiríóe 'í mo éleib ír tú, Δ Eib - lín Δ nínn!

3. Raéirinn tar fáile leat,

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

'S go veó veó ní fagfaimn tú,

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

Le réiréir veó bheugfaimn tú,

Do bheirfaimn veó beul go olúit,

Á'í ínnfaimn go réim le'o éum,

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

Éadairfaimn aedhíreóeóe veit éoir  
 ádan,

Raoi éugair é glara éirinn,

Ceól na n-éun óí éí é-eann,

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

4. Le veigfaim tar beáda veit,

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

Do luíóirinn áir leada leat,

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

Ó' fáirfaimn á'm éugair tú,

Coingéóeóeann go réunínn tú,

Éiríóeóeann tar aen-neó tú

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

Δ réilteann míreóe móóamíul,

Sul Δ m-beirínn veit bun-ór-eíonn,

Óe! eugair buó túirge líom,

Δ Eiblín Δ nínn!

EILEEN AROON.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE SIGERSON.

I.

Oh ! I'm dazzled with love for thee,  
Eibhlín a rúin !

To praise you is joy to me,  
Eibhlín a rúin !

My glory most bright and fair,  
My solace through all life's care,  
My mirth and my gladness rare,  
Eibhlín a ruín !

O nurse amid sorrow, sure,  
O dove of the wood, so pure,  
My breaking heart's *only* cure,  
Eibhlín a ruín!

## II.

With thy frankness and spotless youth,  
Eibhlín a rúin!

*Could you deceive my truth,*  
Eibhlín a ruin !

More beauteous than Venus far,  
More fair than the midnight star,  
My Helen without stain you are,  
Eibhlín a ruín!

My red rose, my lily white,  
My treasure unfading bright,  
Darling! my soul's delight,  
Eibhlín a rúin!

### III.

I'd cross the salt sea with you,  
Eibhlín a rúin !

I'd ne'er—ne'er flee from you,  
Eibhlín a rúin!

What soft tales I'd tell to you,  
I'd taste your lips' sweetness too,  
I'd sing, 'mid the falling dew,  
Eibhlín a rúin!

I'd bring you where rivers glide,  
Where green boughs o'ershade the tide,  
'Neath music of birds to bide,  
Eibhlín a rúin !

## IV.

A joy beyond life would bless,  
Eibhlín a rúin !

Should I wed your loveliness,  
Eibhlín a rúin !

My fond arm would circle you,  
My heart be your guardian true,  
Ne'er maiden were loved like you,  
Eibhlín a rúin!

My beauteous star, mild and clear,  
Sooner than cause a tear,  
O Death—it were welcome here,  
Eibhlín a ruín!

EILEEN AROON: OLDER SONG.

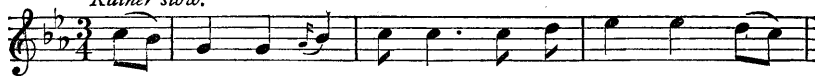
1. Do trúðalfráinn féin g-comnnurðe leat,	2. Þ'ólfráinn féin bó leat ra,
Δ Eirðlin Δ þúinn !	Δ Eirðlin Δ þúinn !
Do trúðalfráinn féin g-comnnurðe leat,	'S Þ'ólfráinn óð bó leat ra,
Δ Eirðlin Δ þúinn !	Δ Eirðlin Δ þúinn !
Do trúðalfráinn féin g-comnnurðe leat,	Do trúðalfráinn an raðgal mór leat,
Sior go Tih-Álmálgarð leat,	Δét cleamnar v'faðil óm trótt,
Mar þúit go m-berðinn g-cleamnar leat,	'S ni rcafráinn go veó leatra,
Δ Eirðlin Δ þúinn !	Δ Eirðlin Δ þúinn !



Ἀν παῖς τὺ ἄς ἂν ὕ-καρπιδίς.

WERE YOU AT CARRICK.

*Rather slow.*



1.—Ἀν παῖς τὺ ἄς ἂν ὕ-καρπιδίς, νό ἄ ὕ-καρ - ἄ τὺ  
2.—Ὅο βίος ἄς ἂν ὕ-καρπιδίς ἢ ὅο ὀνν - αἷρε μέ



ῥέιν μο ξηρό, Νό ἄ ὕ-καρ - ἄ τὺ ῥίλ - ε,  
ῥέιν ὅο ξηρό, Ὅο ὀνν - αἷρε με ῥίλ - ε,



ῥιν - ne, ἄς ῥ ῥέιν na μνά, Νό ἄ ὕ-καρ - ἄ τὺ ἂν  
ῥιν - ne ἄ - ῥ ῥέιν na μνά, Ὅο ὀν - αἷρε μέ ἂν



τ - ὕαλλ βα κύβρι - ἔα ῥ βα μίλ - ῥε βλάτ, Νό ἄ  
τ - ὕαλλ βα κύβρι - ἔα ῥ βα μίλ - ῥε βλάτ, Ὅο



ὕ-καρ τὺ μο βάλ-αν-τίν νό ἄ ὕ-ῥιτ ῥί ὅ'α ἐλαοῖτ μαρ τάιμ?  
ὀνναῖρε με ὅο βάλ-αν-τίν ἄς - ῥ ῥίτ ῥί ὅ'α ἐλαοῖτ μαρ τάιρ.

3. ἢ ῥιὺ κύις guinea ῥαc ῥίβε ὅα ῥηυαῖς μαρ ὅρ,  
ἢ ῥιὺ οῖρεο εἰλε ἄ κυρεαῖτα ὕαῖρ παῖς λό;  
Ἄ κύλιν τρηομ τρηπίλλεαδ ἄ τριεῖμ λέι ῥίορ ῥο ῥέοιρ,  
'ῖα ἐυαῖεῖν na ῥινne ἄῖ ῥίρτε ὅο ῥλάντε ὅ'όλ.
4. Νῦαῖρ βιόιμρε ἄμ ὀόβλα βιόεανν οῖρηαδ ῥαν βηῖς ἄμ ἐλαδ,  
'ῖ me ἄμ λυῖε εαοαρ ἐνοκαῖβ ῥο ὅ-τιγῖρ ἂν ὅαδ ἄνιρ;  
Ἄ ῥύμ ὅλ ῥ ἄ ὀγῶῖρ ῥίλ ῥοῖταδτ μο. ἐύρ δέτ ὅια,  
ῖ ῥο ὅ-ὅεαῖρηαδ ὀε ῥόλα ὅο ῥολῥ μο ῥύλ ἄο ὅιαδ.
5. ἢ ῥο ὅ-τιγῖρ ἂν ἐάῖς ἄῖρ ὀάῖ ἂν ῥοῖῥῥῥῥ βιόε,  
ἢ ὀά ῥέιλε ῥῥάοῖῥῥ ὀά ὅο ὅο na ὅιαῖς,  
ῥο ὅ-ῥάῖαδ ἂν βλάτ ὅαν τῥέ ὀάῖ μο ὀόῖῥῥῥ ἐαοῖρ,  
ῥάῖρε ὅα ῥῥάδ ῥο ὅῥάτ ὀί ἐαδῥῥῥῥῥῥ ὅο ῥῥῥῥῥῥ.

6. Súo í ríor an ríog-bean álainn óg,  
 A b-fuill a ghrúais léi ríadailte ríor go beul a b'róis,  
 'S í an eala í marí an léir 'oo ríolraíis ón t-ráir fuill móir,  
 A éara géal mo éiríde, ceao míle fáilte roimé!

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## HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD WALSH.

### I.

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love there?  
 And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair?  
 Saw you the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree?  
 Oh! saw you my lov'd one, and pines she in grief like me?

### II.

I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true-love there;  
 And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair;  
 And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—  
 I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee!

### III.

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden hair—  
 Then think what treasure her pillow at night to share,  
 These tresses thick clustering and curling around her brow—  
 Oh, ringlet of fairness! I'll drink to thy beauty now!

### IV.

When seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with sighs—  
 I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise;  
 No aid, bright beloved! can reach me save God above,  
 For a blood-lake is form'd of the light of my eyes with love!

### V.

Until yellow Autumn shall usher the Paschal day,  
 And Patrick's gay festival come in its train away—  
 Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall grow,  
 My love on another I'll never in life bestow!

### VI.

Lo! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like high,  
 With long-flowing tresses adown to her sandal-tie—  
 Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,  
 A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee!

## No. 6. I WISH THE SHEPHERD'S PET WERE MINE.

This air and two stanzas of the song were published by Dr. Petrie in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," with these introductory words: "The following playful melody, with its words, was obtained in the course of the summer of 1853 from the blind County of Clare peasant, Teige MacMahon. The words, though of no high poetic merit, are not without interest, from their natural simplicity, and as an illustration of the thoughts of Irish peasant life."

The air and song are known all over the Munster counties, and also in the southern parts of Leinster and Connaught. I have heard both Irish and English words sung to it; and I add one Irish verse (the second) to those given by Dr. Petrie.

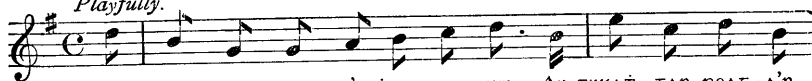
The English song, which I give from memory, is a translation of the Irish. With the English words I give the Irish chorus phonetically, so that those who do not know Irish may sing it. Its translation is:—

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

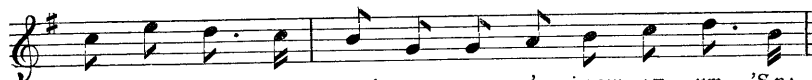
Ar cnuasg san peata an  
 maoil agum.

I WISH THE SHEPHERD'S PET WERE MINE.

*Playfully.*

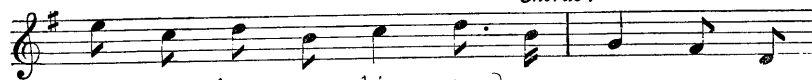


1.—Ar cnuasg san peat - a'n maoil ag - um, Ar cnuasg san peat - a'n  
 2.—Ar cnuasg san maoil - in ban ag - um, Ar cnuasg san maoil - in

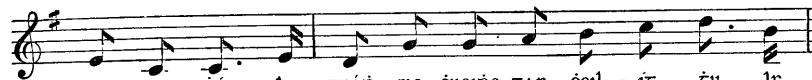


maoil ag - um, Ar cnuasg san peat - a'n maoil ag - um, 'S na  
 ban ag - um, Ar cnuasg san maoil - in ban ag - um, Ar

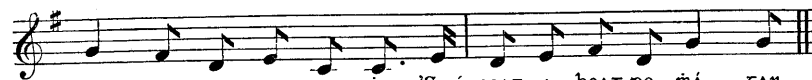
*Chorus:*



caoil - e beas - a ban - a. } 1r ó soil - im,  
 fáil - te ó mo shao seail.



soil - im tú, 1r shao mo éiríe san ceil - is tú, 1r



ó soil - im soil - im tú, 'S tú peat - a beas vo má - tair.

3. *Ar tpuas san bólaét bainne ašum,*  
*Ar tu san bólaét bainne ašum,*  
*Ar tu san bólaét bainne ašum,*  
*Ar tu san bólaét bainne ašum,*  
*Ar Cáitín ó na mátaí.*  
*Ar ó goíum goíum tú,*  
*'S gíad mo éiríde san ceilís tú,*  
*Ar ó goíum goíum tú,*  
*'S tu peata gíal oo mátaí!*

## TRANSLATION.

## I.

I wish I had the shepherd's lamb,  
 The shepherd's lamb, the shepherd's lamb,  
 I wish I had the shepherd's lamb  
 And Katey coming after!

## II.

I wish I had the yellow cow,  
 The yellow cow, the yellow cow,  
 I wish I had the yellow cow  
 And welcome from my darling.

CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

*Iss o gurrim gurrim hoo*  
*Iss gramachree gon kellig hoo,*  
*Iss o gurrim gurrim hoo,*  
*Sthoo patha beg áho wauher!*

## III.

I wish I had a herd of kine,  
 A herd of kine, a herd of kine,  
 I wish I had a herd of kine  
 And Katey from her father!

CHORUS.

## No. 7. THE FAIR BLACK-HAIRED ROSE.

This air, which has all the marks of extreme antiquity, was a great favourite in Munster in the last generation; and no wonder, for few Irish airs have a more touching and tender expression. Dr. Petrie gives a setting of it in his "Ancient Music of Ireland;" but his version is in the major mode. I have been familiar with the air since my childhood, and I always heard it played and sung in the minor; and I believe that it is only the minor mode that brings out its true character. There are two very inferior settings in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," both minor. I give here the simple—and as I believe the most ancient—vocal version, as I heard it sung by the best singers among the old people of Munster forty years ago.

O'Daly gives one version of the Irish Song, with his two settings of the air; and there is another in "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy" (Vol. I. 254). The three stanzas, I give here, which differ from both, are taken from Petrie, who got them from Professor O'Curry.

Clarence Mangan's splendid and impassioned translation of Hardiman's version of the song—"Dark Rosaleen"—is well known to every reader of Irish ballad poetry. Another translation of his is given by O'Daly; and in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy" there is still another by Furlong. I have given none of these however, as they do not sing well to the air.

An Róir geal uúb.

THE FAIR BLACK-HAIRED ROSE.

*Slowly and sadly.*



1.—Δ - τὰ λύν-ουβ αιη να τμου-έδ Δξ-υρ σεό'η να ενουε; Δ - τὰ  
2.—Δ ξράδ γεαλ νά βιοδ κάρ ορε Τρε'ναρ έί - μνξ ουε; 'Τάιο



φραδ αιη να ρλέιβ - τε ηρ νί h-ιονξ - ναδ  
βραε - με ουινη ταρ ράιλ - e ξυρ Δ ο-εμνλλ ταρ



ρην; Το εδορξ-φνινη αν επέαν μνρη λε πλοορξ αν  
μνρη: βερό οο ράρ - ούν ό πα - πα να Ρόι - με



υξ, 'Οά β-ρεα - οαιν βερό πέρό λεατ, Δ ρόιρ γεαλ ουβ.  
'ξνινη, ηρ εέοο ρλάιν - τε Δ β-φιν ξράιν - εαδ 'Οομ ρόιρ γεαλ ουβ.

3. Το ριύβαλφαιν αν Μήμναιν λεατ,  
ηρ βάρη ζαε ενουε,  
Μαρ ριύλ 'η ξο β-ραξαιν ρύν υαε,  
ηρ κάμρεαρ ρνιτε;  
Δ έραδ εμήρα Δ ουβαρηε λιον  
ξο ραιβ ξράδ εγυε οομ,  
Δ'η τυ πλύη να μ-δαν μνντε,  
Μο ρόιρ γεαλ ουβ.





## No. 8. THE PAISTEEN FIONN.

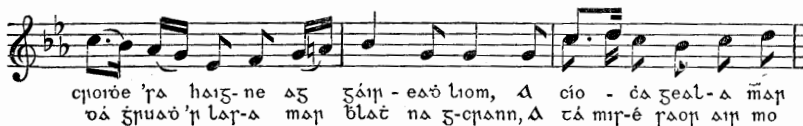
I have adopted Edward Walsh's version of this song and also his metrical translation. Another version is published by Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy" (Vol. I., p. 216), of which the chorus is different from that of Walsh.

A very bad setting of the air is given in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster" (First Series, p. 176). There is another in Surenne's "Songs of Ireland," p. 58, which however is incorrect in the second (or chorus) part, so much so that the chorus cannot be sung at all to it. I give the air here as I heard it sung and played by the best singers and musicians of the Munster counties, where it was, and is still, a universal favourite.

Ṗáirtín Fíonn.

THE FAIR LITTLE CHILD.  
Meaning fair-haired young girl.

*In moderate time.*



*Chorus.*



3. 'Dá m-beirínní a m-baile m-biaó rúgmaó 'r gheann,  
 Nó iorí dá bharraile lán ve leann,  
 Mo fúirín a m' aici 'r mo lám faoi na ceann,  
 I r rúgac nó ólfaínn a rúáinte.  
 I r túra mo rún, &c.

4. 'Do bí mé naoi n-oióce a m' luirde go boét,  
 O beir rínte faoi 'n oílinn iorí dá éor;  
 A cúmánn mo éiríde! 'r mé 'g rmaoinead ó oré,  
 'S nacó b-faigáinní le feao 'ná le glaoó éú  
 I r túra mo rún, &c.

5. Tréigfeao mo cáraio 'r mo éiríoe gaoi,  
 A' r tréigfíó mé a maíneann ve mnáib a' t-raogail,  
 Ní tréigfeao le m' ináitáinn éú, gíadó mo éiríoe,  
 So rínfeao a g-comha faoi élar mé  
 I r túra mo rún, &c.

## THE FAIR YOUNG CHILD.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD WALSH.

### I.

My Paistin Fionn is my soul's delight—  
 Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright;  
 The bloom of the apple her bosom white,  
 Her neck like the March swan's in white-  
 ness.

### II.

Were I in our village where sports prevail,  
 Between two barrels of brave brown ale,  
 My fair little sister to list my tale,  
 How jovial and happy I'd make me!  
 O! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

### CHORUS.

O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,  
 O! you are my dear, and my fair love;  
 You are own my dear, and my fondest  
 hope here,  
 And O! that my cottage you'd share  
 love!

### IV.

In fever for nine long nights I've lain  
 From lying in the hedge-row beneath the  
 rain,  
 While, gift of my bosom! I hop'd in vain,  
 Some whistle or call might awake you.  
 O! you are my dear, &c.

### II.

Love of my bosom, my fair Paistin,  
 Whose cheek is red like the roses' sheen;  
 My thoughts of the maiden are pure I ween,  
 Save toasting her health in my lightness.  
 O! you are my dear, my dear, &c.

### V.

From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee,  
 From all the beautiful maids that be,  
 But I'll never leave you, sweet *gramachree*,  
 Till death in your service o'ertakes me.  
 O! you are my dear, &c.

## No. 9. JIMMY MOVEELA STHORE.

The air of this song was published for the first time by me in my "Ancient Irish Music" (p. 39). It is well known in Munster, and is also called *Draheen o machree* (Little brother of my heart) from a song with that refrain.

When I published the air I was aware of the existence of the Irish song *Jemmy moveela sthore*, which I had often heard when a boy; but I was unable to obtain it, and could only remember a few scattered lines. It has lately been published with a translation however in the *Gaelic Journal* (Vol. II., p. 215) by a contributor who dates from Carrick Beg, Carrick-on-Suir; and from this I have taken it. I have been obliged to shorten the first line of the last stanza to make it sing to the air. The translation, which is perhaps as old as the song itself, departs widely in some places from the original.

The air is very plaintive and admirably suited to the expression of the words, which are sad, simple, and natural.

Jimmy mo míle ríór.

JIMMY, MY THOUSAND TREASURES.

*Tender and rather slow.*

1.—1r bliaó - ain go tac - a ro v'im - tíg uaim  
2.—Oréann m'a - éain 'rmo má - éain ag beap - maó 'rağ

ğmaó mo éleib, ní tioc - faó ré a baíl - e go  
briúgin liom réin, cáim ġup - uig te cnap - aig - te

v-tađain - pio ré cúp - ra 'n t-ğağail, 'muağ a tioc - faó re  
piuc - uig - te cmaó - te am ġağail; ġuğ me caite - neam voo

a baíl - le le ġuğ - im pio áro na. cómaim Coim  
uain' úo buó ġil - e' r vob áil - e nóó Δ' r

neó - éao le mil é | ré Jim - my mo mil - e ríór.  
éao ré'ri bozo luğ - e

3. *Ḥácpao éum coille á'ḡ beréao ann cuio eil' oem ḡaoḡal,*  
*San áit naé m-beré don neac á éabairḡeao éuḡam nuaoáet ná ḡḡéal,*  
*Áḡ bun an ériann éarḡann maḡi á ḡ-ḡáḡann ann ḡeup ḡo leóḡ,*  
*Áḡ éabairḡ éarḡneah 'oon ouin' uo, ḡé Jimmy mo mīle ḡróḡ.*

## TRANSLATION.

1. These twelve months and better my darling has left the shore,  
 He ne'er will come back till he travel the globe all o'er ;  
 And when he returns, with laurels I'll crown him all o'er ;  
 He's the fondest of lovers, sweet Jimmy mo-veela-sthore.
2. My father and mother they never do give me ease,  
 Since my darling has left me to cross the raging seas ;  
 I once had a sweetheart—had plenty of gold in store,  
 But he's gone o'er the ocean, sweet Jimmy mo-veela-sthore.
3. I'll go to the woods and I'll spend there the rest of my days—  
 Where no living mortal I'll suffer my soul to tease ;  
 Among the lone rowan-trees with red berries drooping all o'er  
 Lamenting the absence of Jimmy mo-veela-sthore.

## No. 10. JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

Of all the songs that prevailed among the Munster people of the last generation, not one was so great a favourite as this. It was heard everywhere—at fairs, at markets, and at social gatherings of all kinds; and all fiddlers and pipers were expected to be able to play it.

The barony of Kilnamanagh in Tipperary was the patrimonial territory of the O'Dwyers; and, according to the tradition of the county, the John O'Dwyer commemorated in this song was the younger brother of Colonel Edmund O'Dwyer who commanded in chief in the counties of Tipperary and Waterford, and fought gallantly against the Cromwellians from 1650 to 1652.

The uniform tradition of the O'Dwyers' country is that the *Glen* from which John O'Dwyer derived the epithet *an ghleanna*, was the celebrated Glen of Aherlow at the base of the Galty Mountains. This glen is not in the barony of Kilnamanagh, but lies far away in the adjacent barony of Clanwilliam; and it is probable that John O'Dwyer's epithet, *an ghleanna*, was earned by some unrecorded deed of arms performed in the glen.

Colonel Edmund O'Dwyer, having fought for two years, surrendered under articles made with Sir Jerome Sankey at Caher Castle, on the 23rd March, 1652. The song is a sort of lament, picturing in vivid and solemn language the ruin of the country after the Cromwellian conquest, when the lands had been taken from the ancient owners and distributed among Cromwell's followers.

For the information given here about John O'Dwyer of the Glen, I have much pleasure in acknowledging myself indebted to Mr. John P. Prendergast, Barrister-at-Law, author of the "Cromwellian Settlement in Ireland."

The song is given here as published by Hardiman and O'Daly, and the translation, which is in the exact metre of the original, is by Dr. Sigerson.

## Seagán O' Duibhín an Ghleana.

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

*Slow and sad.*

1.—Ain m'éir-ghó óam ain maro-in, Shian an t-rám-máó 's tait-neam,  
2.—I' é rin m'uaig-near fao-a, Scát mo éluar o'a gear-máó,



Éual-ao'n uaill oá car-ao a'g-ur ceól binn na n-eun; —  
An gaoí a o-tuait am leat-ao, a'g-ur báir anna an rpeir, mo



bhoic ar miol-ta gear-ma gearbair na n-gob-a fao-a,  
gaoir-in ruair oá éan'g-al, San éao lúite ná air-vigéat;



Fuaim a'g an mac-al-la ar lámac gun-aióe tpeun;  
Do bain-fao'g ruaim ven lean-ab, a meáoon gíl an lae;



An pion-nae ruao ain an g-car-paig, mi-le lú a'g marc-aig, ar  
— Chroíe na h-uair-le' an g-car-paig, So ceat-fraebuae-aé bean-nae, 'Do



bean go vúbae'ran m-beal-aé a'g ain-eam a cuio géir; a  
tioc-fao' ruar ain aic-eann, So lá 'éir' an t-ráo'gail, 'S oá



-noir tá'n oíll oá gear-máó Tríall-fa-maoir car cal-ao, S'a  
-fa'gaimn-rí ruaim-near tam-all, Ó dooin-ib uair-le'n bail-e, 'Do



Sheagaim ui Oduibhín an Ghlean-na a-tá tú San géim.  
éuall-rainn féin ain Shail-liú, ar o-fág-fainn an r'gléir.

3. Táir feapainn gheanna an t-ppueta  
 San ceann ná ceann ari lucoaid,  
 A ppáir ná a g-cuac ní h-óitap,  
 A pláinte ná a paogal;  
 Mo loma luain san fargad,  
 O Chluain go Stuaic-na-g-colam,  
 'S an gearrpháir ari bpuac an popa  
 Ari pán le na pae.  
 Creuo i an puais ro ari Shallaib,  
 Bualad, buanad, a' caprad?  
 An pmóilin binn 'p an lonroub  
 San páir-gut ari zeus;  
 'S gur móir an tuar cum cogad,  
 Cléir go buairdearta a' pobal  
 'Da peolad a g-cúantaid loma,  
 Ann láir gheann an t-pléibe.

4. Ir é mo éreac ari maroin,  
 Nac b-puair me báp san peacad,  
 Sut a b-puair me rsgannaitl  
 Pá mo curo féin;  
 'S a liagact lá breas pava,  
 'O-tis úbla cúmra ari éppannaid,  
 Duilleabair ari an vaip,  
 Agus vruét ari an b-peup;  
 'Noir cáimpe puaisge óm feapann,  
 A n-uaignear b-pav óm éapav,  
 Am luibe go vuairc paol rgaipitb,  
 'S a-g-cúapaid an t-pléibe.  
 'S muna b-pas me ruaimnear fearra,  
 O 'daoinib uairle an baile  
 éreispri me mo fealb  
 Agus páspav an paogal.

---

### JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

TRANSLATION BY GEORGE SIGERSON.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. I've seen full many a May-time,<br/>         Suns lead on the day-time,<br/>         Horns ring in that gay time<br/>             With birds' mellow call;<br/>         Badgers flee before us,<br/>         Wood-cocks startle o'er us,<br/>         Guns make pleasant chorus<br/>             Amid the echoes all.<br/>         The fox run high and higher,<br/>         Horsemen shouting nigher,<br/>         The peasant mourning by her<br/>             Fowl, that mangled be;<br/>         Now they fell the wildwood,<br/>         Farewell, home of childhood;<br/>         Ah, Seaghan O'Dwyer an Ghleanna,<br/>             Joy is not for thee !</p> | <p>2. It is my sorrow sorest,<br/>         Woe—the falling forest,<br/>         The north wind gives me no rest,<br/>             And death's in the sky;<br/>         My faithful hounds tied tightly,<br/>         Never sporting lightly,<br/>         Who once could, day or nightly,<br/>             Win grief from the eye;<br/>         The antlered, noble-hearted,<br/>         Stags are never started,<br/>         Never chased or parted<br/>             From the furzy hills.<br/>         If peace came but a small way,<br/>         I'd journey down on Galway,<br/>         And leave, tho' not for alway,<br/>             My Errin of ills.</p> |
|---|---|

3. The land of streamy valleys  
 Hath no head nor rallies—  
 In city, camp, or palace  
 They never toast her name;  
 Alas! no warrior column  
 From Cloyne to Stuaic na Colam—  
 O'er plains now waste and solemn  
 The hares may rove tame.  
 Oh, when shall come the routing,  
 The English flight and flouting?  
 We hear no joyous shouting  
 From the blackbird yet;  
 But more warlike glooms the omen—  
 Justice comes to no men,  
 Priests must flee the foemen  
 To hilly caves, and wet.
4. It is my daily ruin  
 That a sinless death's undoing  
 Came not, ere came the strewing  
 Of all my bright hopes.  
 Ah! many a pleasant day-time  
 I've watcht in Erin's May-time,  
 The sweet fruits scent that gay time,  
 And dew on oak and slopes.  
 Now, my lands are plunder,  
 Far my friends asunder,  
 I must hide me under  
 Heath and bramble screen,  
 If soon I cannot save me  
 By flight from foes that crave me,  
 O Death, at last I'll seek thee,  
 Our bitter foes between!



#### No. 11. THE FAIRIES' SONG.

The reader will no doubt be glad to see a sample of what fairies can do in musical composition. All the other songs in this book were composed wholly by mortals; but the following air and *song* are the joint production of the Knockgraffon fairies, and of the little hunchback, Lusmore.

One moonlight night Lusmore was walking from Cahir, in Tipperary, to his home in the Glen of Aherlow, and passing by Knockgraffon he sat down to rest under the steep side of the old fairy fort. Presently he heard a wild strain of melody from the inside of the fort—a number of tiny fairy voices singing “Dia-luan, Dia-mart, Dia-luan, Dia-mart, Dia-luan, Dia-mart;” (“Monday, Tuesday,” repeated thrice) after which a pause; then the sameround of words till the next pause; and so on. Lusmore, greatly astonished, listened with breathless attention; but although he was at first charmed with the strain, he began at last to get tired of the monotony of both words and tune. So, watching his opportunity, he struck in at one of the pauses—with a proper variation on the air —“Agus Dia-Ceudaoin” (and Wednesday too). The fairies were immensely delighted with this addition to their melody; and rushing out in a body, they brought poor little Lusmore into their glorious palace in the heart of the fort, treated him like a prince all night, and in the morning sent him away without a bit of a hump on his back—as straight as a rush.

Anyone who wishes to know the whole story may read it in prose in Croften Croker's “Fairy Legends,” (in which the song and air were first published); and Thomas Parnell's poetical version may be found in M'Carthy's “Book of Irish Ballads.”

I give the words in Irish, and also phonetically in English letters: *Thee* is to be pronounced the same as the English word, *thee*.

## THE FAIRIES' SONG.

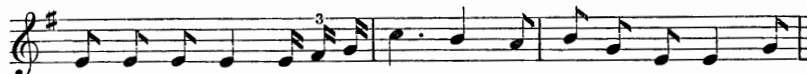
Óia-luán, Óia-mairt, aSúr  
Óia-ceavóain.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND  
WEDNESDAY.

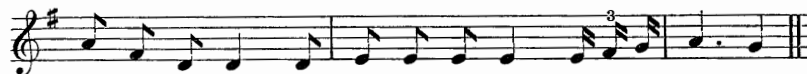
*Moderate time.*



1.—Óia lu - an Óia mairt Óia lu - an Óia mairt Óia  
2.—Thee loo - an Thee morth Thee loo - an Thee morth Thee



lu - an Óia mairt aSúr Óia ceu - vóain, Óia lu - an Óia mairt Óia  
loo - an Thee morth og - us thee kai - deen, Thee loo - an thee morth thee



lu - an Óia mairt Óia lu - an Óia mairt aSúr Óia ceu - vóain.  
loo - an thee morth thee loo - an thee morth og - us thee kai - deen.



## No. 12. FOR IRELAND I'D NOT TELL HER NAME.

The following beautiful and spirited air is, or was, well known in the Munster counties, and in the southern counties of Leinster. It was a great favourite too, for several songs, both Irish and English, were written to it by the Munster poets of the last and of the beginning of the present century; and the air was known by various names from the several songs sung to it. It is often called by the English name "Nancy, the pride of the West (or East)" from a song with that refrain. Dr. Petrie has given the Kilkenny version of the air in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," (p. 99). The setting I give here is somewhat different, and is more simple and more purely vocal.

According to Professor O'Curry the song here set to the air, "*Ar Éirínn ní 'nebsainn cé hí,*" was written about the year 1810, by a Kerry schoolmaster named Finneen or Florence Scannell. The song does not look like the production of an unpractised hand; it is indeed so finished and beautiful that I cannot believe it to be Florence Scannell's only song; but I do not remember to have seen other songs by him.

The Irish words are here given as published by Edward Walsh in his "Irish Popular Songs;" and I have given also his metrical translation.

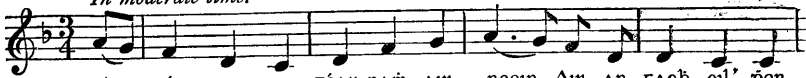
The air is also known by the name of "*Binn lín a' Bhrogha*" from another well-known Irish song, which I give here as published by John O'Daly in his "Poets and Poetry of Munster," with Mangan's metrical translation. This song—one of the many Jacobite songs of that and the preceding period—was written by a county Limerick peasant named Brian O'Flaherty. The *lis* or *brugh*, which is the subject of this song, and from which Bruff has taken its name, still exists near the town: it is an earthen fort, called to this day *Lín a' Bhrogha*, the little fort of Bruff.



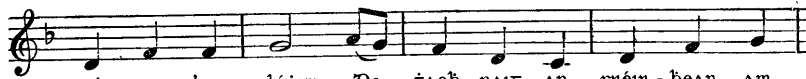
Ar Eirinn 'ní neóráinn éé hí

FOR IRELAND I WOULD NOT TELL  
WHO SHE IS.

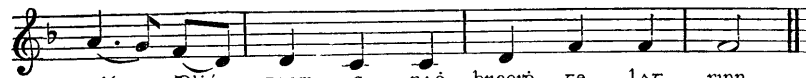
*In moderate time.*



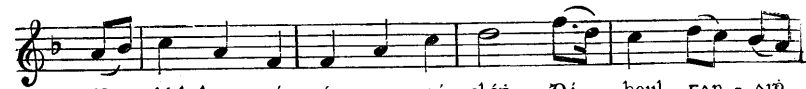
1.—Δ - ρέιρ ιρ me téar-naim ari neoin ari an taob eil' 'ón  
2.—Oa n-geill-peaó an rpeir-bean uom glóir, Δ-riáo riáo - te mo



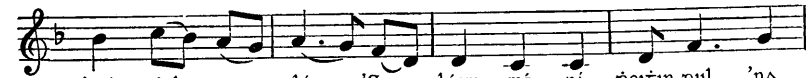
teór - Δ 'na m-bíóim; Oo taob - nais an rpeir - bean am  
beoil oo beic rior; Oo veihim uirt oo véan - raínn oo



cóir, O'fás taom - a - naé bheoir - te laς rínn.  
xióó, Oo léir éur Δ g-cóir ar Δ g-eríc;



Oo géil-lear dá méin ar dá clóó, Oá beul tan - aro,  
Oo léig-rínn go léir rtair uam rtor, 'S buó méinn liom Δ



beó - míl - ιρ, bínn, 'S gur léim mé fá veisim uul 'na  
pós - aó óm érore; Oo béar-raínn an éraob ví 'na



cóir; }  
oio; } 'S ari ei - rínn ní 'neó - raínn cia hí.

3. Tá rpeirbhruinnioll maoróa, modáhuil óς,  
Ari an taob eil' 'ón teora 'na m-bíóim;  
Tá féile 'gur oonaéct, a'r meón,  
Ar veire no-mór anhra mnaoi:  
Ta folta léi 'ς tuicim go feóir,  
Go cocánaé, ómbraé, buroé,  
Ta lara 'na leacain mar ríor;  
'S ari Eirinn ní 'neóráinn cia hí.

## TRANSLATION BY EDWARD WALSH.

1. One eve, as I happen'd to stray  
By the lands that are bordering mine,  
A maiden came full on my way,  
Who left me in anguish to pine—  
The slave of the charms and the mien,  
And the silver-ton'd voice of the dame,  
To meet her I sped o'er the green;  
Yet for Ireland I'd not tell her name.
2. Would she list to my love-laden voice,  
How sooth were my vows to the fair;  
Would she make me for ever her choice,  
Her wealth would increase by my care.  
I'd read her our poets' sweet lays,  
Press close to my wild heart the dame  
Devote to her beauty the bays;  
Yet for Ireland I'd not tell her name.

3. A maiden young, tender, refin'd,  
On the lands that are bordering on mine,  
Hath virtues and graces of mind,  
And features surpassingly fine;  
Blent amber and yellow compose  
The ringleted hair of the dame,  
Her cheek hath the bloom of the rose;  
Yet for Ireland I'd not tell her name

~~~~~

Óinn lín aepac an bhoğa.

1. Lá meárbac na maibarra liom féin  
Ain binn lín aepac an bhoğa,  
As eirteáct le binn-ğut na n-eun  
As cantainn ar ġéağa coir abann;  
An "bpeac Tarbhoğ" ran línğ úo  
raoi péim,  
As mainnceab ra n-ğaoğta le ponn,  
Már teinn líbri maðapc rúl na béil,  
Tá leiğear luat ón eug oib uol ann!
2. Noğ éian uóinn coir oian t-ğrúill na  
ğáo,  
'Nağ min le ġri ġuionn uol ann;  
An epac épall cúğainn an ġrian-  
milir béit,  
So oian 'ği an eug-ğmuit go lom;  
A ciab-ğolt bpeáğ níağmáç go řeuğ,  
As řár léi-ği noimpe 'ğ na oiağ;  
"A bħmáin ġil, ġpeuo e 'n oian-ğol  
ğo ġníoğ  
"O ciap me go h-ağğib óğ mo éionn?"
3. Ní ġaoilpeao-ğa ġríoğ-ğún mo ġğéil,  
So n-innğri cá taoð uíom ar ġabair,  
An tu doibill beağ claoim-claapac,  
claoim.  
Mağ lionair go léiğ mé uo o' ġneann;  
No 'n t-ğit-bean eug buróin-ğrúip na  
ğrae,  
ğur lionaoar ġneáğmiz 'na beağ,  
No 'n bħğbeaç le 'ğ élaorbeağ lé ġan  
péim,  
Clann ġiğmiz na ġpeun-ğri ġan cá-  
bair?
4. "Ní oíob me, cia oit liom uo ġğeul,  
Açt ġit-bean o'n o-ğnéin-lior úo éall;  
Oo ġior-ğoin uo ġior-ğol a ġ-céin,  
'S ar teinn liom tú ġraoçta ağ neapc  
ğall;  
ğlac innninn, ġairğ claoirbeam 'na  
m-beoð řaoðar,  
As mainnceab ar éaoil-eaç go neağğ;  
ğab ġmçioill ġaç ġríoç 'na b-řağar  
ğaoirbeal,  
ğo n-innğri uo ġğéal oíib ġan éam."

O'eiρoeap le binn-ḡuē a béil,  
 A'p o'eiρḡeap 'o léim aip mo bonn;  
 O'innipor ḡup teinn cúip mo ḡḡeíl,  
 Le ling-ḡoil náē leigeann oom la-  
 baip;  
 Bíoḡḡann mo ēipoe 'ḡḡis le leun,  
 Aḡup ḡilim ḡuil ḡreun ap mo éeann;  
 Mo éaon-ḡoipḡ oá leaḡaó 'nam maip  
 éaop,  
 Aḡ ḡioip-ḡile oéaipa ḡo ḡiom.

6. Aḡ an mion-ḡ-ḡḡuē nuaiρ bióim-ḡi liom  
 ḡéim,  
 Aip binn lipin aeipac an bhipoḡa,  
 Aḡ ḡmaoineaó aip ḡḡioḡaḡḡeáib an  
 ḡ-ḡaoḡail,  
 An ioóbaipḡ aip ḡhaioibil aḡ neapḡ  
 ḡhall;  
 Ta Fleet na o-ḡḡi ḡiḡḡe ḡo ḡreun,  
 'S an ḡḡioḡaḡḡe ḡan ḡéamaḡ'na éeann,  
 Laioipḡ oá lionaó ḡaio ḡéim,  
 Mile 'ḡ ḡeaéc ḡ-ééu ann ḡaé long.

## THE MELODIOUS AIRY LITTLE FORT OF BRUFF.

TRANSLATED BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

1. The birds carolled songs of delight,  
 And the flowers bloomed bright on my  
 path,  
 As I stood all alone on the height  
 Where rises Bruff's old Fairy Rath;  
 Before me unstirred by the wind  
 That beautiful lake lay outspread,  
 Whose waters gave sight to the Blind,  
 And would almost awaken the Dead.
2. As I gazed on the silvery stream  
 So loved by the heroes of old,  
 There neared me, as though in a dream,  
 A maiden with tresses of gold;  
 I wept, but she smilingly said:  
 "Whence, Brian, my dearest, those tears?"  
 And the words of the gentle-souled maid  
 Seemed to pierce through my bosom  
 like spears.
3. "O rather," I cried, "lovely one,  
 Tell me who you are, and from whom?  
 Are you *Aoibhill*,\* and come here alone  
 To sadden my spirit with gloom;  
 Or she † who brought legions to Troy,  
 When the Grecians crossed over the  
 wave,  
 Or the dame ‡ that was doomed to destroy  
 The children of Usna the brave."
4. "I am none of all three," she replied,  
 "But a fairy from yonder green mound,  
 Who heard how you sorrowed and sighed  
 As you strayed o'er his elf-haunted  
 ground.  
 And now gird around you your sword,  
 And spring on your swift-footed steed,  
 And call on the Gael, serf and lord,  
 And Eire's green land shall be freed."

\* *Aoibhill*, or Evil, the fairy queen of Thomond, and the guardian spirit of the Dalcassians, had her palace in Craggevil or Craglea, a rocky hill rising over the Shannon, two miles north of Killaloe.

† Helen.

‡ The dame: *Deirdre*, on account of whom the three Sons of Usna were put to death by King Conor Mac Nessa in the first century of the Christian era. See the poem of "Deirdre," by Robert Dwyer Joyce.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>5. So spake she in musical tones,<br/>         And I started as wakened from sleep;<br/>         I told her the cause of my groans,<br/>         And the anguish that forced me to weep,<br/>         Why my eyes were thus blinded by tears,<br/>         And my bosom tormented with pains<br/>         Why my heart had been breaking for years,<br/>         And the blood growing cold in my veins.</p> | <p>6. She vanished on hearing my tale;<br/>         But at evening I often roam still<br/>         To lament the sad fate of the Gael,<br/>         And to weep upon Bruff's Fairy Hill.<br/>         Oh, may we soon see the three Kings<br/>         And James, above all, in this land;<br/>         May the winds on their favouring wings<br/>         Waft swiftly their fleet to our strand.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

No. 13. GRANIA WAILE.

The personage from whom this air and song have their name was *Gráinne ní Mháille*, or, in English, Grace O'Malley, who flourished in the 16th century. *Gráinne Mhaol*, or Grania Waile, is a shortened form of her Irish name. She was the daughter of Owen O'Malley, chief of the district called the Owles in Connaught, a noted piratical leader. On his death Grania took command of the fleet, which she led with a strong hand; and for many years she kept the western coasts in a state of continual terror. Late in life she visited Queen Elizabeth in London. An interesting account of this visit will be found in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, vol. II. p. 1; see also vol. III. p. 340.

Such was the celebrity of this chieftainess, that "Grania Waile" has come to be used as a figurative name for Ireland; and in national songs the people of Ireland are often called "Sons of old Grania Waile."

The spirited song given here is taken from Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. II. p. 64. It was composed by John MacDonnell, commonly called Shane Claragh, a well-known poet of the last century, who was born at Claragh near Charleville in the county Cork, and died in 1754. He was the most polished, accomplished, and learned of the numerous Irish poets who flourished about that period.

Accompanying the Irish song in Hardiman there is a metrical translation by John Dalton; which I have not given here, for two reasons:—first, because the several lines contain too many syllables for the air; secondly, because Dalton spells the name *Grania Weal*, and rhymes the last syllable all through with such words as *feel*, *kneel*, &c.—an affected pronunciation intolerable to anyone accustomed to the right name. In order to show the correct rhythm however I will give his second verse, slightly altered, so as to suit the air:—

O'er the high hills of Erin what fires shall blaze,  
 What libations pour forth and what festive days;  
 While the sweet singing minstrels and monks of the Gael  
 Shall pray for the king and for Grania Waile.

At page 144 of the same volume, Hardiman gives two verses of the older popular song. The following is the first verse with the chorus; the second is too coarse to be given here.

1. buaibearfa 'n ní fuaimnead bi Spáinne mhaol,  
 mar vo éalaid rí pádara a páirte réin —  
 'S é éalaid me 's ghuasac na h-áilne réir  
 gur fuadad a ruan-éorp as Spáinne mhaol.

CHORUS.—A' r bobaro, vooaro, Spáinne mhaol,  
 A' r bobaro, vooaro, Spáinne éleib,  
 bobaro, vooaro, Spáinne mhaol,  
 'S muna b-fas mé le bogad'í tá mé réib.

Spáinne mhaol.

GRANIA WAILE.

*Spirited.*

1.—A fadai glain ve phríom-ríocht na rár- fear ríoch! 1.  
 2.—beríro foill - rí 'sur teinn - te geal' chaim as d'áduil, ar

binn ríocht - ce laoi - ce 'sur ráio - ce réim'; an  
 fion - ta dá n-íoch - ad air élar le ríleir, beró

aoib - inn leat ví - bírt ar ná'ro go léir, 'S an  
 aoib - neart a' r in - tinn ar dáim ar éleir as

rís ceart a lúgaid 'noir le Spáin - ne mhaol?  
 guró leir an rís ceart 'r le - Spáin - ne mhaol.

3. Tá laoiréad go buídeannair tar fáile as céad,  
 le víogair cum víogair le garra a' r fadóir,  
 beríro raíoch ar g-ríoch go bíad 'n a réim,  
 as víbirt a naimre ó Shpáinne mhaol.
4. Chroíear na mílte ón Spáinn go tróun,  
 fíon-scoit na tíre vo críadad le pléir,  
 fíllro gan mairl éugainn tar fáil' gan bréir,  
 as cóimreac an rís éirir a' r Spáinne mhaol.
5. Spheas o'ntinn, bíod meadóir oir go láir, léir;  
 glac cloréam éugac a' r éirí, a ghrá mo éleir;  
 gsfínnro ó Highlands luic bláit-boiméa,  
 a' r fínnro an rís ceart le Spáinne mhaol.

6. Τά αν τ-μπιρ' α'ρ Λοιρεαδ α'ρ Παπα Όε,  
 Δε τιγεαδτ ευβαινν ζο buibeanmair 'r an Spáineac réim;  
 Beirto ríteac peapta, muinteaipa, páipteac, réio,  
 Leir an Stiobairt-ro air rlig ευβαινν 'r le Shráinne Mhaol.
7. Beio piov-ful α'ρ cavi ζυιit α'ρ ζάρεα cléib,  
 Δε pioi-booiac dóitóce, 'r ní cáρ liom é;  
 Stríocpaio ζο h-ípeal, ζο cláit 'r ζο paon,  
 Don Stiobairt vo oibreaó 'r vo Shráinne Mhaol.
8. Bioómaoio-ne ζο píontac 'r ζο pálteac paon,  
 S air muinntip ζο h-aoibinn ζan éain 'ran t-paozal;  
 Beirto ζaoiúil boct' ζο hincinneac lán vo rgléip,  
 'S an rζaoiup clám oibpéa ó Shráinne Mhaol.
9. Δ óalta óil éalma ζpáómaip, réim,  
 Mo éapaop air mapzalaé bláit, ζan béim,  
 Óa rpaacá le pealaó Δε námuro ζο claoon,  
 Pá rζamaill Δε Δzallám Shráinne Mhaol.
10. Beio ceaipa, beio aitea, beio óáin, beio rgléip,  
 Δε píaéaib Δε ppeaipaol von áro-píz éreun,  
 Beirto ζalla 'n Δ ζ-ceaipaib óa leaζaó le pilléip,  
 Δ'p beio pealb Δε Capolup air Shráinne Mhaol.



#### No. 14. THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

The air of this song was first published by me in 1872, in my "Ancient Irish Music," and it was introduced by the following words:—"This simple and pleasing melody is a good representative of a very numerous class of Irish airs, all characterised by one peculiarity of structure. There are, in reality, only two different strains, and the whole tune is made up in the following way:—first strain—second strain—second strain—first strain. In the present air, each strain consists of four bars, and bearing this in mind, the structure will be apparent at a glance.

"The Irish song from which the air has taken its name is still well known in the southern counties. It was published in 1847, with a metrical translation, by Edward Walsh, in his 'Irish Popular Songs,' an excellent little work, now out of print, and difficult to be procured. A rude, though not very incorrect translation used to be sung as a street ballad in my young days. I give the Irish words, accompanied by a translation of my own, the only merit of which is, that it follows the original almost word for word. Lough Lene is the old name of the Lower and Middle Lake of Killarney. *Cúilfhionn-deas* (pron. Cooleen-dhas), means pretty fair-haired maiden."\*

\* Since the date (1872) when the above was written, a new and revised edition of "Irish Popular Songs," by the late Edward Walsh, has been brought out by Mr. Peter Roe, price 1s. 6d.

Fáinne geal an lae

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

*In moderate time.*

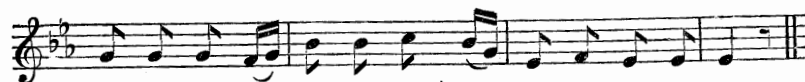
- 1.—Ain mair-in moé do ghabar a-mac Ain bhuac loé-a léim; An  
 2.—Ní raib bhrós ná róc-aró cóip ná clóc' Ain mo rói-in ós ón rpeir; déc



raim-raó 's teacé 'ran éraob ne n'air 'Sur lonn-raó teit ó'n n-ghéin; Ain  
 folc fionn ói - óa ríor go ríois d's rár go bárr an fíer; óio



tair-viol éam tpe bail - te puir 'Sur bán - ta mi - ne riéó, Cía  
 cal - an éruó - te 'ce 'na glaic 'Sair éruicé ba véar a rghéin; 'Do



geobainn le'm air déc Cúil-fionn véar } le fáin - ne geal an lae.  
 tús barr-gean ó dhé - nur véar }

3. 'Do fúró an bhuacé ríor lem air  
 Ain binnre glar don b-peir;  
 A magad léi bíor dá muidéam go ríar  
 Mar mnaoi nac rgarraim léi;  
 A' tuidairt pí liomra iméig uaim  
 Ar rgarail me ar ruabál go riéó;  
 Sin iao a n-vear na ríillre d's teacé  
 le fáinne geal an lae.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1. One morning early I walked forth<br/>         By the margin of Lough Lene;<br/>         The sunshine dressed the trees in green,<br/>         And summer bloomed again;<br/>         I left the town and wandered on<br/>         Through fields all green and gay,<br/>         And whom should I meet but Cooleen<br/>         Dhas,<br/>         By the dawning of the day.</p> | <p>2. No cap nor cloak this maiden wore,<br/>         Her neck and feet were bare;<br/>         Down to the grass in ringlets fell<br/>         Her glossy golden hair;<br/>         A milking pail was in her hand,<br/>         She was lovely, young, and gay;<br/>         She bore the palm from Venus bright,<br/>         By the dawning of the day.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

3. On a mossy bank I sat me down  
 With the maiden by my side ;  
 With gentle words I courted her,  
 And asked her for my bride ;  
 Shesaid, Young man, don't bring me blame,  
 But let me go away ;  
 For morning's light is shining bright,  
 By the dawning of the day.



#### No. 15. LORD MAYO.

The words of this song were composed some time in the 17th century, for Lord Mayo of Castleburke, near Castlebar, by David O'Murray, the blind bard of the family. O'Murray had incurred the displeasure of his lord, who had, in consequence, banished him from the mansion. But having been a whole year in exile, he suddenly appeared on Christmas night, harp in hand, in the great hall where the joyous festivities were going on, and struck up this song. It is an appeal for mercy and forgiveness ; and we are told that Lord Mayo was so moved by it, that he forgave the erring bard, and restored him to his old place of honour.

But however skilful O'Murray may have been as a poet, he certainly failed to catch the correct structure of the air, which, it need hardly be said, is very fine, and far older than the song. Furlong's metrical translation, which accompanies the Irish in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, (Vol. I., p. 228), gives no idea whatever of the metre, either of the song or of the air : it is indeed, properly speaking, not a translation at all, but a very free paraphrase, like all Furlong's versions.

I know an English Jacobite song to the air, which I heard so often sung in my boyhood, that I have kept it in memory to this day. It was composed by some Irish peasant poet, who knew Irish well, but English imperfectly ; and though he expresses himself very rudely in the latter language, he understood and represented perfectly both the rhythm and rhyme of the air. Partly for this reason I will give one verse ; but partly also because it is a curious example of assonance or vowel-rhyming. The rhyme of Irish poetry, like that of Spanish, was assonantal : and the Irish poets of the last two or three centuries, who were perfectly at home in Irish, but were only half acquainted with English, composed nearly all their English songs with assonantal rhymes. I may remark that this song requires the first part of the air to be repeated, which was evidently the original intention of the musical composer.

You're welcome home, Prince Charlie,  
 You're the *Romans*' \* only darling,  
 I'll make for you a garland  
     Both glorious and fine ;  
 And I'll deck it out with posies,  
 With violets and primroses,  
 The sweetest of nosegays,  
     And bluebells mixed with thyme.

*Romans, i.e., Roman Catholics.*



You'll yet be England's darling,  
When George gives up his bargain,  
And plants eternal gardens

In his own father's grounds ;  
For he was as good a sower,  
A plougher and a mower,  
As ever left Hanóver,

Before he wore the crown.

The air was printed by Dr. (then Mr.) Petrie, in Holden's "Collection of Irish Airs," and also by J. C. Walker in his "Irish Bards," who copied it however from Petrie.

Τίγεαρινά Μηαιγεό.

LORD MAYO.

*Bold, and moderately slow.*



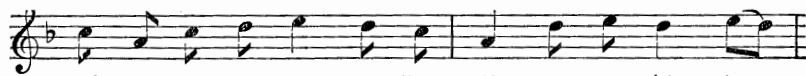
1.—1ῖ μιανν λιον φεαρ-οα ζλυαιρ-εαέτ σο εuan ceapc an fío - na ól, Δῖ  
2.—Δ n-zeall 'i an té tá lá - éaiῖ Δῖ den-mhac 'Oé na n - zῖá-ῖa, Noct



comaiῖc an té tá fúar oῖt, Δ Τίγεαρινά Μηαιγε-εό ; Δ  
óro - ée Noct-az claoiῖoῖceaiῖ coḡ - aiῖ Τίγεαρινά Μηαιγε-εό ; —



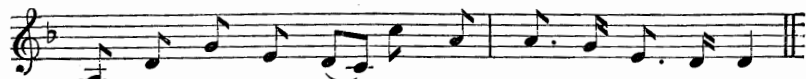
fíῖr-fmῖῖr fcoiῖt na n-zῖuaz-αé, fuaῖῖr buaiῖó 'zῖur clú 'nn zῖac zῖeoiῖó, Δ  
φεαρ-οα ná cuῖῖr puar 'oiom, Δ éῖraoiῖb na fol - Δῖῖr uaiῖr - le,



- tá mé teacéτ an uaiῖr - fo, faoi 'óí - vean vo fíoiḡ : 1ῖ  
'Oaiῖr Δ - b-fuῖl ve móῖῖr éloiḡ Na naom ann ran Róim, M



me - ῖῖ fém buῖῖr n-vaῖl boct, tá fill' oῖ - ῖaiῖb Δ ann-ῖacéτ, 'zῖaiῖr  
béiῖo me 'n fao 'úo uaiῖr - fe, Δ éῖraob na b-ῖῖῖr-eun m-buac-αé, zo



éῖῖr - zῖiῖo fail - liḡe máll 'oam le bliazaiῖn móῖῖr faoi éoiῖó  
v - ceoiῖo cῖé na h-uaiῖῖe 'nuar Δῖῖῖr mo fcan - coῖῖῖp éaoé faoi fíoi.

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3. 1r í an bhaintigeasna máire  
 Thar mnaib fuaire an éraob a g-cloó,  
 A méinn, a b-péasrainn fáirta,  
 'S ann gac cálióeasét mar 'r cóir:  
 Seal-ghrian í ari gac banntraéct,  
 A g-ceanntraéct 'r a g-céill nó-mór,  
 Fá fíotéáin o' fágaíl oam 'r an am ro,  
 Uait féin a'r ó'no leóman;  
 'Sé Tubóro óg ve búic,  
 An éraob cúmpa tá éiréasóac mór,  
 Faoi cómaire 'Dé n-óul oo,  
 'S go m-buó buan oo beó ré beóó.
4. 'Sí Siobán veaf na g-cuinn porf,  
 1r múinte a'r ir féile glór,  
 A'r bfo fá impróe óam-ra,  
 Uim péiróeasé, fágaíl ó'm león;  
 Tigró fearóe, a cúigeas,  
 Chuirfeas máire ari élanais cóige,  
 A'r canais caint fa óútraéct,  
 Ann mo óáil mar ir cóir;  
 Ríe na man o'buir g-cuimóac,  
 So m-buó raoglaé, plán an cúigeas,  
 Mar tá héibré, Neillré, Tom, a'r beiré  
 A'r péupla an cúil óir.



#### NO. 16. THE FAIR HILLS OF HOLY IRELAND.

The following beautiful song was composed—or rather partly composed—by Donogh Roe MacNamara, a schoolmaster and poet of the last century, a native of Cratloe in Clare. It was published by John O'Daly in his "Poets and Poetry of Munster." Another and more correct version—though not differing materially from O'Daly's—has been lately published in the Gaelic Journal (Vol. II., p. 165), by Mr. John Fleming, taken from a transcript made just one hundred years ago by one of MacNamara's pupils. This latter is the version I give here. But I have been obliged to adopt the older form of the refrain, "*Bán-chnoic Éireann Ogh*," instead of MacNamara's "*Ban-chnoic aoibhinn Éireann*," given by Mr. Fleming, which does not suit the air. The metrical translation is by Clarence Mangan.

There is an older song of three stanzas, which MacNamara incorporated in his song, with little change. I give this older song also, separately. It was published by Hardiman and Edward Walsh, and Walsh's translation is appended. Sir Samuel Ferguson has also left us a metrical translation which is almost word for word; but it does not suit the air.

The refrain of this latter song, "*Ulluchán dubh O*"—which is common to several Irish songs—has given name to the air. *Ulluchán* is merely a cry of sorrow, the old form of the modern *Ulagón*; and "*Ulluchán dubh O*" is an expression of lamentation, something like the English "Alack and well-a-day." Accordingly Moore in his Irish Melodies calls the air "The song of sorrow," which is sufficiently correct.

It ought to be remarked that "*Ban-chnoic Éireann Ogh*," corresponds exactly in metre with "*Ulluchán dubh O*," which "*Ban-chnoic aoibhinn Éireann*" does not.

To this fine air Moore has written his song, "Weep on, weep on, your hour is past." Another song has been written to it by my brother, Robert Dwyer Joyce—"With sad silent tears, through the dim mist of years"—which has been republished by Mr. Peter Goodman in his "School and Home Song Book." It will be perceived that both of these songs have caught up the sad expression of the air.

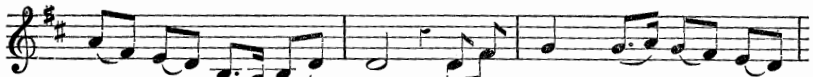
bán-énoic Éireann óg.  
 Form :—Ullachán dubh O.

THE FAIR HILLS OF HOLY IRELAND.

AIR :—Ullachán dubh O.

*Tenderly and sadly.*

1.—Beir beannaóct óm éiríde go tír na h-Éi - reann, }  
 2.—bréann bárr boz r'lim air éaoim énoic Éi - reann }



bán - énoic Éi - reann óg; { Cum a maireann ve fiol - mao  
 'Sír fearr ná'n tír ro



íu a' r' Éi - bir air } bán - énoic Éi - reann óg;  
 oit gac r'leibe ann



An áit ús 'n air b'aoi - binn binn - suet éan, mar  
 Dob aro a coill - te 'r buo úi - reao réis, 'S a



r'ain éruic éaoim as caoim - eao gaoóal; 'Sé mo  
 m-blát mar aol air maol - inn géus, tá



óar a beir mí - le mí - le í g-céin, ó } bán-énoic Éi - reann óg.  
 g'aoí as am éiríde i m'inn-tinn réin 'Do

3. Acá garra lionnair i o-tír na h-Éireann,

bán-énoic Éireann óg,

A' r' fearaóim g'iríde ná claoiríeao ceurota

Air bán-énoic Éireann óg;

m'faoitíre éiríde 'r mo éimne r'geul,

lao as Gallapóic ríor fá g'reim mo leun,

Sa m-bailte oa noimn fá éir go oaoi,

na bán-énoic Éireann óg.



A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,  
 To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword,  
 Oh, woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 Broad and tall rise the cruachs in the golden morning's glow  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow,  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 O, I long, I am pining again to behold  
 The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old ;  
 Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold,  
 Are the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 The dew-drops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn,  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn,  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below ;  
 The streamlets are hushed, till the evening breezes blow ;  
 While the waves of the Suir, noble river, ever flow,  
 Near the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,  
 And the fair land of Eire, O !  
 The very " Bread of Life " is in the yellow grain,  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !  
 Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields,  
 Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,  
 And the sunlight that shone long ago on Gaelic shields  
 On the fair hills of Eire, O !

bán-énoic Éireann Oğ.

THE FAIR HILLS OF HOLY IRELAND.

(ORIGINAL VERSION.)

Iṛ fáiltead aṇ áit beit a n-Éirinn,  
 Ullacán ouḃ O ;  
 Maṛ a m-bréann torad na rláinte a m-bárr na úeire aṇn,  
 Ullacán ouḃ O ;  
 Bréann aṇ míl aṛ aṇ g-craṇn aṇn a n-gleannatáib ceórb,  
 'S na rrueta'ṛ aṇ t-faṁpaḃ aṇn a g-ciuḃaṛ gac móro,  
 Bréann uirge 'n a ṛrúill aṇn, a'ṛ oruēt aṇ nóin  
 Aṛ bán-énoic Éireann Oğ.

Ír bádallá, buacá, ualá, oíéimneá,

Ullacán uib O,

ḡáá foráire a ḡluáirear ó éuanteib na h-Eíreann,

Ullacán uib O.

Ráéfaora ari éuáiro, má 'r buan béróear mo fáogal  
ḡo talam an t-ruáirear mar ar ual beir mo fáogal,  
'O b'féarri liom ná buir n-uálgur ḡrò móir le múróeam,  
bheir ari bán-énoic Eíreann Oḡ.

Ír tairbéac 'r ír móiríao cnuac na h-Eíreann,

Ullacán uib O,

bíreann an t-im ar an t-uáctar aḡ ḡluáireacé 'na fíaoó ann,

Ullacán uib O.

bíreann an biolar ari an o-toinn ann a'r fámaó bog róḡail,

A'r na cuacá aḡ labairc ann ó ló ḡo ló,

'S an fmoilin úaral ír fúaim binne céol,

Ari bán-énoic Eíreann Oḡ

#### TRANSLATED BY EDWARD WALSH.

Beautiful and wide are the green fields of Erin

Ullachan dhuv, O,

With life-giving grain in the golden corn therein,

Ullachan dhuv, O,

And honey in the woods of the mist-wreaths deep,

And in the summer by the paths the bright streams leap;

At burning noon rich sparkling dew the fair flowers steep,

On the fair hills of Erin, O.

How clustering his ringlets, how lofty his bearing,

Ullachan dhuv, O,

Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin,

Ullachan dhuv, O.

Would heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,

I'd seek that land of joy in life's gifts excelling

Beyond your rich rewards, I'd choose a lowly dwelling

On the fair hills of Erin, O.

Gainful and large are the corn-stacks of Erin,

Ullachan dhuv, O;

Yellow cream and butter abound ever therein,

Ullachan dhuv, O;

And sorrel soft, and cresses where bright streams stray,

And speaking cuckoos fill the grove the live-long day,

And the little thrush, so noble of sweetest-sounding lay,

On the fair hills of Erin, O.

## No. 17. O, PULSE OF MY HEART, WHY DO YOU FROWN?

The air of this song, which was first published by Dr. Petrie in his "Ancient Music of Ireland," is well known among the peasantry in every part of the country. In disturbed times it was very generally selected as the air of Whiteboys or Ribbonmen songs—or "treason songs," as they were often called; and I remember hearing in my youth fragments of several of them. I give here, however, a song of a different kind which was also sung to the air, and which was first published with translation in the same metre by Edward Walsh. I think this a song of much delicate fancy and beauty; and perhaps those of my readers who do not understand Irish may feel pleased if I enable them to judge for themselves by the following literal translation:

On yesterday morning early, before the sun,  
I saw a maiden of lovely form;  
The snow and the quicken-berry were struggling for mastery on her countenance,  
And her delicate slender figure was like the swan on the stream;  
And O, pulse of my heart, why do you frown?  
The gentle voice of her mouth was more melodious with pleasantness  
Than (the lyre of) Orpheus who subdued the wild beasts;  
Her soft clear eyes were like dewdrops of crystal  
On the green shamrocks of the field early, before the sun;  
And O, pulse of my heart, why do you frown?

Δ εὐρίτε μο ἐριούε ἐρέω : ἀν  
ξηυαίμ ἦν οἷτ

O, PULSE OF MY HEART, WHY DO  
YOU FROWN?



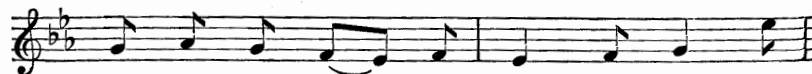
1.—Διρ μαρο - in Δ - né ποίμ ξηρίν σο μοδ, 'Οο  
2.—δυό βιν - ne ζυτ καοή Δ βέλ le γυτc νά



θεαρε - αρ αν βελτ βα νλάμ - θα ερυτ; bhi  
Οη - πευρ σο λέιγ σο παον να τειρε; bhi Δ



ρεαδτ - Δ 'ζυρ καοη Δγ cair - μιτc 'να ρζέιμ, 'S Δ  
παμ - αρ ποίγ πέρό μαρ ἐμιορ - τάλ να m-βραον Διρ



ρεανγ - Δ - εοιρ ρέιμ μαρ ξέιρ Διρ ρυτ; } 'S Δ  
ρεαμ - αρ - ξλάιρ φέιμ ποίμ ξηρίν σο μοδ; }



εὐρ - le μο ἐριούε ἐρέω f'n ξηυαίμ ἦν οἷτ?

## TRANSLATION BY EDWARD WALSH.

## I.

Before the sun rose at yester dawn  
 I met a fair maid adown the lawn ;  
     The berry and snow  
     To her cheek gave its glow,  
 And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan—  
 Then, pulse of my heart, what gloom is thine ?

## II.

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won  
 Than Orpheus's lyre of old had done ;  
     Her ripe eyes of blue  
     Were crystals of dew,  
 On the grass of the lawn before the sun—  
 And, pulse of my heart, what gloom is thine



## No. 18. DRIMIN DHOWN DHEELISH.

This is one of the best known and most popular of Irish songs: in my young days I heard it sung everywhere among the Irish-singing peasantry. The name *Druimshionn Donn* signifies "white-backed brown cow," and was one of those numerous allegorical designations adopted by the song-writers of the last century, who in those penal times found it necessary to disguise the subjects of their patriotic songs—whether Ireland or Prince Charles Edward—under obscure names, such as *Móirín Ní Chuillionáin*, *Síghile Ní Ghadhra*, *Caitilín Triall* (Kitty Tyrrell), *Caitilín Ní h-Uallacháin*, *Grainne Mhaol*, *An Londubh* (The Blackbird), &c.

There are several versions of the song; but I have given here the one published by Dr. Petrie which he got from Professor O'Curry. The translation is by J. J. Callanan; but it is "so freely rendered that it can hardly claim to be more than an embodiment of the leading thought in the rude song of the Irish Poet. As usual, however, with Callanan's translations of Irish songs, it has the rare merit of preserving the rhythmical features of the original so perfectly, that it can be sung to the old melody with a fitness not inferior to that of the Irish words." (Petrie).

The setting of the air given here differs considerably from that given by Petrie. His was obtained in Derry; mine is the Munster version, which is now published for the first time.



## Ohrumfionn Donn Óilr

THE FAITHFUL BROWN *Drimin*.

1.—Δ ὀhrum-fionn donn ói - lir lr Δ fíor fíor ná m-bó, Cá  
2.—Ní'l fear - ann ní'l tisear 's am, ní'l fíon - ea ná ceól, ní'l



n-ḡabann tú ran oíó - ée lr cá m-bionn tú ran ló? bíonn  
flaíe - íb am' éaoim-beaét, ní'l ran - ée ná ríóḡ: áét aḡ



mí - re ar na coill - te, ár mo bus-éaill - íoe am'  
fíor - ól an uir - ḡe ḡo min - íc ran



éoir, aḡ-ur o'fás ré rúo mí - ri aḡ ril-eaó ná n-veóir.  
ló, aḡ-ur beaét - uir - ḡe'r fíon aḡ mo naím-íob ar bóiró.

3. Ó á bfaiginnir céao aiginnir  
Nó raóaric ar an ḡ-coróin,  
ḡacraaigí vo leibínn,  
Mar vo leibínn fear bróḡ,  
Trí boḡaigíte, trí coillte  
lr trí oraiḡneac lá ceo,  
aḡur rúo mar vo feólráinn íao,  
Mo Óhrumfionn donn óḡ.

## TRANSLATION BY J. J. CALLANAN.

Oh, say my Brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,  
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?  
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take;  
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen from the bright eye of day,  
All darkly they sleep in their dwellings of clay;  
The cold turf is o'er them, they heed not my cries  
And since Lewis no aid gives I cannot arise.



3. Δε τεαέτ ηε μ'αη von ός μίν,  
 'Νοη μόροισιμ ζυη βιννε αν βάβ,  
 'Νά eunλαίε ας cancainn nócaíde,  
 Δ μόρ-έοιλλ coη imoll cpaζa—  
 'S ná 'n té vo pphcaζac ceól-πίε,  
 Chuη ceó oμαoúeacέτ' ap ηιpμiς lá,  
 'S ap péaplaó ó neam an c-georo  
 ζpnn,  
 'Oo feól Chpíoρt am éoinne an c-ppáio.
5. 1η mé vo fcape a ζ-coínnuioe,  
 Cía iul-baoη anoη vo épáéc,  
 Om éaoib 'p ó lacé mo nuaió-éioé,  
 Thiz eoζan ζuoíoe 'p ζac cineao η  
 féapη ;  
 Slíoéc Néill ap aηc ap Mόp-Chuinn,  
 Ap póp Mhileao uile o' fáp ;  
 Le h-éao vo mapbaíó beó pnn  
 Δς pcoηuigeacé ap mipe táim.
4. 'O fleacóap feal von ός-mnaoi  
 'S ba úóiz linn náη mη'oe a epáéc ;  
 'O'féacáin cpeuo vo feól f  
 ζan móp-buioin va coimηic plán ;  
 An aon cap fleapaié bóéna í,  
 'Oo bpeoúaiς pnn le h-íomaζo ζpáó ;  
 No cpeuo an cpeib 'na ζ-coínnuioe  
 Δ móp-epioéaié Inηpe fáil.
6. An c-aon o'áη ceaηc le cóη pnn,  
 Δς oeópuigeacé amuic ap pán ;  
 Ap mé oam ppaáo aς pcpóηpizib,  
 'Oo león pnn zo h-uile an cáη ;  
 An péηicp-plaié vo póp ζaoúeal,  
 Ní móp oib a éup ap paζail,  
 Le paobap-neapc ppaáo pópηiúe,  
 Zo pópuigeacé zo o-cizíó am úáil
7. Tá céaoτα ας τεαέτ oam éópuigeacé,  
 O cópizib ná cpunne lán ;  
 Le h-aon von cpeib ní ζeoúao me,  
 'S ní lámtáo a éup am páηc :  
 An péηneac η feáηp cloó 'p ζnaoi,  
 'O'ap túpμiú ap fuηpnn aóam,  
 Δ péizpú ap epí copóηiúe,  
 Le Moηiη ní Chuillionain.

## TRANSLATION BY J. C. MANGAN.

1. One evening roaming lonely,  
 As pale twilight just began,  
 I met the fair, the only,  
 The bright Moirín Ní Chuillionain ;  
 The maid whom Erin blesses,  
 The dignified, the gay, the neat,  
 Whose brilliant golden tresses  
 Wave down o'er her waxen feet.
2. So pure, so fair, so blooming,  
 So mild, placid souled and meek,  
 So sweet and unassuming  
 A maiden 'twere vain to seek ;  
 Her fair and radiant features,  
 Her tall form 'twas bliss to see—  
 The noblest of God's creatures,  
 The loveliest, the best is she !

3. Her face, her brow of marble,  
Breathed music, oh, far more  
Than lays the wild birds warble  
In greenwood glens anear the shore,  
Or his whose fairy metre,  
Bewitched Usnagh's sons one day,  
More tender far, and sweeter  
Were hers that Christ sent in my way.
4. I bowed before the daughter  
Of light, love, and heavenly song,  
And asked her what had brought her  
To us without a warrior throng.  
Had she come o'er the ocean  
To melt our hearts and make us wail;  
Or owned she the devotion  
Of Conn's tribes in Inisfail.
5. "Oh, I'm thy fondest-hearted,"  
She said, "though now beneath a ban;  
From me in days departed  
Sprang Eoghan and each noble clan,  
The sons of Conn the glorious,  
And Niall and Art who filled the throne;  
Though now the foe, victorious,  
Thus makes me pine so lorn and lone.
6. "Our Prince and true commander  
Is now, too, an exile far;  
Alas, we both must wander  
Until the avenging day of war;  
But through what distant regions  
I know not till the Gaels shall come,  
And their victorious legions  
Lead him and me in triumph home.
7. "Crowds throng to seek and find me,  
Of lovers I have many in truth;  
But none of all shall bind me,  
In wedlock's bonds but one brave youth;  
A hero bold and portly  
As ever graced the name of man,  
Will share three crowns full shortly,  
With Moirin Ni Chuillionain."



#### NO. 20. MARY OF BALLYHAUNIS.

The following tender and touching love song is of Connaught origin, Ballyhaunis being a small town in Mayo. Among the old people of Galway and Mayo, there is still a tradition accounting for its composition. The song was published by Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy," Vol. I., p. 326, and also by Edward Walsh in his "Irish Popular Songs." Walsh's metrical translation is here given with the song.

The air, which is one of Carolan's most beautiful plaintive melodies, is known in both Munster and Connaught. I know an English song which I have heard sung to it, of which the following stanza is a fair specimen:—

Ye guardian angels be his guide  
And defend him from all harms,  
Let no evil fortune him betide  
In any war's alarms:

Should he be slain in Boston's plain,  
Where cannons roar like thunder,  
Then death would ease me of my pain,  
And break my heart asunder.

máire bhéil-éa-hamnaí.

Fonn: Port-Gordon.

MARY OF BALLYHAUNIS.

Air: Port Gordon.

*Tenderly.*

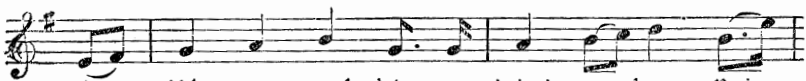
1.—Δ Μhá - íe Δ ξηρό ιρ tú tam' érho, Oé  
2.—Δ bláit na g-caoi ó éar - la mé go



tabair na lám go sluit éam: 'S gur ual tam buaó na  
claoú - te treit le gheann uuit; Δ - táir faom' éirí a



cui - ge o'fáil, go bíat ná éan me úil - tá.  
nám mo éirí, 'S tábair ghrá gan éan gan éam tam.



Δ úil na n-uail 'ré mo éirí go buan náe  
Oé, fari - doir gáir 'mé an ceann gan éirí. 'S oo



b-fuil - im leat fuarú-te g-cleam-nar, Δ' b'éaso go uairc fa  
cóm-ai - le m'éar moir úm-luigeir, 'S gur b'é cóm - maó veigean-áe a



fíor ghráim má bíom a b-fao uaim - re a ann - raet!  
uabair ré liom, tréig - re beul - áe - ham - naí!

3. Ác tús me ghráó ooo éúilín bán,  
air eúl an gáirín pónaire;  
'Oo béilín cláit marí éúbar na trága;  
'Oo óá ghráó óearg marí éaróon;  
'Oo béul ir binne na 'n éuáe air bile,  
'S ná ceileabair, caom na n-eunlaí;  
Mo leun 'r mo milleáó, gan me 'r tu  
éumainn  
Ag eulozáó le na céile.

4. Δ ghráó 'r a nún óa n-gluiarfaé liom  
go tair na long ar éirinn,  
níl tinnear cinn, ná tuirre cioróe  
Náe leigearfuróe ann gan áiríar.  
Ar tú 'n peult éoluir tar mnáib na  
foéla,  
Agur cionnó 'gac féin ón m-bár mé,  
Óir gan ghráa Dé ní maiprú mé,  
Air an t-ppáio ro bhéil-éa'-hamnaí

## TRANSLATED BY EDWARD WALSH.

- 1 O Mary dear, for thee I pine,  
 O place thy hand in mine, love;  
 My fathers here were chieftains high,  
 Then to my plaints incline, love.  
 O plaited hair, that now we were  
 In wedlock's band united!  
 For maiden mine, in grief I'll pine,  
 Until our vows are plighted!
2. Thou rowan-tree bloom, since thus I rove  
 All worn and faint to greet thee,  
 Come near and see my constant love,  
 With love as true to meet me:  
 Alas, my head! its wits are fled,  
 I've failed in filial duty,  
 For my sire did say, "Shun, shun, for aye  
 That Ballyhaunis beauty!"
3. But thy cooleen-bawn I saw one day  
 Where bloomed the beanfield's cluster,  
 Thy bosom white like ocean's spray,  
 Thy cheek like rowan-fruit's lustre;  
 Thy tones that shame the wild bird's fame  
 Which sing in summer weather;  
 And oh, I sigh that thou, love, and I  
 Steal not from this world together!
4. If with thy lover thou depart  
 To the land of ships, my fair love,  
 No weary pain of head or heart,  
 Shall haunt our slumbers there, love.  
 Oh, haste away, ere death's cold prey,  
 Thy soul from thee withdrawn is;  
 And my hope's reward the churchyard's  
 sward,  
 In the town of Ballyhaunis!



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