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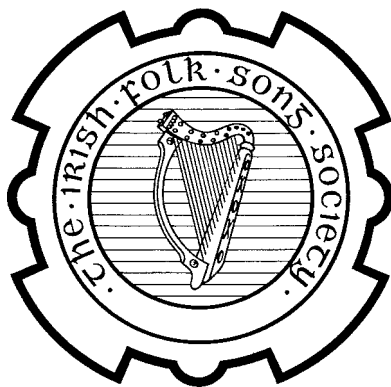
Containing the Original Volume XVI

TRADITIONAL SONGS FROM GALWAY AND MAYO

Collected and Edited

by

MRS. E. COSTELLO OF TUAM



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Yours always
C. Milligan Fox

In Remembrance

(C. M. F.)

THE minstrel for ever is silent,
The voice is still,
The strings of the harp lie broken
That once could thrill ;
No more with music she loved
Of her own dear land,
In plaintive ballad or lay
Or march song grand,
Will the soul of the listener move
Till the soft tears fall,
Or her martial notes arouse
Like a clarion call.
Back from the far-off years
Old shapes would rise
Warriors sword in hand,
War's panoplies,
O'Connor upon his shield
Slow past they bring,
While loud the " keene " is raised
For Erin's last King.
Is it Rory Dall is playing
That requiem lay ?
(The last of the harpers all
When O'Neill had sway.)
Like sorrow for long-lost love
It steals to the heart ;
Ah ! the soul of the minstrel's gone
Where no grief can smart.

ERNEST MILLIGAN.



Mrs. C. Milligan Fox.

A Memoir of the principal founder of the Irish Folk Song Society, by Miss ALICE MILLIGAN and Mr. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, read before the Irish Literary Society by its President at a Concert of Irish Folk Song Music organized by the Irish Folk Song Society in March, 1917, Mr. H. PLUNKET GREENE (Vice-President) in the Chair.

HAVING been asked by Mr. Graves to write a brief memoir of my sister Charlotte, Mrs. Milligan Fox, who died in March last year, I feel that, much as I would wish to leave the task to other hands, I cannot refuse, since the opportunity is given me of acknowledging to the members of the Irish Literary Society how much the influence of their organization meant to her life and career.

It is, indeed, hard for you in London, and almost impossible for many in Ireland, to realize how entirely a section of the youth of Ulster were schooled on un-Irish, or even anti-Irish, lines; and I can hardly believe that if my sister had not come under the influence of your society, she would ever have accomplished the work in the domain of Irish musical research which became her passion—I might almost have said her craze.

During the period when she was preparing the Bunting Memoirs, I had opportunity of discerning that she had come to concentrate *her* whole attention on the one subject of Irish Folk Music, and she compelled me to concentrate *mine* also (though I had a hundred other interests), and secured my collaboration in the historical part of that Folk Song work, without allowing me at any time to escape from her direction and supervision.

She had her documents absolutely at her fingers' ends, and the subject-matter almost by heart; and though my share in the writing was large, it was at every point done as the work of a pupil under the eye of an expert.

In commanding song-words for the ancient airs, which she selected for arrangement, she most frequently chose the subject, and suggested the manner of its treatment with a very sure instinct, especially for what was ancient, historic, and bardic. Themes of that class she usually left for me, whilst of others she would say, "That is more in Mrs. Bunten's line, or in Edith's¹ or Ernest's²." I was never very strong at concise lyrical poetry, and

¹ Mrs. Wheeler.

² Mr. Ernest Milligan.

would only write it whilst she played to me. With the exception of the case of the Mayo Love Song, I don't think she ever successfully set my words to music. All the same, it was my part to put words to her original airs, or to the old airs which she adapted.

But to come to the beginning. My sister was born in Omagh, County Tyrone, in the sixties, on a St. Patrick's Day. I must say that as I developed sooner than she did in Irish sentiment, I long envied her that birthday. When she was a very little girl, she went with my father and mother on a trip to County Sligo, and, to the great indignation of the long-car driver and passengers, she frequently exclaimed, "I'll shoot the Fenians." These were very likely the first words her infant lips were taught to utter by her nurse, an ardent Orangewoman.

Her first Folk Songs were, doubtless, "Derry Walls" and "The Boyne Water." They were certainly the first tunes I ever heard, with the exception of "Rousseau's Dream" and "Martyrdom," the doleful psalm tune to which cradles in our home were rocked; whilst in the parlour my mother and her visitors sang, "Alice, Where Art Thou?" "Juanita" (as a duet), "Oh Fair Dove, Oh Fond Dove," "When Swallows Build," and performed operatic selections as solos and duets. My sister was taken as a very small girl all the way to Belfast to hear musical and operatic artists like Titiens, Ilma de Murska, and others of that era, and had early determined on a musical career.

An old friend of our childhood, Mrs. Sam Rideal (who was with us at the Albert Hall concert and my sister's last birthday party a few days before her death), made her laugh at recalling the fact that when she was eleven years old, she confidentially and solemnly announced to her young friend that her musical education was now complete, and that she knew so much she could be taught no more. I can hardly think that my sister believed this herself; it was just a bit of girlish show-off. She was always clamouring for more and better teaching; and as soon as the opportunity arose was transferred from the excellent mistress under whom she had acquired "The Harmonious Blacksmith," with variations, to the organist of our parish, Dr. Palmer, an Englishman of remarkable teaching ability. Beethoven and Mendelssohn were now studied; and I am sure that at this era Irish music was entirely scorned as not being classical; but as far as I recollect we had no opportunity of hearing it except served up as "Irish Diamonds" in pianoforte variations.

We went to live in Belfast when she was thirteen or fourteen years old, and at this time came into touch with Miss Lucy Johnstone, who a little later

on was one of the amateur stars of our Philharmonic Society, and who when she became a trained concert singer was one of the first to sing my sister's songs.

One of the great events of our family history was the return of Charlotte from Germany, where she had studied music for two years. We were at Bundoran for the summer at the time. She had learned to sing as well as play, and had a volume of Schubert's songs in her trunk. A piano was lent by a friend in Ballyshannon, for we could not wait till we got home to Belfast to hear those wonderful songs and the Beethoven sonatas. Every evening was a musical evening after that.

A year later she came home from the Royal College of Music, London, with another song-book to delight us with. This was Villiers Stanford's arrangement of fifty songs of old Ireland, to words by Mr. A. P. Graves, I had almost said our first revelation of the glories of ancient native song; but for me it was not exactly the first.

During my sister's absence in Germany, we had a visit from an aged cousin, a lady of over eighty years of age, who had conducted school at the period when the use of the globes, heraldry, and mythology, and a correct French accent, were important branches of education, not forgetting how to enter and leave a room. She had been my mother's teacher, and though I was deep in study for the Intermediate examinations, I did not disdain to attempt to acquire these accomplishments. Besides, her conversation was delightful. She had met Thackeray on his Irish tour, had heard Walter Scott and Jefferies plead in Edinburgh, and had been schooled by a French refugee who had seen baskets of heads carried from the guillotine. I don't recollect ever having heard her commend anyone of Irish birth except the accomplished Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter Maria; but her rendering of Irish airs was an inspiration. Frail and old as she was, she loved to play when we were alone together the Irish melodies which she had learned from the pages of Eliot Hudson and Edward Bunting, or still better, had heard played by the last of the old harpers of the Drogheda school, whom she had employed to teach herself and her pupils.

My sister, owing to her absence in Germany, had missed the chance of meeting with this musical cousin; and it was the late Rt. Hon. Robert Young of Belfast who first drew her attention to the works of Bunting. This venerable citizen of Belfast, who died at the age of ninety-four this year, was a member of the Senate of Belfast University, and it was partly as a mark of gratitude to him, as well as of respect to the Chancellor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is President of your Folk Song Society, that the Bunting

papers, which had been put at her disposal by Dr. M'Rory and Lady Deane (the musician's descendants), were placed at her death in the library of the Queen's College.

Of my last visit to my sister I treasure most happy recollections. I had not been able to leave my invalid mother for many years; but immediately after her death, and by her previous express wish, I hastened to London.

My sister was looking forward eagerly to the Patrick's Day Concert at the Albert Hall, where some of her adaptations of Folk Music were to be produced. Her last birthday was on the day before that concert, and Lady Maude Warrender, sister of the President of the Irish Folk Song Society, who was practising two songs with her, brightened the room with a gift of flowers. Attendance at the Concert was visibly an effort. Mrs. Chambers Buntin, who had called in the morning with anxious inquiries as to her fitness to attend, kindly and gravely warned me that she and others felt sure that her death was near, but the effort had no apparent ill effect at the time, though it revealed to me her incurable weakness, which was not at all evident, for her bright conversation and unflinching pleasure in music and society carried it off.

Mr. Bernard Shaw in one of his plays writes cynically "as Irish as an Albert Hall Concert." But this was a really Irish one. Fresh from Belfast, I heard with some bewilderment the massed Guards' bands wearing "England's cruel red," and yet playing tunes and songs that people are now sent to gaol for singing in Ireland. A song found during my sister's delightful visit to Waterford was beautifully sung by Mr. Gordon Cleather, with the words I had written by command very queerly altered by the publisher's man, or my sister, or someone who knew more about music than poetry. Mr. Graves's words were altered, too, to make an ancient battle-song seem to refer to a modern war. Then there were songs by Hamilton Harty and Herbert Hughes. It was just a real Folk Song Concert on a big scale; and my sister's delight was increased by the presence of friends from Ireland, who came next day to congratulate her, and who brought home to her father an account of the great event.

Mrs. Draper, the Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of the Irish Folk Song Society, had written telling her of the Folk Song Society's Medal, which was in preparation for the Feis Ceoil; and the designs were to have been inspected on Sunday, the day, as it came about, which followed her death on March 25th.¹ She had written herself asking Mrs. Draper to have tea with

us; and almost every day of that week she played for me my favourites among the old airs, and told me of the kindness and attention of her friends in the Folk Song Society, who had done so much towards encouraging her life's aim, and giving her happiness and pleasure to the end.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

Let me add to Miss Milligan's memories of her sister a few memories of my own.

The Folk Song Society from which our Irish Folk Song Society sprang was originated as the result of a conversation between our chairman, Mr. Plunket Greene, my brother Charles, the literary and musical critic, and myself, and was started in the old rooms of the Irish Literary Society in Adelphi Terrace, at a meeting attended by the leading Folk Song collectors and experts of the day, Mr. Fuller Maitland, Miss Lucy Broadwood, Mrs. Gomme, now Lady Gomme, Mr. W. H. Gill, and others. Its moving spirit and Secretary was Miss Kate Lee, a member of the Irish Literary Society, and one of its musical benefactors, for she gave us a piano for our use. That Folk Song Society was intended to embrace the four nations, and English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Vice-Presidents were appointed to mark the Union. But the hands of the Society became too full to maintain a Unionist Government, and Mrs. Milligan Fox, though a Unionist in politics, led a Home Rule secession for Irish Folk Song, and hence our present Society.

A similar movement took place on the part of the Welsh, which I am afraid I also aided and abetted. And now the Scotch Gaels, led by such enthusiasts as Mrs. Kennedy Fraser, are also acting on independent lines. "Well, there is room and for a'," and we now are an empire of British and Irish, and I may add Colonial, Folk Song, with enough to satisfy the wants of all the devotees of this delightful branch of music.

I have wandered for a moment from my memories of Charlotte Milligan Fox, but only to prove that she was the first to show the value of a greater specialization in our Irish Folk Song Movement. Her departure in an entirely Irish direction gave a great impulse to the promotion of our native music. She was so indefatigable in the pursuit of what, as her sister writes, became such a passion to her that she spared nothing for it—time, money, health, and life itself. She traversed the North and South of Ireland with pencil and music paper, and then with her phonograph, taking down Irish airs and Irish words, colloquing in her delightfully natural way with high and low, farmer and beggar-woman, piper, harper, fiddler, and ballad-singer,

marchioness and milkmaid. She was indeed here, there, and everywhere as an organizer, lecturer, speaker, collector. She disappointed the Atlantic, because she came back safe across it after an Irish Folk Song raid into the States; but unlike Oscar Wilde, she was *not* disappointed with it. She thoroughly enjoyed her journey, and brought back rich spoil from the Hudson collection for our Folk Song Journal, which she edited first in conjunction with Mr. Herbert Hughes, and then practically single-handed up till the time of her death. Some might object that she did not polish her literary and musical periods sufficiently as a speaker, writer, and composer; but that was not in her nature, and it is very doubtful, had she done so, whether she would have produced half the good work she did. But she had an undoubted vein of melody and a natural literary gift, and what she has left behind in the way of music and writing might be so harmonized and adapted as to give a further pleasure to lovers of music and musical literature.

There was a homely spontaneity about her speaking which was so delightfully disarming that she made friends of the severest critics; indeed she made friends wherever she went, and her generosity to brother musicians, from whom she never locked up her Folk Song stores, was quite unbounded. If by her go-ahead action she occasionally plunged members of the Committee into financial embarrassment by the expenses of a Concert, they always came up smiling from the temporary submergence. For she not only had "a wonderful way with her" in getting new friends to become members, but in inducing old ones to "pay the piper." And if her precipitate proof-reading of literary and musical MSS. occasionally reduced us precisians to despair, her intuition as to where to go for Folk Music, and her Irish knack of coaxing it out of the most difficult custodian, made her worth her weight in gold to a Society like ours.

Miss Milligan has pointed out to us very plainly what was the dearest object under heaven to her sister—the preservation and perpetuation of Irish Folk Music. Surely, then, the best tribute, the highest honour we can pay to her memory is to devote ourselves in her spirit to the collection and popularizing of that Folk Music which Sir Hubert Parry (our chairman's distinguished father-in-law) has characterized as "probably the most human, most varied, and most poetical in the world."

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

The Irish Folk Song Society.

(FOUNDED 1904.)

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Rules of the Irish Folk Song Society.

1. The Society shall be entitled "THE IRISH FOLK SONG SOCIETY."
2. The objects of the Society are (a) the collection and preservation of the traditional music of Ireland, and the publication in a Journal of such specimens as may be deemed advisable; (b) the dissemination of useful information on this and relative subjects by means of the Society's Journal; (c) the promotion and encouragement, by whatever means may appear desirable, of the practice and culture of the national Folk Music of Ireland.
3. The membership of the Society is open to all interested in the subject of Folk Song.
4. The Officers of the Society are a President, Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Secretary, and an Honorary Financial Secretary.
5. The business of the Society shall be managed by a Committee consisting of twelve members who shall be elected annually, and form definite sub-Committees as follows:— Executive, Entertainment, and Publication. The Committee shall have power to co-opt not more than three additional members, and to fill up vacancies which may occur in their body in the course of the year, provided that the persons proposed to be added are nominated at one meeting of the Committee, and unanimously elected at the next meeting, a week's notice of the election of new members being given. Four members of the Committee shall form a quorum. Not more than three of the members who are not of Irish nationality shall serve on the Committee.
6. The Committee shall have power to make bye-laws, to arrange for lectures and meetings, and to take other steps for carrying out the objects or guarding the interests of the Society, provided always that the General Rules be not contravened. The Committee shall, for the above-mentioned purposes, be at liberty to dispose of the funds of the above Society. The election of Vice-Presidents, of Members and Hon. Members, the filling of vacancies in the auditorship, and all matters relating to the business of the Society, shall be in the hands of the Committee.
7. Members upon their election shall be required to remit their subscriptions to the Financial Secretary within one month from date of election.
8. The Annual Subscription to the Society shall be Five Shillings, payable in advance on the 1st of January of each year. The Subscription for Life Members shall be Five Guineas. The names of members who are more than twelve months in arrear with their subscriptions, and to whom three notifications requesting payment have been sent, shall be removed from the books of the Society.
9. Members desiring to resign their membership must give notice of such intention, in writing, to the Hon. Secretary fourteen days before the end of the year, failing which they become liable for their subscriptions for the following year. Members who leave the Society, or whose names have been removed from its books, shall not be entitled to have their subscriptions or any part of them returned.
10. The Annual General Meeting shall be held in January, on a day appointed by the Committee, a week's notice being given to each member. At this Meeting a Committee for the ensuing year shall be elected, and a Report and Balance Sheet, showing the position of the Society on the previous 31st December, shall be submitted. At this Meeting, two members of the

Society who are not members of the Committee, shall be elected, as Auditors of the accounts of the Society for the ensuing year. Six members of the Society shall form a quorum.

11. The election of the Committee shall be conducted by show of hands. No person shall be eligible for nomination, and no member shall be capable of voting, nominating, or seconding, whose subscription for the current year has not been paid. In event of there not being more candidates than vacancies there will be no election, those nominated being declared elected, and if there be a less number of candidates than vacancies, the candidates will, as before, be declared elected, the remaining vacancies being filled up by the new Committee.

12. The Hon. Secretary may summon a Committee Meeting at any time on stating in writing the reason therefor. Four members of the Committee may also convene a similar Meeting, adopting a similar procedure. Notices of such Meetings shall be sent to each member of the Committee, at least eight days previous to the Meeting.

13. The Hon. Secretary shall be required, on the representation in writing of twelve members, to summon an Extraordinary General Meeting, notice of such Meeting to be posted to each member at least eight days previous to the date of the Meeting; the business to be considered being stated on this notice in the form of resolutions by one member, and seconded by another, and no other business, except amendments to the above, shall be entertained at the Meeting. The Committee may summon an Extraordinary General Meeting without requisition, notice being given as above. Six members of the Society shall form a quorum.

14. The General Rules of the Society shall not be altered in any way except by an Extraordinary General Meeting, or at the Annual General Meeting, the amendments to be considered being stated on the notice in the form of a resolution, as per Rule 13.

15. The Honorary Secretary shall keep Minutes of all Meetings in a book provided for the purpose, such Minutes to be read at the following similar Meeting, and, if approved, signed by the Chairman.

16. A Chairman shall be elected at each Annual General Meeting by a majority of votes. His decision on points of order shall be final.

17. The name or address of the Society shall not be used on the title-page of any book, or in connection with any circular, or other publication, save such as have the sanction, given by resolution, of the Committee.

18. In order that this Society may in all respects conform with the provision of the Statute 6 and 7 Victoria, chap. 36, the funds of the Society shall at all times be devoted to the purposes for which it was instituted, and no dividend, gift, division, or bonus in money shall at any time be made unto, or between, any of the members.

PREFACE.

IN making this collection of Western Folk Songs I think it well to state at once that until very recently I had no intention of offering them for publication. They were noted down by me at intervals during the past ten or twelve years, partly to satisfy my own longing to acquire an accurate knowledge of the airs, partly also with the intention of doing something to encourage and popularize Irish singing in the schools and Gaelic League Branches in my immediate neighbourhood. When I came to live in Tuam, some fifteen years ago, I had already formed the acquaintance of members of the Hession family of Belclare (beside Tuam) at different Feisanna, had admired the beauty of their singing, and I regarded myself as fortunate in being brought into such close proximity with them. I soon realized that their singing was merely typical of the district to which they belonged, and that I had discovered a rich field of song practically untouched, but in imminent danger of being lost through indifference and neglect. The work of reviving and fostering it was pre-eminently that of the Gaelic League, and the subject was discussed at several meetings of our Gaelic League Branch. The programme we outlined for ourselves was a rather ambitious one, and perhaps somewhat premature, and though so far it has failed of full realization, chiefly for lack of sufficient encouragement from those who should be primarily interested. It may be useful to state here what we purposed doing. The project of starting a school for traditional music was in the air, and we were convinced that the place for starting it, as in the case of the Gaelic Colleges, should be the centre of an Irish-speaking district where the traditional music still survived. Tuam is the centre of an Irish-speaking district with a wealth of traditional music on every side of it; then why not interest the advocates of a school of Irish Music in the claims of Tuam? With this end in view we decided to hold a series of open-air competitions (“Δεμιζεδάκτα”) throughout the district, at which prizes would be offered for the best singers, and by means of which we should be able to ascertain the material

at our disposal. The prize-winners were to be invited to Tuam when the *Δεμίζεαὶ* were over, to give an exhibition of their talent before a selection of Irish musical experts representative of the whole country, with whom the decision was to be left as to the advisability and means of establishing therein a school of Irish Music. The project of starting the school has never materialized, chiefly for the reason I have stated; but the holding of the competitions brought me into touch with many native singers, and was the first genuine fillip in forming my collection of songs. In speaking of help and encouragement in our efforts, I should like to express here our gratitude to Mr. Edward Martyn, who gave us a generous subsidy for years, and took the keenest interest in our work.

I have said that the collecting and registering of the songs has been a pleasure to me, but the work was not always easy, and it required a certain degree of diplomacy. My husband's profession, however, which brings him into close contact with the people within a ten-mile radius of the town, made matters easier for me than for most people, and tided me over many initial difficulties. The older people who have the songs are often shy of singing them; they feel somehow that their singing is out of date, unappreciated. The children coming home from school with their little anæmic school songs, the youth with their music-hall inanities, combined with the recent introduction of the gramophone, are gradually ousting the popularity of the native music, and the effect is clearly noticeable in many Irish-speaking districts. Perhaps, however, it is less true of this neighbourhood than others, for the country people, as a rule, have a good spirit and will not readily give up their language. Their only fault—and of course it is the most serious of all—is that they are neglecting to speak it to their children, and are thus severing the one link that binds them to their rich traditional past—severing it for something which they will certainly find incomparable to the treasure they will have lost. But even in this matter I think I notice already an improvement; and the proffered encouragement of our new Archbishop and the priests of the district will doubtless soon have a decided effect. The wholesome tradition handed down by such men as the great Archbishop MacHale, Canon Ulick Burke, and John Glynn—all giants in the language movement—still prevails, and the memory of their efforts must always serve as a stimulus to workers in the Gaelic revival.

And quite apart from these human influences there is another of a material yet romantic kind which I must not omit to mention. The

proximity of Knockma—the home of Finvarra and his fairy host—must ever be an inspiration to work for the revival and preservation of the folk-music and folk-lore of the Tuam district. There is not, I suppose, in the whole of Ireland another place figuring so largely in the realm of traditional song and folk-lore in general as this comparatively insignificant hill of 552 feet. Its summit is occupied by a huge cairn dating probably from the dawn of history. For the benefit of my Tuam readers I shall quote the description of their famous hill given by Sir William Wilde in his “Lough Corrib” (now out of print).

“‘Cnoc Measóda’ (Knockma), the great ‘hill of the plain,’ so conspicuous in the landscape, is about five miles to the west of Tuam, in the barony of Clare and County of Galway; its northern slope is occupied by the woods and cultivated grounds of Castlehacket, the seat of Denis Kirwan, Esq.; and on its summit stands the great cairn within which tradition and ancient history say Ceasair, one of the earliest colonists of Ireland, was interred. Perhaps we do not err in assigning to this ancient burial-place a date anterior to that of any other identified historical locality in Ireland; and hence tradition, as well as popular superstition, has thrown over it the investiture of fairy legend beyond all other places in the country; for here Finvarra, the Oberon of Irish sylvan mythology, holds his court. From this point may be obtained one of the grandest panoramic views in Ireland:—the great plain stretching beneath and around Knockroe; the beautiful Abbey of Knockmoy; the towers and city of the Ford of the Kings; the Tuam of St. Jarlath; the Round Tower of St. Bennan; the ruined keeps of the De Burgos; the ships riding in the Bay of Galway; the Slievebloom and Clare mountains; the blue, island-studded waters of Lough Corrib; and in the far western background, the Connemara Alps, with their clear-cut edges, and their sides momentarily varying in tints from the marvellous atmospheric effects of that region stretching round by the Partry range to the lofty peak of Croagh Patrick; and in the extreme north-western distance the bulky form of Nefin, and even some of the Achill mountains skirting Clew Bay.”

Sir William Wilde wrote out of profound knowledge and a wide and generous understanding. We have had other distinguished visitors to the neighbourhood, notably Thackeray and Sir Richard Burton, whose father was born here, who have not been so appreciative; but they came and went seeing only the surface of things.

I have spoken so much of Tuam, because it is here most of this collection

was made, and I wished to show the influences which have helped, and will continue to help, in keeping the native language and music strong in the district.

And now I must tell how I collected and registered the songs. It was an easy matter once I knew of a singer to get him to call and see me the next time his business brought him to Tuam. Many a pleasant evening have I spent thus—evenings which I could see my visitor also enjoyed, for he was always as enthusiastic as myself, singing and remembering the old songs.

It was my practice to listen to the whole of the song first, then to write down one or two verses, and learn the air on those, paying particular attention to phrasing and tempo. Afterwards I had to hear the whole song again until I was satisfied that I had caught both the air and the emphasis on the words exactly as the singer rendered them. With the simpler songs this was sufficient. I then played it over, wrote down the notes, assigned the words to them exactly as the singer gave them, and finally barred it according to the emphasis. This I found the most difficult part of my work, for in each case I had to give first importance to the words, as the singer himself does. To him the air is only the medium of conveying pleasantly to his audience the story he has to tell, and he will even frequently break off in the middle of a fine phrase to explain some difficulty in the verse.

For the more difficult songs a second or third visit was necessary, and some I had to hear many times before I ventured to write them down.

With regard to others I myself was the visitor, my trips extending from the slopes of Mwaoilrea, overlooking the Killeries, where I listened to *Suibán* *oe* *Óirca* singing of far away Murrisk, down to the little Irish-speaking village of Tawin on the southern borders of the Co. Galway.

The songs most popular still in Connacht are those of the poet Raftery, who died in 1835. It is really wonderful how this poor blind fiddler poet has set all Connacht singing for the past hundred years, and is likely to continue so doing as long as the language lasts. I have been enabled to give eight examples of his poems through the kindness of Dr. Douglas Hyde, who allowed me to use the versions given in his collection of Raftery's poems, published in 1903. As the book is now out of print, I have thought it well to give the complete version of each song as published by Dr. Hyde. One of his most popular songs, which I have not given, is the "*Beán an fíu Ruairé*"; but this air is almost too well known, and has already been printed in the Rev. P. Walsh's excellent collection of Southern Songs, as "*An Capallín Bán*." (See *Cnuasraíó beag Áiríán*, Part III.)

Thus after some years I found myself in possession of a goodly number of songs hitherto unpublished, and I determined to make a selection of what I considered the best, and to submit them to the judgment of such experts as Rev. H. Bewerunge of Maynooth, and Dr. Charles Wood, of London. From them I derived many useful hints as to the proper barring of the airs and the modes to which they belong, and received strong encouragement to proceed with their publication. The final decision to publish this volume is due partly to the urgency of those musical friends, partly to the committee of the Irish Folk Song Society, who offered to bring out the book, but more especially to the Rev. Dean Malachy Eaton, of Maynooth, who assisted me from the beginning, and very kindly took upon himself the whole burden of correction and translation and seeing the book through the press. He tells me that in the work of translation (which, by the way, was done merely to meet the wishes of the Irish Folk Song Society) he had the assistance of numerous helpers, and that they do not ask for any thanks from me. The knowledge, apparently, that they may have been instrumental in saving even a few of the old songs is sufficient recompense for them.

I have not considered it advisable to load the pages of the work with grammatical or topographical notes, or to give alternative readings in verses where the singers themselves differed. These I should deem suitable to a text-book, but entirely out of place in a musical volume which I have primarily intended for popular use in the schools and Gaelic League classes of Connacht. For the same reason I have purposely refrained from including in the volume any learned treatise on the old musical modes or on Folk-Music in general.

I have only to thank the many friends who have assisted and encouraged me in the work, the collectors and publishers who have kindly given me permission to use their songs, and more especially the many courteous, generous native singers whose names appear in the volume, and to whose delightful gift of song I gladly attribute whatever charm the book is found to contain.

For myself, the feeling that I have been enabled to follow, however humbly, in the footsteps of such pioneers in the field of Irish Folk Music as Bunting, Petrie, and Joyce, is ample gratification.

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c l á r.


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CORRIGENDA.

MUSIC.

- No. 10, p. 15. The broken note should be "Middle D," .
- No. 13, p. 23. The broken note should be "Middle D."
- No. 16, p. 30. The broken note should be "Middle D," 1st bar, 2nd line.
F in 2nd bar, last line.
- No. 30, p. 56. In last bar of third line, notes B and E should be quavers.
- No. 40, p. 74. The broken note should be "Middle D."
- No. 55, p. 98. The broken note should be "Middle D."
- No. 56, p. 102. In last bar of 5th line the 2nd "D" should be "E."

TEXT.

- Page 22, verse 7, line 6, for "ἐποιήσε" read "ἐποιήσε".
- Page 28, verse 2, line 2, for "ῥύ" read "ῥύ".
- Page 35, verse 1 (translation), for "Breaffey" read "Breaghwy".
- Page 30, verse 1, line 6, for "ἴδιμε-e" read "ἴδιμε".
- Page 55, verse 1 (translation), line 3, for "sweep" read "weep".
- Page 66, verse 1, lines 1 and 4, for "λεανδῆ" read "λεανῆ".
- Page 126, verse 5, line 4, for "καρτεάν ριννε να μίλεσῶδ" read
"Καρτεάν Ροιννε-Μίσοιλε".
- Page 127, verse 5, line 4 (translation), for "the castle which the Milesians
built" read "Renvyle Castle".

1.—CONNORAE MUIGEÓ (i).
(THE COUNTY OF MAYO.)

Sung by Miss MARGIE HESSION,
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 138

1. Meir-eac bár mo mácairín, béinn-re maic go leor: béad
buibéal ríon', 'r beór' ag-am, a'r coilltao-ar ban óg. muna
mbéad ríon-óib na gcáir-dí, a'r an t-úige a bí ro láidir, ní ag
San-ta Críur a v'fágsaimm mo éad-má raol 'n bróo.

* For opening of second and following verses.

2. An an luigí seo fáro tí luigí-rig' reab bíóinn-r' a véanadh bróim.

3. Ag ornáigil iní an oibé, a'r ag ríor-gol 'ra
ló;

Anoir ó dallad m'innleacat a'r mé i brab
óm' thuinntir,

Óar m'fírin' gur lágad a éoinfirin-re
Connorae Muigeó.

3. Agus líor-táil mé le "Sergeant," mo éreac!
Agur mo érad!

Éus ré leir anonn mé vo'n fírinne-agur vo'n
Spáinn:

Éus ré sunn' ar líon' óam, 'gur clar-beath
rao' ó'n Spáinn,

'S náir fíil mé féin go mb'féarr rín ná
Connorae Muigeó.

4. Go vta-garó Cnoc na Cruaice ar éuair-ag
an áill mhóir,

Go vta-garó an toimín luáera ag buacail-
eacat na mbó,

Go vta-garó Cnoc Néirín-ar-bhor go loé-éirne,
ní r-gar-rao mé go h-éas leat, a Connorae
Muigeó.

5. Tá Cnoc na Ceacrán-an Caoile riamra-máil
go leor,

Tá ceapra 'gur coilig riamraic ann, 'r iao ag
reimn ceoil,

Tá ubla bla-rca buibé'ann, tá r-méar-ra ar
bárr na g-oraob ann,

'S tá g-éimneac bó 'r laog ann, ag t-igeadt
féil' muirne móir'.

* The remainder of the air as in verse 1.

TRANSLATION.

1. Were it not for my fond mother's death, I would be in good cheer; A bottle of wine and beer I'd have and the company of maids: Were it not for constant drinking [quarts] and the law that was too strong, In Santa Cruz I would not leave my bones beneath the sod. | 2. On this ship of Patrick Lynch I used to be in grief, Sighing in the night-time, ever weeping in the day: Now since my mind is clouded and my people far from me, In truth, 'tis kindly I'd lament my county of Mayo. | 3. I enlisted with a sergeant, my torment and my woe! He took me with him o'er [the sea] to France and to Spain. A gun he gave me in my hand and a long sword from Spain, And sure, I thought that better than the county of Mayo. | 4. Until Croagh Patrick hill shall come on a visit to Aill More, And the little bunch of rushes go a herding the cows; Until the hill of Neiphin come aboard ship to Lough Erne, I will not part from thee till death, my county of Mayo. | 5. The hill of Carrowkeel is a pleasant place [to see], The grouse and their mates are making music there; There are sweet yellow apples and berries on the branch tops, And cows and calves a lowing there when Lady Day is nigh.

I owe many of the songs in this book to the Hession family. It is famous in Irish-speaking circles. It consists of father, mother, and nine children, all equally proficient in song and story. It is many years now since my little schoolgirl friend, Maggie, used to come in to sing me her Irish songs. She is a dignified young lady now, in charge of a school near Spiddal, where she still continues her good work for the Language, both in her National School and in the Irish College.

She often told me of her grandmother, who was a celebrated singer, and from whom the family learned all their songs. It was the grandmother's father, Pat Greany of Arddrumkilla, who composed the songs, "Σελέξαν ὄς υα Cιαρφουδάιν," No. 12, "Διηρίαν να. Mne," No. 13, and "Οοctύηρ Jennings," No. 26, of this Collection.

This song has many variants, both words and air, and is popular throughout Galway and Mayo. James Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i, p. 337, says it was written by Thomas Lavelle, a native of the island of Boffin. A translation appeared in the "Irish Nation" over the name of George Fox. I have been told, however, that Lady Ferguson claimed it as the work of Sir Samuel Ferguson, but that, as George Fox had a hand in it, it was allowed to appear over his name. The translation certainly shows a master hand, and I have given it with the second version of "Connuae μμυγεό," with which it corresponds.

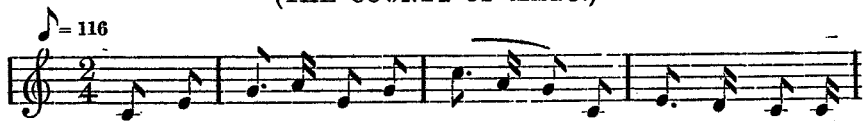
Another version is given by Professor O'Maille, U. C. Galway, in his "Διηρίαι Cλαιννε Σαεθεαλ," p. 5, consisting of twelve verses. It is there stated that the author was one Cαιρτίν Θρηασαη.

For other versions see:—"Gaelic Songs of the West," by Michael Timony, p. 57; "Ceól Síòe," edited by Norma Borthwick," p. 41; and "Cláirreac na nḂaeḂeal," No. 35 (words and air). The English words by George Fox are set to the air," "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus," in "The Irish Song Book," p. 93, edited by A. P. Graves, and an arrangement of the same song is given by Herbert Hughes in his "Irish Country Songs," vol. ii.

The words of the second air are taken from "Cláirreac na nḂaeḂeal," No. 35, published by the Gaelic League, and the air is as the singer, who is a native of Began, Co. Mayo, learned it from his father.

2.—CONNORAE MUIḂEO (ii).

(THE COUNTY OF MAYO.)



1. Δρ an lumḂeo Ḃaro - í Long - re oo Ḃnim - re an vob -
1. On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in wo - ful



Ḃón, ΔḂ or - nab mḂ an orb - ée 'r ΔḂ Ḃion - - Ḃol 'r Δ
plight. Through my sigh - ing all the weary day, and weeping all the



ló; mun - Δ mbeḂ Ḃur vallaḂ m' in - cleacḂ Δ 'r mé Δ Ḃrao óm'
night. Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I



munnḂir, Δar maḂr - eann 'r maḂ Δ éaom - rinn - re Conn - vae mḂuḂeo.
go By the bless - ed sun 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, May - o.

2. Δn vair Δ maḂr mo éairve ba ḂraeḂ mo
éuro óir,
O' élaḂn Ḃionn ḂpáinneacḂ; ḂoḂḂuḂaḂar ban
óḂ,

mḂna mbéad Ḃion - ól na Ḃcápta
'S an vḂlige beḂe Ḃó Lávor,
ní Ḃ Santa Cruz o' fágḂaimn mo énáḂa fá'n
Ḃróo.

2. When I dwelt at home in plenty and my
gold did much abound,

In the company of fair young maids the
Spanish ale went round.

'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that
now I'm forced to go,

And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz far
from my own Mayo.

3. Τά γασαίρνι να η-λίτε ρεο ας. έηγε ρό
 μόρ
 ρό έποταδα α' γ ρό hair-bag ζαν τριάτ αρ
 βάκλαδα ηρώς,
 Οά μαίρεαδ νοήρα αν ταρπιλ
 Οευρηανν οιοδ οιαναδ
 μuna μβέαδ ζυρ έδζαηρ Οια οοm βειτ :
 ζοιαηταιβ ρά θρόn.

3. They are altered girls in Irrul now, 'tis
 proud they're grown and high,
 With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I
 pass their buckles by ;
 But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will
 have it so,
 That I must depart for foreign lands and leave
 my sweet Mayo.

4. Οά μβέαδ ράορηζ Ιοδλαμν 'n-a ταρλα
 αρ ταρπιλ ζο ρόιλ,
 θρηαν ουδ α έλιαθαιn 'n-a έιζεαρηα αρ Ουαδ-
 μόρ,
 Δοδ ουδ μαε ζρηαθα
 'n-a έοηρηάλ : ζολιαρα,
 ηρ ανηρην βέαδ mo έρηαλλ-ρα ζο Connοαε
 μηιζέο.

4. 'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not
 Earl in Irrul still,
 And that Bryan Duff no longer rules as lord
 upon the hill,
 And that Colonel Hugh O'Grady should be
 lying dead and low,
 And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the County
 of Mayo.

3.—mullac mór.
 (MULLAGHMORE.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSION,
 Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 80$ Dorian mode.

1. Bi mé oio - ee ραοι féil - e ηρηζ-οε αρ α' τόρηαιν
 έιορ αρ αν mull-αέ μόρ; ηρ αν α θεαρε μέ'ρηαν οίλ - εαέτ α οευζ μέ
 ζηάδ οί, μαρ βί ρί αοιβ - ιnn, νεαρ ά - lunn ός. ηρ tú ζο
 cinnce α μαρβυιζ m'incinn, leann ná ριον 'r ní λειζεαρηόεαδ
 - - mé: 's ζο θρηιλ mo έρηοθε ηρ - οιζ 'na mí - le



2. Ἀρ ἄν εὐλείβ' ὄ'ν σφίλιν, γαθὸ βίοννη μο
 ἠϊαν-γα,
 'S ní ὀδὸβλυσίμ οὐδὲ, ἀετ ἀσ σέαναν
 βηόιν:
 'Sí com na caoin' í, 'r méara míne,
 Déal tanairde, doibinn, a' r meall rí a lán.
 Δετ βα ἐρηαδ' λιον υαίμ ἐύ 'rνα εὐλεαν-
 ταιβ υαινεαδ'
 Νά σελεαβαν ἐλάτμαρ 'r ná ceol na n-éan:
 'S go mbéidhri liom go mói-θόρ Δ δειτ ρίντε
 ρυαρ λεατ
 Νά ἀηρῶν λυαάμαρ' ὀ ἐλἄναιβ εαεθεαλ.

3. Ἀ'r σέ ράτ μο βυαδάρτα ναδ βρυσίμν σεαο
 ευαίρτε
 σο σσί ἄν βαίτε ὕο ἐίορ ἄν Δ βρυσί μο
 εἰρᾶδ:
 Ὑά ἠμ ἄρ υαάταρ, ἀ' r μιλ ἄρ λυαάμαρ,
 Ἀ' r i σσίρ ἄρ ρόεἰμαρ Δ βίορ να βα ὀ' ἄ μβλεα-
 εἰμ.
 Βίονν βαίβίν λαοίε ἄν, βίονν βηυε 'na λυίε
 ἄν,
 Δ 'r ἄν εαλα δοιβιν ἄρ ἄν λοέ, 'r í ἀσ
 ρηάιν.
 'S ὀά μβέινμ ράεαδ ἐρίοννα βέαδ μο ραιθ-
 βρηαρ σέαντα,
 Ἀεγρ σεαο ρίντε λε μο ἠύρησίν βάν.

4. Ἀ εὐίρμονν ρέαεαδ, ἄν βρυσί τῦ ἀσ εἰρ-
 τεαέτ
 λε εαέ δον ρυο Δ βρυσί μέ Δ ράθ?
 Ὑά μβέινμ 'mo ἐλείρηαδ ἠμ δον σέαρ ο'
 εἰρῆμν,
 λεαδ ἄν ἠέρο ρῆν, ní εἰεορῶμν ρεἰσὸβ'.
 Νί βα, ná καοιρῆε, Δ βί μέ ἀ' ραννεεγαδ,
 Δετ ἄν εαίλιν ευαίραδ Δ βί λάν σε ἠεον,
 'S ἄν ἠαίεσθεαν ἠύιντε ὀρ ειονν να εαίρτε,
 Δ βέαρραδ ρόεἰρ σαμ ἀσ τῆε ἄν ὀιλ.

1. It was the evening of St. Brigid's Feast Day,
 I went to a wake down at Mullagh More:
 My love I saw there, and my heart's torment,
 The freshest beauty that eyes beheld.
 My soul was slain there by you, my fair love,
 Nor wine nor whiskey can give me rest:
 And a heart once careless will break with
 yearning,
 If it find not refuge in your white breast.

2. To the far off mountain my thoughts fly
 countless,
 And I sorrow all through the sleepless night.
 Ah! slender her waist is, her fingers graceful,
 And her sweet mouth lures with bewitching
 smile.
 The glens are lonely, and miss you more than
 The cloistered choirs of the feathered throng,
 And my heart desires more to be beside you,
 Than all the raptures of Gaelic song.

3. All day I mourn that I cannot go there,
 To visit my love 'mid the pleasant meads;
 'Mid cream and butter and hives of rushes,
 And milking cows in the autumn eves.
 'Mid young calves leaping and trout in the
 streamlets,
 And a lake where white swans proudly glide;
 And though I wished for a miser's riches,
 I'd stretch content there with you beside.

4. Head proud and haughty, hair crowned and
 faultless!
 Oh, hear me calling, for pity hear.
 Were I a scholar renowned for knowledge,
 Not half so much could my passion speak.
 'Tis not for kine or for flocks I'm pining,
 But a comely maid of capricious mind,
 Beyond court ladies, in whose embraces
 A solace deeper than drink I'd find.

I have heard that the author of this song was one Dominic Cosgrave (Cofzuidé), but I do not know anything of him. I think Mullac Mór is the place of that name in Co. Sligo, although there is a Mullac Mór near Tuam, once one of the strongholds of the O'Kellys.

For other versions of this song see Professor O'Maille's "Aiméain Clainne Saeóeal," No. 15; "Gaelic Songs of the West," by Michael Timony, p. 21; also Céad ve Céolcainb Uladh," by Éirí ó Muirgeada, pp. 50 and 216.

I wrote down another version from Pat O'Neill, Drumgriffin, near Annaghdown.

I have appended to this song a metrical translation, kindly done for me by a distinguished friend whose modesty will not allow him to have his name appear. A few other metrical translations, which I have thought well to insert, are from the same gifted pen.

4.—Δ ΟΥΔΗΝΑΙΣ ΥΑΣΑΙ.

(OH, GENTLE YOUTH.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSION,
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 88



1. Δ ό-ζόν-αιξ υασαι! κάρ έοσαι - - - tú Δ - πέη? Δη



έολ-βα νε νο λεαρ-έαιη, -- Δ'η νιορ αιηξ ---- tú μέ. Οά μβέαδ



ριος Δη μο λεα-έηομ Δ-ζατ -- νεάηηηη Δ ζκοβλόαδ - νο ήνι νέαλ, 'Σζυηβέ νο



έοη-ηα θι 'ουλ αν βελαέ, Δ ο'φάξ αν Αηηαιηξ - ηεο ι' μο έαοιθ.

2. Νυαη Δ έηηγίμ-ρε Δρ μαίσιμ, 'ρέ μο
 ράιοη μο θέοη,
 'S νυαη Δ ληγίμ-ρε Δρ μο λεαβαίρ, βίμ ΔS
 οηηαίηίλ ό! Sο μόη,
 τά SηύαS μο έιηη ΔS ταιτιμ
 Δ'ρ ΔS ιπέαέτ ό! μαη Δη Sέοο,
 'S Sηη Le κυήαίρ μόη 'σο θιαίρ, Δ ρτόηηίη,
 ηί βείρ μέ ι βραο βεο.
3. ΤόSηαίρ μέ μο ρεόλτα Sο υίίττε Sεοίγεαέ
 Sο μοέ Δρ μαίσιμ,
 Δρ κυαιη έυηS μο μήλε ρτόηηίη, 'ρ Sο θεο
 θεο ηί ήίλληαο Δβαίλε.

ηάέ cūmΔ λιομ εέαρη θέαηηαη Δοηουηη
 νυαη ηάέ ηοέαηηαίρ μο Sηάό ραιε.
 Δέτ μά 'ρ ηηηη-ε Δ ηυSαθ υ'Δ έέηλε,
 ρεαηαίρ έηηεαη ηί έηηηηεαθ εαοηαιηη.

4. θ'ρεαηη λιομ ρεαη Δρ ρόSηαη, λά Δη
 ρόSηαη 'ρ Δη εαηηαίη:
 'Sέ Δ βαιηηεαθ θάμ Δη εέηηά, Δ'ρ Δ έόηηεθ-
 έαθ ηα βεαητα.
 μήλε θ'ρεαηη λιομ βυαέαίλλ όS,
 ηυηα ηέηρτιγεαθ ρέ Δέτ μο λεαβαίρ,
 ηά ραίρβηεαη Sεοίηηη υ'ράSαίλ ι Sεοίηηίθ
 Le ρεαη-βαιηηηεαβαιS.

TRANSLATION.

1. Ah! gentle young man, where slept you last night? On the side of your bed, and you heeded me not. Did you know my affliction, not a wink you'd have slept, 'Twas your bier going the way, left this pang in my side. | 2. When I rise in the morning my prayer is a tear. When I lie on my bed 'tis sadly I moan; My hair is now falling, and going like the mist, And through grief for you, darling, I shall not long live. | 3. I will hoist my sails for Joyce country at early morning, To visit my thousand treasures, and home I shall never return. What matters to me what any one says, when my love says not a word? But if we were born for each other, all Ireland would not separate us. | 4. I would prefer a useful man, in autumn-time or spring, Who would cut for me the barley, and tie it up in sheaves. I'd far prefer a young boy, were he only to make my bed, Than the riches of George in coaches, along with an old widower.

For another version of this song see "Gaelic Songs of the West," p. 30, by Michael Timony; "Δηηηάμ έλαινηη Sαεθέαλ," by Professor O'Maille, p. 92, v. 2, and p. 99, vv. 4 and 5; "Δη ήηηέόS," an Ulster song-book by Oonncáθ ό SεαηθαίS, p. 5, v. 2; also "Δη ηίβίη," by Δη SηυαSαέ θάη, p. 10, v. 4.

There are two airs, Nos. 1571 and 1572, given in the "Complete Petrie Collection," which are evidently meant for another version of the same song.

5.—ΣΟ ΎΧΑΣΑΙΘ ΔΗ ΝΟΥΛΑΙΣ.

(TILL CHRISTMAS COME.)

Sung by MRS. HESSION, Belclare,
Tuam.

♩ = 132

ΣΟ ΎΧΑΣΑΙΘ ΔΗ ΝΟΥ - ΛΑΙΣ 1 ΞΕΑΡΤ-ΛΕΡ - - ΔΗ
 ΤΡΑΠΗΛΑΘ, 'Σ ΣΟ ΝΟΕΑΝΑΙΘ ΜΕ ΞΕΔΞ - ΜΑΡ Ι ΛΑΡ ΛΟΕΑ
 ΡΙΑΘΑΙΞ, Δ'Ρ ΣΟ ΒΡΑΡΑΙΘ ΝΑ ΡΕΑΜΡΑΙΞ Ι ΞΕΛΑΡ - Δ - ΕΑΙΘ ΜΟ
 ΕΟΠΗΡΑΝΝ, ΡΑΙΡΤ ΟΕ ΟΟ ΞΗΘΘ 'Σ ΝΙ ΦΑΞΡΑΘ ΡΕ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙΘΕ.

2. ΜΟ ΒΡΘΝ ΔΡ ΔΗ ΉΞΗΘΘ ΡΕΘ, Ή ΞΑΙΡΑ ΔΞΥΡ Ο'ΦΑΞ ΡΕ ΜΟ ΕΕΑΝΝ ΒΟΕΤ ΞΑΝ ΡΙΘ ΔΝ
 ΟΥΘΑΕ Ε: ΑΝΗΡΑ ΕΕΙΛΛΕ
 Ο'ΦΑΞ ΡΕ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΙΘΕ ΒΟΕΤ ΕΘΗ ΟΥΘ ΛΕΙΡ ΔΝ ΔΞΥΡ Μ'ΗΤΙΝΝ ΔΕΡΑΕ ΔΞ ΕΑΛΗΞΑΘ ΟΑΙΜ.
 ΝΞΥΑΛ,

TRANSLATION.

1. Till Christmas come in the middle of summer, Till I make a swift race through the depths of Loch Beagh, Till the shamrocks shall grow on the boards of my coffin, No part of your fond love will fade from my heart. | 2. My grief on this love! 'tis a mournful disease. It has left my poor heart as black as the coal. It has left my poor head without one ounce of sense there, And my light airy spirit departing from me.

Although I made exhaustive inquiries, I could not find any other verses of this song, nor does it seem to be known to any one but the Hession family.

6.—CASTLEÁN UÍ NÉILL (i).

(CASTLE O'NEILL.)

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. 1 γαίρ - λεάν uí néill - (o) - τά αν έεαν θεαν θαμ
 νόμ - - ρα μο ρηυαδ, μο έρηδ, σο θράγαρθ μέ - - , μά
 ζηοίμ - ρε α ταιτίγε νιορ μό.

2. Δ έωρτε 'ζωρ Δ έαιρce!
 ηί ρέοιη σο ουγ τύ θομ cύλ,
 τά μο έυμανν λεατ ρέρθ [ό],
 'σέ μο λέαν ζέαρ μαρ έοννατc μέ tú.

3. τά να ζάηρσίνι 'η-α θράγαδ,
 Δ ηίλε ζηρόθ ζεαλ, ό σ'ημέηζ τύ υαημ;
 τά να η-αθαηνν' Δγ ουλ λε ράηαρθ
 'σαν άιτc η θράγαρθ ηλάε ουηηεαθαρ 'να
 ζεραοθ.

4. ηιορ έυαλαρ ceóλ cλάηηηγε
 'ουλ αν τ-ηηάιο ρεο, ηά ceηεαθαρ να η-έαν,
 ό σ'ημέηζ μο ζηρόθ υαημ,
 cύλ άλυμν, σο γαηρλεάν uí néill.

1. In Castle O'Neill
 An enchantress has changed me with spells,
 My doom be declared
 If ever I court her again.

2. My heart-beat, my treasure!
 From me you have hidden your face.
 Our love-time is ended,
 My grief! that my eyes on you gazed.

3. The gardens are waste-land,
 Bright love, since you fled from the bowers.
 The rivers are straying,
 Dead leaves strew the beds of the flowers.

4. I hear no harp's music
 On the street nor the piping of birds,
 Since vanished the beauty
 To Castle O'Neill, whom I loved.

This song seems to be equally well known in the provinces of Munster and Connacht. There is a fine version given in the second part of "Poets and Poetry of Munster," edited by Dr. Sigerson (Έηρεαηηαέ), p. 82.

The above version was given me by the Rev. M. J. Conroy, P.P., Kilmeena, Co. Mayo, and he told me he learned it from an old woman in Connemara.

Nos. 7 and 8 are Tuam variants of the song. It is interesting to note the change from bean (in all the other versions) to buacáilín (in No. 8).

For other versions see "Love-songs of Connacht," by Dr. Douglas Hyde, p. 22, vs. 2 and 3, p. 26, v. 5; "The Irish Review," June, 1912; also "Céad ve Céoltaib Uladh," p. 76.

An air of this name was printed by Bunting in his first volume of airs, 1797.

7.—CAISLEÁN UÍ NÉILL (ii).

(CASTLE O'NEILL.)

Sung by Miss Maggie Hession, Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 80

1. Δ éur - le 'sur Δ ann - raét! 1 ucúr Δ'
 εραή-ματό - - θά ηγλουαι - τεά λιον [ό] - ρίος σο τίη
 Δηήλζατό, 's σο mbéadmuir ann rui θά n-éimgead an orúct.

2. ní ba, caoirig, ná gáimna
 Δ fanncaig mé leat mar rhré,
 Δét mo θά láim faoi vo céann,
 mar ir tú cpaob álumh Δg Cairleán uí
 néill.

3. Tá an gáirín geo 'n-Δ fárad,
 Δ míle ghrád bán, Δgur mire lion réim.
 Tá an t-uballtóirín geo Δg fáf ann,
 'S an bláé bán Δr θarraig ná gcpaob.

4. Δét θά θρέαυτά Δ éur 1 gcéill θam,
 Θεαίμαν Δ b' féioir lion coo, Δθ σο ciúin ;
 Δét Δρημαηg ó moé Δr
 Δn té Δ éuaíθ 'cup ioir mé Δgur tú.

1. My heart's love, I'm calling,
 In the young summer days let us speed
 Away down to Tirawley
 Ere morning spreads dew on the fields.

2. No dowry I hope for
 Of sheep, or cattle, or lands,
 But my two hands supporting
 Your head like the clustering branch.

3. The garden is waste-land,
 Bright love, and lonely I keep.
 One apple-tree waves there,
 White blossom is strewn on its leaves.

4. Ah, if I heard you calling,
 No quiet of sleep would I know.
 But sorrow befall him
 Who came between you and my soul.

The following version of the song was written down for me by Mr. Michael Diskin, N. T., Milltown, Tuam, from Simon Steed, Milltown, but I failed to get the air from him :—

1. Τά αν γάιηοίν γεο 'να πάραέ,
Α μήλε ζηρό ζεαλ 'ζυρ Α εσυρλίη μο έμοιθε.
Τά αν υβαλλτόρι αζ πάρ ανη,
'S αν βλάέ βάν έρι βαρραβ'η να ζοραοβ.

1. The garden is waste-land,
Love, that quickened my pulses with pride :
One apple-tree grows there,
On its branches the blossom is white.

2. Α έυρο αν ε-ραοζαίλ 'ρ Α ανηραότ !
1 υότ'ρ αν τραηηραβ'η νό αν ηγλουηρεά λιοη
ρέηη,
Αμαέ ρίορ πά να ζλεανηταβ,
Α'ρ βέαδ μυρο ανη ρυλ'οά λαβηυιζεαδ'η να η-έηη.

2. Oh, come from the castle
With me when the summer is born,
Afar through the valleys,
Ere bird-song has startled the morn.

3. 1ρ αρ ηαλλαιρ αν τιζε ηόηρ
'ζεαδ' 'έοηηηυιζεαηηρ 'ρ Α έοσυριζεαηηρ μο
ζηρό.
Α ραηαίλ ηί'λ 1 ηέηηηηηηη,
Αέτ αν ηέαίτ εόλαιρ βί αρ αν ηβαίλ' υόαίξ
έαλλ.

3. But I cannot follow
My love to the halls where she shines
A bright star of knowledge,
Whose equal no sage has descried.

4. Ηίορ έυαλαρβ μέ εεόλ να ζελαίηρεαδ
αζ ζαβάίλ αν ε-ηηάηο γεο ηηοέ
υοβ βίηηηε ηά Α βέίλίη,
Ούλ άλυηηη βί 1 ζεαηηεάη υί ηέίλλ.

4. No minstrelsy joyful
Of harps I heard going the street,
So sweet as her voice is,
My love, that's in Castle O'Neill.

5. Α'ρ ηί βα, εαοηηξέ, ηά ζαηηηα,
Α μήλε ρτόηηηηη, Α ραηητόέαηηηη ηεατ ρέηη
ηαη ρηηρέ,
Αέτ μο όά λίηηη ραοι' υο έεαηηη-ηα,
'ζυρ εεαυ εαηηητ' ηεατ ζο ηβυαίηηηθε αν υό
υέαξ.

5. And I ask for no dowry
Of cattle, or sheep, with my bride,
But my two hands around her,
And converse of love in the night.

6. Αζυρ ευηηηη-ρε λέαη ζέαρ ζο η-έαξ
Αρ αν τέ βαιη υίοη μο ζηρό ;
Αρα ! ηυαίξ μέ έ ζο ζαηαηα
Αη άητ Α ηυέαηηαη αν υοηηε υοβ βίοηηη βάη.

6. But sorrow betide him
Who stole the desire of my soul :
'Tis my wish I could drive him
To exile on Sassenach shores.

7. Τά λοηξ αρ αν ζοέίβ γεο,
Α'ρ βέαηηραρβ ρί ηυηε υο'η ζπαηηηη ;
Αζυρ μά ηίλληηη αηυαη ζο η-έαξ,
υέαηηραυ ρέηηηηη αβαίηε αζ μο ζηρό.

7. On the quay there is riding
A ship that will bear me to Spain :
I'll sail to the wild geese,
Forgetting dead passionate days.

8.—CAISTEÁN UÍ NEÍLL (iii).

(CASTLE O'NEILL.)

Sung by MRS. FLANNAGAN,
Gardenfield, Tuam.

♩ = 72

1. Céad rian 'o'n oide' a-réir, 'ré mo léan gan i a - nocht in a
 túr, leir an mbuadail - in rpreirdeamail, a b'readgraó mé - - - go
 veag ar a glúin. mar éir tú oim t' éarab, a
 mí - le céad graó, ní leat - ra mo rún. áct céad far - doir
 géar! Tá na r'éibé' a' uil 'oir mé agur tú.

2. Tá an gáirín reo i n-a fárad,
 a míle graó bán, agur mire liom féin.
 Tá na póraí ag fáir ann,
 ir b'reáda oá braca tú aríam.
 ní cluinnrean ceól cláirreac
 Dul an t-rráio reo ná ceól binn na n-éan
 Sur éaluis ré éar fáile,
 Craob álunn go Cairleán uí Néill.

3. Ó ir i gCairleán uí Néill
 'Tá an péarla bain oim-ra (ó) mo graó,
 go ucus mé féin rpreir só,
 'Sé mo léan géar, 'n gan-íoir 'o'n t'rluas.
 ag teallac tige móir
 'Sead 'oo éumnuigeann agur éooluigeann
 mo graó;

a fáraíl ní'l le rágaíl
 áct an réalte eolair 'tá 'ar an mbailé úoais
 éall.

4. Duó míle reo 'oo póigín
 ná an póir a éagann ar bláé,
 a' r le cumaró móir i roisid mo r'óirín
 ní mó ná go gcooluigim féin t'ráé.
 bliadain a' r an oide aréir
 'Sead 'oo réad na capailid an fáil,
 agur éuaid rias ve léim,
 'Sé mo leán géar, amac iur an ruidim.

5. Ní'l tuile oá méao
 náé noéanann real tamall ar t'ráig;
 ní'l ann áct lué b'reag,
 agur ní féoirí náé b'pilleiré mo graó.

TRANSLATION.

1. A hundred farewells to last night (Oh, alas!) That this night is not still quite new, With the sportive young swain Who would coax me so nicely on his knee. Since you made me refuse (you) Oh, darling! my love is not yours; But a hundred times pity, The hills stand between me and you. | 2. This garden is grown wild, My fair love! and I am alone. The posies now grow there, The finest that ever you saw. No music of harps will be heard Going this way, nor the sweet song of birds, Since he stole away over the sea The fair branch to Castle O'Neill. | 3. Oh! it is in Castle O'Neill Dwells the pearl that took from me my love; To him I myself gave affection, Unknown to the world, 'tis my grief! 'Tis at the hearth of the big house My love has his dwelling and sleeps. His like there is not to be found, The star of knowledge in that town beyond. | 4. I would think your little kiss sweeter Than the rose that springs from the bud. And with loneliness after my love I hardly can sleep at all. A year ago unto last night, The horses burst out through the hedge. And they went of a leap, Alas! out into the flood. | 5. There is no tide, howe'er great, But it comes in a while to ebb, They are all only deceivers, And it can't be but my love will return.

9.—*ἔνας ἀξ ζοῖτ ἀ' ἐρνάιν.*

(UP AT GORTHACARNAUN.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. ἀξ - υῖ ἔναρ ἀξ ζοῖτ ἀ' ἐρν - νάιν τὰ ἀί - νε βαν
 ἐνι - εάιν 'ς ἀν τέ ἀ ξεοθαὸ ὁ να ἠά - ἔαιρ ι, θυὸ
 λάγαε ι le βηράδα. ἀ'ρ ζο ους μο ἐμοῖδε
 ζηάὸ οἰ le πάιρτ σε'ν οἰε - ἐίλλ - ε, 'ς
 ο'έαινεῖ ρι λειρ ἀν τὰίλλιρ υαίμ: 'ςέ ράν - ἀῖθε ρεαρ ἐίρεαυν.

2. Ní fribhalfaid mé níor mó ar
 na bóicrib reo agraib-re,
 aét cósfaid mé mo feóla
 amaé faoi na rleibtib.
 Ólfaid mé mo tótam Dia Doimnaí,
 'S ní béid mé ar meirge,
 mar fúil go bprádaim blas 'oo póigín
 'S tú mo rcoirín, a blát na pinne!

3. Tá mo ghrád mar blát na n-áinne
 bíor as fáir i scúr a' t-raíraib,
 nó mar na faoileáiníní bána
 bíor as rnaíh ar na gleanncaib.

nó mar béad grian ór cionn Cárnáin
 iní na rraíre as gáibíl timceall,
 ír mar ríú a bíor mo ghrád bán
 as óeanaíh rábailce éri m'incinn.

4. Éireócaid mé i mbárac
 le fáinne an lae gléigil,
 a'í' óeanaíraib mé mo óeas-ráir
 amaé faoi na rleibtib.
 fásfaid mé mo beannaéat
 as mnáib óear' an traosail reo,
 a'í' óeamaíh a bfillis a baile óiom,
 go mbíth an barr as gleannaib éireann.

TRANSLATION.

1. Above at Gorthacarnaun Lives a fair Irish lady, And he who will get her from her mother, Must be a kindly lover. And my fond heart gave love to her, With some infatuation; But she abandoned me for the tailor, The weakling of the men of Erin. | 2. And I shall walk no more on These rugged roads of yours; But I shall hoist my sails And speed me towards the mountains. I will drink my fill on Sunday, And yet I will be sober, In hope of tasting your little kiss; For you are my treasure, my fair blossom. | 3. My love is like the sloe bud That blooms in early summer, Or like the snow-white seagulls That poise above the valleys. Or like the sun o'er Carnaun, Dancing in the street around, So does this bright love of mine Keep roving through my reason. | 4. I will rise to-morrow With the dawning of bright day, And I will make a swift race Out around the hills. And I will leave my blessing To the fair maids of this world, And never will I return home, Till Erin's cause has triumphed.

I have not been able to identify the place "Gorthacarnaun" (= the field of the little carn) which gives the title to this song. Though from the root origin of the word there must be many places of the name throughout the West, the singer was not aware of any such place in her immediate neighbourhood.

Some years ago, in looking over newspaper cuttings belonging to the late John Glynn of Tuam, I came across the following fragment. It was taken

from a paper called "The Irish American," and was headed: "Gleanings from the Island of Inismain":—

“ ερωτη β’-l’-άτα-αν ριός δ’r υπανά
τά ζυανόν ban έηεαν
’S αν τέ α ξεοβαρό ι ό να μάταριν
ναρ λάγαό ι le βρέαζαό
μαρ ευς μο έρωθε ζηρό οι
le páιrτ ve’n οιé-τέιλλε
δ’r ζυη ευλαίς ρι leir αν τάιλλιάρ
αν ρανυιλε αν ρεαρ βρέαζαέ.”

The similarity of the lines to the opening verse of our song is manifest, and suggests to me that possibly "Gorthacarnaun" lies somewhere between Athenry and Oran(-more).

10.—μάιr' ní ζηρίοβτα.

(MARY GRIFFIN.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,
and others.

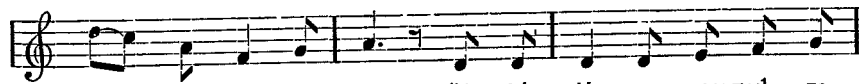
♩ = 76 *Doric mode.*



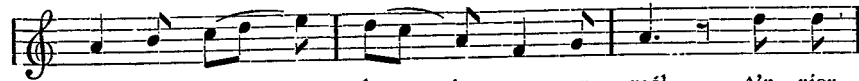
1. ό! ζηρόό μο έρωθε le m' αν - αμ tú Seac - αρ Δ βρωι.



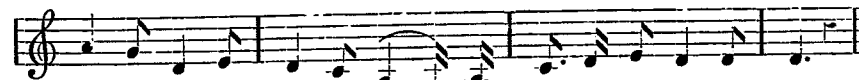
beo, μαρ ηr tú Δ ράβ - άιλ m' αν - αμ εοm αν λά



ύο Δ έάm - ις μόρ. βί εά έηr - ρα ceanγαι - τε



ας - αμ Δς - - ηr βαρη - ός αρ αν ρεόλ δ’r νιοη



ρζαρ μέ le ceann ζάλ - ύ - να νό ζο ο-εάm-ις μέ ρτεαό ραν ρόο.

2. *Ó* *dá* *b*reicteá-*ra* *bá*o *é*laimn' *Ó*onnóada
*ḡ*ac *lá* *vá* *v*ceíḡeab *ḡ*í *é*um *ḡ*eóil,
*ḡ*lúcrab *ḡ*í *an* *f*aiḡḡe
á'*r* *n*í *ḡ*lúcrab *ḡ*í *ce*ann *ḡ*eóil.
*ḡ*eáob *túr* *ar* 'cúile *ḡ*ála *a*ici,
Ó *dá* *v*ceíḡeab *an* *lá* *m*ór,
á'*r* *ḡ*o *n*oíolḡainn *mo* *l*uicéin *m*óna,
á'*r* *m*é *á*ḡ *é*ómḡab *le* *mo* *ḡ*óḡ.

3. *mo* *ḡ*ḡáb *i* *m*áir' *n*í *ḡ*ḡiobéa,
*'*Sí *b*uó *m*íne *ná* *ná* *m*ná,
*m*ar *'*ḡí *n*ár *é*ḡ *ar*maḡ *an* *ḡ*lome *ó*om
*á*ct *an* *b*uioéal *á*'*r* *é* *b*eié *l*án.
*n*uar *á* *ḡ*laimn *v*ul *vá* *i*oc *l*éi
*n*í *ó*éanaó *ḡ*í *ó*iom *á*ct *ḡ*ḡeann,
á'*r* *n*í *ḡ*ḡarḡaró *mo* *ḡ*ḡáb-*ra* *é*oióce *l*éi
*ḡ*o *v*ci *an* *oióce* *é*ar *é*ir *mo* *b*áir.

4. *ḡ*í *iom*óa *ḡ*in *m*aroin *Ó*omnaíḡ
*ḡ*í *m*é *ḡ*ḡḡac *v*eaf *ḡ*o *le*oḡ,
*á*ḡ *v*ul *ḡ*íor *le* *mo* *l*uicéin *m*óna
á'*r* *ó* *dá* *é*ḡḡra *ar* *an* *ḡ*eól *m*ór,
*n*íor *ḡ*éill *m*é *ar*maḡ *v*o *m*ár *ar* *b*ié,
*Ó*o *ḡ*ála *ná* *v*o *é*eo,
*n*ó *ḡ*o *v*ceíḡeab *m*é *á*' *ca*innḡ *le* *ḡ*lár *ná* *m*ban
*ḡ*í *ḡ*oḡam 'ḡan *m*baile *m*ór.

5. *n*uar *á* *i*mceóéar *m*é *ar* *an* *t*ír *ḡ*eo,
*'*S *n*uar *á* *v*íḡḡeóéar *m*é 'ḡan *m*baó,
*n*uar *á* *é*aiéḡḡó *m*é *oióce* *i* *m*aoimḡ
*ḡ*í *ó* *dá* *oióce* *ar* *an* *t*ḡráíḡ-báin,
*S*uabailḡó *m*é *é*arḡ *i* *l*ibeiḡi
*ḡ*í *an* *on*nn *ḡ*aoi *Conn*vae-*an*-*é*lár:
á'*r* *m*ara *b*ḡóḡaró *m*áir' *n*í *ḡ*ḡiobéa *m*é,
*n*í *ḡ*lḡḡó *m*é *ḡ*o *b*ráé.

TRANSLATION.

1. Oh! the love of my heart and my soul are you Beyond all that live, For it is you who saved my life for me, On that day as the storm arose. I had two reefs tied, And a tight grip on the sail, And I did not ease off Golum Head Till I entered upon the road. | 2. If you were to see Clann Donnach's boat, Each day it went to sea, (How) it would breast the (strongest) wave, And never wet a sail, She would be in advance of every gale, However rough the day, And I would sell my load of turf, While talking with my love. | 3. Oh! Mary Griffin is my true love, More tender she than all, For 'twas she who never gave me a glass, But the bottle brimming o'er. When I'd think to pay her for 't, 'Tis she would mock me fairly, Oh! my love for her will never decay Till the night of death's passed o'er me. | 4. It's many's the Sunday morning I was jolly and light-hearted, Going down with my little load of turf, With two reefs upon the sail. I never yielded to any shower, To a gale or to a fog, Till I came to talk with the flower of maids, Who was before me in the town. | 5. When I betake me from this shore, And am driven from the boat, When I spend a night at Mweenish, And two nights at Trabane, I will walk across by the Liberties, And over through County Clare, And if Mary Griffin marries me not, I'll never return again.

I have known this song for many years. I heard it sung for the first time with great spirit by a young girl from the Claddagh, Galway, in 1902. Since then I have heard it frequently from others: Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam; Maire Cuniffe from T'awin, Galway; and Maggie Hession, Belclare, Tuam. It is not known in this district, and is evidently a Connemara song, although an inferior version of the air is known here, and sung to the words of "bean an t-Seanroume," No. 18.

Professor O'Maille has kindly sent me another version of the song, also from Connemara, entitled “*ḂrĩḂĩrĩ NĩḂḂ ḂorĩḂ.*” Though in doubt as to the English equivalent of the name, I have called it in the translation “*Brigid Geary.*” Dr. O'Maille in his notes to the song says: “The name is pronounced *NĩḂ ḂorĩḂ*, the latter part of which may equal *ḂorĩḂ* (= shepherd). I got an incomplete version from Mr. Pat O'Donnell, Newport, and he has also ‘*ḂrĩḂĩrĩ NĩḂ ḂorĩḂ*,’ but he spells it ‘*ḂrĩḂĩrĩ Nĩ Ḃĩrĩrĩ.*’ One might expect a corruption of ‘*NĩḂ Ḃĩrĩrĩ*’ (Maguire), but such corruptions rarely occur.”

The places referred to in the songs are nearly all in the neighbourhood of Carna, Connemara, e.g. Meenish, Trabane, Ardmore, Golum Head. The “*Liberties*” referred to are the Liberties of Galway, and “*an Ḃairte mór*” is Galway town.

ḂrĩḂĩrĩ NĩḂ ḂorĩḂ.

1. *Eirean*: “*ḂḂur Ḃairt mé an ḂliaḂḂan in-
urairḂ leat
mar-Ḃĩ mé óḂ Ḃan óeill,
Ḃo Ḃo inéallḂḂ Ḃ’r Ḃo Ḃo ḂealḂḂḂ,
Ḃ’r Ḃo Ḃo ḂéanḂḂ ḂmarḂ Ḃom
réin [= réin].
Ḃĩ uróc-*mear* ḂḂam Ḃr Ḃ-family,
ḂḂur nea \ddot{m} -óion eile ’am orḂ
réin,
ḂḂur Ḃo *veimín* ní *pórra* m \ddot{r} e óú
Ḃo ḂrḂḂa tú túllḂeá \ddot{m} r \ddot{r} é.”*

má *fileann* *riao* *Ḃur* *cailleḂḂ*
mé,
ḂeánḂḂ *baogal* *ar* *Ḃie* *or \ddot{m}*
réin,
ḂḂur *bár* *nár* *rḂḂa* *mé* *óiorḂóin*
nó *Ḃo* *m \ddot{b} i* *mo* *ḂleánḂḂur*
réiḂ.

2. *Irē*: *CéḂo rḂán Ḃon Ḃem \ddot{r} eḂḂ in-urairḂ,
ḂḂur ná* *cuir* *or \ddot{m}* *Ḃon ḂrḂeḂḂ,
ḂeánḂḂ* *ar* *cuir* *mé* *Ḃ’* *rior* *orḂ*
nó *Ḃo* *Ḃéan \ddot{m} e* *tú* *uair* *réin.*
Ḃ’Ḃur \ddot{r} oḂḂ *Ḃam-rḂ* *ḂeḂḂ* *Ḃ* *rḂḂḂil*
Ḃ *ḂleḂḂḂ* *liom* *Ḃan* *r \ddot{r} é*;
Ḃóis *Ḃo* *Ḃeol* *Ḃ’r* *Ḃĩ* *Ḃ* *imḂeḂḂḂ,*
ḂḂur *ḂeḂo* *Ḃrai* *ḂrḂḂḂḂ.*

4. *Eirean*: *mo* *ḂrḂḂ* *óú*, *Ḃ* *ḂrĩḂĩrĩ* *nĩḂ* *Ḃ*
ḂorĩḂ
Ir *tú* *an* *ḂiḂ-ḂeḂḂ* *Ḃar* *na* *mnḂ,*
nior *iar \ddot{r}* *mé* *Ḃriam* *an* *ḂnairḂin* *orḂ*
naḂ *lĩon \ddot{r}* *liom* *an* *cáirḂ.*
Ḃuar *Ḃ* *rḂl \ddot{m}* *Ḃ* *Ḃul* *Ḃ’Ḃ* *ioc* *leat*
nĩ *ḂéanḂḂ* *Ḃiom* *Ḃé* *Ḃreann*;
Ḃ’r *nĩ* *rḂarḂḂ* *mo* *ḂurḂḂ* *óiorḂe* *leat*
Ḃo *Ḃci* *an* *Ḃem \ddot{r} eḂḂ* *i* *ḂairḂ*
Ḃo *ḂairḂ.*

3. *CéḂo rḂán Ḃo ḂliaḂḂan* *rḂ* *Ḃaca*
reo,
nĩ *mar* *rin* *Ḃ* *Ḃĩ* *mé* *réin,*
Ḃĩ *mo* *ḂriorḂe* *óom* *mearḂḂḂ*
leir *an* *éim \ddot{m}* *ar* *an* *ḂḂarḂḂ.*

5. *ḂḂur* *ion \ddot{r} óḂḂ* *mé* *an* *Ḃleann*
ÓiorḂé *leat,*
Ḃior *mar* *Ḃ’imḂeḂḂḂḂ* *an* *báo*
reol,
Ḃo *ḂeḂḂ* *mé* *ar* *na* *Liberti*
ḂḂur *ar* *rin* *Ḃo* *Ḃci* *an* *ḂrḂḂḂ*
Ḃán.

11.—seola'ó na nḡaíḡna 'sa ḡrásaċ.
(DRIVING THE CALVES IN THE PASTURE.)

Sung by Miss BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. Siubal ó na coil-leab' reo go h-uais-neac' Dia Céad - - uaim;
 Car - ad' oim' óig-bean' in' a' ḡráir - - - ac',
 'Tóruigead' na nḡaí - na - - - reab' óir' a' cur-eab' mé, a' r'
 ceann' ó ní ḡruigeab' mé go lá - - ac - a

2. Tá crainnín caoréainn' rai bun ó na coil-leab' reo,
 a' r' béimuro le déile go lá bán ann,
 béimuro 'n ár ruid' le bánab' geal na maíone;
 'S geodaíó tá na ḡaíḡna in' a' ḡrásaċ.
3. ḡeirim mo mállaċ' ó mo maíab' na coil-leab' reo,
 'Siao a' r' áig' ann reo le rán mé;
 m' acáir' 'suir mo máláir' go ḡrónac' 'ra mbaile,
 in' gan ḡoipe agam teac' in a' láláir'.
4. Anoir a' r' óirín, ó tá tú ag imleac' uaim,
 'S ó árla nac' tú 'tá in' noán uam,
 Seo óuit' róiḡin' ar' baír mo éuro méara,
 a' r' a' r' óirín, mo cúig' céad' r'lán' leac'.
5. Cailín óg mé a' r' ḡeab' leir' a' ḡroirín,
 ac' r'airíor' nac' r'aid' r'é in' noán uam.

- fuair' mé r'cannail' go h-óg' in' an mbaile reo,
 mar' geall' ar' maic' uí' máille.
6. U'feárr' liom go móir-móir' a' beir' croc'a,
 nó uóig'ce in' ceim'ce' cnáma,
 ná go' ucuib'raim' le r'áram' uo' don' maic' málar'
 go n-oil'f'inn' bliab'ain' uó' ráir'ce.
7. Cuir'eab' mo' cailín' 'na' reara' in' a' ḡrobal,
 agur' tu'gab' an' leab'air' in' a' laim' uí,
 b' éig'ean' uí' tabair' r'air' r'áram' tabair',
 le r'air'c'íor' go' ḡuir'f'ide' ar' an' áit' í.
8. A' seagáim' uí' máille, car' tu'ra' a' baile liom.
 ná' bíob' cúcail'eac' oir' teac' in' mo' láláir'.
 'S go' uo' uo' ar'ir' ní' r'acáir' tá' ear' r'áile
 nuair' a' r'air'cear' tú' uo' leab' 'suir' a' máláir'.

TRANSLATION.

1. As I walked through this wood last Wednesday, A young maiden met me in the waste-land, Searching for the calves I was, such was my errand, And one of them I would not find till morning. | 2. A little quicken tree there is, at the end of this wood, And we will be together till the day comes. It's up we will be, with the bright peep of the morning, And you will find the calves in the waste-land. | 3. I give my malediction to the herds of this wood, It was they that left me here a wandering. My father and my mother sorrowful at home, And I without a chance of coming to them. | 4. So now, my darling, since you are going from me, And that it is not you who are destined for me, Here is a little kiss from the top of my fingers, And five hundred farewells to my treasure. | 5. I am a young maid born with a fortune, But alas! I am not fated to enjoy it. In this town, while yet young, I was brought into disgrace, And all through the son of O'Malley. | 6. To have been hanged I would very much prefer, Or to have been burned in a bone fire, Than to give the satisfaction to any mother's son, That I'd rear for one year his offspring. | 7. My girl was put standing before the congregation, And into her hand was put the Bible, She had to undertake to make due reparation, Else from the place she'd have been banished. | 8. Oh, Shane O'Malley, come you home with me; Oh, come to me and have no shyness; And never again will you go across the sea, When you see your own baby and its mother.

For a variant of this song see "Irish Popular Songs," p. 51, by Edward Walsh.

Petrie has two airs of this name, Nos. 1529 and 1530, taken down by him in Clare in 1864.

The following version of the words were written down for me by Mr. Michael Diskin, N. T., Milltown, from Simon Steed; but I was unable to get the air:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. D'éirigh mé amac ar maroin earraigh
Ag rubal (ó) na coillead 'r mé go fánaic,
Cé earraibé orm áct an óig-bean mairlead,
'S bí a béilín tanairé 'r é ag záiré. | 4. Tá toil faorba agaim ó maorairé na
coillead,
An fear págail óibéa go lá
áct le bán bán an lác bérimuro féin 'nar
rearah. |
| 2. D'farruigh mé féin oi go cé ar d'ar uiré
No zoró 'n tír beannuigé a utáirí rí ar,
áct ar éorubéact na ngáinna, reab, éur
mé mo éailín,
Agur ceann (ó) ní bfuair rí go lá aca. | 'S reolramuro féin na gáinna 'ra b'ráic. |
| 3. 'S tá orainnín beag caoréainn ar lúibín
na coillead,
Agur earra uair liomra go lá ann,
Béir ceólta binn' na n-éan uair ríor-éur a
éolad,
Agur uilleabair na zorann, 'r é mar r'zác
orainn. | 5. 'S tá an rean-réic ar a éoilte uaingean,
'r é 'r óig liom go bfuil ré cúiteac,
[áct ar éorubéact na ngáinna reab éur mé
mo éailín,
Agur ceann ní bfuair rí go lá aca.] |
| | 6. 'S tá an rean réic ar a éoilte uaingean,
'S tá ré le bliadain i ndiár mo éailín,
áct má tá ceart ar bit le págail mh' an áit
reo 'bfulim-re,
Dairé mé féin víolairéact ar a énáiré. |

7. Өεηηηη-γε ηο θεαηηαάτ ηο ηάοηεάηβ ηα
coilleadó,

Ό'ράδαίβ μέ λε ηυαάτ άζυη λε ηάηαηό.
τα ηο όαηοε 'γ ηο ηάηηε ζο ηρόηαάτ 'ηο
όιαηό ηα ηβαίλε.

Δ'γ ηήλ ζοηη άζαη τεαάτ η η-α ηζαόβαη.

8. Δ ζήαό ζεαλ ηο έλέηβ', ηα βίοό οητ άηζηηεαό,
ηή ηηό έ ηαα ηυεαηηαηό ηο ηάέαηη,

άάτ ό βί ηο έοίλ ηείη λειη, Δ ητόηη, ηίλ
άβαίλε,

ζεο βάηη άζυη ηο έύηη-μέαηα όυη.

9. Όά ηβέόηηηη-γε ηείη ηαη βί ηε άηηηαηό,
ζηη έ βηαάόαηη 'ζυη άη η-αη ηεο,
ζυηόηηηη ηίοη άη έόλβα ηο λεαάέα,
άζυη η'όληαηηη ηυηοέαλ ηίοη' λε ηο έαίληη.

TRANSLATION.

1. As I walked out one morning in the spring, And rambled through the wood quite carelessly,
Whom should I meet but a comely young maid, Whose mouth was finely formed and a-smiling. |
2. I (myself) asked her whereto did she belong, Or what blessed country did she come from.
And searching for the calves 'twas there I sent my girl, But one of them she didn't find till
morning. | 3. There's a little quicken tree at the angle of the wood, And you'll come along with
me there till day dawns. The sweet song of the birds will lull us there to sleep; And the foliage
of the trees will be a shade for us. | 4. We have the kind consent of the keepers of the wood To
get from them the grass until the morning. With the bright peep of dawn we'll be up and on our
way, And we'll drive the calves out in the pasture. | 5. Now the old rake is secure in his wood,
And my opinion is that he's revengeful; But searching for the calves 'twas there I sent my girl,
And one of them she didn't find till morning. | 6. The old rake is now secure in his wood, And
for a year he has pursued my girl, But if justice can be had in the place in which we are, From
his bones I will exact reparation. | 7. My malediction I give to the herds of the wood Who
left me to suffer cold and hardship. My daddy and my mammy grieving sore at home, And I
without a chance of coming near them. | 8. Ah! bright love of my bosom, do not be dismayed,
You've done only what your mother did before you; And since it was your own will, return home,
my treasure. See, I salute you from the top of my five fingers. | 9. Were I only now as I was a
year ago, That is just a year from the present time, I would sit down and rest on the stock of
your bed, And would drink a bottle of wine with you, my girl.

12.—σεαζάη όζ ηα αιαηόηυόάηη.

(YOUNG JOHN KIRWAN.)

Sung by MISS MARGER HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 84

Mixo-Iyáian mode.



άη ά' μεαάθη λαι όια όοηη-ηαιζ, 'ζεαό ό'έαζ ηέ, άη η-όηζ-ηεαη. όυό



έ ηηη άη ηζέαλ ηρόηη-άέ άζ α λάη ηηη 'ζυη ηηά 'ς όά ηβα



2. Ἴη ἱρῆαις ἱοῖν βεαν ἀν "ἡμῶν"
 Δ' ἴρ θά ἱρῆαις ἱοῖν ἰ 'να θιαρ ῖν,
 Δ' ἴρ ἱοῖρ νάιη' ἱοῖν θά ῖεαβὰ ῖ
 ἀν εἱοῖε ἀτά 'ν-α ἱάη.
 Μᾶρ ἱρ ἰ ἰ ἀ εἰλλ ἀν ῖεῖρλα
 ὅε ῖοῖρ-ῖσοῖτ ἵνα ῖεῖννε,
 Ἀ εὐμ καοῖ ῖαθὰ ζῖέζεαλ,
 'S ἵ ἱ βῖεαζα 'τά μέ ἀ' ῖάθ.

3. Ὅι θύρκαῖς ἀζυρ ὀλέκαῖς
 ἀζυρ ῖεαμαρ ὑα ὀάλαῖς,
 ῖοῖρ-ῖσοῖτ εἱοῖε μο ἡάῖηῖρτῖη,
 ἀζ ῖοῖρ-ῖεαθὸ ὀεῖη,
 Ὅι ἱάηλαῖ ἀζυρ ῖῖεαῖρναῖ
 ἀζ ῖῖῖλ ἱεατ μαρ εἱάημαῖν,
 ἀεῖτ, Ἀ ὀνῖε μεαθὰ ῖῖεαῖ ῖο ῖοῖρ εὐ
 ῖαν ῖεαρ ῖαθὰε ἵνα ῖῖῖητ.

4. Ὅά βῖεῖτεά-ῖα ἀν εὐῖρλα
 ἀρ μαῖοῖν βῖεῖζ ὀνῖῖεα
 ἀζ ῖῖῖαλ εἱῖο ἰ βῖεῖαρ ζῖεῖρ
 ἀ' ῖ ῖεαλαῖ ἱεο ῖοῖρ;
 ἀεῖτ ἵ ῖεῖρῖεαῖ εἱοῖθὲ' ἀν εὐῖρλα
 ῖῖῖε εἱῖε ἀρ ἀν ὀῖῖεε ῖεο,
 ὀονῖεαθὸ ὀζ ἀζυρ ἰ εὐ ἱεῖρ
 ἰ ἵ-ἀοῖρλαῖο ῖῖα ἡζῖεαῖν.

5. Τά ἵνα ἡ-εἱεῖρρ ἀρ ἵνα ῖῖεῖρκαῖθ,
 ἀζυρ εἱο ῖοῖρ ἀρ ἵνα ῖεαλαῖθ,
 Τά ἀν "ἡμῶν" εἱοῖε, μο ἡάῖηῖρτῖη,
 ἀζ ῖοῖρ-ῖεαθὸ ὀεῖη.
 ἀεῖτ ῖο ὀεαζαῖθ ἀν ῖῖαθ-ῖεῖννεαῖ
 ἀρ ὀῖαῖεῖθ ἵνα ἡ-εἱῖεαῖν,
 Τά εὐῖμα ῖοῖρ ἀρ εἱῖηῖν,
 Δ' ῖ εἱεζμαῖρ ἵ ἵοῖαῖθ ὀο βῖαῖρ.

6. Ἴη ῖαθὰ ῖαῖηῖηῖς ἰ ὀο ὀῖῖεε,
 Δ' ῖ ὀ'ἀρῖρ ἀ' ῖ ὀο εὐῖρτ ζεαλ,
 Δ' ῖ τὰ ἡῖλ-βεαῖ ἀζ ῖοῖρῖαθὸ
 ῖαοῖ βῖαῖρλαῖθ ἵνα ἡῖβῖε.
 ὀο εὐῖο εἱεῖρλαῖθ ἀ' ῖ ὀο εἱοῖρτε
 Ἀ ὀι ῖῖαῖηε ἱε ἡ-εῖ ὀῖ ὀῖε,
 Δ' ῖ ὀά ἡῖεῖν ἡῖ' ῖεαρ ῖαῖηῖεῖρ
 ἱη ὀεαρ ἰ βῖεῖρῖαῖν εὐ ὀ'ἵ ἡῖβῖρ.

7. Τά ὀο ῖῖαθ-εὐῖλαῖε ῖοῖρτα
 'ῖεαῖε ἰ βῖαῖε ὀῖα ὀοῖηῖαῖς,
 Δ' ῖ εἱαῖρῖῖῖ ὀε'ἵ ὀῖ ὀῖ ὀῖε
 ἀρ ὀο εἱοῖρῖαῖν ζεαλ εὐάῖη,
 ἀζυρ ἵοαῖηῖ ἵνα βεαῖεῖρ
 ἀρ ὀο εἱοῖρῖε(ῖ)ῖεῖρ ἀζ ῖῖέζεαλ,
 [ἀεῖτ τὰ εὐῖμα ῖοῖρ ἀρ εἱῖηῖν
 ἀζυρ εἱεζμαῖρ ἵ ἵοῖαῖθ ὀο βῖαῖρ.]

TRANSLATION.

1. At noon on a Sunday, The young man died. It was a doleful story For many men and women; And if weeping would bring us any good, From it we'd never cease; But, my little John, it breaks my heart That you're laid within the coffin. | 2. I am sorry for the major's wife, And I pity her twice again, And I should not think it shame for her If she tore the heart within her breast. For she has lost the pearl, The true stock of the brave; His form slender, tall, and fair, And there's no lie in what I say. | 3. There were Burkes and Blakes, And James O'Daly, The true stock of my master's heart, Copiously shedding tears. Earls and lords, Expecting you as a son-in-law; But Knockma, you are left for ever, Without huntsman or sportsman. |

4. If you were to see the couple, On a fine dewy morning, Going through the green meadows,
And their robes flowing down. But never again will the couple be seen Together in this place,
But only Dennis and his hound Alone in the glen. | 5. The heavens are eclipsed, And a great
mist on the stars, The dear major, my master, Is ever shedding tears. But till the great lowing
comes, On the cattle pens of Erin, There is great sorrow in Ireland, And a void for your
death. | 6. Your estate is long and spacious, And your mansion and bright court, And honey
bees are humming Round the tops of the blossoms. Your steeds and your coach Inlaid with
yellow gold. And if only I were a wizard, 'Tis gladly I'd snatch you from death. | 7. Your new
marriage suit Is coming home on Sunday. There are clasps of yellow gold On your bright
boarded coffin. And rosettes of beavers (?) On your bright shining hearse (trolley?). But there is
great sorrow in Erin, And a void for your death.

This lament was composed by Pat Greany, and sung to me by his great-granddaughter, Maggie Hession. The occasion of its making was the tragic death of young John Kirwan of Castle Hacket, Cnoc Meáda (Knockma), Tuam. His younger brother succeeded to the estate, and it was the latter's daughter who married the late Mr. Percy Bernard, son of a former Protestant bishop of Tuam. In ancient times the surrounding country was ruled by the O'Flahertys, who, in the twelfth century, were driven out by the De Burgos, and these in turn suffered confiscation after 1642. Finally, about that time it was bought by Sir John Kirwan, a member of one of the "tribes" of Galway, whose descendants are now in possession of it.

There is another version of this song in "Διηγήσιον Ἐπισημοῦ Ἐπειώτου," No. 12.

Petrie gives two variants of the air Nos. 1297 and 1298.

13.—Διηγήσιον ἐπισημοῦ.

(THE SONG OF THE MEAL.)

Sung by Miss Maggie Hession,
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 96$

ὄρα - φα - μισο - νε ἀν θεάναετ σο'ν μαζ - ορ, ὁ ἱρ

έ πέιν ἀν φαρ πέρο - τε ἀιτ, ὁ ἱρ έ εἶδς ὄν

μβάρ να céαο - τὰ ἱρ ναέ λειγρεαὸ να Ἐαεοῖλ βοεε' εἰν βάρ.

2. Ө́й ριαδ ας τελεετ ι η-α υρηεαυαιβ,
 Δςυρ ηεαρτωις ριαδ ρςεάλ ανη ζαδ λά,
 ηί εαιρηεαδ αν ρηιονηρα ζηυαιη αι ηιε ιη α
 εαυαν,
 ηό ζυρηβ φαηρηης ηαε υέ αι ρίλ αδαιη

3. 1ρ ε αν “major” α ειονηρσαιλ αν ηεάο
 ρεο,
 Δ’ρ α ειομαίν υαιδ ρςεάλ ι ηζαδ αίε.
 “φορςηιηζιό ρεόηη ηα η-έηρηεανη
 Δ’ρ ηα λειζιό ηα ζαεβίλ υόετ’ ευν βάηρ.

4. Κοηηηζιό ηηη ηη-α ζεάουταιβ
 Δςυρ εαιρηζιό ρυαρ “crane” ι ηο “yard”
 Δςυρ ράς ας λυέε ρίβη αν ρεάεταρ,
 αν ρηηα, ηαρ υέηρηε, ’ρ αν εάρη.”

5. ηυαιρ α εάηηε αν ζορηα ζο η-έηρηηη,
 Σεαδ υο ρηεαδ ερηοηε ηα ρέηε ι ηράηηε,
 εηομαίν υαιδ λονς ραοι η-α ρεόηταιβ
 ’ς ι λάη υε’η όρ ηυιόε Δςυρ βάν.

6. ηί’λ ρέ ι ζεόης εόηζιβ ηα η-έηρηεανη
 Δ ραηαιλ βεαν αν “major” ηε ράςαίλ,
 ηαρ ηά ριόρ-ρςοτ ηα η-υαιρηε αν υήρηεαδ,
 ηό α ηρυίλ αι ρίηοέε ελαηηηε ρηζεε αι αν
 ρπάηηη.

7. ηά εαζανη εοιτόε εοζαδ ηό ελαηρηη,
 εαιρηεαηυο εαηρ αι εηοε ηεαδα,
 υίβηρηεεαηυο ηα ρηαιηηεαης ’ρ ηα ρπάηηης
 Δςυρ εαιρηεόεαηυο ηε η-έηρηηη ζο ηηάε.

8. τά αν “major” Δςυρ άηο εαηρηος
 εηυαηα
 Δς ηηεαεετ ανοηηη υαιηη ζαν ηοιίλ,
 Σιόη αν ρηιονηρα ηαρ λεανηρ αν εάρηα,
 ηαρ ηά ηηηοηη σε. ζεορηε ηη αέ-εηηη.

9. ταιρηηηηεόεαδ ριαδ ευα ηα η-ύζηυαιρ,
 Δςυρ εαιρητ ριαδ εαηρηε αιρ ζαν ηοιίλ.
 υέηρ ερηε αι αν ζεαίηης ραοι λυζηαρ
 Δςυρ ηάλα ηόρ ρλάηρ αι α ρηυηη.

10. υά ηράςαδ ηυο ηέηρηεαδ ό’η άη υεί-
 ζεαρηα,
 ηί ιαρηηαδ ηυο ιαρηάηρ ζο ηηάε,
 ηαρηεαιρηεαετ αι εαέηαδ ηί ιαρηηαηηη,
 αέε αν εηρηάεταρ ηαρ υιαλλαηο Δ’ρ αν εάρηη.

11. εηηαν α βείε ραορ υε ηα ριαεαίβ
 ζαν ιαο υ’α η-έηηηεαδ άηηρ ζο λά αν ηράετ,
 αέε ηηη ράςαίλ ι ηυεηρηεαδ ηα βηαδύηα,
 Δςυρ ρηη αςαίβ η’ιαρηηαδ ηά ράςαίη.

TRANSLATION.

1. We will give a blessing to the major, Himself is the manager in truth ; It was he who snatched from death the hundreds, And would not let the poor Irish die. | 2. The people were coming in their crowds, And they increased in numbers every day. The prince would not put a frown on his face, Until God’s Son was bountiful to mankind. | 3. It was the major who arranged for all this, And sent out the message everywhere : “ Open up the storehouses of Ireland, And let not the poor Irish die. | 4. Let ye distribute meal in hundreds, And set up a crane in my yard. And leave to the shebeen-folk the pewter, The pint as an alms, and the quart.” | 5. As soon as the famine came to Ireland, His kindly heart throbbed with good-nature. He sent off a ship in full sail, And it filled with yellow gold and silver. | 6. There is not in the five provinces of Ireland The peer of Mrs. Major to be found, The Burkes, the true flower of our nobility—Nor among the descendants of the Royal House of Spain. | 7. If war or dissension ever comes (amongst us), We will put up a camp on Knockma ; We will rout the French and the Spaniards, And we will guard Erin for ever. | 8. The Major and the Archbishop of Tuam Are setting out from here very soon ; There is the prince in whose train they follow, That is, Minor St. George, in Headford. | 9. They will draw to them the nobility (authors), And they will pay him a visit very soon ; The hag will have a hump on her by August, And a big bag of

flour upon her back. | 10. If we could get settled with our landlords, To great riches we never would aspire. A ride on a horse I would not ask for, But the straddle for a saddle, and a car.
 11. To be freed from a third part of my debts, And never again to have them asked for; To get meal at the end of the year, There's my request, if it's granted.

This song also was composed by Pat Greany. The Major Kirwan here referred to was father of "Σεαῖαν ὄς," and it is told of him that, during a famine, probably about 1820, he distributed meal among the needy at his own expense; and for his generosity the poet is here praising him.

This Major Kirwan, whose portrait hangs in the hall at Castle Hacket, is still more celebrated as being the owner of a famous racehorse called "The Friar," and the employer of an equally famous jockey, known still amongst the people as Seaghan Boy. The skull of "The Friar" is preserved, and hangs yet upon one of the walls of the Castle; and if the story be true, this tribute to his memory is only a fitting reward for great benefit conferred. Between racing and betting the Major's affairs had been reduced to a very low ebb; so desperate indeed were they, that his whole fortune depended upon his luck at a coming race at the Curragh. Would "The Friar" be equal to the task expected of him? And, would Seaghan Boy be able to lead him to victory? Alas! as the time of the race drew near, the poor jockey was "taken sick and like to die." Another man was chosen, but with small hopes of success, for "The Friar" was "tricky," and no one understood him so well as his accustomed rider. The state of poor Seaghan Boy at being left behind was pitiable, but, making an almost superhuman effort, he called for a pint of whiskey, wrapped himself up, and, travelling by quick stages, he managed to arrive on the course as the race was about to start. Mounting "The Friar," but not knowing in what mood he might be, he said to Mrs. Kirwan as he passed, "If I have the whip in my mouth at the first round, bet your carriage on him." He passed;—the whip in his mouth, and—" 'twas a famous victory."

No one believes, however, that Seaghan Boy was able to do this unaided: he had the help of Finvarra and his fairy host, who have their dwelling in Knockma, and, of course, as they say, "he would have won the race even if it was a pig he was riding."

There is no monument to Seaghan Boy, but his memory is green among the people; and on the slope of the hill there is a field still known as Friar Park, where the noble horse spent the last years of his existence in peace and contentment.

This air is evidently a variant of that noted down in Ulster, and adapted as "The Lover's Curse," by Mr. Herbert Hughes, in his collection of "Country Songs," vol. i.

The "Árso Eairbog Tuama," mentioned in the song, is Archbishop Trench, the last Protestant Archbishop of Tuam; and the reference to Minor St. George is to Mansell St. George, of Headford Castle, Co. Galway.

14.—ΤΑΘΒ ΤΑΛΛ ΟΕ ΕΛΑΙΘΕ ΝΑ ΤΕΘΡΑΝΝ.

(BEYOND THE MEARING WALL.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 84 Dorian mode.

1. ΤΑΘΒ ΕΤΑΛΛ ΟΕ ΕΛΑΙΘΕ ΝΑ ΤΕΘΡΑΝΝ, 'ΣΕΑΘ, ΟΙΝΝΟΥΞΕΑΝΝ ΡΙ, ΜΟ
 ΞΗΑΘ. ΤΑ ΒΡΑΘΝ ΟΕ'Ν, 'ΡΗΙΛ ΑΡ ΡΟΞΝΑΘ ΙΝΝ-ΤΙ, ΑΝ ΟΘ-ΛΑΡ ΟΕ ΜΟ
 ΕΡΟΙΘΕ. ΔΕΤ ΜΗΡ' Α ΒΕΙΤ Ι ΣΑΡΑΝΑΙΘ ΔΞΥΡ ΙΡ' Α ΒΕΙΤ ΜΗΡ Δ'
 ΣΡΑΙΝΝ, Δ'Ρ ΞΟ Ν-ΕΑΛ-Θ-ΕΑΙΝΝ ΙΝ Δ ΛΕΙΝ-Ε ΛΕ ΡΕΑΡΛ' ΔΥ ΒΡΟΛΛΑΙΞ ΒΑΙΝ.

2. ΙΡ ΤΡΗΑΙΞ ΞΑΝ ΜΕ Ι ΜΟ ΜΑΙΡΝΕΑΛΑΘ
 ΝΟ Ι ΜΟ ΟΑΙΡΤΙΝ ΑΡ ΛΗΙΞ
 ΝΟ ΜΟ ΡΟΡΑΙ ΒΡΕΔΞ ΓΛΕΞΕΑΛ
 ΑΡ ΒΑΡΗ ΝΑ ΜΑΙΞΕ ΡΛΙΝΝ'.
 ΡΟΞΡΑΙΝΝ Ι ΔΞΥΡ ΒΡΕΔΞΡΑΙΝΝ Ι,
 'Σ Ι ΡΕΑΡΛΑ ΑΝ ΕΥΙΛ ΟΙΝΝ,
 'Σ Α ΕΙΞΕΑΡΗΝΑ ! ΝΑΘ ΟΕΑΡ ΑΝ ΡΕΙΡΙΝ Ι
 ΟΔ Ν-ΕΑΛΗΙΞΕΑΘ ΡΙ ΛΙΟΜ.

3. ΞΕΑΛΛ ΜΟ ΞΗΑΘ ΡΡΗΕ ΘΟΜ,
 ΟΕΑΘ ΔΞΥΡ ΜΙΛΕ ΘΘ,
 ΔΞΥΡ ΞΕΑΛΛ ΡΙ ΙΝ-Α ΘΙΑΘ ΡΗΝ
 ΞΟ ΝΟΕΑΡΘΑΘ ΡΙ ΟΑΜ ΤΕΑΘ ΜΟΡ.
 ΝΑ ΒΑ Α ΒΕΙΤ ΔΞ ΞΕΙΜΗΙΞ
 Δ'Ρ ΝΑ ΛΑΟΞΑΝΤΑ Α ΒΕΙΤ 'ΟΙΛ,
 'Σ Α ΡΕΑΡΛΑ ΑΝ ΒΡΟΛΛΑΙΞ ΓΛΕΞΙΛ !
 ΙΡ ΛΕΑΤ Α ΛΕΙΞ ΜΕ ΜΟ ΡΑΝ.

4. ΝΥΑΡΗ ΕΙΡΗΞΕΑΝΝ ΑΝ ΞΕΑΛΑΘ
 'ΣΕΑΘ ΡΞΑΡΑΡ ΑΝ ΞΗΑΝ,
 'Σ ΒΛΙΑΘΑΙΝ ΞΥΡ ΛΑ Ι ΜΒΑΡΑΘ
 Α ΒΙ ΜΕ 'ΡΗΥΘΑΛ ΝΑ ΝΞΛΕΑΝΝΑ ΡΙΑΡ.
 'ΣΕ Ο'ΙΑΡΡΑΙΝΝ ΑΡ ΡΙΞ ΑΝ ΟΘΗΝΑΙΞ
 ΜΑΝΑ ΜΑΙΡΗΝΝ ΒΕΟ ΔΕΤ ΜΙ,
 Ι ΡΕΘΛΑΘ ΟΙΘΘΕ ΑΡ ΛΟΙΡΤΙΝ
 ΑΡ ΗΡΛΑΡ ΜΟ ΕΙΞΕ.

5. ΣΙΑΡ ΟΙΘΘΕ(Ν) ΜΑ ΕΙΞΕΑΝΝ ΤΥ,
 ΤΑΘΑΙΡ ΜΟ ΜΙΛΕ ΒΕΑΝΝΑΘ ΟΑΙΜ
 ΔΞ Α ΜΑΙΡΗΘ ΒΕΟ ΟΘ ΞΑΟΛΤΑΙΘ
 ΜΑΡ ΒΙΟΙΡ ΛΑΞΑΘ ΛΙΟΜ.
 ΜΑΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΘΞ ΡΙΑΡΡΑΙΑΙΛ
 ΔΞΥΡ ΟΥΙΛ ΞΑΜ ΜΗΡ Δ' ΡΡΟΙΡΤ,
 ΔΕΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ Θ ΤΑ 'Ν ΡΟΡΑΘ ΟΕΑΝΤΑ,
 ΜΟ ΒΕΑΝΝΑΘ ΟΙΘΘΕ(Ν) ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΔΟΡ ΘΞ.

Irish Folk Songs III - 4A

TRANSLATION.

1. On yonder side of the mearing wall My love dwells. She has in her a drop of the gentlest blood, The affliction of my heart! Were I in England, And were she in Spain, I'd fly with her without dowry, My pearl of the white breast. | 2. A pity I'm not a sailor, Or a captain in a ship, And my beautiful white flower, On the top of Mauslinn. I would kiss her and coax her, She's the pearl of the brown hair. And oh! what a sweet reward 'twould be, If she would fly away with me. | 3. My love promised me a dowry, A thousand and a hundred kine. And she promised me, in addition, That she would build me a big house. The cows would be a lowing, And the little calves a sucking. Oh! pearl of the white breast, With you I left my love. | 4. On the rising of the sun, The moon disappears, And a year ago to-morrow I was walking down the glens. I would ask of the High King of Heaven, Were I only to live a month, To lead her for one night's lodging Within the floor of my house. | 5. If ever you go westwards, Take a thousand blessings from me To all my living relatives, For to me they were (always) kind. For I was young and airy, And partial to every fun. But now since my marriage is over, Farewell to the companions of youth.

These words were taken down by me from Pat O'Neill of Drumgriffin, being sung by him to the air of "Μάη:ε ní Ερώιν." The air here given I got from Maggie Hession, who sang it to the version given in "Δήμιον Ξάεθελ," p. 113.

15.—ΤΙΟCΦΑΤΌ ΔΗ ΣΑΪΗΡΑΤΌ.
(THE SUMMER WILL COME.)

Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSION,
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 159$

1. ΤΙΟC - φατό δη ΣαΪη - ρατό Δ'ῖρ ράρ-φατό 'η ρέαρ, Δ'ῖρ
τιοcφατό να ουλληαδαιρ - - - αρ βαρραϊό να ζεραόβ. - -
τιοcφατό μο ξηρό-ρα - - - - le βάναό δη λαε, - -
- - Δ'ῖρ ρεινρητό ρέ πορε, Δ'ῖρ ηρ τισ λειρ έ.

2. Τά 'η οϊόε γεο ας γεαρτάιηη, α'ρ 'τα ρί
 ρυαρ,
 Α'ρ 'τά ρί ας λυιζε λε μο θρυηη ζο ρρυαίθ.
 Καϊτρυθ μέ ι 'ρ νί ρακαίθ μέ ευν ρυαηη
 ζο η-ευλυιγεαυ έαρ ράιλε λε μ' ξηάθ κοιρ
 κυαηη.
3. Αη ηηάτ έείξιμ-ρε ρίορ έυις έεαδ αη όιλ,
 ηρ οητ-ρα υο ρηυαηηξιμ α ηίλε ρτόρ.

- Οά ηοέαητά υο ζεαλλαηαηητ μαρ θί κύ
 'ηάθ,
 Θέαθ τεαδ μόρ αζαηηη αζυρ ρεηηη θηεάξ.
4. ηί'λ μο ξηάθ-ρα υυθ, αζυρ ηί'λ ρέ βυιθε,
 ηρ ρυί έ υο έεαηζαη λε ηόρ αη ρηόξ.
 'Τά θά λάηη ζεαλ' αηζε α'ρ τεαθα ηίη',
 'S ηί'λ ρόραι ι ηζάηρσηη μαρ ξηάθ μο
 έρηνθε.

TRANSLATION.

1. Summer will come, and the grass will grow, And the leaves will come on the tops of the trees, My love will come at the bright dawn of day, And will play me a tune as he well can do. | 2. The rain pours down and the night is cold, It presses upon me so harsh and severe; (Yet) I will endure it and will not go to rest, Till I fly o'er the sea with my love near the bay. | 3. When I go down to the drinking-house, Of you I am thinking, my thousand treasures; If you'd keep your word, as you said you would, We would have a big house and a spacious farm. | 4. My love is not black, and he is not yellow, He is fit to be girded with the gold of the king. He has two white hands and smooth slender cheeks, And no flower's in the garden like the love of my heart.

The above version of this song was given to me by the late John Glynn, of Tuam, and was published by him some years ago in the "Tuam Herald." I am indebted to Miss Maggie Hession for the air.

For variants see "Αη Ηηρεός," p. 7 and p. 11; "Love Songs of Connacht," p. 28; Joyce's "Ancient Irish Music," p. 19.

The following interesting version of the song was given to me by Mr. Martin Burke of Abbey, Tuam, Mrs. Hession and Miss Mary Conway:—

1. Τιορφαίθ αη ραήηηαθ αζυρ ράηρφαίθ αη ρέαρ,
 Α'ρ τιορφαίθ ηα υυηηεαβαιη αη βαρηαίθ ηα
 ζεηαοθ.
 Τιορφαίθ μο ξηάθ-ρα λε βάηαθ αη λαε,
 Α'ρ ρεηηηρρυθ ρέ ροητ α'ρ ηρ τηζ λειρ έ.
2. ηί'λ μο ξηάθ-ρα υυθ αζυρ ηί'λ ρέ βυιθε.
 ηρ ρυί έ υο έεαηζαη λε ηόρ αη ρηόξ.
 Τά κύη καθ καηέε αηζε ηρ μέαηα ηίη',
 Α'ρ ηί'λ ρόραι ι ηζάηρσηη μαρ ξηάθ μο έρηνθε.
3. Τά τεαδ λεαηηα ηηρ αη ηβαηηε υθαηξ έαηη,
 ηηρ αη άητ α ζκοηηηυηηζεαηη(ρ) μο ηύηηηηηη
 βάη.
- Τά βεαη εηηε αηζε ι ηζηρηηη α θά λάηη;
 'S ηαέ βηυηλ ρίορ ας υο έρηνθε ηρτξ ζυρ
 εηάηοτε αεάηηη.

4. ηρ τρυαηξ ζαη ηηρε ι μο ηαηζοηη όηξ,
 ηρ τρυαηξ ζαη ηηρε ι μο ηαηζοηη όηξ.
 ι μο ηαηζοηη όηξ ηί βέηθ μέ ζο υεο
 ηό ζο θράραιθ υβηα αη αθάρκαηθ βό.
5. ηρ τρυαηξ ζαη ηηρε 'ρ μο ηίηηε ρτόρ
 ηηρ αη άητ ηαέ βαοξάλ έοηόε ηό ζο υεο,
 ι ζκούηε λαηζεαη ηό ι ζκοηηοαε έλάρη
 ηό αη θόηηο λυηζε ας υυλ ζο αηεηηηοό.
6. μο θηρόη αη αη βράηηηξε, ηρ ι 'τά λάη,
 ηρ ι 'τά ας υυλ υοηη μέ 'ρ μο ηύηηηηηη βάη.
 Σηυβηρφαίθ ηηρε ζηεαηηηα αζυρ εηοκάηη άηηθ',
 αζυρ υεαηηαη ρεαρ α ρόηρραρ μέ ζο βράηηξθ
 μέ βάρ.
7. Τά αη οϊόε γεο ρεηυέ αζυρ τά ρί ρυαρ,
 αζυρ τά ρί α'ρ βάηρτξ αη μο θρυηηη ζο ρρυαίθ.

ní raḋaíḋ mḡre ḋ baile 'r ní raḋaíḋ mé ḋr
cuairc

nó zó zḋaíḋḋ mé ḋn oíḋé' i mbárac le mo
zḡáḋ coir cuairn.

8. Tá zḡáḋ ḋo m' ḋaíḋḋ ḋzḋam iḋcḡ i m'
ḋroíḋe,

'S iḋ meḋra liom mo nḋáḋairín na mná ḋ'
c-raoḡáil.

Ḥréizḡḡḡ mé ḋr raḋ iḋḋo 'zḡur mo ḋáirḋe zḋaíḋ
ḋzḡur raḋaíḋ mé ḋar raíḋe le zḡáḋ mo
ḋroíḋe.

9. iḋ veḋr ḋn buaḋaíllín é zḡáḋ mo ḋroíḋe,
nḋḋ ḋoíḋḋn ḋo'n ḡobal ḋ ḋeíḡeḋnn ḡé ḋríḋo.
Tá raḋan ó mḡḡḡe ḋir ḋzḡur zḡáḡr ó ḋríḋoḋr,
ḋḋc ḋrón ḋr m' ḋḋair ḋ ḡunne ḡzḋḋḋurḋe
ḋíom.

10. ḋ ḋuirḋe ḋzḡur ḋ ḋumḋinn zḡeḋḡr!

iḋ leḋc ḋ ḋaíll mé mo ḋlú zḋo ḋrḋḋc,

ḋzḡ ḡubal coir ḋáinḋe ḋzḡur coíllḋe ḋíro,

ḋḋc ḋuairḡz ḋr mo mḡḡḡḡḡn níḋr ḡḋeḋ mé ḋ
ḡḋḡáil.

TRANSLATION.

1. Summer will come, and the grass will grow, And the leaves will come on the tops of the trees, My love will come at the bright dawn of day, And will play me a tune as he well can do. | 2. My love is not dark, and he is not yellow, He is fit to be girded with the gold of the king. He has a white shining waist, and tapering fingers, And there is no flower in the garden like the love of my heart. | 3. There is an alehouse in that village beyond, At the place where my bright love has his abode. He has another woman enfolded in his arms, And does not your heart know how I'm distressed? | 4. A pity it is, I'm no more a young maiden, A pity it is, I'm no more a young maiden, No more a young maiden will I ever be, Till apples grow on the horns of a cow. | 5. It's a pity that I and my thousand treasures Are not in some place where no danger comes; In the province of Leinster, or in county Clare, Or on board ship on our way to America. | 6. My grief on the sea, it is it that is full, And it rolls between me and my darling fair. I shall roam through the glens and up the high hills, And no man will marry me till the day of my death. | 7. Damp is the evening, and chilly and cold, And it pours down upon me heavy and sore; I'll not go home, and no visit will I make Till I spend the night of to-morrow with my love by the bay. | 8. I have love for my father within my heart, And my mother is dearer to me than the women of the world; But I will forsake them and my relations too, And I'll fly o'er the sea with the love of my heart. | 9. A handsome little boy is the love of my heart. How happy for the people with whom he abides! On him Mary showers her favours and Christ His grace; But sorrow be on my father who made of me a slave. | 10. Pulse (of my heart) and my short-lived affection! With you I lost my good name for evermore. I walked by the meadows and the woods high (above me), But trace of my love I could nowhere obtain.

16.—ΣΑΙΛ ΟΣ ΡΥΑΘ.
(LITTLE RED SALLY.)

Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSTON,
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 66

Mixo-Lydian mode



1. ναέ μη'ν τρυαξή μηρηε - - - - - ας ουλ λε καρμιας-ην αν



φάρ-αιξ, ας ζολ'ραξ ζάρ - - - - - ταιγιλ'ραξ υέανανη βηδην; ας οιλεαμιντ μο



λεμβ - - - - - αρ - - - - - βασ - - - - - αν μο



λάμπε - ε 'ς ζαν φού αν ηρασην βαμνη - ε 'ζαμ α βεληραμνη ού.

2. η'λ μέ αέτ ζο τρηέτ λαξ,
η'λ ζαρ τά φέαναδ,
η'λ μέ αρ λον έορ, αέτ μαρ αν ζεο.
'εά φυλ μο έρωδε ητιξ
'όά ριλε 'η-α ηραονταιβ,
'ς α 'όια, οέ αν τ-ιοηζηαδ; η νοιατ μο ζαίλ'
'όξ' Ρυαθ'.

1. Ah, pity me, Mary,
Poor tramp in lone places,
Weeping and sorrowing and making moan;
And rocking my babe,
My arms for a cradle,
But no milk for his mouth can my money afford.

3. μο ζηρόδ, νο βέλιη
ηάρ έυμ να ηρέαζα,
'ζυρ νο μέην νεαρ, ναέ μαιβ ας βεαν λε
φάξάιλ.
'ο όά έις ζλέγεαλ'
λε νο λεανθ βάν α ηρέαζαδ,
Α ρεοηρ, ηί ρειοηρ λιομ έύ έαδαηρ ό'η
μηβάρ.

2. I am fainting with weakness,
No use to conceal it,
My strength is dissolving like mists that fly.
From my heart in its beating
Blood trickles like tear-drops,
What wonder, my God! for my Sally who died.

3. Sweet mouth had my maiden,
No lies ever shaping,
And a manner unmatched among women for
grace;
And breasts white and shapely
For her child's soft allaying.
But my love could not save her from death
and the grave.

4. Οά ἔποράμην
 Ὅο εἰλληεᾶ ζῆράνοσ,
 Ὑόγρεαδ Ἀ λάν οῖμ Ἀ βεῖε Ἀγ οὐλ ἰ η-Ἀ
 οιαῖο.
 Ἀετ μο εἰλιν βρεᾶξ νεαρ
 Ἀ οτυξ μέ ζῆλὸ σί,
 Ἀζυρ ζυρ ἰη Ἀ πᾶρσοῖν ἴρ εαδ ρῆαιρ μέ ἰ.

4. Had I been the suitor
 Of a hag without beauty,
 Small wonder they'd blame me for paying her
 court.
 But fresh as the dew-drops,
 Was Sally, my true love,
 Who came in her youth a bride to my home.

5. Ἰη αοιγ Ἀ ρέ οεᾶξ
 Ἵε εαδ ρῆαιρ μέ ρέιν ἰ,
 Ἀη βεαν Ἀρ λειξ μέ λείτε μο ρύν γο η-ὄξ.
 Ἀετ Ἀ ρτόιρ μο εἰείθε,
 Ἵε κύ ο'ἴξ λιομ ρέιν μέ,
 Ἀζυρ εἰαιδ ἴρα γορέ υαιμ ἰ το εἰλιν ὄξ.

5. Oh, was it too soon, then,
 At sixteen to woo her,
 Who lit in my young heart love's secret flame?
 Dear heart of my bosom,
 'Twas fate I should lose you,
 Who slipped from me soon to your home in the
 clay.

6. Ὀ'ρεᾶρρ λιομ γο μὸρ-μὸρ
 Ἵμο οιαῖο ἴρα ἴρσο ἰ,
 Βεῖε Ἀγ βλεᾶξαν μο ὄο-ἰη, νό ἰ mbun μο
 εἴξε,
 Ἰά ραιὸβρεαρ ἴεοίρρε
 Ἀἴρ ἰ Ἀ ρᾶξᾶιλ ἰε ρηρόμρε;
 Ἵε ζυρ ρᾶοι Ἰα ρσοαιδ Ἀ εἰρρ μέ ζῆλὸ μο
 ἱροῖθε.

6. I'd rather go roaming
 With you on the roadways,
 Or have you at home with me milking my cows,
 Than the king's store of gold for
 The dower of an old one;
 But alas! 'neath the sod lies my love in her
 shroud.

This song is known all over Connacht, and has been familiar to me in this form for many years, but I never heard this particular air from any but the Hession family. They learned it from their grandmother, each member of the family singing it with slight variations. It would seem to be based on the air, No. 17, Ἰα βυαεᾶιλῖ ὄόηη, to which a song ascribed to Rafferty is sometimes sung. I give one verse of the song as I heard it from Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. (For complete song see Hyde's "Ἀβῆλιν Ἀη Ρεαεεῦρρε," p. 194.)

For other variants of song and air see Nos. 71 and 72.

Some of the verses were also given me by Martin O'Brien, N.T., Belclare, Tuam; and by Mrs. O'Connell, N.T., Gardenfield, Tuam.

See also "Gaelic Songs of the West," p. 70.

17.—*na buádaiлли bána.*

(THE WHITE BOYS.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Δ Όσνεαδ Όρνιμ, ιρ νεαρ το έραιορην λάν λεατ, Δ'ιρ ní le
 ξηάδ όυιτ, άετ le ροηη το ξαβáiλ, άεαηξλόαηηη ηυαρ έύ le ηό-ρα
 ανáiβ - e, Δξυρ έυηρηνηη ηο "ιρην" η το βολξ ηόρη.

TRANSLATION.

O, Denis Brown, 'tis nicely I would shake hands with you, And not out of love for you, but with desire to take you; I would tie you up with a hempen rope, And I would drive my spear through your big paunch.

18.—*bean an τ-seanouine.*

(THE OLD MAN'S WIFE.)

Sung by MRS. HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. (O) τιξεάτ ά-μαη ό βάλλ - α όοη, Όά ηιλ - e 'μαέ ό'η
 ξελάη, Για εαρ - άδ οηη άετ αιλ - ηη νεαρ, Δξυρ
 ί αν Δ υιáll - αηο άηηο. αν τυρ - α bean an
 τ-ρεαν - ουηη - - - e? ιρ ηέ, ηο έρεάδ 'ι ηο έρηό ! 'S óá
 ηβέηηη-ηε βλιάδαιη ηο έοηη-ηυίθε λειη, ηί έυηβ - ηαιηη οό - ηαν ξηάδ.

2. 1pe: θρόν δρ μο μίνννηρ
 Δ πόρ μέ εόνη η-ός ;
 πόρ ριαο λειρ αν ρεανουιμε μέ
 μαρ ζεαλλ δρ έυρλα βό.
 mile β'φεάρρ λιομ αζαμ
 βυαέαιλλίν υεαρ ός,
 Δ έιοεραό ιρτεαό δρ μαρόιν
 αζυρ βέαρραό υαή-ρα πός.

3. Eipean: Δ'ρ ναό υεαρ αν ρεαρ ι μβαίλε μέ,
 ηί'λ υάιλ αζαμ 'ραν όλ ;
 τά βέαρ ηφορ ρεαρρ ηά ριν αζαμ
 Δ ηρεόζραό αιλίν ός.
 ζαοόρπόαιηη δρλάν αζυρ ραταί όι,
 ερμυτέηαότ α'ρ εορηα ηόρ,
 Δ'ρα Όια, ηάρβ'φεάρρ υυιταζατ μέ
 ηά ηείε υε βυαέαιλλ ός.

4. 1pe: mile β'φεάρρ λιομ αζαμ
 αν βυαέαιλλίν υεαρ ός,
 ηαό λειζρεαό έυιζ αν αιρρεανη
 μέ
 Δ'ρ βαηρμβίν (?) δρ μο ηρόις,
 Δ βέαρραό αζ τεαό αν λεαηνα
 μέ

αζυρ υ'όλραό Δ ζηνί όηρ ;
 Δ'ρ ναό ηβέαό ρέ εόνη μαίε λεατ,
 Δ ρεανουιμε,
 ηυαιρ Δ βέαό ηα ράιρτι μόρ ?

5. Eipean: μά'ρ αιλίν υε'η εραζαρ ριν έύ,
 Δ'ρ ζο ηρμυλ υάιλ αζατ 'ραν όλ,
 1r ζεαρρ Δ ηάιρρεαρ αιρζεαυ υυιτ
 ηο υο ρεαλβάμίν βό.
 Δ'ρ ιαρρμυζημ δρ Όια 'ρ αν ημυηε,
 μαρηα μαηρμηη βεο αέτ βλιαόδαιη
 ζο ηρειερεαυ αζ ιαρρραό υέηρκε
 έύ,
 Δ'ρ υό ηάλα δρ υο όρμυη.

6. 1pe: mile β'φεάρρ λιομ αζ ιαρρραό
 υέηρκε,
 Δ'ρ μο ηάλα δρ μο όρμυη,
 ηά υο λειτέρο υε ρεανουιηίν
 Δ βειέ 'ρα μβαίλε εηηη.
 μαρ ηίλρμηη μαρ' ηυέαηταό αέτ
 αιραότ,
 ηαό μαηρρεά βλιαόδαιη βεο,
 Δ'ρ λειζ υε υο έυτο ρεαήρμáη
 ρεαρτα λιομ,
 Δ ζιολλα αν εόηρμáη ηόηρ !

TRANSLATION.

1. Coming over from the town of Balla, Just two miles outside Clare, Whom should I meet but a pretty girl, Seated on her saddle high? "Are you the wife of the old man?" "I am, 'tis my grief and woe. And if I were living a year with him, I would give him love no more. | 2. Sorrow be on my people Who married me so young; They wedded me to an old man For the sake of land and kine. A thousand times I'd rather To have a nice young boy, Who would come to me in the morning And greet me with a kiss." | 3. "Am I not a nice man in a home? I have no taste for drink, And a far better trait than that I have To win a young girl's heart. I'd provide bread and potatoes for her, Wheat and barley galore (in plenty), And surely I am better for you Than a spendthrift of a boy." | 4. "A thousand times would I prefer To have a nice young boy, Who would not allow me to go to Mass With patches (?) on my boots. Who would bring me to an ale-house And spend his guineas of gold; And surely he'd be as good as you, old man, When the children would grow up." | 5. "If you are a girl of that kind, And have a taste for drink, It's short money would last you Or your little herd of kine. And I pray to God and Mary, Should I only live a year, That I yet may see you begging, With your bag upon your back." | 6. "A beggar's life I'd much prefer, With my bag upon my back, Than to have a little old man like you For ever sick at home. For I should think when you only coughed That you wouldn't live a year, So cease your nagging me henceforth, Gillie of the wheezing cough!"

This air is an inferior version of "Μάη' ní Σημοβτά," No. 10. It was sung to me by Mrs. Hession, Belclare, Tuam. I got some of the words from Mrs. McDermot, Doogra, Tuam.

19.—nelli Δ ÇΑΡΑΪΟ.
(NELLY, MY FRIEND.)

Sung by Mrs. HOBAN,
Milltown, Tuam.

♩ = 72

1. Νυαιη Δ υ'είη-ιξ μέ - αι ματο - ίη υια Çέαυαοιη,—'S ηίοη
 Çοη- ηιξ - μέ μο έαυ - αν φαη - αοη, υο ηυβαη μέ - - 'οη
 Çαηιη άξ - υη υηέαÇηαιξ,—ηαÇ ηαιηξ - - ηαÇ η-υηηιξεαηη υο
 υια!— υαιη μέ υιοη μο Çό - τα - - 'Çυη μο λείη - ε, άÇυη
 λειξ μέ μο ÇέαÇαη ηε ÇαοιÇ; ηυαιη Δ ηηαοη - - υηÇεαη - Δ -
 - ηίη αι μο Çέαυ φαη, υαιη μέ - - αν Çοηη-ηέαη υε'η αη υιοη.

2. 'S Δ' ηηηηε, Çέαυ υο υεαηφαη μέ η
 ηβάραÇ,
 ηυαιη ηαÇ υηειÇεαυ μο Çηάυ ά' υεαÇ αηαιη,
 Çαη ÇυηαÇτ άÇαη υηÇεαÇ η - α λάÇαιη,
 ηε μέαυ 'η βι εαοηαιηη άηηαιη?
 ηυαιη α ηηαοηηηηη άη ηύÇηαυ 'η άη Çάηηυε
 άÇυη άη οηεαÇ υο υά λάη α βι ηιαλ,
 υηειηυό μέ η λιοηη-υου ά'η η υόβλαιο,
 ά'η Çαοηηηυό μέ Çο λεοη 'υο υιαυό.

3. 'S υά ηβέηηη-ηε 'μο λυηÇε άη 'μο λεαβαυ
 ÇεαÇ ηεαÇηηαιηε, ηάηηε, ηό ηί,
 'S αοη ηόÇ άηάηη α ηάÇάηι ό μο ηελλί,
 ÇόÇηαυ ηέ αν υηόη αÇά η μο Çηοηε.
 'S αν Çηυαηξ λεαυ μο Çυαηβα Δ βειÇ ÇαηηÇα,
 ηό μο Çοηηα βειÇ υά Çεαηηαυ άÇ ηα
 ηαοηη,
 ηό άη ηαιοηη μο ÇηόÇεαη άÇ Çηυαηη Δ βαιηε,
 'S ηα ηυαÇαηηι υεαη' άÇ υοη ηαοηη?

4. Cúairt mé aréir d'g tead an tórradh
 iní an áit nac raib eolar orm ann ;
 Súir mé ríor ar ceann ríóil ann,
 'S bí cáilín veaf óg le mo éaduib.
 Nuair a rmaonuisim ar a' ríóir 'r an óige,
 Ślad mé go mór-máir an zheann,
 'S o'á h-áimhdeoin, o'ar nuóig, d'g tead a'
 tórradh,
 Cúir mé an éluain in a ceann.

5. a' r buó máir an fear láige 'r fear ríud-
 raio' mé,
 Bí coí veaf ar éuair 'zuir ar fáil,
 Sárab na punainne o'á bualad
 A éuirfead an éluain ar na mnáib.
 Bí rin iní an mbunad buó bual'oom,
 Deir 'mo éuin'-uaral coí ruarad a' r adáim.
 Leig ve oo éuro ruaradéat' anoir, a buadéil,
 A' r tabair oo beannaéat go buanoo na mnáib.

TRANSLATION.

1. When I had risen up one Wednesday morning, (Alas! I made no sign of the Cross.) I walked between Galway and Breaffey (Woe to him who kneels not down to God). I pulled off my coat and my underwear, And let the wind blow through my limbs. When I thought again of my first love, I tore my ring-finger from the joint. | 2. But, O Mary! what shall I do to-morrow, When I see not my love draw near? And I have not courage to go to her, On account of what came between (us). When I think of the mirth and the laughter And the kindness ever flowing from your hands, I shall fall into melancholy and sorrow, And weep copious tears for your sake. | 3. And if I were lying in my bed For seven weeks, a quarter, or a month, To get but one kiss from my Nelly Would lift all the sorrow from my heart. And does it not grieve you that my grave is made, That the boards of my coffin are being measured, That my bier shall come home to-morrow Supported on the shoulders of the boys? | 4. I went last night to the corpse-house, In a place where I was quite unknown, I sat myself down on a stool there With a nice young girl at my side. When I think on the sport and youth's pleasures, [How] I took my full share of the fun! And in spite of her, forsooth, at the corpse-house, I instilled a sweet charm in her mind. | 5. A good man I was with spade or shovel, Just as expert with the axe or the saw, A good warrant to thresh the sheaves (of barley), And the fancy of the women I could gain. My people had that in them, and 'twas kind for me, To be as little of the idler (gentleman) as I am. So leave off your chatter for the present, boy, And say a long farewell to the women.

I got the air and words of this song from Mrs. Hoban, who has helped me so much with this whole collection. This and most of her other songs, she tells me, she learned in her youth from her uncle, Martin Fleming, a tailor, who lived near Irishtown, Co. Mayo. It is manifest that the verses have been corrupted in the transmission.

For variants of this song see "Áimhám Éluinne Śeóeas," p. 119; "Gaelic Songs of the West," p. 23; and "Ríor Éluirfead na hÉireann," p. 46, edited by the late T. O'Neill Russell. The song was taken down by him from a Mayo man in Chicago. See also "Śiamra an Śeimrú," p. 118, v. 5, and "An Uireóg," p. 10.

20.—ΜΑΥΟΙΗ ΠΌΞΗΜΑΥΗ.
(ONE AUTUMN MORNING.)

Sung by MISS KATIE MCGATH,
Liskevey, Tuam.

♩ = 92

1. Ó, μαυο - ιη είνη έσθό-μηρ Ό' άρ έρη - ις μέ 'η ραν
 βρόξ - μηρ, σέ σαρ - αό ηηρ ά' ρόσ λιον, άετ ζηρόσ ζεάλ μο
 έρηθε? ηυαη ά θέαησ μέ άρ ά βηρό - σα ό, ρίλ μέ ηα
 θεόρ - ά, 'Σηρ Ό'ιαρη μέ τηρ ρόξ-ηη ό ρτόρη - ηη μο έρηθε.

2. Ó, βυαδαιλίν όσ μέ
 'Τά βηαέ άρ ουλ ά' ρόραθ,
 ά'ρ ηί θέαηραθ μέ δον έσμηηυθε
 ζο βηαιξ μέ μο ηίαν.
 ζο βηίλλο τυρα ά ρτόρηηη
 ά'ρ σο μάλαηε ηί ρόρραηηη,
 ζο ρηηεαρ ηη ραν ζείλλ μέ,
 'S ύηη όρ μο έιονηη.

3. Ó, ηηρη εά βηρόηαέ,
 'S μέ άξ ρηυβαλ έρηη ηα μόηηε,
 εά αν άηρηηηξ ζο ηηον ηηον
 άξ ουλ έρηη μο λάρ,
 ηυαηη ά έσμηηηξηη άρ αν ηβόέαρ
 βί μέ άξ ουλ 'ρ μο ηίαν-ρα ;
 άετ εά ρί άξ ρεαρ εηε ρόρτα,
 ά ηηε ηηηηε, ηαέ ηρηαξ!

4. άετ εά ρίλ άξαν ό έρηηηε(ά)
 ηαέ βηάξαρ μέ βάρ έοηόεε,
 ζο ηβηό μέ 'ρ μο ηίαν-ρα
 άρ λεαβαθ έλύεαέ ρηηε.
 ηί'λ ηθ άρ βιέ ηίηρ άίληε
 ηά αν ζηηαν άρ έιον εσάηε,
 άετ αν ρόραί ζεάλ ζηέζεάλ
 άρ βαηρηαθ ηα υσωνηη.

5. μαρη ρηη ά βι μο ζηρό-ρα
 λε ζηλε ά'ρ λε βηεάξεαέτ,
 άετ ά ηαιξηον είνηη βαηρηόξαιη,
 ηρ λεατ ά έαίλλ μέ μο έαίλλ.
 μαρη ηη ηηρη εαά ρίηρ
 λειη αν βηόραθ ρηη ά θέαηηηη,
 ηί έοηλόεαθ μέ δον οηόεε,
 άετ ρίηρ λειη αν ηβηόηηη.

TRANSLATION.

1. One fine dewy morning, As I set out, in the Autumn, Who should meet me on the road,
 But the bright love of my heart? When I gazed on her shoes, My tears began to trickle, And
 I asked for three small kisses From the darling of my heart. | 2. Oh! I'm a young *bouchal* (swain)
 Who thinks of getting married, And I'll make no rest anywhere Until my love I find. Till
 my return, my treasure No other (maid) I'd marry, Till I lie in the churchyard With the clay
 above my head. | 3. Oh! great is my sorrow As I walk through the low lands, The keen pang
 of longing Goes right through my heart, As I think of the pathway Where my love and I
 rambled. But, she's wedded to another, Ah! more's the pity, me! | 4. But with Christ's help

I'm hoping, That death will never take me, Till I and my darling Rest on a downy bed. There's nothing more lovely Than the sun above Kinsale, But the bright sparkling posy On the top of the wave. | 5. Such was my darling In beauty and in splendour, Ah! mild queenly maiden, With you I lost my sense. For now I am downcast Through the making of that marriage, The night has no sleep for me But grief for evermore.

This song has been recorded from the singing of Katie McGath, a young girl from Liskeevy, near Tuam. She tells me she learned it from Mrs. Connolly, who died some years ago, and who, from all I hear, must have been a very fine singer. Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," published in 1831, attributes it to Carolan, but Professor O'Maille, in his volume on Carolan (Irish Texts Society, vol. xvii, p. 209), says it is "obviously not one of Carolan's." It is known also as "briúro ní m'áille."

21.—DÚITĊE 'N PÁORAÍĎ.
(FAIRS' COUNTRY.)

Sung by MISS KATIE MCGATH,
Liskeevy, Tuam.

♩ = 63

1. Dá mbuó liom - ra dúitċe' an páoraí - áċ, 's é a beir ar fao rre
cérl - e, buó tú mo mían óa bréadaim, a
éuro ve'n traogal 'r a ríóir. Uo óa - - Láim ġeal-a
ġlé - ġeal' a' roinnt ar boct-áib óé éart ciméall a'r ġo
mairċ an máic reo éorbé-e úit, 'inġean ġeóin ó'n nġleann!
For other verses: bá - - na, na

2. Δ' ἴ βυῖ ἅννε ἰομ ἰ ναιο ἡ-υαιμε,
 τῆράτ ἐαῖτ ῆ ῆεαλ ἀγ ῆυῖδαλ ἰομ,
 ἡά ευαδ ἀρ ἅρῆη ἡα τῆαοῖβε
 'S ἰονουῖβ ἰε μο ἐαοῖβ.
 βυῖ ἅννε ἰομ ἰ ἡά κλάηῆεαδ,
 ἡά ῆλύτε ἀρ ἐαῖτῖβ ἅνα,
 ἡά κεῖλεαῖδῆη ἡα ἡ'εαλα ἡ ἄῖλνε
 ἀγ ουλ ἐαρ ἡα τῶντα ῆηαρ.

4. Ὀῆη ἡ ῆεαυα μέ ἡῆη ἀη ἄῖτ ῆεο,
 ἰε βῆαῖδαῖη ἡόῖη ῆαυ' ἀγῆη ῆάῖτε,
 ἀ' ῆ ἡῖοη ἐάῖηε μο ῆῆῆάβ ἀρ ἐυαῖηε ἐῖγῆη,
 ἀ' ῆ μέ ἀρ μο ἰεαδαῖῖ τῖηη.
 ἡάε τῆυαδῆ ἰεατ μέ υο μο ῆῆεάεαῖ
 ἀ' ῆ ἀη ἀῆῆαῖηε εῆῖῖβ μο ἐαοῖβ ῖεῖη,
 ἀ' ῆ ἡάε ῆῖῖῖῆεαδ ῆαοῖ ἀη ῆαῖῆαλ ῆεο,
 ῆῆη ἰεῖη μέ ἰεατ μο ῆῆῆη ?

3. Δ' ῆ ἡῖ βυαν μέ ἀρ μο ῆῆάῖητε
 Ὀά ἅῆῆῆαῖ τῆῆα, ἀ ῆῆῆῆῖ βάῖη.

5. ἀετ β' ῆεῆῆη ἰομ-ῆα μο ἡῖηη ἀγῆη
 ῆῆη βῖ ῆῆη ῆῆηηε ῆῆη εαοῖῆῆῆ,
 ἡά ῆαῖῖῖῖῆεαῆ ῆῆῆῆῖα ἀρ ἀη τῆαῖῆαλ ῆεο
 'S μέ ἀ βῆαυ ὀ κοῖηηαε ἀη ἐῖῖῆη

Δ' ῆ ἡῖ ἡαῖῖ ἡά ἡαοῖη ἡά εαοῖῆῆῆ,
 ἡά κῆ ὀῆ κοῖῆῆη ἡα ἡῖαοῖηε,
 ἡά ἡῖῖ ἀρ βῖῖ εῖῖε ῆαοῖ ἀη ῆαῖῆαλ ῆεο,
 ἡῖοη εῖγῆ μέ ῆῆῆῆη ἀρ ἄῖηη.

.

TRANSLATION.

1. Were I to own the Fairs' country, And it all to be together, You would be my desire if I could (have you), My share of the world, my treasure. Your two white beautiful hands, Bestowing on God's poor all around. And may the good you do live ever for you, Oh! daughter of John from the Glen. | 2. And I would think her nine times sweeter When she spent a time walking with me, Than a cuckoo on top of the branch, Or a blackbird by my side. I would think her sweeter than a harp, Or a flute in meadows fair, Or the melody of the loveliest swans, Going over the waves to the west. | 3. And I would not be long in health If you should leave me, my fair love And it is not goods, or wealth, or flocks, Or reputation before the people, Or anything else in this world, That ever I paid heed to. | 4. For I am long in this place, A great long year and a quarter, And my love did not come to visit me While I was sick in bed. Do you not pity me, perishing With the pains on my right side, And is it not clear to the world That I gave you my love? | 5. But I would prefer to have my love Without cow, or coin, or sheep Than ugly riches of this world, And I far from the County Clare.

This song also has been recorded from the singing of Katie McGath, who learned it from Mrs. Connolly, Liskeevy, Tuam. Unfortunately she was unable to remember all the words, and it is clear that those recorded are a much-corrupted version of the original. I believe the "Fairs' Country" (not the "Powers' Country," as some have understood it) is the district near Hollymount, Co. Mayo. The late Major Rutledge Fair was a member of this family.

22.—nelli bán.

(FAIR NELLY.)

Sung by the late mícheál breádnáé,
Inverin, Spiddal.

♩ = 88

Mixo-Lydian mode.



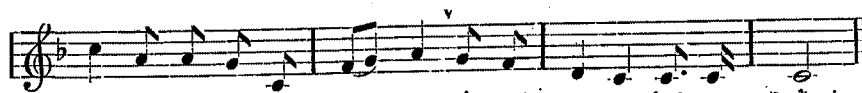
1. Ó 'r, a nelli - í bán, 'r tú ghráó liom, 'S tú curle geal mo éiríde. Leis mo



Láin ar vo bhrágaro gíl, nó ní máir-fró mé beo mí. Vo



fínáípráinn féin an t-Síúir leat, 'S an t-Sion-dáinn mhór 'vo úiáir, Ó,



rug tú an bárr an lá úo ó mháib veap-a loé - a Riadais.

2. Úa mbad liom-ra porcumna
Aghur baile loéa Riadaé,
Luimneacé gan éunntar,
'S éart riméall D'Í-á'-Oliacé;
Ar vo muinnceir-re a roinneinn
A leat aghur dá érian,
Ar cunnat' a beic i vtuaim leat
Lá fada 'ghur bliadain.

3. Ní éainntéadainn ar mo éapall,
Ar mo úiáilair ná ar mo frian,
Ná ar páirceiríob an falctanair (?)
A mbíóomuro ann a' fíadaé;
Ná ar a vveacáir ve bán
Ó Sa'ana éar fáile le bliadain,
Má éainntéiríob an lá úo
Ar mháib veap-a loéa Riadaé.

4. Tadair mo beannacé-ra go Connacéairí,
Mar ir ann a bíob an ghréann,
Aghur éugat-ra féin a ghráó gíl,
Nacé bpeirceiríob mé go bhráé.
An éóiríob úo bí eadraimn
Aghur anonn fíadaé bán na vtoom,
'S ghráib í an tSion-dáinn mhór éongbúirí muro
A bí lán go bhuacé roimáinn.

5. Ó 'ghur triaé g'éar náir cailléad mé,
Amuirí ar an fíadaé,
'San áit a mbéad mo éníma
Le piocadé ag an bhráé,
Sul éar éiric mé i ngráó leat,
A bhuinneall na ngeal-éiríob;
'S go mb'féairíob le vo máéairíob
Nacé bpeirceiríob fí mé 'ríamíob.

TRANSLATION.

1. And oh! fair Nelly, you are my love, You're the bright pulse of my heart; Lay my hand on your white neck, Or I will not live a month. I would swim the (river) Suir with you, And the mighty Shannon after you, For on that day you took the palm From the pretty women of Loughrea. | 2. Were I to own Portumna And the town of Loughrea, Limerick without account, And all around Dublin, Among your people I'd divide Its half and its two-thirds, For the sake of being in Tuam with you For a long day and a year. | 3. I would not speak about my horse, About my saddle or bridle, Nor of the fields of enmity (?) In which we used to hunt, Nor of all the boats that travelled In a year from England across the sea, If we should speak on that day Of the pretty women of Loughrea. | 4. Take my blessing to Connacht, For there used to be the fun, And to yourself, my bright love, Whom I'll never see again. The talk that passed between us Going over the white mountain of the thickets, And 'twas only the Shannon restrained us, That was full to the very brink. | 5. My bitter grief that I did not die Away out on the mountain, The place where my bones would lie To be picked by the raven. Before I fell in love with you, O maiden of the white breasts: And your mother too would much prefer That she'd never see me more.

I learned this song many years ago from my very dear friend Mícheál Órneadán, Inverin, Spiddal, who passed his brief life, first as Secretary to the Gaelic League of London, and afterwards as *Árú Ollam* (chief Professor) in the Irish College in Partry, Co. Mayo. I well remember the occasion on which I noted it down; it was one cold winter night on the journey back from Woolwich to London, where a party of us had gone, in our enthusiasm, to try and start a branch of the Gaelic League amongst the colony of Irishmen living there. It was late, it was cold, and we were hungry; but we were young, and our spirits were high; and the hot baked potatoes we had bought from a barrow, on our way to the station, to warm our hands, served afterwards to appease our appetites, only we had forgotten to beg a bit of salt!

We had a carriage to ourselves, and we whiled away the time in singing. This song was Mícheál's contribution.

Another scene stands out in my memory, a few years later—all too few—a dreary November day on the long stretch of road, beside a grey sea, from Galway out to Inverin, where to the wailing of the pipes and the caoining of the women, we laid poor Mícheál to rest in his own beloved *Corr Fálraghe*.

For variants of the air see Joyce's "Irish Folk Music and Song," p. 247, and "Ancient Irish Music," p. 30. Three verses were given with translation in "An Irish Anthology," by *Ḑáoraidic mac Ḑiarmair*, in the "Irish Review," June, 1911.

See also "An Ceól Síre," p. 80.

Walsh's "Irish Popular Songs," p. 117.

23.—*ΜΑΡΙΕ ΒΡΟΥΝ.*

(MARY BROWN.)

Sung by Miss BRIDGET LOHAN,
Sylane, Tuam.

♩ = 72



1. τὰ καί - in πρέπειάμει δ' ους μέ πρέπ' οί αν αν ζουαζ αν



ταος γεο ο'εαν-αδ' ούιν; Δ - τὰ Δ μέινν μαιτ' ι ζελάρ Δ



h-εαυ - αν, Δ'γ Δ λεαυ - Δ ζιέ - ζεαυ μαρ βλατ' να n-uβαλλ.

2. Ούβαρη μέ 'η μέρο γεο Δ'γ μέ 'οθήρικό
λέιτε—

“η τύ μο έεαυ-φεαρ Δ'γ τοζα μο ρύλ;
Δ'γ νί beo 'οο ούιατ' μέ, Δ'γ νά οέαν μέ
ερίεζριντ,
Δ'γ βα εόρη ουιτ' έαλόζαδ' λιον, Δ' μάρη
βρύν.”

Δετ' ο' αιπόθειοι μάρη 'θειτ' βραυ ο' λάεαρ,
βείο ρί αζ αν μβάρη αν αν τυρλοέ μόρ.

3. η καίλιν βρεδζ ι Δ ους μέ ζράδ' οί,
Δ'γ νί cumann ζεάρη έ μά βίμ-ρε beo,
μαρ βίμ ζο ρίορμυρε 'ταδαρητ' μίλε ρλάν' οί,
Δ'γ τὰ ζράδ' αζ Δ λάν υρημ μαρ 'τά ρί εόρη.

4. 'βίυο ι αν ρλαννοός ρυαρη ρέιμ να η-άιτε,
τὰ μεαρ λε ράζαίλ αιοι Δ'γ ερηουεάμιαυτ
μόρ—

5. 'βίυο ι αν ερηόρσιν νε μιναιβ' να ρόολα,
ηρ μίντε μάνλα ζαδανν ρί αν ερλιζε,
Δ'γ Δ λιαέταζε ούζ-φεαρ ο'ιαρη ι λέ ρόραδ'
μαρ βα “ματς” αιρ ρόζηαδ' ι λέ κυρ ι
ζοριέ.

6. Νί ζηυθεαν ρί μόρβόαίλ' να ζηεανν Δ
έόζβάίλ,
Δ'γ νίορ ρυιτ' αον ούίς ιντε λε η-α κυρ ο'ά
ρλιζε,
Δετ' οαρ' βρηζ' μο εόθήρικό, Δ' ερηοιθε ζαν
οόλίρ,
ζυρ ρεαρ ζαν εολυρ ναέ ρανητόέαδ' ι.

TRANSLATION.

1. There's a bright, pretty girl to whom I paid court, On the crag on this side of Annaghdown. Her kindly disposition appears on her face, And her bright, shining cheek like the blossom of the apple. | 2. Thus much I said when I was conversing with her: "You are my first love and the choice of my eyes; I shall not live after you, and do not desert me; You ought to elope with me, O Mary Brown." | 3. She is a charming girl with whom I fell in love, And no brief affection shall it be if I live; For I'm ever wishing a thousand blessings to her, And very many love her, for she is virtuous. | 4. She is the young plant that took sway in the place, And is held in esteem and great credit: But even though Mary is far away from me, She will be at the match in Turlochmore. | 5. She is the little jewel of the women of Fodla; Polished and stately she goes along the road; And many are the young men who asked her in marriage, For she would be a splendid match with whom to settle down. | 6. Nor does she take pride or pleasure in it, No bias there is found in her to turn her from her way; But indeed upon my word, O heart devoid of sorrow, He'd be a senseless man who would not her desire.

This song was composed by the poet Patrick Callanan, of Carheenadivane, near Craughwell, Co. Galway. He was a contemporary of Raftery, and is responsible also for another fine song "Σεδάζαν Δ μιν μο Ἰοματιρυν," which is sung to the same air as "Ἰριζοῖν Ἰεργαε," No. 30. It was sung to me by Bridget Lohan, a young girl from Sylane, Tuam, who learned it from her mother. The words are as printed in the "Tuam Herald" by the late John Glynn. I got another version from Mrs. McDerimot, Doogra, Tuam, which is practically the same.

The Μάριε Ἰριζοῖν, here extolled, was a celebrated beauty. She was the great-grandmother of the late Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, sometime M.P. for Galway Borough.

In his poem on Μάριε Σταντον, Raftery says: "I have left the branch with her, away from Μάριε Ἰριζοῖν."

In his note on the song, John Glynn says:—"I wrote it down about twenty years ago from a son of the composer. Callanan was a bardic rival of Raftery, and both are having their long sleep within a few perches of each other in the old cemetery of Killeeneen."

The air is reminiscent of "Μάρι' νι Ἐριον." Another version of this song is in "Σιαμπα Δν Ἰεμπερο," p. 20.

24.—*máire ní mongán.*
(MARY MONGAN.)

Sung by Miss Maggie Hession,
Belclare, Tuam.

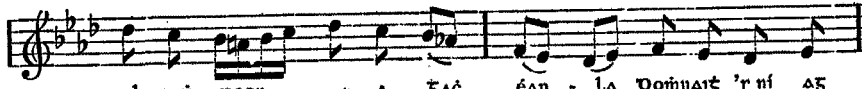
$\text{♩} = 68$



1. *Bí cínín mac aḡam bí oíl-te to - - - ige, a' r' ir*



gearr ba lónsom iao, céad riaroir gearr; U' r' aḡ r' iao a n-oirbhínn b' oet aḡ



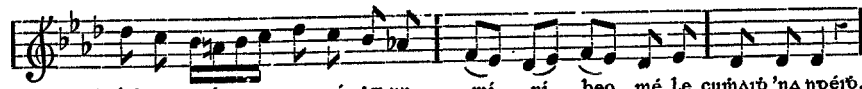
ríl-eat' veor - - - a' fad' éan-la' u' oimnais' r' ní aḡ



iarrat' a' gléir. ní raib' r' u' m' ar' bí' aḡam' r' a' mac a' b' ó - ige, c' r' ba



l' aḡad' an leom-in é' r' ead' ar' rém, a' an mac ba' f' m' a-ca' r' é' a



éir' at' go' mór - - mé aḡ-ur' mí ní beo mé le' cu' m' at' 'na' ve' r' b.

2. Mo r' ead' ar' móirnead' a' bí oíl-te m' u' nte,
a' éuar' ar' éunnar' le' be' it' n' o' r' gearr,
bí g' n' a' na' g' o' m' u' r' r' an' a' ir' f' ad' ir' bí r' é
r' h' óm- r' a,
a' r' ba' m' a' it' an' con' g' an' t' óir' é' a' m' u' i' g' le' r' ead' g' an.
t' á' r' u' í' l' a' g' am' r' a' go' b' r' u' i' g' r' b' r' é' iom' la' e' t'
a' g' u' r' r' o' r' t' u' n' cu' m' a' c' t' a' d' ó' r' i' g' na' n' g' r' á' r' t,
a' é' u' b' r' a' r' a' ba' il' e' é' u' g' am' é' g' l' an' g' an' é' on' ta-
da' ir' t'
m' ar' ir' m' ór' mo' é' u' m' at' b' i' n' o' i' a' t' b' o' m' h' i' c' i' n'
b' á' m.

3. 'S cá' b' r' u' í' l' c' r' u' a' i' g' i' n' é' i' r' u' n' n' n' o' r' m' ó' n' á' mé
i' n' o' i' a' t' b' o' m' h' i' c' a' é' r' á' t' b' o' é' r' o' i' d' e' ?
a' g' g' u' i' d' e' u' é' a' g' u' r' a' g' u' e' a' n' a' m' u' e' i' r' e'
'S ní' f' á' g' a' m' e' á' n' r' g' e' a' l' u' a' t' b' a' r' m' u' i' r' n' á' d' a' r' t' i' r' !
n' u' a' i' r' a' f' e' i' c' i' m' r' e' g' a' d' b' e' a' n' a' c' a' r' a' g' l' a' n' n'
r' r' é' é' i' l' e,
c' a' i' l' l' i' m' m' o' r' a' e' d' a' r' e' r' m' e' a' d' a' i' r' m' o' é' n' n,
'S cá' v' e' i' r' e' a' d' m' o' f' e' a' n' é' u' i' r' r' m' o' é' o' m' p' á' d'
u' e' a' n' t' a,
'S ní' l' a' b' r' ó' e' a' t' a' o' n' r' i' m' o' g' o' u' e' a' i' g' r' b' mé' i'
g' c' i' l' l.

4. 1ṛ mac gan éumann tú anoir, ʋar liomra,
 nac ʋcigeann ar cuairt éugam ʋ'oiré' ná
 ʋe lá,
 Δ éair epí náite gan rṛit zoc' ioméar
 'S Δ éuaré i zcontabairt leat oiré' an báir.
 Éug mé rṛoil ʋuit azur beazán róglam'
 ʋo reir mo éomáéa mar yinne Δ b'feairr,
 'S nac beaz Δ zoillear mo zaira ʋubac orc
 cébi éuirge az Δ mbionn tú ann.

5. Cá bṛuil tṛuaiz i néirynn déc mac 1ṛ
 máéair
 Δ beit az ʋul i bṛán ar Δ céile éoiré',
 Δ ʋ' feil zo cheairta é gan zuit gan náirte
 fuair biab azur annlann maic zlan ʋ'á
 éionn.
 Má'ṛ é an báṛ Δ éliṛ orṛ 'ṛ Δ ʋ'fáz faoi
 éirán mé,
 Mar 1ṛ ioméa an zéal maicé éuir ré i zcill,
 'S zup b'é an forcéim ʋeimeannac Δ bi ʋ'á
 báir á'm,
 Zup zéal mo céann azur zup ʋub mo érié.

6. 'S nac beaz Δ zoilleann mo zaira ʋubac
 air,
 'S Δ liaéa bṛón az zabal éri mo érié;
 Éáimc tinneair orṛ 1ṛ éail mé mórán,
 'S nil liaé na éóira 'zám anoir, farair!

ní hé rin 1ṛ meara liom, ná éiríó zo móir mé
 déc mar yinne mé an pórab ar air air;
 ʋain ré an élann óiom bi oirte cóizé—
 Tá muirizim óz orṛ, 'ṛ mé zo lag 'na zcionn.

7. 'S cá bṛuil tṛuaiz i néirynn déc mac 1ṛ
 máéair
 Δ ʋul i bṛán ar Δ céile éoiré;
 éuaré zo zairana ran arṛ zailloa
 gan rior Δ páizé déc beazán bió.
 ʋá mbaó i mbáile na cille azam Δ délé ʋo
 énáma
 ní beirinn éom ʋub-ériéac ná Δ leat 'oo
 éiaré,
 déc mo éúiz céao beannacé leat zo ríozacé
 na nṛáirta,
 nuair nac bṛuil ré i ʋóán ʋom tú féiceáil
 éoiré.

8. Nac móir Δ zuillear ʋean i ʋoiaré Δ páiré
 má fázann ré bar uairi i n-oir Δ ní,
 'S Δ liaéa forránac bṛéaz luémar láir
 az zabal éar ráile 'ṛ nac bṛillṛó éoiré.
 ní hé rin Δ marbúiz mé éá méao mo éuaré-
 réab,
 ná Δ yinne zual ʋub ʋe mo érié,
 déc nil teacé mo éarao á'm le ʋul ar cuairt
 ann
 ná bean mo tṛuaizé beit ann 'mo éiaré.

TRANSLATION.

1. I had three sons who were well brought up, But it is short they remained with me, my hundred sorrows! They left their poor sister weeping bitterly Every Sunday, and not trying to dress herself. I hadn't much esteem for the youngest son, Although a friendly little lad was Peter himself; But the son that was oldest, he tormented me sorely, And a month I shall hardly live with grief after them. | 2. My darling Peter, that was reared and educated And went away to improve himself; The neighbours loved him, while he was with me, And he was a good helper, outside, with John. I have a hope that he will get a safe journey And a great fortune from the King of Grace, Who will bring him home to me without danger, For my grief is great after my fair little son. | 3. And where in Ireland is there a person more to be pitied [than I], After my first son, who broke my heart? Praying to God and doing alms-deeds, And I get no news of him, on sea or on land. When I see all the women with their families united, I lose my sight and my memory!— But I have ended my story, and have said everything, And I will speak no more till I go into the grave. | 4. You are a son without affection now, in my opinion,

Who comes not to visit me by night or by day, Who spent three quarters without rest bearing you, And was in danger with you on the night of death. I gave you schooling and some little learning, According to my power and as well as I could; And little does it affect you, the black disease I have, In whatever province you may happen to be. | 5. Is there anything so pitiful in Ireland as a son and a mother, Straying continually from each other? [I] who reared him kindly without pain or shame, And provided food and good clean sauce for him. If death has failed me, and left me in this miserable condition— For it is many a good promise he sent to the grave; And the last fortune I got on top of all Was that my head grew white and my heart black. | 6. Isn't it little my painful disease affects him, And the many sorrows that go through my heart? Sickness came on me, and I lost a great deal, And I haven't the price of a coffin, now, alas! But that's not what I think the worst, nor what troubled me most, But that I got married for a second time; It took from me the children that were fully reared, And I have a young family, and I am weak on account of them. | 7. And what is more pitiful in Erin than a son and a mother Straying constantly from each other? He went to England, in the army of the foreigner, Without knowledge of his wages, except a little food. If I had your bones in Ballinakille I would not be as broken-hearted after you half so much; But my five hundred blessings with you to the Kingdom of Grace, Since it is not fated for me to see you again. | 8. Does not a woman weep greatly after her child If he dies at even the age of a month? And all the strong, fine, active youths Going over the sea never to return! It isn't that that killed me, though great my sorrow; Nor that made a blackened coal of my heart, But there's no friendly house to pay a visit to, Nor a woman to pity me after my death.

This song was sung to me by Miss Maggie Hession as she had heard her grandmother singing it. As she remembered only fragments of the words, she used the version given by Professor O'Maille in his “*Διηγήματα Ἑλληνικά*,” p. 122, and I give it here with his kind permission.

For another variant see Timony's “*Gaelic Songs of the West*,” p. 60.

25.—Διηγήματα Ἑλληνικά.

(THE SONG OF THE TEA.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 76$ *Mixo-Lydian mode.*

τράτ-νό-να ὄια . Σατάρη α' οὐλ φαοι ὡς' ἡ ξηρίν, 'Σεαδὸ ἄνναϊς μέ

λῶναμαῖν ἰ νῆαρηαῖδε leo πέμ. Ὀί ἄν βεαν' ἰ ῖο καίτη-εαδὸ α' καίτηαῖ ἄν

τεί, 'Σ νῆορ ἡαῖτ λειρ ἄν βρεαρ ἰ βεῖτ' 'τράττ αῖη

2. Εἶπεν : Μαιρε, βίονη τυρά 1 ζομόνηυθε
 'τυρ ρίορ ἀρ ἀν τέι,
 'S ἀν λά βίορ ρέ ἀζατ, νί ρεϊ-
 τέαρ ἀ' ἀο έ ;
 ἰμοιζὶ λεατ 'ρ ραζ τοβας οαμ ἀρ
 ἦαιτε λεατ ρέην,
 νό ροινηρὸ μέ λεατ ρεατ να
 λάιζε !

7. ἴρε : Μαιρε, σ' ἰμοιζὶ τὺ θέαηα ἰρτάιμε
 τὺ ἀρίρ,
 νί ραταμαρ ἀζατ σ' ῥόη, ρζίλληζ
 νά ριζίμη ;
 λυιζ τὺ ἀρ νο λεαβαῖθ 'ρ νο
 θέοβανη εἰμη,
 'S ἀν ρλαζοάν ζο νοῦμαι ἰη νο
 ἐνάηαιθ.

3. ἴρε : Οἶα ἀν ε-ρλιζε ἀτά ἀ 'ἀμ-ρα ?
 Κά θρῦιζίμη-ρε θυιτ έ
 ἀέτ ἀζ εαηζαλ τὰ έηε ἀ ραιθ
 υθ ἀα 'ἦείρ ?
 Ρυο ἀ έόζ τὺ ραοι ροολαιζ, νίορ
 ίοτ τὺ ρόρ έ
 'S τὰ ἀν μέαο ρο ράέατ ζαηη ἀζ
 να ράιρτιθ.

8. Εἶπεν : Στορ νο βέαλ ρεαρτα, ἀ ἀμαρ
 νο ῥηαοίλλ !
 νό θυαίρτθ μέ θυίλλε οητ ἀ
 θρῦηρταρ νο θρῦμη !
 ἀζ εοζαθ 'ρ ἀζ ἀέρμηη νο έαίεη
 νο ραοζαλ ;
 θί ἀν ραιρῖμη ρη εέασηα ἀζ νο
 ἦάέαιρ.

4. Εἶπεν : Τὰ ἡιρε σ' ἀ έαπαθ ζηρ ρηαρά
 ἀν ερλιζε
 θείτ ἀζ οβαῖρ θυιτ-ρε ζαη ταθα
 σ' ἀ έίονη ;
 Οἶα υτιζίμη ἰρταέ ἀζ ἀση ρεαρ
 'ρ εἰρ
 ζεοθρῦιμηη τοβας υαῖθ 'ρ ροινητ
 ράιθε."

9. ἴρε : ἦά τὰ ἡιρε ἰμη' ἀμαρ 'ρ ζο
 θρῦιμη ἰμη' ῥηαοίλλ,—
 λειηε ἀρ μο έηοιεαηη έοη' ουθ
 λειρ ἀν οαολ,—
 θίολ μέ ἀ ραιθ ἀζαη ζο η-ίοτ-
 ραηη ἀν είορ,
 ἀ'ρ ρηέ σ' ράζ ρολλῆμη μο λάηηα.

5. ἴρε : Σέ ἀ η-ιαρῖρὰ νο οβαῖρ 1 ζοαι-
 τέαη νο ραοζαίλ
 ἀζ εαίτεαη τοβαέ ἰρ σ' ἀ λειζεαη
 λε ζαοιέ ;
 εαιρθεάν ἀνοιρ κά θρῦιλ νο ἦαιέ
 νό νο ἦαοη
 'S ηαέ ριαηρῖαηίλ νο λόη νο
 να ράιρτιθ ?

10. Εἶπεν : Ρυο ἀ ουθαῖρτ μέ λεατ έεαηα,
 ἀ οειρμη λεατ έ,
 μαρη η-είρτιθ τὺ ρεαρτα λε
 ζλόρταῖθ μο βείλ,
 μαρη ρτοραῖθ τὺ ἀνοιρ 'ρ
 λειζεαη νο'η τέι
 ἰρ ζεαρρ ἀ θέαρ τεαέ ἀ 'ἀο νά
 ἀρρ !

6. Εἶπεν : Οἶα υτέόημηη ζο ζαίλληη νό ροιρ
 ζο ἦάέ-έμηη,
 ἀνοηη ζο εἰμη ἦαρη, νό 'μαέ
 ζο ερῖαζ-λί,
 εαρρῖαθε 1 υτεαέ μέ ρεαέεῖαηη
 νό ἦι,
 ζο ραοέρῦιζίμη λυαέ υρῖαρ ἀζυρ
 βάηηηη.

11. ἴρε : Τὰ μέ λε ραοα ἀζ εοιμηαίλ ἀν
 εἰζε
 'S ἦι εόηη ζο θρῦερεά μο θέοέ
 νά μο ζηηεηη ;
 ἦαρη η-όλαιηη ἀρ μαοηη λάν
 ρζίλλεαο τὰ ριζίμηη
 ἦι θέαθ θρῦαοη ἡρ ἀν ζοιέ ἀζ
 ἀν ράιρτε !

12. εἶρεαν : ὄυαῖὸ ρέ ζο θαλλῆμι ζο ρέυθεαὸ
 le φεαρ ὀλιζε ;
 νῖ θρυγεαὸ ρέ θεῖτ 'οαινετ λειρ
 ζαν λεαῖ-ζημι τυθε ;
 " ὀι ἀζαν 'ρα σπρωῖαλ ἀρ μαριον
 ὀια'ρῶαοιη
 τῶιη αινετε ζο ρέυθεαὸ' μέ ἀη
 ἀίρ ρη."

13. ἱρε : ὀι ἀη λῶναῖαιη ρα σπρωῖαλ ἀρ
 μαριον ἀη λαε,
 'S θεαῖηαιη ἔλαρ ἄ ρυζηαὸ ἀῖτ
 ἄ ζυρ ἀρ ἀη ρέυθ ;
 νῖ θεαρναὸ ἀη·θειρε ρη ἀῖτ
 μαζαὸ 'ρ βῖτ-εῖζεαῖη
 ἀῖτ ἔεαρῶιη ζυρ αιλλεαὸ ηα
 ρῶιρῖ.

TRANSLATION.

1. One Saturday evening when the sun was setting I saw a couple in a garden by themselves. The woman was noisily discoursing on tea, And the man did not like her to be talking of it. | 2. "Now, you are always talking of tea, And the day you have it nobody sees it with you. Be off, get tobacco for me, for your own good, Or I'll share with you the handle of the spade." | 3. "How can I? Where could I get it for you, But by tying two hens that had eggs last night? What you had at Christmas you did not yet pay for, And what I have is little enough for the children." | 4. "I am thinking it is a miserable way To be working for you and getting nothing out of it; If I went in to any man in the country, I'd get tobacco from him and some pay." | 5. "All the work you'd ask to do, during your life, Is smoking tobacco and letting it go with the wind; Show now where are your goods or your means, And is not your provision for the children amusing?" | 6. "If I went to Galway, or east to Headford, Over to Kinvara, or out to Tralee, For a week or a month, I'd meet with a house Where I'd earn the price of a drawers and a jacket." | 7. "Indeed! you went before and you returned again, And we did not see with you a crown, a shilling, or a penny; You lay on your bed and your sides sore, And the cold deep in your bones." | 8. "Cease your talk henceforth, you foolish slattern, Or I'll strike you a blow that will break your back, Fighting and wrangling you spend your life, And the very same way had your mother." | 9. "If I am a fool, and if I am a slattern, With a shirt on my skin as black as a beetle; I sold all I had to pay the rent, And that is what has left my hands empty." | 10. "What I told you already, I tell you again, Unless you listen henceforth to the words I speak; Unless you stop now, and leave off the tea, It is short you will have either house or home." | 11. "I am a long time keeping the house, And you should not notice my drink or my eating; If I should not drink every morning the full of a twopenny skillet, There wouldn't be a drop in my breast for the child." | 12. He went to Galway to settle with a lawyer: He couldn't get an interview without a yellow half guinea: "Be with me in Spiddal on the morning of Thursday. I am certain I'll settle that case." | 13. The couple were in Spiddal in the morning, And nothing was done but to bind them to the peace. That couple did nothing but mocking and reviling (one another), But I think the children died.

This song was sung to me by Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. The words are taken from a collection of the songs of Colm Wallace, a Connemara poet, selected and edited some years ago by the late ΡΑΥΟΡΑΙΣ ΜΑC ΡΙΔΡΑΙΡ, and published by the Gaelic League. (See "Δημιῶν Ἐπιῶν τοῦ Ὀδῶιρ," p. 4.)

26.—**ΣΛΑΝ ΑΓΥΣ ΒΕΑΝΝΑΚΤ ΛΕ ΒΥΑΙΘΡΕΑΘ ΑΝ Τ-ΡΑΟΞΑΙΛ.**

(GOOD-BYE AND FAREWELL TO THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD.)

Sung by MR. MARTIN BURKE,
Abbey, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. One morning in June, *αγυρ μέ 'ουλ Δ γραιτεόιν-εακτ, αραθ λιον*

αιλ-ίν 'γ βαθ ρό-βεαρ Δ ζηαοι, She was so handsome, 'oo tuir mé 1

ηζηάθ λέιχί, 'S ο'φάξ ρί αν αρ-ραηγ επί λάρ- μο έρωθε. I axed her her

name, "νό ζοιο-έ αν ηυαίξ βεαννιζέτε, Δ έαρ ηηρ αν άιτ tú Δ ζηάθ ζεαλ μο

έρωθε? My heart it will break, if you don't come a -

- long with me, **ΣΛΑΝ ΑΓΥΡ ΒΕΑΝΝΑΚΤ ΛΕ ΒΥΑΙΘΡΕΑΘ ΑΝ Τ-ΡΑΟΞΑΙΛ."**

2. "Μαίρε! *αιλίν βεαξ όξ μέ, ό έεανηταρ*
ια ραιρηζε,
αγυρ τόζαθ ζο ανεαρτα μέ 1 οτοραθ μο
ραοξαιλ,
I being so airy, *ό ηρ έ ριού βαθ έλεαεταέ λιον,*
Which made my own parents and me disagree."
"Μαίρ, *Δ έυηρλε, 'γ Δ ρτόιν, αετ Δ η-είρτά*
λιον ταμάλ

I'd tell you a story *Δ β'άιτ λε οο έρωθε,*
That I'm a young man that's doughtily in love
with you,
And surely my heart is from roguery free."

3. "Go, you bowld rogue, sure you're wanting
to pláter me,
β'φεαρρ έαν αρ αν λάιη νά θά έαν αρ Δ
γρηαοιθ.
I have neither wheat, potatoes, nor anything,
νά ριú αν πλυο λεαβαθ Δ θεάθ έαρραινν
'γαν οθόε."

"*εεαννόαρθ μέ τέι túιτ, 'γυρ ζλέαρ μαίε*
ιν άιτε ρην,
ζύν' English cotton θε'η ράιρύν ατά οαορ,
So, powder your hair, love, and come away 'long
with me,
ΣΛΑΝ ΑΓΥΡ ΒΕΑΝΝΑΚΤ ΛΕ ΒΥΑΙΘΡΕΑΘ ΑΝ Τ-ΡΑΟΞΑΙΛ."

4. "There's an ale-house near by, *αγυρ βέιρ-*
μυρο ζο μαρην ανη,
If you are satisfied, *Δ ζηάθ ζεαλ μο έρωθε,*
Early next morning we'll send for a clergyman,
αγυρ βέιρμυρο-νε εεανζαίετ' ηζαν-φιορ
οο'η τ-ραοξαιλ.

βέιρμυρο αγ όλ, ραο μαίρηεαρ αν τ-αηρηεαο,
And then we will take the road home with all
speed.

When the reckoning is paid, who cares for the
landlady?

ΣΛΑΝ ΑΓΥΡ ΒΕΑΝΝΑΚΤ ΛΕ ΒΥΑΙΘΡΕΑΘ ΑΝ Τ-ΡΑΟΞΑΙΛ."

TRANSLATION.

1. . . . , as I went a walking I met with a maiden and sweet was her countenance.
. . . . I fell in love with her, And she sent a pang right through my heart. . . . or
what happy fit was it, That turned you into this place, bright love of my heart?
Good-bye, and farewell to the troubles of the world. | 2. Well, I'm a little young girl from the
coast district, And I was honestly reared in the beginning of my life, , for so I was
accustomed Well, my pulse and my treasure, if you'd listen to me a little,
that would charm your heart. | 3. A bird in the hand is worth
two in the branch, Nor as much as a blanket to be over us at night. I will buy tea
for you, and a fine dress in addition, A gown of English cotton of the fashion that is dear
. . . . Good-bye, and farewell to the troubles of the world. | 4. and we'll be there
until morning, bright love of my heart; And we'll be united unknown
to the world, We will be drinking as long as the money lasts. Good-bye,
and farewell to the troubles of the world.

This is an example of what, I believe, is known as "macaronic" verse, i.e., verse in which two languages are used alternately. Songs of the same style seem to have been fairly common in Munster, but I have come across only this one sample in the West. I learned the air from the Rev. M. J. Conroy, P.P., Kilmeena, Co. Mayo, and the words I got from Martin Burke, Abbey, near Tuam. It must have been very popular at one time in this neighbourhood, as all the old people remember hearing it when they were young, although they have forgotten it now.

For variants of the air see Petrie, Nos. 1473, 1461, 1462, 1463.

27.—MAMISTIR BAILE CLAIR.
(THE ABBEY OF CLARE GALWAY.)

Sung by MR. PAT O'NEILL,
Drumgriffin.

♩ = 100
♩ = 56

1. 'S naé veacair Δ ród, naé buairbearta Δ' r naé
 crialó - ce an báir, 'S naé viciú - - raó dom leat-uair ná
 nóiméao úe rradr? naé riu leir-riginn maó an éorp, ná'n
 colann (ó) nuair Δ béar ri rino' ór cionn cláir. Δé' go
 bfoirúo (ó) mac muir' ar an anam, má'r
 creácuir mura Δ cuiribeair le rón.

For second and following verses.

2. Δé' fá - gaim le huácc Δ' r le hait-rige, ÚΔ mbéinn-re in mo
 fagaru 'ran áic, naé gcuirinn (ó) don
 bheiceadh - nar áic - rige, ar don fear i mbaile e cláir.

3. Μαρ τὰ ρυο α υιόλυζαδ υο'η ρεααδ,
'ζυρ α λεανηυιυτ να ριαζαλτειυζε ιρ ρεαρη,
αεε αν ραο (δ) 'ρ βειρεαρ ρεαοαρ 'ρα ζααταοιρ
βεοι δρ ζααραο 'ρνα βρλαιαιρ λε ραζαιλ.

4. Αν ρυο υνοι εορυιζ ριβ δεανα
ρειεαμυιρ εραιοευιζε ε,
μαρ ζεοβαοι ριβ βεαηναεε ο'η ραζαρτ
'S α οα ληρεαη υευζ ο μαε υε.

5. Ειρεοεαοι ριβ ρυαρ αρ αν ηζρεαλλαιζ
αζυρ ραεαοι ριβ αρ ελδραεαοιβ ρειν,
'S ηι οδ ρειν α ερυιηηζ ρε αν ζεαρραδ
αεε λε ερειρεαηαιηε υο'η ροβαλ ζο βραε.

6. Δ'ρ ναε μορ αν ευιρ ναηρε υο'η ροβαλ,
'S α λιαεταυζε ρεαρ μαιε α ηβαυλε-ελδρ,
υδρτεαε ανυαρ α βειε αρ αν ραζαρτ,
αν ραο 'ρ α βιοηηρ αν ε-αρριοηη υ'α ραδ.

7. Δ'ρ ηυαιρ α εορυιζεαηηρ αν ροβαλ αζ
ερυιηηυζαδ
βιοηη αν λεαοιζγιν ελοιδε αζ ζαε ρεαρ ηη α
ληηη
λε ευρ ραο η-α ηγλυναιβ ηηρ αν ηζρεαλλαιζ,
'S υαρ ηο ευιρ ζο ηβιοηη υραδ αρ να ηηα.

8. ηά η-αβρυιζοι δοη ριοε λειρ αν ραζαρτ,
ηι'λ εεαο αζαοιβ ηυο αρ βιε α ραδ,
μαρ ηιοεραο ρε αρ εολαηηαηη να λεαβεα
αζαοιβ
αζ ευρ ολα ορραοιβ αιηηηρ αν βαιρ.

9. ηό ζο ρερποδα ρε " ραρ" λε η-δρ η-αηαη
Sυαρ αζ ηιζ ζεαλ να ηζραρ.
οε! α ηηυηρε υοιλ, εεαρη υο οεαηραρ ηυοη-ηε,
'S εοηη ηηυε ε α ζεαραηηρ ηυοη ερ

10. Αν ρεαρ α ρυοβαλ β'λα'-ελιαε 'ζυρ
ζαλληη,
εαρτ λραη 'ζυρ βευλ-αν-αε'-ηοιηρ,
ευζ ρε αν " away" υο'η οβαηρ λε ρεαεε-
ηαοη,
ηαε βραα ρε α λειεοιρε ρορ.

11. 'S ηαε μαηηζ ηαε η-αβραιοδ αν ραοιηρ
υνοι,
Sηη αζυρ αν οα υειεηεαδαρ υευζ,
ηη οηοιηρ υο ηαηηγλιβ να βρλαιεαρ,
Sηη αζυρ υο ζραρτα ηαε υε.

TRANSLATION.

1. Is it not a hard saying? Is not death cruel and heart-rending, That would not give me a half hour, or a moment of time? That the body is not worth a red halfpenny, Nor the corpse, when it is stretched above boards? And may the Son of Mary assist our souls If we are creatures who will be put astray. | 2. But I firmly and solemnly declare That if I were a priest in the place, I would not put any judgment of penance On any man in Clare Galway. | 3. For they are renouncing sin, And following the best rules of life; And as long as Peter is in the Chair Our friends will be found in heaven. | 4. That which you have already begun, Let us see that it is brought to a finish, For you will have a blessing from the priest, And a twelve-fold reward from the Son of God. | 5. You shall rise up from the bare gravel And will go (to kneel) on boards of pain (pine (?)): And it is not for himself he collected the tax. But for the benefit of the people for ever. | 6. And is it not a great shame for the people, Seeing the number of good men in Clare, That the rain is falling down on the priest During the time that he offers the Mass? | 7. And when the people begin to assemble, Every one has a little flag in his hand To put under his knees on the gravel, And assuredly there is mud on the women's (clothes). | 8. Do not say aught to the priest, You have no right to say anything; For he comes to the head of the bed to you, Putting the holy oils on you at death. | 9. And thus writing a "pass" for our souls Up to the bright King of Grace. And, O Mary! what shall we do,

Considering how often we offend Him? | 10. The man who walked Dublin and Galway, Past Aran and Ballinamore, Gave the palm to the work a week ago, Saying he didn't see its equal so far. | 11. How terrible for him who would not say that prayer As well as the twelve decades (prescribed) In honour of the angels of heaven, And also of the grace of God's Son.

This song was evidently composed by some local poet—I have been unable to find out by whom—probably some time before the present parish church of Clare Galway was built. Until that time the people had continued to worship in a corner of the old Franciscan Monastery which was fast falling into ruin.

The air is irregular, and I had to hear it many times before I ventured to write it down. Pat, however, was always willing to come into Tuam as often as I asked him; indeed his anxiety to save the old songs was as keen as my own.

28.—DOCTÚIR JENNINGS.
(DOCTOR JENNINGS.)

Sung by MISS MARY CONWAY,
Ballintleva, Tuam.

♩ = 78

Dorian mode.

1. Δ Doctúir Jenn - ings, céad faraoir cráite! Ir tá ruair
 báruair i scáir do fadóil; Ólá ruabalam Connac' agur Oil - eán
 pádraic Samail mo máistir - eir ní bfuiginn i scáir. Ir euağ Liom
 úi - lic Δ - noir, do ac - air, 'o' oib' r' do ló 'r' éoin' fad' Δ máirfear
 éoib' Δ eul - aic dub air 'r' é Δ' ruabal na móite, nac' ruairé an
 cáir é, 'r' é i noinead Δ fadóil?

2. Όά μβεάδ ριορ αζαμρα ζο ραιθ αν βάρ
ορι
Ό'ιμτεδδδαινη ζο ράναδ' ι νοιαθ μο είνη ;
ζο νοο νί ριλλρην αν αν οάν ρεο ούτέδε
ζο λά μο βάρη νό νειρεαθ μο ραοζαίλ,
ζο οτιυθραινν λειζεαν ηρ αν δβαινη δάρυτε,
Δ'ρ νί ιαρρραινν ρυάη λε ζο οτιοέραινν ερίο.
Δετ μο είνεζ εέλω βεανναετ ζο εβίρη να
ηζράρτα,
μυνα θρυνί ρέμοσαν νομ εύ α ρεϊεαίλ εοιυδέ.

3. Σε μο λέαν ζέαρ ναδ ι θραινρηε α βί εύ,
ηδ α θραιο ό νο μινυτηρ εάλλ ηρ αν ρράμνη,
θέαδ ρύιλ α θαίλε λεατ νε λό Δ'ρ ο'
οιυδέ
Αρ νο ευαιρη μίορα, νό ριορ νο ρζέιλ.
Δετ εβίρη ιμθίγεαδσ' ουιτ 'ρ ζαν εύ ρεϊεαίλ
εοιυδέ,
ό, μί νί ηαιρηθό μέ βεο 'νο θιαυό !
ηρ ε μο ζάλρα ουδαε ε ναε ε μο εραιοθε αεά
ούντα,
Δ'ρ ζαν ρύιλ α θαίλε λεατ ανίρ ζο ηράτ !

4. Νυαιη α θρεαενηυίτημ ριορ αν ρόλλ-αν-
ιαρραινν,
εέ αν εάρ νομ βηιαδαιμ δετ ανίρ ζο νοο,
ηρ αν ειτ α η'οιλεαθ ε, αν ιεανναίθ υαράλ,
Δετ ναε ερυναιζ ρην Δ'ρ μο ερηεαε, ε 'η
λάρ !

Νυαιη α εονηαιε ηρη εεανη αν εόνεραμνη
Δ' εεαετ ηρ αν βρόηρηε, 'ρεαθ α ζεϊε μο
εραιοθε,
βί " Mrs. Jennings " ανη αζυρ ι οά ρόζαθ,
αν μινορ όζ ανη, ναε θρεϊεεαρ εοιυδέ !

5. βί ριοραί ζεαλ' ανη αζυρ λεανη ο'ά θόηρ-
εεαθ,
ρίον αζυρ βεοηρ αζυρ ζο λεορ οά ροηνητ,
'S ναε ερηάυτε αν βαιηηρ ε αζ εεαετ αν
οοηηαιεζ,
αζυρ μο ηάηζηρηε κοηαρηε λε ουλ ηρ Δ'
ζοιλλ.
ζο μοε οια οοηηαιεζ 'ρεαθ α ρυαιη ρέ α
εόνερα,
'S α ρί να ζλόηρηε ναε βαθ ε ρην αν εάηρ,
ουνη υαράλ όζ α βί ι νοιαθ α ρόρηε,
α ραηαιλ νί κοηαιρηρην ι θρυνί να εάλλ.

6. λεαε να εύηε βί ραιο η-α ευηαεεα,
Δ'ρ βυθ ε ρην αν ε-ύζοαρ ζο θρυναιη ρέ βάρ !
Δεα ι οεάμβα ελοϊεε μέ α θεϊε ρίντε ρυαρ
λεηρ,
βυθ ε ρην μο ρόλάρ οά θραζαμνη βάρ.
Α ! " Mrs. Burke," ηρ βεαζ αν ε-ιουζηναθ,
εύ α θεϊε αζ εαοιμεαθ νο λό 'ρ ο' οιυδέ,
ραιο νο θεαρηβράεαρην ευμανναε ναε θρεϊε-
εεαρ εοιυδέ,
εαεά ηα ερηε νε ουνη υαράλ όζ.

TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, Doctor Jennings, a hundred bitter woes, It is you who died on us in the prime of your life; If I were to walk Connaught and the Isle of Patrick, The like of my master I'd not find in the country. I pity now Ulick, your father, By night and by day as long as I live, His black suit on him and he walking the meadows; And indeed it's a hard stroke for him at the end of his life. | 2. Had I known that death was upon you, Wandering I'd go, not caring where. Never would I return to this part of the estate, Till the day of my death or the end of my life, Until I would jump into the drowning river; And I would not try to swim that I might come through, But my five hundred farewells to the Court of the Graces, If I am not destined to see you again. | 3. 'Tis my bitter woe, that 'tisn't at sea you were, Or far away from your people, over in Spain, You'd then be expected home by day and night For a month's sojourn, and you'd be

heard from, But now you are gone, never more to be seen ; Oh ! a month I'll not be alive after you ! My black complaint, that my heart has not ceased, Since you're never expected to come home again. | 4. When I look down on Pollaneerin ; What mattered a year, but to think, " never again " ! In the place where he was reared, the noble Jennings ! Is it not a pity and bitter woe for me ? When I saw the head of the coffin Coming into the porch, my heart leaped up. Mrs. Jennings was there and she kissing him, The young minor, who will never more be seen ! | 5. There were white clay pipes there and abundance of ale, Wine and beer being distributed freely. What a sorrowful feast at the coming of Sunday, My master confined to go to the grave ! Early on Sunday he was put into the coffin. And Oh ! King of Glory, was it not a shame ? A young gentleman soon after his marriage ! His like I would not find near or far. | 6. Half the province was under his power, And he was the authority until he died. But in a tomb of stone, to be stretched beside him, That would be my solace if I were to die. Ah ! Mrs. Burke, small is the wonder That you should lament by day and by night Your loving little brother who will never be seen : The flower of the country of a young nobleman.

This is another purely local song, composed by the poet, Pat Greany, and sung to me by his great-granddaughter, Mary Conway of Ardrumkilla, Tuam.

The Doctor Jennings here lamented was a member of an old Catholic family—the Jenningses of Ironpool ("Poll-an-iarraim"), Kilconly, Tuam. He died of a fever, contracted whilst visiting a patient, when quite a young man. The "Mrs. Burke" mentioned in the song was his sister, married to one of the Burkes of Ower, near Headford, Co. Galway. The present representative of the family, I believe, is Colonel Jennings of Monkstown, Dublin.

29.—mo míle stór.
(MY THOUSAND TREASURES.)

Sung by MR. PHILIP WALDRON,
Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Δ εαιλ - in βάν, ραν λιον ζο βράτ, 's ní βλαρ-ραο βραον νιόρ
 μό; τά ρυιλ μο έριθε οά ριλε 'σο θιαιό, Δ'ρ τας-αό Δρ μο
 ζλόρ. ní αινεόεαο λά ό οιθεε ζο βράτ, ná τσαρ ό ρυαέτ ζο
 σοο, ζο σοζιρ Δρ Διρ, Δ εαιλιν θεαρ, ό'ρ τά μο μιλ-ε ρτόρ.

2. Ó, Δ εαιλιν βάν, ιρ τά μο ζράό,
 Δ'ρ μο ράιρε ρα τ-ραοζαλ μόνρ;
 Ζαν τά ι λάεαιρ θεé να ηζράρτα
 ní ράρτα βέιηη ζαν ζό.

ι ριόζαέτ να βράιηηε ná ζσαρμáιηε
 Οο ραηαιλ ní ραααρ ρόρ,
 Δ βέ να μβάρο, Δ τίλ-θεαν βλάιτ,
 ιρ τά μο míle ρτόρ.

1. My sweet fair maid I prythee stay
 And I will drink no more,
 My heart doth sweep the wine of tears,
 My voice is hushed and low.
 I'll know not light from darkest night,
 Nor heat from winter's cold,
 Should you depart, maid of my heart,
 My love, my joy, my store!

2. My sweet fair maid, your love's the share
 Of all the world I hold.
 Without your smile in Paradise
 I would repine, and go.
 The lands of Spain or Allemain
 Have not your match to show—
 Bright flower of maids, the bards have praised,
 My love, my joy, my store!

My friend, Philip Waldron, who gave me this little song, tells me he learned it from an old lady living near Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo, but he thinks she originally came from the neighbourhood of Tuam.

30.—**BRIGHÍN BEUSAIÓ.**
(BREEDYEEN VESEY.)

As sung by PATRICK GARVEY,
Headford, Co. Galway.

♩ = 63

bórraínn bhrígo-in Beus-aió, Shan có-ta, bríog ná
 léim-e; Δ γαίρη μο έρωδε, οά μβ' έρω-ρη λιον, 'Οο έρωιγγρινν ουιτ ναοι
 ουιάε, Shan biaó Shan veóé Shan δον ευρο αρ οιλ-εάν 1 Λοé
 έρη-ne, 'Ο'onn mé Δ'γ εά βειé 1 n-έim-φεάετ ζο πέρόφρα-μυιρ άρ
 ζαίρ. Δ ζηυαίó αρ θαé να ζαορ-έον! Δ έυαé-ín βάιρη αν
 ε-ρλέιβ-ε! 'Οο ζεαλλαó ná οέαν βρέαζ - - αέ, Δέε έρη-ιζ λειρ αν
 λά, 'S 1 n-αιή-θεóim ολιζε να ελέρη-e ζο υόδγ-ραίνν εύ μαρ
 εείλ-ε, 'S Δ 'Οια, náρ θεαρ αν γζéal γιν, ουιν'αζ eu-λόó' le n-α ζηάó.

2. 'Οο ζειτ μο έρωδε λε βυαίρθεαó
 Δζυρ γζανηραίó μέ ναοι n-υαιρε
 αν ηάιοιμ υίο υο έυαλαίó μέ
 ηαé ραίó εά ηόηηαμ λε ράζαίλ,
 'S Δ λιαέτ λά ραοι ηυαίρθεαρ
 έαιé ηυρε 'γ εά 1 n-υαιζθεαρ
 'S ζαν ηεαé αρ βιé υ'άρ ζεάιηοαé
 Δέε αν ερβύγγιν 'γ é αρ αν ζελάρ.

Οά βράζαίνν αμαó υο έυαιρηαζ
 Οά υεéγγεά ζο bonn ερυαίε,
 Ραεάó αν γζéal ηο έρωαίó ορη
 ηό λεαηραίνν υο μο ζηάó,
 'S ζο μβ'εαρηρ λιον ρίντε ρυαρ λεαé
 'S ζαν ρύιην Δέε ηραóé Δ'γ λιαεαρη
 ηά [βειé] 'S έρηεαέτ λειρ να ευαεαίó
 Όιορ αρ ηυδαλ αζ έρηυζε λά (i.e. Λάε).

νίον έαδαιρ έαμ να βράνιγ
 μαρ ζεαλλ άρ ύανηριόζαμ μάηε,
 ύιού άγ βρύζαδ ά'ρ άγ άρηνάδ
 'ς άγ congβάιλ να ηζαλλ ρίος,
 άετ τά μαηρεάδ κάλιν λά 'ειτ,
 ερομαίλλ, ηανηραοι, ά'ρ ηάρταμ,
 τά ηζηριόβραδ ριαδ ύαμ άρρα
 ηί η-είλεδέαηε ορημ ρήγιν.

9. 'ςέ πλυο άη ρηιονηρα ελαμρηάε
 ζηιοβ ύαμ μο ζηιάδ άζυρ η'ανηραέτ,
 έ ρέιν άζυρ ραοαμανεπυ
 ηί εαηαο ύοο άη ύιαρ,
 ύυλκαν βρύγτε, ύόγτε,
 'ς ά λεαέ-έορ βηητε ηηεόηε,
 ηηινορ ηαέ ύεγυ εηρόεαιηε,
 ηα εηηηεαιγ άη ζαοηηε έοηοέ'.
 ηρ ηοηόδ άβαιηη ύάηοτε
 βηη άζυρ conταβαιηε έρλάηε,
 ύόηηηεάεαηό άγ άρηνάδ
 άζυρ άγ λορζαδ άρ ζαέ ταιοηέ,

άετ εηαιλλερα ορημ άμάρηε
 άζυρ μαρ άοηηηγ ριαδ μο ζηιάδ έαμ,
 ζεοβασ congηαδ λάηοηρ
 ηαέ η-είλεδέαηε ορημ ρήγιν.

10. ριατα ριονη νίον ηόρ έαμ,
 ορζαρ 'ρ ζολλ να ηόρηα,
 'ς κάευλλαιη, άη λαοέ εηόζαηα
 ηάρ έληρ η ζαέ άηηαη.
 ελαηη ηηηηγ ύυβαιηε ζο λεορ ηομ
 ύο βαιηρεάδ άρ ελαηεαηι λόβηαη,
 άζυρ ηεετορ, άη λαοέ ηόρ-έηυέ
 ρυαιη ρόζλυηη ηηεάζ ραη εηαοι.
 ελυηηηεά η ύηηρ να η-όηε
 ζηιοη να ύρεαηα ηόρηα,
 άη εηάέ έοηαηζεαοαη α ρεηόκαδ
 άγ ζεαηηαδ ηομπα ρίος.
 άετ ηυητερ ηίορ ηόρ έαμ
 έηηρ ηεητορ, άη ρεαη έολυηρ, ηομ,
 ηάρ λειγ άμυζ' η-αοη ύόέαη ηέ
 ζο ύεγυ ηε άβαιε ύηηγιο.

TRANSLATION.

1. I'd marry Breedyean Vesey Without coat, boot, or mantle; Treasure of my heart, if I could, I would fast for you nine times, Without food or drink or anything, On an island in Loch Erne, Hoping that you and I might be together Until we settled our case. O cheek of the colour of the dog-berry, O cuckoo of the top of the mountain, Do not belie your promise, But rise up with the day. And in spite of the law of the clergy I'd take you for my spouse. And, Oh, God! what a charming tale 'twould be, A man stealing away with his love. | 2. My heart leapt with trouble, And I frightened nine times, That morning that I heard That you were not to be found before me. And all the days with merriment That you and I spent in solitude, Without anyone guarding us But the jug, and it on the table. If I could find out news of you, If you were to go to the foot of the Beek (Croaghpatrick); The story would go very hard with me, Or I should cling to my love. And I should rather be stretched beside you, With nothing under us but heath and rushes, Than be listening to the cuckoos Who are moving at the break of day. | 3. The reason of my moans and my lamenting Every early morning that I arise, O cool of the curls and the pearls, Is, that it is not you who were fated for me; And I would not ask with you, for a faireen, Anything but you and me to be together In some place alone, So that I might lay my hand on thine (thee). I would play music upon strings With the top of my fingers; I would forsake all the women of Erin for you, And I would follow you through the ocean. And if I were king of Greece, Or a prince over hundreds, I would give up all that To the pearl of the white breast. | 4. If you were to see the Star of Knowledge And she coming in the mouth of the road, You would say that she was a jewel at a distance Who would

lift mist and enchantment. Her countenance red, like the roses, And her eye like the dew of the harvest, And her thin little mouth, very pretty, And her neck like the colour of the lime. Her two pointed, equal-round breasts, I praised them, and I ought to, Standing, making a lamp, And they shapen over against her heart. I am in grief and anguish Since you slipped from me beyond the mearing, Though it is long since I got advice That you would shorten my life. | 5. I shall begin down in Breaghwy, And I shall go to Loch Erne, And from Sligo to the foot of Kesh Corran I shall take my course; I shall walk Moin-Eile (Bog of Allen), And Cork and Ben Edar (Howth), And I shall not stand in Tomgraney Until I go to Tralee. There is never a hill nor mountain valley, Nor harbour town, in all that (country), That I shall not walk if I can, And that I shall not search for my desire. And if I do not find Breed in all that I have nothing to say to her, But to send a blessing and a farewell and a hundred To the blossom of the raspberries. | 6. Her beauty, her heart, and her fineness Virgil would not write in a quarter of a year; Her two bright white breasts Like the swan that is upon the waves. Her brows narrow, drawn, And her eye as round as a sloe, Which is always, we know, Growing on the top of the bush. Sweeter were the taste of her kiss Than honey of the bees, and it frozen; Pretty was her standing in a shoe, And her coolin was ringleted and fair; And if I and the blossom of youth Were only in Balla or in Bohola, We should not leave it till the end of harvest, But sporting and making merriment. | 7. Mercury says that he is certain That it was Pluto who swept away the jewel with him, And there are many great guards Going between me and her. Jupiter is their master, And I shall journey into his presence, But I shall wait till to-morrow Until I take my rest. I am tired, sick, Though I have used up my boots after you; Everlastingly making grief, I do not sleep a wink in the night. And since Hercules with excessive strength Carried off Cerberus from the road, Do ye not think that is right for me also To follow my love down below? | 8. I require strong help, I am not great (on terms) with Charon; He might drown me If I were to come into his net. His boat and oars Are constantly there on guard; The people of the Pope do not please him, He does not submit to their law. No help to me would be the Spaniard, Because of Queen Mary, Who used to be bruising and overthrowing And keeping down the Galls. But if Calvin were alive, some day, Cromwell, Henry, or Martin, They would write for me a card, And not a penny would be required of me. | 9. It is Pluto is the disputatious princé Who snatched from me my love and my dear; Himself and Rhadamanthus, Neither of the two are friends to me. Vulcan, bruised and burnt, With his one foot broken and injured; Minos, who gave no mercy, Do not trust the rogue for ever. Many is the drowning river (I must encounter) That, and the ruinous peril, Thunders overwhelming And burning on every side; But I shall journey towards them to-morrow, And if they will not admit my love to me, I shall receive strong help, So that a penny shall not be required of me. | 10. The Fenians of Finn I would want, Oscar and Goll Mac Morna, And Cuchulain the valiant hero Who never failed in battle. The children of Uisneach, many have told, Who used to strike flame from sword, And Hector the great-famed hero, Who found fine learning in Troy. You would hear in the Land-of-Youth The deeds of the great men, When they began a-tearing And cutting down men before them; But Jupiter I required, Who sent Mentor the guide with me, Who never let me go astray in any road Until I brought Breed home.

This is one of the most popular of Raftery's songs, and there are very few people in the West of Ireland who cannot sing a bit of it. The words are

taken from "Songs of Rafferty" by Dr. Douglas Hyde (p. 222), who has very generously given me permission to use them and others to which I have obtained the airs.

The version of the air I have here given I first heard from a young student of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, Patrick Mac Garvey, who came from Headford, Co. Galway, and I have since heard it frequently from others. Another well-known song is also sung to this air, viz.—"Ṣealṡáin a mic mo Cómairrun," and it is under this title that Petrie noted down the two airs, Nos. 1437 and 1438.

31.—FRINSEAD TÍR' EÓḂAIN.

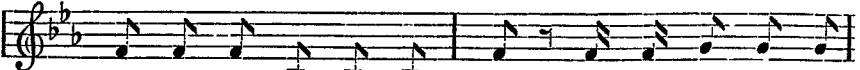
(FRENCH OF TYRONE.)

♩. = 84 Dorian or Æolian mode.

Sung by MR. PATRICK BURKE, Caherlistrane, Tuam.



1. Δḡḡ' an Sionnac̃:—"beannaḡt' leat a ḡnuic meada, beannaḡt-a



līb io - ir fir aḡ - ur mná, a'ḡ a liadtaḡe lá



aeḡ - ead̃ a ead̃ mé 'ḡad̃ ann, nó ḡur león - ad̃ mo



ḡnám - a 'ḡad̃áil 'noir̃ aḡ 'ḡleann - ḡeadaḡ."

2. "a' ḡad̃áil 'noir̃ aḡ 'ḡleannḡeadaḡ, náḡ
élaon é mo ḡḡeal,
b̃í m' anáil réin b̃hḡḡe 'ḡ mo éeḡḡa éar
mo béal."
b̃arcaḡ an Sionnac̃ a'ḡ é 'ḡ uil éḡfo an
móin,
mar ḡuad̃eáḡ é 'ḡ clampaḡ l̃é ḡḡḡḡeáḡ
éḡḡ' eóḡain.

3. éuad̃ cáil na b̃ḡḡḡḡeáḡ ḡo ḡaḡa 'ḡ ḡo
ḡeáḡḡ,
ḡo éuad̃ ré ḡo b̃ḡeatain, uo'n ḡḡainc 'ḡ
uo'n sḡáinn:
ḡam̃uil ue uad̃oiñb uaiḡle ní ḡad̃ ḡuad̃ l̃é
ḡáḡáil—
'ḡ ḡo m̃ba leaḡḡ buaḡ, ḡaoḡl̃ad̃ é ḡḡḡḡeáḡ
éḡḡ' eóḡain.

4. Ní' l an t-oighe ós geo áct naoi mbliadna
 oéas,
 'S tá "ladies" na h-áite i ngníad leir gan
 bhréig;
 Tá ré i gclár 'éadain le léigeadh ag an
 rasoal
 Sur b' é ir áit áruir do fliatear na naoi.
 5. Uá bheicteá na ffrinigh 'ceadé áuis an
 léim—
 'Óia 'sur a mhine, nac ionnta bí 'n "game!"
 A' r iao g'leurt' 'i noear, i noub 'sur i
 mbán—
 Oé! imrighim ní an dóinnaiḡ an t-oighe
 'ceadé r'lán.
 6. "Ób! Ób!" ar' an Siomnac, "cao
 'dénar' mé féim?
 'Seo iao na gáðair agur r'róiciré r'iao mé;

Caitéar amac mé 'r béir 'n r'ioe faoi mo
 f'róim,
 'S mo ruball 'craónna, ag ffrinreac éir'
 eoḡain.
 7. Uá b'ráḡainn-re náite nó cúpla mí 'r'ráir,
 Raḡainn 'r an áit nac gcuirreé ionnam
 r'ḡáé;
 Raḡainn éar-t-amac r'ior ḡo pláiméio m'uirḡ-
 eó,
 'Sni béad mo ruball 'craónna 'ḡ ffrinreac
 éir-eóḡain.
 8. Úior anr'rim éeana, 'r b'ole an éómhurra
 mé ann,
 Úior ro-beadairé, ba mór mo óúil i b'feoil;
 m'arbhuirghim féim laḡaim a' r' g'eaða ḡo leor,
 'S o'ráḡairé rin m'ire ag r'ior-r'ilead na
 noeóir."

TRANSLATION.

1. Says the Fox:—"Blessings be with you, Knock Ma, Blessings be with you, both men and women; Many's the airy day I spent there among you, Till my bones were injured going past by Glennshoke. | 2. Going past by Glennshoke, isn't my tale a sad one? My breath was exhausted and my tongue hanging out." The Fox was checked going through the bog, For he was put into difficulties by Ffrench of Tyrone. | 3. The fame of the Ffrenches travelled far and near, It went to Britain, to France, and to Spain. Their equals among noblemen were not to be found, And may he be a long-lived child—Ffrench of Tyrone. | 4. This young heir is barely nineteen years, And the ladies of the place are certainly in love with him. 'Tis on his countenance to be read by the world, That his place of dwelling is the Kingdom of Saints. | 5. If you were to see the Ffrenches coming to the leap: Oh, God and Mary! 'isn't it they that were spirited! And they decked out in red, in black and in white: Och! I beseech the King of Sunday that the heir may come safe. | 6. "Uv! Uv!" says the Fox, "now what will I do? Here are the hounds, and they will tear me asunder. I shall be put out, and the frost will be under my nose, And Ffrench of Tyrone will have my tail in the evening. | 7. If I only got a quarter, or a few months' respite, I'd go to the place where I would not be frightened. I'd go away out to the plains of Mayo, And Ffrench of Tyrone would not have my tail to-night. | 8. I was there before, and a bad neighbour I was: I was too daring, and my desire for meat was great. I used to kill ducks and geese in abundance, And that's what has left me for ever shedding tears."

This song was printed by the late John Glynn in the "Tuam News," and he states in his note on it:—

"The Tyrone branch of the Ffrench family is now known as St. George, Christopher Ffrench having in 1774 assumed the surname of St. George in pursuance of a direction contained in a settlement made by his mother's

father, Baron St. George. 'The country people, however, still refer to them as 'Ffrench of Tyrone,' Co. Galway."

Mr. Glynn says he took down the song from Mr. John Murphy of Knocknagur, Tuam, thirty years ago, but that he did not know by whom it was composed.

Through the efforts of Mr. Pat Burke I have found out that the author was William Flaherty, a weaver, of Imoin, Caherlistrane, seven or eight miles from Tuam. His descendants still live in the town.

The hero of the song was Christopher St. George, who was nineteen years of age at the time, and the people of Imoin and Caherlistrane still talk of how he went alone into the bog of Imoin after the fox. It is said that, to celebrate the event, St. George presented a barrel of beer to every townland on the estate. Mrs. Josephine Concannon, a daughter of "Ffrench of Tyrone," is a well-known resident in Tuam.

The history of the air is interesting, as proving that the creative faculty is not yet extinct among the people. The air that I had previously heard I did not consider particularly good, being a very poor version of "The little stack of Barley," and I was trying to find out from Pat if he knew anyone who could sing it. "I do not," said he, "but this is the air I put on it myself"; and he sang the song as I have given it.

32.—*bás agus an millleóir.*
(DEATH AND THE MILLER.)

Sung by MR. MICHAEL FARRELL,
TUAM.

$\text{♩} = 150$

1. Bí mór - e lá bheadh, 'r mé agus oul go Tuam, nuair a
cair - ad an bAí oim ar éaduib a' uim. "A" bfuil
adon uim - e agus ad, ó ghlair tú ar ruadal? "béró an
milleóir bán a - sam ar gheim ar eúl."

2. An muilleóir: bíod uá brian aḡac aḡur
 tḡeapna an éláir;
 bíod uá Concóbaíir tḡéan
 aḡac 'r uá Uóinnail
 óḡ;
 bíod tḡeapna sligeac
 aḡac aḡur a máigḡean
 mḡá,
 aḡur rásḡ real eile aḡ an
 muilleóir bán.

3. bár: ní beir uá brian aḡam ná
 'n tḡeapna éláir;
 ní beir uá Concóbaíir tḡéan
 aḡam ná uá Uóinnail
 óḡ;
 ní beir tḡeapna sligeac
 aḡam ná a máigḡean
 mḡá,
 áct beir ḡreim cáil cinn
 aḡam ar a' muilleóir
 bán.

4. An muilleóir: má 'r ḡaircḡeac éurá, má
 tá tá 'r áb,
 'r lom, cḡááib, caíte é le
 cnáíḡ ḡan feoil.
 'r feap ḡáí mḡirneac nác
 ríacáb leac cun rḡairḡ
 aḡur óe réir mo mḡairḡ,
 ḡur tú béáb ar lár.

5. bár: má tá mḡre lom, caíte ní
 ná mḡe óam é,
 aḡur a líacḡuirḡe lá bḡeáḡ
 a rḡeab mé;
 áct 'r teacḡairḡe bóct mé
 ó fláiteap Ué
 acáí noíaró ḡac anam bóct
 o'ar caíte a léap.

6. An muilleóir: ḡlacáim-rḡeapóin aḡ rḡḡ
 na n'óúl,
 le cun cun rḡairḡe le
 pláíḡ mar tú;
 áct cḡḡ mé uo roḡan uairḡ
 ar beirḡ nó ar éiríir,
 aḡur bíod rḡuairḡin rḡairḡa
 aḡac nó muilleóir
 pláirḡ.

7. bár: leaḡ mḡre an ḡeapléac,
 'r buó ḡaircḡeac é,
 foll mac mórna aḡur
 conán maol;
 leaḡraib mé ar rḡo íao le
 conḡnáiḡ Ué,
 aḡur beir an muilleóir bán
 aḡam, 'r cé cōimneacáb
 é?

TRANSLATION.

1. I was one fine day on my road to Tuam, When Death met me beside the fort. "Have you got any person since you started out?" "I'll have the white Miller by a grip on the poll." | 2. "Have O'Brien and Lord Clare, Have strong O'Connor and young O'Donnell, Have Lord Sligo and his maiden wife, And leave another while to the white Miller." | 3. "I'll not have O'Brien nor Lord Clare, Nor strong O'Connor nor young O'Donnell, I'll not have Lord Sligo nor his maiden wife, But I'll have the white Miller by a grip on the poll." | 4. "If you are a warrior as you say you are, Bare, hard, and wasted is he with fleshless bones, He'd be a cowardly man who wouldn't enter a contest with you, And, in my opinion, 'tis you would be laid low." | 5. "If I am wasted, no shame for me, Seeing the length of days that I've been born, I am a poor messenger from the Kingdom of God Who pursues every poor soul which has spent its term." | 6. "I beg pardon of the King of the Elements For entering a contest with a pest like you; I gave you your choice of two or three, So now you can have Ruane or the miller of

fleur." | 7. "I laid low the Geraldine, and a warrior he was, Goll Mac Morna and Conan the Bald, I will lay them all low by the help of God, And I'll have the white Miller, and who would keep him?"

I learned this song from Mr. Michael Farrell, miller, whose people, millers also, are long resident in this neighbourhood. He tells me it has been handed down in his family for generations; but he does not know who composed it.

33.—Δ ΤΟΜΑΪΣ, Δ ΜΪΛΕ ΣΤΟΪΡΪΝ !
(THOMAS, MY THOUSAND TREASURES.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 96$ *Mixto-Lydian mode modified.*

1. Δ'ῤ Δ τὸμ-αῖρ Δ μίλε ῤτόη-ῖν, ἡά - buail ῤῖορ le
com-ῤάδ 'ῤ bié mé. ḡlac vo ῤluar-av 'ῤ vo láite - Δḡur go
veo veo ní céim ῤῖορ oῤt é. Δḡ vul · ḗῤῖo an ῤῤáḡ
ῤῖοῤr voῤ, Ṗar liom ῤéim go ῤaib an ῤῤú-ῤa 'ῤa luḡe, Δ'ῤ Δ
cumain - ῖn ῤά Ṗó cú, Seo - ῤῖḡ ῤaῖc nó go ḡῤῖll-ῖḡ mé Δ - ῤῖῤ.

2. Sé mo léan ḡeáῤ, Δ ῤτόηῖν,
ḡan mo bóḡaῖῤῖn Δḡ vul Δḡ vo cíḡ,
ῤar ῤῤ leat Δ éaté mé mo ḡῤῖḡa
ῖ ῤáῤ ῤ'oiḡe, 'ῤ mé ῖ noeῤeáδ mo ῤaḡḡail.
Δ'ῤ ḡo ḡῤuῖl mé ar mo leabáῖḡ
le bliáδain 'ῤ cúḡ ῤeáḡῖῤῤame veáḡ
ḡo ḡῤuῖl mo ḡῤáδ ḡeal ῤa ῤilíῤῖ,
Δ'ῤ ῤeῤῖ ῤaḡῖne ῤáḡ ḡῤῖllῖῤῖ ḡo h-éáḡ.

3. 'Sé mo léan ḡeáῤ, Δ ῤτόηῖν,
ḡan bliáδain ar ῤav ῤῤ an lá,
Δ'ῤ ῤuῖlleáδaῖῤ na ḡ-ῤῤaḡḡ
Δḡ ῤῖῤ-ḡῤῖ na meala Ṗá ῤbáῤῖῤ,

ῤῖῤe liom ῤéim ῤῤ an ῤῖῤ
Δ ḡcoῤῤuῖῤeáῤ mo ḡῤáδ,
mo éaḡḡ le ῤ-a éaḡῖḡ
Δḡur an ḡῤaḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡar ῤn Δ láῖῤ.
4. Bliáδain ḡur an oῤḡe aréῤ
'Seáδ ῤeáδ na caῤaῖll éar ῤál,
Δ'ῤ ῖ ḡcῖḡḡḡ ῤaῖῤe ῤ-a Ṗῖaῖḡ ῤῖῤ
'S eáδ Ṗ'éalῤḡḡ mo ḡῤáḡ ḡeal ῤan ῤῤáῤ.
ní'ḡ ῤuῖle Ṗá ῤéῖḡ
ῤáḡ ḡcaῖῤeann ῤeal eῖle Δ' ῤῤáḡáδ;
ní'ḡ anḡ aḡῤ luḡῤ ḡῤeḡe
'S ḡ-ῤéῖῤῖῤ ḡo ḡῤῖllῤeáδ mo ḡῤáδ.

TRANSLATION.

1. Thomas, my thousand treasures; Strike me not down by any word (of yours). Take up your shovel and your spade; And for ever it is no shame to you. As I went over the big strand, I thought the dew was lying, And oh! my love twice over, Here's a kiss till I return. | 2. 'Tis my bitter grief, my treasure! That my path leads not to your house, For it was with you I wore out my boots In the beginning of my youth, and I'm now at the end of life. And I've been on my bed For a year and fifteen weeks, While my bright love is in the army, And they say he will never return. | 3. 'Tis my bitter woe, my treasure! That a full year is not in a day, And that the foliage of the branches Shed not honey from their tops; And that I am not alone in the country In which my love resides, My side by his side, And the little green branch in his hand. | 4. A year ago last night The horses burst through the hedge, And one hour after that My bright love went away in the sea. There is no tide, however great, That does not spend another while in ebbing; They are all only deceivers, And maybe my love will return.

It was from Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam, I learned this song. The air consists of one phrase only, four times repeated, but it is a good one.

Another version of the words is given by the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly in the "U. C. Galway Annual" for 1917.

34.—uiseó mo leanb (i).

(HUSHO, MY BABY.)

Sung by MICHAEL BREATHNACH,
Inverin, Spiddal.

$\text{♩} = 46$

1. tír - eó! tír - eó! tír - eó - - mo leanb - tír - eó mo
 leanb 'r gáb'mac tú Δ boḡa. tír - eó! tír - eó! tír - eó - - mo
 leanb tír - eó mo leanb 'r gáb'mac tú Δ boḡa. eí - eí - oíl - í
 eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í,
 eí - oíl - í, eí - oíl - í, eí. eí, eí - oíl - í,
 eí-oíl - í, eí-oíl - í, eí-oíl. tír-eó mo leanb 'r gáb'mac tú Δ boḡa.

35.—ΣΥΝΤΡΑΙΪΘΕ (ii).
(A LULLABY.)

$\text{♩} = 132$ Words by "Ἰβήμανε."

1. Σεοῖ - τίν, ρεο - τό μο ῤότιρ ἐ μο λεανᾶ, μο ῤεοο ζᾶν
ἑαλαζ, μο ἑυρο νε'ν τραοζαλ μόρ, Σεοῖ - τίν, ρεο - τό ναὸ μόρ ἐ αν
ταιῖνεαή, μο ῤότιρῖν 'n-α λεαῖ-αῖθ 'n-α ἑοῖλαὸ ζᾶν ἑρόν! Ἀ λεανᾶ μο
ἑλέῖθ, ζο n-ἑίρηζῖθ ὠο ἑοο-λαὸ λεατ, Σῆαν Ἀζ - υρ ῤοηαρ Ἀ
ἑοῖτόε 'οο ἑοῖταιρ! Σεο ἑεανναὸτ ῤῖο Ὀέ Ἀζ - υρ τεᾶζαιρ Ἀ
ἑυῖm-e λεατ; ἑῖρηζ Ἀ ἑοο-λαὸ ζᾶν . βῖοῖ - ζαὸ ζο Λό. .

2. Ἀρ ῤῖλλὰδ ἄν τῤῖοε τᾶ ῤῖοεοζα ζεαλα
ῤᾶ ἑαοῖm-ῤέ ἄν ἑαρῤαῖζ Ἀζ ἡμῖρτ Ἀ ῤῤόῖρτ,
'S ρεο ἡο ἄμῖαρ ἑῖν ζλαοῖθ ἄρ μο λεανᾶ
le μῖαν ἑ ἑαρῤαῖγτ ῤρῑεᾶ ῤαν ἡοῖρ μόρ.
ζοῖῤῖm ἑῖ, ἄ ἑῖοῖθ! ἡῖ ἑῖρηζ' ῤῖαο ὠο ῤεαλλὰ
le ἑῖρηζ Ἀ ζελεαρ ἡᾶ le ἑῖννεαρ Ἀ ζεοῖλ,
τᾶ ἡῖρ ῤεο' ἑαοῖθ Ἀζ ζῖρθε οῖρτ ἡᾶ ἡεανναὸτ,
Seoῖτῖν, Ἀ λεανᾶ, ἡῖ ἡῖτεο' τᾶ ῤεο.
Seoῖτῖν, ρεοτό, ῤῤ.

3. Οῖρ ἑοῖταιρ μο λαοῖζ, ζο ῤῖοῖταιρ ἑεαν'ῤῖαῖ
τᾶ ὠῖλ-ῤῖρηζ Ἀηγεαλ Ἀζ ῤαῖρῤ 'n-ἄ ἑῖρῑο,
le μόρ-ζῤῖαὸ ὠῖαν 'ζᾶ ἡαρῤαῖθ ἑῖν ἑεαλαῖζ,
ῤῖαρ ἑ'ἄοῖθne ῤῖαῖτῖρ ὠᾶ ῤαῑᾶ ῤέ ῤεο.
Ἀ ῤότιρ μο ἑῖοῖθ, ἡῖρηζ ῤῖαρ ἡῖ ὠο λεαῖαῖθ,
le τῖοῖθ ὠο ῤῖαῖme' ῤεαὸ ῤανῤῖαρ ζο ῤόῖλλ,
ἡῖ μόρ ὠᾶm le ὠῖα μο ῤῖαῖῤῖα' ζῖρῤῖαῖτεαρ,
mo ῤῖοζαὸτ Ἀρτῖαλαῖ ὠο ἑεανῤῖα μο ἑῖοῖο.
Seoῖτῖν, ρεοτό, ῤῤ.

TRANSLATION.

1. *Shoheen, shoho*, my child is my treasure, My jewel without guile, my share of the world, *Shoheen, shoho*, how great is the delight, My little treasure in his bed, asleep without sorrow. Child of my bosom, may thy sleep thrive with you, Happiness and luck be ever in store for you. May the blessing of God's Son and the love of His nurse be with you, Go to sleep without start until day. | 2. On the Hill of the Sidne are fairies shining Under the fair moon of spring playing their games. And here they come eastward to call to my child, Wishing to lure him into the

great fort. I call thee, my heart! They shall not entice you By dint of their tricks, or the sweetness of their music, I am by your side praying for you blessings, *Shoheen*, my child; you will not go with them. | 3. Before my darling, sweet and gentle, Kind angel eyes are gazing upon him, With great strong love inviting him away, For Heaven would be more delightful were he to go with them. Treasure of my heart! lie down in thy bed, Beside your mamma you still will abide, God does not grudge me my play and my pleasure, My Heaven on earth along with my darling.

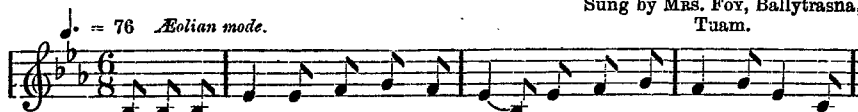
It is nearly eleven years ago since I learned this air from Μιχαήλ Ορηάτνας, on one occasion when he was staying with me. In reply to a question, in which at the time I had a practical interest, as to how the Connemara mothers soothed their babies to slumber, he lilted me the above tune. There were no words but the fragment as I have given it. I have been told by another friend that the mothers of Connemara have a great reverence for the tune, believing that it was used by the Blessed Virgin in putting her Child to sleep.

The air was written down afterwards in $\frac{3}{8}$ time by Τομάς Μας Οοήναλλ for the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly ("15 Μάιη"), U. C., Galway, who composed the verses which I have given with the air. He has kindly given me permission to use them for this collection.

36.—ΤΥΓΑΜΑΡ ΡΕΪΝ ΑΝ ΣΑΪΗΡΑΘ ΛΙΝΝ.

(WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.)

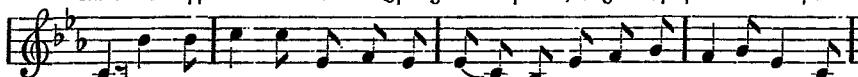
Sung by Mrs. Fox, Ballytrasna,
Tuam.



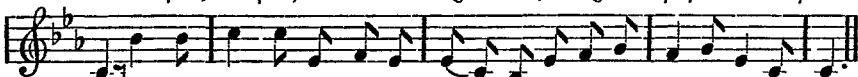
1. Βι μιτ' α'ρ οίγ-βεαν λά 'γ'υλ αν βό-δαρ, τυγ-α-μαρ ρέιν αν ΣαΪηράθ



Λιnn. Για σαρραβε ούιnn αέ' αν Ήραδ-αέ' Ερό-δα, τυγ-α-μαρ ρέιν αν ΣαΪηράθ



Λιnn. ΣαΪηράθ, ΣαΪηράθ, βαnne na ηγαιnn - α, τυγ-α-μαρ ρέιν αν ΣαΪηράθ



Λιnn. ΣαΪηράθ, ΣαΪηράθ, βαnne na ηγαιnn-α, τυγ-α-μαρ ρέιν αν ΣαΪηράθ Λιnn.

2. *U'farruig ré uiom an inéan uom an
bean óg rin,
tugamar, etc.
So veimín ní h-í, 'r í mo shrád a' r mo ródh í.
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

3. *A scuibhéá ceao uom-ra labairt go fóill
Lei?
tugamar, etc.
Mara noeunaid tú rin, veunaid mé an
cóircear (?).
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

4. *Téig túra 'n diéshiorra 'r macao-ra 'n
bóear,
tugamar, etc.
Ré dhaimm leanfar sí, bíod sí go ueo aige.
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

5. *Leanfaid mé 'n shruadhá, ó' r uoar an
fean óg é.
tugamar, etc.
Uo beo nó uo maréadainn nar fillin go ueo
orm!
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

6. *Ir romóda rin bó 'g 'ul éar élaide ceorann,
tugamar, etc.
Dg tógáil feilb' ar feilb na scoimurran.
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

7. *'Sé fearaéc rin dhom-ra leat-ra, a
ródhín,
tugamar, etc.
U'rádhair anhin mé boéc dhur bhónad.
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

8. *Táimic sí dhgam dhí' r trádónna,
tugamar, etc.
A' r dhg sí léi an leirgeul ba córca.
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

9. *Dé' níor feuo mige éirteacé le camnc
oe'n trórt rin.
tugamar, etc.
U'rádhair ó fom í dhg sol go bhónad.
tugamar, etc.
Sáimrad, Sáimrad, etc.*

TRANSLATION.

1. As I and a young maid were one day going the road, (We brought the summer with us.) Whom should we meet but an Gruagach Crodha? (We brought, etc.) Summer, summer, milk for the calves! (We brought, etc.) | 2. He asked me if that young woman were my daughter. (We brought, etc.) "Indeed then she isn't, she's my love and my treasure." (We brought, etc.) | 3. "Have I your permission to discourse with her a while? (We brought, etc.) If you do not do that, I'll make the chorus(?)" (We brought, etc.) | 4. "Take you the short cut, and I'll go the road; (We brought, etc.) Whichever of us she follows, let him have her for ever." (We brought, etc.) | 5. "I'll follow the Gruagach, for a nice young man he is." (We brought, etc.) "May you never return to me alive or well." (We brought, etc.) | 6. "Many a cow crosses the boundary fence, (We brought, etc.) Taking possession of the neighbour's property. (We brought, etc.) | 7. So it was with you and me, my love. (We brought, etc.) You left me there poor and sorrowful." (We brought, etc.) | 8. She came to me again in the evening. (We brought, etc.) And brought with her an excuse the most plausible. (We brought, etc.) | 9. But I could not listen to talk of that kind. (We brought, etc.) I left her there weeping and sorrowful. (We brought, etc.)

I have to lament the loss of a sincere friend in the death of Mrs. Foy, N.T., who gave me this song. She had learned it from her father, who was a

native of Milltown, near Tuam. It is strange that although the family lived less than two miles from the town, I did not know they had any Irish songs. It was Mr. John Hoban, Milltown, who first sang it to me. He had learned it from a friend, who stated that he got it in Ballinasloe. I noted it down and sent it to Ballinasloe for correction, if necessary. In reply I was told that it had been learned in the Irish College at Partry, Co. Mayo, from the singing of Mrs. Foy, whose school was near the place. Thus I was able to trace the song back practically to my own door.

The song is comparatively modern, but I understand that the refrain is a very old one. For a much longer version, with a different refrain, see "Ceóltaibh Uladh," p. 89, and a version with seventeen verses (from Tory Island) in "Gaelic Journal," March, 1892. See also Petrie, No. 502.

37.—LÉINE BARRAIG.
(THE FLAXEN SHIRT.)

Sung by Mrs. HOBAN,
Milltown, Tuam.

♩ = 76

Tá cáil - in - í óg' ar a mbaile rin éall, 'S ní déir ríao rin
beo 'rso scéiríó ríao 'ra bparáim. Tá ríob - in - í "rao - in" oe'n fáirim abí
naom' ca, san a - ca 'ran óiré ac' ceallais mo laoi. Deathan buacail
óg dá ngeobda í oirí, a míne 'ra érioit, ir euaig san tá
ag - am. ní cumnéde ríao éiríde ar éioit a oiríge, ac' a n-ar - caill - í
burde ério a léin - - e barraig. Rum so um um ol - ói oíol - - ói
um. Rum so um um oy - y - - rum ao - ói.

2. Θεαννηξ μέ πορ αξυρ εϋρ μέ 'ρ α' ζερνέ
έ

ι μβάρρ αν ηιάδα ι υτύρ αν εαρρναξ :

Όαν μέ αξυρ βάρν μέ έ, 'ρ ρζαηρ μέ αρ
ρραοό έ,

'Ξυρ εϋρ μέρα ζερνέ έ ζαν ρεοηηρε κάλλιζε.

ηί η-έ αν βαρραό ζαρν α θεαννηξ μέ ρέηη,
αότ αν πλάηηηηί ζλέζεαλ λειτέρο μο όαοί.

Όαλλ μέ λε ριζεαοόηρ μο έεηρε ριζηηηην όέαζ,

Ξαν αζαμ υ'ά βάρρ αότ μο léme βαρρναξ.
Rum vo uum, uum, etc.

3. Ό'άρουηξ ρί μ'αναμ ι μβάρρ μο έλέηθε,
α'ρ όόόαρ ηα πλέτι α βί ριαρ αρ α καρσί.

Όεαηαη ρηη ουηηε υ'ά κααλα μο ρζέαλ,
ηάρ ουδαηητ ζο ηαηβ ηηέαο αρ μο léme
βάρρναξ.

Rum vo uum, uum, etc.

TRANSLATION.

1. There are young girls in that town beyond, And they won't be alive until they get into the fashion. They have expensive satin ribbons quite up to date, Though (for their supper) at night they have only colcannon, my laddie. "Dence a young boy you'd get in the country. Oh Mary! and oh Christ! it's a pity you are not with me," They never remember the rent of their houses, But their yellow oxters (arm-pits) show through their flaxen shirts. | 2. I bought flax-seed and sowed it in the ground At the top of the field in the beginning of spring. I pulled it and steeped it and spread it out on the heather, And I put it in the earth without an untidy old hag. The tow which I bought was not the coarse stuff, But the bright fine material such as my father (used). My fourteen pence I lost with the weaver, And in return I got only my flaxen shirt. | 3. It lifted my heart to the top of my breast, And I tore at the pleats that were behind on its corners; Not a man who heard tell of my story, That didn't say, there was a flock in my flaxen shirt.

My friend, Mrs. Hoban, tells me that this satirical song was composed by Cormac Dall, a blind poet who lived in Dunmore (eight miles from Tuam) during the latter part of the eighteenth century. A short account of his life is given in Walker's "Irish Bards," with a long poem of his entitled "Lament for John Burke of Carrantrila." It is difficult, however, to discover any of the genius of Cormac Dall in the above composition.

In singing the song Mrs. Hoban repeats the chorus at the end of the fourth, as well as at the end of the eighth, line.

38.—**AN UROIΞNEΔH DONN (i).**
(THE BROWN THORN-BUSH.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 69$

Uá mbéidinn 'mo bás - óir, ir veár so ínlá - nnaim an
 fáinne - - - e a - nnaim, a' r go ríobraim cú - pla
 lín - - e le bárr mo rinn. Véidinn a
 téal-tuáð ar feab ná leun - a a' r a' rár - sað a
 cúim', a' r an lá nac féoir liom bean a b'réas - ad, níl an bá - ir - e liom.

2. Anoir a cúmáinín! ó éarla a g iméadé
 tú, go b'filleó tú ílán,
 sgeul cinnte gur márbuis tú mo éiríde in
 mo lár.
 ní'l maoin a gam a éiríonn in so óiáð ná
 bás,
 a' r go b'fuil an fáinne ar a teorainn eas -
 raime, a' r ní ual uaim ínláim.

3. Tá cluanaíde ós óe buadaill so mo
 meallad le bliadain
 nó go n'earraíó ré gual uob i lár mo
 éleib;
 's móir a meallad é, ná 'r beannuis ré mo
 méin i gceart,
 ná 'r filléó ré! a' r tuille tubairt' óige,
 nó go b'pórraídear mé.

4. Δ níuiré úilir! céarso so théarfar mé, nuair
 iméodas tú uaim?
 ní'l eolar in so éis a gam, in so bealad
 'ná so ínláio.
 Tá mo deaí go uob i ualaim a' r mo
 máidírim faoi b'ón,
 a' r tá rir éiríonn i b'rao i b'earas liom,
 a' r mo ínláio i b'rao uaim.

5. Ir fear gan ééill a nacáð a g uéim leir
 an gcláide deáð áro,
 a' r cláide beas eile le n'a éaoð ann, ar a
 leasraime mo lár.
 Síó gur b'áro é an eirann eoiréime, bíonn
 ré fearb ar a bárr
 a' r go b'ráraim rmeura, a g ur bílé r'ég eiraoð
 ar an eirann ir írle bílé.

TRANSLATION.

1. If I were a boatman, nicely would I sail o'er the sea, And I would write two lines with the top of my pen, I would be going through the meadows and squeezing her waist, And the day I could not coax a maid, the game would not be in me. | 2. Now, my love, since you are going, safely may you return; 'Tis true that you have deadened my heart within my breast. I have no wealth that I could send after you, nor even a boat, And the sea is in flood between us, and I cannot swim. | 3. There is a young coaxing boy who has beguiled me for a year, And he has made my heart like a lump of coal: Greatly was he deceived, that he didn't measure my thoughts aright; May he not return, and more misfortune to him—until I am married. | 4. And, Holy Mary! what will I do when you go away from me? I do not know your house, your way, or your street. My father is deep in the clay and my mother sorrow-laden, And all the men of Ireland in anger with me and my love far away. | 5. A foolish man would he be who would try a high fence While there is another small fence beside it, on which I could lay my hand, Though the quicken tree be high, it is bitter on the top, And blackberries and raspberries grow on the lowest tree.

39.—ΔΗ ΘΡΟΙΞΝΕΔΗ ΘΟΝΝ (ii).
(THE BROWN THORN-BUSH.)

♩ = 69 From Began, Co. Mayo.

Sí - leann céad fear gur leo réin - - mé nuair
 ól - - ainn lionn. 'S ceibeann dá uirian ríor síom as
 cumh - - ne ari so coim - ráb liom; sneáct - a
 rérb - ce 'r é dá ríor - - cur ari sliab na mban
 fionn 'S tá mo sráb - - ra mar blát na
 n-áin - - ne ari an thriox - - neán thonn.

2. Οά μβέινη 'μο δάοθιρ ιρ οεαρ οο φνάμ-
 ραινη αν φαίρηζε ανονη,
 'S οο γρηιόθραινη εγασ λένε λε βάρη μο
 ρινη;
 Φαραοιρ ζευρ! ζαν μέ δ'ρ tú α ζηρόο μο
 έροιθε
 1 ηγλεαντιάν ρέιθε λε η-έιρηζε ζηέιμε 'ρ
 αν ορδέτ' να λυγέ!

3. Ουρημ ρέιη μο ηίλε ρλάν λεατ, α βαίλε
 να ζορannah,
 'S ζαέ βαίλε είλε οά μβιούο μο έρμλλ ανη;
 ιρ ιομοα θεαλαέ ρλυέ, ραλαέ αζυρ βόιέρην
 cam
 'τά ιοιρ μέ 'ζυρ αν βαίλε 'να θρηιλ μο
 ρτόρην ανη!

4. Ταδαρ μο ηάλλαέο οο τ'άέαιρ 'ρ οοο
 'μάέαιρην ρέιη,
 ηάρ έυζ θεαζάν τυιζρiona θυιτ μο λάν οο
 λέιζεαή;

ιρ μοέ αρ μαίοιη ευρηρην εγασ-ρα θρηζ μο
 ρζέιλ,
 θιούο μο θεαηηαέτ αζατ ζο ζοαρταρ ορη ι
 η-υαίζηεαρ μέ.

5. Α ηήυηε θίλεαρ! ερηυο οο θευηραο μαά
 ιμτίζεαηη tú υαίη;
 ηί'λ εολυρ έμ ηο έιγε αζαη, οο έεαζλαίζ,
 ηά οο έλίηο;
 τά μο ηάέαιρην ραοι λεαέ-ερηοη 'ρ η'άέαιρ
 ραν υαίζ,
 τά μέ ηηυιτιρ αρ ραο ι θρηαρζ λιοη, 'ρ μο
 ζηρόο ι θραο υαίη!

6. Μά'ρ αζ ιμτέαετ αέαιρ υαίη ανοιρ, α
 ηήυηηηη, ζο θρηίλε tú ρλάν!
 ιρ οεαρηέα ζυρ ηάηηθ tú μο έροιθε ηη μο
 λάρ;
 ηί'λ οοιτε αζαη οο ευρηρην αο' θιαίζ, ηά
 βάο,
 τά αν φαίρηζε να τυίτε εαοραηηη 'ρ ηί
 η-έολ οοη ρηάη.

TRANSLATION.

1. A hundred men think I am theirs when I drink beer, And two-thirds of them go down from me when I remember your conversation with me. Driven snow and it ever falling on fair Slivnamon, And my love is like the sloe-blossom on the brown thorn-bush. | 2. Were I a boatman, merrily I'd sail o'er the sea, And I'd write you a line with the point of my pen; Alas! that I and you, oh affliction of my heart, are not In a mountain glen with the rising of the sun and the dew on the ground! | 3. I give my thousand farewells to you, village of the trees, And every other village where my footsteps used to be! It's many a damp, dirty road and crooked little way Lie between me and the village where my little treasure is. | 4. My curse upon your father and your little mother too, That they didn't give you a little sense to read my hand; It's early in the morning I'd send you the meaning of my story! My blessing be with you till I meet you alone. | 5. And, Holy Mary! what shall I do if you go away from me? I know not your house, your hearth or your abode; My little mother is distressed and my father in the grave, My people are all in anger with me, and my love far away! | 6. If now you are going from me, safely may you return, For surely you have killed the heart within my breast; I have no little skiff to send, nor a boat, after you. The sea is in flood between us, and I know not how to swim!

No (i) is a Connemara version of a well-known song, and was given to me by Maggie Hession.

The second air was given to me by a friend who is a native of Began, Co. Mayo. It is as he remembers it from the singing of his father. The words are taken from "Cláríreac na nSaeóeal," Part I, No. 6. Other

versions have appeared in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. I, p. 234; O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster," p. 238; Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht," p. 30; Professor O'Maille's "Δημιρῶν Ἐλληνε Ἱεραεσλ," p. 127.

Petrie has an air of this name, No. 451, and O'Neill in his collection gives three settings, Nos. 31, 32, and 33.

40.—CEARC ΔΣΥΣ COILEAC.

(A HEN AND A COCK.)

♩ = 208

Mixo-Lydian mode.

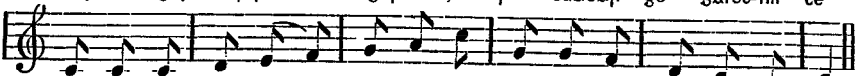
Sung by Miss MAGGIE HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.



1. Cεαρσ Δσ - υρ Coil-eac Δ ο'im-εις Le cεil - e, Siuδal-Δ - οαρ



εir - e sur bιr-εαδ Δ ερηοιε; Δ'ρ cuδαρ σο δαιλλ-ιm Le



hεirge na ερεινε, Sur cuηεαδ an "πειpe" ιr - τεαδ Δσ an ολιε.

2. ιr Δσ uilliam ο h-uilean Δ bi riao ar
pepac,
'S iεe monoga rleibe 'r coulad 'ra bηpac,
σο οδαιμις an rηruiam σο lεcηar Δ'ρ aeηeac,
'S suab pe an peipe ιr τεαδ σο ο'λε-αν
Riog.

3. OΔ bpeicea 'ra 'n coileac lΔ aonaiς 'rna
rηaiuib,
ηaca bpeaς λarτair Δ'ρ lαιmιni buiδe,
Ceipe rpur φαδα οe'n αιrεαδ σpαιmηeac,
Fuip'm Δ lαιm, 'r ε' τiεαετ μαr an Rις.

4. 'S Δσ muileann na leice, 'pead euata με
an ηiadec air
Δσ mnaib bi cotuige Le blacac δeαξam
mηoir.
m'emin coilις bi agam Le ηαξar na peile
mΔrcam,
Sur mairbuiς na mna ε Le uail ιr Δ bpeoil;

5. Cus riao ιr τεαδ ε sur rεar riao Δ enama,
'S sur eate riao an lΔ rin rpoιrceamail σο
leop.
'S narp feapη uoib rpoilim Δ ceamnac ar
pogham,
'na an eao Δ nveacard Δ εcail ar puo
onnuae muiγεo.

6. Oi ceapc Δσ δeαξan Oan buo oipe 'na
peacog,
uδ Δsur ceao Δ puς rι ra lΔ.
Caimις an rionnac Δ mairbuiς na ceaoτα
'S cυς pe οe'n peim rin i ιr τεαδ σο Sliaδ
Oan.

7. Oairpeoatp rι monuar, cuδarail Δ'ρ
caepet,
'muiς ar an "stage" οr comne Ouin-mηoir,
'S ar bapra na δaiillime leις rι an ceao
ελαoδ,
Clete ar mo "game" nioη bamead σο
poil.

8. Ό'έμης μέ ρυαγ' αη μαρισιν 'ρα' ορηότα,
 μο έαραιλλίν cú λιομ 'ρ μο μάδαδ' βεαδ
 βάν.

Connac mé an rionnac 'r é ríchte fuaidíte,
 Siar inr an uaim 'r cloc ar a ceann.

9. Έαρηαιης μέ ανιαη έ ζο υσεαρναδ' ρέ
 υδαότα,

Ann a braccaró a fúil nó loirg a lám.
 Sé Tomár Óe búrcá an buacdaillín ríghueta,
 Cuirreád na cearca 'r na coilg ar
 páisil.

10. "μ' οόόν" ! αηρ αν έεαρς 'ρ ι 'ουλ' αη
 αν βραηαις,

"νάδ' βρηόναδ' 'ρ ναδ' θεοραδ' le h-innriuc mo
 ríeál,
 Δδαιρ μο έλομνε, 'ρ céile μο leabéan,
 Δ' ουλ' inr an bpoa Δ' r leac ar a βéal."

11. "Ανοιρ," αηρ αν έεαρς, "ó έάρηα' ι μ'
 βαιηραεβαίς μέ,

Ζηάιννε ní píoctao ζο υσείζεαο 'ρα ζορέ;
 Δέτ βειηιμ μο μάλλεάτ τηάέηόνα Δ' r μαρισιν
 Όο inráib' óoipe leáéain' a marbuig mo
 ζáme."

TRANSLATION.

1. A hen and a cock set out together; They travelled Ireland till their hearts were broken. They went to Galway at the rising of the sun, Where they were both brought up by the law. | 2. With William O'Helan they were a-grazing, Eating mountain berries and sleeping in the heather, Till the sheriff came, nimbly and briskly, And whipped them both into Athenry. | 3. If you were to see the cock in the streets on a Fair Day, With his fine straw hat and yellow gloves: Four long spurs of Spanish silver, A whip in his hand and he coming like the king. | 4. It was at Millbrook I heard talk of them, From the women who were fed on the buttermilk of Shane More. My little cock bird that I had for St. Martins That was killed by the women, in their desire for fresh meat. | 5. They took him in and they stripped his bones, And they spent that day merrily enough. Wouldn't it be better for them buy a good joint of meat Than the way their reputation went through county Mayo? | 6. Shane Baun had a hen prettier than a peacock. She laid a hundred and one eggs in a day. The fox that killed hundreds made his appearance And took her away with him to Sliabáne. | 7. Alas! she would dance a quadrille and a caper. Out on the stage opposite Dunmore, At the harbour of Galway she gave the first cackle. A feather was not yet pulled out of my game. | 8. I arose in the morning with the dew (on the ground), My strong hound with me and my little white dog. I saw the fox curled up and twisted Below in the cave and a stone on his head. | 9. I drew him back and he gave a groan, When I saw his eyes and the shanks of his paws. It was Thomas Burke, the miserable little boy, Who would find the hens and the cocks. | 10. "Ochone!" says the hen as she went up on the roost, "Is not the story I have to tell tearful and sad? The father of my little ones, and the spouse of my bed, Going into the pot and a lid on its mouth." | 11. "Now," says the hen, "since I am a widow, A grain I'll not pick till I go into the clay. But I give my curse both evening and morning To the women of Derrylahan who murdered my game."

This song was given to me by my friend Maggie Hession with four verses. These were almost identical with this much longer version, which appeared in the "Tuam News," contributed by the late John Glynn, and printed in the "Romano Celtic" type, i.e. Roman type with dots for aspirates. This type

was the invention of Canon Ulick Bourke, author of the Irish Grammar, and sometime President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. It was first used in a monthly paper called the "Keltic Journal and Educator," published in Salford, Manchester, about 1870. When this paper ceased publication, two years later, the type was used for the printing of "O'Gallagher's Sermons," and for the Irish column of the "Tuam News." This paper also ceased publication about ten years ago, on the death of the editor, John McPhilpin, who was a nephew of Canon Bourke.

Petrie took down this song from Teige McMahon, in Co. Clare, in 1853, but in his "Ancient Music of Ireland" he states:—"The words of this song are inadmissible in this work."

The "milleann na leice" mentioned in the song is Millbrook, about seven miles from Tuam. It was the home of John Birmingham, the distinguished astronomer, whose relatives still live in the neighbourhood.

41.—A'S ÓRÓ míle GRÁÓ.
(ORO, MY THOUSAND LOVES.)

♩. = 120 Sung by MICHAEL BREATHNACH.

A'ṛ ó - ró míl - e GRÁÓ, A'ṛ ó - ró míle GRÁÓ

m - bím - bob - ep - ó 'S hué! 'ré míl - e GRÁÓ.

ó - ró, ó - ró, ó - ró, í, 'S ó - ró míl - e GRÁÓ.

This is an example of the improvised "game" or "occupation" songs, once so common among the people, but now practically no more than a memory. They generally consisted of a refrain in which all joined, the same air being then used for a couple of improvised lines, of a more or less personal nature, made up in turn by each member of the gathering, after which all would again join in the chorus.

Petrie has several examples of these songs.

6. “ Καὶ εὐγε νὰρ ἴσῃ τῷ
κοιτῆ ἐλαῖθε εἰσίντ νό ὄφθεαν,
Ἔαν ἄ ἔδατ ἰ μο εἰς-γα
Ἄν τράτ ἄ ν οἱ ὄ’ οἰδὲε ?
Σιν νό ἄ’ οὐλ ἕο ὄσι τὰδαιρηε
Ἄς καίτεαῖν ὄο ῥίῃῃῃῃ ἄνη.
Ἡυαιρ ἄ ἕννη ῥέην τριλλαιρηάτ
Σιύο ἔ ἄ ὄεαναινη —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

7. “ Λεῖς ὄε ὄο εὐρο εὐαιμηγεάτ
Ἄνοιρ, Ἄιρτ, ’ γ νὰ ῥίλ ἔ ;
Ἠί εὐιρητὸ τῷ ἄματ μέ
Ὀοῖν ῥέιθ ἄγυρ ῥίληρ,
Ἠί’ λ ἄση τελέ λεαννα
Ἄνοιρ ἰ ἕροιρηεάτ εὐῖς ἡίλε,
’ Σ βα ῥό-ῃῃ ἔ μ’ ῥαιτέοιρ
ἕο ἕαρηραῖθε ἄν τ-ῥυαῖς ῥιθε ὄρη —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

8. “ Οὐνε ὄονα, μεάττα εὐί,
’ Ἐά τῷ ῥό εἰγεαρ,
’ γ κορηάηιλ νὰρ λείξ εὐί
Ἄρηάη ἕρηρηεῖρη νό ὄβιόβλ.
Ἠί ῥαιθ λειτέοτε ἄρηάη ἄνη
Ἄγυρ ἡί ἕέιθ κοῖδὲε
Ἄγυρ ἡρ ῥιρηέοῖς καίλλεάτ ἰαο,
Ἄν σιμεάθ ἄρ οἰὸθ εὐί —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

9. Ἠί’ λ ῥιορ ἄσημ ῥέην
Ὀέ’ η ῥρηίρην ὄηηηῖθ εὐί
Ἄ ἕοιρηεάθ μο ἡαττα
Μο ἔοτ’ ’ γ μο ἕρηῖτε,
Ἄ ἕοιρηεάθ ἄν εαῖρη
Ἄ ἕεάθ ἰ ἕρηαιτέεάθ ἄν εἰῖε ἄσημ
Ἄγυρ ἡηεῖῃῃῃ ἄρ ἡαιρη
ἕηλ ὄά ἡ-εἰρηεάθ μο ὄαιρη —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

10. “ Ἠί οὐνε ὄε’ η τ-ῥόρη ῥηη μέ,
Ἄιρτ, ’ γ νὰ ῥίλ ἔ,
Ἄττ ἕυαέαιλλῖν ἡῖηητε
ὄε ἕηηαθ ἡα εἰρη.

Ἐεἰρη-ῥε ἄ ὄοῖλαθ
λε ταιρη ἡα ἡ-οἰδὲε,
Ἄγυρ ἡί εἰρηῖρη ἄρ ἡαιρη
ἕο λειρηεαρ εέαο ἕηαὸθ ὄρη —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

11. Οὐαιθ ἄρη ἄ ὄοῖλαθ
ἰ ἕοιρη ἡαιρ’ ὄ’ οἰδὲε.
Ἄρ εὐηητ’ ἄρ ἄν ἄιῖρ
Ἠαρθ’ εἰρηῖε ὄθ ὄοἰδὲε !
Ἠαρ ἡίρη ὄρηηῖς ῥέ ὄοη-ῥα
Ἐαῖρ τειρη ἡα ὄφθεαν,
Ἄττ μο ἴηθε ἄρ ἄ’ ἕατἄορη
’ Σ ἄ ἡῖγεαν ἄρ ἔαοἰθ ὄοη —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

12. Λαδαιρ ἄν ἡῖγεαν
ὄε ὄῃρηάθ εαοἰτεαῖηιλ.
“ Ἄν ἕρηλ ὄο εἰαλλ ἄσητ
Ἠὸ ἡ ἡαιρηαν ὄο εἄοἡῖεάθ ?
Ἠὸ ὄά ἡβέαθ ῥιορ ἄσημ
ἕρη οὐνε ὄε ἕρηῖ εὐί
Ὀῖρηεῖῃῃ ὄο λεαδαιθ
’ ἕρη εὐιρηηη —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

13. “ Ἐαιρηε ἡ’ ἄνημ,
Ἄγυρ εὐιρηε μο ἕρηηε !
Ἠί ἡῖγεαν ὄο ἄρη εὐί,
Ἠαρ ἔά τῷ λῃῖαε εαοἰτεαῖηιλ.
Ἠειρηεάθ ἕρη ῥό-ῃῃ ἔ μ’ ῥαιτέοιρ
ἕο ἕρηλ ὄ μο ἕαοἰ λεατ,
ἕαθ ἡόρη ἔ μο ἕεαν ὄρη,
Ἄ εἄηῖη ἕρηηεαῖηιλ —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

14. “ ὄά ἡβέαθ ῥιορ ἄσημ
Ἠαε ἕρηλ ὄ μο ἕαοἰ λεατ
Ὀῖρηεῖῃῃ ὄο λεαδαιθ
Ἄγυρ εὐιρηηη ὄο ληῖε εὐί.
εὐιρηηηη μο ἕῖηη ὄρη
Ἐαρ ὄ ἄν οἰδὲε
Ἄγυρ ἕο ὄηηηη ῥέην εἄιῖρηηη λεατ
εαῖρηηηη ἡίρηα —’ γ μόρ ὄ !

TRANSLATION.

1. I am a poor traveller, Walking the south : To Art O'Kelly's house, I chanced to come one night. I had not even a quilt Which would be around me, But a cold empty house Without one person in it. | 2. Art came into me, Furious and threatening. He didn't say, "What's dara?" Until he accosted me, "What in the dickens? But fellow, where do you be, Or, what in the mischief Turned you into my territory!" | 3. I addressed him In leisurely fashion, That I was a poor traveller Who came by this way, That I just came in Only to rest myself, And that if I sat abroad by the hedge Cold and long would the night be. | 4. "Not often has a traveller Come into my house, No one ever came, And no one ever will. I have in my house Only myself and my daughter, And if my father were living A taste of food I'd not offer him." | 5. "A miserable man must the father be Who had you for a son, If you wouldn't give him Fire's heat nor shelter. The Apostles be praised That you're not of my family; For you are not one Who acts like a Christian." | 6. "Why didn't you rest yourself Beside some fence or shelter And not come to my house At this time of night? That, or to go to a tavern And spend your money there: When I travelled myself That's what I used to do." | 7. "Leave off your clowning Now, Art, and don't think it, You'll not put me out As easily as you imagine. There is no ale house Within five miles of us, And my fear would be great That the fairies would meet me." | 8. "A wretched cowardly man are you And you are very eager; Likely you never read The Scriptures or the Bible. Such things there never were And never will be, They're only old women's pishogues, The stock that you sprung from. | 9. Neither do I know What fool of a tramp you may be, Who might steal my hat, My coat, and my trousers; Who might steal the hammer I'd have in the rafters And clear off in the morning Before my household awakened." | 10. "I'm not a man of that kind, Art, and do not think so, But a well-mannered boy Of the native stock of the country. I go to my bed At the fall of the evening, And I don't rise in the morning Till I am called a hundred times." | 11. Art went to sleep After an hour of the night. Because of the insult (to me) May he never get up again! As he didn't order for me Fire or shelter, But (left me) seated on a chair And his daughter beside me. | 12. The daughter spoke (to me) In gentle conversation. "Are you in your senses Or is your wife living? If only I knew You were a person of repute, I'd get ready your bed And put you lying in it." | 13. "Treasure of my soul, And pulse of my heart! You're no daughter of Art, For you're kindly and homely. If I were not afraid That you were my relation, My love for you would be great, My generous girl." | 14. "If only I knew That you were not my relation, I'd make ready your bed And put you lying in it. I'd put my gown over you For the night, And surely I'd spend with you A month of friendship."

Sung to me by Mary Conway, Ballintleva, Tuam.

For the history of this song and another long version of it see "Ceólcaib uísó," p. 41. A version was printed in the "Dundalk Democrat" in 1907, with a refrain, "i' im bó"; and in another version I have seen the refrain, "i' caom bó." I have been interested to find this Western version of this song, as I have been told that it is equally well known in the North and the South. I have left the air in the key in which it was sung to me.

43.—Τύρνε μάλιστα (i).
(MARY'S SPINNING WHEEL.)

Sung by MISS MARY CONWAY,
Ballinteva, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. Ἄ μήτηρ-ε εὐμν τὰ'ν ποσλαῖς ἀρ τῦρ, ἄ - νοῖρ le congnañ an
 ἀρο-ρίοξ Cuir vo εὐμνε υαῖμ'ραν θεαῖαν'ς τῆι ἔορ ἄρ ὀ'ν
 Spáinn φαοι mul ar lan-oun, ceap ar luimneac, Cuiqeal ar laiginn -
 - ἄρο - e Speang von τῆισ'ιρ φαρη'ρα τῆρ γεο, 'S béit vo εὐμνε
 γάρ - τα. φαl λαl, φαl λαl, φαl λαl - lép i.
 φαl λαl, φαl λαl, φα lú, φα λα, φα lép - i.

44.—Τύρνε μάλιστα (ii).
(MARY'S SPINNING WHEEL.)

As sung by PATRICK GARVEY,
Headford, Co. Galway.

$\text{♩} = 100$

2. 'Sé τύρνε μάλιστα τύρνε γάρ - τα, Siubail ré roinne máit' ve
 éir - inn n'il chos nágleann'p'á noeacáit' ré ann, nac ar

φάξ ρέ κυρο ο'ά ἐρήϊ-ιθ. ἄιτε ρέ λά ἀρ ἔρμας ἑμψάιλ', ἀρ
 λάβ ἡρ ἀν ἡγλεαντάν ρλέϊθ-ε - - -. ἡα ρῖθεό - ζαί μνά βί ἀρ
 ἔαοθ ἑνωικ μεαδα ὄο ἡνιοθῆ λειρ "lawm" ἀ'ρ "cambric."

45.—Τύρνε ἡάιρε (iii).
(MARY'S SPINNING WHEEL.)

3. Ἐιορ ἡ ζοίλλ ἡαντάν ἡυνεαδ ἀν ἑρομάν,
 ταιλλεαδ μόρ 'ζυρ ράϊτε,
 ὄε ἐνάηαιθ ἀν ζεαρῆαιρ ἡυνεαδ ἀν βιοράν
 ἀ'ρ ἐαίτεαοαρ ἡ βριαδῆαιρ' ἡάιρε ἔ.
 βί σεαῖραρ ἀζ ἡνιοθῆ ὄ ἡαιοιρ ζο ραορθ',
 'S οἑταρ ἡ'αν οἑθδε ἀζ ἀρῖοαίλ.
 ἡαδ ἡαρῆαδ ἡ ἡνιοθῆ ὄο ἐαίηιθ βίγε,
 λεαδ-τυγεαδ ἀζ ἡνιοθῆ ἀν λά ἡρ ἡ?

4. ἡί ἡ-ί ἡο βεαν-ρα βεαν ἀν τύρνε,
 ἀετ εἑβλίη μῆυτε βεαρῆαδ,
 ἡ κορ ο'ά ροῖρ' ἀρ ἡάιρε τύρνα
 'S ἡ λάη ἀζ ὄεανῆη ἡέρθεαετ'.
 ὄα ἑαῖτε ἀν ροῖρπα, ἡἡννεαῖ ρερῡμρῡγετ,
 κυρσεαδ εαμ, ζαν ραορθῡμ λειρ,
 λεαζαοαρ ρῡμ ἀν ζηιοζαῖρε τύρνε
 ζαν ραοιρ, ζαν οῖῡμ, ζαν ζλέαρ λειρ.

5. ἡαδ ἔ ἡρ ἀν τύρνε οῖῡμ ζαν τυρρε
 ἡ βῡρ ἡο ἐρορθε ζαν λειζεαρ ορῡ,
 ἀ' οῡλ ἑαρ μῡρ ἀ' ἑρῡιζεαετ ρῡνῡῡῡ,
 'S βεαῖηαν ἡρ ἡάιτε ἀ ἡνιοθῆρῆαδ ρέ.
 Τύρνε 'ζυρ εἑτεαδ, σεαρ ἀζυρ ἑρομάν,
 ρέῖρε λάηιθῆ ἀ' ὄεανῆη ἡέρθεαετ',
 τυγεταρ ἡ ἡο λάεαιρ βῡρτε ἡό ἡλάν,
 ἡρ ἑρῡαῖθ ἀν ἀρ ἡαδ ἡγλέαρῡαῡη.

6. ἡαδ ε ἡρ ἀν τύρνε ἡρ ἑρῡαῖθ ἡ βεῖτ βυαν
 ἀζ ἡαἑβλίηρε τυαῖτ ἡρ ἡαρῡάιλ,
 ἡε βεαρῡιζεαετ ρῡῡαῖ ἀζ τυγεαετ ὄαρ
 ἡοῖρῡεαετ
 ἡῡρ ἀν ἡοῖθῆ ἀν εῡρ ἀ' ζεαρῡῡῡ.
 ὄεαν-βίγε ἡῡζαέ, ἐῡρτε, ἡαεῖηαρ,
 ἀ' ἡεαρῡαἑτ ἑρῡῡῡρ 'ρ ἡ ἡ ἀρῡοαίλ,
 ἡε ἡ-ἡ ρεαρῡαῡ-ῡρ ἡ lax-a-loodle
 'S ζαν ἡεαρῡ ἡά κυῡῡαετ ἡ ἑαρῡεαίλ.

7. βυαίτσαρ αν milleán αρ γάσαρ αν
 παρίρτε,
 μαρ 'ρέ α έαιε εύρ αν λαε λειρ,
 muna θηυίλ ρέ ι ποάν πο'η υρεαμ ρεο θίβητε
 ηά αν οίρηγ ναοήεα α έαιρηγιοτε.
 ηί'λ υοήηαέ αναλλ ό δάηαιη ανυαρ
 ηαέ υεείγεαηη ρέ έρηο αν έίσεαό,
 ηαέ ερηαξ λεατ μάηηε βυαίθεαρηέα, ερηάιτε,
 υ' εαρηαίό άόββαηη α λέηηεόηγε.

8. Έαρ έίη α ηουβαηηε μέ, ηί'λ ρέ ι υτιύηη
 ζο ζυαιρηό μέ α' ηυθαλ έ ι ηβάηαέ,
 σίοη ζο ειλλ άλαίό α' ρέαέαιηε αν εαρηυηγ
 ζο υτόγρηαίό ρέ ηυαη ηη α λάηη έ.

μαρ βι ρέ μαλληγέηε ηι ρέηοηη α βεαν-
 ηυζαό

ζο υεείξηό ρέ ευν άηο ηαοηη ράοηηαγ,
 λε ηεαρη α ροηηηε 'η α ηέηο α ηηηηγρηαό
 ηι εοηηηεόαό εαέάηηη ηηαίτε λειρ.

9. λειγσαρ μο έρηηα ηί'λ άγ αοη ηοηηε,
 άγ ράσαρη, βηάέαιη, ηά ελέηηεαέ,
 ζο υαγσαίό ηηαε ηηααόάηηη ατά ι η-α έρηαηόηγ
 εαλλ αρ έαοβ αν ε-ηέίηε:
 μαρ ηη άηγε βι αν ε-άόββαη λε η-α εόηηηάό,
 α βαιηεαη υο'η ύρηάο εέαοηα;
 μά'η ριοη α εόηηηάό λε ηα ηηόαίλ,
 έηηεοάίό ρέ ηηη ηα ηηεαηέαίό.

TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, gentle Mary! Christmas is nigh, Now with the help of the High King, Cast your wheel from me, away to the demon, With its three new legs from Spain on it: Spindle from London, stock from Limerick, Distaff from above in Leinster, A band of silk the best in this land, And your spinning wheel will be satisfactory. | 2. Mary's wheel is the satisfactory wheel, It has travelled through a great part of Ireland. There's not a hill or glen to which it has gone Where it did not show its good qualities. It spent a day on the brink of Kinsale, At a bend in the mountain valley; The fairy women on the side of Knock-Ma Spun with it lawn and cambric. | 3. Down at Wicklow the spindle-band was made Something more than three months ago, The spit was made from the bones of the old horse, And they threw it down before Mary. Four were spinning from morn till eve, And eight were carding at night. Was it not poor spinning for the girls of the house, And they half exhausted, spinning that day? | 4. It isn't my wife who sits at the wheel, But Eveleen, polite and well mannered: The foot-board directed by her foot, And her hands keeping it in position. The post was crooked (?), a cross-beam rigid, A distaff bent and useless. They threw me down the rattling wheel, Without sound or tune or order in it. | 5. Is not that the wheel that is gentle and tireless, That broke my heart without a cure for me, Going over the sea seeking strength, And not a thread would it spin? A wheel, and hobbin, stock and spindle band, A pair of hands directing it, Let it be brought to me whole or broken, It's a bad case or I'll mend it. | 6. Isn't it hard for this spinning wheel to endure, At the hands of madmen and flyaway jacks (?), With the trickery of fairies coming to waken us, In the hut beside the hill? A merry housewife, clever and nimble, Attending to three people and carding With her new spindle a lax-a-looodle And powerless to help them! | 7. On the parish priest be all the blame, For he spent the morning with it, If he isn't able to drive away this host, Or offer up the Holy Office. There isn't a Sunday from November on That he doesn't go through the vestments; Do you not pity Mary troubled and annoyed Without the makings of his surplice? | 8. After all I have said, it isn't in tune, Until I send it off to-morrow

Down to Killala to see the Bishop, That he may take it up in his hand. For it was cursed and cannot be blessed, Till it comes to the Hill of St. Patrick, With the size of its snout and the amount it would swallow, Four couldn't keep spinning with it. | 9. A cure for my wheel there is not anywhere With Priest, Brother, or Cleric Until Mac Ruane comes who is in the crannoge Away up on the side of the mountain. For 'tis he has the way of speaking to it In language to suit the occasion: If there's truth in the words which he said to the spokes, It will rise up into the skies.

I think there is no part of Connacht where this song is not known, nor is there anyone who does not understand the threat implied in the phrase, "I'll give him *Cúinne Mái*." It needs a good "blas" and a very nimble tongue, such as only a native speaker possesses, to do justice to this song.

Mary Conway, from whom I got the first air, sings it in a fine swinging style.

The second air is the more familiar one. I took it down many years ago from Mr. Patrick Garvey—then a student of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam—and I heard it afterwards from many others.

The third air I never heard before; it was sent to me by my friend Mrs. Conor Maguire, Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

A version of this song was published a few years ago by Gill and Son, Dublin, to the same air as No. (ii), and the editor there states that the author of the song was a Mayo man, Owen MacGowan by name, who was known as the "Poet of Coolcarney," Ballyconlan, Co. Mayo. The heroine of the song is *Mái* Jordan, an old lady, feeble and half blind, upon whom some practical joker plays a trick, by putting her wheel out of order. She, unaware of this, attributes its defection to the malice of the fairy host, and she is here supposed to be travelling from place to place seeking a cure for it.

As with all the more popular songs, it has evidently become much corrupted, and it is difficult to make much sense of it now.

46.—seó h-ín seó.

(SHÓHEEN-SHO.)

Sung by a little girl from the Claddagh,
Galway.

♩ = 42

1. Uo éur-rinn-re féin mo leanb a éoladh, 'S ní mar vo
 éur-readh mná ná mboadh suar i bpluroín nó i mbriáilín
 bharras, ad' i gcleabán óir a' r an gao' gá bogadh. Seó h-ín

♩ = 104

reó 'r lul la leó, Seó h-ín reó 'r tú mo leanb. Seó h-ín
 reó 'r lul la leó, Seó h-ín reó 'r tú féin mo leanb.

For second and third verses.

2. Uo éur rinn-re féin mo leanb a éoladh, Lá breá
 ghéime ro-ir dá noolais, Ar ur-lár lea-an ar bárr an
 énuic, faoi bua na gcraim-te a' r an gao' gá bogadh. Refrain.

3. Coisil, a leimb, a gur go mbaó éoladh
 rlan duit
 ar vo éoladh go veigaid tú vo rlannte :

nár buailib an coisil ná ghéim an bárr tú,
 galra na leamb, ná an bolgac géinua.
 Seó h-ín reó, etc.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. With my arms I'll lay you to rest, my baby,
And not as the wife of a bodach would lay you
In a blanket's fold or a sheet to swathe you,
But a cradle of gold with the wind to sway you.</p> <p>Shóheen shó, and lú la ló,
Shóheen shó, my darling baby ;
Shóheen shó, and lú la ló,
Shóheen shó, my own sweet baby.</p> | <p>2. I'll lay you to rest in a sleep untroubled
On a quiet day in the height of summer,
On the broad clean floor of the hills, on the summit,
In shade of the trees, with breezes to lull you.</p> <p>3. And into your rest may pleasant dreams come,
And health be yours, my babe, from your sleeping ;
And I pray that no colic or child's diseases,
Nor any finger of death may reach you.</p> |
|---|--|

I heard a little girl from the Claddagh singing this song on one occasion when I was acting as adjudicator at a Féis at Galway. I knew the Petrie version of the song very well, so that I was able to note the slight variants in the words. I learned the air afterwards from her, but unfortunately I omitted writing it down. Later, however, I heard that Mr. O'Sullivan, N.T., organist of St. Patrick's Church, Galway, had taken it down from the same child, and I wrote to him asking for his record. I was fortunate in having done so, for in addition to sending me this air—which was exactly as I remembered it—he enclosed another fine air, “Δη Ὕρμννιλλίν Ὕεραδ,” which he had taken down from an old man in Barna, Galway. The little girl told me she had learned the song from her grandmother, who came from Clare.

Petrie has a beautiful air to this song, No. 1011; but I think the barring is wrong, as the strong beat falls on an unaccented word.

I had first written this song in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, as also had Mr. O'Sullivan, but, not being quite satisfied, I applied to a musical friend who is also a Gaelic scholar, and we agreed to render it as it is here given.

A fine translation of the Petrie version was made years ago by Dr. George Sigerson, and the air was arranged by Sir Charles Stanford.

47.—*An Cailín Uas Óg.*
(THE PRETTY YOUNG GIRL.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 68$

1. An cailín uas óg a bfuil mé ar a cóir, mo éiread máirne brón, ní
 dar-tar liom í, tríd éigim go tigh 'n óil, an uair' nó an rúiric; dé'
 lean - rath 'ra rúio í ar uair an meadóin-oidé'. 2. Mar is
 tur' an fear cóir a fuib-lar go léor, fáig dom - ra feó a béar
 as - am mar mnaoi. ná rann-tuig go uío maoin éor - dé ná bó, déc
 inn - reócaib mé nóir 'n-a a uóig - raib tú í.

3. Díob sí léigé óg gan máirg gan sruaim,
 scuamda go leor ar gac uile fóiric núb,
 tuigiméad ró-dear gan an iomarca bróio,
 síúo í mo rúiric ná mbéad sí gan ríigim.

ní béad eadruaimn éoidé' déc triois asur
 bhuigean,
 'S gan cion aici 'r núb o'á nglacrao mo lán.

4. O'á mbéinn-re cóim claon is go n-éaldócaim
 le mnaoi,
 ná é rin an núb a raedab or áro,

5. O'á éin' iao na mná tá 'n ancaim ionnta,
 ní féinir le fáib ná le ril' a éur ríor,
 'S é raedab o'á nglacab éoidé' in mo lán,
 ó éoirigeanm ré a' trídéad nó go bfuilid ré
 'nir.

TRANSLATION.

1. The pretty young girl I am in search of, My tormenting sorrow, that her I don't meet,
 When I go to the tavern, the dance, or the merry-making! But I shall follow her in the road at
 the hour of midnight. | 2. As you are an honest man, who travels much, Get for me a jewel who

will be my wife. Don't seek after wealth of sheep, or of kine, But I will tell you how you will select her. | 3. Let her be kindly and young, without sadness or ill-humour, Sufficiently skilled in everything, Intelligent and pretty, and without too much pride; Such would be my treasure though she had not a penny. | 4. Were I so depraved as to run away with a woman, Is not that the thing that would go abroad; We would never have anything but trouble and quarrelling, And she would sympathise with nothing my hand would take. | 5. However quiet the women are, the mischief is in them, Which prophet or poet cannot describe: All of their love that would ever enter my breast, Would be from the ebb to the flow of the tide.

I first heard this song from Mr. Sheridan, N.T., Milltown, and have since heard it from many others. I think its popularity is largely due to Mr. Michael Timony, who published the words of it in his "Διηγήσειν Ἰστορίας ἐν ἰατρικῇ." I am including it here without his permission, as I do not know where he is. I have been told that he returned to Australia.

In a note on the song he states that he took it down from a man in Achill, Co. Mayo. See also "Διηγήσειν Ἰστορίας ἐν ἰατρικῇ," p. 38.

48.—Ἄν κατῖν βάν.

(THE LITTLE WHITE CAT.)

♩ = 76

Dorian mode.

As sung by Mr. T. COLMAN.

ὄϊ* ἄν κατῖ - ἰν ἕλαρ ἀξ γυβαλ ἕο ὀεαρ, ἡυαῖρ ἄ
 ῥυαῖρ ῥι ἄ μαῖο - - ἰν ῥῖν - τε, 'S ζῆρ βλιαῖο ἀν ἑά ῥῖν
 ῥυαῖρ ῥι ἄ κλαῖν, καῖτε ἀ'ρ βῆῖτε ἰ ὀρῖν-ρε. ἄν
 κατῖ - ἰν βάν - - βάν - - βάν, ἄν κατῖ - ἰν βάν, κατ ὕμῃ-οε. ἄν
 ῥυῖρ - ἰν βάν - - ῥηεῖ - τα βάν ὀο βῆῖ - εἰῖ ἡρ - ἀ' ὀρῖν-ρε.

2. Ο'είρουξ αν μήδέαιριν ρυαρ 'η-α ρεαρσάν
 ηυαηρ α ρυαηρ ρι α μαησίν ρίντε ;
 Ξυξ ρι α βαιλ' έ, 'ρ ρυξνε ρι λεαβα,
 Δ'ρ έορμυξ ρι αηηρην ο'ά έαοιμεαδ.
 Δη αηητίν βάν, etc.

5. Βα ξλαρ ι α ρύιλ 'ρ βα θεαρ α ρυβαλ,
 Δ έορμειξ λύτμαρ έλστρηοη :
 1ρ μεαρρ λιοη ρύοη αξ ουλ ραοι 'η ύηρ
 ηά κύρξε μμηαν ο'ά έίρηεαδ.
 Δη αηητίν βάν, etc.

3. Βι ροηηε ο'ά ελαηηη αξ Δηηορύύ, Δη οαλλ,
 Δ'ρ έάνξαοαρ ι ηρσίηρ ο'ά έαοιμεαδ :
 τά με θεαρηδθα, ηά έλορηεανη Barry έ,
 ηάηρ ηάηε λειρ βάρ εαιε θρηξοε.
 Δη αηητίν βάν, etc.

6. Βι ερηε αρ θρηηηη Δη εαιηηη βάηη
 Κοη μόρ λε "jug" ερη ρίοντα,
 Δ'ρ ηάρ θεαρ Δη "show" αξ οαοιηβ μόρη.
 Δη αηητίν ρολλ θεαρ θρηξοε.
 Δη αηητίν βάν, etc.

4. Ηιορ θρηρ ρέ κόηρη ηά ξλαρ κοηαρηραη,
 Δ'ρ ηη ηα ηηβό ηιορ ηύλλ ρέ.
 Δξρηρ ηι ρααα τύ αέ' Δη ρεαηέρη
 Βι 'ξ ηα λυαηηαηβ ο'ά ηηηρηεαδ.
 Δη αηητίν βάν, etc.

7. Κυηρηδό ηάηητίν ηαιεήη κοήρη ελάηη Δη,
 Δ'ρ ηρ ρυξ-ηαιε υαηδ ρηη α θεάηηη,
 Δξρη μαρηαέ Δη ε-αη Δ θρηαηη ρέ βάρ
 ξεοβαμυη Δόβαρ αοιηηε.
 Δη αηητίν βάν, etc.

TRANSLATION.

1. The little grey cat was walking prettily, When she found her little son stretched (dead),
 And 'twas only a year since she found her family Cast out and drowned in a trench. The
 little white cat, white, white, The little white cat, Breed's cat, The little white cat, snowy
 white, That was drowned in the trench. | 2. The little mother stood upright When she found
 her little son dead; She brought him in and made a bed for him, And then began to lament
 him. | 3. Andrew, the blind, had some of her family, And they came together to lament
 him. I am sure if Barry hears it, He will regret the death of Breed's cat. | 4. He broke no chest,
 nor lock of the neighbours, Nor did he destroy the cows' butter. And you never heard such
 discourse, As the mice had in telling of it | 5. His eye was grey, his walk was pretty, His step
 was light and active: And I'd far rather be going into the clay, Than that the province of
 Munster should hear of it. | 6. The little white cat had a hump on his back As big as a three-
 pint jug. Wasn't he a fine show for the gentry to see, Poll, Breed's pretty little cat? |
 7. Walter's Martin will put a wooden coffin on him, And it's he that is well able. And were it
 not for the time at which he died We should have every cause for lamenting.

I took this song down from Miss Annie Hession (now Mrs. Keane), who heard it in Spiddal. It was taught to the school children there by Mr. Thomas Colman, N.T., now Inspector of schools. He tells me he heard some of the old people in the neighbourhood singing it. It was first printed in "Σηματα Δη ξειηηηδó," p. 55.

49.—ΑΝ ΟΛΙΣΤΟΕΛΕ ΒΑΝ.
(FAIR CASSIDY.)

Sung by Μάρτιν τια Βημαν,
Belclare, Tuam.

♩ = 80 Dorian mode.

1. Βι μέ λά βρεδς δ' ταδαιρ τυραιρ να Οηαιε, Δςυρ μέ Δς
 ζλιαρδαετ αρ αν ταοδ εαλλ, Δς κυρ τυαιρμς' αν εαίλιν .
 οειρ Δ ο'ράς μ'ιnn - - τnn βυαδαρτα, Δς - υρ ρυνne ρι
 ζυαλ οε mo εροιδε in mo λάρ. Ο'ατ mo ζυαίλ - ne ζο οσί mo
 ελαρ - - Δ Δς - υρ ρυαιρ μέ ρυαζηαδ ζλαν ζεαρ ό'η mbάρ, 'S ηί'L
 ουine οά ζυαλ. - - αιθ mo ρζεαλ αν
 υαιρ ρηη, ηαεαρ ουβαιρτ ζο ηβα τηυαζ βοετ αν Οαιρτοελε βάν.

2. Αρ εεανη αν ρταιρνε τά ρλίρ ζαε μαηζ-
 οεαν,
 'Σί ρίω μερθεοζ αν θρολλαιζ βάν.
 ηρ τηυαζ ηαε λιοη ι, ζαν βυαιθ ηά ρυνne
 ι,
 Δ'ρ ι βειε ζαν ευννηαρ λιοη αρ λάηη.
 Οεανραιν τεαε μοη θί αρ ρίη αν θόεαιρ,
 Δςυρ εηρρην οόητε ραιο η-α ελαηη,
 Δ'ρ Δ εήλιν όηρα, όά ηβηηζεά βο όοη,
 ηη οο εεαηζαλ ρόζηαιρ ηί εηρρην ρυηη.

3. ηαε αιρτεαε αν ηεαρύν ηε ζυρ εηρ τύ ι
 ζοείηλ οοη
 ηαε θράρραδ αν ρεαρ ηρθ αν ταλαη ανιοη,
 ηαε ηοεανραδ αν ζεαλαε ρολαρ οο εηρηνη
 Δ'ρ ηαε λαρραδ ηα ηεαλα ι οούρ ηα ηοηδ' ρ
 ηί'η ηηηζ ηά ρρηεαοαδ ι οεαρ ηα ζρήμε
 Δ'ρ ζο ηηάηαιθ να ηείρζ αρ αν ηυηρ ζαν θραοη
 Δ'ρ ζο η-εηρηζθ να τυητε εοη ηάηο ηειρ ηα
 ρλείθτε
 ζο οοο ηί εηρζερθ με ζηαδ μο εροηοε.

4. 'S bí me realao ag fógluim b'éaríla,
'S oubarrae an éleir go mba maíe mo éaint,
An raó úo eile, gan onnra céille,
Aéte mar na héimínib' raói b'árr na gcrann ;
Amuig 'ran oíóce gan fargab ná v'oean,
Agyrmeaéte' d'á fíor-éur raói ióctar gléann ;
'Sur a éúilín v'onn-vear ar éail me na
gráódaí leac
nár fágáó t'ú na gráíraí, mur n-éaluigir
liom.

5. Bí mé i scoláirte go ham mo b'éaríeá
Agyr m' an áro-r'gól ar feab cúig
blíadaí
Go b'ruair mé oíveaéar 7 cómaíre ó'n
eaglaí
Aéte faraoir cráíóce, b'ur mé éríó !

1r ríog-íórr m' faicéiof roíh ríe ná
n'gráíra
nac b'ruil ré i noán go v'ioctar raóí,
mar 1r mó mo p'eaóat ná leaé éruaíé'
p'óíraic,
mar g'eall ar gráó a éug mé v' m'gín máoír.

6. Síó i éarainn í, an eala b'an-vear,
Agyr í cóm gléarfa le bean ar bíe ;
Cruaé mar g'einaéó í i mb'ruinn a máéar,
mar 1r le haéaró mo b'áir a ruéab í.
níl bun eíbe ná tulán tímeaíll
ná gléannatán doíóinn a mb'íonn mo gráó
nac b'ruil ceol v'á f'einnim ann ve ló 1r
v'oióce,
A'f go b'p'ruíó Críóíre ar an gcaíreveaé
bán !

TRANSLATION.

1. I was one fine day making a pilgrimage to the Reek, And was going down on the far side of it, In quest of the girl who left my mind troubled And made my heart like a lump of coal. My shoulders swelled right up to my ears, And death sent me a short, sharp summons, And all who heard my story at the time Said that a hard lot had befallen fair Cassidy. | 2. At the head of the stairs is the flower of maidens, She is the joyful maiden of the white breasts. Alas! that she is not mine without conquest or money, And now in my hands without reckoning to pay. I would build her a house in view of the road And procure a coach for her children: And my girl of the amber hair, if you milked the cow for me, I wouldn't mind how you would tie sheaves in Autumn. | 3. Isn't it a strange reason by which you made me believe That the grass would not grow up through the land, That the moon would not give light over Ireland, And that the stars would not shine at the fall of night? There is no strength nor vigour in the heat of the sun, But until the fishes shall swim in a waterless sea, And the floods shall rise above the tops of the mountains, I will never desert the love of my heart. | 4. I spent a time learning the English language, And the clergyman told me my accent was good: For another long while was I without an atom of sense, But just as the birds on the tops of the trees. Out at night, without shelter or cover, And snow falling heavily in the valley below; And my pretty girl for whose sake I have lost my degree, May you not get grace if you don't come away with me. | 5. I was at College till the age of shaving, And five more years in the High School, Where I got education and advice from the Church, But my bitter grief! I broke through it all. Great is my fear before the King of Grace That I am not destined to come to salvation, For my sins are greater than half of Croagh Patrick On account of the love I gave the steward's daughter. | 6. There she is going past us, the pretty white swan, And she as well dressed as a woman could be: Alas! that she was born in the womb of her mother, For she was born to be the death of me. There is no sedge-bottom nor hillock around, Nor any pleasant glen that my love frequents In which music is not played both day and night; And may Christ help fair-haired Cassidy.

I wrote down this air from Martin O'Brien, N.T., Belclare, Tuam, who learned it from an old man in Ballycastle, Co. Mayo, with the exception of the slight variants in the first verse. He sang it to the version published in "Δημιόλιον Ἐλαίνης Ξαροῦλα," p. 22, by Professor O'Máille, five verses of which I give here with his permission.

I got another version from Pat O'Neill, Drumgriffin, who sang it to the same air as "Ἀναδ-Ἐυδία"; and a third one from the late John Glynn, Tuam.

Professor O'Máille in his volume on Carolan (*Irish Texts Society*, vol. xvii) says that Cassidy was a poet of North and East Connacht, but probably came originally from Ulster.

In "Σταμπα ὁν Ξεῖμιτῶ" there is a song given under the title "Ἄν Κατὰρὰδὲ Ὕδν."

Petrie has an air of this name, No. 1269.

50.—ΤΟΜΑΣ Ὕδν μαδ ΔΟΥΔΞΑΙΝ.

(FAIR THOMAS EGAN.)

Sung by MR. PAT O'NEILL,
Drumgriffin.

♩ = 84

1. 'S Ἀς ουλ ὁ ἔταδ ἄν τὸρραῖν ὅμο, εἰρη μέ εὐ-λαρ ἄρη μο
 ἴμαν. μο ἔρεαδ Ἀς-υρ μο ἔρηον νὰδ 'ῤα' μβαίλ' Ἀ εἰτὲ μέ'η
 οἰθὲ'. τὰ ἀρηαιου Ἀ' ζαδὰίλ ἔρεαρνα ἔρημον ῤ'Ἀς κομνιουε ἰ λάρ μο
 ἔρηουε; ἀε' Ἀ ῤῶρ μαρ' μβῖθὲ τὺ Ἀ βαίλ-ε λιον, νί ἴαρητῶ μέ βεο μί.

2. Ἀ'ῤ εἰμικε τὸμαρ Ὕδν ἄρη εὐαιρη εἰζαμ, ῤ μέ ἰ η-υαίζνεαρ λιον φέιν.
 'Σεμρο οὐδαρητ ῤε, " νὰ βῖοδ βυαῖρρεαδ ορη, νὰ ρυο ἄρη βῖτ μαρ ἔ,
 'Σε νο εἰλίη οὐαλαδ Ἀ ἴαρηβυζ μέ, 'ῤ ἰ ηγεαλλ ἄρη ερηόφαιρρεαρ μέ,
 'S ζυρ μεαρη λιον ζο ἴορ τὺ νὰ μο ἴαῖρην 'τὰ 'μο ὕεῖρ.'"

3. Ἀ'ῤ Ἀ κοῖθαρηαυνα ῤ Ἀ κοῖθαρηλεαδ, ἰ ἀ τὸίρητ ορη ἔ,
 νὰ εὐαῖρ μέ Ἀς μῖναδ ἄν εὐαιρη ῤε ῤῶρην ζεαλ μο ἔῤεῖβ'.

νί ἔρηαιρη μέ 'ῤιαῖν ορηδ-εὐαιρη ἄρη ζο φὸίλλ ὁ ρυζαδ μέ,
 Ἀ'ῤ μυρ ἔρηεῖον ἀετ Ἀς ζαδὰίλ ἄν ὕῖεῖρην ἔ, ζο οὔῖερεαδ ῤε μο ἔρηουε.

4. Δ' ἄρ τὰ κυρηεῶ θο οὐλλ εὐωννε ορησιν Δ' ἄρ
 καιτρεαμ Δ θυλ διν,
 θέρο διν ρειρύν σεατραήνναδ' οὐρ ζαεθίλ Δ' ἄρ
 Ολαιννε Ξαλλ,
 νί θλιζήθεαρ διν δετ βειρε εርίντ, ' ἄρ εροέ-
 ραιθεαρ ιαο, μο λέαν !
 μαρ τὰ τομάρ δάν μαε δοδαζάν ' ἄρ μαε
 υί μάολάν λε η-α έαοθ.

5. Δ τομάρ θάν θο ειννε, ' ἄρ εἴ ρεαρ ' ἄρ
 ρτόρ μο εροίθε
 Δ τομάρ Δ υουζ μέ ζεαν υιτ ρεαδάρ ρεαραιθ
 ός' διν τραοζαίλ,
 εροεραίθεαρ εἴ θο ειννε μυρ' θρπιλ Δζ
 ζηράτταίθ υέ,
 'S Δ θία, ηαε μόρ διν ρεαλλ έ, διν ρλαννα
 θρεάξ μαρ έ.

6. 'S Δ τομάρ θάν ηήε δοδαζάν, ' ἄρ μο
 λέαν εἴ Δ' ουλ ι ζοείν,
 Δ' ἄρ σε ηονηναδ λιον υο ηάιερήν βειε θρόναε
 ηη υο θίαίθ.

Ὅά ηβείτεά δρ λεαβαίθ διν θάιρ αιεί, εια ' ἄρ
 όάρ υί εἴ βειε τιν,
 Δε' υο εροεάδ δρ ηα ράτταεαίθ, ' ἄρ διν θάιρ-
 τεαε λε υο θρπιμ !

7. Δ' ἄρ ηί ρλαο μαηιηερεαε νά τεαμπαίλλ Δ
 ηιννε ρτόρ μο εροίθε,
 ηί ροίλ νά ζείη Δ ραντυίξ ρέ, νά ηυο δρ
 θιε μαρ έ,
 Δε' μαρ ζεαλλ δρ θόλαετ Stanley υο εροεάθ
 έ, μο λέαν !
 'S διν τεά Δ θρπιλ ζηάθ υο Ολαινν ηα ηΞαλλ
 Δίξε, διν σεανν θο ζεαλλιέ ρέ.

8. θέρο ζάροα θρεάξ, λάιουρ Δζ τεαετ λε
 ρτόρ μο εροίθε,
 θέρο ζεαηαεταίξ Ολαινν Ὀάλαίξ ' ἄρ δρην
 υεαρξ διν Ρίοζ,
 θέρο μαζορ ός ό Conaill ' ἄρ ό Ceallaίξ δρ
 Ολαινν Δοίθ
 'S ὁά ηβεάθ εηιήρ μαρ ό Conaill όζ Δζαμ,
 ηί εροεραίθε ρτόρ μο εροίθε.

TRANSLATION.

1. Coming from the wake-house I first knew my love, My torment and my sorrow, that I did not spend the night at home. The pang goes right through me, and for ever rests in my heart. Ah! my treasure, if you will not come with me, I won't be alive in a month. | 2. Thomas Bán came to visit me, when I was lonely by myself, And he said, "Don't be troubled, or in any way upset, It's your flowing hair has distracted me, and on that account I shall be hanged: And you are dearer to me than my mother whom I leave behind me." | 3. Oh! neighbours and advisers, do not blame me If I went to give the information to the bright treasure of my heart. I never got a bad account of him since the day I was born, And if I only saw him going the boren it would raise up my heart. | 4. We are summoned to Kilkenny, and we must go; There will be Quarter Sessions there of Irishmen and foreigners. There will be only one pair adjudged, and they, alas! will be hanged, Namely, Fair Thomas Egan, and Whelan by his side. | 5. Oh! Fair Thomas, assuredly you are the love and treasure of my heart. Oh! Thomas, whom I loved beyond the young men of the world. You will surely be hanged unless God's grace assists you, And, oh God! what a crime it would be such a fair plant as he. | 6. Oh! Fair Thomas Egan, 'tis my grief that you're going away, And I am not surprised that your mother is sad after you. If you were on your death-bed before her, she would never mind your being sick, But to be hanged by the heels and the rain beating down on your back! | 7. It was not the robbing of a monastery or of a church that my love had done, It wasn't meat or fat that he coveted, or any thing of the kind. But on account of the cattle of Stanley, he was hanged, my grief! And may he who loves the foreigners, may he lose his head. | 8. There will be a fine strong guard coming with the love of my heart; There will be Fitzgerald of Cluandaly, and the red army of the King. Young Major O'Connell will be there, and Kelly of Cluan-ee; And if only I had three men like young O'Connell, the treasure of my heart would not be hanged.

I got the words and air of this song from Mr. Pat O'Neill, Drumgriffin. With slight variants the song is given in "Δημιόλιον Cισιννε Ξαεόεαλ," p. 45. Professor O'Máille in the notes appended to the song says that Egan was a Mayo man who "ran away" with the daughter of a man named Stanley, one of the privileged English settlers. The eloping party were pursued by Stanley, and Egan was seized and cast into prison. In accordance with the peculiar administration of the law of the time, where a mere Irishman was concerned, the sentence passed on him was "to be hanged by the heels." But tradition has it (though verse 7 seems to the contrary) that his lady-love composed this song for the occasion and secured his pardon.

Mr. Philip Waldron tells me that the song is still very popular in Connemara.

The air is a well-known one. For variants see Petrie, Nos. 26, 48, and 109.

51.—ÓRÓ, 'míle ζηρό.
(ÓRÓ, MY THOUSAND LOVES.)

Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown, Tuam.

♩. = 120 *Aeolian mode.*

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in 6/8 time, Aeolian mode. The first staff contains the first line of the song with lyrics: 1. Δ'ῖ ὀ - ρό, 'míl - e ζηρό! Δ'ῖ ὀ - ρό, 'míl - e ζηρό! Seo. The second staff continues with: bob-er - ó le 'oo bob-er - ó, zo n'éirige an lá bán. The third staff continues with: ó - ρό, ó - ρό, ó - ρό, Δ'ῖ ὀ - ρό, 'míl - e ζηρό.

- 2. Δ'ῖ ὀρό, 'míle ζηρό, Δ'ῖ ὀρό, 'míle ζηρό!
Seo píora pinginn uirt, ná bí do mo
bosaídl.
'S ὀρό, ὀρό, ὀρό, 'ῖ ὀρό, 'míle ζηρό!
- 3. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .
má tá píora pinginn aḡat mictis 'ῖ cean-
nais luét ῖḡaóán.
'S ὀρό . . .
- 4. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .
Zo ucaéuḡis ῖaca lomca tú i mbéiró
ḡealac in a lár.
'S ὀρό . . .
- 5. Δ'ῖ ὀρό . . .
Cus tú c-éiteac a ῖeanuimín, ῖin bῖeas
acá tú a' ῖáo'.
'S ὀρό . . .

6. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
Σξῖδ Δ'ῖ ρξεαδ, α λορξα θρεαα 'ῖ νι θρεαξ
ατά μέ α ράδ.
'S ὄρο . . .
7. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
'S μαῖε κολεαρ σεάατα θέαηραδ αν τ-ῖηρόν
ατά αν το ξηάδ.
'S ὄρο . . .
8. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
μαιρ! ῖρ μαῖε αν ριορταλ ρόαα θέαηραδ
αν τ-ῖηρόν αν το ξηάδ-ρα.
'S ὄρο . . .
9. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ξαδ 'ῖυθαδ, ῖξοῖλλ-έλυαινε μαῖοιη θηύατα
le mo ξηάδ.
'S ὄρο . . .
10. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ξο ῖυθαῖῖῖῖῖῖ-ῖε ράηε α' τεαμπαῖλλ
αν μο ξλύηηδ le mo ξηάδ.
'S ὄρο . . .
11. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ο'φειρεά εαλλ, ῖαῖαηα αν λαραδ ατά
αν μο ξηάδ!
'S ὄρο . . .
12. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
τά λαραδ θυῖδε να ηεῖοηνε, ῖηρῖοῖοῖν
οο ξηάδ'.
'S ὄρο . . .
13. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
έυαῖδ μο ξηάδ αν θαῖλε ῖεο ῖῖῖῖ ῖη α
"jaunting car."
'S ὄρο . . .
14. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ῖιορ ξαδ οο ξηάδ αν θαῖλε ῖεο ὄ ξοῖο
ῖε αν ξαννοαλ βάν.
'S ὄρο . . .
15. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
"Caroline αν Ballindine" 'ῖ "leggings"
αν αν ξελαῖρ.
'S ὄρο . . .
16. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
"Up and down the market town and into
Johnny Ward's."
'S ὄρο . . .
17. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ξαδ μο ξηάδ ξο ῖαῖαηα αξ ῖαοηραδ
ῖῖῖῖ 'ῖα λά.
'S ὄρο . . .
18. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ξαδ οο ξηάδ ξο ῖαῖαηα ῖαῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ
αν να ηηά.
'S ὄρο . . .
19. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ξαδ μο ξηάδ ξο ῖαῖαηα αξ σεαηηαετ
"mantle cloth."
'S ὄρο . . .
20. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ὀαῖηῖεοέαῖηη-ῖε ῖῖ le ῖεῖο μο έῖοῖδε
αν εαοδ να ααρῖαῖε βάν'.
'S ὄρο . . .
21. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
τά ῖάηεῖοῖν να ῖεαετ η-ααρῖαῖε αξ ῖῖῖῖ
'ξυρ αξ ῖεαξάη.
'S ὄρο . . .
22. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
τά ῖάηεῖοῖν να ῖεαετ η-ααρῖαῖε ῖαοῖ
ῖεαε ῖῖῖῖῖῖ αξ οο ξηάδ.
'S ὄρο . . .
23. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ὀέαῖηῖῖῖ ῖαῖηηῖῖ έῖῖο αν εαηηαε αξ
ῖῖῖῖ 'ξυρ αξ ῖεαξάη.
'S ὄρο . . .
24. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
ὀά ηβέαδ ξηάηηηη "pepper" αν οο
ῖῖῖῖ ηεαῖηηη ηοηεῖο ῖιορ ῖεαῖῖ.
'S ὄρο . . .

25. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 Ὅο φίλ μέ γεαί ὀε'ν ε-ῖαοξάλ ῖαο ὄ ζυῖ
 μαο μαοῖη Δ βί ιη μο ξῖρό.
 'S ὄρο . . .
26. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 Δ λειρρεάόάιν Δ'ῖ Δ ξιολαόάίν, ῖη βῖρέαξ
 ατά τῦ Δ' ῖρό.
 'S ὄρο . . .
27. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 ἱῖ ιοηοα ηαῖη ὀεαηηαῖξ ῖεαῖ ῖαοα ῖααῖ
 ὄ'η ῖῖεαῖ ῖεαῖη.
 'S ὄρο . . .
28. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 ηῖῖε βοξ Δ'ῖ βαῖηαό βυῖθε Δ ῖῖυῖ Δξ
 αῖηηεαόάηε ῖε ῖάξάῖ.
 'S ὄρο . . .
29. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 ηά λειξῖθ Ὅα Δ'ῖ μῖηηε! ἱῖ ὀεαῖ Δ
 βααῖξ ῖαοα αη αῖηαόάη.
 'S ὄρο . . .
30. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 "Your love would eat as much αεηηαῖξ
 (colcannon) as would plaster a stone wall."
 'S ὄρο . . .
31. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 "Your love would carry the kettle for the
 sake of the βῖηαόάη (gruel)."
 'S ὄρο . . .
32. Δ'ῖ ὄρο . . .
 "My love would carry the sack, where
 another ῖηαξ (lout) would fall."
 'S ὄρο . . .

TRANSLATION.

1. Oró, my thousand loves, Here's boberó come to bother you till the bright day comes. |
 2. Here's a penny for you, and don't be annoying me. | 3. If you have a penny piece, go and buy
 a load of herrings. | 4. May a peeled potato with a moon in its middle choke you. | 5. You are a
 liar, little old man, those are lies you are telling. | 6. Skib and skab bracked skins, and it isn't a
 lie I am telling. | 7. Your love's nose would make a fine coulter for a plough. | 8. Musha! your
 love's nose would make a fine pocket pistol. | 9. To walk in Killeclooney on a dewy morning with
 my love. | 10. That I might walk the church field on my knees with my love. | 11. You'd see
 beyond in England the radiance of my love. | 12. There is the yellow blush of consumption on
 the cheeks of your love. | 13. My love went through this town in his jaunting car. | 14. Your love
 did not pass this townland since he stole the white gander. | 15. A caroline from Ballindine and
 leggings out of Claremorris. | 16. Up and down, etc. :— | 17. My love went to England to earn a
 pound a day. | 18. Your love went to England to live at the women's expense. | 19. My love went
 to England to buy cloth for a mantle. | 20. I'd dance a reel with the treasure of my heart beside
 the white rock. | 21. Sheela and John have the little seven-acre field. | 22. Your love has stocked
 the seven-acre field with crows. | 23. Sheela and John have a little sandy road through the
 marsh. | 24. If there was a grain of pepper on your lip no bobero would be better. | 25. I thought
 for a time, long ago, that my love was a steward's son. | 26. It's lies you're telling, you leprehaun
 and you ragman. | 27. Many a time the tall man bought potatoes from the small man. | 28. Soft
 water and yellow tow, which is all the old women get. | 29. God and Mary prevent it; it's nicely
 they rock the cradle.

52.—SAL-IÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í.

Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 180$

1. SAL - IÚ - NÚ - ΔΕΡ - Í RÚ - NÚ - ΔΕΡ - Í, SIBDALPAIB CÚ
 ΔΑΡΤ Δ - ΣΥΡ ΡΑΪΣ ΜΟ ΜΙΑΝ ΡΕΪΝ ΟΑΜ, SAL-IÚ - NÚ - ΔΕΡ - Í RÚ-NÚ - ΔΕΡ - Í.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. SAL-IÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í, RÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í,
Bridget Burke, Δ ΒΥΑΪΛ ΔΡ ΔΝ ΜΒΕΥΛ ΜΕ,
SAL-IÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í, RÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í. | 3. SAL-IÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í, RÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í,
Dennis Flannery, Δ ΔΕΪΜΗΝ ΣΟ Η-ΕΔΣ ΟΥΤ,
SAL-IÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í, RÚ-NÚ-ΔΕΡ-Í. |
|---|--|

TRANSLATION.

1. . . . You will go over and find my love for me. | 2. . . . Bridget Burke, who struck me on the mouth. | 3. . . . Denis Flannery, whom I give for ever to you.

53.—BÍ LIOM BÍ.

Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 144$

1. BÍ LIOM BÍ, 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ, CÁ ΣΥΝΡΕΔ-ΜΥΡΟ Δ
 ΟΟ - ΛΑΘ ΛΑΝΑΜΑΪΝ ΕΡΟΪΔΕ? 'S BÍ LIOM BÍ, 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. BÍ LIOM BÍ, 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ,
1 LEABARÓ ΔΙΤΙΝΝ 1 Ο-ΤΟΜ ΔΝ ΤΙΣΕ,
'S BÍ LIOM BÍ, 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ. | 3. BÍ LIOM BÍ, 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ,
CÉ ΔΝ ΘΕΑΝ ΟΣ Δ ΕΑΪΛ Δ ΕΡΟΪΔΕ?
'S BÍ LIOM BÍ; 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ. |
| 4. BÍ LIOM BÍ, 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ,
ΣΕΔΓΑΝ ΜΑC ΔΟΙΘ Δ ΤΟΪΣΡΕΘ ΜΟ ΕΡΟΪΔΕ.
'S BÍ LIOM BÍ, 'ΔΡ ΝΟÓ' ΝÁ BÍ. | |

TRANSLATION.

1. . . . Where shall we put the married couple to sleep? | 2. . . . In a bed of furze at the end of the house. | 3. . . . Who is the young woman who lost her heart? | 4. . . . John McHugh it is would raise up my heart.

51, 52, and 53. Those three numbers are examples of the game or occupation songs given to me by Mrs. Hoban. The couplets of No. 51 are as she remembered singing them in her youth. They were not all improvised, as I have heard some of them from other sources. They are as a rule very personal in character, but I suppose half their attraction lay in the fact that, under cover of the game, the singer could be insulting with impunity.

For other airs of this class see Petrie, Nos. 1367, 1368, 1369; 1366 and 1474.

54.—'S ÓRÓ, DOWNEY.
(ÓRÓ, DOWNEY.)

Sung by MRS. HOBAN, Milltown, Tuam.

♩ = 120 *Dorian mode.*

1. 'S ó - ró, Down - ey, 'S ó - ró dee, τά Downey 'n-a
 óo-λαó 'r nár éir-igir ré coróó'! τά Downey Lincoln, 'r τά Downey
 Leeds, 'S τά Downey 'n-a óoolab 'r nár éir-igir ré. coróó'. 'S ó - ró,
 Down - ey 'r ó - ró dee, 'r τά Downey 'n-a óoolab 'r nár éir-igir ré coróó'.

2. τά Downey Lincoln, 'r τά Downey Leeds,
 'S τά Downey 'n-a óoolab, 'r nár éir-igir ré
 coróó',
 'S óró, Downey, 'r óró dee,
 τά Downey 'n-a óoolab, 'r nár éir-igir ré coróó'.

3. Óait mé reáct reáctáinne 'r ceirne lá
 veug,
 τά Downey 'n-a óoolab, 'r nár éir-igir ré coróó',
 'S óró, Downey, etc.

4. Δ' cnumnuab na hcaillíní rábáil an
 feir
 τά Downey 'n-a óoolab 'r nár éir-igir ré coróó',
 'S óró, Downey, etc.

5. τά Downey n hcaillín, 'r τά Downey
 hcaillín,
 τά Downey 'n-a óoolab 'r nár éir-igir ré
 coróó'.
 'S óró, Downey, etc.

* There is a peculiar note which occurs in the word "dee." It is neither C nor C#. I heard Mrs. Hoban sing it many times, and she never varied.

TRANSLATION.

1. . . . Downey is asleep, and may he never get up! . . . | 2. Downey is in Lincoln, and Downey is in Leeds. . . . | 3. I spent seven weeks and fourteen days, . . . | 4. Gathering the girls for saving the hay. . . . | 5. Downey is in Galway, and Downey is in Cluan-sheen. . . .

This song differs from the preceding ones in that it seems to have been used not so much as an occupation song as a "wake game." Mrs. Hoban tells me that she remembers this song being sung in her youth, but only on the occasion of the wake of an old person. Such practices, however, have long since ceased among the Western peasantry. It is not easy now to get even an accurate account of how the game was played. I have been told that one of the gathering simulated the dead man, stretching himself across some chairs and covering himself with a sheet. The others who took part in the game would then gather round and sing verses, for the most part of an impromptu kind, until the seemingly dead man would get tired and come to life again.

Lady Wilde speaks of these rude dramas and games in her "Myths and Legends,"

55.—ΑΝΑΘ-ΪΥΔΗΝ.
(ANNAGHDOWN.)

Sung by PAT O'NEILL,
Drumgriffin, Co. Galway.

$\text{♩} = 68$ *Dorian mode.*

1. μά πῶσαιμ-ρε ρῶντε ἴρ φαυά βέρθεαυ ἐπάτ-αθ, ἀρ ἀν μέρο σο
 βλίτ-εαθ ἀρ ἀν - ἀέ - Ἰυδην 'Σ μο ἐρωδῆ ἀ - μάρ - ἀέ ῥαέ ἀτ-αιρ'ρ
 μά - εαιρ, βεαν ἀ'ρ πάρ-τε τά ἀ ρίλ - εαθ ρίλ. ἀ ρί να
 η-ῥάρ-τα, εεαρ νεαίη ἀ'ρ πάρρ-εαρ, νάρρ βεαῆ ἀν τ-αθ-θαέτ νόμν βερρτ να
 ἐρῆρ. ἀέ' λά εοίη βρεάῆ λερ ῥαν ῥαοίτ να
 βάρ - τεαέ, λάν ἀ' βάρο ἀ - κα ἀ ῥῥαθαθ ἀρ ρυθαλ.

2. Πάν μόρι αν τ-ιουγναδ ορ κόμηαιρ να
ποδοιμε

Δ βρεϊριμτ ρίντε αρ εΰλ Δ ζουιν,
Σημεωαδ Δ'ρ καοιμεαν το ρζανηρόεαδ
ποδοιμε

Ζημαδ ο'δ οιαρωδ 'ρ αν ερεαδ ο'δ ροιμν.
Οι βυαδαίλιβε δγα ανη εζεαδτ αν ρόζημαιρ,
ο'δ ρίμεαδ αρ ερόδαρ, 'ρ ο'δ οταδαμτ ζο
cill,

'S ζυρ β'έ ζλευρ Δ βρόρτα οο βι ο'δ
οτορμω

'S Δ Όια να ζλόιμε, νάρ μόρι αν ρεαλλ!

3. Ανηγύο Όια η-δοιμε ελμυρεδ αν καοιμεαδ
Δζ τεαδτ ζαε ταοβ, Δζυρ ζημεωαδ βορ,
Δ'ρ Δ λάν ταρ οιοθε εηομ ταιρρεαδ ελαοιότε
ζαν κεο λε οέμωμ Δαα Δετ Δ' ρίμεαδ
οορρ.

Δ Όια 'ρ Δ ερίορτα ο'φυλαίμζ τοόδαμτ
οο εεανμωζ [ζο] ρίρμνεαδ αν βοετ 'ρ αν
νοετ

ζο ράρηδαρ ναοιότα ζο οτυζαμ ραορ λεατ
ζαε [ερεατύρ] οιοβ οά'ρ ετιτ ραοι αν
λοτ.

4. Milleán ζεάρ αρ αν ιοηαο κεόηα
νάρ λαγαο ρεulte ανη 'ρ νάρ ερμζιό ζημην,
οο βάτε αν μέαο ύο οο ερμωλλ ι η-είμφεαδτ
ζο ζαίλιμ αρ Δοηαδ ζο μοε Όιαρσοοιη.
να ρηρ ζο ζλευραδ ελιαδ 'ζυρ κεαδτ,
οο ερεαδαδ ηρέμηρα 'ρ οο ερμωτεαδ ριολ,
Δ'ρ να μωά οά ρέιρ ρηρ οο οεαηραδ ζαε Δοη
μωο
οο ρηοιόηραδ ηρέμω Δζυρ Αηαιμτ εαοι.

5. Baile-cláir οο βι Αηαιτε λαίηε
ηιορ λειζ αν τ-άο ούοιβ Δ ζαβάιλ Αηιορ,
Οι αν βάρ εομ λάνοιρ ναε οτυζ ρέ εάρωο
ο'Δοη ηαε μάδαρ οά'ρ ρυζαδ ριαμ.
μμνα ρζεάλ Δ κεαραδ ούοιβ αν λά ρο Δ
μβάοιτε

Δ ριζ να ηζηάρα νάρ βοετ αν ηύο,
Δετ Δ ζκαίλεαδ υιτε ζαν λοε νά ράιτε,
λε ρεαν-βάο ζηάμνα 'ρ ιαο λάμν λε εηρ.

1. If my health is spared I'll be long relating
Of that boat that sailed out of Anach Cuain,
And the keening after of mother and father
And child by the harbour, the mournful croon!
O King of Graces, who died to save us,
'Twere a small affair for but one or two,
But a boat-load bravely in calm day sailing
Without storm or rain to be swept to doom.

2. What wild despair was on all the faces
To see them there in the light of day,
In every place there was lamentation
And tearing of hair as the wreck was shared ;
And boys there lying when crops were ripening,
From the strength of life they were borne to
clay ;
In their wedding clothes for their wake they
robed them,
O King of Glory, man's hope is vain.

3. And then on Friday you'd hear them crying
On every side as their hands they wrung,
And morning found them unnerved and power-
less
When the laying out of each corpse was done.
O Jesus Christ, by the Cross You died on,
To offer Your life for the poor and the slave,
Bring them safely home to the light of glory,
Oh ! rest the souls of the drowned that day!

4. Misfortune light on the spot they died in,
May no star shine there or dawning ray,
It drowned such numbers who made the journey
That fatal Thursday to Galway fair ;
Men who could manage the plough and harrow,
And break the fallow and scatter seed,
And women whose fingers were deft and nimble
To spin fine linen and frieze to weave.

5. On the shore beside Ballyclare was lying,
But fate was unkind when they made for port;
Strong Death was sudden, no pity stirred him,
No mother's son could escape his stroke. -
If their drowning day wasn't fixed and fated,
O King of Graces, their lot was hard,
Not on lake nor ocean, yet weak and hopeless,
In a wretched boat, and in sight of land. .

6. Δ Ριξ na ηΣηάρα έρηταίξ ηεαή α'ρ πάηηέαη
 Δ'ρ Δ Όέ, cia αν κάη ούμνη ηεηηη na ηημήη
 Δέη λά έοή ηηεάξ ηηη ηαν ηαοιέ ηαν βάηηεαέ,
 Δγυη λάν [αν] βάηο Δεα οο ουλ ηο τóηη.
 Όηηη αν βάο Δγυη βάηεαο na ηαοηηε,
 Σγαη na ααοηηξ άνηνη ηαν ηηηάη,
 Δ'ρ Δ Όέ, ηαέ άνηηηη βί'αν η-άη ηόηη οέαητα
 Δη άοη ηεαη οέαξ Δγυη οέταη ηηά.

6. O King of Graces, who died to save us,
 'Twere a small affair for but one or two,
 But a boatload bravely in calm day sailing,
 Without storm or rain, to be swept to doom!
 The boat sprang a leak and let all the people
 And frightened sheep out adrift on the tide;
 It beats all telling what fate befell them,
 Eleven strong men and eight women to die!

7. Όι άιέηε α'ρ μάίηηε άνη, ηηά 'γυη. πάηη-
 ηόηε,
 Δξ ηολ 'η Δξ ηάηηέαοιη 'η Δξ ηεηε na ηηεόηη,
 Δ'ρ ηηά οά ηέηη ηηη οο ηέαηηάο άοη ηηο
 Όο ηηηόηηηάο ηηέηόηηη Δ'ρ άνηηηη έαόλ.
 Δ τσηαιη ηι έαταίη, βα ηόηη αν ηξέαλ έú
 Όο έηεαβηά ηηαηηηα οο έηηηηεά ηίολ
 Δ'ρ Δ ηιαέτα ηηαέαίηηη οο έηαιέηηεάο λάν
 ηεαη,
 ηηο ηεαη 'η έú βάηόηε η η-άηαέ-έυαηη.

7. What calling and crying of mother and child
 then,
 Of husband and wife, what despair and tears,
 And women whose fingers were deft and nimble
 To spin fine linen, and frieze to weave.
 Ah! 'tis you were matter for grief, Tom Cahill,
 You'd plough the fallow, o'er furrows you'd
 stoop,
 And men around took your handshake proudly,
 My grief, and you drowned now in Anach Cuain.

8. Δ ηέάξαιη ηι έοηηαηηη βα ηόηη αν ηξεαλ έú
 ηηη ηεαη έú άηηαή η ηηηηη ηά η ηβάο
 Δ'ρ Δ ηιαέτα αοηηέοηη ηέηηηηη ηηέβαι έú
 Ό λονδον άηάηη ηο οηι βέαη-ηηάέ,
 άη υαηη οο ηαοιη έú ηηάηη ηο ηέαηηη
 ηηη na ηηά όγα οηη 'βος Δ'ρ έαηη,
 'S ηηη ηαοιη οο ηαίέηηηηη οά ηηβάίέηηε έέαο
 ηεαη
 ηο οηηηεά ηέηη 'βαηε ηλάν.

8. We mourn your loss, too, brave Seán
 O'Cosgair,
 You towered aloft in the ship or the boat,
 And a long, long journey you came amongst us,
 Across from London to Béalítrá's shore.
 When you tried to win to the shore by
 swimming,
 You were held by women, your strength they
 broke;
 But your mother was proud, and she'd say
 about you,
 Though a hundred were drowned, you'd come
 safely home.

9. Όι μάηηε ηηο ηηαδάηη άνη, ηηηηηάηη
 ηξέξεαη,
 άη αηηηηη ηηέηηηηηηάηηηη βί Δγαιηη ηαν άηη;
 ηξεαη ηί η ηέηη ηο ηοέ Όηα έεαοάοηη
 ηε ουλ έυη άοηαίξ ο έηος ηεαλάηη,
 Όι εότα ηηηηη ηε έόγα άη έάοαίξ
 έάηηηη ηαε Δ'ρ ηηβίηηό βάν',
 Δγυη ο'ηάξ ηί Δ μάίέηηηη ηηηηηάέ έηαιέηε
 Δξ ηεηε na ηηεόηη άηίη ηο ηηάέ.

9. And Mary Ruane, too, the star of maidens,
 The sky-bright lady, the light of our lives,
 She was long preparing, that morning early,
 To go to the fair dressed up like a bride,
 In a coat well made with a narrow waist-band,
 A cap of lace and streamers of white;
 But her mother awaited her footstep vainly,
 And never a day comes to dry her eyes.

10. λοηηαδ ηξέηηε Δγυη ηγάηηαδ έλέηηε
 άη άη άηη άη έάγαοαηη, Δ'ρ ηηηηέαηη έηηαηό,
 ηαη 'η ηοηβα έηεάέηηηηη ο'ηάξ ηέ Δξ ηέαηη-
 ηολ
 Δξ ηηεαό 'η Δξ έάγεαοηη ηαέ ηαίόηηη ηηαηη.

10. May burning mountains come tumbling
 down on
 That place of drowning, may curses fall,
 For many's the soul it has filled with mourning
 And left without hope of a bright day's dawn.

ní síogbáil eólaíir no éuir o'á' scéoiri iao
 déc mi-áó móir bí ran gcairleán nuad,
 'sé criochnugúó an abríam gur báiteabó
 mórián
 o'fás áóbar bólaíir ag anaó-éuain.

The cause of their fate was no fault of sailing,
 'Twas the boat that failed them, the Caisleán
 Nuadh,
 And left me to make with a heart that's breaking
 This lamentation for Anach Cuain.

I took this song down from my friend Pat O'Neill, who lives at Drumgriffin, Annaghdwn. I never heard it sung to any other air than the one given. The poem was composed by Raftery to commemorate the terrible disaster which befell the people of Annaghdwn when on their way to the Fair in Galway.

About thirty villagers with ten sheep and other goods set off in an old boat from the shores of Lough Corrib to go the eight miles into Galway. In those days there was no direct road, and the lake was the nearest way. The boat was rotten, and when within two miles of Galway a leak was sprung. One of the men endeavoured to plug it with his coat, and pressing with his heel to drive it more firmly in, drove the whole plank out of the boat. In a few seconds all these poor people were struggling in the water, and although they were close to the land, nineteen of them were drowned, eleven men and eight women.

Pat always maintains that there were two songs written on the subject, one by Raftery, and one by a local poet named Cosgrave (Cofgriac), as he says Raftery was a stranger and could not have known the people's names or anything about them. What probably happened was that some local man added verses to Raftery's original poem.

I have been told that the song is sometimes known as "Cnoc á' Deáilín," the name of the place (mentioned in the song) at which the Fair was held. I give the full version of the song as contained in "Songs of Raftery," p. 146, with Dr. Hyde's permission. The translations of this and the next song are from a different pen.

Cιa'n bpuξ γaν μέλo γιν ζo bpaίγeτε άλέaργυρ,
 άη βλάε na ζαpaέb aτά le n-a έaοιb,
 ni'l maic o'á γeυνάo á' r ná ceil άη aenne,
 'Si rpepa na ζpéine άgyr ζpáo mo έpoιoε.

4. Siúbaíl mé Saçpaña 'r άη fpaime le céite,
 άη Spáin, άη ζhpéiz, άgyr άη m'áir άnér,
 ó bpuáé loé ζpéine ζo βéal na Céite,
 'S ní paçaió mé péipín άη bié maρ i.
 Oá mbéinn-ge pórta le βλάé na h-óige
 Cpé loé άη Tópaiç oo leaupainn i,
 Cuañta á' r cópταιó ζo puóbalpaínn á' r bóitpe
 á noiaiz άη cpéoió-bean tá i mbáile-
 ui-liáz.

5. 'Si máine ni h-eiúo άη ptaío-bean ðeupaó,
 Oá ðeipe méin άgyr b'áille ζnaoi,
 Oá céao cléipeaé, 'r á çour le céite'
 άgyr cpian á cpéitpe ní féaopaó pçpíob.
 Ouaíl rí Oéipope le bpeáξáct á' r Oénuρ,
 'S oá n-áupaínn hélén le'r pçpíopaó
 άη Cpiaoι,
 áct η rçoé ðan éipunn άη ucé άη níeio γιν,
 άη pópae glégeal tá i mbáil'-ui-liáz.

6. á péaltaín άη cpoluip άgyr á ζpían άη
 fóξmáip,
 á éaílfíonn ómpa άgyr á çuro ðe' ncpaoxáλ,
 άη nçlupaipéá liom-γa paoi cómpaip άη
 Oómpnaiz,
 no ζo noéaípaμαoiç cómpaip le cá mbéip
 άη puióe.
 níop níop liom ceól ouc ζáé aon oíóe
 Oómpnaiz,
 puunppe άη bómp άgyr oá n-ólpá píon,
 á' r áiz na ζlóipe ζo cpunmiz άη bócpai,
 ζo bpaξ mé άη cp-eólap ζo ðaíl'-ui-liáz.

3. 'Tis airy walking beside the mountain
 And looking down upon Ballylee,
 Through glens of blackthorn bush and hazel,
 And birds like fairies in choir you hear.
 What use is all unless fate allots you
 The Branches' Blossom to crown delight?
 I can't deny or conceal it ever
 That she's my treasure, my sunlit sky.

4. I walked through England and France for
 years once,
 Through Spain and Greece and the long way
 home,
 And from Loch Gréine to Galway's quay-side,
 But her beauty's equal I've never known.
 Were my bride this Flower of Tir-na-n-óg now,
 Through Loch an Tóraic I'd ride my steed,
 By coasts and harbours and trackless oceans
 If I lost the Rosebud of Ballylee.

5. Oh, Mary Hynes is my choice of ladies
 For matchless face and bewitching eyes ;
 The host of learned scholars of Erin
 One-half her fairness could hardly write.
 Don't talk of Venus or Deirdre's true love,
 Or Helen whose beauty filled Troy with spears,
 The Blossom of Erin outshines their glory,
 The bright-hued Posy of Ballylee.

6. O Sun of Harvest, O Starlight glancing,
 O locks of amber, my share of joy,
 Will you fly with me now, before next Sunday,
 Through all the world we can dwell at choice.
 On Sunday evenings I'd play you music
 When wicks illumine the wine and mead ;
 O King of Glory, make dry the roadway
 That leads me over to Ballylee.

This is one of the most popular of Raftery's songs, and is sung to the same air as "Añac-Çuan" (No. 55).

At p. 330 of the "Songs of Raftery" An Cpuaoín gives a very interesting account of Mary Hynes told to him by a relative of hers, Tommy Hynes, from whom also he obtained this song.

Petrie has an air of this name, No. 1542.

57.—PEIGIÓ MISTÉAL.

(PEGGY MITCHELL.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. b'áit liom bean o'imreó - áab cleap, 'r nac gclirfeab ar Δ
 ghráb, siubalrab ar - teac le gheann ar fear, 'r nac fearrab leir ran
 tgháto, béil-in veap 'r mil - re blaí ná mil na mbeac faoi
 óairg, cúl tnom, 'cair, fionn, páinneac glar, 'r'i peig - ió tá mé 'ráb.

2. ír míne a vheac ná cluá mín geal 'r ná
 cúbar na cuille ar tgháig,
 cnoide bheáig glar, vo fáí nár meac, mar
 éirigeap vuileabap 'r blác.
 go veéid mé i bheap tá m'innuinn' leat, a
 peigió a míle ghráb,
 mo leun 'r mo éreac gan tú 'r mé leat ar
 éantairb amercá.

3. a gcóir mo énoide ná tghéig vo mían ac
 bheacnuig 'rteac rán gcár,
 nuair éiofar an tghéig béid ól ar fíon 'r
 ní baogal vóinn éoide báp.
 a blác na gheab nac cuairb an rgeal
 munab tú tá éam i vóán,
 ar uairle an tghoigal vó mbéinn mo ríge ír
 leat vo éraicinn lám.

4. óá brághainn-ge caoi no áit le ríide ní
 rtaoíann bliadain a'í lác.
 go rghíobainn fíor le peann veap caol vo
 éma a'í vo éáil.
 níor rígeab ríam don bean ran tír vo béar-
 rab uair an báir,
 ó rghíoraí an tghaoi mar gheall ar mhaoi,
 a'í ó cuireab vóiríre cum báir.

5. tá lonnraí an óir i bfoic mo gcóir 'ré
 ag fáí go páinneac fionn
 go béal a bhoige cóm glar le veóir 'ré
 ríge or a cionn,
 a blác na n-úball ír bheáigta ríuab ná
 vuilleabap báir na gheann,
 rág réid vó luain go veéideam cum ríúbal
 a'í réac go bfuil ré i n-am.

6. tá bheáigac a'í gile fuil a'í cuirle a'í
 laraí veap vó réir,
 i mblác na ríinne ír cuinne gheire ríil a'í
 leagan béil,
 ní bheáig ar bíe an rgeal tá amuir, nac
 fear mé tá ar mo éáil
 le bliadain inoiu gac don lác fuil 'r mé ag
 ríuáineam ar blác na gheabé.

7. mo ghráb rá ó na mná go veó gíó v'fág
 ríab míre tinn
 ag véanaí b'óim faoi luac an óil vo vóig-
 báil é beie cuinne,
 b'fearr liom póg ó peigió ar vóig 'r'i beie
 i n-uairgeap liom,
 ná raibdeap seóirre gíó buí mór a leac vó
 mbeie ré cuinne.

8. Οο β'αιτ λιον τόρταδ βεϊτ αρ πόρτετ αρ
 cannaδ λάν οε λεανν, .
 Punnire αρ βόρο δ'γ ζλοιννε ι ζκόηρ κόηι φαο
 'r βεϊτ μο πόκα τεανν,

mo ζηρόδ 'r μο πόρτ βεϊτ ογ μο κόηιαι: δζ
 caint 'r δζ κόηηρόδ λιον,
 'r λεί ο'δ'εφανν λυαδ να μνβρόζ οά μβεϊτ μο
 κότα ι ηγεαλλ.

TRANSLATION.

1. I like a maid who's not afraid, but loves so well a man,
 She goes with him, both out and in, and loves him all she can.
 A mouth fine, small, and sweet withal as honey in the spring,
 And heavy hair flung backward there, 'tis Peggy fair I sing.

2. Smoother is her countenance than smooth white down and than the froth of the flood on the shore, A fine green heart of growth that did not wither, (rising) as the foliage and blossoms rise; Until I go into the tomb my mind is with you, O Peggy, thousand loves, My grief and my destruction that you are not, and I with you, on the harbours of America. | 3. Treasure of my heart, do not forsake thy desire, but look into the case, When the means shall come there shall be drinking of wine and no danger of death to us for ever; O blossom of the branches, is it not a hard story if it be not you are laid out by fate for me? Over the nobility of the world, if I were King, it is with you I would shake hands. | 4. If I were to get a way or a place to sit, I would not cease for a day or a year Until I should write down with a fine thin pen your shape and your quality; There was never born any woman in this country who would take the sway from you, Since Troy was destroyed on account of a woman and since Deirdre was put to death. | 5. The gleam of gold is in the hair of my treasure, and it growing ringleted and fair To the mouth of her shoe, as bright as a tear, and it woven over her head; O blossom of the apples, finer in beauty than the foliage of the tops of the trees, Get ready on Monday until we go travel, and see that it is time. | 6. There is splendour and brightness, blood and veins, and a pretty glow accordingly In the blossom of whiteness, of roundest and brightest eye, and set of mouth; It is no lie at all the story that is about, that I am a man out of my senses, For a year to-day, each day of mirth, and I thinking of the blossom of the branches. | 7. My love twice over are the women for ever, although they have left me sick, Making lament over the price of the drink for the loss of its being gathered (?); I would sooner have a kiss from Peggy, surely, and she to be in solitude with me, Than the wealth of King George, though great were the half of it, if it were to be gathered together. | 8. I would like an outpouring to be on porter, and cans full of ale, Punch on table and glasses prepared, so long as my pocket should be stiff (full); My love and my treasure to be over against me, talking and discoursing with me, It is with her I would drink the price of my shoes, (even) if my coat were in pledge.

This song was sung to me by Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. She told me that she had learned it from her father. I give with his kind permission the complete version by Δν Cηαιοβην in his "Songs of Raftery," p. 336. A version of seven stanzas was published by the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly in U. C., Galway, *Journal*, 1917.

58.—CILLADUÁIN, nó CONTOAE THUIGÉO.
(KILLEADAN, OR COUNTY OF MAYO.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. A-noir, veádt an earrnaig béit an lá uil 'un rinead, a' r tár éir na féil
 b'rioge áno-ó-éao mo feól, ó cuir mé in mo ceann é, ní rcorraib mé
 coirde-e go rearraib mé ríor, lár conoae thuig-eó. i gclár-éionne-
 -muirir béar mé an éao oirde-e, 's imbaile-e taob ríor ve, cor-ó-éar mé as
 ól, go coille - mac raéao, go noéanrao cuairt
 míor' ann, i b'rog-ur v'á mil - e go béal - an - dé - míor.

2. Féagam le h-uácláta go n-éirigeann mo
 éiride-re
 mar éirigeannr an gaoit, no mar rgarar
 an ceó
 nuair rnuairigim ar chearra a' r ar thailin
 taob ríor ve
 ar rgeadad a' míle no ar pláiméao mhui-
 géo.
 Cill-aduáin an baile a b'ráran gac nio
 ann,
 tá rmeára 'r rúib-éraob ann a' r mear ar
 gac ríor,
 's v'á mbéinn-re mo fearaín i gcearr-lár
 mo úaoime
 'O mteóad an aoir v'iom asur béinn arí
 óg.

3. Bíonn cruineadé a' r coirce, r'ar éorra
 'gur lín ann,
 seagal i gceaoob ann, 'rán pláir, asur
 feól,
 lué v'éanta poicín gan license v'á díol
 ann,
 míor-uairle na tíre ann as imire 'r as
 ól.
 Tá cur asur treabab ann, a' r learrgab gan
 aulíeac,
 ír íomda rin nio ann nár labair mé go
 póil
 áeanna 'r muille as obair gan ríe
 ann
 veáinan camt ar rígin cíora ann ná
 v'aoar v'á ríor.

4. Τά ζαέ uile φόρτ λόμαυ οά'ρ κόρη νο έυρ
 ρίορ ανη,
 θίονη ρικαμόρ 'ρ beech ann, coll, γιύβαιρ,
 α'ρ ρυνηρεός,
 box αδυρ ευιλεανη, ιύβαιρ, βειτέ, αδυρ εαορ-
 έαν
 'S αν ηλαρ-οαιρ ο'ά νοέανταρ βάο λοηζ
 α'ρ ερανη ρεόιλ.

αν λοζωοο, μαηοζανι, 'ρ ζαέ λόμαυ ο'ά
 υοαιρρε,
 'S αν ρίορ-ηάιουε θέανραδ ζαέ uile ηλευρ
 ceóil

Ολοτίρ (?) 'ρ ηζαέ ζεαλ ανη ο'ά ζεαρηαδ 'ρ
 ο'ά ρηοίζμεαδ
 'S αν ερλατ ανη νο θέανραδ εηρ κλείβ αδυρ
 λόιυ.

5. Τά αν έυαέ 'ρ αν ρηόλαέ αζ ρηέαζαηρ α
 έέιλε ανη,
 τά αν λοηουβ 'ρ αν εέηρηαέ αρ ζυρ, ορ α
 ζοόηαιρ,

αν ηύλο-ρηνε, 'η ερηεβαρ, 'ρ αν λινηετ ι
 ζεαζε ανη
 αν ηαορζαέ αζ λέιμηηζ, α'ρ αν εαλα ό'η
 ρόιη.

αν ε-ιορλαέ αρ αεαίλλ 'ρ αν ριαέ ουβ ό'η
 ζοέηρ ανη,
 αν ρεαβαε αρ λοέ έηρηε 'ρ αν ηυρηεός ό'η
 ηόιη.

'S οά ηβείτεά ανη αρ ηαιουη ρηοιη έηρηζε ηα
 ηηέμε,
 ζο ζελοηρηεά ζαέ έαν αεα αζ ρηηηη ραν
 "ηζηρόβ."

6. Τά αν λάρη ανη 'ρ αν ρεαρηαέ α ηροέαιρ α
 έέιλε,
 αν ερηερηαέ 'ρ αν εευέτα, αν ερηεβαέ 'ρ
 αν ριόλ,

ηα ηυανη ανη αρ ηαιουη ζο ραιρηηηηζ αζ
 ηερόβηηζ,
 θίονη εαοηρηηζ α'ρ ερηέουα α'ρ λεανθ αζ αν
 ηηαοι.

η'λ εηηηεαρ, ηί'λ αίοιυ, ηί'λ ζαλαρ, ηί'λ έαζ
 ανη,
 αέε ραζαηρ α'ρ κλείρηηζ αζ ζυηθε ηα
 ηαοηη,

τά ηιονάηη αζ ζαβαρ α'ρ βαηηβ αζ αν ζεέηρ
 ανη,
 'S αν λοιηηζεαέ αζ ζέιμηηηζ αζ ερηαίλλ αρ
 αν ηηηαοι.

7. Τά αν ε-υηρηζε ραν λοέ, αδυρ αβηαέα
 λιοντα,
 ηα εορηαέα υέαντα, 'ρ ηα λιοντα ι
 ζοόηηρ

τά αν λύρ α'ρ αν ηρηεαε α'ρ αν εαρεον 'ηα
 λυηθε ανη,
 αν ρηηεάηη, αν ραοέαν, αν ρηηηαέ, 'ρ αν
 ρόιη.

τά αν ηρηαοάηη 'ρ αν βαλλαέ ηα ζοόηηηηηε
 ραν οηόε ανη,
 'S αν λυηβάν εζ ερηαίλλ ανη ό'η ηρηαιρηζε
 ηόηηρ,

αν εάρητοηρ 'ρ αν ηλιομαέ 'ρ αν εαρηαεοτ
 ρηαβαέ,
 εηύοάηη α'ρ ιαηζ ανη εοηη ραιρηηηηζ λε
 ηόιη.

8. Τά αν ειλιε 'ρ αν ριαέ 'ρ ζαέ ηηλε φόρτ
 "ζαέηη" ανη,
 αν ηαοαδ-ηααδ 'λέιμηηηζ, αν ηρηεο 'ρ αν
 ηιόλ υυηθε,

εεόιετα ηα ηζααβαρ 'ρ ηα η-αδαιρκα ο'ά
 ηέηηεαδ
 'S ηε η-έηηηζε ηα ηηέηηε νο εόζα'ά νο
 έηηηε.

τά υαοηηε υαηρηε αρ εαέρηαιβ αδυρ ηαρηεαηζ
 οά ηηεάεαηηε
 αζ ρηαβαέ ερηε ηα έέιλε ζο υαηηεό αν
 οηόε',

ζοιλέαρ ζο ηαιουη αρηρ οά ρεαβαέ
 όλ αζ ηα εέαυεαιβ α'ρ λεαβαέο λε
 λυηθε.

9. Πάσαν υίλαατα 'γ βαμπεραβάε αάβαη
 Δ'γ ηείυαεάε
 Σηεε βίβ, Δ'γ έαυαίε, Δ'γ αάλαη ζαν
 αίοη,
 Σγολάηυόε βόατα ηγηίόβ, ηγολ, αγυη λέίε-
 εανν ανη,
 Λύετ ιαηηαα να υείηε ανη, αε ααηηαίε
 'γ αε αηαλλ.

Shápanē gē an vōman in a h-uile óeas-
 éreéruib
 Thugé baípepi an éraeb úó an a bpaaió
 gē maíh,
 Sé veípeab na caínce: paógal paó ag hpanc
 taape anh
 Slíóc loimhig ná féile náη cóigil an
 riabác.

TRANSLATION.

1. Towards the Eve of St. Brigit the days will be growing,
 The cock will be crowing and a home-wind shall blow,
 And I never shall stop, but shall ever be going
 Till I find myself roving through the county Mayo.
 The first night in Claremorris I hope to put over,
 And in Balla below it the cruiskeens shall flow;
 In Coilltemach then I'll be living in clover,
 Near the place where my home is and the house that I know.

2. I solemnly aver it, that my heart rises up, Even as the wind rises or as the mist disperses, When I think upon Carra and upon Gallen down from it, Upon the Mile-Bush or upon the Plains of Mayo. Killeadan (is) the village in which everything grows; There are blackberries and raspberries in it, and fruit of every kind; And if I were only to be standing in the middle of my people, The age would go from me and I should be young again. | 3. There be's wheat there and oats, growth of barley and of flax; Bye in the ear (?) there, bread of flour, and meat; People who make "poteen" selling it there without a licence, The great nobles of the country there playing and drinking, There is planting and plowing there, and top-dressing without manure; There is many a thing there of which I have not spoken yet, Kilns and mills working and never resting, "Sorra" talk there is about a penny of rent nor anything of the kind. | 4. There is every sort of timber that it were fit to put down there; There is sycamore and beech in it, hazel, fir, and ash, Box and holly, yew, birch, and rowan-berry, And the green-oak, of which is made boat and ship and mast; The log-wood, mahogany, and every timber no matter how expensive, And the fior-mhaide (?) which would make every musical instrument; Oltoir (?) and white hawthorn a-cutting and a-hewing. And the rod there that would make basket creels and lods. | 5. There is the cuckoo and the thrush answering each other there, The blackbird and the ceirseach hatching over against them, The goldfinch, the wood-cock, and the linnet in a cage there, The snipe leaping up, and the swan from Rome, The eagle out of Achill and the raven out of Kesh Corran, The falcon from Loch Erne and the lark from the bog, And if you were to be there in the morning before rise of sun, Sure you would hear every bird of them a-singing in the grove. | 6. There is the mare there and the foal, beside one another, The team-of-six and the plow, the plowman and the seed, The lambs there in the morning numerously bleating, There be's sheep and herds, and the woman has a child. There is no sickness, no disease, no plague, no death there, But priests and clerics praying to the saints; The goat has kids, the sow has bonhams, And the milch-cow is lowing as she goes towards the woman. | 7. The water is in the lake, and the rivers filled, The weirs are constructed, and the nets in working order, The pike and the trout and the eel lying there, The crab and the periwinkle, the mackerel

and seal; The salmon and the ballach resting there at night, And the liubhan (little eel, or lamprey?) voyaging thither from the great sea; The tortoise and the lobster and the grey turbot, The gurnets and fish are there as plenty as turf. | 8. The fawn and the deer and every kind of game is there, The red-dog (fox) a-leaping, the badger and the yellow miol (i.e. the hare), The music of the hounds, and the horns a-blowing, And with the rise of the sun you would lift up your heart. There are gentlemen on steeds and horsemen being tried, Hunting all through other until comes the night, (Then) cellar until morning again a-rending, Drink for the hundreds and beds to lie down. | 9. The orphan and the widow get assistance and redemption, A way to get food and clothes, and land without rent; Poor scholars get writing and schooling and learning there, And the people who ask alms are drawing and journeying thither. It overcame the world for all its good qualities, And Rafferty has awarded it the branch, over all that he ever saw; The end of the talk is this: Long life to Frank Taafe in it, The descendant of the Lynch of hospitality, who never spared the hunt.

Sung to me by Miss Maggie Hession, but known everywhere throughout Mayo and Galway. The words are from Δβρῶν ἂν Ρεᾶδῦμε, p. 96. The air is a variant of an old tune, commonly known as "Nell Flaherty's Drake." For another variant see O'Neill's Collection (Chicago), No. 763.

59.—CAISMIRT AN PÓTAIRE LEIS AN UISGE-BEATHA.
(THE ARGUMENT OF THE DRUNKARD AND THE WHISKEY.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSION,
Belclare, Tuam.

♩. = 68

1. Δ εομφῶρο - ἰξ θί - λη ἄρ εἰτε μέ μο ῥαδῶγαλ λεατ, ὄαρ
m'ῥῖρ-ἰnn' ὄο ῥαοιτ μέ βεῖτ cneap-τα, ζυρ b'ἰom-θα ρῖν οἰδῶ - e ὄο
εἰτε μέ λεατ ρῖν - τε 'S μέ αἰτε' ἄρ μο εἰοῖβ κοῖρ ἂν βαλλ-α. ἄρ
εοῖαηλε na ῥῖοδᾶτα ἡῖορ ῥῥαρ ἡῖρ-e ῥῖαῖ λεατ, ζυρ ὄοῖξ τῦ μο ζῥαῖξ ἄ'ρ μο
ῥῖαλ - α, ἡν ῥαν οἰδῶ - e ὄοῖα ἡ-δομε λᾶ
ἄοηῖξ εἰλλῆρῖορτα, 1 ζυρῖρῖν 1 ὄεαῶ ῥεαοῖρ ἡῖ εἄρρῆῖξ.

2. Σεαδῆμαιν ζο πριαελαδ ἰ βρεανηαιο ἴρ ἰ
βριανταῖβ

οσιζ ἑομάιρ ἡἰ ἴλοινν ἀρ μο λεαβαῖο,
ὄο μο ζῆλερ ζαδ ἄον οἰδῆε ἴρ ἀρ μαῖοιν ἀρίρ,
—ἡάρ βοζαῖο ὄια εἰοῦδῆε μο εἀραιο!

Ζεαλλῆμαιν ζο φῖρεανηαδ ὄο βειρην ὄο
ὄρῖορ

ζο νοῖυῖλεδῶδαῖο μέ ὄῶλ υἱρζε-βεαῖα,
'S ζο βῖρῖλ φῖορ ἀζ ἀν ραοζαλ ηαδ λε οῖῖλ
ἀνν ἄ βῖμ,

ἀετ λε ζῖαῖο ὄο ηα ὄδοιουβ ὄιορ ἴνα ἀῖε.

3. ἴρ οεαρ ἀν ηυο βῶλαδῆ, φῆαρ μαῖε ἀζυρ
ζαβαλαρ,

ὄρῖυῖνεαδῆ ἀζυρ εῶρῖα λε ζεαρῖαδ,
μῖν ἡν ραν ζοῶρῖα, ἴζυρ τεῖνε, τῖαδῆῖοηα.

ἀζυρ ὄἰοῖοην ὄ'φῆαρ βῶδῆαρ ἄ'ρ βεαδῆαῖζ.
λέῖνε ἴζυρ εῶτα ἀζ ἀν ἀῖρῖοην ὄια ὄῶῖηαῖζ,

ἡατα ἴζυρ βῖρῶζα ἴρην βῖρῖρῖν,
ἄ'ρ ζο ραοῖῖμ-ρε, ἀρ ηυοῖζ ζυρ φεαρῖ ηῖν
ζο μῶρ

ἡά βεῖτ ἴζ ἡμῶεαδῶ ἴρ ἀζ ὄλ υἱρζε-βεαῖα.

4. ἴρ ἡομ-ρα εῖζ ἄ ἡῖνῖυζαδ μαρ εἰαῖ μέ
μο ραοζαλ λεατ

ὄ βαῖνεαδ ἀν εἰοῦ ὄἰομ ἴμο λεανῖ,
ζυρ ἑρῖεζ μέ μο ὄδοῖε, μο ὄαῖη, ἄ'ρ μο
ζαοῖετα,

'S ἡἰ φῆανρῖαῖν εῦ ἀρ ὄῶῖηαῖρῖε ηα ἡ-εαζ-
λαῖρ'.

ὄο ρῶρ ἴρ ὄο ἡῖοῖν ραοζαῖετα ἴρ ἀρ ροϋρῖυῖζ-
εαδ ἀρῖαῖη ορτ,

ἀζυρ εαῖε εἰ ζαν ρῖεῖ ἀζ ἡῖαῖβ λεανῖα
ἡἰ φῖλλεανν εῦ ἀρίρ ἄ'ρ ὄο φυρῖα βεῖτ ρῖφοντα
ἡἰ εῖυβρῖαῖο ρῖαδ βῖαον οῖυτ ἀρ μαῖοῖν.

ἄν τ-ῖυρζε-βεαῖα :

5. Μαῖρῆαδ ἰ ἴρ ραοα μέ ἀζ εἰρτεαδῆε λεατ ἀζ
ρῖεῖλεαζαδ βῖρεαζ ἡομ,

ἀζυρ εαῖεῖρῖο μέ φῆῖν λαδῖαρτ φεαρτα,
ἄ'ρ ζυρ β'ἰομῶα ἡῖν ἡαδῆαρ ἀζ ἡαρῖαῖο ἡα
οῖῖρῖε

'S ζαν ἡαδ ἡῖρῖε λε ἡ'εἰῖηυζαδ. ἀετ ἄ
waller.

ἄν τε εῖρῖνῖυζεαρ ηα εῖαοτα λε ὄρῖαῖῶταῖν
ἴρ οἰεῖῖῖε

ἄ'ρ ηαδ βῖρῖυῖεῖρῖαῖο ἄ βῆαῖ, ἀζυρ εαρτ ἀρ,

ἑῖυρῖαῖο οἰῖρῖε ἴνα ὄεῖζ ἀζυρ φεαρ-ὄρῖοῖε
ἡαδ ἡῖεῖῖῖρῖο

ζαν βεῖτ ἴζ ὄλ εοῖρ ἄν εἰαῖοῖε ηο ἀν βαῖῖα.

6. ἡαδ εοῖῖηυαοαρ ρῆῖν μέ ἀρ εοῖῖ-εῖρῖνῖ-
ἡυζαδ ἴρ ἀρ ἀοηαδ

ἀζ ἀν τε φῖρῖρῆαδ ζο ρῖαῖετα φῖορ ἡῖν' ἀῖε.
ἡἰ'ῖ ὄῖυτ-ρε ἀετ οἰε-εἰῖῖε βεῖτ ἀνοῖρ ὄο μο
φῆανῶ

ἄ'ρ ἡἰ εῖρῖορῖοῖο ὄο ρῖεῖαῖ ἀετ φεαρ μεαῖετα.
ἡυετ εαρῖετ' ἄ'ρ ρῆυῖα ἴρ μέ ὄο ὄεανρῖαδ ἄ
ρῆῖοῖεαδ

ἀζυρ τῶ φῖορ ἀζ ηα εῖαοταῖβ ἀρ ρεο,
εῖαηα,

'S ζο ἡβῖμ-ρε ἀζ ηα λαοῖρ, ἀζ ραζαῖρτ, ἴρ
ἀζ εἰῖρῖε,

'S ἀζ ἡῖαῖζῖρτῖη ρε λέῖζεαν ἀζυρ λαῖοῖοη.

ἄν ρῶταῖρῖε :

7. Μαῖρῆαδ ἰ οῖαρ ἀζυρ ζῖαῖη ορτ ἴρ εῦ
λαβῖαρ ηεαῖῖ-ἡῖρῖεαδ

ἄ'ρ ἡἰ εῖυβρῖαῖνῖ-ρε εἰῖλ λεατ εοῖῖη μαῖε
ορτ,

ὄο εἰαῖ μέ μο ὄῶαῖε ὄῶ οἰδῆε ἴρ ὄῶ ἡῖ λεατ,
ἀζυρ ἡῖορ ζαδ ὄο εἰῖρ ζο ἡῖο ἡῖαῖ ὄῶαῖ.

ὄο ὄῖοῖζ εῦ εἰῖρ ἡ'εῖαοῖν ἀζυρ βῖρῖηα μο
ἡῖερῖα

'S ἀρ ηα τεαοταῖβ ἡἰ φῆαοῖαῖ ἄ λεαζαν,
ἡἰ'ῖ ἄον φεαρ ραν ραοζαλ ρο εῖυῖηεῖῖαδ ἡῖο
ζῆαρ λεατ

ἡαδ εἰ ἄ ὄυαῖζυρ φεαν-εἰαοαδ ἴρ ορῖο-
λεαβα.

ἄν τ-ῖυρζε-βεαῖα :

8. ὄρῖυῖλ ζαδα-οῖυβ ηο εεαρῖοῖυζε ἡαδ ἡῖεαν-
ρῖαδ ὄἰομ ρῖαῖρῖοῖο?

ἴρ μέ βυαδῖῖλ ἄν βῖαῖρῖε ἡῖρ ζαδ βεαῖεαδ,
ἡἰ'ῖ ζῖρῆαρῖοῖε ἡῖα ταῖῖῖηῖρ ὄῶ ὄοτῖζ ἀρῖαῖη
ρῖεῖαδ

ἡαδ ἡβεανῖυζεαδ ἡν ραν εῖρῖαῖο οῖαῖ ἀρ
μαῖοῖν.

ἡἰ'ῖ βεαῖ ὄζ ὄῶ βῖρῆεζαδῆε ἡαδ ἡῖεανρῖαδ
ἡομ ζῖαῖρῖε

ἄν εῖρῖαδ ὄο λεαζῖαῖοῖε ἀρ ἄν ζεῖῖρῖα μέ ἴνα
ἡ-αῖε,

'S ζο ἡβῖμ ἀζ ἀν βῖρῖα, ἀζ ραζαῖρτ, ἴρ ἀζ
βῖρῖαῖρῖοῖο

ἄ'ρ ἡῖορ εἰῖν ἡῖαῖη μέ ἀετ φεαρ μεαῖετα.

Ἀν πότμαρ :

9. Γυὰρ κάρτερι γρηϊοῦδα ἰ λειβὰρ να
 ὀδομαδέ'

λυεὶ πόττε ζο μβιουὺν τῦ ὄ'ἄ μελλὰδ

Σαν λόρ-ἡνιὸν ὀο ὀδέανῃν πο γάρῶ ἰν γαν
 γαοξάλ γο

ζο οὐτεριὸ γιὰο ὀδορ ἰν γαν βρεαεῶδ.

ἰ γρηϊοῦδα νά ἰ νῖοζα μά εἰλλεαρ γεαρ
 εὐῖοδε

ὀε βάρη ἄ βεῖτ κομρίνοεῶδ λειβ-γα,

ὀειρ βεῶδα να ναοῖν λιου ζυρ εἰνετ ἰ, οὐβ-
 αῖρετ Ἐρηγοτ

ζο εἰνετε ναδ βραξῖγρὸ γέ να γλειτῖρ.

TRANSLATION.

The Drunkard :

1. O comrade of sweetness I've spent my best years with,
 I thought you were cheerful and able ;
 But many's the evening that, wholly defeated,
 You laid me to sleep in some stable.
 The life I am leading I find not too cheering,
 See ! you burnt my beard on the table
 That night I was feasting within in Kilcreestha,
 When I lay like a sheep by the gable.

2. For a week in peril, in punishment, in pains, In the house of Thomas O'Flynn, on my bed, (My wounds) being dressed every night, and again in the morning—(May God never weaken my friend !) A promise truly do I give to Christ That I shall renounce the drinking of whiskey, And sure the world knows that it is not with liking for it I do be, But with love for the people who are near it. | 3. A nice thing is cattle, good grass, and a holding of land, Wheat and barley to cut ; Meal in the chest, and a fire in the evening, And shelter to offer the traveller ; A shirt and a coat at Mass on Sunday, A hat, and shoes in the fashion, And I think, surely, that that is greatly better Than to be going and drinking whiskey. | 4. It's I, too, am able to expound it, because I have spent my life with you, Since I was weaned, and I a child ; Sure I have forsaken my people, my kith and kin. And I would not deny you, (and follow) the advice of the Church. (Take) your store and your worldly goods, and all that was ever settled upon you, And spend it without resting with the ale-women, (Still) if you return again, and your purse to be despoiled, They will not give you one drop in the morning. | 5. *The Whiskey* (answering) : Musha ! it's long I'm listening to you shelling lies at me, And myself must speak out in future ; Sure it's many's the naygur looking for alms (like you), And without his having the price to ask for me, except his wallet. He who gathers together hundreds (of pounds) by hardship and foolishness, And who will not wet his mouth, and thirst on him, There will come after him an heir, and a man of heart, who will not refuse To be drinking it beside the fence or the wall. | 6. Am not I courteous company at a gathering or at a fair For the man who would sit down shyly (?) beside me ? It is only want of sense in you to be now refusing me, And no man but a poltroon will believe your tale. People of coughs and phlegm, it is I who could relieve them, And the hundreds know this already ; Sure the ladies have me, the priests, too, and the clergy, And the masters of learning and of Latin. | 7. *The Drunkard* : Musha, trouble and disgust on you ! it's you who speak shamelessly, And I would not give you a character half so good ; I have spent my term of two nights and two days with you, And your case has not gone too well with me, You have burned my forehead and the tops of my fingers, And on the strings (of the violin) I cannot lay

them ; There is no man in this world who would rub too closely against you, But his due will be old clothes and a bad bed ! | 8. *The Whiskey* : Is there a blacksmith or a tradesman who would not make friends with me ? I am the lad of the goal in every road ; There is never shoemaker nor tailor of all who ever gave a stab (of an awl or needle) Who would not salute me in the street in the morning. There is no young woman, however fine, who would not laugh with me When I would be laid on the table beside her, And sure the Pope has me, and the priests and the friars, And nobody ever dispraised me except a poltroon. | 9. *The Drunkard* : Raftery has found it written in the Book of Humanity (About) the people of tippling, that you be deceiving them, And without making their reparation and satisfaction in this world That they shall fall grievously into sin. In some scunce or some dike if a man be ever lost, Through his being a comrade of yours, The life of the saints tells us that it is a word what Christ has spoken, That certainly he shall not gain the Heavens.

I never heard this song sung by anyone but the Hession family. They learned it from their grandmother. The words are found in "Δημιόν αν Ρεακτίμη," p. 184.

60.—ΜΑΪΡΕ ΣΤΑΝΤΑΝ.

(MARY STAUNTON.)

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSION,
Belclare, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 72$

*Τά πόρ-αιό ζλέ-ζεαί αν θησαέ να céib-e, αγ-υρ θυαίλ ρί
 Θείρρηε le ρζέιμ δ'ρ ζηαοι, 'S οά η-αθρηαηη ηέ-len αν θαιη-μιοζαν
 ζρέαζ-αέ, αν εηε να céαο-τα ο'ά θάρη'ραν τηαοι. τά λααό 'ρ
 ζιλ' ηηη-τι 'ρηεηρ Δ céil-e; ηρ θηηη' Δ θέil-ηη ηά κυαέ αν
 ερηαοιβ, 'S α μέηηη ηά Δ τηέιτ-ηε ηί ζεοβρηαέ
 η-αοη θεαη, ό ο-έαζ αν ρέαηηλ-α θί η μθαιλ-ηι-ηιαέ.

2. Dá breicteá an rpreibean a' r í zadbá
 zleura,
 Lá breáí zneie ran tpráto, 'r í ríúbal,
 solur larra ar a brollac zlégeal
 'O éúbrad léirgear 'o fear zhan ríul.
 Ta zráo na zceura 1 zclár a h-éadain,
 'r zeall a feucant le neult a' luain,
 'S 'oá mberdeáó rí 1 n-éinfeacé le linn na
 noéite
 ní ruar 'o théur 'o béarparde an t-úball.

3. Tá a roic az caráó léi ríor zo glúnaib,
 az filléaó 'r az lúbaó zo béal a bróz,
 na noualtair rzaréa, 'ré cóm zlar le
 urúéta,
 'S na tpoilríte a' rzuabaó na ríairz ran
 róo.
 a' r rúo í an éúilríonn 1r zle mínte
 'Oá' r forzail ríul azur 'oá máireann beó,
 'S 'oá mbuó liom-ra óúitíe an tígearna
 lúcan
 'Oar bríí mo éúire buó liom-ra an tpeóio.

4. Tá a cum caol caílce 'r a zruaó mar na
 róraib
 'S a 'oá éic cóm-éruinn or cómar a cpoirde,
 a bráígaro a leaca 'r a cúilín ómpa,
 a' r mar urúét an fózímar 'reáó breac-
 nuígeann rí.

Brígil, Cicero, no cómaé hómep
 ní éúbrad 1 zcómh-meap a rgeím 'r a
 znaoi,
 Tuic mé 1 breacaó leat a bláé na h-óige
 'S muna uciz tú az ól liom ní máireap
 mí.

5. Az ríúbal no az ríápra 'oá breicreá an
 planna
 'O béarprá t'annraéé 'o bláé na zcraob,
 a zruaó tpe larab 'r a cpoirde zhan aígair,
 'S nac lágac an ruo ceanncuíab le n-a
 brollac mín.
 Cómaéca Samppon no alexanpoe
 ar noóíz, ní fanncócainn 1 n-áit mo
 mían,
 'S meir bráígaro ceao cainte le máire
 stancon
 Tá mé 1 n-ámpar zup zearr mo íaozál.

6. Tuiz rí "mará" óam zo moé le pléiríur,
 leaz rí réac azam azur ní 'ra zclúro,
 'O'ól rí roeoó orp, b'í cpoirde na réile í,
 1n ran am ar éiriz mé le oul cum ríúbal.
 'Oo buail mé 'Labairt a' r cómpáó léi,
 1r muinte 'o'féac rí orp, bláé na n-úball,
 acé ro banmaró béil raorib zhan focal bréige,
 Zup ríáz mé an éraob áici ó máire
 brún.

TRANSLATION.

1. There's a lovely posy lives by the roadway,
 Deirdre was nowhere beside my joy,
 Nor Helen who boasted of conquests Trojan,
 For whom was roasted the town of Troy.
 Her cheeks like roses through lilies growing,
 Her mouth melodious with songs of glee;
 Such mien and motion were never noticed
 Since died our posy was in Ballylee.

2. If you were to see the sky-woman and she prepared and dressed Of a fine sunny day in
 the street, and she walking, And a light kindled out of her shining bosom That would give

sight to the man without an eye. There is the love of hundreds in the forehead of her face. Her appearance is as it were the Star of Monday, And if she had been in being in the time of the gods, It is not to Venus the apple would have been delivered up. | 3. Her hair is twining with her, down to her knees, Twisting and curling to the mouth of her shoe, In scattered strands, as shining as the dew, And the twists-of-hair sweeping after her up the road. And there is the coolun brightest and most mannerly Of all who ever opened eye, or live in life; And if I were to have the estate of Lord Lucan, By the virtue of my conscience, the jewel would be mine. | 4. Her waist is narrow, chalk-white, and her countenance like the roses, And her two breasts equal-round over against her heart; Her neck and her cheeks and her amber back hair And it is like the harvest dew she appears. Virgil, Cicero, or the power of Homer Would not bring a comparison for her beauty and mien; I have fallen into sin (desiring) you, O Blossom of Youth, And unless you come to drink with me I shall not live a month. | 5. Walking or dancing, if you were to see the plant, You would give your affection to the blossom of the branches, Her countenance lit-up, and her heart without trouble, And were it not a lovely thing to be close to her smooth bosom? The power of Samson or of Alexander Surely I would not envy in place of my desire; And if I do not get leave to talk to Mary Staunton, I am in doubt that my life will be short. | 6. She bade me good-morrow early with pleasure, She set a seat for me, and not in the corner, She drank a drink on me, she was the heart of generosity, At the time that I rose up to go on my journey. I began speaking and conversing with her, It is mannerly she looked at me, the apple blossom; Here is my bail of mouth for you without a word of lie, That I have left the branch with her away from Mauria Brown.

This is a well-known song by the poet Raftery. It was sung to me by Miss Maggie Hession, and the words are taken from Dr. Douglas Hyde's Volume, "Αβρίδιον ἂν Ῥεαδύτη," p. 320, now unfortunately out of print. Ἀν Ῥιαιβίν has kindly given me permission to use the words and translation.

61.—ΟΙΛΕΑΝ ΕΑΘΔΑΙΣ.

(ISLANDEADY.)

Sent to me by DR. CONOR MAGUIRE,
Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

♩ = 80 Pentatonic scale.

2. Bvò veire a h-éavon 'r a coir'céim éavrom
 ná don bean i n-éirinn as rúbal an t-rráio,
 a v'á eio glégeal' le na leabh a bneugab,
 dé a rtor níor féao mé i éabairt ó'n mbár.
 b'feairi liom zo móp-móp mo diao ran róo i
 as bleagan mo bó nó i zciorh mo eige
 na raióbréar seóirre 'sur rágaim faoi vó é
 's gur faoi na róivea v'fás mé rtor mo érhoie.

1. In Islandeady my first love's grave is,
 My heart I gave her when I was young;
 To hear the wailing of her three lone babies,
 Sure none can please them, my heart is
 wrung.

I'm weak and weary, I may as well say it,
 A shadow fading with grief and woe,
 My heart is aching, why did you leave me,
 Avourneen dheelish, in the clay, ochone?

2. Her face was fairest, her footstep airy,
 No girl in Erin of equal grace,
 Her bosom heaving, to her baby cleaving,
 But I could not save her from cruel fate.
 To me far dearer 'twas to be near her,
 Than all the pleasures of the world wide;
 Than King George's gold store, and that twice
 over,
 But beneath the green sod we've left my bride.

When sending this air, with several others, Mrs. Maguire regretted she could not give me the words also, owing to the unfortunate loss of a precious ms. The two verses are all that Dr. Maguire could remember from the singing of an old man named Ned Gibbons, near Claremorris. "Σαιλ ός

6. 'S Δ εσίλιní όζα ná πόρταό φεαρ αν όά
 έροιθε,
 Όά μήδέαό νότα έύις βρύντ άιςε ο'όλραό. γέ
 ό ήαροιη ζο φαιότ.
 Όέαρφαηη μο ήόρωε άρ μο γλίαιηό πυλ όά
 η-έηρεόόαιηη 'μο ήρωθε,
 Ζυη κύ βαιη όίση άη όίςε, 'mile ήρωήηη, 'ή ζορω
 κύ μο έρωθε.

7. Δ βυαόάιλι όζα ná πόρταό Δ λαι ηε ná
 ηηά,
 'S ηίλ η η-α ηγλόηείάί άότ μάη ο'έηρεοόάό άη
 τυλε άρ άη ηρώίξ.
 Ζο οηηιοηυίξηό λοέ έήηηε 'ή ζο οηηέίξηό άη
 εαλα Δ ελυήαό βάν
 ηί ηηηρεόά μέ ο'άση φεαρ cé 'η ήέαρύν Δ
 οσυζ μέ όυηε ζηάό.

TRANSLATION.

1. Polite little maiden, 'tis you caused a thousand sighs in my breast—And yet hundreds are spoken of who never marry—Your two roguish eyes, and your quiet, thin, smooth, delicate little mouth, You are my little treasure to woo, and if I could, I would go to you. | 2. And is it not I that am bashful in the corner where I am unknown, Thinking of my Móirin at eve and at dawn of day? With the Great God are the powers!—a better man never walked—O treasure, turn not your back on me since you are my dearest to whom I gave love. | 3. I'd procure for myself an excellent spouse did I suit him, A woman with nothing, no dress, no sheep nor a cow.—The wealth of Ireland, not everyone does it suit—But I'd give it all in one lump to the man of big heart. | 4. And the day you gave me to know that you wouldn't woo such a woman as me! How I was devoid of sense in yielding to such a sluggard as you! To deceive the birds with chaff would not be less difficult than to woo me, Yet many of your lies got confusedly into my head. | 5. In my heart lies exceeding great love for my treasure—And I thought that never would you rouse up those temptations in me—But now that I'm married, here's a little kiss from my heart, Since in youth you seduced me take lodging till you find rest. | 6. Young maidens, do not marry a man of two hearts. Should he have a five-pound note, he'd carouse from morn till eve. I'd swear on my knees ere I'd arise That it was you, thousand treasures, snatched from me my youth and my heart. | 7. Oh, young boys, there are many women you should not marry.—There is naught in their voices but just as the tide striking up on the beach—Till Loch Erne runs dry and the swan deserts her white plumage, To no man shall I give the reason of my love for you.

Mr. T. O'Sullivan, N.T., Organist of St. Patrick's Church, Galway, sent me this beautiful air, which he noted down from the singing of William Gill, of Barna, near Galway, and the words were sent me by the Rev. Nicholas Fagan, who took them down from the same source.

For variants see "Δηρώηηη ελαιηηε ζαεόεαλ," p. 12; "Σιαμφά άη ζεηήηρώ," p. 51, ten verses.

63.—AN SEANOUINE CAM.
(THE CROOKED OLD MAN.)

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Bí aít - ne 'gam 'r éol-ár ar fean-fear fácaé voigeamháil, Sé an áit 'raib Δ
 com - nuíde éiof m'r Δ' ngleann. Bí pé i nveir móir ann, bí eall-ác go
 léor aige, aigeas Δ' r ór buíde 'r é Δ cur m Δ ceann.

2. Rinne pé cómhairle bean óg Δ
 rórad
 So scoimeócaó pé Δ éirraí
 feacó n-uaimé níof feárr,
 maíon 'r tráctóna bí fearóg
 'r ghuaim uiréi
 faoi eócaíon an trhuic, Δ' r ní raib
 rí 'gá fágaíl.

3. Ipe: Ba ruarac an trlige óuit tú
 bualaó faoi mnaoi ar bíé,
 'S Δ fíof Δ' av go ríog-máit nac
 veubhaó óuit ghaó!
 nuair nac móir i mo ghaoi oré,
 náir fága tú vo faogal é
 So b'raup mé taoib leat, Δ
 feanouine éaim!

4. Eiréan: nac veug mé go léor óuit, aig-
 geas Δ' r ór buíde,
 báro beaga 'r báro móra, capall
 'r cárr,
 le n-íte vo óócaim, beaca máit
 i gcoimhuíde,
 toga leabaó cláimhaig 'r ceao
 coulaó ráim?

5. Sin Δ' r' é aon tróirt eile Δ gcuir-
 feá-ra ríofat ann,
 So ríú an parrapóil le taóairé
 leat m vo láim;
 Capall maíe nó róimí le cur
 rúe i gcoimhuíde
 'Oul 'un aigruim oia oóimhaig
 má veógréa óul ann!

6. Ipe: Ó Δ veugéa an móir-faogal le
 n-íte 'r le n-ól oam,
 Saíóbréar rí seoirre, baó móir
 é le ráó,
 Lomgear faoi feolcaib Δ' r cóiréi
 ar bóiréib,
 b'feair líom feair óg 'n á tú, Δ
 feanouine éaim.

7. Eiréan: nuair nac ngleara tú cómhairle
 céimig ó' á éóruídeacé,
 cur oré vo bróga, vo éléca ar
 vo brágaio,
 bí ar na ghor-bóiréib tíveacé
 an tráctóna,
 tá feair an feair óg Δ' av má
 bíonn tú i b'rao ann.

8. πυαη έιοσφαρ αν ούθεε 'ρ ναέ
 βρωίγε tú δον υίοεαν,
 τοπόέα tú ας εαοιμεαδ 'ρ ζαν' δον
 ήαιε όυιτ ανη ;
 εΐυβραινν αν όιοβλα ανηρην λε
 ζλαν-ήίρηνν
 ζο mb'φεαρη λεατ θειτ 'ήίρε ας
 οο φεανυοιμε έαμ !

9. 1pe : 1r φυαπαέ αν ηυό όαμ μο φαήαιλ
 όε ήηηαοι θειτ
 ας εαιτέεαή μο φαοζαίλ λεατ ζαν
 ρύζηαδ ηά ζηεδάηη,
 'ς α φαηρηνεαέτ 'ρ εά'η φαοζαλ
 α' αη ό ζαίλλήη ζο λυίηηεαέ,
 'ς α λιαέταίγε ρην μυίηηεαέ ι
 ζοηηηοαε αν έλάρη.

10. ηό όά βράζαηηη υίοεαν τιηέεαλλ
 ηα ζαοιρρηνν
 ο' φέαοφαιηη αν ζέηηρηεαδ α εαι-
 εαή ζο ράηη,

 ζάργόεαδ ρέ η' ηηηηηη 'ρ ηί βέαό
 εηηρηε ερηοιβε ορη
 ας ραηαήαιηηε ταοιβ λεατ, α
 φεανυοιμε έαηη !

11. Ερηεαν: οά ηβεητεά έοή ερηοηηα 'ρ βαό
 έεαρη οο βεαν ηίγε θειτ,
 'ς tú υ'φέαοφαδ αν ζέηηρηεαδ α
 εαιτέεαή ζο ράηη,
 ολανη ηαζεαοηαέ, 'ρ ζο η-ιοεφαό
 ρέ αν ειορ υοιηηη
 'ς αν μέαο ειλε θεαηραιηίρ έ
 θειτ ραοι η-αρ λάηη.

12. ηί ηαη ρην α βί tú, αέτ λάν οε
 όηοέ-ρηναοηηε—
 1r ιοηηδα ρόρη ηηηηηη α εηζεαηηη
 οο ήηηάιβ ;
 αέτ εά μέ ηηζ-έηηηηε, οά
 ηβεητεά ράέαέ εαοιθεαήαιλ
 ηαέ η-αηηόόά έοηόεε ζο ηαιβ
 εά 'ζά φάζαίλ.

TRANSLATION.

1. I was well acquainted with a fairly respectable old man, Who dwelt down in the glen. He was well off, and had plenty of cattle, Silver, and gold, and adding to it. 2. He determined to marry a young woman In order to get on seven times better. Morning and evening she was vexed and troubled For the key of the trunk, which she couldn't find. | 3. "Twas a pitiful thing for you to come under the control of a woman When you knew quite well that she would not give you love ; Though my affection for you isn't great, may you never get it Till I remain beside you, crooked old man. | 4. "Have I not given you enough gold and silver, Small boats and large, a horse and a car, Enough to eat, and always a good living, Choicest feather bed, and leave to sleep tranquilly? 5. That, and every other thing you take delight in, Even to the umbrella to have in your hand, A good horse, or pony, to ride always, Going to Mass on Sunday, if you wish to do so?" | 6. "If you gave me the whole world to eat and to drink, The riches of King George, which were very great, Ships under sail, and coaches on the roads, I would prefer a young man to you, crooked old man." | 7. "When you won't take advice, go in search of it. Put on your boots, your cloak on your shoulders (breast); Be at the cross roads when the evening comes, And perchance you'll get a young man, if you remain there long. | 8. When night comes and you cannot get shelter You will begin to lament, but it will be of no avail. I'd swear by the Bible with perfect truth, You'd prefer to be again with your crooked old man." | 9. "It's wretched for such a woman as me To spend my life with you, without joy or delight, And the world so wide for me from Galway to Limerick, And numerous Munstermen in county Clare. | 10. Or if I got shelter round Seershin, I could spend the winter comfortably, I'd be

satisfied in my mind, and no weariness of heart on me Remaining beside you, crooked old man." 11. "If you were as staid as a housewife should be, 'Tis you that could spend the winter comfortably, The wool of the sheep would pay the rent for us, And what more we should make would be at our hand. 12. But you are not like that, but full of bad thoughts.—Many are the changes that come to women's minds.—But I am quite certain that if you were comfortable and well off, You would never admit that such was the case.

This is a song by the Connemara poet, Colm Ó Súilleabháin, p. 9, whose poems were collected some years ago by the late Pádraig Mac Ríada, and published by the Gaelic League. I give the words with the kind permission of the Gaelic League.

64.—IS TRUAÍG HAN MÍR' I SASANA.
(A PITY I'M NOT IN ENGLAND.)

♩ = 76 Dorian mostly.

Sung by MISS BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

1. 1r truaíg han mír' i Sasana, 1nr 1
 bhramno nó m' a Spáinn, nó éall m' na Siar—
 in - dia - éid, 's an áit a scoinnuigeann mo. s'ráb bán.

2. Agus máire an éil bualaí
'na ruidé 'oir mo dá láim,
A' r' go mbéidinn-re 'sá bréagab
So h-éirge an lá bán.

1. I would I were in England,
In Spain or merry France,
Or in the West on Indian shores,
To meet my white love's glance.

3. Nuair a luíom ar mo leabair
níl ruaimnear le páigil:
Éáimc arhamas in mo éaidé beag
Agus loic pí mo láir.

2. O Maure l of the platted locks
If you were here with me,
Sure, 'tis myself would woo you, love,
Till morning came to see.

4. Doécúirí na cruinne,
's iao uile le páigil,
níl mo leigeag ag an méro rin
Áic ag máire an éil bán.

3. I lay me on my bed of pain,
I lay me not to rest,
My heart it is a bleeding heart,
A wound is in my breast.

5. 1ṛ ƒααα μέ αḡ ιμτέαατ
 Δṛ ̄ααιμṛḡ μṛά τṛḡε,
 Δ μααṛαṛαιλ ṛι ƒαααίτṛ μṛṛε
 1 mbaile ná 1 ucíṛ.

6. ṛó ḡο βṛααα μέ αṛ ƒαίṛτṛ-βεαṛ
 Δṛ ̄αοιβ̄ αṛια-ṛα-σṛε,
 'S α ḡṛααḡ 'ṛ-α τṛṛι οṛαλαṛḡ
 αḡ ƒḡάααβ̄άτ ḡε ḡαοῑτ.

7. ḡεαλλ μṛ ƒαίṛτṛ αέατ οαṛ
 'S óá ṛiḡe bó,
 'S ḡεαλλ ƒṛ 'ṛ-α θṛαṛτṛ ƒṛṛ
 ḡο ṛνέαṛṛαθṛ ƒṛ τεαᾱ μṛṛ.

8. αατ μαṛ ̄εṛμḡεαṛ αṛ ḡεαλαᾱ
 'S α ƒḡαλαṛ αṛ ḡṛṛαṛ,
 'S βḡιαᾱαṛṛ 'ƒ αṛ ḡά αμαṛαᾱ
 βέṛτṛ αṛ ƒαṛṛṛḡε ƒṛṛṛ.

9. τṛṛα βεṛτṛ 1 σαṛαṛα
 αḡṛṛ μṛṛε ƒα ḡṛάṛṛṛṛ,
 'S ḡο ṛ-̄εᾱλṛάαṛṛṛṛ ṛṛ ṛṛ ḡéṛṛε
 ḡε ṛáṛṛε αṛ αṛṛṛ ḡáṛṛ.

4. The leeches of the world all
 Would pity my sad plight;
 There is no lance to probe my wounds
 Save Mary's glance of light.

5. 'Tis long I have been roving
 In country and in town,
 But never in my wanderings met
 A maid of such renown;

6. Until I saw my white love
 On the slopes of Knock-na-shee,
 Her tresses in the fairy wind
 A streaming wild and free.

7. My true love she did promise me
 Two thousand ambling kine,
 And on her ample pasture-lands
 To rear a mansion fine.

8. I swear me by the midnight moon,
 And by the noonday sun,
 I'll leave the seas behind me
 Ere another year is done.

9. O, would you were in England,
 And I in sunny Spain,
 That I might rise and speed me thence,
 To woo my love again.

I have given this song as I heard it sung by Bridget Forde, Sylane. It will be observed that the 7th and 8th stanzas have already occurred in the song, "Ταοὸβ̄ ḡαλλ ṛε αḡαṛίε ṛα τεόṛṛαṛṛṛ" (No. 14, p. 26). Another song of this name is printed in "Ceól Sṛé," p. 92, issued by the Irish Book Company, and a version of the same, with music, is given in "αḡάṛṛṛεαᾱ ṛα ṛ-ḡεᾱε̄ᾱτ," Part II; but neither the words nor air bear any resemblance to our song. Petrie also has two airs of this name, Nos. 1178 and 1179.

65.—LIAM UA RAḠALLAIḠ.

(WILLIE REILLY.)

♩ = 80 Aeolian mode.

Sung by MISS MAGGIE HESSON,
Belclare, Tuam.

1. An cuim-in lib-re'n oró' úo, bí an t-ghráo reo lán ve
ead-riáde, aḡ raḡairt a'ḡ aḡ bháidim, 'ḡ ias aḡ
tráct ar an mbain-ir; bí an fero--il--ar
clár ann, aḡur an clár-reac dá rraeadá, a'ḡ bí
trúir ve na mnáib bán' ann, le mo ḡrád geal a' cur ar leabair.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. 'mo bairneadac 'ḡ 'mo maighean a
rágá mé go h-óḡ,
's tabair rḡeal aḡ mo muintir gur báidead
mo míle rḡóir.
Dá mbéidinn ar an t-ghráid an lá rin aḡur mo
d'á láim beic 'ra rḡóo,
m' focal vuit, a bean uí Raḡallaiḡ, ir veas
a leigearrainn vo bhón.</p> <p>3. Ní hionḡnaó rḡeal t-ghráidte a beic aḡ vo
mádeir 'ḡ aḡ c' ádeir,
a'ḡ aḡ banalra na ḡcíoé mbán a b'ioú a'
tráct ort 'ḡ tú 'vo leant.
ní áirḡim vo bean róirca nár cóirḡis ariatá
vo leabair,
's ó éuarú tú 'un na tráḡa an lá rin, mo léan
gur fáirḡis ort a éigeadt a baile.</p> | <p>4. a'ḡ níor níor liom vo, 'liam ó Raḡallaiḡ,
a beic 'na éliamain aḡ an ríḡ,
's cuiríní geala gléi-geala ar ḡac taob vo
inḡ an oró',
maighean éim éille a beic aḡ réidtead a
éim;
's ó luaidéad rinn lé céille, ir t-ḡuasḡ mar
v'ead tú le mo limn.</p> <p>5. Tá vo fúile aḡ na péirḡib aḡur vo béal aḡ
na porcáin,
tá vo d'á láim geala gléi-geala raoi ḡear-
rmact na mbráóán;
Cúis rúnt a béairrainn vo'n té a cóisḡeá
mo dian-ḡrád,
áct 'ḡé mo léan tú beic c' aonraic, nelli
ḡléiḡeal nic ḡiurcáin.</p> |
|--|--|

6. θεαμματ' οὐδ' οὐκ ἐπιέει δ' ἐμαὶ ζο κοίλ
 εὐαγαμν,

ἀξιοῦσθε ἀν ἀέρι. Πραδαρ' βίη ν-δοιρ' δ
 ἐεῖρε μίρο.

Ὅδ' οὐσιγέει ραοὶ ἐεανν μίορα, ἀετ μο λέαν,
 ἐοῖδεε νί ἐιοεραῖο,

'Σ ναδ' ἐρμαδξ ἴην, θεαν ἴραν οἰδός, ἴ δ' εὐοιμ-
 τέει δ' ἰ μβάρη κυιννε !

7. μο μάλλεετ' ὅο να ραοραῖο δ' ἰμνε ἀν
 βάο,

ναδ' ἀεῖρηρ' οομ ρέην ζο ραῖο ἀν τ-έει μρ
 να εὐάρη!

Ὅδ' οὐσιγέει ζο κοίλ' τ'όειρηρ' ἴ ἀν τ-άομω
 δ' εὐαμματ' ὁδορ

νί βάρηρθε μο ἴορ-ρα ἀρ' ἐόρταῖο Mal-
 Bay.

TRANSLATION.

1. Do you remember that night? the town was full of horses, With priests and brothers who were speaking of the wedding. There was a fiddle on a table, and the harp was being played, And there were three fair women there to lay out my love. | 2. A widow and a maiden was I left while yet young! And bear the news to my people that my love was drowned. If I were on the strand that day and my two hands on the sheet, My word to you, Mrs. Reilly, 'tis well I would cure your sorrow. | 3. No wonder sorrow now distracts your mother and your father And the nurse of the white bosom, who spoke of you when a child. I'd pass by your wedded wife, who never made your bed, Since you went to the strand that day, and alas! failed to come home. | 4. I would not consider it above Willie Reilly to be son-in-law to a king, With bright shining curtains on each side of him in the night, A gentle, sensible maiden to be arranging his head (on the pillow). Since we were engaged to one another, Alas, that you should have died from me (in my time)! | 5. The monsters have your eyes, and the crabs your mouth; Your two bright white hands are in the power of the salmon. I would give five pounds to the person who would take up my love, But, my grief, that you are left alone, fair Nelly Jordan! | 6. The blessing of God on the three who went to Kilannin To hurry Father Peter, who was eighty years old. If you came in a month's time, but, my grief, you will never come! How sad for a woman in the night, and her spouse upon the waves! | 7. My curse on the tradesmen who made the boat, Because they did not tell me that death was in the boards. If you had gone to Killtoghger and bought timber that was dear, My love would not be drowned on the coast of Malbay.

This is a song that is very popular in Connacht, but is not to be confused with the ballad in English of that name.

An Armagh version of this song is given in "Ceolraib' Ullao," p. 140, and in "Siama'ra an ḡeiriuro," p. 112. Professor O'Maille, U. C. Galway, has kindly given me permission to use these words. See p. 85, "Ani'raín Clainne ḡaebeal."

Another version of this song was given by Seán MacCíolla-an-Áda in the *Irish Review*, August, 1912.

66.—*σιυβάν νης τιθόρη.*

(JUDY MAGUIRE.)

♩ = 76

Sung by Miss BRIDGET FORDE,
Sylane, Tuam.

1. ὁ - - οἴη-ιξ μέ ἀρ μαισιμ ἀξ τερραμτζε εὐμ δον - διξ
 ἠόρη, ἀξ οἶολ ῖ ἀξ σεαννάε μαρ εἰνιξ μο εἰοιη - - ποῖαμ, βυαίλ
 τερτ μέ ἀρ ἀη μβεαλάε ἀῖρ ῖυθό μηρ - ε ριόρ ἀξ ὀλ, 'S ζυρ λε
 σιυβάν νης τιθόρη ἀ' οἶολ μηρ - ε λυαέ μο βηόξ.

2. 'S ἀ σιυβάν νης τιθόρη, ἀη μηροε λεατ μέ
 βειτ εἰνη?
 μο ἐρηάδ! μάῖρ μηροε λιομ εἰρα βειτ ριντε
 ἰ ζοίλλ—
 βρῶντε 'ζυρ μαιλτε βειτ ῖγίλεαδ ἀρ εἰοιβ
 οο εἰνη,
 ἀζυρ σεαο ἀ βειτ ἰ η-τορμηρ ζο οτιζεαδ ριολ
 εἰδα ἀνη ερηινη.

1. In the dawn-time ambling early unto a
 neighbouring fair
 To bargain and to barter, and to rid me of my
 care,
 Thirst smote me by the wayside, and, oh, fair
 one of my heart,
 I drank thy health in bumpers, though I saw
 my wealth depart.

3. 'S ἀ σιυβάν νης τιθόρη, ῖρ εἰ βυη ἀζυρ
 βάρη μο ῖγείλ,
 'S ἀρ ἠηάιθ ἀ εἰοιθ ζο οτιζε ρι ἀη βάρη
 λέι
 λε γίλε, λε ριννε, λε μαίρε ῖρ λε οἶα ορηαν
 ῖγείμ,
 'S ναέ μηρε ἀη ερηαξ ἠηηρε ῖρ μέ ῖγδαρ-
 ἠαινε ἀμάριαέ λέι!

2. And, Judy, do you pity me that I am making
 moan,
 As I might keen you, darling, were you sleep-
 ing 'neath a stone,
 With the mill-wheels whirring round you, in
 the daylight and the gloom,
 In the cold tombs of Erris till the trumpet-call
 of doom?

4. Ó, raitéoir ríngil mé bhréad ar gárua
an ríog;
Óo'n né ríginn a sham a beirinn ar éirca
uisce;
Óo buailfínn an t-roma 'sur feinnfínn ar
éilírfíng éadom;
Ag currád éill-odara sur rgarar le ghrá
mo éiríde.

5. Tiar i n-torruir cá fearc agus ríor mo
éirib,
plannca an leimb a o'eicig mo rórad
'noé;
Beir rgeála uaim éirí, má éus mire rós
o'a beul,
So sciubraim oi tuille oá gcuiread ríad
bólaet léi.

6. Beir rgeála uaim éiríge, so veimín nac
bporraim é,
Ó éuala mire sur éirí rí le bólaet mé;
Má cá buaid astat ná an iomacaid mórám
rrié,
Óo'n né bean astat 'r beiré mire ar mo éom-
aile féin.

3. She haunts my tale for ever as a sigh might
haunt the calm,
And from her fairest women-folk she bears
aloft the palm;
Her beauty floats for ever on the ripples of my
song;
God! must to-morrow part me from her I loved
so long!

4. I am an old-time soldier who once upheld
the king;
I swigged the brimming tanker, and made the
tavern ring;
I would wake the drum to fury, and from the
harp snatch woe,
But, alas! 'twas at the Curragh I beheld my
loved one go.

5. Westward in Erris dwells the fair one of my
heart,
Who yesterday refused my troth and bade my
love depart;
Oh, bear a message to her that for each kiss
of mine,
A thousand more I'd give her were she present
with her kine.

6. "Oh, bear those tidings to him," were the
bitter words she said,
"That since he loves my herds and lands myself
he ne'er shall wed;
If herds and ample pastures be his to have and
hold,
His be the fair one of his choice, not mine, his
love grown cold."

This song was sung to me by Miss Bridget Forde, Sylane, Tuam. She learned the air from her father, who had forgotten the words. She used the words found in "Ceol Síde," p. 11, published by the Irish Book Company. For variants see Petrie, Nos. 1440, 1517, and 594.

67.—An Sgeilpín Uroighead. (THE THORNY CLIFF.)

Sung by Miss Maggie Hession,
Béclaire, Tuam.

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. 1 maío - in cínín uá'p éirigeat Δ - mac ar fud na
 scoill - - ce, go cinn - ce caít - ead fásao liom, a' r mo
 leigeat ní raib le fásáil. nó gur veap mé'n bhuinnead
 méit - reá c'raoi b'rác na rgeil - pe uroigh - - e, 'sur
 geit mo éiríde le méit - - re a' r níor éir - - íg liom i fásáil.

2. 1r cruag gan mé 'mo rmbóilín, 1r veap
 'eulócaimn éirí an mbóitín,
 a' r go mbéimn as feinnm ceol uaoib go
 n-eirigead an lá bán.
 Uá b'ruiginn-re fean-bean éirionna a mbéad
 aici bó nó caora,
 éiomáiminn i cun an donais le go mbain-
 rinn airtí gheann.

3. Tá mná na leanna as caimead a' r náir
 fóirid ogra mac íora,
 nuair a bíor an rparán rprionca 1r ar mo
 éiríde 'rtaí bíor an bhón.
 'Sé mo fáil go b'ruiginn airtí í, 'r é mo
 leun, ní g'eob'rao ná éiríde,
 'S gur geall ar rtaíge ar r'píle í, 'r nac
 claoirde an gáirad g'rád ?

4. Tá mo g'rád-íra ar cúl an g'áiríon, 'r í
 an éú, 'r í an luac, 'r í an láir í,
 1r í 1r síle b'raige na a b'raca don feap
 airtí,
 Cé gur b'áto é an crann fáirneige a' r go
 ucuireann an blác le r'ánar,
 ní luigeann u'úcc an f'áiríge, a' r tá r'gáé
 móir 1r an n'g'ráim.

5. Raíar mé go h-éiríre nó u'o'n oileán le
 'n-a éaoib rinn,
 nó go 'meiríoca 'u'ár an r-gearúim le mo
 céad feap má bím beo,
 ar airt go b'rác ní fill'rao go labraib an
 éuac 'ran n'geiríreab
 'S go mbib cairleán r'inn na míleada u'á
 éanar an an nuad.

<p>6. Τά μο μινντεαρ δι ζαό ταοβ υίομ 'r ní φέαοαίμ κοήραό α θέαηαή 'S ζο βρυνί ληρεάαγ ερμααό ζεαρ ορημ μά τέίγίμ αμαό γαν ουόε';</p>	<p>νά σεαηγλαίγίρ μο μέαηα αόε πάζαίγίρ φαοι πέρη ιαο Si μο κόμηα μο έυτο έάοαίγ 'r ní έίλεόαίρ μέ αη βραελλίμ.</p>
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TRANSLATION.

1. One morning as I roved out by the outskirts of the woods I was stricken by an arrow, and no cure could be found for me. I beheld a sportive maiden beneath a thorny cliff. My heart within leaped high for joy—and no cure could be found for me. | 2. Alas, that I am not a mavis, Through the laneway would I deftly steal, And my strain would I sing for you till the day would brightly dawn. If I came across a wise old woman who owned a cow or sheep I should drive it to the fair with her and have amusement thereby. | 3. The women-topers wail aloud—Jesus, Son, give them no help. When the purse is empty, and my heart within is grieved, My hope is yet to find her—Alas, I never shall. And it's like a dart from a wedge of iron—is not love a wasting ill? | 4. My love is adown the garden—a hound, a deer, a steed, She's a fairer captive than man e'er laid eyes upon. Though tall be the elder, and fall its blossoms low, No dew lies in the desert, and there's darkness in the sun. | 5. I shall hie me off to Egypt, or some island hard by; Or to America shall I go at eve of summer with my first love, if I live. Back till doom I will not come—till the cuckoo calls in winter, And till the castle which the Milesians built is being raised again anew. | 6. My friends are on all sides of me—no converse can I hold. There's hard strict watch kept over me if I go out at night. Do not tie up my fingers—leave them prepared. My suit of clothes, my coffin—I will not ask a shroud.

This song comes from Connemara, where Miss Hession (now Mrs. McCann) learned it from the singing of Eamon Breathnach, Spiddal.

Another version of this song was published in "Cláríreac na nGaeoel" under the name, "An Bhrinnneal Mheirb," and still another in "Siamsra an Seimpró," p. 73. See also Walsh's "Irish Popular Songs," p. 82.

68.—*ἄν τρεαν-θεαν λιὰτ.*
(THE GREY-HAIRED OLD WOMAN.)

Sung by *μιχάελ υἱὰ Κοιμητῆ,*
Tawin.

♩ = 76

1. *ο* *καρ - ἀδ ἄν τρεαν-θεαν οἴμ, ἀρ [Δ] βουλ να*
βερη - νάν, ἄν σεὰτ - παῖμαδ λά τερ εἶρ ἄν
κοσ - ἀδ Δ εἶχεὰτ. ἄν φερ Δ - τὰ μεὰττα
κύ, νό ἄν μαρῶ Δ - - τὰ κύ, νό Δ'
οτιοφαιὸ κύ Δ βράιριτσεὰτ λειρ ἄν τρεαν-θεαν λιὰτ?

An alternative ending.

λειρ Δ τρεαν-θεαν λιὰτ?

2. *νί φερ ἀτὰ μεὰττα μέ 'ρ νί μαρῶ ἀτὰ μέ*
'S νί παδαὶὸ μέ Δ βράιριτσεὰτ λειρ ἄν τρεαν-θεαν λιὰτ,
ἀετ 'οἴομπριτσεαρ ἔαρμ ἀγερ νιῖνεαρ-ρα ἔαριρε,
'S μά τὰ ἄν φραρῶν λῶν ἀγερ τεανν ἀνιαρ.
3. *Ο! κύρ φι Δ λάμῆ ἠν Δ ἠ-ορεαλ ἕρῆνοα,*
'S νᾶρ ἀδ ἕαρ ἄν ἠαίρε νο'ν τρεαν-θεαν ἐ?
σεο ἕιτ-ρε ἄν τ-αιριτσεο 'ρ νᾶ καῖντιτῆ ἕο βράτ ἀιρ,
τὰ νᾶρ να ἠ-εαγλαίρ' υἱεῖς φῶρ 'σο ἕιατῶ.
4. *Ο! καρῶ ἄν σαζαρτ 'σομ ἀγερ ἠἰομπριτσεαρ ἄν ἀρ τῶ,*
ἕο παῖδ σεὰτῆρ πᾶριτῆ ἕο λαῖ 1 μο ἕιατῶ,
'S ἕο παῖδ μάτῆρῆν 'σονα ἀα παδ 'σοεαν-ρεαδ ἀρ τῶιβ
'Οά λῆιτῶιρ πᾶιτε νό κυλλεαδ 'ρ βλιαδαῖν.
5. *Ο! πῖλλ Δ βαίτε Δ 'σοιρ πέ, Δ φεακαὶὸ ἕρῆνοα,*
'S μεαρα ἀτὰ κύ 'νά ἄν τ-ε βραίε ἕια.
σῆαομπριτῆμ ἕρῆρ θεαν 'σο δαιν ἄν τ-υδαλλ 'ῆαν ηῖεῖρῶιν,
'S κυρ κάλ 'σο λάμῆ λειρ ἄν τ-ρεαν-θεαν λιὰτ.

6. Ο! ἤγριόβρανον λιτήν, ἀοιήν γι, ἀγυρ λέιξ-
ρην μο θίοβλα

ἀν λά βυαίλεᾶ ὄραοῦθεᾶτ ὄρη ἀγυρ ρμυτ
ὄε'η ἔεθ.

θίοθ κυλαῖθ ζεᾶλ ὄρη ὄε ἔοξαῶ ἀν ἐπίοθα

ἀγυρ ράκα εἴρη ἔομ τὸν λέ ζυᾶλ,
θίοθ βυαίλεθε ἀηγιο ἢ μο θρόζαῖθ ρίοθα,
'S νᾶρ ἔεθρ ἀν ἴνιαν λέ μεᾶλλᾶθ μέ.

7. ἢ γεᾶν-θεᾶν μίρε, ἀοιήν γι, ἀττ καίην ὄξ
μέ

ἔυαῖρ ἤγοιθ ἀγυρ ρόζλιμ ἰ ὄ-τᾶρ μο ραῶζαῖθ,
'S ὄᾶ μαιηεᾶθ μο ἔεᾶθα ἄομ ζο λά μο ρόρτα

ζο μῆτέρῳμν-ρε ἰ ζεῖοῖοῖ λέ κλαῖνν νᾶ ἤιοξ;
ἀττ βλιαῶαῖν 'ρα τᾶκα ρεο, 'ρεᾶθ ρηζηεᾶθ

ραοῖ ἀν ἔρῶθ ἔ

'S 'ρέ λιᾶθ ζο ἡ-ὄξ μέ ἀγυρ ἢ λέ ἡαοῖρ.

TRANSLATION.

1. Oh, I met the old woman in front of the gap On the fourth day after the war had begun. "Are you a worthless coward, or are you dead, Or would you become a partner with the grey-haired old woman?" | 2. "No coward am I, nor yet am I dead, Still I'll not enter into partnership with the grey-haired old woman." Then I turned away, and laughingly said, "But if you have your purse full, come over to me." | 3. Then she put her hand under her ugly arm,—Did not that become the old woman well?—"Here's the money for you, and never say a word about it, But you have yet to reckon with the whole law of the church." | 4. I met the priest and explained the case to him—That there were four weak children behind me, And that they had a bad little mother who would not pity them, If they lay up for a quarter or more than a year. | "Oh, return home," replied he, "you heinous sinner, You are worse than he whom God has judged. I call to mind that it was a woman who took the apple in the garden, So turn the back of your hand to the old grey woman." | 6. "Oh, I used write letters and read my Bible," said she, "Till the day I was bewitched and caught in a mist. I used to wear a bright dress of the best silk, And combs for my hair black as coal, And silver buckles on my silken shoes; So was not I to be desired and wooed?" | 7. "No hag am I," said she, "but a young girl Well educated from my earliest youth, And had my father lived to see me married, I should be (riding) in coaches with royal families. But a year ago he was buried, And it is that, and not old age, that has caused my grey hairs."

Μιῆεᾶλ υᾶ Κομνῆρ was awarded first prize for the singing of this song at the Galway Féis, July, 1918. I heard him sing it there, and afterwards in Tawin, where I spent a very pleasant week. Μιῆεᾶλ, who himself hails from this little happy Irish-speaking village—consisting in all of fourteen families—told me that he learned the song from a young man from Connemara who used to come periodically to Tawin to help with the harvest.

There is a version of this song of fifteen stanzas given in "Στάμπα ἀν ζεῖμῆρῶ," p. 127.

There is an extra bar given in the first half of the tune which is not required in all the verses.

69.—τά μο έλεαίννας βέαντα.
(MY MATCH IS MADE.)

Sung by MR. TOM HOLLAND,
Tawin.

J = 80

1. τά μο έλεαίν - νας βέαντα ό άε-ρύξάό ά-ρείρ 'S ní
My match is made since ere last night To the

mó 'νά έο σκαίτεανν άη έαν λιον ρέιν άετ
girl I neith - er love nor like, But I'll

ράξραό μέ 'μο θιαό ί άξ-υρ ιμείόέαό μέ λιον ρέιν ά-
take my own ad - vice, and I'll leave her far be-hind, And I'll

μάε ρυο να έσοίτ - - τε έγραόβ - άε.
trav - el the wild woods all ov - er.

2. ό! ριυάιλ μιρε ροιρ άγυρ ριυάιλ μιρε
ριαρ,
'S ριυάιλ μιρε Κορκαίξ άγυρ ριυάιρε β'λ-άε'-
Cliaé,
άγυρ ραίαιε νε μο έαίλιν νεαρ ní ρααα μιρε
'μαίη,
'S í άη έαν ουβ ό'ράξ μο έροιρε έραόρε.

2. Oh, I walked up and I walked down,
And I walked Cork and Dublin town,
The likes of my true love I never yet did find,
She's the dark-eyed girl is my darling.

3. ό! ό'είρξ μιρε ρέιν θά υαιρ' ροιή λά
ά'ρ ρυαιρ μιρε λιτρ ό μο ιμίε έραό :
έυατα μέ άη ρμοίλιν 'r άη λουουβ ό'ά ράό
Συρ έαλυξ μο έραό έαρ ράιε.

This is another Connemara song which I took down from Mr. Tom Holland, Tawin. It was sung in Irish and English alternately—a custom which I have been told very frequently prevailed among Irish singers in the West; but this is the only illustration of it which I have been able to register.

3. Oh, I got up two hours before day,
And I got a letter from my own true love;
I heard the blackbird and the linnet say
That my love had crossed over the water.

4. η ραοα τά μο έαρραιγε ηρ ά μβαίε
ρεο λε βλιαόαν,
ní μαρ έαίλ άρ ημυρε 'r ní μαρ έαίλ άρ
Όια,
άε' μαρ ρύλ 'r έο έρμυξίμν άμαρε άρ βλάε να
n-uball.

η έ άη έαν ουβ ά στυξ μο έροιρε έραό ρί.

4. Long have I come for a year to this place,
And not for God's sake or Mary's,
But hoping for a glance on the apple blossom's
face,
She's the dark-haired girl who's my darling.

70.—**ΒΕΑΡΤΛΙΝ ΚΙΝΓ.**
(BARTLEY KING.)

Sung by MR. PHILIP WALDRON.

♩ = 176

1. Βειρ γζέλ - α υαιμ ευν Βεαρτ - λιν Κινγ, αν
 τ-όγς - φεαρ μοιγλιθε μίν-τε βεαρ. 'Συρ φαοιλ μέ α-
 - ριαθι νάρ αε - ριγς ελαον - τα Ούιτέ' η βριονηγαις ι
 ηγιολλ λε φεαρ. Right fol de dol ol, de dol ol de dol
 ol, Right fol de dol ol, de dol ad - di di ó. Right
 fol de dol ol, de dol ol de dol ol.
 Ούιτέ' - e αν βριονη - γαις ι ηγιολλ λε φεαρ.

2. Σιού ε αν ράε 'βριυλ μέ θ'α ράό,
 μαρ εγς ρέ αν βάρη ό ευαιό α'ρ ό βεαρ,
 αετ α Βεαρτλιν Κινγ, μο ζηράό έú εουόε--
 τά μνά να τιρε βυάδαρεά λεατ.
 Right fol, etc.

1. My greeting bring to Bartley King,
 The handsome, gracious-mannered boy ;
 Say, fools have spoken, no hearts are broken
 In Frenches' country where love's a toy.

3. ηιλ έαν εεάρη ι θρυρ ηό εαλλ
 ηάρ ριυθαιλ μέ ανη α'ρ μέ ζο λαζ,
 'Σιορ-εορ τυαηρυζ' αν αν ηβυαεόιλλ
 θα θειρε ζηρυαίό α'ρ β'άιλλε υρεαε.
 Right fol, etc.

2. But tell the youth 'tis God's own truth,
 That north and south he killed his game ;
 Oh ! Bartley dear, since you were here
 No girl her heart again may claim.

4. Οἷζνε οὐτέε α' ο' ἄρουιζ ἀρ ρυδαλ ἐ
Δεγρ τὰ μο φαίλ ζο ζαρραϊθε ἀρ ἀρ,
Δέτ α' θεαρτλίν σινζ, μο ζηρόδ ἐά κοῦθε—
τὰ μνά να τῖνε βυαθάρεα λεατ.

Right fol, etc.

5. Τηράτ ἐιζ να ρλυαιζτε ζο τεαδ ἀν ἔσοιλ,
νίλ βηίξ ρα ρρόητ ζο οτιζ ρέ ιρτεαδ;
βί σιον ἀ' ρ ζηασι Δζ 'έ ινλε θρεαμ ἀρ,
μαρ βί ρέ μοιζλίθε μίντε νεαρ.

Right fol, etc.

6. Σίνο ἐ ἀν ράτ α' βηυιλ μέ ο' δ ράδ,
μαρ ἐιζ ρέ ἀν βήρη δ ἔυαῖθ ἀ' ρ ὄ νεαρ,
Δέτ α' θεαρτλίν σινζ, μο ζηρόδ ἐά κοῦθε—
τὰ μνά να τῖνε βυαθάρεα λεατ.

Right fol, etc.

3. And up and down through every town
I've worn my brogues and asked all day,
If any rover had seen the lover
Whose glance has stolen my heart away.

4. Since you went abroad with the gay young lord
By day and night I call your name;
Oh! Bartley dear, since you were here,
No girl her heart again may claim.

5. The floor may crowd and song be loud,
All sport his absence will destroy,
For all who met him must still regret him,
The handsome, gracious-mannered boy.

6. Oh! tell the youth 'tis God's own truth
That north and south he killed his game,
And Bartley dear, since you were here,
No girl her heart again may claim.

I took this song down from the singing of Mr. Philip Waldron, Gaelic League Organizer. As he could remember only the first verse, I have taken the others (with the kind permission of Professor O'Maille) from "Ἀνήριον Ἐλαμνε Ζαεθεαλ," p. 74. Mr. O'Maille gives no indication as to where he got the song.

71.—AN RAICÍN ÁLUINN. (THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE COMB.)

Sung by MISS CHRISTINA FAHY,
Tawin.

♩ = 66

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written on a treble clef. Below each staff is the corresponding line of lyrics in Greek letters.

1. βί μέ λά βηεάξ ζηέμε 'ρ μέ Δζ ουλ ἀν ρόο ρεο ρίαρ,
 Καρ - αθ καί - ιν ὅζ ορη ἀ' ρ Δζ ρηυζαθ να μβό κορ ἔλαρε.
 Βερημ - ρε ρέμ. μο μόιο α - ζατ ἀ' ρ α ρόρ α βί ιν α η - Δζαῖθ,
 Σλουρ - ιρ ἔαρμ ζο ηεό - ἐαίλ Δζ, βαινε ἀν ρόζ - μάη βυθε.

2. Βι μέ ζλιε ζο λορη λειρ αν γρόρη το έυρ
 έυν έιην,
 έυαρθ μυρο ζο τειξ 'η οιλ λε μέ, ηρ τοόό 'ζυρ
 γυρθ μυρο γίορ;
 Βι punch 'r γίον αρ βορη αζαιην άότ ηρ ορη-
 ρα α βι έ ίοσ,
 'S ζυρ ιμείξ γέ γίορ αν βόταρ υαημ ά'r μο
 γιασ' ι η-α βόσα έιαρ.

3. Δ'r ηαό βηόναό αν θεαν ζο λά μέ, α ρτόρην
 ό, άουβαρη ρί?
 ηι θέαηαρθ μέ γάζηαθ ná ά' ζάηρηθε νό ζο
 οτέίξηθ γέ αν ηόο γο άρηρ.

τά αν ζηηαιξ άζ ευηιηη η-α υαάηαρθ υαημ
 'r ζαν αοο 'ζαη α ηείοτεοάη ι
 ό έαηλλ μέ αν ηαίαιη άλυιηη α βι ζο η-άηο
 άρ αұл μο έιην.

4. Ηαάαρθ γέ αν ηόο γο άηάηηαό άζυρ ευρ
 αέλο ράητε ραοι,
 Socρηηξ αάάοιη έλάηη τοό ζο η-άηο αρ λάη
 αν τειξε,
 Βαηη α ηατα ο'ά έαηηη άζυρ ná βίοθ αή ηα
 ηάηηε ορη ραοι,
 ηό ζο βραηηρθ αύ αν ηαίαιη άλυιηη α βίοθ ζο
 η-άηο αρ αұл μο έιην.

TRANSLATION.

1. One fine sunny day as I went down the road I met a young girl who was stripping cows by the roadside; I give you my word that the rose was in her cheeks, She brushed by me to Eochail (Youghal) at the cutting of the yellow harvest. | 2. I was artful enough to promote the merriment, We went to the tavern for a while, and of course we sat down. We had punch and wine on the counter, and I had to pay the score, And he went adown the road from me—and my comb below in his pocket. | 3. "And am I not the sad woman, my darling O?" said she, "No cheer nor laughter shall I have till he comes this road again. My hair is falling in ringlets,—I have nothing to fix it up. Since I lost my beautiful little comb which sat up behind in my hair." | 4. He will come this road to-morrow and welcome him right well, Arrange a wooden chair for him in the middle of the floor. Take the hat from off his head—be not ashamed of him. And you'll find the beautiful little comb which used to be behind in my hair."

Miss Fahy told me she learned this song from her father. The air seems to be a variant of the well-known song in English, "Oh, Limerick is beautiful," and it probably hails from Munster, as there is a tradition amongst the Tawin people that they originally came from Clare to settle in Galway a few generations ago.

Another version of this song is published by Rev. P. Walsh in his "Cnuiráo Úeas Ámháim," Part V, p. 7.

Petrie also has an air of this name, No. 1082.

72.—COINNLEAC GLAS AN FÓGHADH.
(THE GREEN AUTUMN STUBBLE.)

Sent to me by MRS. CONOR MAGUIRE,
Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

♩ = 66

1. An coinne - leac glas an fóghadh, a
 rúin - in, reab dearg mé tú, buo dearg oo fear - dh
 mbró - gha, 'r buo mhí - dearg oo leasán rúl. Oo
 ghraob buo deirge 'ná an rór - a, a' oo cáil - in bhí mhí - te
 oláit, 'sé mo léan gearr gan mé a' tú rór - ta, nó dh
 bório luing - e ag uil a - - nonn.

2. D'éirigh mé Dia Céadoinn, uair liom féin,
 bhí an máttin fuidh,
 Cía d'fheicim in a léine d'eo mo céad-fearc
 agur í faoi ghraim;
 Dhruadamar le céile a' r' oá bhéirimir
 geobadamar 'un ruain
 A' buo é uábhán d'fearaid éireann mo
 céad-fearc a congáil uaim.

1. When stubble lands were greening you came
 among the stooks,
 And grace was in your feet then, and love was
 in your looks,
 In your cheeks the rose grew redder, and your
 hair in clusters lay,
 And I would we lived together, or together
 slipped away.

3. Οἰομαὶ βροῦξ ἢα ἡ-δοῖνε τοῦν τέ α ὄβηρ
μο ξηρό ἰ ἔραο ἡαμν,
Ξαν νειρετ ἀ'μ οὐλ 'ν-α ξαοδαρ ἰά ραοῖνε
νά ζο μοέ οἰα ἡαμν;
Ὀά ἡβεῖτ ῥέ αξ ἡάηρτῖξ ὄοῖόε, ἀ'ρ ζο ῥῖοη-
ῖουῖξ ἀ' κυρ ῥηεάετα α ὡ-τυαῖό,
λε μο ἡἰαν ὡά ἔραξοῖνν εεαο ῥῖνεαὸ, ἔεῖοἡνν
κοῖη ἡαοῖβηνν ἰειρ ἂν εαλ' ἀη κυαν.

4. 'S tpuag san mpe 'm' éimín ir veap a léim-
rinn ó éom zo tom,
nó 'm' eapcuan ar loé éirne, ir veap oo
rúám-ramn í ó éuan zo cuan;
léigpinn-re glan-ξaeóilge agur rḡuóbrann
í le bapn mo pínn,
'S ní féadainn comrúáδ a véanám le 'n-a
éaocpuime a' r' cá 'mo éeann.

2. I had a dream on Wednesday that bitter was
the frost,
And I saw my love lamenting at dawn that I
was lost;
Methought I came beside her and held her
tenderly,
And all Erin I defied then to part my love and me.

3. My curse on him is spoken who keeps my
love from me,
And swears that to our courting he never will
agree;
For though skies should send the deluge, or the
snowy North its flakes,
We two could live as pleasant as the swans
upon the lakes.

4. The sea-gull's heart is merry when the fish
is in his beak,
And the eel within Loch Erne can swim from
creek to creek,
And I spoke tripping Gaelic, and merry songs
I've sung,
But now my wits are crazy, and leaden is my
tongue.

Mrs. Maguire tells me that this air was familiar to her husband as a boy in Joyce Country.

The words given are taken from "Σιδιμῦα ἂν Ξεῖμῖου," p. 130. Another version is given in "Ἄν ῥῖβῖν," p. 3.

Petrie has an air of this name, No. 1181.

73.—CAISTEÁN UÍ NEÍLL (iv).
(CASTLE O'NEILL.)

♩ = 88

Sung by CAISTÍN MÍO SÁBANN.

1. Céad rian leir an ordé' a - réir, 'Sé mo léan nac é a -
 - noóc a - tá ann! mo bualáil - in binn veap a
 breastrá mé real ar a glúin. Óa n-innriúinn mo
 rgeal uirt ir baoglaé nac noéan-rá - ra rún, so bfuil mo
 gnáó 'so mo éirígnic, 'Óia gléigeal a' r a mhuir, nac tnuag!

2. Uo geallair-re féin uom
 So mbreastrá mo leand ar uúir,
 Uo geallair i na déirí rín
 So mbeas don-tigeap uoir mé agur tú.
 Óa gealláó i na gairó an lae uom
 no gur leigeap-ra leatra mo rún,
 Ac, rairíor gáer uadaé,
 Tá mo éiríde 'rúg óom uob leir an ngnal.

3. Tá mo gáirín breáó 'n-a fáraó,
 A' r a gnáó geal nac mhuir leat é,
 Saó rabrae óa áille
 Tá, fáir 'n'ior éirí dárr glar na cré.

ní éloirín 'ra 'tarráio reo
 Ceol élaríge ná ceileabap na n-éan,
 Ó 'ealair mo gnáó uaim,
 Caistín áluinn, so Caisteán uí neíll.

4. Tá mórán ve'n brón reo,
 A dianróirín, a uol timceall mo éiríde,
 Agur lán mo óa bhróigín
 Ue ueora a' ríle liom ríor.
 Gnáó bualáil óg a bheo mé,
 'Sé an gnáó óu a dam uíom mo éiall,
 Ac ní mairpe mé beo ní
 Má pórair an deap uob ó'n ríab.

TRANSLATION.

1. A hundred farewells to last evening, My sorrow that it is not to-night! (With) my sweet charming boy Who would woo me awhile on his knee! Should I tell you my story, There is danger you'd not keep my secret, That my love is about to desert me, Oh, God of brightness, and, oh, Mary, is it not sad: | 2. You yourself promised me That you would soothe my child at first. You promised me later That one place of abode would be ours. Two promises for each day (you gave) me, Till my secret to you I confided; But woe, bitter and gloomy, My heart within (me) is black as the coal. | 3. My fair little garden is run wild, And, my bright love, does it not affect you, [To see] every flower, howe'er pretty (growing wild), That grows up through the green surface of the earth; In this street I hear not Harp's music nor song of the birds Since my love has stolen away from me, My fair Coolin, to Castle O'Neill. | 4. Much of this sorrow, My treasure, goes round my heart, And the full of my two little shoes of the tears that I shed (for you); 'Tis the love of a young boy has crushed me, 'Tis that love has deprived me of reason! But another month I'll not be alive If you wed the dark maid of the hill!

This song was kindly sent to me by the Rev. Professor T. O'Kelly, U. C., Galway. He states that it was given to him by Miss Maggie Costello, St. Joseph's Terrace, Galway, who learned it from CAITLÍN NÍ ŠABANN, Gaelic League organizer. The air is quite unlike the other versions given in the early part of this book (see pp. 9-13).

74.—AN ŠABÁ CEÁRÓCÁNN.
(THE BLACKSMITH.)

$\text{♩} = 92$ Sung by MR. PHILIP WALDRON.

1. Ó, éad mé bliadain a' r rait - e, 'mo šaba ceárocánn! Šcáige
laigeann, tuairne mo šráb' ní bhuairdear, nó šo uáinig mé an - uar Δ -
- rít. Tá an raogalreo ar rao eárbte, a' r ní airm-igim mo tuinnceir
réin, ad' ar an šnocúó eall tá. m' ár-ur, 's ar an b'ára ní céireao é.

2. Soir ará mo éarraigz
 A gsur nac fada uaim-re zhráb mo érhoibé,
 A ghollda an éúilín péacaigz,
 I oo téir-re ní mairfeao bec.
 Éarraigz tú milleán mór oim
 Déte a rtoirín níor tháit leat é,
 naoi n-uairne, b'feairh liom póirta leat
 So mór-mór 'nád beir i bhlaitéar Dé.

3. nac breáig nac otagann tú, a sheagáin,
 A gsur mé a fáigáil ó mo múinntir féin,
 nac breáig nac otagann tú a zhráb zhl,
 'Zsur mé a fáigáil uata uile zo léir.
 mura bfuil raob rárta
 leir an zcár-reo a fáigáil réiré,
 Déanaigzib túmba cláirí oim
 A gsur fáigáigzib mé zo ooimín i zcraé.

4. Maíac m' mciann dána
 Zeobáinn ámur uairé mo múinntir féin,
 dá a gsur caoirigz dána
 A gsur ráirceanna le 'n-a zsur 'un féirh,
 coúlad fáda saírraíó
 a gsur ceao zreann a beir 'gá éairéairh
 léite,
 A gsur zo mb'feairh liom raói na táinnacáirh
 a z píoacá reampóg le zhráb mo cléirb'.

5. Oimobáir kíog na háoime
 O'n té a úbirh mo zhráb i b'rao uaim,
 ní féirir liom uil 'n-a zraobar
 aoi oia háoime no zo moé oia luain.
 Oá mbíó ré 'n-a rtoirim teinnce
 a'z an oiréce a z cur feaca 'oicairé,
 le mo rún oá b'ráigann ceao rince
 úeim coim háoirinn leirán eala aréuan.

6. a' zcuairir, nó an b'ruairir rzeal ar bíé
 uairé mo zhráb-ra anuar le mí
 éairé éirí oileántáin uairneaca
 nó anuar a'iré éirí éalcaib rraoirig?
 ní raib raim ar bíé m oo zlóir a zgam
 déte oúlar mór zsur a z magab bír,
 a gsur tá mé ó z zo leor rór
 a'z beir ceao rroiré a zgam i mbairle
 eicéir.

7. O'éirigz mé oia céadaoim
 O'éazcaoim (z' bí) an tháoirh fuair,
 cé o'feircinn déte mo céao-reairé
 ar énoacáirh a'z i íb'rao uaim.
 zoirreámar le 'n-a éirle,
 nó zsur leirreámar an oiréce 'un rraoin,
 a'z má'z i oo tháiréirh 'tá 'oo oiairé oim,
 fuil a cléiré aicé a gsur zgalair oúbac.

TRANSLATION.

1. I spent a year and a quarter A forge-smith in Leinster, I heard not of my true-love Till I came back again. The people I left are heart-broken, And I mention (count) not my own people, But on yonder hill is my residence, And on the (from the) Pope I won't deny it. | 2. The East is my attraction, And isn't it far from me my own heart's love is? O, Page of the proud tresses (beautiful locks), After you I shall not live. You drew upon me great blame, But, my darling, you didn't wish it. Nine times I'd rather be married to you Than even to be in God's Heaven. | 3. Isn't it nice that you come not, John, And get me from my own people, Isn't it nice that you come not, my loved one, And get me from them all (entirely)? If they aren't satisfied To prepare (arrange) this case, O! make ye a tomb of boards for me And place ye me beneath the clay. | 4. Only for my bold mind I'd get a residence from my own people, Cows and white sheep, And parks in which to graze them, A long summer of slumber (sleep of summer), And permission to be spending the time in fun, But (and) I'd prefer (to be) on the shallows (moors) Plucking sorrel with the love of my heart. | 5. (May) the disappointment of the King of Friday Upon the person who drove my love far away from me. I cannot

go near her Any Friday, or early on Monday. (But) if it were a storm of fire (lightning) And the night freezing from the North, And had I permission to rest (stretch) beside my secret love, I'd be as happy as the swan in the harbour. | 6. Did you hear, or did you get any news Of my own love for a month (or more) Over through the lonely islands Or down again through the heathery lands? I paid no attention (heed) to your voice. Tho' in great distress, you were joking. So I am young enough yet, And will be permitted sport in some village. | 7. I arose on Wednesday Lamenting, (and the morn (was) cold. Whom should I see but my first love On a little hill, (and he) far away from me. We called to each other And rested for the night—And if it is your mother grudges you to me, Her heart's blood be hers, and the black disease!

I took down this song from the singing of Mr. Philip Waldron. He tells me he learned it in Spiddal from Ct n Coirrel, and also from Ct n Eg, Drombane, Ballyhaunis.

75.—NRn, mo man.

(NOREEN, MY LOVE.)

From Mrs. CONOR MAGUIRE,
Claremorris, Co. Mayo.

$\text{♩} = 60$

1. T mo tc ar an r - vn 'r v cann 'ran nc, t 'n
frcinn  - nuar ann 'r n r - g an tgc roi; t 'n
cein - cen v vc - bil 'r an b 'vul 'ran gcr, 's c 'r
bi t  mbrc m, 'r nr - in mo man.

2. g vl r mugc vom 'r m 'cmrc
le mnoi,
lo r mo rcarc 'r noi rg r 'm
rginn,
t foi g vc,  rcrn, nc brn t om
roi,
's v mbrcc mug' ar na bcrb 'r vcg
nc bruginn bron.

3.  vl r rro valla vom l fcl'
mur mor,
g viol mo curo errrc 'r groinnc le mo
rcr,
nur frrugcar beann na leanna viom,
"Ca bruil luc na mbrcg?"
"Cur m le hanam na marb 't  vcam -
poll mugco."

himself than all Ireland. | 9. "Would you take Noreen, if you were to get her for a wife?" I would take her, she is the bright love of my heart. There is neither house, nor dwelling, nor a place to which I would bring her, And since there isn't, leave me, and farewell to my love.

This is another song sent to me by Mrs. Maguire of Claremorris. She sent only one verse of this song, and I have taken the other verses from "Σιαμπα να Ζεϊμπίου," p. 70. The air is a good version of a fairly popular tune to which the words of an old music hall song, "Villikins and his Dinah," used to be sung.

76.—moll vub an gleanna.

(DARK MOLL OF THE GLEN.)

Sung by MR. TOM HOLLAND,
Tawin.

♩ = 98

1. τὰ βό αἶ-αμ ἀρ ἴλιαθ, 'ς ἴρ ἴα-θα μέ 'n-α υιαῖθ, νό ζυρ
 ἔαιλλ μέ μο ἔαιλλ λε νό - - ἔαρ, θά
 ρεόλαθ ἴοῖρ 'ἴ ἴαῖρ ἴοῖρ ζαῖ ἀτ θ'ά υεῖζεαμ ἀν ἴριαθ, νό ζο
 Συρρά.
 θῖλλεαμ ἴ ἀρ ἀῖρ ἐράθ - νό-να, 'ςἴ moll vub an ἴλεαμ'ι, 'ςἴ
 moll vub an εαρῖαῖθ ἴ, 'ςἴ moll vub ἴρ υεῖρε θά ἀν
 νό - ἴα, 'ς θά θράζαμ-ρε ἴεῖν μο ἴοζαῖν υε ἴηά
 ὄς - α υεαῖ' ἀν υοῖαῖν, 'ςἴ moll vub an ἴλεαμ' α θ'εαρῖ λιομ.

2. Nuair a bheadnuigim féin anoinn
 Iní an áit a mbíonn mo rún
 Síleann ó mo fúilib' riuic' veóira,
 A'í a níg' geál na nÓil, óéan fuairgealt ar
 mo éúir

Maí 'rí bean uob an éleanna vo bneó mé.
 Cuirpá: 'Sí moll uob, etc.

3. Oá bráđáinn-ře beán 'ra múnáin
 'S cruír beán 'ra laigeann
 Aşur beán mbéab' óá míle bó áici,
 áct 'rí beán na bráinne mbuiré a érláó şo veo
 mo énoibe,

A'í mo éúig' éévo rlan şo veo léi.
 Cuirpá: 'Sí móll uob, etc.

4. Tá inşean aş an tarla,
 'S tá ríre şo píoclad,
 Oo mo íarriaró-ře fáđáil le póradó,

áct óá bráđáinn-ře féin mo roşain ve inná
 óşa veap' an voóáin,
 'Sí moll uob an éleanna vo éşgráinn.
 Cuirpá: 'Sí moll uob, etc.

5. Sívo é riar mo éeac
 'S şan ve bíon ain áct an rşriac,
 'S é veanta ar leac-éaoib' an bóéain,
 'S nac' érionna vo bíonn an beac' nuair a
 véann rí a neao
 Le veap' aşur le şriac an róşáin.
 Cuirpá: 'Sí moll uob, etc.

6. Nuair a doruigeann an trlac
 ní fanann uric' meap
 áct aş cruic' leir an vuileóigín ír óige,
 áct a éailín áluinn veap, v'éalavó uaim le
 írreap,
 'S mo éúig' éévo rlan şo veo leac.
 Cuirpá: 'Sí moll uob, etc.

TRANSLATION.

1. On the mountain I have a cow, And have herded her for long, Till a fair maiden stole my reason. I lead her to and fro, Wherever the sun goes, Until she returns in the evening. *Chorus.*—She is dark Moll of the glen, She is dark Moll of the Spring, She is dark Moll, redder than the rose, And did I get my choice of the world's prettiest young women, It is dark Moll of the glen I'd prefer.— | 2. Whenever I look around me At the place where my treasure is, A stream of tears flows from my eyes. O, bright God of Might, relieve my misery, For it is the dark woman of the glen that has destroyed me. | 3. Did I get a woman in Munster, And three of them in Leinster, And a woman with two thousand cows, Yet it is the woman of the golden ringlets who has broken my heart for life, Farewell to her for ever, farewell five hundred times. | 4. The Earl has a daughter, Who is highly fashionable, And who's trying to get me to marry her, But did I get my choice of the world's prettiest and youngest women, It is dark Moll of the glen I'd select. | 5. Yonder is my house With no covering but sods of earth, Built on the road-side—How wise of the bee to build up her hive In the heat and sunlight of Autumn. | 6. When the twig grows old No fruit remains upon it, But jealous of the youngest little leaf.—But, pretty, lovely maid, thou hast gone from me with a good-for-nothing fellow, My five hundred farewells to you for ever!

This song is well known all over Ireland, both under this title and as "Beán uob an éleanna." Some of the stanzas of the above version must, I think, have been corrupted in transmission.

A Munster version appears in "Cnuairadó beas Áiméain," Part VI, in "Poets and Poetry of Munster," p. 220, and in nearly every musical publication for the last century.

At page 115 of the "Love-songs of Connacht," Dr. Hyde says this song was written by Donal Considine of the Co. Clare.

The words were written down for me by Mr. Michael Fahy ("Caois") and Mr. Michael Connif, Tawin. The fourth verse is taken from Dr. Hyde's version.

77.—CÉARÚCÁ ANTOINE ÚUIB.
(THE FORGE OF BLACK ANTHONY.)

$\text{♩} = 72$ Sung by Tomás na Colmáin.

1. Ú' éir - is mé féin ar mairtín go moé, Δ' r cuairt mé go
 céarú-cá antoin - e Úuib. "Δó - bair mo láirde 'cá ag - am an
 reo, Δ' r ag iarraid i fáigáil uéanta Δ - cá mé." Labair ré
 liom - ra go có - ra veap cuim, "Úá mbead céad fear
 roimac - ra géobad tuar túr, Séro na builg caob éir ve mo
 eúl, Δ - sur corúcéad mé pláicáil vo láirde - e."

2. Carrnaig ré cuige tobac agus ríóp'
 Δ' r focruig ré caéaoir Δ' r fuib le mo éaoib,
 thra ve'n uilleoig Δ caic ré mar diaó
 agus corruig ré pláicáil mo láirde.
 Óair ré an ceaglac go beagrad ré ríor,
 Sur fáit ré le gorrac an t-iarann 'r an
 "steel."

Úi na rplannraed ag éirige le rriag'éaduib
 an tige
 Δ' r me Δ' fáigáil m' anam ag gáire.

3. Nuair fuairgear mo láirde, 'r i gléarta m'
 láim
 Socruigear 'un obair i Δ' r u'oirbigearan lá,
 ní' l don fear óg u' ar beaúigead ran áit
 náe rgoéramn 'ran gcóimlint an lá rín.
 "Searam Δ' r rreacac go raib i vo láim
 Δ' r náe múctar vo ceaglac go uci lá an
 bráda,
 Ainclide na bflaitear vo u' cuimac gac lá,
 Ir tú an gada acá múnice i u' céarúca."

4. 'Σέαρν ουδαίρτ αν ριινέαρα βί λε μο
 έαοιβ,
 "Οαρ ριντε, α βυάδαίλλ, ιρ υεαρ αν βαλλ ι,
 βί αν τεαηαιρε λεάταιρ δ'ρ αν τείτεαδ μόρ
 ρύιτι,
 Δ'ρ ζεαρηραδ ρί ροιρπι αν βυάσάν."
 Σέαρν ουδαίρτ αν ταβαρηαούοιρ βί ορ μο
 δόμειρ,
 "Οαρ ριντε, α βυάδαίλλ, ιρ υεαρ υο έυαξ
 μόρ,
 β'ζεαρη λιομ ná ζιμι ι δζαμ ζο υεά,
 ιρ υεαρ α έεαρηαδ ρί ζαλίαν δ'ρ βάιρην.

5. ná υέαηαιζιύ ιουζηαδ υε'η ζαδα βί ανη,
 'Se Antoine ó Siornaóain ριιντε αν βαλλ,
 'Στά υαοιμε υαιρλε Κοηηάετα 'ζλαααδ αρλαίη
 αιζε
 Δ'ρ έ δ' υεάηαη όδβέα "fenders" δ'ρ
 ζηάααί.
 'Σέ ζλέαρηαδ αν έέαετα ι βροιρημ 'ρ ι ζαοι
 ζο η-ιουρηρόε' ρί αν ρόο ό'η ηζηιηηεαλλ
 αηοιρ,
 Δ'ρ α φορηόε' αν ηράαα ζο ριιρηαδ ρέ
 έρτο,
 Δ'ρ ηι μαζαδ, ηαέ ηυέαηραδ ρέ λάιθε!

TRANSLATION.

1. I arose early one morning And visited Black Anthony's forge. "I have got the material here for a spade And I want you to make it immediately." He spoke to me politely and calmly, "If a hundred were before you, you'd be the first. Blow the bellows behind my back, And I'll start making your spade." | 2. He produced tobacco and a pipe, And seated himself on a chair by my side, An ounce of the leaves he smoked for food And proceeded to fashion (smooth) my spade. He settled the fire-place until it lay down, And by heating he joined the iron and steel, The sparks were rising to the roof of the house, While I was almost dying with laughter. | 3. When I had my spade finished off in my hand I prepared for work, and worked all day long; Not a young man born in the place But I'd surpass that day in a contest. "Strength and vigour be in your hand, May your hearth be not extinguished for ever, Protected by the angels of Heaven each day, You were the well-mannered smith in your forge." | 4. Thus spoke the carpenter by my side, "Surely, my boy, 'tis a nice article, The bellows was under it and abundance of heat, And 'twould cut before it the bone of a horn." Thus spoke the turner in my presence. "Surely, my boy, your big axe is a pretty one, I'd be better pleased to have it than a guinea, How nicely 'twould shape a gallon and basin." | 5. Don't ye be surprised seeing the smith that was in it. 'Twas Anthony Sheridan manufactured the article. The nobility of Connaught keep him constantly busy Making fenders and grates for them. He could prepare the plough in such a form and way That it would turn the sod up from the gravel, And adjust the harrow so that 'twould tear through it, And not joking, 'tis he that could make a spade!

I got this song from my friend Mr. Colman, Inspector of National Schools. It was taken down by him at Spiddal from a man named ηιοαύρ ό βρην. Mr. Colman tells me that ηιοαύρ was born on Οίλεάν Ρυαδ, which lies in Lough Mask, near Clonbur. The barring in this song is slightly irregular, but the phrasing requires the full bar at the end.

78.—máire inis-seirc.

(MARY OF INNISHERK.)

♩. = 56

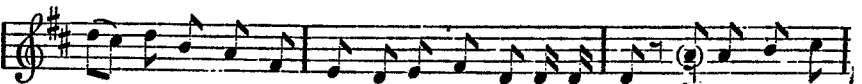
Sung by Tomás ua Colmáin.



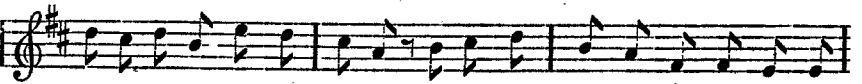
1. Ó ruairgead an riasart mé 'mac ruid na gleann-ta, tá mo éú



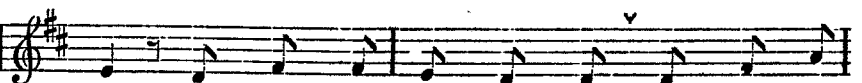
caillte a' caitrú mé ruid; ní pórrann-re bean ar b'í buairgead le



geall mé, 's muid le ráite do éur rí mé a' gol. 2. Cuairt m' ar



oileán, ba ruidáin an áic ruid, tug muid réarra liom rí n-a lár



roir, carad an áinnir liom, ladair rí go



cláit liom, a' riasruige céir b'ar mé nó cá ruid mé ag uil.

3. "Ar ruidáin 'ra b'airrge cuiread le rán
mé
Ar éuirge mo dároin o'imeig le
ruic."

Dá mbairgead-ra 'n t'annró dom bliadain
nó rí ráite
Ueas póg a' céad ráilce agam ó máire
inir-seirc."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4. Λεῖξ ῥί ἀναγρ ἄγαμ βορῶ ἄ παῖθ ῥίον
 ἀγρ—
 “ Ἐπιγῆ 'σο ῥιῦθε ῥο η-ὀλφαιμῖο θεοῦ,
 τὰ λάν βυροεῖλ ἄγαμρᾶ, ἀ'ρ ἡα ῥλομεόσαι
 λίοντα ”—
 “ Ὀαιρτεῶθ ἡα ἡοῦθε οὔμην ” ἀγρ-ῥᾶ μᾶιρε
 ἡοιρ-ῥειρε.</p> | <p>5. Τὰ ρειρετιῦρ ἡα κορῖομεῶδ ἀρ ἔορᾶδ ἄ
 κόιρτε,
 τὰ ριορταλ 'η-ἄ ρόσα ἀ'ρ λαηη 'η-ἄ ῥλαῖε,
 τὰ βύκαλι οε'η ἀηρρεῶθ ἀ'ρ βοβρᾶι οε'η
 ὄρ 'οι—
 Οέ οῶδῥρᾶθ ἡᾶδ “ ῤεῶ ἰ, μᾶιρε ἡοιρ-
 ῥειρε.”</p> |
|---|---|

TRANSLATION.

1. The priest has banished me out into the glens, My character is lost, and I must depart; I wouldn't marry any woman who would prove false to me, It's often for three months past she has made me weep. | 2. I went on an island, a very wild place it was, And I made a race down through the middle of it; I encountered a fair maiden, who spoke very gently, Asking where I came from, and whither I went. | 3. “I was sent wandering over the sea In search of my boat which had gone with a flood.” Even if hardship should be my lot for a year or three-quarters, I'd have a kiss and a hundred welcomes from Mary of Innisherk. | 4. She laid down a table on which there was wine. “Arise, my friend,” says she, “and let us have a drink; I've got a full bottle, and the glasses are filled.” “The baptism of the night to us,” says Mary of Innisherk. | 5. She has a picture of the crown on the front of her carriage, A pistol in her pocket, and a sword-blade in her hand. She has buckles of silver and ear-rings of gold. Who could help saying, “There's Mary of Innisherk”?

This is another song given to me by Mr. Colman, Inspector of National Schools. It is, I understand, fairly well known in the Spiddal and Carraroe districts of Connemara. There is a doubt about the proper title of the song, as a man from Spiddal assures me that they invariably sing it as “Μᾶιρε ἡι 'ῤουηρε” (perhaps “Μᾶιρ' ἡοιρ-ῤουηρε,”—“Mary of Innisturk”?), but Mr. Colman, who has gone to some trouble in investigating the matter, is quite positive that it should be “Μᾶιρε ἡοιρ-ῤειρε.” “The small island of Innisherk (‘ἡοιρ-ῤειρε’) is,” he says, “situated off Lettermullen. Μᾶιρε was a servant on the island—so I heard from Ρᾶουρᾶηῤ μᾶο Ὀοηηῶᾶᾶ, ῤῶρ-ᾶ-ἴηλ. I inquired from all the school children of Innisherk (they come to Lettermullen N. S.), but none had heard the song. I got, however, a verse or twῶ from a little girl in the school at Carraroe.”

79.—bímís ΔΣ ÓΛ.
(LET US BE DRINKING.)

♩ = 58

Sung by Πάρισις Μόρι Μας Όοννέδαδα.

1. Τά λάρ-α θε'ν οραοιβ αρ μο ηατα, τά μο έαρ-α-βας ρεδοιτ'αρ μο
 ρεδοις, μο περ - ι - βις τά'ν Δ "ship - wreck - a," Δ'ρ
 ρηοίετε Δ - τά μο έαρ - ός. ρυρ - Δις - ι - οι ρύοΔί ρυρ -
 Δοο - Δί, ρυρ - Δις - ι - οι ρύο - Δί ρυρ - ό, ρυρ -
 - Δις - ι - οι ρύοΔί ρυρ - Δοο - Δί, Δ'ρ ρυρ - ό Δ'ρ βί - μίρ ΔΣ ÓΛ.

2. Ύέαρραιν-ρε τρι βα υαιμ ρέιν ουιτ,
 Δ'ρ ταρβ'να θιαρβ ριν 'ρα ρόο,
 Σερρεαέ υε έαραιλ αρ έαοιβ ένουε
 Όά μβείτεά ζαν ζλαοοάε ρο τιξ αν όιλ.

3. Δ έαιλλιξ, νίον όλ με υο έαορα,
 νίον όλ μέ υο ρυντ ná υο έορόιν,
 Δέ' Δ έαιλλιξ, ρυλ Δ βράξραυ αν τ'αοηαέ
 Όλραυ μέ λυαέ υε τά θρόξ.

TRANSLATION.

1. There is a band of mud on my hat, My cravat is loose on my neck, My periwig has suffered shipwreck, And my coat is tattered and rent. | 2. I would give three cows of my own to you, And a bull in addition on the road, A team of horses on the side of the hill, If you'd only forsake the drinking-house. | 3. Old woman, I ne'er drank (the price of) your sheep, Your pound or your ercwn I ne'er drank, But, old woman, before I'd abandon the fair, I'd drink the price of your two shoes.

This song was also given to me by Mr. Colman, who learned it from Πάρισις Μόρι Μας Όοννέδαδα, Ρορ-Δ-βίλ, Όοννέμαρα. There should be another verse, but Πάρισις had forgotten it.

80.—ΑΝ ΟΪΒΙΡΤΕΔΩ.

(THE EXILE.)

Sung by MISS BRENNAN,
Athleague, Co. Roscommon.

$\text{♩} = 69$ *Mixo-Lydian mode.*

1. Μο - - θεαυαδὲ λεαυ Δ εἶρ μο θρὰδ', ὀ ρθαυ - εαυ μέ 'συρ
 εά! μο θεαυαδὲ λεαυ δέ' νί σο θρὰδ', νί θευρ - υμ λεαυ Δ -
 - υεά - νί θευρ - υμ λεαυ Δ - υεά, Δ ρόυρ - νί θευρ υμ λεαυ Δ -
 - υεά; θρὸ - τηάλ εαυ αν τηάλ - ε θόρ τὰ μέ υομ ρέιν 1 υοιά.

2. Ἦρ υοῦδ ἀτά αν τηάυε θόρ,
 Ἦρ υοῦθιν υοῦδ τὰ ρί;
 Δέτ ὀ Ἦρ υοῦθνε τὰ μο θρὸν,
 Ἦρ υοῦθε τὰ μο ερὸυε!
 Δέτ ὀ Ἦρ υοῦθε τὰ μο ερὸυε,
 'S μέ τηάλλ υαυ ἀνοέτ,
 Ξαν ρυορ ἀγαμ αν θρῖλλρὸ μέ
 σο θρὰδ' υομ' ουεάυ βοέτ!

1. Farewell, farewell, dear land of mine,
 Since I must part from you!
 And yet—and yet—I hesitate
 To speak my last adieu.
 I do not say adieu, ashore,
 I do not say adieu,
 For though I sail the deep blue seas,
 I still remember you.

3. Ανοῖρ ἀτά μέ υοῦδ αν ράν,
 Ἦρ τηυαδ ἀτά μο εάρ,
 Ξαν ρυορ ἀγαμ θρῖυρ ρέ Δ υοάν
 Ὀαυ τεαέτ σο θρὰδ' αν ανρ.
 υομ ρέιν ἀτά μέ υοῦδ αν ράν,
 αν ρεαῦδ αν τηαοξάυθ μόυρ;
 αν υογαυαεά ε, μο ερὸυε θεῖτ λάυ
 'S μέ ρθαυαθαυαν υο μο ρόρ!

2. Oh, gloomy are the ocean ways,
 Deep with a wild unrest,
 But blacker is the surging grief
 That trembles through my breast—
 That murmurs in my vacant heart,
 Cold in this dark to-night—
 I wonder if those island shores
 No more shall gl'ad my sight!

4. Ní raib' don bean agham ná clann,
 ná caifín ghrábuig mé;
 Cug mé ghráb' buit go hiomlán,
 'S tú fuair uaim uile é.
 Bí ré óó teit' aghur óó fíor.
 Nád breutoirinn é vo roimt,
 A'g' cug mo éiríde i féin v'á tír
 Go glan gan caim' no raime.

5. Má éurtaigim an raogal lán,
 O'n mbáir go vci an bonn;
 Má riáblaim crío an uoimhan iomlán
 Anall aghur anonn;
 Ní bfuigib' mé don áit go bráé,
 don doirneull, ball, nó cláir,
 V'á uadbarraim fearc mo éiríde 'r
 mo ghráb'
 Déit v' éiríimn tá faoi rúáir!

6. Má tá rí 'noir faoi rúáir a'g' ríor,
 Tíom rúáir aghur tíom ceo;
 O cógaramuis a rúáir a rí,
 A'g' rígarraimuis a ceo.
 Déit cá bfuil ríráó éam le ríáil
 'S mé fao ó éir mo éiríde?
 Déit agh imdeáit, 'ré mo éráó,—
 A bfuil'ib' mé a éiríde'?

7. Déit móirim é, cuimhneóair mé,
 'S mé míle míl' ó v' éiríde,
 Na cnoic 'r na gleanna v' áit'ib' mé,
 Na maóairíde 'r na bílé;
 Zib' b'é mo éir go lá mo dáir.
 Cuimhneóair míre tú;
 A'g' muna breudaim teáit ar áir
 Slán leat aghur a vici!

3. I wander on my lonely way,
 And bitter is my lot;
 Perhaps I'm fated to return,
 Perhaps—I know it not.
 Alone I seek the lonely ways
 Across the lonesome world;
 Small wonder that the coils of grief
 Around my heart are curled.

4. No mate I knew, no child was mine,
 No maiden do I mourn;
 The fullness of my love was thine,
 Nor did I seek return;
 So fervent and so pure it was
 No soillure did it know,
 I laid my heart against thy breast
 And felt its fervid glow.

5. Were I to roam the wide, wide world,
 And wander o'er and o'er
 The devious winding ways of earth,
 By surging sea and shore;
 O, never, never would I find
 One sweet secluded place
 Meet for the loving glance I gave
 Sweet Erin's clouded face!

6. A ruinous cloud is o'er her brow
 Of black and ghastly sheen,
 Yet shall the thunders of our love
 In lightnings shroud our queen.
 Oh, whither shall I seek repose
 Far from the land I mourn,
 Companion to a haunted heart
 That hungers to return?

7. I swear I never shall forget,
 Where alien waters boom,
 The hills and valleys that I knew,
 The beauty and the bloom;
 And ever to my dying day
 Shall I remember you,
 And, should I never more return,
 Farewell, dear land, adieu!

I give this farewell song—the last one in the book—as an example of a modern song creeping into folklore. The words were written by Dr. Douglas Hyde, and appeared in “*Ἔργοι Κλίμπερδς καὶ ἡ-ἔργελλον*” (p. 67), compiled by T. O'Neill Russell (1900).

I heard them sung some years ago at a Galway Féis by Miss Brennan, Athleague, Co. Roscommon. She told me she had learned the air from her mother.

