



**THE
FLOWER
OF
DUNAFF
HILL**

**AND
MORE TRADITIONAL
SONGS SUNG IN
INISHOWEN**

*Compiled and Annotated by
JIMMY McBRIDE*

N CAROLAN



**THE
FLOWER
OF
DUNAFF
HILL**

**AND
MORE TRADITIONAL
SONGS SUNG IN
INISHOWEN**

*Compiled and Annotated by
JIMMY McBRIDE*

First Published 1988
by Crana Publishing Company, Bunrana, Co. Donegal.
© Jimmy McBride

I.S.B.N. 0 9513820 0 4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise without prior permission.

Computer Typesetting: Cahir McBride, Bunrana
Transcription of Airs: Peter Devine, Drogheda
Music Typesetting: Janice Murphy, Dublin
Cover Design and Layout: Cahir McBride and J. McBride
Printed in Inishowen, Co. Donegal, Ireland by:
Wm. Doherty & Co. (Printers) Ltd., Main Street, Bunrana.
Tel (077) 61210
This Publication is Grant Aided by An Chomhairle Ealaion
The Arts Council of Ireland.

Acknowledgements: I wish to thank:-
Nicholas Carolan, Liam McNulty, Tom Munnelly,
Dr. Hugh and Lisa Shields, Dr. Virginia Blankenhorn
for much welcome technical advice, guidance and assistance during
the preparation of this publication.

I gcuimhne ar
Jimmy Thuathail
a raibh spéis mhór aige
ins na h-amhráin seo ach
nar mhair le na bfeiceáil
i gclo.

Contents

Foreword	6
The Songs.....	8
The Singers.....	9
The Photographs.....	11
No. 1 - Another Man's Wedding	12
No. 2 - As I Roved Out.....	14
No. 3 - Ballintown Brae	16
No. 4 - The Banks of Newfoundland	18
No. 5 - The Banks of Sweet Dundee	20
No. 6 - The Bay of Biscay O	22
No. 7 - The Bedford Van	24
No. 8 - The Black Horse	26
No. 9 - The Blackwater Side	28
No. 10 - I'm Bidding Adieu	30
No. 11 - The Blind Beggar's Daughter	32
No. 12 - The Bonnie Green Tree	34
No. 13 - Burnfoot Town	36
No. 14 - Cailín Deas Crúite na mBó	38
No. 15 - Captain Colster.....	40
No. 16 - Charming Buachaill Roe	42
No. 17 - The Coalmine	44
No. 18 - Cottage with the Horseshoe o'er the Door	46
No. 19 - Dan Curley.....	48
No. 20 - Darling Son	50
No. 21 - Deep Sheephaven Bay	52
No. 22 - Duggan's Dancing School	54
No. 23 - The Evergreen	56
No. 24 - Erin's Lovely Home	58
No. 25 - Erin's Lovely Shore	60
No. 26 - Fair Randalstown	62
No. 27 - The Fair Town of Greenock.....	64
No. 28 - Father McFadden	66
No. 29 - Father Tom O'Neill.....	70
No. 30 - The Flower of Corby's Mill.....	74
No. 31 - The Flower of Dunaff Hill.....	76
No. 32 - The Flower of Sweet Strabane	78
No. 33 - Friar Hegarty	80
No. 34 - Garvagh Town.....	84
No. 35 - General Owen Roe	86

No. 36 - Glenswilly	88
No. 37 - Going to Mass last Sunday	90
No. 38 - Green Grass it Grows Bonnie	92
No. 39 - The Hiring Fair	94
No. 40 - The Holland Handkerchief	96
No. 41 - The Isle of Doagh	98
No. 42 - The Isle of Doagh	99
No. 43 - Jimmy Leeburn	100
No. 44 - Johnny Bathin	102
No. 45 - Kathleen Casey	104
No. 46 - The Leinster Lass	105
No. 47 - The Lady Fair	106
No. 48 - A Little Too Small	108
No. 49 - London City	110
No. 50 - Loughrey's Bull	112
No. 51 - My Lovely Irish Rose	114
No. 52 - The Lurgy Stream	116
No. 53 - The Maid of Bonnie Strathyre	118
No. 54 - McGinty's Model Lodge	120
No. 55 - Mulroy Bay	122
No. 56 - November Keady Fair	124
No. 57 - Paddy Stole the Rope	126
No. 58 - The Rangey Ribs	128
No. 59 - The Rattling Railway Boy	132
No. 60 - The Sailor Boy	133
No. 61 - The Rose of Glenfin	134
No. 62 - The Shamrock Shore	136
No. 63 - She Tickled Me	138
No. 64 - The Shirt I left Behind	139
No. 65 - The Smashing of the Van	140
No. 66 - The Sow Pig	142
No. 67 - The Titanic	144
No. 68 - Treat My Daughter Kindly	146
No. 69 - Welcome Home	147
No. 70 - The Wee Woman in our Town	148
No. 71 - The Year of Seventy One	150
Bibliography	152
Discography	153

Foreword

The shimmering waters of Lough Swilly lay placid and still, reflecting the shadows of a dozen or more obsolete oil-tankers straining gently on their anchors. The serrated mountains of Fanad, the cliff of Dunree and the majestic hills of Urris cast many coloured shades into the same waters. A lone yachtsman from the marina at Fahan Creek struggled to manouvre his craft into whatever breeze there was. The Fort of Dunree and the whitewashed light house at far-off Fanad Head guarded this beautiful landlocked inlet of water. This was how I observed the "Lake of Shadows" from the top deck of a trundling "Swilly Bus" as it rounded a bend in the road at Fahan on a sultry September evening in 1960. It was from the same top-deck that I got my first glimpse of Inishowen a half hour before as we left Derry City behind and headed through Pennyburn and Galliagh in a north-westerly direction towards Bridgend, Burnfoot and on to Bunrana.

First impressions, they say, are lasting ones and I must confess that I rather liked what I saw. The serenity and quiet solitude of the place were in stark contrast with the busy bustling hustle of Dublin City where I had spent the two previous years. Indeed the surroundings reminded me much of the rugged beauty of my native Gaoth Dobhair. I was so enamoured with the place that I never left it since. In the intervening years I have developed a great love for the many natural amenities the place has to offer.

Its history reaches far back into the mists of time. Its numerous ancient monuments, standing stones, high crosses, forts and above all the great stone sun-palace - *Grianán Ailigh* - stand silent sentinels, reminding us of a great and noble past.

Its people always held its heritage and independence dear. History records that it was a safe retreat for the ancient De Dannan tribe when they built the stronghold of Elagh after being routed by the Miletians. The peninsula derived its name from Eoghan son of Niall the Great who in the fourth century put an end to the reign of the three Collas.

Inish Eoghain along with the present east Donegal-Tyrone area was allotted to Eoghan. The great Sunplace at Aileach was originally built as a place of worship and afterwards used as a base for the Kings of Aileach. Several of these kings became High Kings of Ireland.

Saint Patrick visited Inishowen during his converting crusade 432-461 A.D. and was met, we are told, by prince Eoghan. He founded two churches here, one at Domhnach Mór Maighe Tochair near the town of Carndonagh and the other at Domhnach Bhíle near the

town of Moville. The High Cross of Donagh still stands near the spot where the saint founded his first church in Inishowen and another high cross called "Cooley" stands close to the Domhnach Bhile location.

Sir Cahir O'Dochartaigh, who reigned in Inishowen, was the last of the great Gaelic Chieftains to succumb to an alien power in 1608.

After the Plantation of Ulster settlers from Scotland came to live in Inishowen and Lough Swilly was developed as a stronghold for maritime defence during and after the Napoleonic War. Indeed it remained so until the late 1930's

Inishowen is a peninsula guarded to the west by Lough Swilly, The Atlantic Ocean to the north and Lough Foyle to the east. Its inhabitants live along the coast as the centre of the 'Inis' consists mostly of mountains and bogland.

Industry exists in the bigger towns of Bunrana, Cárndonagh and Moville but generally the majority of the inhabitants derive a livelihood from mixed farming and to some extent fishing.

The tradition of endurance and the preservation of old values has always been inbred into the inhabitants of this area and its history and antiquities are well recorded by numerous scholars.

Thankfully its vast store of song is still well to the fore - especially among many of its older citizens.

Many people still hold dear to their hearts cherished memories of great nights of entertainment in a less sophisticated era. They reminisce with pride the names of great musicians and lilters who played the whole night through, reels, jigs, hornpipes, lancers, sets, continental mazurkas and "highlan's." They recall great events like weddings, "bottle" parties (a celebration on the return of an emigrant or on the return of newly weds from their honeymoon), American wakes (a celebration on the night or morning prior to the departure of some poor emigrant) and all types of local celebrations. These people, though materialistically poor, possessed a great richness in their songs and amid harsh times were able to lift their minds and hearts to a high plane of contentment through their ability of self-entertainment.

People still recall the strong tradition of singing that prevailed in the past and they will still name men and women who have long passed to their eternal reward carrying with them a vast store of songs.

However all is not lost, some fine singers still exist who have the interest and the ability to sing a lot of the older songs. This collection endeavours to preserve some of these songs in the hope that future generations will have the opportunity to study and learn part of a great

legacy passed down by a generation of people and the lifestyle that will soon be forgotten.

The Songs

The majority of songs are from the parishes of West Inishowen. They vary in both origin and content. A breakdown shows that twenty of them could be classed as local songs, thirty of them are of Irish origin and the remainder of Scottish - English origin.

Some of the local songs like, "The Sow Pig", "The Coalmine", "The Bedford Van", "Burnfoot Town", "The Year of Seventy One" and "Duggan's Dancing School" are in the humorous vein describing local incidents. Other songs like "Deep Sheephaven Bay", "Mulroy Bay", two songs dealing with the Isle of Doagh, "The Flower of Dunaff Hill" and "The Evergreen" are in praise of local places while some of the rest of the local songs describe sterner times and sad incidents. The ones classified under Irish Origin contain a wide cross section of the traditional song and ballad spectrum.

Almost thirty per cent of the ballads contained in this volume are of the Scottish - English tradition. Inishowen always boasts a very strong connection with Scotland especially.

It is gratifying to note that even though the life-style of the people has greatly changed in the lifetime of most of the singers these songs are heard on a regular basis in Inishowen.

The Singers

I am indebted to all the singers named below who gave willingly and freely of their songs and without whose co-operation this publication would not have been possible. I list them, not in order of importance (because they were all important), but in alphabetical order.

Mary Anne Canny lives alone in her native Dunaff. A fine natural singer with a repertoire of local and indeed rare international songs. She sings exclusively in her own home.

"Mack" Devlin from Bocarnagh, Clonmany. Mack "says" humorous songs and "sings" the serious songs. He also tells "a darn good yarn".

Paddy "Eoghnie" Doherty comes from Tonduff originally but now lives in Bunrana - a retired mill worker, he sings his songs in the Brass Rail Bar, Bunrana.

Bridie Doherty lives in Linsfort and is a regular singer in The Shamrock Bar, Clonmany on Sunday nights.

Maoliosa Doherty, Clonmany, renowned in Inishowen for his accordion playing. He sings humorous songs mostly.

Jimmy Grant of Meenyanly, lives with his wife in retirement on his farm deep in the Inishowen mountains. Jimmy has a vast store of songs, mostly humorous and he has a great memory. Now over eighty years of age, he still enjoys coming to the "Singing sessions" and indeed is never in any great hurry home.

Paddy Hegarty lives in Dundrain, Burnfoot. Now in his late seventies he is still very active. He has many songs from the East Ulster tradition, having spent some part of his youth working there. A very humorous man who enjoys a good singing session.

Jimmy Houghton lives with his wife in the Isle of Doagh. Jimmy has a very pleasing singing voice he possesses a vast store of songs. A quiet unassuming man who sings mostly in his own home.

Owen Kelly lives in his native Lower Illies with his wife and family. Another of the "younger" singers featured.

Paddy McCallion, a farmer from Burnfoot, sings a lot of songs composed by the late Tom Molloy of that same town.

Corney McDaid, is the doyen of Inishowen singers, a retired sacristian, he lives in "The Roost", Cockhill Road, Buncrana with his wife Bridget. He is in his late seventies and possesses a fine singing voice.

Dennis McDaid - another of the older singers who lives in the Isle of Doagh. He maintains he is "too old to sing" but he is not to be believed. He is one of the natural singers and possesses a fine repertoire of local, Irish and International ballads.

Pat McDaid - a retired stone-mason and brother of Corney McDaid - he lives in Slavery, Buncrana. Sings regularly at sessions in The Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana and McFeely's of Clonmany.

Maggie McGee lives in Slavery, Buncrana. Now in her seventies, she is still a lively performer who loves a singing session. She got a lot of her songs from her father, the late Barney McGee of Kinnego.

Charlie McGonigle brother to Jim, Pat and Michael, lives with his wife Roseanne, also a fine singer, and their family in Cloontagh.

Dan McGonagle, Isle of Doagh, brother of Packie. Dan possesses a vast store of songs. Sings in a very pleasing staccato style. He attends sessions regularly in Buncrana and Clonmany.

Jim McGonagle, lives alone in Cloontagh - one of the regular singers at sessions in McFeely's Bar, Clonmany. He sings a lot of his late father's songs and is much influenced by the Scottish tradition.

Packie McGonigle lives in the Isle of Doagh. He is a brother of Dan McGonigle, also featured in this collection. Packie is a regular visitor to singing sessions in Inishowen.

Pat McGonigle lives in Meentagh Glen, between Clonmany and Buncrana. Younger brother of Jim, Michael and Charlie McGonigle of Cloontagh. Their late father "James Eoghain" was one of the finest traditional singers in west Inishowen and all the family follow in his footsteps.

Sadie McGonigle another of the singing McDaid's. Sister of Pat and Corney's, lives with her husband, Tommy, in Slavery, Buncrana.

Peter O'Donnell from Burnfoot, attends singing sessions regularly in The Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana.

Kathleen Ramsey, Fahan, sister of Owen Kellv.

John Walker, Fahan, is one of the "younger" singers featured in this collection. John sings mostly humorous songs.

The Photographs

In this volume I have decided to include photographs of some of the singers - a face to go with the song - so to speak. I wish to thank the following for allowing the use of their photographs:

Tom Munnely, Clare; Camera Darkrooms, Derry; John P. Coyle, Derry; John Gallagher, Bunrana.

The photographs accompanying the "Fr. McFadden" song, are by the consent of the late Miss Charlotte Carey, Millburn, Bunrana in whose possession they were when I made copies of them some years ago.



"Dunaff Head" as seen from the top of Mamore Gap. The fertile fields of Urris in the foreground. (Photo: J. McBride)

No. 1 - Another Man's Wedding

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Another Man's Wedding'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'I happ-ened to be at an old lov-er's wedd- ing. Eve- ry- one there had to sing a song. And who happ-ened to be there but the brides first lov-er. And this was the song that he did sing.'

I happened to be at an old lover's wedding,
Everyone there had to sing a song.
And who happened to be there but the bride's false lover,
And this was the song that he did sing.

Many's the man's been away seven long years,
Seven long years and returns home again.
Sure I've been away but the two years only,
But false and unconscious you had been.

"How can you sit at another man's table?
How can you drink of another man's wine?
Or it's how can you sleep in the arms of another?
And you so long a sweetheart of mine."

The bride she sat at the head of the table,
Every word he said she minded quite well.
And to stand it any longer she was not able,
And down at the new groom's feet she fell.

"Take, up your bride young man," cried the other,
"Don't you see her lying down low.
Oh, it's God be with the time when I thought she would be mine,
So now kind sir, she is all your own."

He lifted he up in his arms most tenderly,
Carried he out to the garden green.
And with white sheets and pillows he wrapped them around her,
But never, never brought her to life again.

"Come all you young men from me take a warning,
Pay kind attention and listen unto me.
Oh, you can always go a roving in the grove and the valley,
But never, never go between the bark and the tree."

(Known also as 'The Bride's False Lover' or 'An Old Lover's Wedding')
This very fine song, sung in various versions in many parts of Ireland is an English Ballad most probably dating from the eighteenth century. Certainly it is still popular in Inishowen and this version collected from Paddy Doherty (Eoghníe) is a spirited one that has the narrator telling of an incident that occurred at a friend's wedding. The false bride's old lover sang the song, relating how he was jilted for being absent for only a short while. The bride feels remorse and collapses. The new groom carries her to the garden but fails to revive her. A stern warning is contained in the last verse "never go between the bark and the tree."

See Shields "*Shamrock Rose & Thistle*" (Belfast 1981) for a fuller version. Also *Laws Catalogue* No. P31.

No. 2 - As I Roved Out

As I roved out on a bright May day, For to
hear the birds sing sweet. I
leaned my-self down on a new gar-den wall, For to
see twa lov - ers meet

The image shows a musical score for the song 'As I Roved Out'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef, 2/4 time signature, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

As I roved out on a bright May day
For to hear the birds sing sweet,
I leaned myself down on a new garden wall
For to see twa lovers meet.

For to see twa lovers meet, my dear
And to know what they might say,
That I might know a lot more of their mind
Before I would go away.

"Sit you down on the grass" he said,
"Down on the grass so green,
For it's nearly three quarters of a year or more
Since together we have been."

"I'll not sit down on the grass," she said,
"Nor know no other kind
For you are engaged to another fair maid
And your heart's no longer mine."

"Do you mind the time when your heart was mine
And your head lay on my breast?
You false young man you made me believe
That the sun rose in the West."

"I'll not believe what an old man says
For his days they are not long.
Or it's I'll not believe what a young man says
For he's promised to many's the one."

"He is promised to many's the one, my dear,
And many's a false story tell,
Till he finds out a pretty girls mind,
Then adieu, adieu, fare-thee-well."

"Sure it's I'll climb up to yon high tree top
And I'll rob the phoenix nest,
And I'll come down with a bird in every hand
To the wee boy I love the best."

"Sure T it stands for Tom" she says
And J it stands for John,
And W it stands for Willie my true love,
He is the only one."

This song, collected from Corney McDaid is of Scottish or English origin. It relates the singer listening to "twa lovers" meeting and discussing their problems. The robbing of a phoenix nest is a interesting line.

The song seems to be made up of "floating verses" some to be found in the "Verdant Braes of Screen" and other songs.

The eminent ballad scholar Bertrand Bronson in his *"Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads"* (volume 2 - Princeton 1962 pages 72-74) may be a bit presumptuous when he includes an American version of this song as part of the famous ballad *"Young Hunting"* (Child No. 68) in which a false lover is murdered by his jilted lover.

No. 3 - Ballintown Brae

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Ballintown Brae'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The final note of the fourth staff is a double bar line, indicating the end of the piece.

One night as this youngman lay down for to sleep, Young
Bess-ie came to him and o'er him did weep. Saying
you are the youngman that caused me to roam, A
- way from my friends and my bright happ - y home.

Young men and young women I pray you draw near,
To hear my sad tale of two lovers so dear.
It's about bonnie Bessie from Ballintown Brae,
And the lord of the moorland who led her astray.

One night as this young man lay down for to sleep,
Young Bessie came to him and o'er him did weep.
Saying, "You are the young man that caused me to roam,
Away from my friends and my bright happy home."

This Lord he arose like a man in despair,
Saying, "Is this the voice of my Bessie I hear?
And if she is dead her vision I see,
I will be by her side on sweet Ballintown Brae."

He ordered his servants to saddle his steed,
O'er high hills and valleys he rode with great speed.
Until he arrived there at noon-time of day,
At the cottage of Bessie of Ballintown Brae.

Bessie's old father stood at his own gate,
A man looking old and resigned to his fate.
I stepped up to him saying, "Is there no relief?"
I asked this old man the cause of his grief.

"I had one only daughter," this old man did say,
"But now she is cold in sweet Ballintown Brae,"
"I am the traitor," this young man did say,
"I am the traitor who led her astray."

And out of his pocket a sharp sword he drew,
Like a loyal true-lover he pierced his heart through.
And as he was dying these last words he did say,
"Lay me by my Bessie in Ballintown Brae."

(Also called "Bessie of Ballington Brae")

Sung by Bridie Doherty from Linsfort in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana during a traditional singers session in June, 1987.
See *Laws Catalogue No. P28*.



Corney McDaid and Jimmy McBride at a recording session in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana in 1986 (Photo: Tom Munnelly)

No. 4 - The Banks of Newfoundland

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Banks of Newfoundland'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'You lands - men and you sea - men bold of high and low de - gree, Come gath - er round and lend an ear and listen un - to me. Con - cern - ing Ir - ish sea - men bold as you (e) might und - er - stand, Who sail a - way with hearts quite gay for the banks of New - found - land'.

You landsmen and you seamen bold of high low degree,
Come gather round and lend an ear and listen unto me.
Concerning Irish seamen bold as you might understand,
Who sails away with hearts quite gay for the Banks of Newfoundland.

On the second day of September they sailed from Waterford quay,
Like noble-hearted seaboys they boldly sailed away.
We set her canvas to the wind and like a magic wand,
Sure we sailed away with hearts quite gay for the Banks of Newfoundland.

But when we reached the western shore a dreadful storm did rise,
The raging seas, oh! they did swell and the lightning filled the sky.
Her captain cried "Brave sailor boys, your courage now command,
For a dreadful storm is raging on the Banks of Newfoundland."

Our captain did his duty well his courage did not fail,
But the loss of her three seamen bold he sadly did bewail.
We were washed from off the deck, my boys, on the deck we could not stand,
We were drenched with rain and windswept hail on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Oh! what a dreadful sight to see as morning did appear,
The dead and dying 'twas hard to grieve there was no assistance
here.
You could see their bodies lying there exposed to every strand,
Not a Christian here to bury the dead on the Banks of Newfoundland.

Collected from Jim McGonigle, Cloontagh at the home of his brother Charlie in the spring of 1987. This is one version of a song that appears under many guises. This song relates to fishermen who sailed from Waterford to fish the rich grounds off Newfoundland during the last century. It is interesting to note that many of the same people settled in the barren coves along the coast of Newfoundland before the great famine of 1845-48 and brought with them many of the songs of their native land. Aidan O'Hara of R.T.E. (a native of Inishowen) went to that area in the mid-seventies and studied the folklore of that region. He recorded over 400 songs and presented many of them on radio and in a fine television programme "The Forgotten Irish" recorded in 1980.

See *Laws Catalogue K25* for another song of the same name - not to be confused with this one.

No. 5 - The Banks of Sweet Dundee

Her unc - le had a plough - boy that Mar - y loved quite well, And
in her unc - le's gar - d - en their tales of love did tell, There
was a wealth - y squi - re young Mar - y for to see, But
Mary - y loved her plough - boy on the Banks of Sweet Dun - dee.

There was a farmer's daughter she was beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left to her a large amount of gold.
She stops with her uncle the cause of all her woe,
And you shall hear how this fair maid caused her own o'er throw.

Her uncle had a plough-boy, that Mary loved quite well,
It was in her uncle's garden these tales of love did tell.
There was a wealthy squire, young Mary for to see,
But still she loved her ploughboy on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

Her uncle arose one morning and unto her he came,
To Mary's bedroom window and unto her he said.
"Arise, arise, my pretty maid, a lady you shall be,
The squire is waiting on you on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

"I care not for your squire, your dukes or lords likewise,
My Willie's eyes appears to me like diamonds in the sky."
"Begone you unruly female, for it's happy you never will be,
For I will banish your Willie from the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire they both roved out one day,
"Young Willie is her favourite" her uncle he did say.
"Indeed it is my intention for to tie him to a tree,
And them to bring the press-gang to the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

The press-gang came to Willie when he was all alone,
He boldly fought for liberty but they were six to one.

The blood ran down in torrents, "Pray kill me" then said he,
"For I will die for Mary on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

As Mary roved out one evening lamenting for her love,
She met this wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.
"Stand off, stand off," cried Mary, "It's happy you never will be,
For you banished the only one I loved from the Banks of Sweet Dundee."

He threw his arms around her and tried to throw her down,
A gun and broad sword she espied beneath his morning gown.
She took the pistol from him and the sword she handled free,
She fired and shot the squire on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

When her uncle heard the great report he hastened to the grove,
"As you have shot the squire I'll give you your death wound."
"Stand back, stand back, dear uncle for undaunted I won't be,"
She fired and shot her uncle on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

A doctor he was sent for a man of known skill,
And likewise for a lawyer till he would sign the will.
The uncle willed the gold to Mary who fought so manfully,
He closed his eyes no more to rise on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

This song was collected from Jimmy Houghton in the Isle of Doagh at a singing session in McDaid's house. It relates the story of how a cruel uncle tried to marry off his orphaned niece who had an amount of gold left her by her late parents. The suitor was a rich squire who was not to Mary's liking for she loved her ploughboy Willie.

The two rogues connived together to get rid of Willie. They organised a "press gang" to come and take him away to sea. Mary in her rage and loneliness had her own way of gaining revenge when she shot, firstly the squire and then the uncle. The doctor and the lawyer saw things right.

Jimmy's version does not tell of Young Willie's triumphant return to wed his Mary on the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

*"Young Willie he was sent for and quickly did return,
As soon as he came back again young Mary ceased to mourn.
The day it was appointed, they joined their hands so free,
And now they live in splendour on the Banks of Sweet Dundee."*
See Laws M25 and Ords *"Bothy Songs and Ballads"* (Edinburgh, 1930)

No. 6 - The Bay of Biscay O

My Will - ie stands on board a Tim - bo, And
for to find him I do not know, But for
sev - en long years I am con - stant - ly wait - ing, For to
cross the Bay of Bis - cay O.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Bay of Biscay O'. It consists of four staves of music in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the song, the second and third staves contain the second line, and the fourth staff contains the third line. The lyrics are: 'My Will - ie stands on board a Tim - bo, And for to find him I do not know, But for sev - en long years I am con - stant - ly wait - ing, For to cross the Bay of Bis - cay O.'

My Willie stands on board of a 'Timbo'*
And where to find him I do not know.
But for seven long years I am constantly waiting,
For to cross the Bay of Biscay O

One night as I lay down a sleeping,
A knock came to my bedroom door.
"Arise, arise up, bonnie Mary,
Till you get one glimpse of your Willie O."

This maid arose, put on her clothes,
And to the bedroom door did go.
And who stood there but her Willie darling,
And his face was as white as the driven snow.

"Oh! Willie, dear, where are your blushes,
The blushes you had seven years ago?"
"In the cold, cold clay they have faded,
And it's only the ghost of your Willie O."

If I had all the gold and silver,
All the gold and silver of Mexico.
I'd give it all for the freedom of
And to save my Willie from Biscay O.

* tender

Maggie McGee, Bunrana

(Also called "Willie O" or "Sweet William's Ghost")

See *Child No. 77* also *Shields Disc and accompanying notes "Old British Ballads from Donegal and Derry" (1970)*

Also "*Broadsides*" in the *National Library, Dublin*

This song is not to be confused with another song of the same name, *Laws K3*



Maggie McGee, Slavery, Bunrana singing at a session in the Ballyliffin Hotel during the Goilin Club (Dublin) visit in November, 1987
(Photo: Jimmy McBride)

No. 7 - The Bedford Van

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, the second line to the second, and the third line to the third. The piece ends with a double bar line.

I was born near a place they call Spring- town, I be - long to the tin - ker
clan I have no fixed a - bode I'm well known on the road and I
drive an aul' black Bed - ford Van.

I was born near a place they call Springtown, I belong to the tinker clan,
I have no fixed abode, I'm well known on the road and I drive an aul'
Black Bedford Van.

We move around from town to town me and my wife Sally Anne,
At night we just pack have a court in the dark in the back of the old
Bedford Van.

The first time that I met Sally 'twas a mile or so outside Strabane,
She gave me a look so I couldn't resist, I soon got her into the van.
She put her arms around me I thought I was getting on grand,
That very same night she proposed to me in the back of the aul'
Bedford Van.

On our honeymoon over in Glasgow I was stopped by a big Policeman.
He say to me "Don't drink and drive here," slipped the breathlyser
into my hand.
Next morning in court I had to report my trial I had to stand,
I wish I had aul' Maggie Thatcher in the back of the old Bedford Van.

I took her to old Ballycastle you've heard of the 'Aul' Lammas Fair'
We met quite a few aul' pals we knew and we had a hectic time
there.
And when coming home now Sally took sick for she ate too much
"Yellow Man"
And I must confess she made a terrible mess in the back of the aul'
Bedford Van.

One day we were parked at Springtown, Sally was making some tea.

A big dame strolled past with her skirt at half mast started smiling and winking at me.

Sally drew out, she hit her a clout with whatever she had in her hand,

And that night I gave her the "kiss of life" in the back of the aul' Bedford Van;

Now you young men who drive a van a warning take by me,

Don't be too quick to pick up a wee lass no matter how sweet she may be.

For if you stârt your aul' carry on or you start holding her hand,

You'll end up with a wife for the rest of your life in the back of the aul' Bedford Van.

This song is aired regularly by John Walker of Fahan and Michael McLaughlin of Cockhill, Buncrana. It is of a recent composition certainly within the last forty years and it relates of what can happen to a young man who invites a lady to ride with him in his Bedford Van. Maggie Thatcher is involved only because she happened to be the P.M. of Britian at the time of recording. Another source reminded me that he heard it sung in the 1950's and "auld McMillan" was the victim then. The reference to the breathalyser is also of recent origin and the same informant said that it was "a summons" that was in the original version.

Springtown was an infamous complex of Nissan huts on the outskirts of Derry City - built to house U.S. Navy personell during World War 2. It contained all the necessary facilities to house troops in transit. At the end of the war the Yanks left, taking with them the contents but leaving the bare stark huts behind. Because of the chronic housing problems in the city at that time a lot of people moved into the huts. The condition of the huts deteriorated rapidly as ordinary sanitation, electricity and the basic necessities were lacking and the place became a ghetto, certainly a situation that would not be tolerated today. The camp was closed in 1967 and demolished. Today, thankfully, Springtown rings a happier note, for it boasts of a fine industrial estate that gives employment to possibly some of the fine citizens of the historic city of Derry who were once reared in the hell-hole called "Springtown Camp."

No. 8 - The Black Horse



Come all you air - y batch - el - ors a warn - ing take by me, Be
sure and shun wild rov - ing like - wise bad com - pan - y. I
lived as happ - y as a prince when I lived in the North, And the
first of my mis - fort - unes was to list in the "Black Horse"

Come all you airy batchelors a warning take by me,
Be sure and shun wild roving, likewise bad company.
I lived as happy as a prince when I lived in the north,
And the first of my misfortunes was to list in the "Black Horse."

Being on the second Tuesday to Galway I did go,
I met with a listing officer which caused my overthrow.
I met with a listing officer in the market as I went down,
He says "Young man I'll have you enlist and be a Light Dragoon."

"Indeed kind sir, a soldier's life with me would not agree,
And never shall I bind myself down from my liberty.
I live as happy as a prince my mind does tell me so,
So fare you well I'm now going down my shuttle for to throw."

"It's are you in a hurry or are you going away,
Or won't you stop and listen to what I'm going to say?
Or do you live far from this place the same I'd like to know?
And if you please young man," says he, "your name before you go."

"Although I'm in a hurry my dwelling lies not far
My home and habitation lies three miles beyond Armagh.
And Charles Higgins is my name from Armagh Town I came,
I never intend to do a crime I should deny my name."

"Indeed, kind cousin Charles, perhaps you might do worse,
Then come with me and bind yourself and list in the "Black Horse."
With all his kind persuasion with him I did agree,
To leave my native country boys and fight for liberty.

Farewell to my old father likewise my sisters three,
And to my poor old mother while shedding tears for me.
While I go down through Charlestown they'll all run is my mind
I think of my friends in Galway and the girl I left behind.

Jimmy Houghton, Isle of Doagh

(Also known as "The Light Horse")

Denis McDaid, Jimmy Houghton, Corney McDaid are but three of many who sing this fine song in Inishowen. It is interesting to note the version given here that "Carlow" is not the place in question to where they are travelling through but Charlestown (Co's Sligo, Mayo) and Galway.

See *O'Lochlainn - Irish Street Ballads No 17*, (O'Lochlainn collected his version from the late Seamus Ennis' mother in 1915)

No. 9 - The Blackwater Side

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Blackwater Side'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'As I roved out one ev - en - ing down by a sha - dy grove, I litt - le thought that I'd be caught all in the chains of love. Re - turn - ing to my dwell - ing place where I first did re - side, I espied a maid from Er - in's Isle round the Black - wa - ter side.'

As I roved out one evening down by a shady grove,
I little thought that I'd be caught all in the chains of love.
Returning to my native place where I first did reside,
I espied a maid from Erin's Isle round the Blackwater side.

I stood a while condoling, not knowing what to do,
Still thinking on some remedy my mind for to subdue.
And as I embraced this comely maid she answered in reply,
"You're company don't ask of me down by the Blackwater Side."

"If your a snare of evil come here for to destroy,
My virgin blooms this afternoon I hope you'll pass me by.
I've neither houses nor free land but God to be my guide,
A servant maid I will remain all on the Blackwater Side."

"If you be poor do not endure to live in poverty,
For I have money plenty to serve both you and me.
And while I have a shilling it's with you I'll divide,
Now haste you to Americay from the Blackwater side."

She gave consent away we went her passage I did pay,
Unknown to both her parents bound for Americay.
From Belfast quay we sailed away all on the flowing tide,
She bid farewell to all her friends round the Blackwater Side.

Now she's the mistress of my heart and hand and all my property,
Sure I have money plenty to serve both her and me.
She's mistress of my heart and hand she's my beloved bride,
She'll bless the day she sailed away from the Blackwater Side.

Packie McGonagle, Isle of Doagh

This is another Northern song. There are many Blackwaters in Ireland but the one mentioned here is in the North as Belfast Quay seemed to be the point of departure for the two lovers.

Packie McGonagle from the Isle of Doagh sang this song in the early hours of a Saturday in Ballyliffin after a very enjoyable Sheepdog Owners' Association Dinner and Dance in January, 1987.

The song deals with the meeting of a returned exile and a maid from Erin's Isle who bewitches him with her beauty. He eventually wins her favour because "he has money plenty" and they both sail away from the Blackwater Side.

See *Laws No. 01* and *Moulden "Songs of The People" (a selection from Sam Henry, Belfast 1979) No 6 called the Bannwater Side*. The Blackwater side in the Sam Henry Collection is a completely different song.

No. 10 - I'm Bidding Adieu



Sure there is a farm in old Ire - land an' they call it now sweet Tra - lee, 'Twas
there I spent my child - hood days a - round those hills with glee. Till
pov - er - ty came ov - er me I'm sorr - y to re - late, And like
man - y's a nother poor Ir - ish man I was forced to em - ig - rate.

Sure there is a farm in old Ireland and they call it now sweet Tralee,
'Twas there I spent my childhood days around those hills with glee,
Till poverty came over me, I'm sorry to relate,
And like many's another poor Irishman I was forced to emigrate.

Chorus:

So I'm bidding adieu to old Ireland and I'm leaving the Shamrock Shore,
Crossing the foam from my Irish home the home we all adore.
Our hearts being sad the weather being bad which caused our crops
to fail,
And to better our lot we are leaving the spot and they call it Granuaile

Oh! they say there's luck in a foreign land, there's health and wealth
galore,

The darkest day before the dawn, there's brighter days in store.
We have Irish hearts and willing hands we'll toil both night and day,
And we'll never forget the kind friends we left in old Ireland far
away.

But of course we will return again and end our honest toil,
Where the boys and girls will meet with us and greet us with a smile.
Old Barney Moore will play his pipes as he did in days of yore,
And we'll dance a reel or and Irish jig on the good old barn floor.

Maggie McGee, Slavery, Bunclrana



Packie McGonigle, Isle of Doagh. (Photo: Jimmy McBride)



John Walker enjoys Paddy Hegarty and Corney McDaid singing a humorous song in the Rock Bar, Muff in 1985 (Photo: Tom Munnelly)

No. 11 - The Blind Beggar's Daughter

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Blind Beggar's Daughter'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The lyrics are: 'There was a blind beggar a long time ago, He had but one daughter her cheeks were aglow. She was neat and well-featured in every degree, And the neighbours all called her their Bonnie Betty.'

There was a blind beggar, a long time ago,
He had but one daughter, her cheeks were aglow.
She was neat and well-featured in every degree,
And the neighbours all called her their bonnie Betty.

As Betty was walking along the highway,
She met with a fairy, who to her did say:
"Tis in the King's parlour your living shall be,
And happy's the man who gets bonnie Betty."

'Twas early next morning as Betty arose,
Said she to her father: "I must get some clothes.
And go seek my fortune wherever it be"
And the favour was granted to bonnie Betty.

The first came to court her was a merchant so bright,
He courted bold Betty by day and by night.
He called her his jewel, his joy, his machree,
"Will you name me your father, my bonnie Betty."

The next came to court her was a captain so slight,
And he courted fair Betty by day and by night.
"My ships that I sail in, I'll swap them for thee,
If you name me your father, my bonnie Betty."

The next came to court her - a squire by full right,
He came to court Betty by day and by night.
He called her his jewel his joy and machree,
"Will you name me your father, my bonnie Betty?"

"His marks and his tokens I'll tell them to thee,
My father is kind every day unto me,
But he's led by a dog, with a chain and a bell,
And he's called the Blind Beggar from St. Columb's Well!"

"Hold! Hold!" said the merchant "her I will not take."
"Hold! Hold!" said the captain "her I will forsake."
"Hold! Hold!" said the squire, "let the beggar lass be,
She's a thousand times welcome, my bonnie Betty."

When the squire counted down the best of his store,
The blind beggar left down a full thousand pounds more.
Now the couple got married and live at their ease,
And the bonnie brave girl can do as she'll please.

Oh, such a gay gatherin' never was seen,
As came to Bett's wedding on St. Columb's Green!

Mary Anne Canny, Dunaff

Mary Anne Canny sang fragments of this song for me. She heard it sung at a big night in her youth in her native Dunaff. On examining the words in "Come all Ye's" (Derry Journal n.d.) she recalled the complete song.

This song is a localised version of a very long song called "The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green." St. Columb's Green and St. Columb's Well, both in Derry, are substituted for Bednall Green. See *Laws Catalogue N27*.

No. 12 - The Bonnie Green Tree

As I went a walk - ing one fine summ - er's ev - en - ing, A
fine summ - er's eve - ning it happ - ened to be. I es -
pied a wee lass she ap - peared like an an - gel. She was
herd - ing her sheep on the side of Glen - shee.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. There is a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the fourth staff.

As I went a walking one fine summer's evening,
A fine summer's evening it happened to be.
I espied a wee lass she appeared like an angel,
She was herding her sheep on the side of Glenshee.

I stepped up to her and for to view her,
Says I "My wee lassie you've sore wounded me.
I will make you my bride of a high birth and fortune,
If you shelter me under your bonnie green tree."

"You are a high man of high birth and honour,
And I am a poor girl of low, low degree.
Your parents would be angry and call me a rascal,
If you were to marry a poor girl like me."

"What care have I for my friends, lovely Molly?
My friends or my neighbours they care not for me.
I will make you my bride of a high birth and fortune,
If you shelter my under your bonnie green tree."

They both fell asleep in each others arms,
Talking about love and their wedding day.
Oh! but when she awoke there was no one beside,
She was under the shade of the bonnie green tree.

Now all pretty fair maids take this as a warning,
Never to mind what a young man may say.
For first he will court you and call you his darling,
Ah and then he will leave you as my love left me.

Maggie McGee, Bunrana

See "Ceol" IV (1) January, 1972

T. Munnelly article "The Man and His Music" - John Reilly

Also Disc "Bonnie Green Tree" (J. Reilly) Topic 12T359 (1978)



Paddy Hegarty listening to Corney McDaid singing in the Rock Bar, Muff in 1985. (Photo: Tom Munnelly)

No. 13 - Burnfoot Town

It's just six miles from Derr-y to the spot of Bor-der fame, It
nest-les in be- tween the hills I am sure you heard it's name. For
long it was a vill-age small but now it's com-ing round, A
par - a - dise for rack - et-eers they call it Burn-foot Town.

It is just six miles from Derry to the spot of border fame,
It nestles in between the hills, I am sure you heard its name.
For long it was a village small but now it's coming round,
A paradise for racketeers and they call it Burnfoot Town.

Shops and stores are springing up like mushrooms overnight,
And every man has got a plan to seek a building site.
The contractors and architects with their tape-line stroll around,
They must have measured every field around the Burnfoot Town.

There's great big fancy signposts for everyone to see,
And petrol pumps of every kind sell Esso and B.P.
The attendants are most courteous and I'll bet you a pound,
They'd rub holes in your windscreen at the pumps in Burnfoot Town.

If you have a lady love now bring her, don't forget,
And buy her diamond hosiery fully fashioned or fishnet.
Or a gold expanding bracelet-watch at ten or twenty pound,
You're money it is jet propelled at the shops in Burnfoot Town.

DeValera he once said "Partition it must go,"
The racketeering it must end as everyone must know.
Those great big fancy signposts one day will all come down
And when Ireland's free prosperity will leave the Burnfoot Town^{wm}

Owen Kelly, Lower Illies

Reputedly composed by the late Tom Molloy who ran a fine hostelry where many a song was chanted and many a verse was written - alas! this hostelry that once was one of the major house of song, mirth and laughter in Inishowen is now a veterinary clinic.

It tells, tongue in cheek, of how the racketeers set about to 'clean up' in the area during and after the second World War.

Their shops stand silent and derelict today in Burnfoot Town.



John Walker, Fahan at a Video Recording session in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana in 1986. (Photo: Camera Darkrooms, Derry)

No. 14 - Cailín Deas Cruite na mBó

As I roved out one fine summers morn when birds surely turned on each tree, I
 heard a wee girl sing mel- od-ious as she sat milk-ing her cow. Her
 voice it was chant ing mel- od-ious that left me scare ab-le to -go. For me
 heart it is smooth ed in sol- ace by this Cail-in deas Cru ite na mBó.

As I roved out one fine summer's morning,
 When birds sweetly tuned on each tree.
 I heard a fair maid sing melodious
 As she sat a milking her cow.
 Her voice it was chanting melodious
 That left me scare able to go.
 For my heart it is soothed in solace
 By this Cailín deas Cruite na mBó.

With courtesy I did salute her,
 "Goodmorrow, most amiable maid
 I'm your captive and slave for the future"
 "Kind sir do not banter" she said.
 "For I'm not a precious rare jewel,
 That I should enamour you so.
 I am but a plain country girl,
 Said this Cailín deas Cruite na mBó.

"The Indies afford no such jewels,
 So precious and transparently fair,
 Oh! do not to my flame add fuel,
 But consent for to love me my dear,
 Take pity and grant my desire,
 And leave me no longer in woe,
 Oh! love me or else I'll expire
 Sweet Cailín deas Cruite na mBó."

"I beg you, withdraw and don't tease me.
I cannot consent unto thee,
I like to live single and airy,
Till more of the world I do see,
Oh! had I the lamp of Alladin,
Or had I his genie also.
I'd rather live poor on a mountain
With my Cailín deas Crúite na mBó."

"An old maid is like an old almanac,
Quite useless when once out of date.
If her ware is not sold in the morning,
At noon it must fall to low rate,
The fragrance of May is soon over,
The rose loses its beauty you know,
All bloom is consumed in October,
Sweet Cailín deas Crúite na mBó."

"A young maid is like a ship sailing,
There's no knowing how long she may steer,
For with every blast she's in danger,
Oh consent love and banish all care.
For riches I care not a farthing,
Your affection I want and no more,
In comfort I'd wish to enjoy you,
My Cailín deas Crúite na mBó."

(Also called "The Fair Maid a Milking Her Cow")

This song is popular in many parts of Ireland. I collected this version from Jimmy Grant in his home in 1987. He learned it from a man called Charlie Sweeney from West Donegal who was hired in Tom Hegarty's in the Marraghs in 1928

See *Journal of Folk Song Society (England) No. 2*

No. 15 - Captain Colster

My name is Cap-tain Col-ster a he-ro stout and bold, That
fought his way through land and sea that nev-er was con-trolled. From the
elev-enth unt-to the twen-ti-eth we sailed a-cross the sea, Brought
Fath-er Matt-hew's med-als out to A-mer-ic-ay.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Captain Colster'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are: 'My name is Cap-tain Col-ster a he-ro stout and bold, That fought his way through land and sea that nev-er was con-trolled. From the elev-enth unt-to the twen-ti-eth we sailed a-cross the sea, Brought Fath-er Matt-hew's med-als out to A-mer-ic-ay.'

My name is Captain Colster a hero stout and bold,
That fought his way through land and sea and never was controlled.
From the eleventh until the twentieth they sailed across the sea,
Brought Father Matthew's medals out to Americay.

When the pleasure trip was over and bound for bed that night,
The captain he came up on deck to see if all was right.
He say "Brave boys you don't go down or think of any sleep,
For in less than a few hours you will be slumbering in the deep."

The enemy is approaching across the western sea,
They'll rob us of our property going to Americay.
This pirate ship came up to us, they ordered us to stand,
Your gold and precious loading we quickly do command.

The battle it was raging while blood in streams did flow,
And the captain and his merry men the pirates did o'er throw.
Your gold and precious loading you must give up this day,
There is not one soul you have on board you'll bring to Americay.

It's out speaks Captain Colster a hero stout and bold,
"It's in the bottom I shall lie before I'll be controlled."
It's up jumped every boy and his true-love by his side,
They fought their way right manfully down by the bulwark side.

(Also called Captain Colston)

Sung by Jimmy Houghton, it is but a fragment of a more complete song. This bold captain and his crew and passengers thrash the living daylight out of the pirates and bring their ship as a prize to America. Perhaps their great strength came from the fact that they were carrying a "cargo" of Fr. Matthew Medals. Joseph Ranson in his "*Song of the Wexford Coast*" (Enniscorthy 1948) gives the following verse No. 5

*"The number of his passengers were three hundred and sixty two,
And they were all tee-totallers, except one or two.*

*The lemonade was passed around to nourish them at sea,
And Father Matthew's medals they wore unto Americay."*

A longer broadsheet text from Bebbington of Manchester is reprinted in Robert L. Wrights "*Irish Emigrant Ballads and Songs*" (Bowling Green 1975) pages 290-91.

See also Paddy Tunney's L.P. "*The Flowery Vale*" Topic 12TS 289 (1976)

No. 16 - Charming Buachaill Roe

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Charming Buachaill Roe'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'Come all ye loy - al her - oes, come list - en un - to me. Till I sing yous a verse or two of my loves des - tin - Y. For the lad that I loved so dear - ly from my heart was forced to go, And oh how I loved him dear - ly he's my charm - ing Buach - aill Roe'.

Come all you loyal heroes, come listen unto me,
Till I sing yous a verse or two of my love's destiny.
For the lad that I love so dearly from my heart was forced to go,
And oh how I loved him dearly, he's my charming buachaill roe.

He was a youth undaunted his age being twenty three,
And for to serve this nation his equal never could be.
With two bright eyes and rosy cheeks, his skin as white as snow,
And oh! how I loved him dearly, he's my charming buachaill roe.

He was a youth undaunted of courage and noble blood,
And for the cause of Ireland in the battlefield he stood.
He never yet retreated though his wounds were deep and sore,
And oh! how I loved him dearly, he's my charming buachaill roe.

The gentle thrush foresakes the bush the blackbird too must go,
With the rise of consternation bewails my buachill roe.
The gentle thrush foresakes the bush the blackbird too must go,
And oh how I loved him dearly he's my charming buachaill roe.

Lough Erne now is clouded with a heavy mist of rain,
And so is Eniskillen where my true-love does remain.
I'll build my true-love a castle on the banks of Lough Erne's shore,
And I'll plant the walks with laurels for my charming buachaill roe.

Denis McDaid, Isle of Doagh



(Above) Jim McGonigle, Cloontagh at Sheepdog Trials, Pollon Green, Ballyliffin in August 1987 (Photo: Jimmy McBride)
(Below) Pat Mulhern, Fallask playing a tune during a Video Recording session in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana, 1986.
(Photo: Camera Darkrooms, Derry)



No. 17 - The Coalmine

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/8 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "In an old black-smiths forge when harv-est was oerfive men sat and whisp-ered low They talked a - bout coal and where it was foundon their mindwasthis not-ion I know. There was Patt-on and Don-ell-y's cheap mutt-on men Al-phons-us of cycling re- nown, Mc Kenn-a the smith who said I think this is great and Bry-son from Ball-y-der owen."

In an old blacksmith's forge when the harvest was over,
Five men sat and whispered so low,
They talked about coal and where it was found,
On their minds was this notion I know.
There was Patton and Donnelly's "cheap mutton men",
Alphonsus of cycling renown,
McKenna, the smith, who said, "I think this is great,"
And Bryson from Ballyderowen.

Now the next day was Sunday according to plan,
The "big five" set out for the hill,
Said McKenna and Cuffe "It's wonderful stuff,
In a month's time we'll be all millionaires."
When they got to the top, to a place called Mallore,
They were joined by a real mountain man,
His moustache it was curly he looked awful burly,
His name was McLaughlin Dan.

Now Dan brought a shovel, a pick and a spade,
And Bryson he said, "This is fine.
We'll just go where you say and we'll make no delay,
And we'll cut the first sod of the mine."
After tramping for hours they sat down to rest,
Every man hungry and dry.
When Alphonsus produced a big bottle of milk,
Says McKenna, "Stout would go high."

Now the heat of the day made them lazy to rise,
No further they wanted to climb.
When McKenna looked back saying "Boys don't get slack,
Sure it's coal we want every time."
Far away in the distance some black thing they spied,
Says Patton "We're poor no more!!"
Dan let a roar, saying, "Hurrah for Mallore,
And the boys that discovered the mine."

But soon their hopes were all dashed to the ground,
Alphonsus he nearly went blind.
'Twas a dirty old crow that was left lying low
They mistook it to be a coal mine.
But not the least daunted they started to dig,
And like pigs they kept snuggling the ground.
Bryson took stock of each lump of rock,
And Patton kept writing it down.

As darkness was falling for home they got going,
And with 'kiln-ribs' their pockets did line.
Saying "If these fellows burn then we will return,
With a grant for to open the mine."
Early next morning the fire was lighted,
And into it these bits they did throw.
Says McKenna, "stand back", when it started to crack,
And right into the air it did go.

The miners stood speechless, not one of them spoke,
Till Bryson at last broke the spell
Saying "Boys do not fret, we have turf galore yet,
Let the coal and the mine go to hell."

Another song attributed to the late Tom Molloy of Burnfoot - so our singer Paddy McCallion who was a frequent visitor to Molloy's, testifies.

It relates the adventures of several locals who decided that there was a possibility of a fortune to be made if coal could be found locally. Their coal prospecting expedition ended abruptly when they tried samples in the fire and it began to "Crack into the air".

No. 18 - Cottage with the Horseshoe o'er the Door

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and folk-like. Below the staves, the lyrics are written in a small font, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "I'm a true born Ir-ish man and they call me Pal-ace Dan, I was born and reared in Ire-land you must know - - - - - And it's soon I'm go-ing back for to vis-it that old shack, That's the cott-age with the horse-shoe o'er the door."

I'm a true born Irish man and they call me *Palace Dan*,
I was born and reared in Ireland you must know.
And it's soon I'm going back for to visit that old shack,
That's the cottage with the horse-shoe o'er the door.

I'm light-hearted young and free, I'm as happy as can be,
But many's a time my heart it does feel sore.
When I think of days I've seen round that little isle of green,
That's the cottage with the horse-shoe o'er the door.

Now my father he is dead and he lies beneath the soil,
And my poor mother she's left weeping there alone.
May the holy angels shine round that happy cot of mine,
That's the cottage with the horse-shoe o'er the door.

Pat McDaid, Slavery, BunCrana

An exile returns to his native heath, recalls times past and the place where he was born and mourns those whom he knew and are gone.

(Continued from Page 49)

Carey of course was excused and given a safe passage out of Ireland. He subsequently met a Donegal man by the name of Pat O'Donnell on board ship off the South African coast and during a heated argument O'Donnell shot Carey and took his life.

The O'Donnell connection explains why the song was popular in Donegal.

This is one of many songs inspired by the aforementioned "Phoenix Park Murders".

See also "*Lamentable lines of Joe Brady and Dan Curley*" in *Zimmermann* page 281-2.

For more songs relating to Pat O'Donnell see *McFarland - McBride*, "*My Parents Reared Me Tenderly*", (*Bunrana* 1985)



Paddy Doherty, Paddy McCallion and Pat Mulhern, (Fiddle) listening to Pat McDaid during a Video Recording session in the Brass Rail Bar, Bunrana in 1986. (Photo: Camera Darkrooms, Derry)

No. 19 - Dan Curley

On the eight - eenth of May for my re - cre - at - ion By the
banks of the Liff - ey I chanced for to stay. The
green fields and mead - ows with flow - ers were spang - led The
birds sweet - ly sang and the lambs they did play.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Dan Curley'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The music ends with a double bar line.

On the eighteenth of May for my recreation,
By the banks of the Liffey I chanced for to stray.
The green fields and meadows with flowers were spangled,
The birds sweetly sang and the lambs they did play.

I espied a poor woman all dressed in deep mourning,
A babe at her bosom she tenderly bore.
She cried with emotion "Alas your dear father-
My husband Dan Curley I'll see him no more."

I stepped up to her, says I "My dear woman,
You seem heavy burdened with sorrow and woe.
Has some naughty landlord to you been cruel,
The cause of your sorrow, I'd like for to know."

"Kind sir," she replied, "the truth I will tell you,
My bosom is wrecked and my head almost bored.
For the Phoenix Park murders my husband has suffered,
And now in this wide world I'll see him no more."

"James Carey, that false-hearted traitor of Erin,
To gain a reward informer he turned.
By informing on others he escaped from the gallows,
Oh, my husband Dan Curley, I'll see him no more."

May he be evicted may his wife be a widow,
May his children grow wanderers from Erin's green shore.
May the curse of each orphan and widow light on him,
My husband, Dan Curley, I'll see him no more."

"On the eighteenth of May for the Phoenix Park murders,
Lord Cavendish and Burke lay all in their gore.
'Twas by Carey's advice these crimes were committed,
My husband, Dan Curley, I'll see him no more."

"He is gone from this wide world but a short while before me,
I hope we'll rejoin on the next happy shore.
Where the angels of glory they sing God's praises,
I'll meet my Dan Curley and we'll part never more."

This song is one of several I collected from my late father, James McBride who resided in Sighthill, Glasgow.

It relates the sadness and sorrow of a young widow who mourns the loss of her dear husband, Dan Curley. A Dublin song - it recalls the events of May 1882 when a four man group know as "The Invincibles" attacked and stabbed to death the newly appointed Chief Secretary Lord Frederick Cavendish and the Under Secretary Mr. Burke while they walked towards their Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park. The culprits escaped from the scene of the crime by sidecar and headed through Chapelizod entered the city of Dublin undetected. A massive hunt for the perpetrators of the deed was mounted but despite the most exhaustive investigations and the reward of ten thousand pounds, the authorities were unable to arrest anyone.

A Robert Farrell, informer, notified the authorities in January, 1883 that certain men, members of the Invincibles were engaged in a conspiracy to murder members of the government.

On the 12th January, 1883 eleven men were arrested and charged with the double murder of the previous May.

However no evidence was available to convict these men. One of the eleven, James Carey entered the dock and turned Queen's evidence against his comrades. After a lengthy trial the prisoners were found guilty and five of them; Joe Brady, Daniel Curley, Michael Fagan, Thomas Caffery and Timothy Kelly were executed in May 1883. The other prisoners were sentenced to long periods of imprisonment.

(Continued on Page 47)

No. 20 - Darling Son

When I was but a young-ster bold, sure thought I would like to roam, Like
man-y's an - oth er fool -ish lad sure I had no thought on home. My
kind old friends a - round me thought a lot too much of me, And I
left my dear old home -stead and I went a - way to sea.

When I was but a younaster bold sure I thought I'd like to roam
Like many's another foolish lad I had no thoughts for home.
My kind old friends around me thought a lot, too much of me,
And I left my dear old homestead and I went away to sea.

My father he thus said to me, "Be always kind and true,
My prayers will be both night and day that God may watch o'er
you."

As for my mother she couldn't speak the day I went away,
She threw her arms around my neck and this to me did say.

Chorus:

"Oh! may God be with you darling son wherever you may roam,
Let no false pride make you forget the loving ones at home,
Good bye, God Bless you darling son," so sadly she did cry,
And while I have life I'll never forget my mother's last good-bye.

The very next day I sailed in style to a bright land far away,
To toil beneath the burning sun for many's a dreary day.
And as I had my wish for gold it often ran in my mind,
My father's kind and loving words my mother's last good-bye.

Now my days of trouble are o'er and I have gold in store,
I counted out my jewels and sailed for home once more.
As the big ship bore me out across the great Atlantic foam,
I counted every hour and day that brought me nearer home.

I landed, but alas, too late my parents both were dead,
My gold it had no charm for me since all my joys had fled.
But I hope to meet those loving ones in a bright land far away,
And often in my dreams I hear my mother always say.

Sadie McGonagle, Slavery
Denis McDaid, Isle of Doagh

(Also known as "My Mother's last good-bye.")

Collected all over Ireland and very common in Inishowen. This is Denis McDaid's version. I have failed to find reference to it in any catalogue.



Corney McDaid singing in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana, 1985
(Photo: John P. Coyle, Derry)

No. 21 - Deep Sheephaven Bay

The sand - y banks the grand old caves that far off dis - tant lands, The
bill - ows roar on Mul - roy Bay and Down - ings glittering sands. My
bonn - ie blue - eyed Mar - y and her shawl of Gal - way grey. And my
home up - on the green hill - side a - bove Sheep Hav - en Bay.

On a bonnie summer's morning being on the eight of May,
As the tender steamed down Lough Foyle we sailed from
Moville Bay
The liner raised her anchor and we'll soon be miles away.
From my home above the green hillside above Sheephaven Bay.

I was banished from my native home, that home where I was born,
I oft' times think of the dear old spot and the fields of yellow corn.
Where the fishing fleet's at anchor on a bonnie summer's day,
Near my home upon the green hillside above Sheephaven Bay.

The sandy banks - the grand old caves, that far off distant land,
The billows roar on Mulroy Bay and Downing glittering sand.
My bonnie blue-eyed Mary in her shawl of Galway grey,
And my home upon the green hillside above Sheephaven Bay.

My step is getting feeble and my race is nearly o'er,
I hope that God will guide me back to old Tirconnell's shore,
And may I sleep in that old churchyard for this I daily pray,
Near my home upon the green hillside above Sheephaven Bay.

Farewell, farewell my native land, farewell to Erin's Shore,
Farewell to Cloughaneely and the green fields of Gweedore.
I may never see the Rosses or my Mary far away,
Nor my home upon the green hillside above Sheephaven Bay.

A favourite song of emigration in Donegal. Sheephaven Bay lies west of Inishowen beyond Fanad and Rossguill - a beautiful inlet of water washing the shores of Downings, Ards and ending almost at Creeslough Town. The song is sung in every townland in west Inishowen.

This version comes from the singing of Mary Anne Canny and Paddy McCallion.



Michael (Mack) Devlin, Bocarnagh, Clonmany photographed during the Sheepdog Trials, Pollan Green, Ballyliffin, August, 1987.

(Photo: Jimmy McBride)

No. 22 - Duggan's Dancing School

The musical score is written on four staves in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "In Paris or in Lon-don you'll find some dan-cing halls, But the one that I have in my mind ex -ceeds them one and all, For be -neath this roof in days of yore a school teacher did rule. But now it is a dan-cing hall called Duggan's Dancing School."

In Paris or in London you'll find some dancing halls,
But the one that I have in my mind exceeds them one and all,
For beneath this roof in days of yore a schoolteacher did rule,
But now it is a dancing hall called Duggan's dancing school.

In former days he slaughtered beef and sold it by the pound,
And with a basket on his back he went from town to town.
But when his name it grew to fame he dropped his slaughtering tools,
And invested all his money in his far-famed dancing school.

Now when in this hall there is a ball they come from near and far,
From Glenswilly to Creeslough and from that to Carrigart.
And from the banks of sweet Mulroy with its waters clear and cool,
They gather in to sing and dance in Duggan's dancing school.

And when on the stage those men of age perform with might and main,

And on the floor close to the door you can hear them shout "Up Glen".

At the door two gallant youths do stand true to Paddy's rule,
You've got to pay your 'one and three' to enter Duggan's school.

Now around this hall in summertime it is a pretty sight,

Where the heather and the wild rose bloom with any heart's delight.
And when Owencarrow's royal fern that grows so sweet and tall,
You'd swear the birds were singing "Paddy Duggan's Dancing
Hall."

Now long life to Paddy Duggan and his good aul' Irish name,

Although a Duggan never died upon the field of fame.

I wish him luck with all my heart may the "Gap" be always full,
Of boys and girls from every part in Duggan's Dancing School.

Pat McGonagle, Cloontagh

This song from west Donegal, more precisely Drumnaraw near
Creelough

Pat McGonagle learned this song from the late Harry "The
Burn" Alcorn from Horn Head, Dunfanaghy in north-west Donegal.
Harry, a fisherman, who died all too early in 1987 was a well-known
singer in his own locality and Pat McGonagle learned quite a few songs
from him and now sings them regularly. He learned "Nora Lynch"
See *McFarland - McBride "My Parents Reared Me Tenderly"* (*Bun-
crana, 1985*) and another fine song called *Turlogh Óg O'Boyle* which
hopefully will appear in a future collection.

No. 23 - The Evergreen

As I ram-bled out one eve-ning not far a-way from home, In a
spot in aul Clon-man - y way down in In - ish- owen. And
as I stood I gazed a-round as I oft times done be- fore, And its
called for fine wood the wild woods of Glack- more.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Evergreen'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The music is a simple melody with some rests and a final double bar line.

As I rambled out one evening not far away from home,
In a spot in aul Clonmany 'way down in Inishowen.
And as I stood I gazed around as I oft times done before,
And it's called for fine wood, the wild woods of Glackmore.

I gazed around this lovely spot it's charming to be seen,
And in a spot among the rocks I spied the evergreen.
The evergreen's a pretty tree and she grows so straight and tall,
And they are few and far between in dear old Donegal.

Oh! the thrush and lovely blackbird, they tune their notes in spring,
They fly about from bower to branch and sweetly they do sing.
They fly about from bower to branch they're charming to be seen,
As each of them sing their warbling notes as they top the evergreen.

I looked up at yonder mountain it is sometimes called a hill,
With a monument on top of it, it gives every little rill.
A monument that stands so high it's plain for to be seen,
When the west wind blows the Atlantic spray it shades the
evergreen.

I looked up at yonder valley through every nook and fern,
And I notice that old river that runs through Meentagh Glen.
It runs along quite smoothly, 'tis charming to be seen,
And it nods it's head in the river bed that flows by the evergreen.

It runs along quite smoothly and through the primrose glen,
Until it reaches Meendoran Bridge and there it meets a friend.
They both flow on together with every little stream,
And it flows down through Clonmany with all it's marshy green.

But with it's plain and fair demesnes there nothing can be seen,
Like the charming little valley that grows the evergreen.

This song is local and was composed by Charlie Harkin, grandfather of the McGonigles of Cloontagh on the mother's side. It aptly describes his own native townland and some coniferous trees that were planted there. Jim McGonigle sang it to me at a session in his own home in early 1987.



Corney McDaid, Buncrana and the famous traditional singer, Kevin Mitchell, formerly Derry and now living in Glasgow, during a singing session in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana. October 1987.

(Photo: Jimmy McBride)

No. 24 - Erin's Lovely Home

When I was young and in my prime my age being twen-ty one, I
act-ed as a ser- vant un- to a gen- tle man. I
served him true and hon- est and ver- y well it is known, Till
cru- el-ty he ban- ished me from Er- in's Love- ly Home

When I was young and in my prime my age being twenty one,
I acted as a servant unto a gentle man.
I served him true and honest and very well 'tis known,
Till cruelty he banished me from Erin's Lovely Home.

The reason why he banished me I mean to let you hear,
I'll own I loved his daughter and she loved me as dear.
She said "My dearest William, if with me you will roam,
We'll bid adieu to all our friends in Erin's Lovely Home.

When we arrived at Belfast 'twas at the break of day,
My true love she got ready, our passage for to pay.
One thousand pounds she counted down saying "This will be your
own,
So love don't mourn for those you have left in Erin's Lovely Home."

And what did follow after I'll quickly let you hear,
It was a few hours later her father did appear.
He marched me back to Omagh Jail in the County of Tyrone,
From there I was transported from Erin's Lovely Home.

As I awaited sentence, before I sailed away,
My love she came to the jail, these words to me did say.
"Cheer up your heart don't be dismayed, for you I'll never disown,
Until you do return again to Erin's Lovely Home. "

Dan McGonigle, Isle of Doagh

This fine ballad was widely circulated through Broadsheets at the end of the last century. It describes the fate of a young servant boy who falls in love with his master's daughter - she elopes with him but is pursued by her father who returns him to Omagh Jail. He is sentenced to transportation, that dreaded punishment meted out to many Irishmen in the eighteenth and nineteenth century. However he is consoled by the parting promise of his lover.

See O'Lochlainn "Irish Street Ballads", Laws Catalogue No. M6 and Ord "Bothy Songs and Ballads" Also Ceol 3

Camp. To my sad surprise to,
 Find all was a dream,
 While Lolly Caid & Waggon,
 Are passing by in lanes,
 Reminds me of my dreaming of,
 Erin's lovely shore.

So I finish with these simple lines
 I would or I will say,
 To every Irish Immigrant that
 Goes far far away,
 So stay let home, for if you're
 Dead your heart will yet be sore,
 For bright days are dawning
 round Erin's lovely shore.

Written by
 Jesse Dunlop

To Dear Mrs.
 with sincerest regards
 And a hearty Good Wish

Our Loving Remembrance of the
 Factory at Middletown
 where we all spent happy
 days together.

Tora, Martin
 Jessie Dunlop
 Kate Harten
 Mary Coll
 Alice Gallagher
 Bess Gallagher
 Maggie Coll
 Sarah, McDruis
 Rosa, McDruis
 Minnie O'Donnell
 Mary Gallagher

And with the rest of your
 Factory Friends
 Jessie Dunlop
 M.aghmagallie

Two Handwritten pages (reduced) of song. Erin's Lovely Shore
 (See Page 60)

No. 25 - Erin's Lovely Shore

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Erin's Lovely Shore'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'I am an Irish exile girl which fate has caused to roam. To a distant land far, far away from friends and native home. Whilst dwelling among strangers here as many have done before. My peasant longing heart still yearns for Erin's lovely shore.'

I am an Irish exile girl which fate has caused to roam,
To a distant land far, far away from friends and native home.
Whilst dwelling among strangers here as many have done before,
My peasant longing heart still yearns for Erin's lovely shore.

Oh! many's the time I ponder on the happy days gone by,
When I think on my comrade girls I do sit down and cry.
One night I dreamt a happy dream that my exile days, were o'er,
And I returning home again to Erin's lovely shore.

I dreamt the ocean liner stood, well rigged the waves upon,
With mast and helm and rigging fair and I just stepping on.
I saw my comrades on the beach as the deck I travelled o'er,
I bid farewell - I am now bound for Erin's lovely shore.

Our gallant ship did swiftly sail across the ocean wide,
And soon we heard the land rose waves speak through the Irish tide.
We saw the Irish hilltops green and mountains tall once more,
And oh! but I felt happy then in sight of Erin's lovely shore.

And next upon our own good train through Barney's Gap rolled down,
And onward towards McCarthy's Glen and then to Creeslough
Town.

I met my little sister there much taller than before,
And little boys now grown to men round Erin's lovely shore.

I could not understand them they spoke so strange, I thought,
But oh, it was the Gaelic tongue to them once more was taught
The harp of Gaelic music shed o'er hills and dales once more,
And Gaelic sounded everywhere round Erin's lovely shore.

With the bustle of a wagon and the trample of a train,
Awoke me to my sad surprise to find all was a dream.
The trolley cars and wagons are passing by the score,
Reminding me of my dreaming of Erin's lovely shore.

To finish with these simple lines a word or two I'll say,
To every Irish emigrant who goes far, far away.
Just stay at home for if you's don't your hearts will yet be sore,
For brighter days are dawning round Erin's lovely shore.

Bridie Duffy, Glasgow

I got this west Donegal song from my aunt, the late Bridie Duffy. A handwritten copy was in her possession for over fifty years. It was transcribed by Jessie Dunlop on the occasion of Nora Harkin's (my great aunt) departure to America in 1912. A dozen of the girls who worked in the knitting factory in Middletown signed it also to remind Nora of her friends when she was far away in America. It describes an emigrant's dream of home. I have never heard it sung elsewhere nor can I locate any reference to it.

No. 26 - Fair Randalstown

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Fair Randalstown'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single line. The lyrics are printed below the notes. There are several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) throughout the piece. The lyrics are: 'In the sweet count - y Ant - rim' just as we went down. To (a) view that fine cit - y they call Ran - dals - town, Where the wa - ters it runs clear - ly and every - thing nice, It re - minds me of E - den or some par - a - dise.'

In the sweet County Antrim as I did rove down,
To view that fine city they call Randalstown.
Where the waters it runs clearly and everything nice,
It reminds me of Eden or some paradise.

I mounted on horseback a few miles for to ride,
Till I came to a cottage near Kellswater side.
Says I to myself "In this cottage might be,
A maid neat and handsome and she might fit me."

I leapt down of horseback, I went in and sat down,
A maid in the corner I viewed her all around.
Her two cheeks blushed like the rose, her lips a cold red,
Her two eyes shone like the diamonds well placed in her head.

Oh! says I "Pretty Bessie will you come with me,
To the sweet County Antrim where it's married we will be.
Your friends and relations they won't run you down,
For leaving Kellswater and fair Randalstown.

"Your offer it is good sir, I cannot deny,
For to further the acquaintance I cannot comply.
Do you think would it not be a slight on my mind,
For the leaving Kellswater and fair hearts behind."

To the sweet Ballabogie my love you I'll bring,
Where the blackbird does whistle and the nightingale sing.
Where the lark and the linnet they all sing so sweet,
They would all join in chorus and sing you to sleep.

The cuckoo's a pretty bird and sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings and tells us no lies.
She drinks the spring water and keeps her voice clear,
And she only sings "Cuckoo" in the spring of the year.

This is a County Antrim song. Another version of this song was collected by John McCaul (father of the poet P. J. McCall) around Wexford in the middle of the 19th century.

Jimmy Houghton and Denis McDaid both sing this version of the song. Indeed it is a pleasure to hear the two singing it together. Their singing suggests that the idea of "one-man-one-song" is not quite the norm in the Isle of Doagh.

See *National Library M.S. No. 13849 Page 121*

No. 27 - The Fair Town of Greenock

The musical score is written on four staves in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the third staff.

In the fair town of Greenock there lived a wee soldier. That
lov-ed a wee lass- ie that ne'er on him frowned. He
loved this lass dear-ly and she loved him sin- cer- ly. Till
cru- el fate caused him to leave Scott-ish ground.

In the fair town of Greenock there lived a wee soldier,
That loved a wee lassie that ne'er on him frowned.
He loved this lass dearly and she loved him sincerely,
Till cruel fate did cause him to leave Scottish ground.

When the 'Eighteenth Royal' regiment was called out to India,
To fight for old England's Victoria pride.
John had to leave Greenock and sweet Bannockburn,
And the lass he loved dear on the Banks of the Clyde.

On the day that they parted hard hearts might be melted,
To see those two lovers so loyal and true,
She threw her arms around him saying "John do not leave me,
When you're in a strange land, love what will I do?"

On the sixteenth of June when the weather was warm,
John landed in India upon a strange shore.
While John wept in India his lass wept in Scotland,
The lass that will see her true-lover no more.

The sword of a Frenchmen when the rage came upon him,
He pierced his heart through and he fell and he died.
And his last words were, "Greenock and sweet Bannockburn,"
And the lass he loved dear on the banks of the Clyde.

When the news had reached Greenock young Jane was sore wounded,

Like a pilgrim she wandered no rest could she find,
No one could gain her favour as her own darling John did,
The thoughts of her true-love still ran in her mind.

She went down to the quay where her true-love embarked from,
And among the wild waves her life put aside,
Her last word were, "Greenock and sweet Bannockburn",
And the lad she loved dear on the Banks of the Clyde.

Mary Anne Canny, Dunaff

Mary Anne Canny sang this song for me in her home in Dunaff in 1986. I have failed to locate any references to it. It has some aspects in common with "The Paisley Officer" Laws Catalogue (N2). Although I did not collect the aforementioned Paisley Officer in Inishowen, I give it here for comparison purposes. While returning from the Sliabh Gullion Traditional Singers' Festival in Forkhill in 1985, Frank McKenna, the story-teller from Omagh, sang it to Jim McFarland and myself in the car and this is his version of it.

Paisley Officer

In blithe and bonnie Scotland where blue bells they do grow,
There dwelt a comely maiden fair in yonder valley low.
And all day long she tends her flocks upon the banks of Clyde,
Although her lot in life was low, she was the village pride.

An officer from Paisley town came out to fowl one day,
He wandered by yon lowland glen where Mary's cottage lay.
And many a time he came that way and many a visit paid,
Until at length he gained the heart of that fair village maid.

One day he came to Mary and his face was dark with woe,
He says "My dearest Mary it's from you that I must go"
Our regiment has got its route so therefore I must yield,
I must forsake these lowland glens for India's burning field."

No. 28 - Father McFadden

Oh come all you Rom - anCath - ol - ics come list - en to my song. And
like - wise pay at - tent - ion and I'll not de - tain you long. Con -
cern - ing Fath - er Mc Fadd - en who lies in Liff - ord Jail He
was re - mand - ed there for trial the court would grant no bail.

Oh, come all you Roman Catholics and listen to my song,
And likewise pay attention and I'll not detain you long.
Concerning Father McFadden who lies in Lifford Jail,
He was remanded there for trial the court would grant no bail.

The day he was arrested was a Sunday after Mass,
It was Inspector Martin the man who did the arrest.
He caught the priest by the collar with a broad sword in his hand,
Says he "You are my prisoner sir, and you must come along."

The congregation saw their priest arrested at the door,
And David being among the flock he did one stone procure.
He stuck the stone into a sling and by the Lord's command,
He struck Inspector Martin on the ground where he did stand.

Some pailing posts were used by those who fought for liberty,
Their priest they swore for to defend from landlord tyranny.
No cowardly inspector would, their hero take away,
Their 'star and light' they would protect until their dying day.

The people then proceeded for to knock the villain down,
His henchmen flew before them like the hare flees from the hound.
The goodly priest called "Order" but alas, 'twas all in vain,
The inspector lay there lifeless on the ground where he was slain.

They put Martin on a stretcher and to barracks they did go,
To see them going along the road it was a holy show.
The people groaned and booed at them 'twas glorious for to tell,
And to see a sub-inspector on a door going off to hell.

The devil met them on the road he took him by the hand,
Says he, "Inspector Martin I've been waiting for you long.
You were a worthy officer, you did your duty well,
And now I'm going to promote you to the burning pits of hell."

The devil met them on the road Lord Leitrim by his side,
Says he, "Inspector Martin we will have a merry ride."
The flames they won't agree with you, your head is very sore,
You'll curse the day you did stray to a place they call Gweedore."

Adieu to Ballyshannon will I ever see you more,
And many's the happy day I spent along Bundoran's shore.
To my wife and little family I bid a fond farewell,
And now I'm away and I'm bound to stay in the burning pits of hell.

James McBride, Glasgow

This song was composed as a tribute to the late Canon James McFadden, a champion of the people during the harsh landlord rule of the last century. Fr. McFadden was born in the parish of Meevagh near Carrigart in 1842. His native heath was surrounded by the estates of three tyrant landlords, Leitrim, Adair and Olphert. He witnessed the terrible plight of his fellowmen during the harrowing years of the great hunger, 1845-'48. He was ordained by Dr. McGettigan in Armagh in 1871 and was sent to Dohary as a curate. In 1875 he was sent to Gweedore as parish priest - a high honour for a young man. He realised very early on that the tyrant grip of the landlord on the native people had to be broken and he set about organising his parishioners. He formed local branches of the Land League in West Donegal and advised the people to stand up for their rights. He encouraged them not to pay the "Rack Rent" demanded by uncaring landlords and very soon came to the notice of the custodians of the law. He was arrested and imprisoned in Derry Jail in January 1887 for inciting his people.

Mr. Blaine, M.P. for Donegal was a fellow prisoner, having been arrested on a similar charge as the goodly priest. The priest conducted a magnificent defence and was more than able for the legal eagles of the day. However he was sentenced to three months in Derry Jail. On his release he campaigned more vigorously than ever for the cause of his downtrodden people.

In January 1889 a further summons for his arrest was issued and on the morning of Sunday 3rd February, after Mass in Derrybeg, Inspector Martin of the R.I.C. tried to execute the arrest. A scrimmage occurred and in the ensuing melee the Inspector was fatally wounded. Father McFadden engaged his long time friend, Mr. E. O'Doherty, M.P., Solicitor, Buncrana and Derry, to conduct his defence, hence the Inishowen connection.

See P. Tunney *"The Stone Fiddle"* (Dublin 1980) for a version of the song and O'Gallchóir *"History of Landlordism in Donegal"* for a comprehensive description of the events leading up to the death and the trials that took place in Lifford, Letterkenny and Portlaoighise.



The Church and Parochial House at Derrybeg, photographed by James Glass, Derry in May, 1889.

See also Photograph of Father James McFadden on Page 154.



(Above) Another view of Church and Parochial House, showing where Father McFadden was arrested. Photo James Glass, Derry in May, 1889.

(Below) General view of Middletown, Derrybeg by the same photographer.



No. 29 - Father Tom O'Neill

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Father Tom O'Neill'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is simple and folk-like. Below the staves, the lyrics are written in a small font, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: 'There was a widow lived in this place she had three charming sons, Their father died and left them all when they were very young. For a long time she endeavoured to maintain her charming sons, Till the eldest of them became a man at the age of twenty one.'

There was a widow lived in this place she had three charming sons,
Their father died and left them all when they were very young.
For a long time she endeavoured to maintain her charming sons,
Till the eldest of them became a man at the age of twenty one.

One night he discoursed his mother and these words to her did say,
"I'm afraid it will fall on one of us all to travel far away.
Our land is too small to support us all and if you will agree,
I am fully bent and I'm well content a clergyman to be."

His mother was glad to hear these words and thoughts come from
his mind,
She says, "I'll do the best I can to help you charming child."
She then spoke to his brothers and they soon all agreed,
To send him off to college a clergyman for to be.

Now he wasn't long in the college when the Reverend Bishop Brown,
Came round to visit his college boys and view them all around.
He spied this clever young lad he marked him above them all,
He was the first he did discourse when on them he did call.

He says, "Young man, where are you from, come tell to me your
name?"
"I'm from the county of Armagh they call me Tom O'Neill.
My mother is but a widow and we're of a poor degree,
She has done her best endeavour for to make a priest of me."

“Now that Tom O’Neill it is you name,” his Reverence he did say,
“Go study hard by night and day, I’ll soon have you ordained.
Read well the books that they give you here and listen well to me,
And I’ll send you home a credit for your countrymen to see.”

Now when this young man came home ordained his neighbours were
glad to see,

And they all came to welcome him, they came in two’s and three.
Especially his own dear friends to welcome him they run,
There never was such a welcome as was for this poor widow’s son.

There was a man lived in this place he was as rich as a duke or knight,
He had one only daughter and she was a beauty bright.
She said unto her father, “This young man I’m going to see,
For before he went to college he was a schoolboy along with me.”

They were brought into the parlour where they drank ale and wine,
She says, “You are a clever young man I would have you resign.
What makes you be a clergyman you know you are astray?
For a clergyman must rise by night and travel far by day.”

“Why not choose some noble lady whose fortune would be great,
You could have men to work for you and live on a grand estate.
Take me myself as here I stand you know my fortune’s great,
I have ten thousand pounds a year, till death this whole estate.”

“Hold your tongue my noble lady and do not betray your mind,
For if you offered me ten times more I never would resign.
It’s in this holy station that I plan to lead my life,
My dearest dear stay here no more for I’ll ne’er take you my wife.”

It was when he did deny her that this villian she went home,
It wasn’t eight weeks after that her secret she made known.
She swore before a magistrate that he did her beguile,
And when he returned from college she was to him with child.

On the morning of his trial sure it grieved his heart full sore,
For to see his own dear mother it grieved him ten times more.
For to see her son a clergyman his age being twenty three,
To be brought down in the prime of life by cruel perjury.

"Father Tom, what is the reason you won't marry this fair maid?
You should think it a great honour such a lady to obtain."
"I never said I'd marry her or make of her my wife,
For I never had a notion to marry in all my life."

Now since you will not marry her I'll give you to understand,
Seven years you are transported unto Van Diemen's Land.
"It's very bad, it could be worse," brave Father Tom did say,
"But our Saviour suffered more than that when he died on Calvary."

These words were hardly spoken when a horse came as swift as wind,
On its back a rider saying "I hope that I am in time?
I came to call this trial again for it's me that can deny,
She wants two fathers for her son, that's Father Tom and I."

"I do not recall the moment but it's well I mind the spot,
One thousand pounds she gave to me the night the child was got.
Another thousand would be mine if I would not let on,
For she wanted to make a husband out of the Reverend Father Tom."

Then Father Tom put on his hat and he began to smile,
He looked round at his mother saying "God has protected your child."
They smiled at one another when they heard this perjury,
So the villian was found guilty and his reverence came out free.

This version of the popular long song was collected from Owen Kelly in his home in the Illies on a snowy night in January, 1986. Owen learned it from Dickie McDaid, a nephew of Corney McDaid, some years previously. I first heard it recited by the late Mary McLaughlin of Shandrum but she always conveniently forgot the part that described the young lady with child and skipped on to the trial that followed. This song, despite its length is still popular in many parts of Ireland and I remember hearing the late Martin Reidy giving a rendering of it in Marrinan's kitchen in Milltown Malbay during the Willie Clancy Summer School some years ago.

See *Laws Catalogue Q25* and "*Dal gCais - The Journal of Clare*" No8 (1986).



(Above) Jimmy Grant, Meenyanly at a singing session in The Ballyliffin Hotel, 1987. (Photo: Jimmy McBride)

(Below) Paddy Doherty listening to Paddy McCallion in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana in 1986. (Photo: Camera Darkrooms, Derry)



No. 30 - The Flower of Corby's Mill

O, come all you tend-er heart-ed chaps I hope you'll lend an ear, And
like-wise pay at-tent-ion to these few lines I've here. It's
all in praise of a pre-tty maid I'm going to use my quill, She's the
bloom-ing Rose of Ant-rim and the flower of Cor-by's Mill.

Oh! come all you tender-hearted chaps I hope you'll lend an ear,
And likewise pay attention to these few lines I've here.
It's all in praise of a pretty maid, I'm going to use my quill,
She's the blooming Rose of Antrim and the flower of Corby's Mill.

It was on the first of June, my boys, I was heading for the fair,
I espied a pretty small maid as she combed up her hair.
And as I looked upon her my heart with joy did fill, ♪
She was the blooming Rose of Antrim and the flower of Corby's Mill.

It was all for recreation I went to the fair that day,
I didn't intend to tarry long till I reached Mac Mullan's Brae.
And meeting with some comrades as they arrivèd there,
Ah! it's gently they saluted me, 'You're welcome to the fair.'

We went into Mrs Butler's, it's there we did sit down,
The jugs of punch came tumbling in, the toast went merrily round.
The silver it was plenty and we drank with a right good will,
And we toasted a glass to the bonnie wee lass that works in Corby's Mill.

I've travelled this country o'er and o'er and parts of England too,
I've travelled Scotland far and near, believe me friends, it's true.
I travelled the country o'er and o'er crossed many a hollow and hill,
But her equal yet, I'll never forget the flower of Corby's Mill.

Paddy Hegarty, Birdstown

Paddy Hegarty sings this lovely song with great verve and gusto. He learned it when he worked as a young man in Co. Antrim. See Moulden "Songs of the People Part 1" (Sam Henry Collection Belfast 1979) No 34.

(Continued from Page 65)

"Oh! Henry, dearest Henry, from you I cannot part,
You may take me as your wedded wife you know you've won my heart.

And for to go along with you which is my chief desire,
Then as your servant I will go, dressed up in man's attire."

They both went into Paisley town and much was wondered there,
To see the young recruit he brought so shy genteel and fair.
The girls all did admire her as she went on parade,
But little they knew a soldier's coat concealed so fair a maid.

They then sailed o'er to India's shore, crossed o'er the burning sand,
No tongue can tell what Mary bore on India's reckless land.
And when at length her strength gave way, her woe she strove to hide,
And smiling, looking all around, spied Henry by her side.

'Twas then her lover was cut down a ball passed through his side,
He never from his colours moved but where he fell he died,
She lifted him from his bloody gore and in her arms pressed,
And as she strove to heal his wounds a ball passed through her breast.

In far off distant India's shore beneath a burning sky,
Far from their own dear native land this youthful couple lie.
In life they were united and in death they are the same,
Although that now their blood runs cold it mingles in one stream.

No. 31 - The Flower of Dunaff Hill

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Flower of Dunaff Hill'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with some triplets in the final line.

As I roved out one ev - en - ing some pleasures to pur - sue. When
who but lov - e - ly Nan - cy ap - peared all in my view. Her
eyes shone bright like stars at night or the moon when it is full. She
is the darl - ing of my heart and the flow - er of Dun - aff Hill.

As I roved out one evening some pleasures to pursue,
When who but lovely Nancy appeared all in my view.
Her eyes shone bright like stars at night or the moon when it is full,
She is the darling of my heart and the flower of Dunaff Hill.

Dunaff it is a lovely place all in the summer time,
With its lofty tops and noble shades all covered with shamrock and
thyme.
From it you'll see the country round for twenty miles or more,
Besides it's situated no distance from the shore.

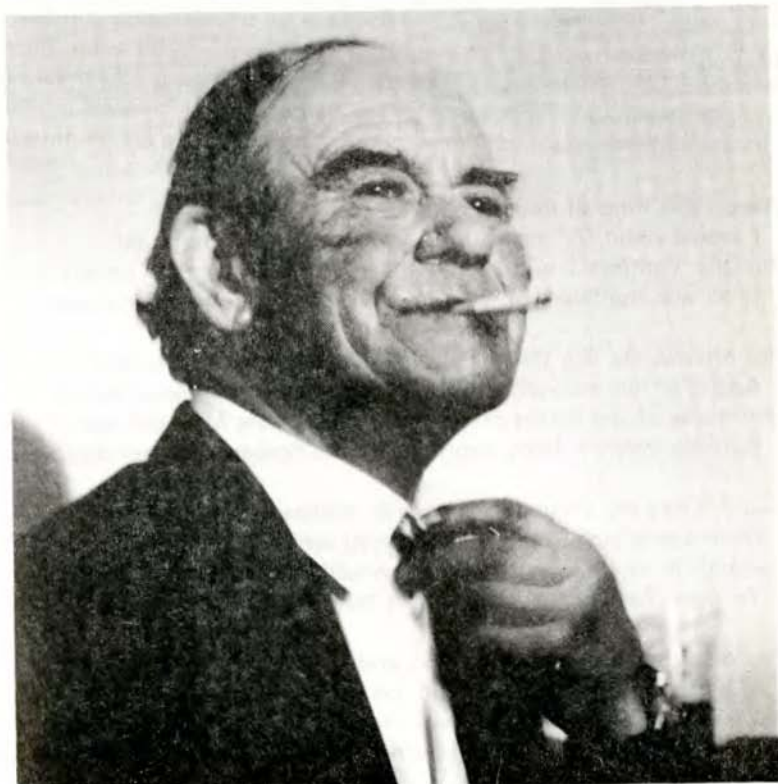
Now Fanad Head lies in my view and the Gap at sweet Mamore,
The way it leads through Leitir to the village of Clonmany.
From Fanad Head to Mulroy Point where the ships lie in my view,
I would part with them all my darling girl, how could I part with you?

I was banished from my native home in Americay I do dwell,
I spent some time and pleasure there far more than tongue can tell.
Till cruel fates, the landlord, my curse pursue him still,
That banished me from that sweet spot in beautiful Dunaff Hill.

It's now I'm in Americay where liberty does shine,
It's now I'm in Americay, I will think on the time,
When I clasped you in my arms and all our joys were full,
Each evening fair to take the air around sweet Dunaff Hill.

Sung by Mary Anne Canny of Dunaff in praise of her native place. A version of this song to a completely different air is to be found in *Molden "Songs of the People", Part 1 (Sam Henry Collection) No 36* under the title "The Flower of Sweet Dunmull".

It is interesting to note that in Mary Anne's version, the first three lines of the verse carries the same tune, the fourth is different, a fairly rare occurrence in ballad singing generally.



Peter O'Donnell in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana during a Video Recording session in 1986. (Photo: Camera Darkrooms, Derry)

No. 32 - The Flower of Sweet Strabane

Were I the king of Ir - e - land with all things at my will, I would
roam for re - cre - a - - - ion new com - forts to find still. But the
com - fort I would like the most you all may un - der - stand, Is to
win the heart of Mar - tha the Flow - er of Sweet Stra - bane.

Were I the King of Ireland with all things at my will,
I would roam for recreation, new comforts to find still,
But the comfort I would like the most you all may understand,
Is to win the heart of Martha, the flower of sweet Strabane.

Her cheeks are like the roses red, her hair a lovely brown,
And o'er her milk-white shoulders it carelessly hangs down.
She's one of the finest creatures of the whole Milesian clan,
Sure my heart is fairly captured by the flower of sweet Strabane.

I wish I had my darling far down in Inishowen,
Or in some lonely valley in the wild woods of Tyrone.
I would do my best endeavour, I would work the newest plan,
To gain the heart of Martha the flower of sweet Strabane.

I've often been in Phoenix Park, and in Killarney fair,
In blithe and bonnie Scotland, on the winding banks of Ayr;
But yet in all my travels I never met with one,
That could compare with Martha, the flower of sweet Strabane.

But since I cannot win your love, no joy there is for me,
So I will seek forgetfulness in lands across the sea;
Unless you chance to follow me, I swear by my right hand,
Madconald's face you'll never see, fair flower of sweet Strabane.

Adieu, then, to the Lifford banks, and Mourne's water side,
I'm sailing for Americay, whatever may betide;
Our ship is bound for Liverpool, straight by the Isle of Man,
So I'll say farewell, God bless you, my flower of sweet Strabane.

One of the most popular songs in Donegal without a shadow of doubt. This fine song is sung by many of the older singers and indeed in recent years by many of the folk singers in Ireland. However this full version of the ballad is seldom heard. McGettigan would have been responsible for its popularity as he recorded it on a record and was therefore taken back from America by returned emigrants in the 1930's and 40's

See "*Come All Ye's*" (*Derry Journal n.d.*)

No. 33 - Friar Hegarty

William Roddy (Composer, June 1893) Derry

Would you know the story of Hegarty's rock,
That strand out there, amidst the shock,
 Of the Swilly's waves,
 Where the wild wind raves,
And the sea is plumed with tossing mane,
As of steed repelled and urged again?

Do you start when you see the red at its base
That is but the blush of the great sun's face?
 But the blood tint so,
 Long, long ago,
Crimsoned the waters round Hegarty's Rock
When the trooper's sword God's anointed struck.

Ah, sad is the tale that is here to tell,
Of priest, and trooper, and tailor as well—
 A traitor found
 On Irish ground
To sell for a price, as Christ was sold,
The sagart's life for a sum of gold.

The time felt the scourge of the Penal Laws,
And death was reward for the true to the cause;
 For then outlawed
 Our country and God,
And the priest like the wolf had a price on his head,
To be tracked like a beast, caught live or dead.

But fierce as fire though the foemen's hate,
And bitter and cruel the martyr's fate,
 The priest was known
 In Inishowen;
And Mass was said, and in mountain and glen
The Redeemer's message was given to men.

And loved amongst all, the best was he,
Who bore the name, Friar Hegarty,
 By a cliff near the wave,
 In a lonesome cave,
He had his refuge, and was safe content,
Till a varlet's greed the soldiers sent.

In the night they sped from Buncrana's town,
With sabre and bayonet to bear him down—
 But, hark, the cry:
 "Up, Father, fly!"
Rings wild and clear o'er the billows' boom
And a signal light cleaves the night's deep gloom.

Soon, soon the answering torch is flashed
Through the seething surf a skiff is dashed,
 The priest to save,
 Or, share his grave:
On, on they strive, with vig'rous oar,
Brave hearts, set out from the Fanad shore.

But vain their effort, nobly done;
The priest's career on earth seems run.
 On neighbouring sward,
 There's marching heard!
One look behind—the Redcoats come;
One look before—the wild sea's foam.

Yet not; not yet the sleuth-hound band
Have seized their prey: He's leaped from land!
 Swimming away
 How bravely.
To reach the speeding prow afar,
Safe from the fangs of the dogs of war.

Now lanterns gleam on the grey sea's breast—
Look; the brave priest bears on the breaker's crest,
 Striving amain.
 The skiff to gain.
Will they pierce him now with musket ball,
Or leave to the treacherous waters, all?

No; surer the stealthy Vaughan's plan,
No carbine's pointed, nor stirs a man
 For pledge he gave
 His life to save;
A soldier's honour on a soldier's sword;
And the priest returns to Vaughan's word.

But better to sink 'neath the shrouding foam,
With his heart the deadly bullet's home;
 The coward blow
 Of false, foul foe
Meets the trusting priest, with murderous shock;
And the sagart's blood chrisms Hegarty's Rock.

So, this is the story of Hegarty's Rock
That stands out there amidst the shock
 Of the Swilly's waves
 Where the wild wind raves
And the sea is plumed with tossing mane,
As of steed repelled and urged again.

Stay, friend, tread light on the scared sod,
'Tis the grave of a martyr-priest of God.

This is not a song but a poem for recitation. It relates the harrowing story of one of the few martyr priests of Ireland during the Penal Laws. Friar Hegarty administered his religious duties to his kinsmen along the west coast of Inishowen and indeed across in Fanad. Because of the restrictions that the Penal Laws imposed upon him he had to remain in hiding. His well secluded hide-out was a cave on the hillside in Ballynarry overlooking Porthaw Bay on the shores of Lough Swilly. His retreat was not known to anyone save his sister who lived some distance away with her husband and family. Every morning at dawn she left home, under the pretext of going to the well for water, with provisions for her beloved brother. Her husband eventually became curious and followed her to discover her real mission. Greed and the temptation of a reward led him to inform on his brother-in-law. He led a detachment of soldiers to the lonely hillside where the priest sought refuge.

However the sister who was coming on her daily visit espied the arriving danger and warned the priest who made a dash for the shore. On reaching a rock protruding into Lough Swilly he braved the treacherous waters in an attempt to swim the two miles to Fanad on the far shore. The Red-Coats, realising they were about to lose the object of their pursuit, called to him to return to shore and the captain, upon his word, promised he would not be harmed. The priest took them at their word and returned only to be brutally tortured and then beheaded. A grave now marks the spot at Hegarty's Rock where this kindly person died.

The verses were composed by William Roddy who was editor of the Derry Journal and published in that paper in June, 1893.

No. 34 - Garvagh Town



One eve - ning fair to take the air a - lone I chanced to stray, Down
 by the town of Gar - vagh I sure - ly went my way. By the
 pur - ling rills and Boy - lan's Mills their ech - o s did re - sound. 'Twas
 there I met my charm - ing maid the star of Gar - vagh town.

One evening fair to take the air alone I chanced to stray,
 Down by the town of Garvagh I surely went my way.
 By the purling rills and Boylan's Mills their echoes did resound,
 'Twas there I met my charming maid, the star of Garvagh Town.

She stood amazed; on her I gazed she was so straight and tall,
 I thought she was Diana or the Star of Donegal.
 Her lovely hair beyond compare o'er her shoulders did hang down,
 Her sloe black eyes did me entice bright star of Garvagh Town.

Says I, "My fair and pretty maid how could I make so bold,
 To ask of you your lily hand one moment for to hold.
 'Twould yield to me more pleasure than the wearing of a crown,
 Oh! pray excuse, don't me refuse my star of Garvagh Town."

Says she "My dear I sadly fear our folks would not agree,
 You are a Roman Catholic and that I never will be.
 If I should go along with you my friends would on me frown,
 So I'm fully bent and well content to live in Garvagh Town."

"I am a Roman Catholic and that I'm proud to say,
 I'm sorry such a fine young girl as you been led astray.
 Our chuch is pure, I'm very sure, it's built on holy ground,
 Before there was an Orangeman to live in Garvagh Town."

Says she, "My dear I'll let you know before you go away,
About the pleasant times we had all on the Sabbath day.
There is a church in Garvagh every corner you go round,
There's twenty-two religions held up in Garvagh Town."

Says he, "My dear I sadly fear the foundation is but small,
Before the call of Luther you had no church at all.
John Calvin then joined in the fray and then the wheel went round,
Which planted your decendent tribes to live in Garvagh Town."

Says he, "My dear I sadly fear as both are getting dry,
Let us go down to Elkin Kanes some spirits for to buy.
She proved her cause so manfully, I could not on her frown,
They both shook hands and parted on the Diamond of the town."

Jimmy Houghton from the Isle of Doagh sings this song. It reveals that true-love does not always cross the religious divide. An invitation to Elkin Kane's, for a drop of spirits could not persuade the lass to change her mind. However all was not lost in the end, they shook hands and parted friends.

Two verses appear in "*Old Come All Ye's*", (*Derry Journal. n.d.*)

No. 35 - General Owen Roe



My name is Ma-gui-re my age is nine-teen
Many's a fine scrim-mage and bat-tle I've seen
Man-y's a fine bat-tle sure I did un-der go. Com-
manded by the he-ro called Gen-er-al Owen Roe.

My name is Maguire, my age is nineteen,
Many's a fine scrimmage and battle I've seen.
Many's a fine battle sure I did undergo,
Commanded by the hero call General Owen Roe.

Now Owen Roe he being tired for the want of sleep,
He gave a lady five guineas his secret to keep.
When she got the money it did tempt her so,
She soon brought the cavalry, surrounded Owen Roe.

Now when Owen Roe saw them coming he flew to the hall,
He tried to escape but he could not at all.
Surrounding him, they marched him in cold and in snow,
But undaunted "Three cheers" cried our hero, Owen Roe.

"Here's a health to my wife and my children three,
My lands and my living sure I leave all to thee.
My bridle and saddle to my son I bestow,
May he ride with the pride of his father, Owen Roe.

Then up galloped his sister she was all dressed in green,
With a sword by her side it was pointed and keen.
She gave three cheers and away she did go,
Saying "I'll have revenge for my brother Owen Roe."

Here's a health to Tyrone and long may she reign,
Together we fought all in our demesne.
We fought them for hours, swept them to and fro,
Commanded by the hero called General Owen Roe.

Charlie McGonigle of Cloontagh sang this song at a session in Ballylifin. It tells of the bravery of one of the brave sons of Ulster, Owen Roe O'Neill who returned from the continent to fight for the cause of his country in 1640. He is reputed to have eventually died from a poisoned nail in his boot in 1641.

This song tells of his bravery during an incident when he was betrayed while weary and tired from the throes of battle.

Charlie learned this song from a 78 r.p.m. record - he thinks it was a McGettigan record that came from the U.S. in the thirties. It seems possible that McGettigan wrote this version based on a similar song "General Munroe" dealing with an incident in Co. Down during the 1798 Rising.

See *O'Lochlainn "Irish Street Ballads" (Dublin) No. 65.* for a version of General Munroe.

No. 36 - Glenswilly

At - ten - tion pay my count-ry-men and hear my nat - ive news. Al-
though my song is sorr-ow-ful I hope you'll me ex- cuse. I
left my peace-ful res-id- ence a for - eign land to see, I
bid fare - well to Don-e- gal, like- wise to Glen- swill- y

Attention pay my countrymen and hear my native news,
Although my song is sorrowful, I hope you'll me excuse;
I left my peaceful residence, a foreign land to see,
I bid farewell to Donegal, likewise to Glenswilly.

Being on a summer's morning at the dawning of the day,
When I left my peaceful residence to wander far away;
And as I viewed these grand old glens, perhaps no more to see,
And all the happy days I've spent around sweet Glenswilly.

Some stalwart men around me stood, each comrade kind and true,
And as I grasped each well-known hand to bid a last adieu,
Says I "My native countrymen, it's soon you shall be free,
To raise the 'Sunburst' proudly o'er the hills of Glenswilly."

No more at ball or harvest home my violin I will play,
No more I'll dance the "Irish Jig" among the girls so gay.
My treasured harp I leave behind, though it is dear to me,
'Twill keep my place when I am gone far from you Glenswilly.

No more among the sycamore I'll hear the blackbird sing,
No more for me the blythe cuckoo, will welcome back the spring;
No more I'll plough your fertile fields, a chuisle geal mo chroí,
On a foreign soil I'm doomed to toil far away from Glenswilly.

God bless you, dark old Donegal, my own, dear native land,
In dreams I often see your hills and towering mountains grand;
But, alas, three thousand miles now lies between these hills and me,
I'm a poor forlorn exile far away from Glenswilly.

May peace and plenty reign supreme around Lough Swilly's shore,
May discord never enter those Irish homes no more;
And may the time soon come around when I return to thee,
To live as my forefathers did and die in Glenswilly.

*Corney McDaid, Cockhill Road, Bunrana
Dan McGonagle, Isle of Doagh*

This song without any shadow of doubt is the most popular song in Donegal. It is known to every singer of the older generation. It is not an old song by any stretch of the imagination, being composed by, some say, Michael McGinley of Glenswilly, others say by his sister Brigid.

This song is an emigrant's nostalgic look back at his youth and his home.

See "*Old Come All Ye's*" (*Derry Journal n.d.*).

Also recording P. Tunney, "*Lough Erne Shore*" (Sruthan - Mulligan LUN A334) 1978

No. 37 - Going to Mass last Sunday

Meet - ing is a pleas - ure be - tween my love and I, A - way
down in yon - der vall - ey I'll meet her by and by. A - way
down in yon - der vall - ey you are my heart's de - light. And it's (a)
with you love - ly Moll - y I could spend till broad day - light.

Meeting is a pleasure between my true-love and I,
Away down in yonder valley, I'll meet her by and by.
Away down in yonder valley, you are my heart's delight,
And it's with you lovely Molly I could spend till broad daylight.

Going to Mass last Sunday my wee lass she passed me by,
Sure I knew her mind was altered by the rolling of her eye.
Sure I knew her mind was altered to a man of higher degree,
Oh, Molly, lovely Molly, your looks have wounded me.

I then took out a bottle and I held her in my hand,
Drink a health to lovely Molly our courtship's at an end.
Drink a health to lovely Molly, leave the bottom pure for me,
For the wager of one guinea it's married we never will be.

I can plough a short furrow and I can plough it long,
I can court with the auld ones till a young one comes along.
I can pass by them as shyly as they can pass by me,
But it's Molly, lovely Molly, your looks have wounded me.

Never trust a wee girl with a dark and roving eye,
Just hold her and embrace her and don't tell her the reason why.
Just hold her and embrace her till you cause her heart to yield,
For a tender-hearted soldier never won on a battle field.

Fare-ye-well dear Malin Town likewise to Altashane,
Fare-ye-will dear Isle of Doagh I might never see you again.
For Americay it lies far away and it I'm going to see,
That I maybe lost forever for we're parted, my love and me.

(Also known as Lovely Molly)

This is another song of love and lost love sung in almost every parish in the north of Ireland. Denis McDaid sings this localised version of it. The song is to be found in America also.

See *Kennedy "Folksongs of Britain and Ireland" No. 155.*

Recordings *K. Mitchell "Free and Easy" (Topic 12TS 314), 1977*

P. Tunney "The Flowery Vale" (Topic 12TS 289) 1976

Also *Ceol II (1) 1965.*

No. 38 - Green Grass it Grows Bonnie

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Green Grass it Grows Bonnie'. It consists of four staves of music in G major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Sure I'm wondering what's keep - ing my true love to night, I'm wonder - ing what's keep - ing him out of my sight. For it's litt - le he' thinks of the pain I en - dure, He would not stay from me to - night I am sure.'

Sure I'm wondering what's keeping my true love tonight,
I'm wondering what's keeping him out of my sight.
For it's little that he thinks of the pain I endure,
He would not stay from me tonight I am sure.

Oh, love are you coming my pains to advance,
Or are you awaiting on a far better chance.
Or have you got a sweetheart laid by you in store,
Are you coming to tell me you love me no more.

Oh, love I'm not coming your pain to advance,
Or am I awaiting on a far better chance.
Nor have I got a sweetheart laid by me in store,
But I'm coming for to tell you I love you no more.

I've got gold in my pockets and love in my heart,
But I can't love a fair one who has got two sweethearts.
My love is just like the dew on the thorn,
It falls down at night and is gone in the morn.

So green grass grows bonnie spring water runs clear,
I weary, I weary when I think of you dear.
You were my first and fond true love but since you have rued,
The fonder I loved you the falser you grew.

So come all you young fair maids take a warning from me,
Never build your nest on the top of a tree.
For the leaves they will wither and the roots will decay,
Like the falsehearted young man that's now far away.

Mack Devlin, Clonmany

Also called "I Wonder what's keeping my true-love tonight". Another of the songs popular in the Clonmany area. Mack Devlin sang this version in Ballyliffin in January 1987. There is a great similarity between this song and the "The Rose and the Thyme" in *Ords "Bothy Songs and Ballads" (1930) page 187*. Patricia Flynn from Mullaghbawn and Frank Harte from Dublin, both sing a further verse not to my knowledge known in Inishowen and I give it here.

"Oh! I can love lightly and I can love long,

And I love the old love till the new one comes along.

For I just said "I love you" to set your mind at ease,

Oh! and when you're far from me I will love whom I please."

Extra verses are given in *Kennedy "Folksongs of Britian and Ireland", (London 1975) page 357 and 378-9.*

No. 39 - The Hiring Fair

As I roved down through Ant - rim town through Ant - rim town I
took my way. There all a - round the road was clad with
lads and bonn - ie lass - es gay.

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the song, the second staff the second line, and the third staff the third line. The lyrics are: "As I roved down through Ant - rim town through Ant - rim town I took my way. There all a - round the road was clad with lads and bonn - ie lass - es gay."

As I roved down through Antrim Town,
Through Antrim town I took my way.
Where all around the road was clad,
With lads and bonnie lasses gay.

Sure I espied one amongst them all,
How lonely she walked by herself.
For fear the rain would her gown stain,
I shared with her my umbrill'.

Says I, "My lass, how do you do?
Or have you travelled far?"
"For Antrim town, kind sir I'm bound,
You know it is the hiring day."

Says I "My lass will you accept,
A glass of brandy, ale or wine?
We'll have a glass before we part,
And we'll be in about hiring time.

She gave consent and in we went,
Unto an alehouse by the way.
Glass after glass did merrily pass,
Till she forgot her hiring day.

The clock struck three, she smiled at me,
She says, "Young man the fault is thine"
I'm her alone and I'm far from home
And besides, I missed my hiring fair.

“Oh never fret my dearest dear,
I don't intend to harm you.
For marriage I intend to try,
For baker lads they all prove true.”

“Kind sir, to marry sure I am too young,
Besides my ma has none but me.
But I'll comply, I'll never deny,
I'll marry before hired I'll be.”

So we drank a round with mirth and fun,
And we got married the very next day.
And every now and then she would say,
“I'm glad I missed the hiring day.”

Sung by Jimmy Grant in his own home. He learned the song from a Cornelius Doherty of Meenreagh, Burnfoot in the late 1920's. Jimmy incidentally is over eighty years of age and still possesses a fine singing voice.

See *Ceol - A Journal of Irish Music Vol. 1 No. 2, Vol. 1 No. 3 and Vol. 8 Nos. 1 and 2.*

The original song came from Scotland where it is called “*My friends and I left Sweet Milngavie*”.

No. 40 - The Holland Handkerchief

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "There was a squire lived in this town, He was a man of a high renown. He had a daughter and a beauty bright, And the name he called her was his hearts delight." The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

There was a squire lived in this town,
He was a man of a high renown.
He had a daughter and a beauty bright,
And the name he called her was his heart's delight.

Lords and squires a courting her came,
But none of them could her favour gain.
But there came one of a low degree,
And above all young men sure she favoured he.

When her father came to know,
That she had loved this young man so.
Full fifty miles he sent her away,
For to deprive her of her wedding day.

One night as Mary was for bed bound,
Just at the loosening of her precious gown.
She heard a voice like a deadly sound,
Saying "Come loose the bonds love that have us bound."

Her father's steed she right well knew,
Her mother's mantle she over her threw.
She dressed herself in a rich attire,
And she went away with her heart's desire.

They rode along for a mile or so,
They rode a mile and a little more.

They rode as fast as the wind could blow,
Till he says "My darling my head is sore."

A Holland handkerchief she then pulled out,
And around his head she rolled it about.
She kissed his lips and these words did say,
"My Willie your colder that any clay."

When they came to her father's hall,
"Who's yon, who's yon?" her old father called.
"Oh father dear didn't you send for me,
By such a messenger" just naming he.

Her father knowing this young man was dead,
He pulled the grey hair out of his head.
Her mother cried and grieved full sore,
While this young man's darling cried more and more.

'Twas early, early by the break of day,
They went to the grave where this young man lay.
Although he was for nine months dead,
The Holland handkerchief was around his head.

"My woe" I say to parents still,
That put young people against their will.
For once they'll vow and their promise give,
They can never return it while they live.

Mary Anne Canny, Dunaff

Childs version, called "The Suffock Miracle" is, he says, a "blurred enfeebled disfigured shape." Nevertheless, it is the representative of one of the most remarkable tales and one of the most impressive and beautiful ballads on the European Continent. His version is indeed over verbose.

Mary Anne Canny's version is a far superior one and it would seem to be of broadsheet origin. Although this version and versions similar to it are found in the four corners of Ireland it has rarely made its way into print. A Holland handkerchief is indeed a linen handkerchief. See *Child No 272, recordings Packie Manus Byrne "Songs of a Donegal Man" (Topic) No 12TS 257, Tom Lenihan "Paddy's Panacea" (Topic) 12TS 363 and Frank Harte "Daybreak and a Candle-End" (Foe Tain) No. Spin 995.*

No. 41 - The Isle of Doagh

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Fare thee well dear Isle of Doagh and a long and fond a - dieu, And
like - wise to your hills and dales I oft' time stood to view. Your ad -
mir ing scenes and your, fer - tile green and your love - ly sand (e) bank shore, Fro
anc - ient castle of Carr - ick - a - bragh to the point of Do - agh More.

Fare thee well dear Isle of Doagh, a long and fond adieu,
And likewise to your hills and dales I oft times stood to view.
Your admiring scenes and your fertile greens, and your lovely sand-
bank shore,
From that ancient castle of Carrickabraghy to the point of Doagh
More.

Although your shores lies towards the north it is washed by the Atlan-
tic tide.

They bear no cold but most pleasant to behold I must confess with
pride,

Your eastern shores and craggy rock I oft' times see quite gay.

When the morning sun at every dawn sends forth her pleasant rays.

In the centre stands our national school where my childhood days I
spent.

And along with all my little chums quite happy and content.

It will break my heart full sore to part with my comrades one and all,

That dwells around the centre of the lovely Isle of Doagh.

And now my age is twenty one as plain as you may see,

My mind's made up for to taste the cup of freedom in Americay.

It will break my heart full sore to part with my comrades one and all,

That dwell around that sainted ground that lovely Isle of Doagh.

Denis McDaid, Isle of Doagh

No. 42 - The Isle of Doagh

Oh it's fair you well dear Isle of Doagh you hol - y litt - le Isle, For
now that I must lea - ve you and part you with a smile. Fare -
well to the Rock Stra - bre - e - ga (Boys) the banks and the love ly sand, For it's
now I'm on my jour - ney bound for a for - eign land.

Oh! its fair you well dear Isle of Doagh you holy little isle,
For now that I must leave you and part you with a smile.
Farewell to the Rock, Strabreega, the Banks and lovely sand,
For its now I'm on my journey bound for a foreign land.

It was first when I beheld it a stranger I came there,
Not thinking on my rambles I would meet and isle so fair.
I viewed it's lovely valleys it's fertile fields also,
So it's now with grief and sorrow I'm forced from it to go.

One evening as I chanced to stray down by a silvery tide,
The streams were rippling lovely to join the Atlantic wide.
The trout and salmon sporting most lovely to behold,
And these waters were like ivory or sold links of gold.

Jimmy Houghton, Isle of Doagh

These two songs praise the beauty and justifiably so of the lovely Isle of Doagh. It is a possibility that these are but just fragments. Denis McDaid's version was written about 80 years ago by Willie "Jack" McLaughlin who lived in Coill, Isle of Doagh.

See *McFarland - McBride, "My Parents Reared Me Tenderly"* (Bun-crana) 1985 for yet another song called "The Sweet Isle of Doagh"

No. 43 - Jimmy Leeburn

Oh, Jimm-y Lee-burn it is my name, near Glas-gow I was born. My
home and hab-it - at - ion I now must leave in scorn. My
home and hab-it - at - ion I now must gang a - wä. - Far
frae those hills and bon-nie dales of Cal-ed-on-i-a.

Oh, Jimmy Leeburn it is my name,
Near Glasgow I was born.
My home and habitation,
I now must leave in scorn.
From my home and habitation,
I now must gang awa.
Far frae those hills and bonnie dales,
Of Caledonia(w).

It being on a Monday morning,
Just by the break of day.
When the turnkey came up to us,
These words I heard him say.
"Rise up you heartless convicts,
Rise up ye one and all.
For this is the day you must stray,
From Caledonia(w)."

Sure we arose, put on our clothes,
Our hearts were filled with grief.
Our friends they gathered around our coach,
Could grant us no relief.
Our friends were gathered round our coach,
Their grief was filled in twa.
For to see us leave those bonnie hills,
Of Caledonia (w)

Farewell unto my mother,
I'm vexed for what I've done.
And I hope no one will tell to her,
The race that I have run.
I hope she will be provided for,
When I am far awa'.
Far frae those hills and bonnie dells,
Of Caledonia (w).

Farewell unto my father,
We were the best of men.
And likewise to my old sweetheart,
My Kathleen of the glen.
The next place that we will meet again,
I hope it will be above.
Where Alleluia, will be sung,
There'll be no tales of love,

There'll be no earthly jury men,
But the One will judge us all,
He'll make them repent for the ones they sent,
From Caledonia (w).

(Also called "Jamie Raeburn's Farewell")
Jim McGonigle sang this song. He learned it from his father, the late James Eoghain from Cloontagh, a man who I am told had a great store of songs. His family have inherited quite a few of them but many of his songs, regrettably, are gone with him.

See *Ords "Bothy Songs and Ballads"*

No. 44 - Johnny Bathin

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Johnny Bathin'. It consists of four staves of music in G major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the song, the second staff the second line, the third staff the third line, and the fourth staff the fourth line. The lyrics are: 'So ear - ly in the morn - ing Billy Hean - ey a - rose, And down to his com - rade John - ny Bath - in he goes. Rise up lov - ing com - rade and let no - bod - y know, And down to the Lough and till to bathe we will go.'

So early in the morning Billy Heaney arose,
And down to his comrade Johnny Bathin he goes.
Rise up loving comrade and let nobody know,
And down to the lough and till to bathe we will go.

As we went out a walking down Johnny Bathin's long lane,
We met Sergeant Johnston likewise Pat O'Neill.
They tried to advise us but all was in vain,
For our lot was to die on a deep watery main.

John Bathin stripped off him, he swam the lough around,
He swam to the island then back to dry ground.
Saying, "Comrade, loving comrade do not venture in,
For there's death in the deep water in the lough of Shaulin."

Then Billy stripped off and he swam the lough around,
He swam to the island but not to dry ground.
There was an old woman as old as could be,
She rang her two hands and she tore all her grey hair.

Saying "It is Mary, it is Mary is it there you do stay,
And your son Billy drowned by the bathing this day.
It's when his elder father he heard of the news,
He rang his two hands and he tore his grey hair.

Saying "It's murder, it is murder is there no help at all,
To venture their lives and to save my dear son."
It is Mary, it is Mary that we reared a son,
You reared a large family all handsome and young.

We reared a large family all of handsome young men,
We now realise that the flower of them's gone.
It's for Bessie Smith she will mourn night and day,
For the loss of her Billy who is laid in the clay.

So early in the morning to the garden she'll go,
She will pluck at the lillies far whiter than snow.
She will pluck at the lillies leave the red rose behind,
For the loss of her Billy still runs in her mind.

Jimmy Houghton and Denis McDaid, Isle of Doagh

This song seems to be inconclusive. It is very similar to "The Lakes of Coolfin" or "Willie Leonard".

See *Laws Q 33*.

The last verse seems to be a floating verse, similar to verse 3 in the "Rose of Glenfin."

No. 45 - Kathleen Casey

The image shows the musical notation for the song 'Kathleen Casey'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'In coun - ty Clare in Ire - land stands a tomb - stone o'er the grave, Be'. The second staff continues with 'near the tomb - stone lies one to whom love was once a slave A'. The third staff continues with 'true Ir - ish maid - en whom a lov - er did de - cieve, By'. The fourth staff concludes with 'cru - el - ty de - sert - ing her up - on her wedd - ing eve.' Below the fourth staff are three empty staves.

In county Clare in Ireland, stands a tombstone o'er a grave,
Beneath that tombstone lies one to whom love was once a slave,
A true Irish maiden whom a lover did deceive,
By cruelty deserting her upon her wedding eve.

Chorus

To be true, true to death to her he promised and he vowed,
When they were lovers side by side and fond devotion proud.
But those sacred vows he broke and he played the traitor's part
And left sweet Kathleen Casey to die of a broken heart.

The wedding morn come round the one she loved so true,
The weeks and months rolled by but where he went no one even knew.
The lustre faded from her eyes and from her cheeks the bloom,
And e'er six months had passed and gone her comrades had laid her in the tomb.

Chorus

Maggie McGee, Slavery

No. 46 - The Leinster Lass

One eve - ning fair to take the air a - long the banks of Clyde, I
tell you true I stood to view all nat - ure in it's pride. I
tell you true I stood to view the big ships sail - ing past. When a
steam boat brave heaved on the wave she's called the 'Leinst - er Lass'.

One evening fair to take the air along the banks of Clyde,
I tell you true I stood to view all nature in its pride.
I tell you true I stood to view the big ships sailing past,
When a steamboat brave heaved on the wave she's called the
"Leinster Lass"

On Newfound Green she had been seen cruising up and down,
And on the docks of Liverpool her equal can't be found.
On yon green bank a mermaid sat with her fine comb and glass,
Saying "Your welcome back to Erin's Isle my lovely "Leinster Lass".

Being on the seventeenth of March all on St. Patrick's Day,
I heart a band going up the Strand behold now they did play.
The colours flew red, white and blue, the birds sang round the mast,
Saying "Your welcome back to Erin's Isle my lovely "Leinster Lass".

Here's a health to our commander, great honour to his name,
And likewise our sea-captain his name was Willie Kane.
Let every man on her deck stand toss up one flowing glass,
That can rig and steer when danger's near aboard the "Leinster
Lass"

Jimmy Grant, Meenyanly

I cannot find any reference to this song in any of the standard Catalogues. Jimmy Grant learned this song from Nougher Doherty, a neighbour who emigrated to Canada about sixty years ago. Nougher, Jimmy told me, was killed afterwards, when struck by lightning in his shepherd's hut in far off New Zealand.

No. 47 - The Lady Fair

A. Lad - y fair in her gard - en a gen - tle man he was.
pass - ing by, He stood a while and he gazed up - on her, he
says young lad - y do you fan - cy I.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Lady Fair'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of the verse, the second staff contains the second line, and the third staff contains the third line. The music is written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a children's songbook.

A lady fair in her garden walking,
A gentleman he was passing.
He stood a while and he gazed upon her,
He says, "Young lady do you fancy I?"

"I am no lady, a farmer's daughter,
A farmer's daughter of low degree.
And if you want for to choose a lady,
You may travel further, don't fancy me".

Well it's seven years since I had a sweetheart,
And it's seven more since I did him see.
An seven more I will wait upon him,
If he's alive he'll return to me.

"Seven long years since you had a sweetheart,
And seven more since you did him see.
And seven more you will wait upon him,
Perhaps that young man you never will see."

"For if he's sick sure I'll wish him better,
And if he's dead sure I'll wish him rest.
If he's alive sure I'll love him dearly,
He is the young man I do love best"

And when he saw that she was so truly,
He thought a pity that she might be lost.
I am your true love and single sailor,
That many times o'er the ocean crossed.

"If your my true love, my single sailor?"
Your looks and features are changed to me.
Well seven years on the wide wide ocean,
Makes an alteration between you and me.

He put his hand down in his pocket,
His lily-white fingers were long and small.
Pulled out the ring that was broken between them,
And when she saw it down she did fall.

Denis McDaid, Isle of Doagh

See O'Lochlainn "*Irish Street Ballads*" (Dublin)
Laws Catalogue N42.

No. 48 - A Little Too Small

There's one big mis-take for which I'm not to blame, 'Tis the reason I didn't grow tall, And it makes my cheeks blush to hear the girls sing, my man you're a little too small. You are a little too small young man you would not suit me at all, Your young I know, perhaps you may grow, at present you're a little too small.

There's one big mistake for which I'm not to blame,
'Tis the reason I didn't grow tall.
And it make my cheeks blush for to hear the girls sing,
"My man you're a little too small
You are a little too small young man,
You would not suit me at all.
You're young I know, perhaps you may grow,
At present you're a little too small.

One day when out walking I chanced for to meet,
A wee girl, a school pal of mine.
I asked her if she would be my wife,
And if at her house I would call.
She says, "I'll ask mother but really I think,
"You're a little too small.
You're a little too small young man.
You would not suit me at all
You're young I know, perhaps you may grow,
At present you're a little too small.

A few weeks ago my rich uncle died,
In which I came in for a share.
And these were the words the lawyer said,
"My man you're a young millionaire."
Congratulations, the very next day,
The girls at my house did call.

"Excuse me young ladies but really I think,
I am a little too small.
I am a little too small young girls,
I would not suit yous at all,
I am young you know perhaps I'll grow,
At present I'm a little too small."

A humorous song sung by John Walker of Fahan.
This type of song was frequently sung in the old days, (perhaps it comes from music-hall origin) to enliven the sessions that dealt mostly with sad songs, songs of emigration, lost causes, hardships and so on.

No. 49 - London City

The image shows a musical score for the song 'London City'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and characteristic of a folk or children's song.

In Lon - don cit - y there dwelt a Lad - y. And
she being there of a great es - tate. As
men of hon - our, Lords, Dukes and Ear - ls. On
this your dam - sel did oft' times wait.

In London city there dwelt a lady,
And she being there of a great estate.
As men of honour lord, dukes and earls,
On this young damsel did oft' times wait.

She being so high and so independent,
No man on earth could her husband be
Except he was some great man of honour,
That never was conquered by land or sea.

There were two brothers, they came to love her,
Which she admired above the rest.
To try their value was her intention,
To see which of them would she love best.

Oh! one of them was a bold sea captain,
On board the jolly and roving tar.
The other was a lord lieutenant,
On board the "Tiger" brave man-o-war.

She ordered coaches for to get ready,
Being early early by break of day.
And by her orders her coach got ready
To towering hills and rove away.

And when she drove up what was the tower,
She threw a fan into the lions den.
"The man that loves me and wants to gain me
Shall bring me back my fan again.

As out then spoke the bold sea-captain,
His voice like thunder so loud and high.
"In land or sea I was never daunted
I'll bring it back love, or else I'll die."

It's out then spoke the lord lieutenant,
As he stood shivering all by her side.
On land or sea I was never daunted
To face my foe I was still inclined.

But where there's lions there's always tigers,
My strength to them I would prove so frail.
Before I venture my life in danger,
Some other young man your favour gain.

Jimmy Houghton, Isle of Doagh.

(Also known as "The Lady of Carlisle" and "The Fan").

This is an inconclusive text of a much longer song. The ballad usually goes on to tell of how the bold lieutenant enters the lion's den and slays the lion in order to return the lady's fan. When the king hears that the lion has been slain he is not aggrieved, in fact he is so impressed that he raises the hero from the rank of "A Bold Lieutenant and makes him Admiral o'er the Blue".

This is a very old ballad popular in Britain, Ireland and North America.

Laws Catalogue 025

No. 50 - Loughrey's Bull



Come all you joll - y farm - ers where ev - er that you be. And
like - wise pay at - tent - ion and list - en un - to me. It's
of a cru - el land - lord as you may un - der - stand, His
name it was John Lough - rey he was a cru - el man.

Come all you jolly farmers wherever that you be,
Likewise now pay attention and listen unto to me.
It's of a cruel landlord as you may understand,
His name it was John Loughrey, he was a cruel man.

One evening as he chanced to stray to walk on Binnion shore,
His own bull he came up to him began to boo and roar.
He rose him on his horns and threw him like a frog,
And the first relief that Loughrey got it was his hurding dogs.?

When the bull he overtook him he quickly knocked him down,
Do you remember the evictions was and Bocarnagh town.
"Right well I do" says Loughrey, "I'll never do it more,"
Then roared the bull "You never will for I will spill your gore."

When the bull saw he was hurted and seeing he wasn't dead,
He then began to boo and roar just like a beast was mad.
I done my best to kill him I solemnly declare,
And if I was a landlord I'd treat the tenants fair.

I never ran and left him until I had to go,
An if I did I broke his ribs now boys I wasn't slow.
The day of his burial it's no one felt the loss,
For every tenant that he had they went into the Cross.

Two neighbours met thereafter and they talked of the event,
They well knew of aul' Loughrey and of his cruel rent.
Says one unto the other, "Oh, thank God we'll have peace,
And God grant the bull his health that laid him in his hearse.

Well now he's dead and buried an he's out of his estate,
And every tenant that has land should give the bull his meat,
But if I was a tenant it's for the bull would pray
That he might be fed on good oats likewise the best of hay.

This song recalls the death of a local landlord. The song is self explanatory.

No. 51 - My Lovely Irish Rose

A musical score for the song 'My Lovely Irish Rose'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is written in treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words appearing on two lines. The lyrics are: 'A wind-ing riv-er winds it's way close to an Ir-ish home, To ming-le with Tra-breega Bay where flows the wa-ters foam. 'Twas on a spot close to the cot where the riv-er gent-ly flows, That I bid fare-well to my own dear girl my love-ly Ir-ish Rose'.

A winding river winds it's way close to an Irish home,
To mingle with Trabreega Bay where flows the waters foam.
'Twas on a spot close to the cot where the river gently flows,
That I bid farewell to my own dear girl, my lovely Irish Rose.

Oh, Carn fair beyond compare I never will forget,
Oh, Carn fair beyond compare I think I see it yet.
From Merville Bay we sailed away just at the evening close,
And I waved my hand to the dear old land and my lovely Irish Rose

The stranger's land is fair to see, the stranger's too are kind,
But sure there's none I can compare with the girl I left behind.
I'd rather stray by old Mill Brae where sweet the green grass grows,
On a summer's night with my heart's delight, my lovely Irish Rose.

Oh, 'Mary dear I'm lonely here I miss you all the while,
I miss your loving words of cheer and I miss your Irish smile.
Before, I go to bed this night, before my eyes I close,
I pray that God may guide you right, my lovely Irish Rose.

A winding river ends its course near to an Irish home,
It flows straight by a cottage far away in Inishowen.
And in that lovely cottage lives the girl I used to know,
The nicest girl in Donegal, my lovely Irish Rose.

America is far away, where the Mississippi flows,
And Carn town lies far away where the winding river flows.
I will bid good-bye to Ireland and then my eyes I'll close,
And I'll think of those many happy days spent with my Irish Rose.

This song is common all over Ireland thanks mainly to recordings of it done on 78 rpm records in the 1930' and 40's.

It was composed by Fred Kearney, Carndonagh, presumably in America. He praises the beauty of his native place and he expresses how he misses his own dear girl, "his lovely Irish Rose."

See *McCarroll-Harkin "Carndonagh" (1984) for a shorter version.*



Paddy (Eoghnie) Doherty, Buncrana, in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana in October, 1987 (Photo: Jimmy McBride)

No. 52 - The Lurgy Stream

When to this country first I came my life from love was free, To the
beau - ty of a fe - male fair that so en - tic - ed me. To the
beau - ty of a love - ly one that set my heart a - flame, Her
brown hair wav - ing in the air most charm - ing to be seen.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Lurgy Stream'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: 'When to this country first I came my life from love was free, To the beau - ty of a fe - male fair that so en - tic - ed me. To the beau - ty of a love - ly one that set my heart a - flame, Her brown hair wav - ing in the air most charm - ing to be seen.'

When to this country first I came my life from love was free,
The beauty of a female fair that so enticed me.
To the beauty of a lovely one that set my heart aflame,
Her brown hair waving in the air most charming to be seen.

'Twas on a Sunday evening when first my love I did meet,
I took her in my arms and I gave her kisses sweet.
I asked her if she would marry me or single still remain,
Or if she would cross the seas with me and leave sweet Lurgy
Stream.

I said "My pretty fair maid if you come along with me,
You'll find me always faithful and ever kind and true.
I'm bound for North America and you won't see me again,
My heart will break when I have to part with you and Sweet Lurgy
Stream."

She said "Young man be easy and no more of this foolish talk;
It was for recreation that I came here to walk.
Kind Cupid's dart, never pierced my heart and set it in a flame,
I am free from love and I'll always be along Sweet Lurgy Stream."

"If I were to go away with you my parents would me disown,
Besides kind sir, I am too young, I would get lots of blame.
And if unfaithful you would prove full sore would I complain,
The day that I foresook my friends along Sweet Lurgy Stream."

My lover's cheeks are like the rose that blooms in early June,
Her teeth are like the ivory bright, and her breath a sweet perfume.
Her slender waist and snow-white breast have set my heart aflame,
And her place of habitation lies near to Sweet Lurgy Stream.

The sun may rise to rule the day and be extinguished quite,
When Luna with her silvery beams no more shall rule the night.
The twinkling stars; they down may fall and ne'er be seen again,
The day that I'll prove false to you when far from Lurgy Stream.

Farewell to Letterkenny town that place of noted fame,
Likewise to Kilmacrenan too that lies near Lurgy stream.
And twice farewell to Errigal likewise Lough Swilly Shore,
'Twas there I spent some happy days will I ever see them more.

Kathleen Ramsey, Fahan

This is another Donegal song, popular in many parts of Ireland, especially the northern parts. Versions of this song were made famous in the earlier half of this century through recordings made in America by people like John McGettigan. Old 78 rpm records were sent home to the kinfolk by emigrants. It is said that it was a rector attached for a time to the church in Kilmacrenan that composed the song. See *Herbert Hughes "Songs of Uladh" (1904)* under the title "*The Leargaidh Stream.*"

The song is recorded by various singers. The late Geordie Hanna on "*Geordie Hanna Sings*" (*Eagran MD0002*) and *Kevin Mitchell "Free and Easy"* (*Topic 12TS 314*) to name but two.

No. 53 - The Maid of Bonnie Strathyre

The musical score is written on four staves in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are: "There are mead-ows and low lands and mount-ains in Skye, And there's high-lands and low-lands and past-ures for-'bye. But there's nae ith-er place that the heart could de-sire, Than to herd the fine catt-le on Bonn-ie Strath-yre."

There are meadows and low lands and mountains in Skye,
And there's highlands and lowlands and pastures forbye.
But there's nae ither place that the heart could desire,
Than to herd the fine cattle on bonnie Strathyre.

Oh! it's up in the morning and awa tae the hill,
When the long summer day is sae warm and sae still.
Till the peak o'Benmore is kindled in fire,
And the evening falls gently on Bonnie Strathyre.

There's milk in the shielans and love in my breast,
When the sun has gone down and the *kye are at rest.
And there's many a prince would be proud to aspire,
Tae my winsome wee Mary, the pride of Strathyre.

Her cheeks are like rowans on a bright summer's eve,
And bright as the starlight that shines in her een
And sweet is her breast as the scent on the briar,
And her voice is sweet music on Bonny Strathyre.

Then it's Flora by Colin and Mary by me,
And we'll dance to the pipers sae loudly and free.
Till the moon in the heaven's climbing higher and higher,
Till it sleeps on fresh bracken of Bonnie Strathyre.

* COWS

There are some will go down tae the lowlands and roam,
And some will go soldering and far frae their home.
But I'll herd my ain cattle and muck my ain byre,
And love my ain Mary frae Bonny Strathyre.

This song is sung by Jim McGonigle of Cloontagh. He learned it from his late father.

The song originates in the beautiful vale of Strathyre in Perthshire that stretches northward from Callendar to Loch Earn with Benmore (at 3,852 feet) towering majestically above its fine forest. I have not been able to find reference to it elsewhere. It would seem to be a very localised ballad and it must have been imported by migratory workers who traversed between Inishowen and Scotland.

I am unable to find reference to it in any catalogue.

No. 54 - McGinty's Model Lodge

The musical score is written on four staves in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: I sup-pose you won-der who I am or what has brought me here, Now list-en and I'll tell you if you'll on - ly lend an ear. I've had many an occ - u - pat - ion and I'll tell you plump and plain, There's a pleas-ant sit - u - at - ion has al - rea - dy turned my brain.

I suppose you wonder who I am or what has brought me here,
 Now listen and I'll tell you if you'll only lend an ear.
 I had many's an occupation and I'll tell you plump and plain,
 There's a pleasant situation has already turned my brain.
 I'm a kind of an overseer in a famous hotel,
 And the residents of Glasgow, boys, I'm sure you know it well.
 It is a "Model" lodging house where working men do stay,
 And "Five and Six Pence" every week is the rent that they pay.

Where there's tinkers, tailors, millionaires and snobs,
 Finger smiths and other smiths that go upon the jobs.
 They're a funny lot of boarders and they're up to every dodge,
 All the fighting men in Glasgow's in MacGinty's model Lodge.

There's a terror o'er in fifteen room he says he's a pugilist,
 If he could catch that little snob his neck he soon would twist.
 When the little snob he heard those words he stood out upon the floor,
 And swore he'd put the tailor through the key-hole of the door.
 I suppose the tailor's manful blood at length his rage broke loose,
 And seizing of that little snob did he hold off his goose.
 But the little snob made at him and he taught him what was what,
 For he knocked the tailor's whiskers through the lining of his hat.

For there's tinkers, tailors, millionaires and snobs,
Finger smiths and other smiths that go upon the jobs.
They're a funny lot of boarders and they're up to every dodge,
All the fighting men in Glasgow's in MacGinty's model Lodge.

Last night we had a party to pass the night away,
We had some other games and fun until the dawn of day.
Some fellow sung 'The Anchor' and was gaining great applause,
When another fellow wished to know what weight the anchor was.
The fellow meant no harm it was merely just a joke,
When a crowd of fellows collared him as just the words he spoke.
Ah there is no use of talking boys they gave it to him hot,
He received one solid blow and left his eye-brow in a knot.

Sure there tinkers, tailors, millionaires and snobs,
Finger smiths and other smiths that go upon the jobs.
They're a funny lot of boarders and they're up to every dodge,
All the fighting men in Glasgow's in MacGinty's model lodge.

Maoliosa Doherty, Clonmany

A humorous song that tell of the conditions that prevailed in the "Working Man's Hotel" the "Models" in Glasgow.

One wonders if the honorable proprietor of the Model Lodge is the same man in the other equally boisterous Scottish song "McGinty's Meal and Ale?"

No. 55 - Mulroy Bay



When I'm look - ing once a - gain on Mul - roy Bay, What en -
chant - ment this world brings to me, When I
see the wood - ed hills: the hills of home. That's what
I am long - ing to see.

When I'm looking once again on Mulroy Bay,
What enchantment this world brings to me.
When I see the wooded hills - the hills of home,
That's what I'm longing to see.

But I'm travelling far far away for many miles,
In my heart 'twill always be the land of happy smiles.
When I'm looking once again on Mulroy Bay,
What a wonderful, wonderful day.

I have spent my childhood days upon your shore,
The happiest days that could be.
Though I've wandered far away, so far from home,
Your enchantment still hangs over me.

But I'll soon be coming back to the place,
To the sweetheart that I met so many years ago.
When I'm looking once again at Mulroy Bay,
What a wonderful, wonderful day.

This is a different type of song from others sung in Inishowen. It is quite short and indeed not like any of the more traditional songs. Peter O'Donnell from Burnfoot sang it in the Brass Rail Bar, Buncrana at a video recording session in May 1986. He learned it in his youth.



(Above) Paddy Hegarty and Corney McDaid, in The Rock Bar, Muff in 1985 (Photo: Tom Munnely)

(Below) Jimmy Grant, Meenyanly, at home. (Photo: Jimmy McBride)



No. 56 - November Keady Fair

The image shows a musical score for the song 'November Keady Fair'. It consists of eight staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 12/8 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The lyrics are: 'All you good folks pay attention! while these few lines I pen, And when I have concluded sure I hope I won't offend. 'Twas on the fourteenth of the month my nanny I did snare, and I drove her down that morning to November Keady Fair. Along the road oh me and my goat so joyfully did steer, And the ladies had to step aside I believe my boys with fear. Her horns they were both sharp and long for battle she did prepare, As we drove at the rate of a wedding to November Keady Fair.'

All you good folks pay attention! while these few lines I pen,
And when I have concluded sure I hope I won't offend.
'Twas on the fourteenth of the month my nanny I did snare,
And I drove her down that morning to November Keady Fair.

Chorus:

Along the road oh, me and my goat so joyfully did steer,
And the ladies had to step aside, I believe, my boys with fear.
Her horns they were both sharp and long, for battle she did prepare,
As we drove at the rate of a wedding to November Keady Fair.

As I went walking down the street I met a decent man,
He's the head-pick-pocket of Keady and they call him Andy McCann.
He keeps a decent lodging house with halves and pints so rare.
He keeps single men and women on November Keady Fair.

When I landed in the market place, I mean the aul' Church Hill,
There were lots of horny cattle there and believe me they all stood
still,
'Twas there I met a decent man, I offered up a prayer,
And I sold my nanny for half-a-crown, at November Keady Fair.

She gives a pint and a half of milk upon a summer's day,
But sure at the present time she would hardly cream your tae.
Ah, they say she missed the batchelor but to that I wouldn't swear,
She was nineteen times at Jim's auld buck I really do declare.

Sure I'll miss her from around the house for she used to wag her tail,
And I'll miss her out of the garden where she used to nip the kale.
And I'll miss her from the aul fireside for many's a row we'd there,
Before I parted from my aul' nanny at November Keady Fair.

This Co. Armagh song describes the ventures of an old nanny goat
that was sold at the November fair in Keady - a lighthearted song sung
by Mack Devlin of Bocarnagh, Clonmany

Note to line 8 verse 2.

There was a custom throughout Ireland that guests on horesback raced
from the church where the wedding was held to the house where
the celebration was being hosted. One begs the question "Why?"

No. 57 - Paddy Stole the Rope

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "There was once two labouring Ir-ish me from Ire-land did sail o'er. They tramped a-bout in search of work from Liv-er-pool to Dov-er. Says Pat to Mick we're tired of this we're now left in the lurch, And if we don't get work be-dad we'll go and rob the church."

There were once two labouring Irishmen from Ireland did sail o'er
They tramped about in search of work from Liverpool to Dover.
Says Pat to Mick "We're tired of this we're now left in the lurch,
And if we don't get work, bedad, we'll go and rob the church."

"To rob a church," said Mick to Pat "How could you be so vile?
For something it might happen us when going up the aisle.
But if you do I'll go with you, we'll get safe out we hope,"
Come listen till I tell you now, how Paddy stole the rope.

They broke into a country church where nobody was minding,
The searched about and soon found out where treasure it was
hiding.
They scrambled together all they could and then prepared to elope,
When "Hold on," says Pat to Mick "What will we do without a
rope?"

"We have got the bag to hold the swag," so then they went outside,
"With something strong and stout my boy, this bundle must be
tied."
Just then they heard the churchbell ring and as fast as an antelope,
They scrambled up the belfry high to go and steal the rope.

When going up the belfry high, "By jakers", said he, "Stop!"
"For to get a piece that's long enough we must climb to the top."
So he banded by one arm and leg and he pulled his claspknife out,
Right above his head and hand he cut the rope quite stout.

He quite forgot what held him up but by the holy poke,
Down to the bottom of the church fell Paddy and the rope.
Say Mick to Pat as he lay on the ground, twisting and agroaning,
"If that's the way you steal a rope no wonder that your moaning."

"I'll show you how to steal a rope, now pray lend me your knife,"
When cries out Pat "Be careful Mick or else you'll lose your life,"
Then Mick bounced up the rope just like an agile thief,
Instead of cutting the rope above he cut it underneath.

The piece fell down and Mick was left to swing up there on high,
"Come down" says Pat, "I can't" says Mick, "For if I drop I'll die."
The noise soon brought the bailiff, the sergeant and police,
And the more they set poor Mick at ease the pair got no relief.

They brought them to the station, to the judge they did explain,
He sentenced them "to six months hard" which caused them much
pain.

And in the dark and dreary jail their conduct they do rue,
For if they hadn't work enough at first they have plenty now to do.

Sung by Jimmy Grant of Meenyanly at his own home and in the company of his family and Corney McDaid. One of the humorous songs that Jimmy learned in his youth.

No. 58 - The Rangey Ribs



Pat-rick Crow-ley is my name I am not un-known to fame. By the
 many voyages and adventures that I've made. In that
 land of craft and fame that un-war-y path I've trod. That
 deed un-commonly called the catt-le trade. Of
 Her-(e)-fords and Ayr-(e)-shires that grace my hum-ble byre. I've
 had them red and white and black and blue. But there's
 none sticks in my mind or leaves me so far be-hind as the
 Ran-gey Ribs I bought from Mick-ey Dubh.

Patrick Cowley is my name, I am not unknown to fame,
 By the many voyages and adventures that I've made.
 In that land of craft and tamed that unwary path I've trod,
 That deed uncommonly called the cattle trade.
 Of Herfords and Ayrshires that grace my humble byre,
 I've had them red and white and black and blue.
 But there's none sticks in my mind or leaves me so far behind,
 As the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

Of his failings to begin he was rangey ribbed and thin,
 He was ring-boned and wrecked with the hoose.
 He was fluked and timber-tongued and he shivered when he dunged,
 To masticate his grinders did refuse,
 He had T.B. for a fact, pig-mouthed and humpy backed,
 The warble fly had paid a visit too.
 Had there been a sale for lice I'd have doubled on the price,
 Of the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

His hair was patched and dry he had ringworm round the eye,
And his kidneys did fail him as sorely he did try,
I still can see the rings of excruciating strings,
Where the garlic to his tail was often tied.
He had neither length nor breath walked more by skill and strength,
And his hurdy bones the skin had broken through.
Dissipated an forlorn there was just but a single horn,
On the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

Mick was anxious for the sale, so he hurried on the deal,
And to me it was obvious from the start,
As he sang his praise to me and outlined his pedigree,
From 'Rangey Ribs' he was inclined to part,
He's a calf by Hulton's Bull, he's the kind you want to kill,
And his mother won the cup at Killaloo,
I sure would give a pile, if I possessed the style,
Or could muster half the gab of Mickey Dubh.

"He's a thoroughbred" says Mick as he poked him with a stick,
You can recognise the lines on which he's made.
He's the kind that's easy beefed and I'll miss him to my grief,
If you feed him well to spring he ought to graze.
So the bargain was struck and Mick handed out the luck,
To the Rangey Ribs he bade a fond adieu,
Then I brought my stick to play and I headed for the brae,
With the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

Well I nursed him for a year and it was soon becoming clear,
Condition to his ribs would never cling.
The conclusion I came to that the only thing to do,
Was to enter him and try him in the ring,
So I groomed him up and down and when the Monday came around,
I was up before the sun had dried the dew.
I greased and oiled my hair, headed to Carndonagh fair,
With the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

I remember well the day that I went up Malin Brae,
Outside the Sportsman Inn he let a roar.
And he stopped right in his track and he arched him humpy back,
As if to say, "I've anchored here before"
There he stopped me in the street in the blinding rain and sleet,

The interest and the offers they were few.
And though they looked him up and down yet they never bid a crown,
On the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

He was grazed from Derryart from the snow-capped cold Glenard,
From the fertile fields of Feeney to the Pass,
From clover clad Finncairn to the meadows of Drumsurn,
So he must have been a specialist in grass,
At the Leg of Allen Pot "The Specials" nearly shot,
And battle-scarred he ranged throught Derry too.
And Larry Quigley said he often scared his waens to bed,
With the 'Rangey Ribs' I bought from Mickey Dubh.

Though he lent but little grace or distinction to the place,
He was useful times as Madge would often say.
For on that heap of bones and thrash we would hang the weekly wash,
Since the uprights on the line had gone astray.
And it was a common sight to see the green and white,
Of shifts and shirts and often bloomers too,
And when Auntie Jane had passed we flew them at half-mast,
From the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

But a tear comes to my eyes when I think of his demise,
And the circumstances after which he died,
I got him housed at last from November's icy blast,
And had him in the byre strongly tied.
I was doing my last rounds before Madge and I lay down,
As any careful man would always do,
When I found him cold as clay choked by Ramsey's musted hay,
The "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

Now when Madge she heard the news she trembled in her shoes,
And I wondered if her heart would stand the blow.
We neither ate nor slept but an all night vigil kept,
And we waked him till the cocks began to crow.
At the first grey light of dawn I pulled my waders on,
And thinking it the proper thing to do,
With what light the candle gave, I washed and soaped and shaved,
The "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

Well we buried him next day where the sunlight strikes the brae,
The neighbours came from miles and miles around,
To pay their last respects for you never know who's next,
And helped commit his carcass to the ground.
There with willing pick and spade his last resting place was made,
His body was gently lowered from the brae,
Every more to be at rest Ramsey's hay had proved the test,
For the "Rangey Ribs" I bought from Mickey Dubh.

Maoliosa Doherty, better known as an accordion player, sang this song during a break in playing in Owen Kelly's house in January of 1986. The song is well known in other parts of the country and has been recorded extensively in Co. Clare. Place names matter not. The song is part of the genre popular throughout the country in which broken down cattle are ridiculed. It is hard to imagine that an "old bag of bones" would travel from Killaloo, which is in Co. Derry or Killaloe in Co. Clare, to Carndonagh's Malin Brae, The Sportsman's Inn (a well known hostelry in Carn) to Derryart in West Donegal, Glenard (high above the Illies in Inishowen), Feeney in Co. Derry to the Pass (Glen-shane, I presume). The "Leg of Allen Pot" is a treacherous winding sideroad between Dungiven and Garvagh. At this stage a truly confusing song! However it is a fine example of the humorous song for those who have the stamina to learn it. The ingenuity of Farmer Ramsey who eventually sold the lethal dose is to be admired. These comments are mine not Maoliosa's.

No. 59 - The Rattling Railway Boy

The image shows the musical notation for the song 'The Rattling Railway Boy'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'Sure my age being two and twen - ty my lib - er - ty I got, My'. The second staff continues with 'par - ents oft times told me to go and seek my lot. I'. The third staff continues with 'ram - bled a 'round from town to town in search of some em - ploy, I can'. The fourth staff concludes with 'hack, pick, pack and snov - el I'm a ratt - l - ing rail - way boy.'

Sure my age being two and twenty my liberty I got,
My parents oft times told me to go and seek my lot.
I rambled around from town to town in search of some employ,
I can hack pick pack and shovel I'm a rattling Railway Boy.

Now yet in all my travels sure I never cared for the great,
For in my pocket handkerchief I carried my whole estate.
I've got money in my pocket to drink whiskey when I'm dry,
And to tavel I am no stranger I'm a rattling Railway Boy.

it's when I would meet a comely girl as plain as you can see,
I always had the impetus to place her on my knee.
I would kiss her and embrace her till with me she would comply,
I'd say "My dove, why don't you love a rattling Railway Boy?"

She gave consent, away we went to the priest-house the next morn,
He took out his big bible and he joined us both in one.
I lived with her that winter, great comfort and with joy,
The first of May I went away, a rattling Railway Boy.

Sure it's now he had gone and left me his vows they are all broke,
My mother always told me at best he was a rogue.
But I have one consolation I can sit down and cry,
And whisper in my baby's ear "Your daddy's a Railway Boy".

Charlie McGonigle sang this song at John "Denary" Doherty's birthday party in the very early hours of New Year's day in 1986 - would you believe, five hours into the New Year. He learned it from his father.

No. 60 - The Sailor Boy

'Twas a cold and storm-y wint-ers night the snow lay on the ground. A
sail - or boy stood on the quay his ship was out-ward bound. His
true love stood by his side shed many a bitt-er tear. And
as he clasped her in his arms he whisp-ered in her ear.

'Twas a cold and stormy winter's night the snow lay on the ground.
A sailor boy stood on the quay his ship was outward bound.
His true love stood beside him shed many a bitter tear.
And as he clasped her in his arms he whispered in her ear.

Chorus:

"Farewell, farewell my own true love this parting gives me pain,
You'll be my hope my guiding star till I return again.
My thoughts will be on you my love, when the storms are raging high,
Good-bye my love, remember me, your faithful sailor boy."

'Twas in the gale the ship set sail the lass was standing by,
She watched the vessel out of sight as the tears rolled in her eye.
For him she prayed to heaven above to guide him on his way,
And the parting words of her true-love re-echoed in the bay.

Chorus

'Twas hard to see the ship return without that sailor boy,
For he died at sea while on his way when the flag was half-mast high.
His comrades came on shore and told her that he was dead,
A letter did inform her and this is what it said.

Chorus

Sadie McGonagle, Slavery

(Also known as the Faithful Sailor Boy)

See *Laws Catalogue No K13*

No. 61 - The Rose of Glenfin

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Rose of Glenfin'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef, 4/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like. There are some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes.

There dwells a fair fe - male in Mag - her - a - fin. Her
name it is Moll - y and her prais - es I'll sing. She is
come - ly neat and hand - some with snow - y white skin, She's the
blaz - ing star of arm - our or the Rose of Glen - fin.

There dwells a fair female in Magherafin,
Her name it is Molly and her praises I'll sing.
She is comely neat and handsome with snowy-white skin,
She's the blazing star of armour or the Rose of Glenfin.

Her long flowing locks fall in ringlets so fair,
Her sparkling blue eyes with the stars can compare.
She moves with the ease of the bird on the wing,
And her voice is more pleasing than the sweet lark in spring.

When she rises in the morning to the garden she will go,
She will pull all those lillies far whiter than snow.
She will pull all those lillies leave the red rose to bloom,
For the lillies will wither and the thyme will come soon.

When we met lovely Molly you set my heart aflame,
You soon won my affection when e're I heard your name.
And the hours we spent together those I'll never forget,
But it's when you turned from me that's the time I'll regret.

Don't you mind lovely Molly when you gave me your hand,
You swore on the bible that you would be mine.
But it's now you've gone and married and you broke all those vows,
I am sorry for to leave you, fare you well a stór mo chroí.

My curse I'll give daily to any young man,
Who'd shower on any woman too much affection.
For they'll sit and drink with you till your money's all done,
And then they're away from you with some other man's son.

Corney McDaid, Cockhill Road, Buncrana
Jim McGonagle, Cloontagh

My first reaction was to ignore this fine song as it appeared in *McFarland - McBride "My Parents Reared Me Tenderly"*, (Buncrana 1985). However that eminent singer, Frank Harte from Chapelizod, Dublin complained that the theme and tune were too fine to ignore and that three verses were not really a full song that traditional singers could justify. An exhaustive search for further verses proved unfruitful. Jim McGonagle provided the last verse given here with Corney McDaid's three verses I undertook to adhere to the wishes of Frank Harte to add verses two and four, to give a six verse version. My apologies for any inadequacies singers or scholars may find, but it was as good as I could muster and I hope that those verses enhance rather than hinder the song.

Incidentally I cannot find any reference to the song in any of the standard catalogues, hence my pioneering venture into adding the extra verses.

No. 62 - The Shamrock Shore

The musical score is written on four staves in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and folk-like, with several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) in the first, second, and fourth staves. The lyrics are printed below the notes, aligned with the corresponding syllables.

From Lon-don-der-ry we have set sail it being on the eight day of May, Be-tween
nine and ten next morn-ing we a-rrived at Mo-ville Bay. Fresh
wa-ter we had twen-ty tons for pass-en-gers in store, Least we
might run short go-ing to New York far from the Sham-rock Shore.

From Londonderry we have set sail it being on the eight day of May
Between nine and ten next morning we arrived at Menville Bay.
Fresh water we had twenty tons for passengers in store,
Least we might run short going to New York, far from the
Shamrock Shore.

When we had taken the last fond look of Derry's ancient town,
Let misfortune never light on us nor pull our courage down.
She's the grand female of my heart, she's the girl I do adore,
May the angels bright shed soft light, around the Shamrock Shore.

When we will take our last fond look at Malin's ancient Head,
Inishtrahull lies in the nor-east, lies in a watery bed,
It was a grand sea first appeased my heart and I daily vowed it o'er
And parting with my loving friends all around the Shamrock Shore.

When we were lying all sea-sick not a passenger was clear,
Quite helpless in our bunks we lay no one to ease our pain.
Neither father kind or mother dear to lift our heads when sore,
And the sun going down between sea and sky, far far from the
Shamrock Shore.

Here's a health to Mr. Rifle he was our chief mate's name,
When we were lying all sea-sick 'twas him that eased our pain.
We will drink his health full flowing glass and we'll toast him four times
four,

And its "deoch an dorais" we will drink "Here's a health to the
Shamrock Shore."

It's now we're safely landed in four and twenty days,
We take our comrades by the hand and we'll go different ways.
We take our comrades by the hand in hopes to meet once more,
And I hope we'll meet our loving friends all around the Shamrock
Shore.

Sung by Denis McDaid in McFeeley's Bar, Clonmany. This song seems
to be the basis for the popular song Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.
McDaid's version does not include the details of townlands and place
names that appear in the Henry and Shields versions.

See *Moulden, "Songs of the People" (Part 1) Sam Henry Collection
No. 85* and *Shields "Shamrock, Rose and Thistle" No. 33.*

No. 63 - She Tickled Me

One eve - ning so fine to a pic - nic did go. T'was down to a vill - age in
Kent. And I'm ver - y well pleased to in - form you so what a
joll - y good night there I spent.

One evening so fine to a picnic I did go 'twas down to a village in Kent,
And I'm very well pleased to inform you so what a jolly good night
there I spent.

I was introduced to a Molly so fair as fine a wee moll as you've seen,
For her eyes they are dark blue and her hair a gold hue and her age
it was scarce seventeen.

I asked this young Molly what time she hung out or what time she
was going away,

Says "I my wee beauty will I see you home?" she answered me
"Yes sir you may".

So I gently slipped her small arm through mine and then going down
the dark lane,
And we stopped 'neath the shade of a bonnie green tree because it
began for to rain.

Chorus

She tickled me and I tickled her not for a moment could I let her be
But blushing she said "Be quiet kind sir" and she tickled me and I
tickled her.

I spooned with this Moll for twelve months or more, till she didn't like
single life

Then we went to the clergy one day as you know, he wed us both
one man and wife.

When dinner was over and all things was right and just as the word
had been said,

We had a few games of card dice and chess and we both toddled off
into bed.

Sung by Jimmy Grant of Meenyanly. Another of his humourous songs.
He learned it from John Doherty from Mallore who emigrated with
Jimmy's brother to Canada in 1923.

No. 64 - The Shirt I left Behind

The image shows the musical notation for the song 'The Shirt I left Behind'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'I'm tattered and torn and I'm all for-lorn an' I'm look-ing out for lodg-ings. For I can not stick auld Dan McCann and his dir-ty style of dodg-ing. Says I McCann look here my man in your house no more you'll find me. So I bun-died up my bit of rags but I left my shirt be-hind me.'

I'm tattered and torn and I'm all for-lorn an' I'm look-ing out for lodg-ings. For I can not stick auld Dan McCann and his dir-ty style of dodg-ing. Says I McCann look here my man in your house no more you'll find me. So I bun-died up my bit of rags but I left my shirt be-hind me.

I'm tattered and torn and I'm all forlorn and I'm looking out for lodgings'

For I cannot stick auld Dan McCann and his dirty style of dodging. Says I "McCann, look here my man, in your house no more you'll find me,"

So I bundled up my bits of rags but I left my shirt behind me.

The very next day I went away I thought no more about it,
For I knew right well if I went to hell I could work right well without it.

Next day McCann sent round Roseanne, his daughter, to remind me,
"For heavens sake come back and take that shirt you left behind you."

That very night I got a bit tight, I gave McCann a thumpin',
And when I reached the corner house sure my heart began a pumpin'.

'Twas there I espied an awful sight, a sight that nearly blinded me,
What did I meet coming down the street but the shirt I left behind me.

I was very quick and I seized a brick and I hit the object sideways,
Little I knew young Rose McCann was walking right inside it.
The very next day at the police court the magistrate did fine me,
'Twas all ten quid for the killing of a kid in the shirt I left behind me.

Jimmy Grant of Meenyanly, another song of the lighthearted type.
He got this song from a Derryman whose name he was unable to recall

No. 65 - The Smashing of the Van

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Smashing of the Van'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'It was the twen-ty fourth of May nine-teen and twen-ty one. When the news rang out from Glas-gow of a dar-ing deed being done. It's of a band of her-oes to re-lease an Ir-ish man. They as-sembled in the High Street for to smash the pris-on van.'

It was on the twenty fourth of May nineteen and twenty one,
When the news rang out from Glasgow of a daring deed being done.
It's of a band of heroes to release an Irishman,
They assembled in the High Street for to smash the prison van.

Chorus

Here's to them who done it, to Erin's Isle they're true,
For each man who played a part that day was Irish through and through.

Side by side they stood there revolvers in their hand,
Ten gallant Irish rebels at the smashing of the van.

The clever Glasgow police were quickly on the scene,
And arrested every Irish man connected with Sinn Fein.
They arrested Father McRory a mere clergyman,
But they only showed their ignorance at the smashing of the van.

The trial now is over, the crown case it has failed,
Although they tried their very best to send those men to jail.
Defended by the counsellors McKane and Sandyman,
Sure the verdict was "Not Guilty" for the smashing of the van.

Maggie McGee

Fr. McRory, mentioned in this song was from the "Parish", the rural area that lies north of Buncrana Town, hence the popularity of this short song in Inishowen.

(Continued from Page 145)

proximate two thousand two hundred passengers on board. It was mostly women and children that were rescued.

In the English speaking world there are more than one hundred ballads copyrighted on the subject of this tragedy. The first recorded ballad appeared on the 25th April 1912 ten days after the disaster. In the Irish Tradition there are at least eight distinct ballads on the subject and many versions have been collected. Mary Anne Canny's version is the one most favoured by Irish traditional singers.

See *Laws catalogue No D24* also *dD40, dD41, dI26, dI27* also *Hammond "Songs of Belfast" 1978*

See also *Disc, Eddie Butcher, "The Titanic and other Traditional Folk Songs". Outlet OAS 3007 (1978)* for a shorter version.



Mary Anne Canny, Dunaff.
(Photo: John Gallagher)

No. 66 - The Sow Pig

On the twelfth day of Aug - ust nine - teen hund - red and nine, John pro -
ceed - ed to Derr - y by the Lough - Swil - ly Line. Glen
goll - an was hon - ored when John re - turned back, As
proud as a prince with a pig in a sack.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Sow Pig'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are: 'On the twelfth day of August nineteen hundred and nine, John proceeded to Derry by the Lough Swilly Line. Glengollan was honoured when John returned back, As proud as a prince with a pig in a sack.'

On the twelfth day of August nineteen hundred and nine,
John proceeded to Derry by the "Lough Swilly Line."
Glengollan was honoured when John returned back,
As proud as a prince with a pig in a sack.

Now this pig from beginning was the pride of John's heart,
Day or night from her side you couldn't get him to part.
Nor from his duty towards her he never did flinch,
Till he proudly escorted her to Marshall's of Inch.

Now for poor John there seemed to be trouble in store,
For three nights without sleep he lay stretched on the floor.
With the hurry and burry and he fixed up some strong wine,
Poor John forgot to put down the sow's time.

On the Good Friday evening the hour being eight,
The sow she took sick and the excitement was great.
Poor John he approached her as she lay stretched on the floor,
But the sow let a grunt and John made for the door.

Then up steps Manassie with a rake in her hand,
To rescue these young ones she fought like a man.
But her courage soon failed her when she thought of her fate,
And right o'er the partition she was seen to retreat.

John watched the proceedings with a tear in his eye,
When all could be done was to just sob and sigh.
Another bold effort was made by McLean,
But the sow let a grunt and she conquered again.

Now to see such a crowd round a pig was a sight,
There was Patton, John Mitchell, Manassie and Knight.
The cook from the kitchen was there to the fore,
Not forgetting Joe Walker from Crislamore.

But all ended well and for in a short time,
The sow she produced a fine litter of nine.
And the cook then suggested before going away,
"Would you all kindly join me in buns and some tae."

So now I must conclude and finish my song,
I hope I haven't tread on your patience too long.
For on a cold winter's night when the fire's warm and big,
You will hear of John Walker and his famous sow pig.

Paddy McCallion, Burnfoot

This song was composed locally in the Burnfoot area of Inishowen at the beginning of the century. It describes a simple incident of a man going to buy a sow pig, taking her to be serviced - the waiting - the watching and of course the successful end to the venture!

No. 67 - The Titanic

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Titanic'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and narrative, with a slight rise in pitch towards the end of each line.

You true-hearted Christians come listen to my tale, How the
gallant ship Titanic for New York bound did sail. She was
lovely grand the largest boat that ever ploughed the wave, But a-
las she struck an iceberg that dashed her to her grave.

You true-hearted Christians come listen to my tale,
How the gallant ship Titanic for New York bound did sail.
She was lovely grand the largest boat that ever ploughed the wave,
But alas! she struck an iceberg that dashed her to her grave.

'Twas a beautiful April morning she steamed from Southampton quay,
There were millionaires as well as poor going to Americay.
There was joy and hope in every heart as she sailed the waters blue.
With a veteran Captain on her bridge and nine hundred men her crew.

She was the pride of Belfast built, the glory of her crew,
She had every comfort every fixture the art of man ever knew.
A regular floating palace from stem to stern was she,
But she lies with sixteen hundred souls deep down the Atlantic Sea.

She stopped at Queenstown on her trip for Irish girls and boys,
That were leaving dear old Ireland strange lands to employ.
The last time those poor emigrants gazed on their native shore,
Oh, they nobly died, God rest their souls, we'll never see them more.

Now all went fine until the fourteenth of April drew nigh,
And in the middle of the night an iceberg floated by.
The Titanic proudly bore along unmindful of her foe,
When there came a crash, an awful splash and cries from all below

Brave Captain Smith was on her bridge he gave his order clear,
And wireless operators sent their message far and near.
"Save us, save us, we're sinking fast" it was an awful cry,
When sad to state help came too late sixteen hundred souls must die.

There was not much confusion none thought the ship would fail,
The bands were playing sweet on board there was no storm or gale.
When suddenly the boats were launched in rushed the waters wild,
The husbands torn from their wives the mother from her child.

That good old ship "Carpathia" she heard the wireless cry,
And putting all her steam ahead to the Titanic fast did fly.
She saved those in the lifeboats landed them safe in New York Bay,
But the rest she left behind her to wait their judgement day.

Oh! God it was an awful sight what horror must be there,
To see the doomed ones rush on deck and hear them breathe a prayer.

"Women and children" first were cried seven hundred souls were saved,
But the rest went down in the water deep to fill a martyr's grave.

Let us raise our voice to heaven and join in a prayer of love,
For all those Irish boys and girls to meet with God above.
May the faithful souls who perished on the Titanic have no dread,
For their reward's in heaven when the sea gives up its dead.

Mary Anne Canny, Dunaff

The Belfast built, White Star Line owned "Titanic" reputedly the finest passenger ship ever built, sailed from Southampton in April of 1912 bound for New York on her maiden voyage. She called at Cobh (Queenstown) and collected many Irish passengers. On the night of April 14-15th, 1600 miles north-east of New York, this floating palace foundered with the loss of 1500 lives.

She was skippered by the veteran Captain Smith and a crew of about nine hundred. The watch sighted an iceberg just before the crash but too late to avoid it. Experts had considered the ship unsinkable but the collision tore a huge gap, 300ft long in her hull. The ship sank in two and a half hours. The life boats held less than half of the ap-

(Continued on Page 141)

No. 68 - Treat My Daughter Kindly

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Treat My Daughter Kindly'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The lyrics are: 'There once was a farm - er a good old soul was he, I use to work up - on his farm down in the count - r - y. He had one on - ly daugh - ter on her I cast an eye, And when I asked him for her hand these words he did re - ply.'

There once was a farmer a good old soul was he,
I used to work upon his farm down in this country.
He had one only daughter on her I cast an eye,
And when I asked him for her hand these words he did reply.

"Treat my daughter kindly and shade her from all harm,
Before I die I'll will to you my little house and farm.
My horse, my dog, my cow and my bonny sheep and barn,
An all the little chickens in the garden."

She loved me so dearly I just loved her the same,
When my days work was over with her I would remain,
To watch her milk her father's cow and shade her from all harm,
And many's the pint of milk I drank before I left the farm.

It's now that we are married and settled down for life,
I oft' times think of her old man and all his good advice.
To treat his daughter kindly and shade her from all harm
And now I am the owner of this little house and farm.

Corney McDaid sang this song. It is to be found in the repertoire of Irish and English traditional singers. This one has obvious Music Hall origins and would be a version of "The Farmer's Boy" in which the poor boy always makes good.

See *Laws Catalogue No Q30*

No. 69 - Welcome Home

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Welcome Home'. It consists of four staves of music in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'Sure my moth - er she stood on a Queens - town Dock, With a hand - ker - chief up to her eyes, And as the big ship it sailed out with the tide, It was then she be - gan for to cry.'

Sure my mother she stood on the Queenstown Dock,
With a handkerchief up to her eyes,
And as the big ship it sailed out with the tide,
It was then that she began for to cry.

Saying "My boy, here's a locket I now got for you,"
And inside it a photograph showing.
And these are the words were inscribed on a note,
"There'll be no one to say Welcome Home."

Chorus:

No one to say, welcome home from far away,
Far away o'er the far raging foam.
Fatherless, motherless, carelessly I roam,
There'll be no one to say "Welcome Home."

'Tis oft times I think of that little white cot,
In old Ireland far o'er the sea.
That little white cot at the foot of yon hill,
Where my mother stands waiting for me.

"My boy," she is saying "You've gone far to roam,
You have left your poor mother alone.
But when you return to that land of your birth,
There'll be no one to say "Welcome Home."

Jim McGonigle, Cloontagh, Clonmany

No. 70 - The Wee Woman in our Town

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Wee Woman in our Town'. It consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are: 'There was a wee wom-an in our town in our town did dwell, She had a hus-band she loved dear and a - nother man twice as well. With my rye for roe for rad-y and my rye for roe for ree, With my rye for roe for rad-y and she whacked with all the dough.'

There was a wee woman in our town, in our town did dwell,
She had a husband she loved dear and another man twice as well.
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

Oh! she went to the doctor some medicine for to find,
"Will you give me anything that will set an aul' boy blind"
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough

Oh! the doctor gave her marrowbone and told her to grind it fine,
And shake it in the aul boy's eyes and that would set him blind.
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

She came home with marrowbone and she ground it fine,
She shook it in the aul' boys eye's and that did set him blind.
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

"Oh! I'm tired of this country and I'm tired of this life,
I think I'll go and drown myself and that will end all strife.
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

"Oh! if your tired of this country and your tired of this life,
I'll go and help you drown yourself and that will end all strife"
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

They both set off together till they came to the river brim,
And the cunning aul' boy he stepped aside and she went birling in.
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam till she came to the river
brim,
And with his big long walking stick he pushed her further in.
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

And when he thought she had enough he hauled her to dry land,
"That will put the notion out of your head of having another man."
With my rye for roe for rady and my rye for roe for ree,
With my rye for roe for rady and she whacked with all the dough.

Paddy Doherty (Eoghnie), Buncrana

The fate of the lady in question in this version of the popular song
was not as tragic as that of the "Wee Woman from Wexford".

No. 71 - The Year of Seventy One

On the third of the first in seven - ty one, I'll
tell you's a tale how that year be- gun. When Bob
Mack and aul Mickey they went down to Mass. But
com ing up at Maggie's his old tractor would not pass.

Composer: Jim McGonagle, Cloontagh

On the third of the first in Seventy One,
I'll tell you's a tale how that year begun.
When Bob Mack and auld Mickey they went down to Mass,
But coming up at "Maggie's" his old tractor would not pass.

Says Bob Mack to auld Mickey, "That's as far as she'll go,
For you cannot change force of habit you know.
Sure I will not force her or I'll not even try,
For I had a couple last night and I feel very dry."

These two braves they went in to celebrate the new year,
They started away with a half and a beer.
They had one, they had two and the fun it went fine,
And 'Broad Shoulders' wasn't dry when Maggie called time.

It was then they got out and they got on their way,
Not knowing misfortune it waited that day.
For coming up at Felimih's Mick was going too hard,
Cut the corner too sharp and he headed for ard.

Oh! he mounted the ditch and came down with a plump,
And auld Mickey fell out on the road with a thump.
But "Broad Shoulders" went on thinking everything was fine,
Not knowing his auld partner was half unconscious behind.

He went on round the bridge like everything was alright,
But the tractor she knew that her load it got light.
They went out over Ard and past Neil Noone's they did roll,
Till they met with 'wee Coady' who was out for a stroll.

Sure "Broad Shoulders" pulled up he stopped for the crack,
Still not knowing auld Mickey was gone from the back.
Says he "I can drink, I can booze, I can go anywhere,
But I always take home this auld grey mare."

Now you all know "wee Coady" he takes everything cool,
He says unto Mickey, "I know your no fool,
But I'll tell you one thing, it won't cost you a dime,
You took home your tractor, left auld Mickey behind."

Then "Broad Shoulders" was shocked as he turned about,
A car it pulled up and auld Mickey crawled out.
His face was all muck and his clothes were all torn,
Aye and "Droll" in his hayday wouldn't have stood anymore.

Well he crawled up to Mickey then and this he did say,
"I won't be seen on that auld tractor for many's a long day.
I will join up with Paisley or some regiment,
Before I go out with you to repent.

"Now hold on there auld Mickey don't take it to heart,
For I kept talking to you all the way up Ard.
And getting no answer sure I still hadn't known,
That your lying there at Billie's and suffering alone."

Now you all who have tractors and go out for the fun,
Make sure that your passenger they are well roped on.
Don't stay in "The Shamrock" till Maggie calls time,
Or you'll go home like "Broad Shoulders" and leave your partner
behind.

Jim McGonigle, Cloontagh, composed these lines in 1971 and it refers to an incident that occurred locally. "The Shamrock" refers to "The Shamrock Bar" where traditional songs can be heard.

Bibliography — (Works referred to in the Notes)

Bronson, "The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads", Princeton University Press, 1959 - 1972

* Child, Francis James ed., "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads", 5 Vols. 1882 - 1898. Reprint New York, 1965.

"Come All Ye's", Derry Journal — n.d.

"Dal gCais" - A Journal of Clare, No. 8, Miltown Malbay, 1986

Hammond, David, "Songs of Belfast", Gilbert Dalton, Dublin. 1978.

Hughes, Herbert ed., "Songs of Uladh", 1904

Journal of Folk Song Society, (England) London, 1889 - 1931

Kennedy, Peter ed., "Folk Songs of Britain and Ireland", London 1975

* Laws, G. Malcolm, Jr., "American Ballads from British Broadsheets" Philadelphia, 1964

McCarroll - Harkin, "Carndonagh" 1984

McFarland - McBride ed., "My Parents Reared Me Tenderly", Buncrana, 1985

Moulden, John, ed., "Songs of the People" 1. Selections from the Sam Henry Collection, Belfast, 1979

Munnely, Tom, ed., "The Man and his Music - John Reilly" Ceol IV, 1972

Ó Gallchóir, Proinsias, "History of Landlordism in Donegal", 1960

Ó Lochlainn, Colm, "Irish Street Ballads", Dublin, 1939. (Many subsequent reprints)

Ord, John, "Bothy Songs and Ballads" of Aberdeen Banff and Moray, Angus and the Mearns, Edinburgh, 1930

Ranson, Joseph, "Songs of the Wexford Coast", Enniscorthy, 1948

Shields, Hugh, "Shamrock Rose and Thistle", Folk singing in North Derry, Blackstaff Press, Belfast, 1981

Shields, Hugh, Ceol Vol. 1 No. 1 & 2; Ceol VIII Nos. 1 & 2 Encore, 1986

Tunney, Paddy, "The Stone Fiddle", My way to Traditional Song. Gilbert Dalton, Dublin, 1979

Wright, Robert L., "Irish Emigrant Ballads and Songs", Bowling Green, 1975

Zimmermann, Georges Denis, "Songs of Irish Rebellion", Dublin, 1967.

* CHILD AND LAWS Catalogue Numbers are given to help students of folksong to identify particular songs.

Discography ~ (L.P.'s and Cassettes referred to in Notes)

Butcher, Eddie, "The Titanic and Other Traditional Folk Songs", Outlet OAS 3007, 1978

Byrne, Packie Manus, "Songs of A Donegal Man", Topic, 12TS 257, 1975

Hanna, Geordie, "Geordie Hanna Sings", Eagan, MD 0002, 1978

Harte, Frank, "Daybreak and A Candle End", Foe Tain, Spin 995, 1988

Lenihan, Tom, "Paddy's Panacea", Topic, 12TS 363, 1978

Mitchell, Kevin, "Free and Easy", Topic, 12TS 314, 1977

Reilly, John, "Bonnie Green Tree", Topic, 12TS 359, 1978

Tunney, Paddy, "The Flowery Vale", Topic, 12TS 289, 1976

Tunney, Paddy, "Lough Erne Shore", Sruthan - Mulligan, LUNA 334, 1978



Father James McFadden. A personally signed photograph sent to Miss O'Doherty (sister of E. O'Doherty, M.P. solicitor, Derry and Buncrana) and dated on the back, January, 1890. The photograph was taken by Elliot and Fry, Baker Street, London.



Denis McDaid, Isle of Doagh pictured in the home of his son, P. J. McDaid, playing the Accordion.



Gene M. ...
... ..

