

Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 24.

Being the Fourth Part of Vol. VI.

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London :

19, BERNERS STREET. W. 1.

PRINTED PRIVATELY FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY
BY BARNICOTT AND PEARCE, AT THE WESSEX PRESS, TAUNTON.

JANUARY, 1921.

FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.



THIS Society was founded in 1898 for the purpose of collecting and publishing Folk Songs, Ballads and Tunes.

It is certain that great numbers of these exist which have not been noted down, and which, therefore, are in danger of being lost.

The Society publishes in its Journal such contributions of Traditional Songs as may be chosen by a committee of musical experts, and may from time to time hold meetings at which these songs are introduced, and form the subject of performance, lecture, and discussion.

The subscription has been fixed at 10s. 6d. annually (payable on January 1st in each year), on payment of which members will be entitled to receive all publications for the current year, and to attend all meetings, etc., organized by the Society.

All communications as to Membership, or on the general business of the Society, should be addressed to "The Honorary Secretary, Folk-Song Society, 19, Berners Street, London, W."

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PREFACE.

THE publication of Part No. 23 of the Folk-Song Society's *Journal* was an event of importance in the history of Irish folk-song. The first instalment of Mr. A. M. Freeman's collection of texts and tunes from Ballyvourney in County Cork, of which that part consists, has been welcomed by Irish scholars and musicians as an admirable piece of sound workmanship and a record of high value, for all time.

The present *Journal* consists of a further selection of songs from Mr. Freeman's store; and to these he has added notes which are all the more valuable since the writer of them has had opportunities for research which were impossible for him during the years of war.

It was the intention of the Editing Committee to publish the remainder of Mr. Freeman's material in *Journal* No. 24, but owing to the increase in expenses of publication the Folk-Song Society has reluctantly been compelled to follow the example of other societies, and to reduce the size of the *Journal* whilst maintaining its former excellence in every other respect.

The concluding part of the Ballyvourney Collection will appear in *Journal* No. 25, together with supplementary matter, full indexes and everything necessary to complete not only the Irish Collection but also the Sixth Volume of the *Journal*.

Grateful thanks are again offered to Mr. Freeman for so generously entrusting the Folk-Song Society with the privilege of publishing these interesting and beautiful songs. Thanks are also offered to Miss A. G. Gilchrist (A. G. G.) and Mr. Frank Kidson (F. K.), both of the editing-committee, for their annotations and other help always so freely given; also to Mr. Robin Flower, of the Department of MSS., British Museum, whose notes (signed R. F.) throw light upon some points in various songs. Notes initialled L. E. B. are by the editor of the present *Journal*, to whom the Irish collection was entrusted at the time of Mr. Frederick Keel's long absence from England.

LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

33, BELGRAVE ROAD,
LONDON, S.W. 1.

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IRISH FOLK SONGS.

35.—LÁ ILE PÁDRUIG.

[PATRICK'S DAY.]

(No 6th.)

$\text{♩} = 96.$

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Lá - le Pá - da ruig im hí ti 'n táir - ni, Ví cui deacht
 á - luing lem aish ig ól; Ví mayi - ri mán - la na grue - gi
 báí - ni, A súil mar áir - ni s'a grua mar rós; Ví dísh
 háir - ir 'na suí 'r ceaun cláir an, Hug shearc as grá 'r sad don réil - hing
 óig, Fear suísh - ti 's rái - ngi 'gus máish - tir scláir - i, Do hig a
 lán a - gus do léas go leór.

- 2 Do lauir gach nán acu go ghishti à béalra,
 Á mola féin lesh a réilhing óig.
 Fiàchuint a m' éidir í veala 'nä-chor
 Le ráiti béis nút le buala 'r bórd :
 Do lauir a sbér-vean go mouil taish mwärga,
 Ná touhach féin a té ab áirdí snó :
 " An té ba léiri chun tish a ghéanav,
 Ishé ba véing lium a wuala 'm hreó."

- 3 "Mishi wúinean na saguirt clúvui
 'S na bráirhi scrúdan chun dul sa Vraingc,
 Locht dlihi wúeshcilt 'dir ealúiv cúirti,
 'S na dochftúirí sho do ghéanan lés ;
 Im big bión púdar, 's am bróig bión búcalá,
 Is deas mo hriús agus mo chearolayn,
 'S is shfor-ól vráunda do vím gan aúrus
 Nuer a vion a vrúid vocht a rór go doying."
- 4 "Gouim mo chéacht agus treauim na réa-chnuic,
 Agus beahfim féinig a núaruísh fós ;
 Shin cuid dem hähar—a chruinhàcth chraereach,
 'S an órna ghéanan gach fleah as beoir ;
 Er mo gwáil a tänach bión féire im béawar,
 'S is rói-vréa héascuum-she puntsh er bód,
 Nuer a vion a téagan a shúl na Héorean,
 'S a chlitti géana mar fas 'na ghoid."
- 5 "A Wáiri, a là lium, ná pós é 'nä-chor,
 Mar vefá it éifig er feag do híl,
 Gan wúini, gan véasa, gan veas ig éingi ort,
 Ach rán at ghéig agus do rón [? a rór] sa díg ;
 Ba hrúa lium féinig do fáishtí a géar-ghol,
 Gan snáh 'on éadach ach a stiúshín bwí,
 'G ól bláhfí géiri le prátuív a-téiti,
 'S gan fwáil i náchor er áo' vilúiri 'n fm."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On Patrick's day I was sitting in an inn,
 Drinking among a fair company ;
 There was a gentle fair-haired maiden,
 Her eye like the sloe, her cheek like the rose ;
 There were two good men sitting at the end of a table
 Who had fallen in love with the young beauty,
 A man of the flail and spade, and a schoolmaster—
 One who had learned and read much.
- 2 Each of them spoke skilfully in English
 To the young beauty, in praise of himself,
 Trying, if possible, to win her
 By eloquence or by hospitality.
 The maiden said, gently, softly and modestly,
 That she would not choose him who appeared of highest degree :
 " But the man who seems best able to make a home,
 He is the one I should like to meet."
- 3 " I am the teacher of the renowned priests,
 Of the friars who study to go to France,
 Of those who cite laws within the court-house,
 And of the doctors who effect cures ;
 I have a powdered wig and buckled shoes,
 Fine trousers and Caroline hat ;
 And truly I am constantly drinking my brandy
 While this creature is digging deep ! "

- 4 "I take my plough and plough the smooth hills,
And I feed all whom you have mentioned ;
Here's some of my work : the ruddy wheat,
And barley, the making of every festive drink.
In a peaked beaver-hat I walk through the fair,
And well can I pour out punch at table,
While this vagrant is tramping Ireland
With a handful of goose-quills for passport."
- 5 "Mary, my dear, never marry him,
For you would be an outcast all your life
Without education or manners or respectability,
A spade in your hand, digging in a ditch :
Truly I should pity your crying children,
With no shred of clothing but a little yellow shawl,
Drinking sour butter-milk with warmed-up potatoes,
And no chance of a little scrap of butter!"

Cf. the tune with Nos. 55 and 56 in *Amhráin Mhuighe Seóla*. This group, Nos. 35 to 38a, is a striking instance of the variability of the local songs represented in this Collection. The same tune appears no less than six times—twice with no sixth of scale, once as Dorian, once as Æolian, and twice as major. One verse is lacking, the sixth, in which Mary chooses the "man of the flail and spade" as her husband. See *Smóilín na Rann* (Gaelic League, 1908), p. 51. I took down three more verses of "An Cailín Doun" here appended; but they are not interesting enough to transcribe. Mr. Cochlan likes "An Cailín Doun," and says: "It is a nice little song, but you must begin it softly and quietly, otherwise it would get very hard on you before the end." This remark, applied to a song of four verses with an easy tune, seems unaccountable. It is however a piece of veracious tradition and sound advice. See *Gaelic Journal*, Vol. xii, p. 22, where there is a version of "An Cailín Doun" extending to 152 lines.—A. M. F.

35(a).—AN CAILÍN DOUN.

[THE DARK MAIDEN.]

(No 6th.)

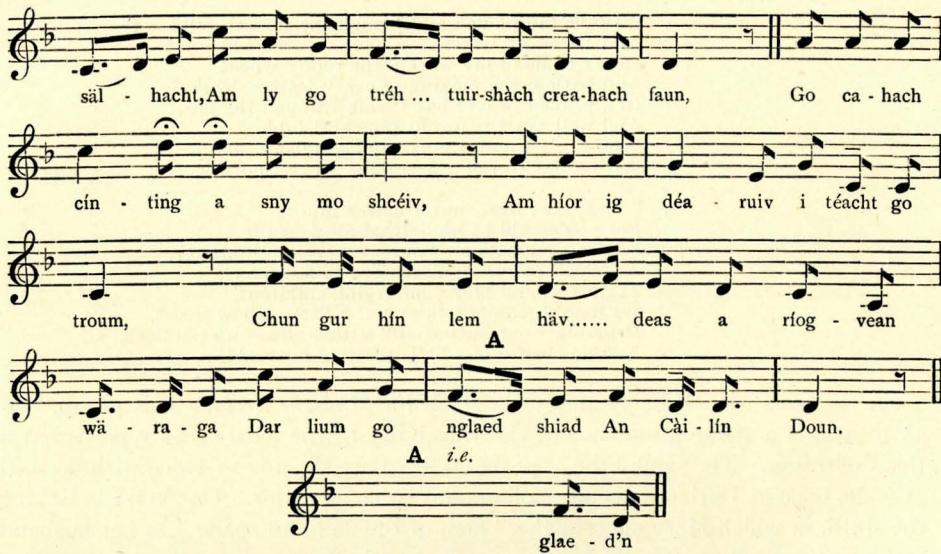
— 96. *Marked and brisk.*

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

The musical notation consists of two staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The second staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes in both Irish and English. The lyrics are:

A déa - nav smuí - n (i)-ti shea vím lium héi - nig, A - ryg go

déa - nach a - gus mé coesh aun, Gan sbésh i luí - hiv ná suím a



It is possible that this song may have been acted by singers in the same way as our English song of "The Servingman and the Husbandman" (see *English County Songs*). In Sussex I have seen the latter acted by a labourer and his son. The simple dialogue ended prettily when the old man, representing the "serving-man," knelt and did dignified homage to his boy as the "husbandman." This air is distinct from the tune to the same title in *Bunting* (1796), expanded and adapted to modern words in A. P. Graves' *Songs of Ireland*. It is distinct again from tunes to a similar title in *Joyce* (1909), No. 711, and *Petrie*, No. 1218. If Petrie No. 1320, called "Cailfn Dubh" = "Black Maiden," be altered from $\frac{9}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ rhythm we find a fresh proof of the amazing elasticity of folk-song in general and of this type of tune in particular. See the notes attached to Song No. 25 in this Collection, also cf. Nos. 35 to 38a and Nos. 70, 71, 76 and 77.—L. E. B.

36.—AVARÁN A WÁISH.

[THE SONG OF DEATH.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{J} = 80.$

Er wó - har Lui - mi - ni shea hár - la 'n Bás o - rom Na hio - gy
 ghrá - na 's a ghroum le cly, Do ghruid am chuing - iv is do riug er
 láiv o - rom, 'S duert: "Cu-nus ty, Heáin vocht, nú 'n fa - da rayir?"
 "Ó táim teyng túir - shach lag brúi - ti 'm hláin - ti, Ig snuím ghú ig
 w'á - la tá 'r ayig mo chrui!" "Ó cà ghíot shiar... iad, is tian - am
 láir - hach lium Go gleaun - tán á - luing, a - gus déin t 'air - hí!"

2 “ Diúlha verim feasta ghoit, agus iaruim sbás ort,
 Agus thír 'om cáirdi go ceaun trí ví,
 Chun go déad a wáili d' ruig an Ahar Pádarraig,
 An sagart as feár do ví sa ríocht :
 Ansúd a gheoir mi-she, i tig a tairni,
 Er measc na sáir-eas ag ól na dí :
 'S do verim go deyn doet, má ayim mo hláinti,
 Gur fad ón áit sho do vèad airísh.”

3 “ Ná tuig at aigini go mer i Néring,
 Fá ly na gréimi, ná i nän chíúig le fwáil ;
 Véarhad sumunz doet, agus caifir géili,
 Agus bë tu fwän lag shínti 'r clár ;
 Cuir fis er an Eagaluish chun tu éshteacht,
 'S bíoch t' airfhí déanta le Ríofna Ngráist,
 Agus rayam go Párahas er measc na náv geal,
 I diúlha don täl vocht is do na mnáiv.”

- 4 " Do vnáiv na Banaban dá duguing diúlha,
 Cé vèach am chúram er iúer a ghá ?
 Is gur muar a tacá lium [iad] san fhi am chúnacht,
 Nú chun luí 'r mo húiliv 's mé shíntí 'r clár ;
 Is móir go m' eára lium aingir chíúin deas
 Chun vè léi stígara 's í 'dir mo láiv
 Ná dul às w' aihini le clayiri ainchúinshach
 Nár hug riav cúnantas cár ghoiv le cach."
- 5 " Is duini mi-she, 'nish, nár ghin riav bréag leat,
 Agus breab níor hógas ó éingi fós ;
 Berim a tóg lium, 's a donán ásta,
 'S a fear is tréini chuir cos a mróig ;
 Árdúim liúm iad a láhir in Éinvic,
 'S a beacúf léiti gum 'dir mo láiv ;
 Agus béalhad tusa lium, a Heáin wáin aerig,
 Leog 'ot flé lium, ach gluesh mar chách ! "

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On the Limerick road I met with Death,
 A horrid phantom, with his back to the wall :
 He approached me, took me by the hand,
 And said " How are you, poor John ? How far are you going ? "
 " Oh, I am sick and weary, broken in health,
 A bitter spasm wounds me, over my heart ! "
 " O cast these from you, and come with me at once
 To a pleasant little valley,* and make your repentance ! "
- 2 " I refuse you now, I beg a respite of you,
 And grant me a delay of three months,
 That I may go home and see Father Patrick,
 The best priest there has been in the kingdom ;
 There you will find me, at the inn,
 Drinking among the good men ;
 And I promise you, if I get my health,
 That I shall not be near this place again ! "
- 3 " Do not imagine that you will be in Ireland,
 In any province, anywhere under the sun ;
 I shall give you a summons, and you will have to yield,
 And you will be stretched lifeless on the boards.
 Send for the priest to hear you,
 And do penance before the King of Graces ;
 And let us go to Paradise amongst the shining Saints,
 Renouncing the wretched world, and women."
- 4 " If I were to renounce the women of Ireland,
 Who would help me in the hour of need ?
 Greatly do I rely on [them] to cherish me at night,
 And to close my eyes when I am stretched on the boards.
 Far rather would I have a gentle, pretty maid,
 To sport with her and hold her in my arms,
 Than go to unknown parts with a remorseless (?) villain,
 Who never told whither he went with everybody."

* Or ? " To fair Glentane."

- 5 " Now I am one that never lied to you,
 And I never yet took a bribe from any ;
 I carry off the youth and the wretched, old person,
 And the strongest man that ever put foot in shoe ;
 I take them with me before the Only Son,
 Reading the list of their sins in my hand ;
 And I will take you with me, my fair, sprightly John ;
 Dispute with me no more, but come along like the rest ! "

Compare tune No. 3 in *Amhráin Mhuighe Seola*. No. 32 of the same collection is an unrelated poem on this theme. This well known song is sometimes known as "An Gadaidhe Gránda," i.e. "The Ugly Thief." A different tune is given in *Joyce*, page 11, apparently to the same words ; and a Kerry version (words only) was published in *Fáinne an Lae*, December 14th, 1918. Concerning verse 2, line 3, Mr. Cochlan holds, on the strength of the following line, that the Father Patrick here mentioned is the Apostle of Ireland ; and this proves the great antiquity of the song. Lines 5, 6, 7 of the first verse are curious. I will give, for comparison, a translation of those lines as they appear in the *Fáinne an Lae* version referred to above (A), and in a version printed at the end of *Red Brian Carabine's Prophecy* (the Gaelic League, Dublin, 1906), where the poem is attributed to Pádraig Daeid (B). Our version we will call "c."

- A. " I am sick and sorrowful, weary and worn,
 With the five bags that are over my heart."
 " Throw them on the ground, and come with me at once."
- B. " I am sick, and my bones are weary,
 Since I spun* this bag which is piercing my side."
 " Cast it from you and come, like the rest, with me."

The Irish in the vital half-line in each variant, is as follows : " ósna cúig mhála " (A) ; " ó shníomh mé an mála " (B) ; " ag snaidhm dhú' ag mh' áladh " (C). A fourth version of this song, collected in Waterford, is printed in *The Gaelic Journal*, Vol. xii, p. 154. In this, " poor John's " complaint is still more mysterious : " There is no knot in this bag of mine, over my heart " (Diabhal snaidhm im' mhála-sa).

—A. M. F.

Cf. tunes 35 to 38a and Nos. 70, 71, 76 and 77 with tune 25 in this Collection, and see the copious notes to the latter air. The "Song of the Ghost," tune No. 580 in *Petrie*, though feeble and sophisticated, seems allied to this "Song of Death." This dialogue may be compared with the English dialogues between "Death and the Lady," "Death and the young Man," etc., and similar gloomy moral poems of the old broadside class, popular also on the continent. I believe that such dialogues may well have been acted by the singers. Certainly "Death and the Miser" was

* Or ? " Tortured by."

played recently. (See Sir Offley Wakeman's account of W. Shropshire open-air stage-plays, in the *Shropshire Archaeological Transactions*, Vol. vii, p. 383. This is quoted by Miss C. S. Burne, in her *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, Part iii, p. 493, etc.).

—L. E. B.

37.—ÓCHAL.

[YOUGHAL.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

Mwai - dean Dou - nuig 's mé dul go Hó - chal Do ca - sag
óig - vean o - rom sa thí, Ví grueg mar luish - ni nú róish an
gháir - dín, 'S ba ving - i glór ná na ceól - ha shí : Do leog mé
láv - er a brayid le mór - tuish, Is d'iar mé pói - gín er sdór mo
chruí : Shé duert shí : "Stad, is ná straic mo chló - ca, 'S gan is an
gnó - ha so ig bean do hi !"

TRANSLATION.

One Sunday morning as I went to Youghal,
I met a young woman on the way :
Her cheek was blushing like the garden rose,
And her voice was sweeter than fairy music.
Boldly I put my hand on her neck,
And begged a little kiss from my heart's treasure ;
But she said : "Stop—don't tear my cloak !
And what would your wife think of you ?"

The words of this song (six stanzas) will be found at page 29 of *Ceol Sidhe*. As Miss Barrett learned the words from this cheap and easily procured book there was no use in noting or printing them. This remark applies to all the following songs of Miss Barrett's, where a bare reference to *Ceol Sidhe* is given.—A. M. F.

Cf. songs Nos. 35 to 38a and Nos. 70, 71, 76 and 77 with No. 25 in this Collection, and see the notes on the latter song. In *Joyce* (1909), p. 340, there is a major variant of this tune, called "Youghal Harbour" * and another major variant on p. 233 called "When first I came to the County Limerick" or "Youghal Harbour." It is there referred to as a great favourite. See *Hardiman*, Vol. i, p. 348, for three stanzas in Irish, the first of which has points in common with the verse above.

—L. E. B.

Cf. this tune also with "Fear a' Bhata," quoted under No. 25 of this Collection.

—A. G. G.

Cf. Holden's "Youghall Harbour" in his *Collection of . . . Irish Tunes*. (Circa 1806).—F. K.

38.—LÁ DÁ RAUSA.

[ONCE UPON A TIME.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

A musical score for 'Lá Dá Rausa.' The score consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The tempo is marked as 76. The lyrics are written below the music, corresponding to the notes. The lyrics are as follows:

Lá dá rau - sa a ngleun a - mwä - nar, A siach go tréan a · gus mo choin lem
hiv, I spied a dam - sel with hand - some fa - tures, She dressed most
nate - ly and her man - tle green. Ví scáil 'na lea - cuin er dà na
ró - zíz, 'S ba ving - i [a] glór ná na ceól .. ha shí, Her love and
friend - ship pierced thro' my na - ture, And I'd wish her dai - ly to live with me.

* Co. Cork.—L. E. B.

- 2 'S d' isarus a hainim cheart den aingir wärga,
 Go ciúin taish bésach le córtesi,
 And was she Hélen, that handsome female
 Who was dressed most nately beyond all queens ?
 Do reaguig go tapuig mé, 's go blasda a Ngäluing,
 " Is bean mi trächag le téarmui díl,
 I'm a long time waiting for liberation—
 My name is Éring—for liberty."
- 3 " 'S mar léimid cúntas à leaur na núdar,
 Beg na búir sho go dúch fwí vrón,
 And our Catholic true men will soon outdo them,
 And the orange poorans for them we'll groans ;
 Beg Ó Conel clúvui i pléi den chúiling,
 Agus diànhig cúntas don chàilín óg ;
 Our blessed Jubilee from Rome we'll soon have,
 And our lands made free from wild fume once more.
- 4 " 'S tá fluit vreá Reaungcach a teacht fwí árd-vrat
 A teacht har sáili, agus cauróid líng . . .
- 5 " 'S tá priúnsa Gálach i niarhar Érion
 I Nuirinán älwar, er bruach na shíon,
 Where our great plader, with might and damer,
 And set our nation from bondage free :*
 Beg na Gaeligi go cróga gléasta,
 Agus scàipid dár-smacht gan vruid den tíf ;
 Our sweat and labour we'll have from Damer,
 And to perjured traitors we'll pay no fees."
- 6 Mar ghrá dár nàhir do cheap na grásda
 Bèam rún-páirteach go brách erish,
 And led by our pastors who read in the altar
 And the full commandments we are bound to keep.
 Beg an aingir úd do veanuig Pádraig
 À riad go sásda 'dir Chlana Guif ;
 We'll set our seeds, and weed them after,
 And grind our carn, and plant more seed.

TRANSLATION.

(Of the Irish couplets.)

- 1 One day when I was in a valley alone,
 Hunting vigorously with my dogs,
 There was a rose-coloured glow on her cheek,
 And her voice was sweeter than fairy songs,
- 2 And I asked the stately lady her true name
 Gently, politely, with courtesy,
 She answered me quickly, in perfect Irish :
 " I am a woman oppressed by legal terms.

* " Ard-Viàrla ahá anso, tiarmui wóra."
 An t-abhr.

- 3 And as we read in the book of the scholars,
These boors shall be sad and sorrowful ;

Renowned O'Connell shall plead for the maiden,
And settle all her scores.
- 4 A goodly French fleet under full sail
Is coming across the sea, and they will help us.
- 5 And there is a native Prince in the West of Ireland,
In lime-white Derrynane,* on the stormy shore,

The Gaels shall be valiant and ready,
And banish oppression and captivity from the land.
- 6 For love of our Father, the ordainer of blessings,
We will be faithful for ever more,

That maiden whom Patrick blessed
Shall be shared joyfully among the children of Gaedheal,

Mr. Cochlan says that this song “used to be a ballet in Cork, and it was a ‘seditious song.’” Both remarks are interesting. I suppose that the “ballet” will be extremely rare, so have not scrupled to print this oral version. Moreover, it may give the English reader an idea of the state of some of our Gaelic texts. (See Introduction.) At the words “wild fume” (end of verse 3) Mr. Cochlan glossed : “The big people, I suppose.” He very much regretted that he could not remember more than the first two lines of verse 4. Damer (verse 5, l. 7) was popularly supposed to be the richest man in Munster, and his name is used proverbially. See for instance a drinking song wherein, speaking of the teetotal pledge, the poet says—

An leabhar sain ní thabharfinn-se ar mo bhéal duit
Ar a raibh aige Déamar de'n ór.†

i.e. “I would not swear this oath to you for all the gold which Damer had.” The appended tune “An Brianach Óg,” *i.e.* “Young O'Brien,” seems to be a hybrid and is perhaps partly an improvisation. The third verse is perhaps the last of the poem : it does not follow well after the second, and is therefore not translated. Mr.

* The home of Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847), and his descendants ; at the mouth of the Kenmare River, Co. Kerry.

† *Bolg an tSoidhthair* (Gaelic League, 1904), p. 16.

Cochlan regretted the incompleteness of this song: "That is all I have. I would rather than a shilling I had two more verses of it. I do not know how many there are."—A. M. F.

38(a).—AN BRIANACH ÓG.

[YOUNG O'BRIEN.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

Lá breá gréi - ni 's mé dul er ä - - nach, A cea - nach
véa - war den ai - shon nó, Shea do chnuc.... a spér - vean is í bál -
cae - reacht, Do lauir shí Bé - ar - la, 'gus dl - shi b' ól: "I riúin 's a
lä ghil, suig shíos täv lium, Shi - dí an där - funsh is bém dá
hól; 'S go deyn má 's séi - dir ár gol a réi - teach, (6) Béad mar
chié - li 'ghi an Mria - nach óg."

2 Agus mwaidean íving shea do víosa
A Nárd na Ninion 's mo wyn ag ól:
Do háinig tuív liom a triúr polis suas
'S a vrántas scríofa go cruíng am chóir.
D' eyríos am hí suas den spring abwírldi,
Agus cána ví gum go cruíng am ghóid;
Do wúeelas flíp er a té ba ghrufi 'cu,
S do ghin son shí amàch don Vrianach Og.

3 " Do chuireas mo hachtuiri (er shishi) le fórsuív daingeana
Go Hâh na Geanuhi 's go Biàl a Chóf,
Mar a mfoch a faruiri aun a rás er chapaluiv,
Gach lá breá maraguig agus mwaidean òir.
Ví tiarnuí Heasana gus iarluí Ealabuin,
Agus an captaen ceanasach na luíngg er shól,
Agus na bráirhi beanuhi do léid na haifiring :
'S ishúd é sheanachus a Vrianuig Óig."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 One sunny day as I was going to a fair,
To buy a beaver hat of the latest fashion,
I saw a fair lady strolling about ;
She spoke in English—and well she knew how :
" My love, my dearest, sit down by me,
Here is the costly punch, and let us be drinking it ;
And truly, if we can arrange a match,
I will be young O'Brien's wife."
- 2 And it was on a lovely morning that I
Was drinking with my dear in Ardanineen,*
When there appeared beside me three policemen
With a warrant written out exactly for me :
I rose up with a very high spring,
And with a cane† grasped in my hand
I gave a tap to the heftiest of them,
And that made a way out for Young O'Brien.

See the notes on No. 38 ; and cf. Nos. 35–38, 70, 71, 76, 77 with No. 25 in this Collection, where copious notes on this class of tune are given. No. 38, though in the major, seems remotely allied.—L. E. B.

* In Kilmichael parish, Co. Cork.

† A three-edged stick, *i.e.* a stick which instead of being left in its natural round state is pared and shaped so as to have three flat sides.

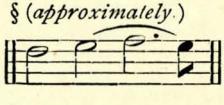
39.—AISHLING GEAL.

[A BRIGHT VISION.]

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

d = 44.

* (approximately.) § (approximately.) A.

Variants. etc.   

ae - - rycht le

- 2 'S ba gheár a sheal dom gur ghearcas mayiri,
 'Gus grueg i cíng léi go fiar a fás,
 I dlyhal a téacht mar na réilhan
 I tuitim léi-she go bár a trui,
 Scuaba 'n drúchta do wár an éir ghluish,
 'S is lúfar éadarom mar a chíúlych sí [shí],
 A ghá cfo chruingi er a hucht go néata,
 A grua mar na cárha, 'gus ba gheal é a píp.
- 3 'S do veanysa dom chuid à Gálwing.
 'S is mouil's is béasach do reaguir shí :
 "A flúr na vear, mo hlad ná déin-she,
 Mar is mwaydan mé ná taimig w'ish ;
 Á digeach sa ghlreann ghúing clauin do ghéanav,
 'S go mèfá shéantach insa ghníov,
 Gur geár ón más mi, 's go wácuing Éiri
 'S am ghóisht amwänar véing rót sa tlí."
- 4 " 'S go deyn féin, óigvean, á m'ái leat me fósa,
 Gur v' é ba ghócha ná bémish bocht,
 'S gur geár go dócuing taylacht nō ghoit
 Véach go ró-gheas 'dir shlfing is chloch ;
 Do héinghing ceólha go minic sa ló ghoit,
 Agus imirt chóir er gach cluichi 'geart,
 'S is fior go bócuing óm chrúi mo sdóirín,
 Agus bí 'r mo hórav nú túir 'om gean ! "
- 5 'S do leogas mo láv irhl go béasach
 Ó wun a shdész go dí bár a trui,
 'S anay gach sdáir go ninig a léi ghi
 Go bóguing a béisín tláh erish :
 Nuer a fíarasa ghom gur ghéil shí,
 Mo chrúi do léim mar an iàn er chrúiv ;
 'S trí lár mo smúnggi gur wueschil néal mi—
 'S de chú na déig shúd ní warhad mí !

TRANSLATION.

- 1 A bright vision cheated me—as I slept
 Lying for a while exhausted. [I dreamed]
 That I was alone in a valley beside a river,
 Walking with my love ;
 And that the hosts, Irish and foreign,
 And the nobles of the world, were armed with sharp swords,
 . . . (?) and saying to one another
 That the Day of the Saints was at hand.
- 2 And very soon I beheld a fair one
 With hair reaching to the grass,
 Her hanging locks, like . . . * of the stars,
 Falling down to the top of her foot
 And sweeping the dew from the top of the green grass ;
 Lightly and quickly did she walk ;
 Her two round breasts were well set on her bosom ;
 Her cheek was like the rowan berry, and white her throat.

* A word seems to be missing here in the Irish.

- 3 I addressed my dear one in Irish,
 And modest and mannerly was her answer :
 " O best of men, do not ruin me,
 For I am a maiden, and too young ;
 If our pleasure should beget a child,
 And you were to deny [your share] therein—
 Oh ! I should be near to death, I should leave Ireland,
 And I should meet you as a lonely ghost on the road."
- 4 " Truly, young lady, if you would marry me,
 There is no fear of our being poor ;
 I would not be long building a new home for you
 Of finest slate and stone ;
 I would play tunes to you many times a day,
 And skilfully would we play all kinds of games,
 And right heartily would I kiss my darling ;
 Then love me, or attend my wake ! "
- 5 [Then I stroked her fair white neck with my hand,
 And into my arms I took my heart's love :]
 And for every story that I told my dearest
 I gave her soft, small mouth another kiss.
 And when I found that she consented,
 Oh, my heart leapt like a bird on a branch—
 But in the midst of my fancy, a flash awoke me ;
 And through regret for her I shall not live a month !

The groups of notes marked * and § at the foot of the music are not variants, but show approximately how the passages referred to are executed. With regard to *A*, the first verse is almost always sung as in the text ; others, as in *A* at foot. In Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, Vol. i, p. 304, is a piece called "Aishling an Óigfhir," i.e. "The Young Man's Vision," in six stanzas. It has a good many correspondences to our text, thus : the first three lines to our first three ; the last four of verse 2 to our second verse (not closely) ; the third verse to our third (fairly closely). Verses 4 and 5 contain reassuring sentiments uttered by the man. Verse 6 is fairly close to our verse 5. The last half of Hardiman's verse 1 contains nothing to illuminate the obscurity of the corresponding lines in our version. In place of the first two lines of verse 5 as noted, I have translated a couplet from Hardiman's last verse.

—A. M. F.

Cf. tune No. 40. The above tune seems to be a highly ornamental version of a straight-forward triple-time tune. In *Bunting* (1796) is a tune to the same titles as Hardiman's texts, but it does not seem to be related to the above air.—L. E. B.

40.—I NGLEAUN A CHRUÍNG.

[ONE TREE VALE.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

I ngleaun a chruíng is aun a vio - sa
Shea- lad a dúish mo hael, A mach- nav 's a smuí - neav er
cúr - sui'n tufl Go ciúin taish clis - ach clän, Do
hái - nig tuív lium an sbéir - vean shí, Ba vréa ha gny 's a
shcéiv ; Do chà shí suíd le - na ciú - pid cruíng lium, A
chea - lag mé er lár mo chléiv.

2 'S ishé der a vrídeach, " Véarhad ffion doit,
Arán is ím is tae,

Véarhad císhá véach teh óng gríosuig,

Agus y na gearc go léir,

Véarhad ní ghóit a háisheóig t' ínting

Er mwaidin le fwáingi an lae,

Agus cead dol a ríngci ex wúinear vín-ros

Gach aum as mà leat féin."

3 Is do luíamuir shíos sheal den fhi
Er leabuig chltúv na néan ;
Is gairid a víomuir nuer a háinig ár dímpal
Solus geal a lae :
D' eyrís am hí suas go vicing na cuíri,
Nú go déing a búint in éir ;
Chuir shi láv am hímpal, ! "

5 Níl dryn a fás do gheanhach fál
 Er mo choileách áluing géim :
 Bión shé pras leah-úer roim lá,
 Agus leogan go hárd trio ghla ;
 Sáishian mná chó mah le lá
 Er chúrsuív dána 'n tael,
 'S nách buacach breá do víon gach lá
 'S gan de ghualgas d' áil ach frách !

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I was in the Valley of the Tree once, when I was young,
 Thinking and pondering, in happy, sportive, wanton mood,
 When there came to my side a fairy-like beauty, handsome in form and feature :
 She shot an arrow at me with her deadly cupid, which wounded me in the middle
 of my breast.
- 2 Said the maiden : " I will give you wine, bread and butter and tea,
 I will give you a cake hot from the embers, and the eggs of all the hens, . . .
- 3 For part of the night we lay on a feather bed ;
 But very soon the bright daylight shone around us.
 I got up, to go and look for my sheep, or to cut the grass,
 But she put her arm round me,

This song (called also "An Coileàch Áluing Géim") seems to be a form of the well known tune "Fáinne Geal a' Lae" or "The Dawning of the Day." See *Joyce* (1872), p. 8; *Petrie*, No. 694; *Joyce* (1909), No. 774. The next song is a version of the usual form. The word "cupid" in verse 1, line 7, is familiar in this usage to the old singers, who gloss it "a kind of weapon." I took down five complete verses of this song; but enough has been given above to show what it is like. The fifth verse in the Irish contains a linguistic puzzle and is therefore printed.—A. M. F.

Cf. the lively tune "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus" in *Joyce* (1872), p. 88, and *Joyce* (1909), No. 374. The air is found in very various forms in Ireland and England; one slow form being often associated with the "Lowlands of Holland" and similar sea-ballads.—L. E. B.

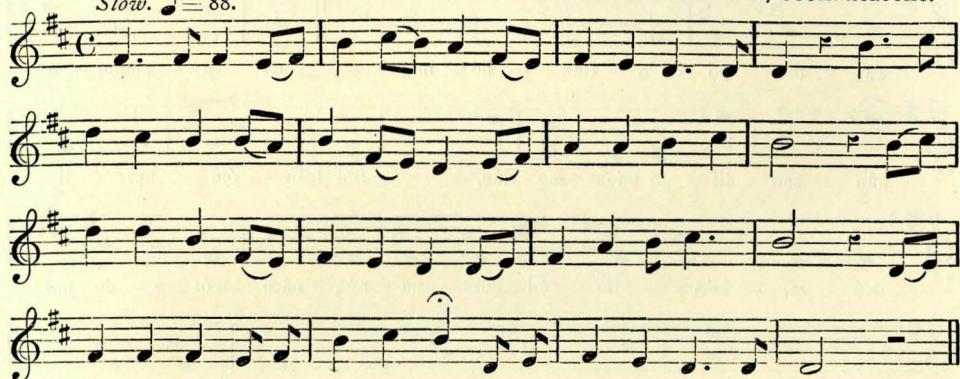
41.—FWÁINGÍN GEAL A LAE.

[THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.]

(No 4th).

Slow. $\text{♩} = 88.$

SUNG BY MR. DINNEEN, COOMNACLOCHY.



Mr. Dinneen's words are too nonsensical to be worth printing. His generation is discarding its Irish as rapidly as possible, and with Irish the folk-songs of course pass away. He has a magnificent big, soft, baritone voice, and says that if he only knew the words he could sing numbers of the old songs.—A. M. F.

Cf. the foregoing song and the notes thereon. An Irish text and translation, of three verses, to the same titles, is in Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs*.—L. E. B.

42.—BEAN DUV A GHLEANA.

[THE DARK WOMAN OF THE GLEN.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.





- 2 Hfar ig bár a ghleana shea tá mo ghrá le shealad,
Ishí ná fuer guh ná náirí ;
Shé dúert shí líum er mwaidin den chórá cheaunsa chneasta :
“Imig is ná fec go brách mi !”
Níl än ógánach cailci ó Wlá Clíá go Mala,
Ná ás son go dílhí Véara,
Ná go déan go tig i ghleana er eachuiv duna deasa
A tnúh lesh a mean duv áluing.
- 3 'S nuer a ghouim-she féin amach agus téim go cluí na sceach,
Shealad go lúb i wóhir,
Mo chàilín plúrach geal, gur éaluifh uem har lear,
Agus mo chníug céad slán beó leat !
A láv mar is mah, agus a crov mar is ceart,
D' ás er e moyiri mná so,
'S nuer a ghouan shí shud amach càilean a ghrían a teas,
Agus cônufan a ghleàch le grá ghi.
- 4 'S is mihid dôsa trácht har mo woyiri maishi mná,
D' úig osna trí lár mo chléiv-she,
A cúimín fada bán agus a cùilín creahach tláh,
Agus e píp mar an eala älta ;
Do húil mar a sroh, ach awáin gan í a rih,
Agus do ghrúa mar an eala gléighiol,
Do leaca mar na rós, agus do véal tanahych na bóg,
Do chealag im ló hael mi.

5 'S dá waying-she bean weyreach, bean duv nū Leyneach,
Nú bean go mèach dá víli bó ici,
Bean na wáingí mwí, 's í ásca súas lem chruí,
Agus bean eli ó Rí gheal Shóirshi,
Iníon óg an Iarla, tá go dúch am ghieg,
D' iaruig mé áil le pósá,
'S go deyn dá waying mo rou de wnáiv du' deasa 'n douin,
Shí bean Duv a Ghleana hócuing.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 I have a cow on the mountain, and no one herding her,
Since I lost my wits to a sweetheart,
Roving east and west, following the sun,
From morning to the dusk of evening.
When I look across to where my love lives,
Tears stream from my eyes,
And—O elemental God above ! How miserable am I,
For a Dark Woman has crushed and saddened me.
- 2 For some time my love has been at the Valley Head—
She who was never talked about or shamed.
She said to me in the morning, gently and modestly,
“ Go, and see me no more ! ”
All the fair youths, from Dublin to Mallow,
And from there to the lands of Bere,
Come to the house of the glen, on fine bay horses,
Striving to win the beautiful Dark Woman.
- 3 When I go out, and come to the thorn-hedge,
(And) for a time, at the corner of the road—
O best and brightest of girls, you have escaped over sea from me,
And five hundred farewells to you !
An arm just right and a perfect hand
Has this lovely woman ;
And when she goes out, the sun loses its heat
And the moon stands still for love of her.
- 4 But now I must describe my beautiful love,
Who has left my body full of sighs :
She has a long, white bosom, a soft wavy head of hair,
A neck like the lime-white swan.
Oh, your eye like the stream, except that it does not flow ;
Your brow like the gleaming swan ;
Your cheek like the rose, your dainty* kissing mouth,
Which has wounded me mortally !
- 5 And if I could have a lightsome† woman, a dark woman or a Leinster woman,
Or a woman with two thousand cows,
A woman with yellow rings to hug to my heart,
And another woman from fair King George,
Or the Earl's young daughter, who is sorrowing for me
And wishing to marry me—
Truly if I could have my choice of all the pretty dark women in the world,
I would choose the Dark Woman of the Glen !

* Reading “ tanuí.”

† Reading “ veyreach.”

A Dorian variant is given in *Ceól Sidhe* (Part vi, p. 31). Similar poems will be found in Dr. Hyde's *Love Songs of Connaught* (pp. 108–116), and in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (1st series, p. 220).* From these copies it will be seen that the reading in our verse 5, line 1, is perhaps the outcome of an attempt to rhyme "Múineach" (= of Munster) with "Leyneach" (= of Leinster). *Ceól Sidhe*, for instance, has "Múineach" and "Liúineach."—A. M. F.

In his *Irish Minstrels and Musicians* (Chicago and Dublin, 1913), Captain Francis O'Neill gives this tune, in a very similar version noted by himself, as a little-known air amongst the finest Irish love-songs. His version is in $\frac{6}{8}$ -time, to the title "Mo muirnin ha gruaige baine," i.e. "My fair-haired Darling." He alludes to a tune "The dark Maiden of the Valley" or "The dark Woman of the Glen" and refers to his version in his *Music of Ireland*. Petrie's "Bean duv a Ghleana," No. 1138, is a major air, distinct from the above, as is also the ornate major tune in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*; but Petrie's No. 648, "Nelly, I'm afraid, etc." is possibly a sophisticated variant. Cf. Joyce (1909), No. 470, "Bring home the Bride," a tune used in the old custom of "hauling home" the bride.—L. E. B.

43.—CAD A GHEANHIG SAGUIRT FEASTA.

[WHAT ARE THE PRIESTS TO DO ?]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

$\text{♩} = 144.$

"Cad a ghean - hig sa - guirt feas - ta gan ai - ri - gead cléi - ri? (ó)

Fion - ta ná féas - ta ní ... veg a - cu 'r bód, (ó) Pó - sa ná

baish - ti ná shci - ling ó éing - i nfí wayi - dish i ná - chor á

* Walsh's Irish text, with translation, in *Irish Popular Songs*, is very different from the above. It has only four verses.—ED.



- 2 “ Is cár ghoev a vean úd go duguish a chräv di,
An túl nár fuer á vean eli riav fós ?
Gur chuirish go hárð í tar wnáiv eli ‘n tael sho
'S gur b' é rá ga-héingí nách mola er e sórd :
Má chíúlúish na haylaindz 's na hayiní mó-r-hímpal,
Bun Lana, coesh Ly suir, agus Mwishiri an cheóig,
Eyri-she a wàili 'nish feasta, ty trächta,
Ní wayifá na ngár dul á leoguihí ghóiv.
- 3 Is cár ghoev na ríti víoch águing in Éring,
I wirim 's i néifeacht, agus d' imig fadó ?
Fáras a vealach an aingir tar tréanwir,
Gur v' ainim di Hélean, an eala gan smól ;
Dá druim shúd gur cailleag na flaha ba hréini,
Hectór is Haezár is Hérciúlez cróg' :
Le gliocas a galpal gur scáipeadar Gréaguig,
Gur lasag an Trae leó, s' go m' eár leoguin dóiv.”
- 4 “ Is bean vilish mánlá 'nish máhir in Éinvic,
Do ghin shing a hära ós gach peaca riav fós,
As bean lena háileacht a hárug na Gréaguig,
D' úig marav na céata gan tapa gan treó ;
'S bean lena gliocas a chuir mwilhi á néanav
Er srohanuiv géara, do veleas go leór ;
Is bean do riug tusa 's a chuid eli on tréata,
'S ní vèfá aun i nä-chor á leoguihí ghóiv.”
- 5 “ Ir úd nár stán riav do ghrásduiv in Éinvic,
Ach miona 'gus bréaga, leaur agus gleó,
A meala na mná, is gan náirí ort é a ghéanav,
Agus aihanta Dé 'gut á vrishi 'n ay' 'n ló—
Inish nílir láidir ó hárug a täs tu,
Agus derid nach bwäl dóiv shúd druidim it reó,
'S gur i Nifirean saiti gheoir bár er do hréhiv :
Agus tuig feasta 'n rér shin go m' eár leoguin dóiv ! ”

TRANSLATION.

- 1 " What will the priests do without clergy-money ?
They will have no wines or good cheer on their tables :
No [fees for] marriage or baptism, not a shilling from anyone
Would they get if they* were let alone.
Said the Father—when the Only Son created
A multitude of fools who ruined the mighty—
' Increase unstintingly, and fear not to offend ! '
Understand, then, that it is better to let them alone."
- 2 " Where is that woman to whom you gave the palm,
The glory that no woman ever yet received ?
You exalted her high above all women in the world,
And every one said that such praise was unsuited to her.
Though you have walked the highlands and by all the rivers,
To Bunlanna (?), the Lee side, and foggy Mushera,†
Go to your home now, you are worn out,
And you would not be allowed near them if they were let alone.
- 3 And where are the kings we used to have in Ireland,
Stately and powerful, but long ago departed ?
Paris, who enticed the maiden across the ocean,
Whose name was Helen, the spotless swan :
On her account the mightiest princes were killed,
Hector and Cæsar and valiant Hercules,
And the Greeks dispersed through the skill of their horses (?) :
Troy was burnt on their account, and it is best to let them alone ! "
- 4 " Now, a sweet, modest woman is the Mother of the Only Son,
Who redeemed us from all sins that were ever committed :
It was a woman who by her beauty conquered the Greeks,
Who left hundreds motionless in death :
A woman, through her cleverness, caused mills to be made
On swift streams, to grind abundantly ;‡
You, and the multitudes of others, were born of a woman,
And you would not exist if they were let alone ! "
- 5 " O man, who never yielded to the grace of the Son,
Cursing and lying, swearing and quarrelling,
Beguiling women, and not ashamed of it,
And breaking the commandments of God daily—
Now you have lost your strength ; age has overcome you ;
And it is said that [women] need not fear your approach ;
In the depths of Hell you shall reap your reward :
Understand, then, that it is better to let them alone ! "

* " They," here, and in other lines, means " women."—A. M. F.

† Mountains near Macroom, Co. Cork.—ED.

‡ The woman referred to is *Céarnuit*. Cf. Song No. 1, v. 6, and the notes thereon. Particulars about her are in Keating's *History of Ireland* (*circa* 1630). Keating's work is now accessible in modern editions.—ED.

Cf. Petrie, No. 1551. Mr. Cochlan was very unsteady in this tune on the day I noted it, making many transpositions of phrases, etc., and ending once or twice on D. I have not printed this ending as I never heard it on other occasions. The obscurity of the words is chiefly owing to the use of the pronouns "they" and "them" meaning "women" (the audience being presumed to know what the song is about), and to the phrase "let them alone" sometimes signifying "let them have their own way" and sometimes "have nothing to do with them." The song is sometimes called "B' fhearr Leigean Dóibh, or, Better let them Alone." The text is perhaps corrupt in verse 3, line 7, where a reference to the wooden horse seems probable. As to Helen of Troy's guilt in the death of Hercules and Caesar, see the first song in this Collection (*Journal* 23, No. 1) and the various notes thereon for some equally unacademic history.—A. M. F.

Cf. tune No. 55 in this Collection.—L. E. B.

44.—ÉSHTIG GO NÍNSHAD MO SHCÉAL.

[LISTEN AND LET ME SPEAK.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Brisk. ♩ = 160.

Ésh - tig go nín - shad mo shcéal, 'gus nách fún lium - sa bréag a
 gh' ai - hi - rish, Má vea - han na prá - tuí sa chré g'wil búá - chui - lí'n
 tael..... fwí har - cuish - ni. Fail de di, ail de deal dá, fal
 ail de deal dá rail de deal de di, Fail de di ail de deal
 dá, Fail ail de di á rail de reail de di.

- 2 Go much le havarc a lae, nuer a churhar le chiél' às a leabuig iad,
Shé dertear leó : " Tuilig úr bá, mar is suarach le rá 'n úr guid aluish shiv."
Fail de di, etc.
- 3 'S ishé der na fírmeóiri le chiéle, " Cuirfar, is bwäl, às a dalav shing ;
Táid an omarca taxana gläch, is ní ghlaçfwíar lea-shcéal gan a tairigead."
Fail de di, etc.
- 4 Bion a cíos is a tioc orha gläch, agus a mealatuí mél sa teachtuín dóiv,
Míli liú ig fear a fúréit, ish é shúd is tréini nuer a hagan shé.
Fail de di, etc.
- 5 'S bion a gou, a fiadóir 's a shúinéar, 's a táiliúir chun éaduig a gheara ghóiv,
Trayifil beog eli 'on chuípéar, do ghéanhach cíléirí chun bwàngi ghóiv.
Fail de di, etc.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Listen and let me speak—and I do not wish to report falsely—
If the potatoes fail in the ground, all the labourers are scorned.
- 2 Very early, at dawn, when they are roused together from their beds,
This is what is said to them : " Earn your pay, you miserable sweaty creatures ! "
- 3 This is what the farmers say to each other : " We shall likely be turned out of our
land ;
There are too many demands for taxes ; and an excuse, without the money, will not
be accepted."
- 4 They have the rent to pay, and the County Cess, and . . . (?) every week,
And the poor-rate collector shouting and screaming—he is the most insistent when
he calls.
- 5 There is the smith, and the weaver, and the carpenter, and the tailor who cuts their
cloth,
And another little trifle for the cooper, who makes milk-keelers for them.

Cf. "Tom Toowick, the Gentleman," in *Fuinn na Smól*, pt. v, p. 25. This song is on a different subject but the opening words are the same as Mr. Cochlan's. The tune, related to his, is in $\frac{6}{4}$ -time, every third bar (as noted above) corresponding to a six-four bar, thus (in the refrain) :



I cannot explain "mealatuí mél" in verse 4. It is possible that there may be a reference here to the payment partly in kind of either wages or rent. If this is so, we might restore "máiléidí méil," *i.e.* "little bags of meal." In this song Mr. Cochlan makes a very slight *ritardando* in the last bar but one, and sings the last

bar in strict time, with no pause on the final note. He was often impatient at my desire for verbal accuracy ; but in this song he was anxious that I should get down every syllable of the refrain correctly.—A. M. F.

This tune, of the jig type, might with advantage be written in nine-eight time. It is probably an English dance-tune and has a strong likeness to "Ragged and torn, and true," and a considerable likeness to "Old Simon the King," both in Playford's *Dancing Master* (see also Chappell's *Pop. M.*).—L. E. B.

45.—A GHIARMUID NA NAE 'SHTIG.

[JERRY DARLING.]

Slow. $\text{♩} = 36.$

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERY.

A musical score for a traditional Irish song. The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and has a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line is in 3/2 time, as indicated by the instruction 'Slow. ♩ = 36.' The lyrics are in Irish, with some words in English. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The first staff starts with 'A Ghiar muid na nae 'shtig,' and the last staff ends with 'súas.'

A Ghiar muid na nae 'shtig, is nár an shcéal doet I - màcht fi
ghéin dol san a - ram úem, G' wil do wín - tir céas - ta, gan bie gan
éa - dach, I shúl na Héi - rion go déa - rach dúerc:
Mair a màch gur crúeg a säl or - ha, 'gus iad ró - äs - ta, Ní raying chó
géar ort chun tu gheá - ra 'núas, Go du - ga - dar réim doet - she, bíg as
éa - duig, Shérí a - gu - s(a) léa chun gur ey - rísh súas.

- 2 Greada 'gus dñh ort nár huguish mwíl ort,
 Go guirfá sa chil iad go cruing fé 'n wód :
 G' wil t' áhir criona 'gus cráiti 'n' inting,
 Gus grueg a chíng óna wil gur stróic,
 Do ghirèfúr ghilish ní cholán an fhi,
 Ní hílan pwíng, is níl suím 'na gnó,
 'S go nuert go nífolhach an bountí 'ríf leó
 Mair-a-màch tù ghul har tuídí sar ar hroesh do shceól.
- 3 'S níor wúar dod wáhir, mar ví shí cráiti,
 Imácht don stáir shin go Corcuig wúir,
 Cuir tuerishe na háiti cá míoch a ghárda
 Is na maidics wána er bruach a chuen :
 Níor ghin shí náid de, níor v' é ba chás léi,
 Ach shíni háirshi er na fleaguív crúa,
 I shíl na sráidi 'gus na tíhi táirni
 Fiàchuint a viceach shí a grá geal gwáil shíos na súas.
- 4 'S nuer a riug a lá 'rhi, 's do ví shí tnáiti,
 Do hig shí 'r feag sbás beog er na fleaguív crúa,
 Á ghy go cráiti chun Wiri Wáhir
 Gan Sárjant Grádí águint búan ;
 Go míoch ór is pláta gheá ghealúint gach lá ghó,
 'S ná ficeach á ghátar (é) às son súas,
 Ceólha 's dánta 'gus puntsh er clár an,
 Agus tíhi bána gan brán anúas.
- 5 'S ishé mo vrón-chreach ná bíon shí ad chónggar
 Nuer a rayfá a còrac sa choga chrúeg ;
 Na pléis gur ghó léi gheóch trí na dóirniv,
 Nú míng a clíoca á guimeád úet ;
 A crui 'shtig dóiti 'gus a hínting brónach,
 I nieg a sdórách, ó imig úem,
 Fear fiún óg deas, 'gus buachuil gleóiti,
 Go rev scáil na rózez 'na leacuin húerc.
- 6 'S is beog a túna ghósa vè go brónach,
 Duív le Nóra 'núr níeg go léir ;
 Mihál as Dónal imig rót-sa,
 'S iad do ghul er feócha shíos sa chré ;
 Ná fuil tránhóna nú mwaídin ró-wuch
 Ná go shilim deóra nuer a vím lium héin,
 'S go deyn is dócha nár búan 'n úr neóig mi,
 'S dá vreáhacht ceólha ní bíng lium é.
- 7 'S as fada 'n téarma às do ghúhig féin doit,
 Ghá vlien déag ffí ghársmacht chrúeg,
 Ig muíni [? bwyn i] Véarlá ghaula chrárac
 Go vicfá gléas a guid airim úet :
 Nuer a veg a drum dá fléasca, 's a viúigil tāv lesh,
 Is vreh er p'raed amàch chun sheasav súas.
 Beanacht Dé leat, 's ná bí 'g ól na mbránacha,
 Huarach fuip ad ghéaguív às còir a tlúeg.

- 8 'S a Ghiarmuid, a riúning, ná bí dearúdach,
 Nuer a rayir ad riúm ishtàch chun ly go sáv,
 Do faidreacha ghúbuilt le homarc dúrhacht
 D' fara cùnav er Ríó na Ngrást,
 Nuer a veg na pléir dá rúasca, iad do chur bun osh ciún leat,
 Is datàch púlduir diànav ihi 'en lá,
 Mar as mó fear breá súgach, a tótag úr bog,
 G' wil a guid fola na srúil leó, 's iad shínti 'r lár.
- 9 Glac-sa cóirli, mar tyn tu óg bog,
 Agus cruingig meón glan er feag do hael,
 Cruingig scór mah, húrrir rót leat,
 Mar a ghin tuili det chóúrsanuiv ví tar h'ás :
 Nuer a chríochnóir sgór leó, 'gus blién na gheóig shin,
 Do finshúin geoir, 's tàir id ghúhig féin :
 Cuir do ghóchas a Ríó na Glóiri,
 'Gus leocui shé beó hu harnaish gan bwäl.

VARIANTS FROM MR. COCHLAN.

- Verse 3, line 4 : agus na bairics lán díov.
 .. 3, .. 5-6 : Níor għin shí nāid de, níor hín shí háirshe,
 Níor v' é ba chás għi, ach a gol go crúeg.
 .. 4, .. 2 : Do hig shí sbás er na fleaguiv crúua.
 .. 4, .. 4 : do leoguín búan.
 .. 4, .. 6 : omit "é"
 .. 5, .. 3 : go ngeóch 'na dóirmiv.
 .. 5, .. 8 : . . . na rózui . . .
 .. 6, .. 3 : Ig fluitiv [? read "fluit i] Véarla do veaul a chräv léi.
 .. 8, .. 2 : "Cuingiv" for "Cruingig."

[Most of these variants improve the text, without altering the "story," and are therefore incorporated in the Translation.]

TRANSLATION.

- 1 Jerry darling, it is a shame for you
 To go away from me and join the army ;
 For your people are broken-hearted, without food or clothing,
 Walking over Ireland weeping and mournful.
 If life were not so hard for them in their old age,
 I would not be so bitter in abusing you—
 And they gave you all you wanted, in food and clothing,
 Writing and reading, until you grew up.
- 2 Bitterly may you rue it, that you did not hesitate
 To bring them to their deep, closed graves !
 There was your old father, tortured in mind,
 And tearing the hair from his head ;
 And your dear sister—she does not sleep at night,
 She cannot eat, or care for her work ;
 And she said she would have paid them the bounty twice over,
 Only that you had crossed the sea before the tidings reached your home.

- 3 And your mother, in her agony, did not flinch
From setting off at once to great Cork city
To find the place where the garrison was,
And the barracks full of them, by the harbour.
She made nothing of it, she did not lie down to rest—
She recked not of that—but wept bitterly
As she walked the streets and [searched] the public houses,
Looking to find her loved one walking up or down.
- 4 And when daylight overtook her, and she was worn out,
She sat a little while on the hard flagstones,
Beseaching Mary Mother, in her sorrow,
To cut short Sergeant Grady's life ;
For [he] had promised [her son] gold and silver every day,
And that he should never know want henceforth,
But should have music and poems, and punch at table,
And white houses that keep out the wet.
- 5 Ah, woe is me, that she is not near you
Whene'er you go to fight in the cruel war !
The bullets, she thinks, she would catch in her hands,
Or in the skirt of her cloak, and keep them from you.
How her heart is seared, and her mind grieved,
Longing for her darling, since he left me—
My fair, young, bonny man, my handsome lad,
With the bloom of roses on his comely cheek.
- 6 Small wonder is it that I am sorrowful,
When only Norah is left to me of you all ;
Michael and Daniel went before you,
And they are now fading away in the earth ;
So that there is no evening or early morning
But I shed tears when I am alone—
And surely I cannot live long after losing you [three] ;
And the best tunes are not sweet to me.
- 7 Long must you [Jerry] be away from your own country,
Twelve years under the hard discipline
Of a foreign, scarlet, English-speaking [horde]
Whose arms you can see [? gleaming] a long way off ;
When the drum is beaten, and the bugle sounded close by,
To call the men out to stand up on parade,
May God bless you—and don't be taking the drinks
Which would earn you a flogging before the regiment.
- 8 And Jerry, my dearest, do not forget,
When you go to your room to sleep soundly,
To redouble your prayer, with great earnestness,
Beseaching help from the King of Graces,
That when the bullets come hurling past, He may turn them from you—
And the smoke of gunpowder making night of the day—
For there are many fine, merry men, nurtured in luxury,
Whose blood is streaming from them as they lie on the ground.

- 9 Be advised, for you are young and easy-going,
 And keep a pure mind as long as you live ;
 Collect a good hoard, and lay it up for yourself,
 As many of your neighbours, older than you, have done.
 When you have settled accounts with them, and a year besides that,
 You will get your pension ; come then to your own country ;
 Put your hope in the King of Glory,
 And He will send you home again, alive and unhurt.

This song was made about two generations ago. Jerry's surname was Lynch and he was nicknamed *Fwayar*, on account of his wildness. His people lived between Ballyvourney and Ballymakeery. Some say the song was made by his father, and others, by his brother. Mr. Cochlan says he has heard the brother sing it. Jerry did come home after completing his service.—A. M. F.

*See the close variant, though Mixolydian, "Lament for Humphry Lynch, of Co. Clare," in the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. xv, p. 10. This was taken down from the recollection of Miss Colthurst, who as a child used to hear it sung by the people on her father's Ballyvourney estate. No words are given. Cf. Petrie, No. 635, "When I am dead and my days are over," contributed by Dr. Joyce. His tune is a close variant of the above, but Mixolydian. Major and minor Irish tunes of the type are fairly common.—L. E. B.*

46.—AN STÁICÍN ÓRNAN.

(THE LITTLE STACK OF BARLEY.]

SUNG BY MR CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

C = 100.

Mwai - din f - ving hau - ruig dom coesh aun go nglääd shiad Mea - la - vreac,'S mé
 fià - chuint cá waying aing - ir gheas do chlän - hach lem hel, Do
 ca - sag cài - lín óg o - rom is i go bró - nach à - tuir - shàch, Vi

2 " Godé shin a véarhir às a géad nú às a vihid de,
 'S é wúala go troum fonavar i dítiún er do hel ? "
 " Véarhad cróing geal sa ló agus do ghó hin le nihi ghoit,
 Leaba wah chun luitti ghoit, is ní hé an sop,
 Céili wah asduíhi má 's méing leat mishi 'gut,
 Ceól agus imirt doit, i riúin, gan locht,
 Agus crúscúi beórach á ól mar ghíg agut,
 Agus dá m' iú a hili hu ni véing leat docht."

3 " Le fihi blíen atáim-she diànav áishi dosna bruinealuv,
 Gan suím a chur a guid acù, ná sbésh do chur 'na lot,
 Agus anuishi ó táim gan céili ní hréicead-sa mo chumanach,
 Do hagart ná do vinishtir á guireach liúm än sdop :
 Á gastúi cailín óg orom go mèach sdácuí ina hihaluing
 Do wuelhing greas uem féinig de mar réiteach er a bruideanuv,
 Mara daingeach léi-she an méid úd, do véadóing-she tuili ghe,
 Er wuala 'n trír 'na hihaluing go shéiv er a toil."

4 " Dé veaha-sa féin chum-sa, a riúin 's a wyn 's a chumanuig,
 Mar as fada ghósa sihav ort, 's an órna ghá lot
 Ig búelhóiriv dúra, 's ig locht na súishti mrishtihi,
 Ná tigean aum a dihinish a tnúhycht lem ghort :

Tàir-she a wàili liúm-sa, 's er chuínsi ní véing brishti leat,
Agus cuir do hriúr go lúfar er cúngcas er mo funuing-she
'S mara dainghig leat mo ghúracht, mara ghiúcad cárt is gluini leat,
A d' ún mo ghráingi shciota ghom go loum chun é rec ! ”

- 5 Do veala-sa féin liúm i go cúnigj na cuili 'shteach,
I nimeal gort is curuihi mar a móch éanluhi 'na sdop,
Do lufas er í vréaga go ciúin agus go cunuil deas ;
Mo ghéim do ví go gonta 'gum, ná híarach orom sbor :
Ní gá ghósa léa ná shgéh er a mruingil dív,
Ach buinig féinig éifeacht às mo chórá-sa inlsh ;
'S nuer a leagas er a vár í shé duert shí liúm ansón :
“ Srian do ghaid nár vrishig ort, a háirir gan locht ! ”
- 6 'S a wúachuilli óga, mo chóirli má ghlaican shiv,
Is cóirli er waha liv, do réiteóig úr mruid,
Gach lá maraguig is änúig veh shéiv milish caradach
Leadaránoch tahantach, 's coimeáduig orha 'n sbor :
Mealuig liv na béhi le féili tig a tavuirni,
'S ná téig i gosdas tae ghóiv, ach dár-funstsh a hana leó,
'S do verim b'rúi mo ghá láiv doit, gur geár go meg 'na waraga,
'S go vicid shúd a mamana go hárurshach a gol.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On a pleasant summer morning, by a river they call . . . (?)
When I was looking for a pretty girl to fall in with my mood,
I met a young maiden, sorrowful and sad ;
The rose's blush was on her cheek, and she was weeping.
I asked the little damsel the cause of her grief ;
Modestly she answered, in words that stung me :
“ Oh, my little stack of barley will likely get wet,
And I can find no one to thresh it as I would wish.”
- 2 “ What will you give by the hundred or by the score [sheaves]
To have it threshed strongly, willingly, musically, as you would wish ? ”
“ I will give you a silver crown a day, and plenty to eat,
A good bed to lie on—not a handful of straw,
A good sleeping partner, if you would like me,
Music and sport, my dear, that you cannot complain of,
And jugs of beer for you to drink—
And if you were worth more I would not be stingy to you.”
- 3 “ For twenty years have I been obliging the young women,
Without caring for some of them, or recking of their fate ;
But now since I am unattached, I will not leave [you,] my dear.
For any priest or parson who would hinder me.
If I were to meet a young girl with stacks in her haggard
I would thresh a while for nothing, to succour her distress ;
And if that did not please her, I would work longer still,
Threshing in her haggard to her heart's delight.”
- 4 “ Oh, welcome to me, my dear, my love, my darling,
Long have I been waiting for you, while the barley was spoilt
By dull-witted threshers with broken flails,
Who do not arrive at the hour of need to strive for my field.

Come home with me, and for a fortune I would not fall out with you.
Apply your limbs actively to the conquest of my sheaves ;
And see if I don't look after you well, and drink long and short drinks with you !
So that my grain may be sifted clean, ready to sell."

- 5 I enticed her to come with me, into the corner of a wood,
Between marsh and meadow, where the birds haunt,
And I began to coax her, gently and prudently.

I need not speak it aloud, or tell on the girl,
But find yourselves the meaning of what I now say :

- 6 Now all you young lads, if you take my advice—
And it is good advice, which will settle your difficulties—
Every market or fair day be gentle, flattering, affectionate,
Dallying, pressing ; and keep on spurring them ;
Win the damsels with public-house hospitality,
And do not go to the expense of tea for them, but ply them with costly punch ;
And I warrant you that the bargain will quickly be struck.
And they will see . . . (?) weeping bitterly.

I have printed the tune with the usual ending. The day I noted it Mr. Cochlan several times sang D's in the last bar, instead of C's. In two places I have mis-translated to the extent of one word.—A. M. F.

This tune does not seem to be in the well-known printed collections. Dr. Joyce gives a distinct tune under the same title, in his last book (1909). He there says that three other settings at least have been published, but that he considers his own new, and finer than the others. One tune (distinct again), which seems a favourite, appears in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th edition) and, in a considerably different version, in O'Neill's *Irish Music* (Chicago and Dublin, 1908). It is included in A. P. Graves' *Irish Song Book*, set to the song "Little Mary Cassidy."—L. E. B.

47.—BÓ NA LEAH-AYIRCI.

[THE ONE-HORNED COW.]

PENTATONIC. $\text{♩} = 60.$

SUNG BY HANNAH RIORDAN, (AGED 15,) SHANACLOON.

Hios coesh na ti - ni shea vea - his mo chy - ra, Ig
Diar-muid ó Di - lon ó wá - ra na Hí - ni, Mac dri - hár á - har dom



Versions of this tune, with words, are in *An Lochrann* (October, 1910) and *Fuinn na Smól* (Pt. i, p. 7). They are not identical, but both are hexatonic and end one degree lower than the above tune. That is to say—if given in the same key—F♯ is introduced and the ending is G. Hannah Riordan's singing of this song was most rhythmical and pleasing, but her words are mostly gibberish: she learned Irish at school. Her other verses are therefore not worth printing. But since this is a mysterious song I give here, for the sake of English readers, a translation of the three verses which she sang to me as they appear in good copies:

- 1 Down on the shore my sheep was reared
By Jerry Dillon of Barranahine;
My father's brother's son threw her over a cliff—
The villain was in want of tobacco.
Refrain. The cow, the cow, the one-horned cow,
A cow, a cow, that is the old horned sheep,
The cow, the cow, the one-horned cow,
The whitebacked roan, I don't know where to find her.
- 2 I would rather than a shilling see my sheep
Coming to the door one morning or night;
She would yield milk for me, she would rear a lamb for me,
She would put a nice little coat on my shoulders.
Refrain. The cow, the cow, etc.
- 3 I saw her cooked, I saw her shared,
I longed for her but could not get a bit;
Oh isn't she nice, oh isn't she sweet,
Oh isn't she nice, the old horned sheep?
Refrain. The cow, the cow, etc.

Some say that the one-horned cow (or sheep) means a private still. I have not seen any verses, among the numerous versions of the words printed recently, which suggest this cryptic meaning any more definitely than those printed above. Cf. Petrie, Nos. 340, 341, 342 and 1293 (all to the same title) especially the latter and 341.—A. M. F.

This tune might well be a West Highland one. Cf. such airs as Nos. 27 and 28 in Miss Tolmie's collection, *Journal*, No. 16.—L. E. B.

This tune seems to me distinctly Scottish in character, and rhythmically akin to such tunes as the "Cock o' the North" and "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

—A. G. G.

48.—AN GAUIN GEAL BÁN, or ER MWAIDIN DÉ LUEN.

[THE FAIR WHITE CALF, OR ON MONDAY MORNING.]

SUNG BY MISS PEG O'DONOGHUE, BALLYMAKEERA.

80.

Er mwai - din Dé Luen is mé mach - nav, Ig i - macht er
 m'a - war scéin, Er bruach tuing - i..... mí - ri shea gheár - cas... An
 aing - ir ab ái - li shcéiv: A - núas díom do hó - gas mo
 ha - ta, 'S gur ú - lys don stáid - vny héiv; Shé dúert shí "Suig
 suas, ná bí 't ea - sav, Suig fa - ruing go dráig a säl.

* i.e.

- 2 " A Heáinín, a ghráigil, 's a chumuing,
 'S a ghuine, suig shíos go lá ;
 Tá 'n báishteach go hárđ er na cnucuiv,
 Agus tuili sna hayiní lán."
 Níor chás díov a lán acù gh' ishcint
 Ba gheshi ná í do wnáiv ;
 Agus d' éala shí liúm-sa har tonuiv—
 Shí bruingiol na gíav-ul mán.
- 3 Is dói leó gurb óigi 'gus miri
 D' úig mishi fí ríel mar táim,
 Do chuir Éiri 's Clár Fóla(cht) im chuingiv,
 'S an tuinean do híorí ghnáh,
 A híorá go nólhing a diling
 I guideácht an friúnsa mná,
 'S nách íving do réicí na cruingi
 Nuer imirid cúcí har láiv !
- 4 Dá nimirfng cúcíg i nän chluichi,
 'S go waying cuíreata i gúil mo lâ,
 Go núntóch àn àn acu'm chuiniv
 Chuirhach mishi bun-osh-ciún lem ghrá,
 D' imheóing is snáfing a tuili,
 'S ní anhing le luíngg ná bád,
 'S ni ilhing go brách er àn duini
 Go viling am chûr coesh trá.
- 5 'S is bog dúalach a grúeg cíng léi a tuitim,
 Go truipealach fiún cas breá,
 O wíelean shé a gíeli go truihiv,
 Is scrisán shé an drúcht den wán ;
 A cúimín ba néata, ba ghili,
 Dár hugas d' à wny riav grá,
 D' ún éaluhi ó Véalaha Chuini
 Le bruingiol go Dún na Márc.
- 6 'S dá méing-she i Meauntruí an viuluir,
 Gíl Chuungi, nú haul sa Sbáing,
 'S gan éíngi beó i nà-chor om ghoiri
 Ach an aingir sa vräch go lá—
 A cál-wala néata ba għluini,
 Ba ghili, ná 'n drúcht er bán—
 (gus) Liúm-sa 'gus léi-she nár vishti
 À mèach tuili 'gus blfén sa lá !
- 7 'S nách íving er ínshíní an wiling,
 Mar a gastar a fia gach Sauin,
 Mar a wásan a bláh ig geàch bili,
 'S mar a nuirhar gach blfén a gauin !
 Bíon ceól bñg ig róintiv coesh imil,
 'Gus bingas breá igh' éan er craun,
 Céirveach i grārhiv i shili,
 Agus omarca éshc er auing.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On Monday morning as I was thinking,
And wandering at will,
On the bank of a great flood I saw
A most beautiful lady.
I pulled off my hat
And bowed to the stately fair one ;
Said she : " Sit near me, don't be standing,
Sit by me till life ebbs away ! "
- 2 Oh, Johnny, my love, my dearest,
My lad, sit down till to-morrow,
High on the hills it is raining,
And there is a full flood in the rivers."
You would not mind seeing several
Prettier women than her,
**If you wanted to elope from . . . (?)*,
With a damsel, to Dunnemark.[†]
- 3 They think it is youth and wildness
That brought me to this slavery,
That set all Ireland against me,
And . . . (?) always,
Saying that I drank all my earnings
In company with my princess ;
And how all the wastrels enjoy themselves
When they play a five out of their hand !
- 4 And if I played a five in any game,
And found the knave at the back of my hand,
So that an ace should turn up against me
And part me from my love—
I would go away, I would swim the flood,
And not wait for ship or boat,
And I would not come back for anyone
Till I came back as foam by the shore.
- 5 Soft and wavy is her hair as it falls,
Clustering, fair, curly, splendid,
Striking her shoulders and reaching to her feet,
Sweeping the dew from the lea ;
Her bosom is more shapely and whiter
Than any woman's I have ever loved ;
**And she eloped with me over the waters,*
The lady of the fair tresses !
- 6 Were I in Bantry of the cresses,
Kilkenny, or over in Spain,
With no living soul near me,
But the maiden [with me] in the heather till the morrow—
Whose slender brow is more shapely, purer
And more gleaming than the dew on the lea—
Oh, neither she nor I would be sorry
If a day were longer than a year !

* See my note.—A. M. F.

† Dunnemark, a seat and bridge on the Mealah River, Bantry Bay, Co. Cork.—ED.

- 7 How pleasant it is in the meadows by the mill !
 There comes the deer in November,
 And its blossom grows on every tree,
 And the calf is bulled every year.
 *Seals by the shore make sweet music,
 And the bird sings melodiously on the tree,
 [There is honey in honeycombs ?]
 And many fish in the river.

Cf. a curious tune in *An Lonndubh*, called “Báb na gCraobh. A close variant of the above air is given in *Fuinn na Smól* (Pt. v, p. 5), with six stanzas. The fifth of these (containing the expression “An gamhain geal bán,” which gives its title to the song) is not represented in our text ; and verse 6 = our verse 7. The last couplet of our verse 5 occurs at the end of verse 2 in *F. na S.* ; and in the translation I have transposed the couplets accordingly, to the improvement of the sense. I have incorporated in the text a number of Mr. Cochlan’s corrections, whereof one is noteworthy. In the fifth line of the last verse Miss O’Donoghue’s version runs : “The stones of the mill make sweet music,” and on the strength of this, and of the first line of the same verse, she said the song was about Ballyvourney ; for Ballyvourney is commonly called “An Muilleann” (The Mill) in Irish. Mr. Cochlan stated most emphatically that in the old days people never sang “bróintiv” (“brónaibh” = “stones”), but always “róintiv” (“róintibh” = “seals”). He did not know what seals were, but said he fancied “róintí” were some sort of animal that lives in the water. Thus it seems likely that the song originated in a seaside place. If anyone should be inclined to doubt that seals make, or made, “sweet music,” let him turn to the Appendix to this *Journal*, which contains some remarks on their musical and human attributes.—A. M. F.

“The fair white Calf” is a term of endearment for a young girl. Cf. *Joyce* (1909), No. 18, with the same title (*Petrie’s* No. 1155), and No. 411 “The Priest and the Rake” (a version of “Sláinte Righ Philip”† according to *Joyce*), also *Petrie*, No. 1410. The tonality of the tune in *An Lonndubh* is even stranger than that of the above air.—L. E. B.

* See my note.—A. M. F.

† Not *Petrie’s*, however.

49.—NUER D'EYRIG AN AINGIR.

[WHEN THE MAIDEN AROSE.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Nuer d' ey - rig an aing - ir er..... mwai - din t'résh fós - ta, Go
 bró - nach à - tuir - sheach ca - hach teyng, deó - rach, "A
 wá - hir na ga - rad, is..... daing - can a ghóish me, Ní
 fón - ta wair - hing gan
 Variant. A
 wá - hir na ga - rad² er shi - shi "is

- 2 "A Wáir Ní Ghála, is nár lium do chúrsa :
 Suig anso láiv lium, a vláih na gúlion :
 Inishi go páirteach tláih deas ciúin dom
 Fis cruingish do cháish, nú goidé 'n fán do cheól chúng tu."
- 3 "Neóssadsa go páirteach tláih deas ciúin doit
 Fis cruingish mo cháish is cadé 'n fán a cheól chuív mi :
 Gur b'iad mo ghahad púnt láirhach gan cáirdi huert uem,
 Er vláishi na háishi, as gan áil ná bláiri."

TRANSLATION.

- 1 When the maiden arose in the morning,
 Sad, mournful, lamenting, sorry, tearful,
 "Oh mother dear [said she] you have harmed me greatly,
 I cannot live happily" [for my disappointment].
- 2 "Mary Daly, I am vexed at your trouble ;
 Sit here beside me, fairest of maidens ;
 Tell me confidentially, softly, nicely, calmly,
 Exactly what your sorrow is, and what has brought you [back] to us."

- 3 " I will tell you confidentially, softly, nicely, calmly,
 All of my sorrow and what has brought me to you.
 Oh ! my forty pounds ready money that I paid,
 In the hope of delights which I have not received ! "

The subject of the song is an unsatisfactory marriage. There are ten verses, the seven not printed here being dialogue between the bride and bridegroom. The forty pounds (verse 3) are of course the girl's dowry.—A. M. F.

The above tune is quite distinct from Petrie's Nos. 1432 and 1581 to a similar title.—L. E. B.

50.—AILILIÚ NA GAUNA.

[HEIGHO, THE CALVES.]

FIRST TUNE.

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Is i - nón d' ayi - ri mé séi - nig gan aú - rus, Do
 vloch na..... cō - ny coesh tufv na Leauí - ni; Ví bo
 hán à - gum séin, a - gus fuin - eóg i geaun di, Fwàid do vioch
 bwàing - i 'g téi 'gam shea ghlaeng er mo ghau - na:
 Ai - li - liú na gau - na, na gau - na bá - na,
 Ai - li - liú..... na gau - na, na gau - na b' iad ab eár lium,



SECOND TUNE.

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

Trán - hói - nín f - ving 's mé híos coesh na búá - la, Cé cas - suí i -
níos chum ach smísh - ti duin' úa - sal? D'ia - rui shé a bós-suing é is
d'iar shé go crúeg é, Is d'ág son mo chrúi - she is mw'ín - ting go búar - ha:
Ai - li - liú na gau - na, na gau - na... bá - na, Ai - li - liú na gau - na
b'iad ab eár lium, Ai - li - liú na gau - na, na gau - na gea - la
bá - na, Na gau - na mwai-din sau - ruig a daus er na bán - ta!

1 (Printed under Second Tune.)

2 (Printed under First Tune.)

3 Fachtar dom cana 'gus fachtar dom buarach,
Is fachtar dom suihach 'na guiread mo chuid uachtuir :
Ceólha shí na cruingi veh á shfor-chur am chluasuiv,
'S gur vingi líum-sa géimireach na mó teacht a duaruiv.

- 4 Rayd er an änach agus ceanód gaun' aun,
 Agus cuirhad er fér iad amach isna gleauntuiv,
 Íosuid shiad an fräch agus bár an aiting Reaungcuig,
 Agus tiucuid shiad chúm-sa 'na múiv breáha reaura.
- 5 Nuer eyrím téin er mwaiddin agus tugui mé an céafar cúngeach,
 Trialuim er e bárlús trí na stayirí cálá cúngga ;
 Háiníg cupa tae chum héinig mar ghúrhacht,
 Do hit san uem héin 's do ví na jéniz 'na mrúscar.
- 6 'S nách móir a donas dósá vè posda ig duine úasal—
 Rud nár chuí agus nár chóir dom—veh a góishdí am lúasca ;
 Nilid machuí bó aca, ná ceól bing er búeli,
 Go loiting sheal dom ghnó leó á shóla fwi na líachuir.
- 7 Níor v' eár lium ruibín orom ná buarach,
 'S níor v' eár lium flocas am leabuig ná líachuir ;
 Tóguig uem a tae so, ní réan shí lem aUIL-she,
 Fachtar bwàngi géar ghom, nú brán beog den leaunacht.
- 8 Is tóguig uem a húda, tá mo ghlúini go geárha,
 Fachtar dom a gúna ba ghúchas dom báhir,
 Faluing ada lúbach, is púmpa socuir sásda,
 Anuirt leahan ciúishach, agus na gauna vè láiv lium.
- 9 Shin iad shíar mo ghauna geala !
 Ni ihid shiad fér is ní óluid ná bwàngi ;
 Buelid shiad shíar agus anfár coesh fleasga,
 'S níor v' era leó 'na tráig í ná lán go bara.

TRANSLATION.

- 1 On a pleasant evening when I was down by the milking-field,
 Who should come up to me but a fine gentleman ?
 He asked me to marry him, and begged very hard,
 Which troubled my heart and my mind.
 Heigh ho, the calves, the white calves,
 Heigh ho, the calves that I like best ;
 Heigh ho, the calves, the bright, white calves,
 The calves on a summer morning sporting on the lea !
- 2 I am indeed the daughter of a herdsman,
 And used to dwell beside the Laune ;
 I had a little hut with a window at one end,
 And as long as the milk was flowing for me I used to call the calves.
- 3 Let me have a pail, and let me have a spancel,
 And let me have a pan to put my cream in ;
 Though all the fairy-music of the world were to sound in my ears,
 Sweeter to me were the lowing of the cows coming in to the night-field.
- 4 I will go to the fair, and I will buy calves there,
 And put them to graze out in the glens.
 They will eat the heather and the tips of the furze,
 And return to me as fine fat cows.
- 5 When I get up in the morning and take a brisk round, (?)
 I go along the narrow, strait staircase to the parlour,
 A cup of tea was brought to me, to do me pleasure,
 But I let it fall, and the china was in fragments.

- 6 Oh ! what a misery for me to be married to a gentleman—
 An unsuitable and unfair match—to go rolling in coaches !
 These people have no herds of cows, no sweet songs in the milking-field
 So that I might waste some time driving them among the rushes.
- 7 I do not like a ribbon to wear better than a spancel ;
 I do not like wool in my bed better than rushes ;
 Take away this tea—it suits not the likes of me ;
 Let me have some thick milk, or a little drop of new milk.
- 8 And take away this cloak, my knees are all cut,
 And let me have the gown that was my mother's birthright .
 A long, full mantle, a comfortable, wide slipper ;
 A broad, hemmed apron (?), and the calves near me !
- 9 There, to the west, are my fair calves !*
 They do not eat grass or drink milk,
 They pass west and east again along the shore,
 And they care not whether it be ebb or full flood.

A version of the second of the above tunes is given, to the same title, in *An Chláirseach* (Pt. v, No. 2), where the refrain ends on the same note as the verse, and the tune is stated therefore to be one having the third note of the diatonic scale for tonic. But probably it should be considered as "circular," or as having a corrupt ending. This tune is apparently copied in *Fuinn na Smöl* (Pt. iii, p. 24), and the words, with the addition of an extra verse, in *Ceol Sidhe* (p. 84). Verses 1-5 in the latter book correspond fairly closely to Miss Barrett's verses 1, 2, 5, 8, 3. Mr. Cochlan explains the last verse as having reference to ships. The text as given above is mostly from Mr. Cochlan, with one or two gaps filled by Miss Barrett. A poem of six verses, printed in the Irish Texts Society's edition of Carolan, is on the same theme and has a couple of verses corresponding to Nos. 9 and 7 above. In this poem the girl seems to have left the country to marry, or enter the employ of, a publican. She says : "When I was young I was not used to crown the quart-pots with foam, But to dance on the green and herd the calves." An almost identical copy is in *Ceol Sidhe* (p. 52).—A. M. F.

This was perhaps originally a song of occupation, *i.e.* a milking-song. The music and rhythm show the same primitive features as many Gaelic songs of the class in Ireland and Scotland. Cf. the first version with "Im bó" a Cavan milking-song (in six-eight time however), in *Feis Ceóil*, edited by A. Darby and P. J. McCall (Dublin, 1914). Cf. the second version with Nos. 2, 31, 40, in Miss F. Tolmie's collection, *Journal* 16. The general structure should be compared with Petrie's tunes, Nos. 1367-69, which seem to be also songs of occupation. Many of these

* See note signed R. F. after this song.—L. E. B.

simple airs have become "Puirt-a-beul" (literally "mouth-tunes"), being whistled and hummed with extraordinary skill as a substitute for instrumental dance-music. Probably the first version was originally in six-eight time like its variant the Cavan tune. Both versions strongly suggest alternating solo and chorus after the manner shown so admirably by Miss Tolmie in *Journal* 16.—L. E. B.

The song is usually explained as the lament of a girl from the country who had married a ship's captain. Verse 9 refers to his ships, his "calves," contrasted with the girl's literal calves. A version from Connaught manuscripts is printed by Prof. T. O Máille, *The Poems of Carolan* (Irish Texts Soc., Vol. xvii), p. 246. The editor there suggests that it is a Roscommon or Leitrim composition, but it is more probably of Munster origin.—R. F.

51.—ER MWайдин INE.

[YESTERDAY MORNING.]

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Brisk. ♩ = 138.

Er mwai - din i - né coesh Féi - li víos, A mach - nav líum
 héin 's gan än dom ghyr, Shea do gheár - heas an..... vé fá 'm
 ghéin i tíacht, Gur hi - tea - sa gan mwíl i ngrá léi. Do
 ghrui - dea - sa... léi le héri - gean fuíng, A - gus d'i - sa - ras
 féin den... vé cé'r v'i: "An tú - sa hug a léir - shrios er
 läch na Truí, nú an aing - ir go dug Nuísh di lán - ghean?"

- 2 (a)
 (b)
 (c)
 (d)
 Do ghruideasa léi-she, shí péarla 'n chuíl duíng,
 'S is gairid gur léigeas mo chéad shearc chumhíos ;
 Má ghineas an méid shin, ni ghéan de án wyy,
 Agus mo chiàd beanácht chufhi 's go brách leat !
- 3 " Ba gheocuir tu ghéili arér " aduert shí,
 " 'S mar a veasúim har v' ésh is fwán aty ;
 Shin agut cead sár, agus déin é 'rís,
 (d)
 (e)
 Agus téanamuish go téam fá chuíng."
 " Níor ghealasa ghoit é, chó bwäh ná bí
 Fáid a wairhir írish, a wáb gheas ! "
- 4 An té chloeshach an vé tar v' ésh a cy,
 'S í tarac ó chíeli céiv a cíng,
 Tuirt Aisfring Dé gur déanav a gníov—
 Agus gealum-she óm chrui nár ghá son !
 (e)
 (f)
 (g)
 (h)
- 5 Er a hàhir a ghlaeg, 's i ngár di ví,
 Do chunuc-sa 'm ghéig na céata á buíán,
 (c)
 (d)
 Is tapuig a léiming féin a cluí,
 Gach féh agus díg dé réin [? d' à rán] am hlf ;
 Agus shúd mar a hréigeas féin mo wyn,
 Agus nár chastar am hlf go brach í !

The second sixteen bars are pentatonic. In the first, one of the gaps is filled by the A in the first bar. The fragmentary words, which are not worth translating, are arranged as above on metrical grounds. Mr. Cochlan said that the first half of verse 2 was missing. The ten lines here distributed between vv. 3 and 4, he gave me consecutively as verse 3, and the last six consecutively as verse 4.—A. M. F.

For a close version of the tune, and two verses,* see *Fuinn na Smól* (Pt. iii).

—L. E. B.

Cf. this tune, with its curious rhythm and repeated notes, with two milking-songs, "Cronan Bleaghan" and "Oran Buaille," in Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's *Songs of the Hebrides*, the first of these being noted in seven-four time.—A. G. G.

* On a totally different theme and in a longer stanza-form.—A. M. F.

52.—NÍL SHÉ 'NA LÁ.

[IT IS NOT DAY YET.]

(Refrain.)
Marked. $\text{♩} = 104.$

SUNG BY MR. CONNY COCHLAN, DERRYNASAGGART.

Níl shé 'na lá,
ná 'na lá,
Níl shé 'na lá,
ná 'na wai - din,
Níl shé 'na lá,
wog ná vreá
FINE. (Verse.)

Ach bean dá reá,
'gus í mar wa - ga. I. "Ey - rig, ir a
tí, a - gus cuir u - mat do vrí - shti a - gus do ha - ta, Chun go gui -
D.C. al FINE.

meá - dam cui - deach - ta húerc D'ear a chruí wúir go mwai - din."
(Verse.)

4. "Tá mo chuf - ri'g i - hi an gheaurir, 'S tá mo għau - na
'g ól a wàing - i, 'S tá fear a chio - sa 'nia mo wó, 'S go
(Refrain.)

deyn is cōir 'om trial a - wài - li." * Tá shé 'na lá, &c

* This B is sometimes flat.

- 2 "Ná heyrig, ir a tí,
'S ná cuir umat do vríshти ná do hata,
Mar den deaus brān dom chuid dí
A réig id chruí go mwaiddin." 
Refrain. Níl shé 'na lá, etc.

3 "Búleam shíos is búleam súas,
Augs búleam clúen er vean a leana,
Augs nuer ná gouan shí líum
Biam i shúl a wàili."
Refrain. Nil shé 'na lá, etc.

4 (Printed under music.)

5 Tá liún er a mwàili sho híar,
'S is liún gan chíal gan chuín' é;
Tugan shé a rayarc do ghaluiv
Agus cuirean shé na bacuig a ríngci.

Refrain. Tá shé 'na lá, agus 'na lá,
Tá shé 'na lá, agus 'na waidin,
Tá shé 'na lá, wog agus vreá,
'S go deyn is cóir 'om triel a wàili.

TRANSLATION.

Refrain. It is not day, no, not day,
It is not day, nor is it morning,
It is not day, soft or fine,
But a woman is saying it to mock us.

- 1 "Get up, master,
Put on your hat and breeches,
That we may keep pleasant company
With the generous man till morning."
It is not day, etc.
- 2 "Do not get up, master,
And do not put on your hat or breeches,
For sorry a drop of my liquor
Shall go down your neck* till morning!"
It is not day, etc.
- 3 "Let us go up, and let us go down,
And let us cheat the ale-wife,
And since she will have none of me
Let us be going homewards."
It is not day, etc.
- 4 "My sheep are eating the young corn,
And my calves are drinking the milk,
And the rent-collector is after my cow,
And truly I ought to go home."
It is day, and it is day,
It is day, and it is morning,
It is day, soft and fine,
And truly I ought to go home.

* Literally, "into your heart."

5 There is ale in this western town,
And it is ale without sense or memory,
It gives their sight to the blind
And sets the cripples dancing.
It is day, etc.

The above song seems to be a conversation between a drunkard and the landlady. In *An Lóchrann* (April 1st, 1916) is a very similar copy of verses, obtained from oral tradition. Here the conversation is between a wife, trying to rouse her husband, and the husband, who says it is not day but only strong moonlight. At page 19 of *Duanaire na Midhe*, edited by Joseph Lloyd (*Gaelic League*, 1914), is a poem in ten verses, which looks like an expansion and re-writing of this folk-song.—A. M. F.

There are three tunes in *Petrie* with the title “Ta na la” but they seem quite distinct from the above, as is also the drinking-song “It is not Day,” No. 693 in *Joyce* (1909). The above very fine primitive form of tune has almost certainly been a “song of occupation.” Cf. the West Highland rowing and waulking-songs in *Journal*, Vol. iv, No. 16, etc. The Gaelic habit—and a sensible one—is for the soloist to give out the refrain before singing the first verse. The audience is then ready to sing it in chorus. Wood-Martin, quoting from a traveller in Kerry who attended a country wedding there in 1830, gives the following passage : “The feast was prolonged till near morning, when the wedding song was sung by the whole party of friends standing, while the bride and bridegroom remained seated at the head of the table. The chorus of one of these ancient songs may be thus literally translated from the Irish :—

“ It is not day, nor yet day,
It is not day, nor yet morning ;
It is not day, nor yet day,
For the moon is shining brightly.”

(See *Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland*, Vol. ii, chapter “Marriage Lore”).

—L. E. B.

Cf. *Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh*, No. 65, on which Mr. Morris has the following note (p. 271) : “This is another of the very commonest of Ulster songs. It is a witty satire on the ale-house woman. The air, and the catchy refrain, gave it a buoyancy that carried it all over Ulster, if not further. There is a version of it in R. I. A. MS. 23, E. 12. I heard it and noted it down in Co. Monaghan, Co. Armagh and Co. Donegal, and the version in the text is collated from all these. Another somewhat different version is given in the *Leabhar Filidheachta*, edited by the late lamented J. C. Ward of Killibegs.”—R. F.

53.—SHEÁN Ó Wár A CHNUIC.

[JOHN OF THE HILL-TOP.]

$\text{♩} = 88.$

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

Avea cuí-she Sheán ó wár a chnuic, Erlic a tíntéáin is éa ring-ci jig? Mara
nin-hach shé gleó le clea-ga-na nó, Do ha-gach sa treó so 6 Cheaun Tuirc! A-gus
ó vean a tí, goi-dé'n gruem shin ort?

TRANSLATION.

Oh, have you seen John of the Hill-Top
Dancing a jig on the hearthstone?
And didn't he make a noise with his new clogs,
Which came this way from Kanturk!
And, hostess, why are you sad?

Words in *Ceol Sidhe*, p. 77.—A. M. F.

54.—AN CNUICÍN FRUÍCH.

[THE LITTLE HEATHERY HILL.]

SUNG BY MISS ABBEY BARRETT, DERRYNASAGGART.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time, key signature one flat. The tempo is marked as 92. The lyrics are written in both Irish and English below each staff. The lyrics describe a lover's proposal to Mary, mentioning various locations like Wáiri, Raingc, Sbáing, leat, Chiúlóing, Meán, stáir, Shin, go, bár, Loch, an Ghríng, Do, cha-hing, sheal, den, lá, leat, i, ni-meal, cui-li, Fái-di, Ag, a-warc, er, na, bá-duiv, go, da-gui-dish, i, dír, 'S ba, ghó, lium, féin, go m'éar, son, ná, veh, a, rí, le, dá-sacht, A, lo, rog, tue, rishc, Wári, sa, chnui-cín, Fruích!

TRANSLATION.

Of a truth, Mary, I have fallen in love with you;
I would bring you to the fairest dwelling in the kingdom;
I would go to France or Spain with you, I would walk Inishmaan* with you,
Nor stop that journey till we came to the head of the joyous Lake†

* The Middle Islands, one of the Aran Islands.

† I know of no lake called "Loch an Ghríng." This term may perhaps be a "kenning" for the lower lake of Killarney; for it would mean "the lake of the poets" and would also suggest a pun on the name "Loch Léin" (léan = grief).

I would spend part of a day with you at the edge of the wood of Fáid, (?)
Looking at the boats as they drew to the shore :
And that, I think, would be better than to be wildly rushing
In search of Mary on the Heathery Hill.

Miss Barrett learned the words from *Céil Sídhe* (p. 79). A closely allied tune will be found in *Fuinn na Smól* (Pt. VI, p. 79). See Joyce (1872), p. 72, and Petrie, Nos. 1164 and 1384, for allied tunes to the same title. An article in *Banba* (December, 1901) by Diarmuid Ó Foghludha (Dermot Foley) gives an account of the origin of this song, obtained by Mr. Foley in talking with the old people of Paróiste na Cille (Keel) near Dingle Bay, Co. Kerry, where the weaver-poet, Donnchadh O Céirín (Dennis Kerrin) lived towards the end of the eighteenth century. "Dennis and his son, Uiliog (Ulick) were walking through Co. Limerick one day, when they went into a public-house, and found there a merry company singing songs and telling stories. There was a girl among them, and she was asked for a song, and sang 'The Heathery Hill.' Then one of the company asked Donnchadh if he had ever heard such a good song in his own country. 'Give me half an hour,' said he, 'and we ourselves will sing a better song than that.' He asked the girl her name, and he and his son went out to the end of the house and composed the song ; and when they came in again one of them sung it as follows." The writer then gives a song in four stanzas, the first of which is closely parallel to that printed above. (But it is only fair to the dead poets to mention that their last couplet runs " And I surely think that would be better than to be wildly rushing Against a towering rock on the Heathery Hill.") The authors of the new song extol their own country, namely Co. Kerry, above the Heathery Hill. It would therefore seem that the Heathery Hill of the original song was in Limerick. The solitary stanza given in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (5th ed., p. 87), in praise of the Heathery Hill, is not a verse of the older song, sung by the girl in the public-house, but part of yet another song to the same title, composed by Morty Larry, or O'Sullivan, who lived a generation or so ago in the neighbourhood of Kenmare. (See the *Gaelic Journal*, Vol. xi, p. 42.) The "Heathery Hill" of this song is in the neighbourhood of Derreen, Kilmakillogue Harbour, Co. Kerry.—A. M. F.

The above is a more interesting version than either of the Petrie airs. In *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th ed.) there is a variant of the tune, in the major mainly, and more sophisticated than the above, to the same title ; with one stanza which the editor begs readers to supplement. He refers to the "delightful air" as a great favourite in Munster. The stanza is different from the above.—L. E. B.

APPENDIX.

Extra Note on Song No. 48, verse 7.

IT is certainly strange to find a reference to the music of seals in a conventional descriptive passage, such as the concluding verse of this song. The sudden intrusion of the folk-element may be due either to the author, if he were a man of the people, or to the oral preservation of the song among a seaboard population. But from whatever cause, this line brings us into immediate contact with the seal of folklore, who plays in some Gaelic traditions a part similar to that allotted to the bear in the legends of Norway, Serbia and other countries. Of all the animals he is the most human in attributes, and the most closely connected with the human race.

I do not know of any evidence for this in Irish songs ; but if Irish collectors in districts where the non-literary folk song is still heard were not so exclusively bent on recovering the remnants of eighteenth-century "poetry," they could probably supply abundant confirmation. I have been told that in parts of Kerry the people have stories, not of the formal folk-tale type but accounts of local happenings, in which seals speak and act like human beings. In a little book* of anecdotes, prayers, etc., collected in Valencia Island and elsewhere along the Kerry coast, there is a story of the more familiar type, connected by folk-etymology with the origin of the name Tralee, about a *murdúch*. The word is often translated "mermaid," but in this story at least it means a seal-woman. For when, after having been caught by a fisherman and living for some years as his wife, she made her escape, she found "her old husband, the bull seal" waiting for her on the shore. By this story it would appear that the seals are in possession of some knowledge which they jealously keep to themselves. On seeing her, the seal-husband at once asks whether during her sojourn among men she parted with a certain secret, and she assures him she has not. The storyteller continues : "I have heard it said, twenty times at the least, that none of the Lees would ever be drowned, because they were related to the seals," and adds, that he himself knew a woman called Kate Lee. This woman, who subsequently emigrated, was once carried from the shore by a big wave, and sat on the top of the water for some hours until a boat could be fetched to bring her to land.

In the West—doubtless a fruitful field for investigation—similar beliefs seem to exist. Mr. Patrick Conroy, a native of County Galway, once told me that along the Connemara coast, and especially about Rosmuc, there is a distinct tendency to talk about seals as if they were human. In this district there are songs about seals ; and no people named Coneely will shoot a seal, because the seals are Coneelys.

* *Rannscláila*, by Domhnall Ó Murchadha (1920).

In County Donegal it is, or used to be, believed that seals can be attracted to the shore by playing on a whistle.

Evidence from the West Highlands is contained in a group of songs, hitherto unpublished, noted by Miss Frances Tolmie. In some of these the seals not only sing, but their songs are in no way intrinsically different from those which human people sing to them, or about them. The seals, who have names, appear as the victims of the huntsman, but also as having friends and lovers among mankind. They seem to be regarded as human beings under enchantment.

The following note shows how the same beliefs are to be found in the North Highlands. Thus from almost the whole extent of the Gaelic-speaking fringe evidence can be brought in favour of Mr. Cochlan's version of this line, which says that seals, and not millstones, were the makers of the "sweet music" heard on the shore.

—A. M. F.

MAOL DÓNAIDH.

The fisherman's song for attracting the seals.

From Patrick McDonald's *Highland Vocal Airs*, p. 7.



Seals are believed by the Gaels to have a great love for music, and to be enticed by sweet sounds towards their would-be captors. The above tune illustrates this belief.

In the Hebrides the seal-tribe are believed to be the children of the King of Lochlann (= Scandinavia) under spells; "an idea which the Rev. Arch. Macdonald inclines to derive from the large full soft eye of the seal, with its appealing semi-human expression . . . On one occasion a hunter aiming at a seal with his gun or bow heard the creature begin to sing, in a voice of supernatural beauty, a song lamenting the loss of her dear ones, of which the following are the chorus and a verse :

Ho i ho-o hi-o-hao (thrice)
Cha robh mise m'ónar an raoir.
'S mise nighean Aoidh Mhic Eoghain,
Gur eòlach mi air na sgeirean;
Gur maирg a dheanadh mo bhuladh,
Bean uasal mi a tir eile.

(*Ho i ho-o hi-o-hao* (thrice)
I was not alone last night.
I am the daughter of Aodh mac Eoghain,
Well do I know the Skerries.
Woe betide him who would me strike,
A noble dame am I from another land !) ”

(From the Uist Collection of the Rev. A. Macdonald, 1894, quoted in Dr. G. Henderson's *Norse Influence on Celtic Scotland*, 1910). The secret knowledge, which, besides this gift of singing, seals are believed to possess may be connected with the power of foretelling the future—a gift which the seal possesses in one of the Orkney seal ballads, and in the old Danish folk-vise of the sea-woman (Havfru) caught by the king's command and brought to his castle, where she tells the queen what shall befall her (the queen's) yet unborn sons.

A clan of the Shetlanders, Mr. Horace Hutchinson says, is called after the grey seal, and it is said that some of the older folk of the clan still eat the fore-flippers of this seal when they can get them—a suggestive fact to folk-lorists, if authentic. It is dangerous to say an ill word to one of these seals when they are coming about a boat, and a prudent man will propitiate them by casting into the water among them a small silver coin. It is this grey seal which Scandinavians believe capable of assuming human form, and it “is the species which is perhaps still the more common form from the highest Hebrides right down along the Irish West Coast and as far south as Scilly, where the people have the romantic imagination and faith in the supernatural which are typically Celtic” (H. Hutchinson in the *Saturday Westminster*, October, 1910). In an article “The Seal Woman” (*Manchester Guardian*, January 8th, 1909) H. Mackenzie tells a seal story which he heard from the lips of a Faroese boatman about “the man from Kalsö.” There was a Faroese saying that on Candlemas night all the seals turned into human beings from sunset till dawn—a tradition whose truth the man from Kalsö—a daring and adventurous fellow—resolved to test. So one moonlight Candlemas* he went alone in his boat to a great cave where seals were known to breed, and rowed in. And at the far end on a stretch of sand were a number of naked men and women dancing the Faroese dance, hand in hand, while the seal-skins they had shed lay along the edge of the water. Seizing, unobserved, the seal-skin of the most beautiful woman the intruder hid it in his boat. At the first hint of dawn the dancers stopped; each seized his skin and swam away as an ordinary seal—all except the most beautiful woman, left wringing her hands in distress, who was carried home to Kalsö by the man. There they lived for four years, and had three children. All that time the man never went sealing because of the seal-woman's entreaties. “You might easily kill my seal husband,” she said “or my little seal son.” One day the man went cod-fishing, forgetting to take the key of the chest in which he had hid the woman's seal-skin. On his return both she and the skin had vanished. But for long after, whenever the children played by the sea, a large seal used to lie on a rock close to shore, watching with great mournful eyes . . .

* In the Hebrides the seals were believed to resume their human form on three full moons of each year.—A. G. G.

The particular interest of this Faroese story—told as an actual occurrence—is that the children were described as just like human beings “‘ except in one particular, which is hereditary ; for to this day we recognise their descendants by the skin they have between their fingers—something like a web-toed animal.’ . . . ‘ I have a cousin whose husband is descended from the seal-woman,’ cried another rower. ‘ He is only slightly web-fingered, but to those who know, such things tell a tale.’ ”

It would be interesting to trace the etymology of the name Coneely, and to find out whether the Lees and Coneelys are believed to possess this peculiarity—which may have a connection with the belief that the Lees could not be drowned. The traditional ballad of “The Grey Selchie of Sule Skerry”—a story of one of these seal-unions, in which the woman (a Norway maid) is the human of the pair—was noted in the Orkneys by R. Menzies Fergusson (*Rambles in the Far North*). Two other versions—one called “The Play of Lady Odivere” and obviously of Norse origin—are given in *County Folk-Lore*, vol. iii. Here the selkie lover is described as “a jarl o’ hich degree” among the selkie folk, his name being San Imravoe ; in the “Grey Selchie of Sule Skerry” he is “good Hein Mailer.” These names might be worth investigation.—A. G. G.

Corrigenda in Journal 23.

- Page 16, first footnote, for “mark” *read* “mask.”
,, 113, second line of music, for “bucalach” *read* “búcalach.”
,, 151, first line of music, for “spéi-vean” *read* “spéir-vean”
,, 153, line 24, for “thei” *read* “their.”
183, verse 7, translation, add full stop after ‘satin,’ and in the sixth
line of the Note, separate “Mac” and “Gearóid.”
,, 193, title of No. 31(a), last word should be “Fíoróg.”

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ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1919.

(1).—It is with great pleasure that the Committee of the Folk-Song Society are again able to present a highly satisfactory Report. The Society having weathered the storms of the critical period during which the Great War was being waged, has now settled down to what may confidently be hoped will be a fresh lease of its most useful life. Though, as was only to be expected, a good many members left the Society during the period just mentioned, there has been an influx of members during the past year and the balance has been readjusted.

(2).—The activity in all things connected with Folk-Music continues to increase, and fresh evidence comes to light daily, showing the remarkable interest taken in the subject all over England.

(3).—It is a source of satisfaction to the Society that its publications have attracted increasing attention among foreign Societies of a similar nature. The latest addition to those with whom the Society now exchanges Journals is the "Vereeniging voor Nederlandsche Musickgeschiedenis"—the Society for the study of the Musical History of the Netherlands, of Amsterdam.

(4).—The Committee are gratified to be able to report a decided improvement in the condition of their genial and valued chairman, Sir Ernest Clarke, who, though he is unable to attend meetings, continues to take a great interest in the work of the Society.

(5).—After many unavoidable postponements, the Society has at length been able to publish the first portion of Mr. A. Martin Freeman's fine collection of Irish Songs, from Munster. This is issued as *Journal* No. 23, and it is hoped to issue the second part in the course of the next few months. The publication has excited the interest of Irishmen not only in England, but also in Ireland, Scotland, South Africa and America.

(6).—It is a great pleasure to announce that Mr. Martin Freeman has consented to serve on the Committee, he having been co-opted in accordance with Rule IV of the Society.

(7).—The following seven members of the Committee go out of office at this meeting; they are eligible for re-election and are ready to serve if desired: Miss

Lucy Broadwood, Mr. Walter Ford, Lady Gomme, Sir Ernest Clarke, Mr. A. H. Fox Strangways, Mr. Frank Kidson, and Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland.

(8).—The audit of the Society's accounts has this year again been kindly undertaken by Mr. W. H. Stentiford, F.C.I.S., whose certificate is appended to the Statement of Receipts and Expenditure printed on the following page.

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

CURRENT NUMBERS OF :

Zeitschrift der Schweizerischen Gesellschaft für Volkskunde.

Svenska Landsmål.

Buttletti del Centre Escursionista de Catalunya.

Welsh Folk-Song Society *Journal*.

Irish Folk-Song Society (Mrs. Costello's collection of *Songs from Galway*).

Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, *Eight Traditional English Carols*.

Dr. Jaap Kunst, *Terschellinger Volksleven, Gebruiken, Feesten*, 1915 ; and *Noord-Nederlandse Volksliederen en-Dansen*. I, II, III, 1919.

BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY :

- (1) Prehistoric Villages, Castles and Towers of South Western Colorado, by Walter Fewkes.
 - (2) The Maya Indians of South Yucatan and Northern British Honduras, by T. W. F. Gann.
 - (3) Archaeological Explorations in North Eastern Arizona, by A. V. Kidder and S. J. Guernsey.
 - (4) Thirty-second Annual Report.
-

* * * Owing to the enormous increase in the cost of printing, the Committee would be happy to receive donations from members and others, to enable them to continue the publication of the very valuable material they have in hand.

THE FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

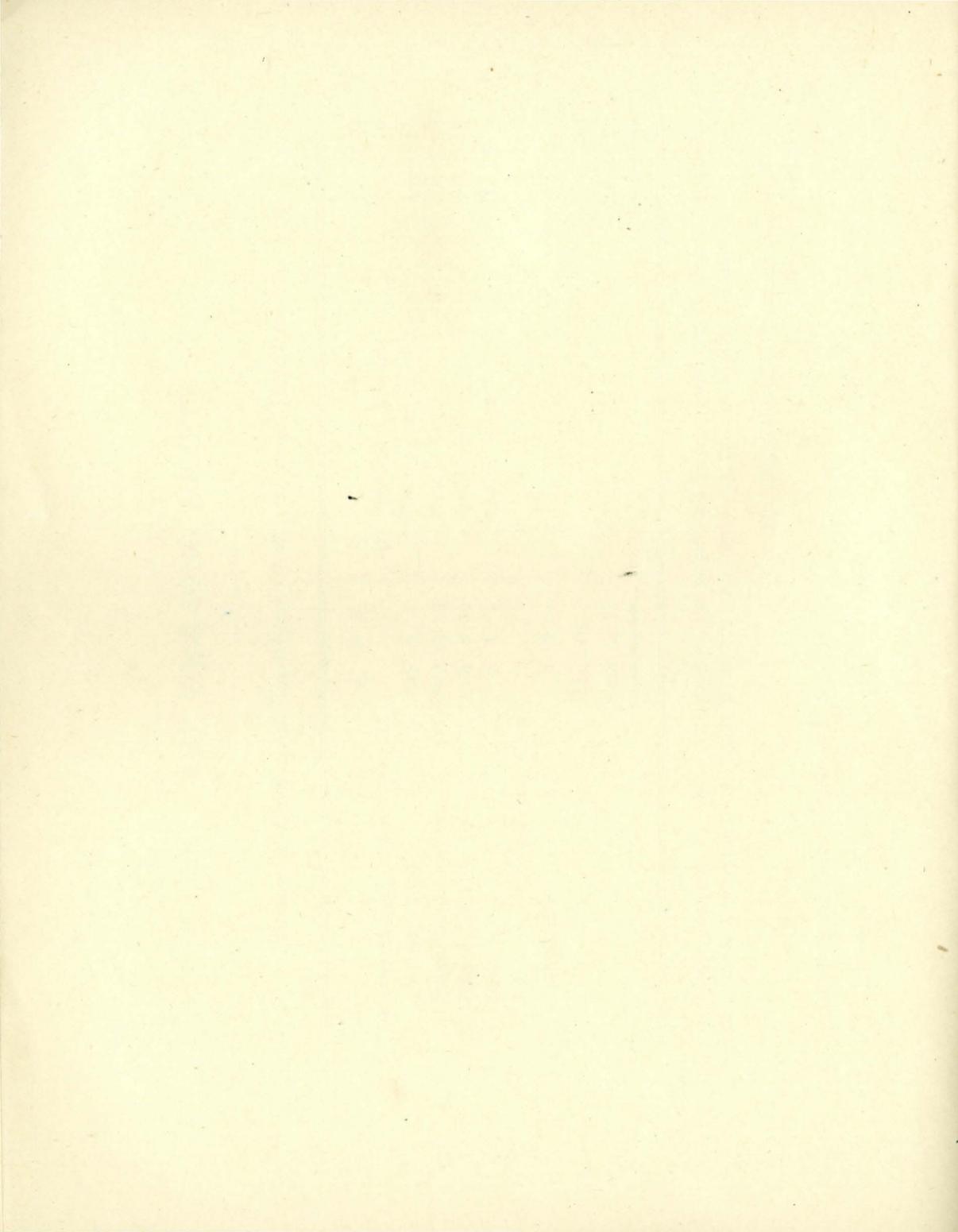
Statement of Receipts and Expenditure for the year ended 31st December, 1919.

Dr.		Cr.
To Cash at Bank and in hand, 1st		
January, 1919 347 9 1		£ s. d.
,, Subscriptions received 120 15 5	..	170 10 8
,, Sale of Journals 6 7 0	..	10 19 11
,, Bank Interest 2 1 4	..	7 7 0
,, Hon. Secretary (Petty Cash overspent) 2 2 1	..	10 0 0
	£478 14 11	£478 14 11
By Printing of Journals, etc.	..	279 17 4
,, Postages and Sundries
,, Rent of Hall
,, Secretarial Assistance
,, Cash at Bank

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

W.M. H. STENTIFORD, Chartered Secretary,
Honorary Auditor.

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



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