

# Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society, London

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Miss Eleanor Hull. A. Martin Freeman. D. J. O'Sullivan.

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# Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society.

VOL. XVIII.

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## Contents of Volume 18.

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	PAGE
LIST OF OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1921	3
INTRODUCTION	4
IRISH FOLK SONGS	
Cois na Siuire	5
An Brianach Óg	6
Amhrán na Leabhar	9
An Goirtín Eornan	11
Míle Slán	14
Cúm a' Chiste	15
Uaisle Triúchais Charthainn	16
Ar mo ghabháil trí Bhaile-Atha-Cliath dom	18
Mairbhne Mhac Finghín Dubh	20
Inghean an Phalaitinigh	24
ANGLO-IRISH FOLK SONGS	
The Town of Antrim	26
Killyburn Braes (First Version)	27
Killyburn Braes (Second Version)	28
Fare you well, Sweet Donegal	29
The Banks of the Roses	30
Sweet Carnlough Bay	31
The Sun is gone down in the West, Love	32
My Boy Tommy O!	33
AIRS—	
Lullaby	35
Castlerea Air	35
The Blackbird (First Version)	36
The Blackbird (Second Version)	36
MacKenna's Dream	38
Our President	39
The Village Reel	39
CONCERTS, ETC.	40

# The Irish Folk Song Society.

(FOUNDED 1904.)

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## Introduction.

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THE present Journal consists of twenty-five airs, eighteen of which have Irish or English words. I am glad to be able to include three pipe airs, as the amount of music specially suitable for the pipes is not very large. If space were not a consideration, I should have preferred to give translations of the Irish songs, and it may be possible to adopt this policy in future numbers of the Journal; but those in the present collection present no difficulty to the average Irish reader, except perhaps the elegy on Mac Finghin Dubh.

Grateful thanks are due to Dr. Douglas Hyde and Professor O'Rahilly for the notes written by them; to Messrs. R. A. Foley and Fionán Mac Coluim for valuable assistance in regard to the Irish songs; to Mr. Wilfrid Brown for help in noting the airs; and especially to my colleague, Mr. Martin Freeman, not only for his notes, but also for his constant interest and advice throughout the preparation of the Journal.

In conclusion, I would appeal to possessors of unpublished Irish airs in manuscript to send them to me on behalf of the Society, when I shall copy such as seem suitable for publication in the Journal, and return the originals. Full acknowledgment will, of course, be given in every case.

D. J. O'S.

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The Membership of the Irish Folk Song Society is open to all interested in the subject of Folk Song, and the annual subscription is SEVEN AND SIXPENCE, payable in January of each year. Complete sets of the Journal are still obtainable.

## 1. Cois na Siuire.

(BESIDE THE SUIR.)

Slow.



Cois na Siuir..e maid..ean drúch.ta, is me támhach lag faon,  
Do dhear...a..cas cúil-fhionn mhais..each mhú.in.te ghrádh.mhar  
shéimh, 'Na raibh lil..e ag súg...radh tré luis...ne  
lonn...rach mar scáil na goaor, Gan time i  
nguís ghil an lein..bh ionn...raio dob' áil..ne scéimh.

Noted from the singing of Mícheál Céitinn at Derrynane, Co. Kerry, July, 1920. The song is an *aisling* or "vision" of the celebrated poet Eoghan Ruadh Ó Súilleabháin (1748-1784), and is included in the collected edition of his poems edited by Father Dinneen for the Gaelic League (3rd edition, 1907, page 16). It is, therefore, unnecessary to print it here. It is one of a number of songs written to the air of the Munster love-song called "Caiseal Mumhan" or "An Clár Bog Déil." The most popular of these was another love-song called "Cois na Brighde," attributed to Liam Inglis (*died* 1778), and these two songs, originally distinct, are often mixed up by the folk-singers. In the *Petrie Collection* there are six airs having one or other of these titles (numbers 581, 582, 1167, 1168, 1169 and 1251), one (page 64) in *Joyce* (1909), and one in the *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (4th edition, page 278). Two others, collected by Mr. Martin Freeman in Ballyvourney, are printed in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, Vol. VI., page 194. The above air, however, differs from all, and I do not know anything that resembles it very much, except possibly "Cois an Ghaorthaigh" in the Rev. P. A. Walsh's *Fuinne na Smól* (part 4, page 3). In the same invaluable collection (part 6, page 24), "Cois na Siuire" is printed to an air which closely resembles Mr. Freeman's first version of "An Clár Bog Déil."

D. J. O'S.

I have not traced back the metre of "Cois na Siuire" beyond the eighteenth century, but there is nothing remarkable in this, for the same might be said of the metres of a host of other well-known songs. Metrically, it is hardly possible to distinguish between the "Clár Bóg Déil" songs (including "Cois an Ghaorthaigh")

and the song "Caitlín Ní Uallacháin," of which versions are given in the *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (3rd edition, page 160), and Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs*, page 122. An early example of the metre will be found in the *Ceangal* to the second of Egan O'Rahilly's poems (ed. Dinneen), viz.: Mo ghreadadh bróin na dragain chróda scáinte ón gciath, etc.

T. F. O'R.

This tune consists normally of four lines, each containing four three-four bars. In the above version, the singer has condensed the third bar of the first and fourth lines (minim and crotchet) into a dotted quaver and semiquaver, leaving in each of these lines a bar containing no principal accent.

A. M. F.

## 2. An Brianach Óg.

(YOUNG O'BRIEN.)

Rather slow.

1. Lá breágh gréin...e 's mé ag dul ar aon...ach, Ag cean...nach  
bhéabh, air de'n fhaisiún nuadh, Seadh chual, a'n spéir-bhean ag caoi 'n-a  
h-aon..ar I mbréith, rith Gaedhil..ge is ba dhi do b'eól. A riúin 'sa  
laogh ghil, Ó suidh síos taobh liom, Seo chughainn an  
daor phunch is beam dá ól; Is go deimhin má's féid..ir ár ngaol..tha  
réidh...teach, Ó! bead mar chéil....e ag an mBrian...ach Óg.

1. Lá breágh gréine is mé ag dul ar aonach,  
Ag ceannach béabhar de'n fhaisiún nó,  
'Seadh do chonnach an spéirbhean is í go gléasta,  
Do labhair i nGaedhilg is ba dhi-se b'eól.  
"A riúin 's a laogh ghil, suidh síos taobh liom,  
Sid í an daor-phunch is beam dá ól,  
Is go deimhin má's féidir ár ngaolta 'réidhteach,  
Is tú bheidh mar chéile ag an mBrianach Óg.

2. "A óigbhean ghrádhmhar ó's tú tá i ndán dam,  
Suidh síos láimh liom is tabhair dam póg,  
Is go raighmíd láithreach go dtí an bhiocáire,  
I n-aindheóin ár gcáirde is a maireann beó.  
Lá'r n-a bháireach beidh pósadh breágh againn,  
Fíon ó'n Spáinn agus *punch* ar bórd,  
Go mbeidh na mná ann faoi hataí árda,  
Is go mbuaidh Dia an lá leis an lánamhain óig."
  
3. Maidean aoibhinn i dtigh tabhairne an fhiona,  
Is mise 's mo bhuidhneach ag suidhe chun bóird,  
Cé tháinig taoibh liom acht triúr póilíní,  
Is barántas scríobhta aca im' chomhair.  
Do phreabas im' shuidhe ar an *stand* do b'aoirde,  
Is mo chána bhí agam go cruinn im' dhóid,  
Do bhuaileas fíop ar an té ba ghroidhthe aca,  
Is do dhein san slighe amach do'n Bhrianach Óg.
  
4. Mo ghrádh mo mháithrín, do gheall sí stáit dam,  
Céad sa' ráithe agus macha bó,  
Fóiríor cráidhte ! ní h-í bhí i ndán dam,  
Acht fuacht is fán bheith im' shliocht go deó.  
Dá bhfaghainn im' láimh é, do raghainn 'on Bhlárnain,<sup>1</sup>  
Ag ceannach láireach dom' mhíle stór,  
Fuip naoi bhfáinne agus srian 'n-a láimh deis,  
Agus diallait áluinn fé n-a *tassels* óir.
  
5. "A ghrádh 's a riúin ghil, go bráth ná diúltaidh,  
Is téanam liúm-sa go Corcaigh<sup>2</sup> mhóir,  
Go ragham ag súgradh anonn sa chúil úd,  
Is go n-éirghe súd leat-sa, a Bhrianaigh Óig.  
Ní stadfam de'n stáir sin go sráid Chill Airne,<sup>3</sup>  
Imeasc na sáirfhear 'seadh ragham ag ól,  
Is beidh an fiadhach is breághtha ó cruthnuigheadh Adam  
Lá 'le Pádraig ag an mBrianach Óg.
  
6. "Scríobhfad teachtaireacht go Baile an Daingin<sup>4</sup> siar,  
Is go Conntae Ceatharloch<sup>5</sup> faoi shéala an Choróinn,  
Go mbeidh ráis ar chapallaibh aniar ó'n gCarraig Dhuibh<sup>6</sup>  
Cois taobh na farraige go Faithche Móir.<sup>7</sup>  
Go mbeidh tighearnaí Sasana ann agus iarlaí Alban,  
An Captaen ceannasach i n-a luíng faoi sheól,  
Is na bráithre beannuighthe a léigheann an t-Aifreann,  
Ag déanamh seanchuis ar an mBrianach Óg.
  
7. "Imreóghaimid báire ar thráigh Fionn-trágha<sup>8</sup> thiar,  
Agus trís gach áitreabh dá mbualadh rómhainn,  
Mar a mbeidh na h-íománaidhthe ó Chonntae an Chláir<sup>9</sup> ann,  
Ó Uíbh Ráthach<sup>10</sup> is ó'n mBaile Nó;<sup>11</sup>  
Go mbeidh beirt ó'n Ráth<sup>12</sup> ann, is seisear ó'n nGráinsigh,<sup>13</sup>  
Is triúr ó'n gCuireán<sup>14</sup> ann de lucht an cheóil,

Beidh fir is mná ann ag ól ár sláinte,  
Is go mbuaidh Dia an t-ádh leis an mBrianach Óg."

8. Tar éis mo chúrsa is mé ag casadh ó Lúndain,  
Ag teacht dom' dhúthaigh ag tnúth le spórt,  
Ag Droichead Uí Dhúbhda do casadh orm púca  
Is do chuir sé búithr' as mar do chuirfeadh bó;  
D'imthíghneas ar siúbhál uaidh, ní nár bh'iongna,  
Imeasc na ndúmhaiche ag dul amúgha sa' cheó,  
Do bhuail sé rúisc orm aniar sa' rúmpa,  
Is do bhein san liúgh as an mBrianach Óg !

<sup>1</sup> Blerney. <sup>2</sup> Cork. <sup>3</sup> Killarney. <sup>4</sup> Dingle. <sup>5</sup> Co. Carlow. <sup>6</sup> Blackrock, near Cork.  
<sup>7</sup> Faha, near Killarney. <sup>8</sup> Ventry. <sup>9</sup> Co. Clare. <sup>10</sup> Iveragh. <sup>11</sup> Newmarket, Co. Cork.  
<sup>12</sup> Rath, near Cahirdaniel, Co. Kerry. <sup>13</sup> Grange, Co. Tipperary. <sup>14</sup> Waterville.

From Micheál Céitinn, with one verse of the song. Mr. Freeman took down a different air in Ballyvourney, with three verses of the song. (*Journal of the Folk Song Society*, Vol. VI, p. 222). My friend Fionán Mac Coluim has kindly provided me with a complete version of which verses 1, 3 and 6 correspond to Mr. Freeman's. Fionán obtained his copy in various places in the counties of Kerry and Cork, and as his first verse differs in some respects from mine I print it here along with the rest. It is probable that, as Fionán suggests in his interesting note below, the last verse was composed by way of an anti-climax by some wag who grew tired of the boasting of Young O'Brien.

D. J. O'S.

Ceithearnach briste nó gaige de shaghas éigin a b'eadh An Brianach Óg, do réir dheallraimh. Bhíodh mór-chúis ag baint le n-a lán daoine de'n sloinne sin fad ó, mar gurbh áil leo go gceapfaí gur de stoc Bhriain Bóirmhe iad féin chomh maith leis na Ridirí móra. Tá sean-rádh a deir :—

"Nuair ghabhaim annso siar,  
Is mo ghadhairín im' dhiaidh,  
Is dóigh liom gur mó mé  
Ná Domhnall Ó Briain."

Ba dhóigh liom gur le fonn magaidh deineadh an bhéarsa deireannach is gur b'amhlaidh chuir fear grinn mar aguisín leis an amhrán é ar bheith tuirseach dó de scaothaireacht an Bhrianaigh.

FINGHIN NA LEAMHNA.

A charming example of a characteristic type of Irish tune. This type, which may be described as modally Aeolo-Dorian, is found sometimes with no sixth of the scale (as here), and when the sixth is present it is sometimes natural and sometimes raised. Other hexatonic tunes in this mode in the present *Journal* are "Ar mo ghabháil trí Baile-Atha-Cliath dom" and (though of doubtful traditional



authenticity) "My Boy Tommy, O!". "Cúm a' Chiste," "Fare you well, Sweet Donegal," and "The Banks of the Roses" are hexatonic tunes in another mode, the first being without the seventh degree and the two latter without the fourth.

A. M. F.

### 3. Amhran na Teabhar.

(THE SONG OF THE BOOKS.)

*Andante.*

1. Go cuan Bhéil Inse casadh mé, Cois Góilín aoibhinn Dair.bhre, Mar a  
seól..tar flít na fairr..g..e Thar sáil...e i gcéin. I  
bPort Ma..gaoi do stad..as seal Fé thuair.im íntinn maitheasa A  
d'fhonn bheith seal..ad ead.ar,tha Mar mháighis..tir léighinn; Is  
gearr gur chuala a each..tr..a Ag cách, mo léan! Gur i  
mBórd Eoghain Fhínn do cail..leadh,théas, An t-ár..thach tréan. Do  
phreab mo croidhe la h-ath..tuir..se'Dtaoibh loinge an tigheas..aigh  
chal..m.a Go mb'fhearr.de an tír í cheasamh seal Do raib an tseín.

From Mícheál Céitinn. This song was composed by Tomás Ruadh Ó Súilleabháin of Derrynane (1785-1848) and contains eleven verses in all, of which the first only is given here. The complete song has been printed in Mr. James Fenton's edition of the poet (1914). The occasion of its composition was as follows. Tomás Ruadh was acting as schoolmaster near Caherdaniel and (possibly because he proved

unsatisfactory) another was brought from Valentia to take his place. The poet had consequently to seek a similar post at Portmagee, so he put all his books and other possessions on a boat at Derrynane Harbour to be sent by water to the *Góilín* (Valentia Harbour), himself proceeding on foot to Portmagee. It was an ill-starred adventure. On its way out of harbour the boat struck the jagged reef called *C'arraig Eibhlín Ní Rathaille* and foundered in deep water, all it contained being lost. Meanwhile the poet, unconscious of his misfortune, spent the night at Rinn Iarthaigh (west of Waterville) on the way to Portmagee. He left his clothes too near the fire, and on awaking next morning found that they had been burnt. He refers to this mishap in the second stanza of the song. When he reached Portmagee, Tomás heard of the shipwreck and was struck down by the news; on his recovery he composed "*Amhrán na Leabhar*."

Verses 5-11 are little more than a rhymed catalogue of the lost books. The song is still very popular in South Kerry, and is also known in Dingle. The late Tomás Ashe, who came from there, used to sing it to a different air. Mr. Fenton tells me that his father, who knew the poet personally, had the same air ("*An Spealadóir*") for this song and for Eóghan Ruadh's "*Mo Léan le Luadh*." This may well be so, as the metrical form of the two poems is similar; but while the latter has a syllable for every note of "*An Spealadóir*" (No. 1206 in Petrie, omitting the central portion), the same cannot be said of "*Amhrán na Leabhar*."

The places mentioned in the verse printed under the music are: (1) Valentia Harbour; (2) the strait between Valentia and the mainland (*Dairbhre* is the Irish name of Valentia); (3) Portmagee (generally however called "*An Caladh*" in Irish); (4) the district round Derrynane.

D. J. O'S.

The first verse of what appears to be the "original" "*Spealadóir*" is given in the *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (3rd edition, page 147), where the song is described by John O'Daly as "a pleasing pastoral love-ballad." It was probably rather unprintable, however, as Standish O'Grady in his note on "*Mo Léan le Luadh*" says "the original song to this air is a highly facetious one" (*Catalogue of Irish Manuscripts in the British Museum*, p. 671). O'Grady states that John O'Daly wrote it down from a beggarman from Clare whom he heard singing it in Anglesea Street, Dublin, and adds that he himself heard a blind Corkman singing it in Falkirk in 1871.

Two "*Spealadóir*" metres are to be distinguished, viz., the earlier and simpler one, as in O'Daly's stanza of the original song (*supra*), Conchubhar Ó Riordáin's poem (*ibid.*), Tadhg Gaedhealach's "*Nuair thagaim go tigh'n tabhairne*" (ed. Dinneen, p. 85), and the anonymous "*Tá cathú mór ar m'aigne*" (*Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 2nd series, page 24); and the later and more complex "*Mo Léan le*

## II

Luadh" of Eoghan Ruadh. The metre of Amhrán na Leabhar is the same as that of Eoghan Ruadh's song, save for trifling variations.

T. F. O'R.

A variant of a very well-known tune, printed, e.g. in *Fuinn na Smól* (vi., 11), and *Ár gCeol Féinig*, pp. 55, 66.

A. M. F.

### 4. An Goirtin Eornan.

(THE LITTLE FIELD OF BARLEY.)

Andante.

1. Is buachaill...ín fíor - óg mé, go bhfóir...idh or...m

Rí na ngrás; Thug searc do chail.ín óg i dtig ós.....ta le

cómh..rádh gearr. Ní raibh hata uirr..thi ná húd....a, ná

buc...lál buidhe déan..ta phrás, Acht . tape i gcluais a

bró...l...a, 'sí na stóir...ín í go bhfaghaidh mé bas.

Noted from the singing of Mrs. Dunn (Máire Céitinn), at Derrynane, Co. Kerry, July, 1920. Variants have been collected in Ballyvourney by the Rev. P. A. Walsh, C.M., and Mr. Martin Freeman and published in *Fuinn na Smól* (part 4, page 21), and the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* (Vol. VI., page 193) respectively. The words were printed in *Ceól Sídh*, page 76. The song derives its title from the first line of verse 2, but in one of the Egerton manuscripts in the British Museum, of date late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, I have seen some verses directed to be sung "to the air of *Tape i gcluais a bróige*," which shows that the song was known by that name also. Mr. Freeman obtained two other airs to which the song was sung in Ballyvourney (printed at the above reference). Lastly, in one of the Goodman manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, is yet another air which suits the words, entitled "A phlúr na mban gan aon locht," which are the opening words of the last line of verse 5.

The words *Ní fhanann fuaim ag róintibh* ("The seals now make no sound") in the third line of verse six call for some explanation. A similar reference in the song "An Gamhain Geal Bán" collected by Mr. Freeman provides the occasion for interesting notes in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* (Vol. VI., pp. 249 and 263), wherein instances are given of the attribution in Celtic folklore of certain human characteristics to seals, such as the power of making music and the capacity of being attracted by it. Further information on this subject is provided in the following notes by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Professor O'Rahilly.

D. J. O'S.

It sometimes happens that in certain conditions there appears a close resemblance between a swimming seal and a swimming man. This may have given rise to the belief in the kinship of certain human families to the seal family. Readers of Sharp's (Fiona Macleod's) *Sin Eater* will be sure to remember the weirdest and to my thinking the best of his short stories, those of the Mac Canna family, who were related to the seals, Mac Canna is eventually killed by a great bull seal.

John O'Donovan in a note to his edition of Roderic O'Flaherty's *Iur-Connacht*, p. 27, refers to the well known fact that the Clan Coneely (Mac Conghaile), an old family of Western Connacht, are believed "at some distant period of time to have been metamorphosed into seals." "In some places," writes O'Donovan, "the story has its believers, who would no more kill a seal or eat of a slaughtered one than they would of a human Coneely," and he adds that this story had caused, as was commonly related, "several of the clan to change their name to Connolly."

In an early book by Pádraig Ó Conaire, now out of print, there is a graphic description of a man who had lost his sight fancying himself at sea once more. He and an old boatman are giving rein to their imaginations in the workhouse and actually bring themselves to believe that they are free and sailing over the salt waves once again. "Is that a seal out in front of us?" said Páidín,—I am translating the Irish—"It is a seal, by my soul," said the other man. "If only I had a gun." "A gun for what?" said Páidín. "To shoot the seal, man, what else?" Páidín threw away the rope which he had in his hand. He took his hand off the back of the helm, as he imagined, and crossed himself. "God save us," said he, "and you'd say that to a man of the Coneelys, in the same boat with you?" "I would; I wouldn't care who was in it." "If you were to do that, I'd be leathering you with this stick till you'd have your last drop shed," said Páidín, and he shaping as for a fight. The story goes on to tell that when the other unhappy inmates of the workhouse got round the blind man he explained that "it was incumbent on every man of the Coneely tribe to protect the seals, because they were related to one another."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Nóra M'arcuis Bhig*, 1909, p. 45.

There is not infrequent mention of seals in Irish folk song, but nothing very definite. In the beautiful *Lament of Richard Cantillon* in the *Petrie Collection* (1857, p. 183) these words occur:—

“Gur le guth binn a cinn  
Thig na róinte ó'n linn.”

i.e., “sure it is at the musical voice of her mouth (literally, head) the seals come from the pool.” But I do not know any Irish song which treats the seals as human.

#### AN CRAOIBHÍN AOIBHINN.

The Irish folk-tale of the seal-wife, which is mentioned by Mr. Freeman in his note, is merely a variant of the Swan-maiden type of folk-tale which is known all over the world. In the Irish version, a man walking by the shore sees a *brúch* (or *murúch*, otherwise *maighdean mhara*), i.e., a mermaid wholly human in shape, and succeeds in capturing her *cochall* (cap) or *brat* (cloak), with the result that she follows him home and becomes his wife, and lives with him some years; finally, however, she manages to recover possession of her *cochall* or *brat*, and at once returns to the sea. Besides Domhnall Ó Murchadha's Kerry version, mentioned by Mr. Freeman (p. 263), versions have been published in:—(1) Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland* (“The Lady of Gollerus”); (2) Curtin's *Tales of the Fairies*, pp. 150 ff.; (3) New York *Gael*, September, 1901, p. 285, and (4) *Sáil Uí Dhubhda le hÁrd na Ríogh*, Gaelic League, 1896. The last is from Co. Mayo, the three others are from Kerry. I have noted an unpublished Co. Louth version in the Royal Irish Academy (MS. 23 E 22, pp. 259, 302). That the “mermaid” is a seal-woman is made clear in Curtin's version, as well as in that of Domhnall Ó Murchadha. There is a kindred tradition in Kerry that one of the O'Sheas once snatched her *brat* from the sea-woman of Tonn Tóime (Tountoma, a sandbank off Glenbeigh); this is alluded to in an argument in verse between Diarmaid na Bolgaighe and a contemporary poet, Tadhg Dubh na Cluaise, a version of which was printed in *Banba*, Vol. II., p. 128 (1903).

The folk-tale usually represents the seal-woman as having children by her human husband; and here we have, I think, the origin of the belief that certain families, which vary according to the locality, are related to the seals. In Ireland the Lees (in Kerry) and Coneelys (in Galway) are thought to be so related; while in Uist there is a similar tradition regarding the Mac Codrums (see *Poems and Songs of John MacCodrum*, etc., by Rev. A. Macdonald, pp. iv.-vii.).

T. F. O'R.



## 5. Mile Slán.

(A THOUSAND FAREWELLS).

Slow.

1. Míl.e slán, míl.e slán leat, a dhu..thaigh mo shínn..sear, Míl..e  
slán, míl..e slán leat, a dhu..thaigh mo shínn..sear! 'N-a mbíonn  
rinn..ce 'gus ól ag..us ceól binn dá 'spreag..adh, Ag....us  
amh..ráin go léor dá ngabháilt is dá gceapadh. Ag Cnoc an Tighe  
Mhoir, measc mo chomhúr...san is mo char.....ad, Mar a  
mbínn - se fad ó, acht go deó ar...ís ní chas.....fad.

From Máire Céitim, who learnt it from Cathal Brugha, T.D., for Waterford. The words were written by Pádraig Ó Dálaigh, formerly General Secretary of the Gaelic League. Pádraig tells me that the air was obtained among the people of his native place (Dungarvan, Co. Waterford), but that the late Dr. Henebry was of the opinion that it is not a genuine traditional Irish air. Cnoc an Tighe Móir is the name of a place a mile outside Dungarvan, but the "Big House" from which it was called has long ago disappeared.

D. J. O'S.

## 6. Cum a' Chiste.

(THE VALLEY OF TREASURE.)

Brisk.

1. Tá Cúm a' Chis..te brúighte briste Aige púdar buil' Uí  
Cheárn..aigh, Is a Sheáin Uí Bhriain ná feac...a ríamh  
Feic...im rían do láimh air. Tow row de dow row,  
Tow row de dow row, Tow row dow row ti ri reedle deedle,  
Tow row de dow row, Tow row de dow row, Tow row dow row der.. o.

2. Beidh bóthar binn againn ó'n gCuireán<sup>1</sup> go Snaidhm,<sup>2</sup>Is as súd go Puinnle Bhóluis,<sup>3</sup>Is chun Dairbhre<sup>4</sup> an ghrinn agus Pórt Magaoi,<sup>5</sup>Is Cathair Saidhbhin<sup>6</sup> gan smól leis.

3. Is binne liom ann na cóistí ag ruith,

Ná eacha Ríogh na Gréige,

Ag teacht i bhfus de dhruim na genoc

Go Dair' Fhionáin<sup>7</sup> aoibhinn aerach.

4. Tá an Sceilg 's an Scairbh againn thiar 'n-a seasamh,

An Bhó is an Tarbh taobh leó;

An Leogh go blasta nár ól riamh bainne,

Is árd 's is garbh géim uaidh.

<sup>1</sup> Waterville. <sup>2</sup> Sneem. <sup>3</sup> Bolus Head. <sup>4</sup> Valentia. <sup>5</sup> Portmagee. <sup>6</sup> Cahirciveen.  
<sup>7</sup> Derrynane. The places mentioned in the last verse (Skellig Michael, Scariff, the Bull, the Cow and the Calf) are all islands off the coast.

Noted at Derrynane, July, 1920, from the singing of Seán Ó Gealbháin of Fearann Iarthach, better known as Seán Shéamais [John (son of) James], a remarkable old man more than seventy years of age, who has a great enthusiasm for the old songs. The achievement of which he is proudest is a History of Ireland in Irish, which he composed at intervals while lying awake in bed at night. It takes him more than a quarter of an hour to recite, going as fast as he can, which is very fast indeed. Seán is a kinsman of Diarmaid Ó Gealbháin of Bolus, two of whose songs are printed in last year's *Journal*.

"Cúm an Chiste" was composed by Tomás Ruadh, author of "Amhrán na Leabhar" above. The pass of that name runs from near Waterville to Caherdaniel, affording some of the finest views to be had in Kerry. The name is explained locally by a story of treasure salvaged from a wrecked Spanish galleon and hidden for safety at a certain point in the pass. At this point there is a cromlech, and the old bridle-path across the mountain to Derrynane may be seen to the left. Between 1830 and 1840 the present road was made. Tomás Ruadh, seeing a man superintending the blasting of the rock, inquired who he was, and what he was doing. The man, a foreman named John O'Brien, explained that a road was being made through the pass and that the contractor's name was Kearney. Tomás Ruadh then composed this song, into which he brings the two men's names and also the various places to be seen from Cúm an Chiste.

Seán Shéamais mixed it up with another song, "'Sé Dóimhnall binn Ó Conaill caoin," which Tomás Ruadh composed in O'Connell's honour on his return home from the Clare Election in 1828. As to the air: the chorus—to which Seán Shéamais executed a very sprightly dance, in spite of his years—is a version of "O'Connell's March," printed in the *Spirit of the Nation* (1846 edition, page 248) to a song by H. J. Barry entitled "The Green Flag," and beginning "Boys, fill your glasses."

D. J. O'S.

## 7. Uaisle Triuchais Charthainn no Cailin Beag na Tuachra.

(THE NOBLES OF CARTHEN OR THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE RUSHES.)

Andante.

I. Tá uaisle triuchais Chár...thainn i bParl...liament 'n-a  
suidhe go teann, Beidh Eir...e buaidh...te láithreach 's is  
gearr go mbeidh siad chughainn anall; Beidh Rí na gComhacht 'sa  
Mhá...thair mar ghárda a...ca ar a namhaid, Do  
thabharfaidh Domhnall slán chughainn fé áthas, é féin 'sa ohlann.

2. 'S is fada dhúinn i n-Éirinn fé dhaor-smacht ag clanna Gall,  
Ministirí an éithigh ag éileamh an deachmhadh rann;

Chun gur éirigh chughainn an méid seo, go raibh an saoghal agus Dia 'n-a bhfabhar,  
Seán agus Domhnall gléigeal, Séamas 's a shliocht 'n-a dheabhaigh.

3. Do chuala an adhare dá séideadh ar fuaid Éireann ag tabhairt a rabha,  
Tá brúdaigh an Bhéarla gan éifeacht, gan chiall, gan mheabhair;  
Tá an Prionnsa mór 's a ghaoltha agus Gaedhilg aca 'á labhairt,  
Is ní le h-easba an Bhéarla é, acht le gráin aca ar chlanna Gall.
4. Tagfaidh flit breágh álainn ó'n Spáinn anois O! chughainn anall,  
Scriobfaid go Port Láirge<sup>1</sup> agus cuirfe siad a gcampaí ann;  
Beidh Conall 'n-a Rí ar Éirinn 's is tréith-lag guidhim-se a namhaid,  
Is a chailín bhig na luachra, sin buaidhte againn ar chlanna Gall!

From Seán Shéamais. This song is in praise of O'Connell and may possibly be by Tomás Ruadh, though it was not claimed for him by the singer. Carhen, the Liberator's birthplace, is some little distance to the east of Cahirciveen, but early in life O'Connell was adopted by his uncle at Derrynane, where he made his home. As to the Seán and Séamas mentioned in the song, these are no doubt O'Connell's brothers John (1778-1853), and James (1786-1872).

Another song on the same theme was collected by Fionán Mac Coluim in Co. Cork, and I have pleasure in giving this below. The words of both were probably intended to be sung to the air of "An Beinsín Luachra," from which the phrase "A chailín bhig na luachra" is taken. There is beauty in the conception of Ireland as a girl gathering rushes. The air printed here bears no relation to the two airs of similar name in *Petrie* (Nos. 1358 and 1359). D. J. O'S.

#### CAILÍN BEAG NA LUACHRA.

1. Tá Galla-phuic go dúbhach is gan súil go bhfaghaid an lá  
Ag Ó Conaill 's a mhór-shluaighte atá go láidir i n-uimhir árd;  
Tá Muiris óg i n-Éirinn faoi réim cheart agus Murchadh thall,  
Is a chailín bhig na luachra, sin buaidhte agat ar chlannaibh Gall.
2. Tá flit ag teacht thar sáile chughainn faoi árd-bhrat is a bhfórsaí tréan,  
Raghaimid leo ar mhór-mhuir is beidh an lá againn le congnamh Dé;  
Beidh drum is *fife* i dtiúin againn agus fonn orainn i gcathaibh piléar,  
Is a chailín bhig na luachra, sin buaidhte agat go críoch an tsaoghail.
3. D'airígheas fuaim na h-adhairce ar Shliabh Gaibhle<sup>2</sup> mar a mbíodh sult is greann  
Ag Ó Conaill 's a mhór-shluaighte is iad ag gluaiseacht thar tír anonn;  
Beidh bualadh enuic le fonn againn agus lámhach ar dhá thaobh na h-abhann,  
Is a chailín bhig na luachra, sin buaidhte agat ar chlannaibh Gall.
4. Geárrfam síos na Sasanaigh nár ghéill riamh do'n Chreideamh fíor,  
Agus Galla-phuic na h-Éireann go deó deó ní leanfam díobh;  
Fiadhachfaimid na cladhairí ag aodhaireacht amach fé'n sliabh,  
Is a chailín bhig, nach óg ataoi is mór-chuid de d'chlainn i gerích.

<sup>1</sup> Waterford.

<sup>2</sup> Galtee Mountains, Co. Tipperary.

5. Is fada sinn fé bhrón agus an ceó os cionn ar gcinn,  
 Gur éirigh chughainn Domhnall i gcóta is i gCreidimh Criost;  
 Líontar gloine brannda ar gach prionnsa dár sheasainh fíor,  
 Agus deighiltéar bean na luachra go h-uasal ós na h-Orangí.

A version of Mr. O'Sullivan's song was contributed by Tomás Meachair of Cahirdaniel to the *Cork Weekly Examiner* of 19th September, 1896. It is there attributed to Tomás Ruadh, and two additional verses are given.

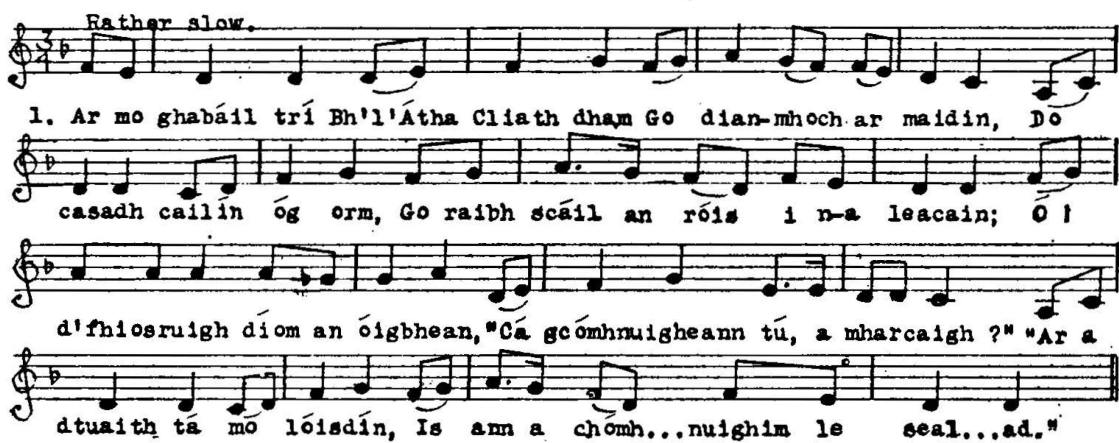
The metre of songs to the air of "An Beinsín Luachra" and of songs to the air of "Móirín Ní Chuileannáin," is identical. For the latter, cf. *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 1st series, pp. 68, 142, 156, and 2nd series, p. 140. For the former, cf. *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 1st series, p. 106 and Eoghan Ruadh's "Im aonar seal ag siubhail bhíos." Hardiman (i. 334) gives what appears to be the original "Beinsín Luachra"—a love song. This is reproduced in the *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, second edition, p. 128, where also the music is given. But the third and subsequent editions (edited by Meehan) deliberately omit it, both words and music.

T. F. O'R.

## 8. Ar mo Ghabhail trí Bhaile-Atha-Cliath Dham.

(AS I WAS GOING THROUGH DUBLIN.)

Rather slow.



1. Ar mo ghabáil trí Bh'l'Atha Cliath dham Go dian-mhoch ar maidin, Do  
 casadh cailín óg orm, Go raibh scáil an róis i n-a leacain; Ó!  
 d'fhiosruigh díom an óigbhean, "Cá gcómhnuigheann tú, a mharcaigh?" "Ar a  
 dtuaith tá mo léisdín, Is ann a chómh...nuighim le seal...ad."

2. "Is aithris scéal nua dhúinn,  
 Ó's tú is déidheanaighe d'fhág an bailo  
 An maireann do chéile  
 Nó an raibh sí riamh agat?"  
 "O! d'fhágas im' dhiaidh í  
 Go tinn díacrach aige baile,  
 Agus dochtúir ní bhfaghainn-se  
 Do leigheasfadh a galar."

3. "O! éist, éist, a óigfhir,  
 Cá bhfios ná fuil marbh,  
 Is go ngeóbhmais le n-a chéile  
 Go deó deó fad a mhairfeam;  
 Mar tá airgead is ór agam  
 Agus mór-stoc ar thalamh,  
 Is mé féinig mar nóchar,  
 Ag cóirighadh do leaptha."



4. "O ! éist, éist, a óigbhean,  
Táim breóidhte lag caithte ;  
Tá mo mhuirighil ró-óg orm,  
Is ní cóir iad a scaipeadh.  
Má tá do spré nua agat  
Agus mór-chuid le caiteamh,  
O, do gheóbhair do rógha céile  
Led' thaobh deas ag taisdeal."
5. "O ! do thugas grádh mór duit,  
Dod' ghruaidh is dod' leacain,  
Is dod' chómhradh binn béasach  
Tá tar éis mo chroidhe chaitheamh ;  
Mara dtigir is me phósadh  
Le cómhairle ná sagart,  
O ! udhachtuighim dom' cháirdibh  
Go bhfágfaid tu marbh."
6. "Do bhéarfainn duit féirín,  
Dá mb'fhéidir tú mhealladh,  
Hainciorsiúr craobhach  
Go mbeadh taobh air chun caithte,  
Cnaipí airgid id' léine,  
Dóthaint aon mharcraig,  
Is a ruín-searc mo chlébhe,  
Is leat féin mé fad mhairfead."
7. "A ghrádh geal 's a chiallaigh,  
Tar siar liom-sa abhaile,  
Is do bhéarfad féin Cian duit,  
Fear ciallmhar, lán d'anam ;  
Is glás iad a shúile,  
Is a' úrla buidhe crathach,  
'Gus is máighistir maith phrionnsa é,  
Is do lúbfadh sé bata."
8. "Mo shlán beó-sa siar chughat,  
A ghrian-bhruinneall áluinn,  
Is a chailín chiúin chiallmhar,  
Ó iarthar Ibh Ráthaigh ;<sup>1</sup>  
Go mbíodh na fir óga  
Ag teacht ad' iarraidh le grádh dhuit.  
Is go mb'fhiú tú mac iarla  
Do thriall chughat thar saile."
9. "Tá mo leanbhaí gan cíoradh,  
Gan réidh is gan aisege,  
Gan suim chur 'n-a mbéile  
Ó d'fhágas an baile ;  
Táid siad ag rínice  
Le baois na díthchéille,  
Is mise ag siubhal coillte,  
Is ná faghainn dul dh'á bhféachaint."

<sup>1</sup> Iveragh, Co. Kerry.

Noted from the singing of Mrs. O'Shea, of Cahirdaniel, Co. Kerry. There is a different air of similar title in *Joyce* (1909), page 87. The words are reprinted from *Bolg an tSolúthair*, collected by Fionán Mac Colum (Gaelic League, 1904). They are well-known in Iveragh.

Another version of the same air was obtained by Mr. Freeman in Ballyvourney (*Journal of the Folk Song Society*, Vol. VI., p. 170) to a song entitled "Cailín an Chúil Chraobhaigh" or "An cuimhin leat an oidhche úd." Another close variant is printed in *An Lóchrann* (November, 1917) to a song called "An Dileachtaidhe Fáin."

D. J. O'S.

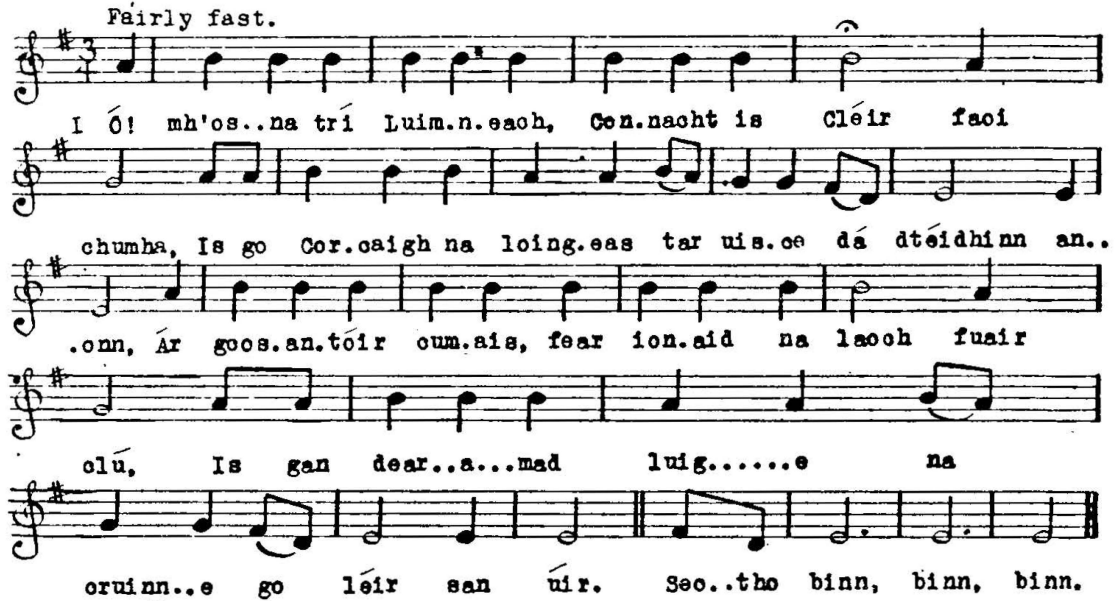
I obtained in Ballyvourney a copy of the words of this song (with no air), differing considerably from that printed in *Bolg an tSolúthair*. The situation was explained to me as follows. A man meets and talks with his wife, who has been carried off and become a *bean sídhe*. The "wife" she enquires after in their conversation is the changeling wife, who is of course dying. The *bean sídhe* tries to induce her husband to go away with her ; but this he fears to do, and (rather ungallantly) offers her his son, Cian, instead of himself.

A. M. F.

## 9. Mairbhne Mhac Finghin Dubh.

(LAMENT FOR MAC FINGHÍN DUBH.)

Fairly fast.



I Ó! mh'os..na trí Luim.n.each, Con.nacht is Cléir faoi  
chumha, Is go Cor.caigh na loing.eas tar uis.ce dá dteidhinn an..  
.onn, Ár goos.an.tóir cum.ais, fear ion.aid na laoch fuair  
olú, Is gan dear..a...mad luig.....e na  
cruinn..e go léir san úir. Seo..tho binn, binn, binn.

2. San úir ó cuireadh ríoghacht Bhorraidh <sup>1</sup> 'gus scéimh na Mumhan  
Is dubhach gach duine is d'imthigh ár geléir gan fonn,  
Ar ngiúistís cumais, ár mbreitheamh do réidheadh ár geúis,  
Ar gcara fí ghoiste, ár mbile, ár laoch glan clúmhaíl.
3. Clú agus ceannas is rachmas ó'n Rígh ghlórmhar  
Go raibh aganfhiós id' ghlacaibh, a laoch mhórdha !  
Níl dúth ná bailte fí bhraitinn ag rí Seóirse  
Nach go dubhach dod' dheascaibh is do bhailte go síor-bhrónach.
4. Is brónach, atuirseach ó'n gCeachainn <sup>2</sup> go Léim Lárach <sup>3</sup>  
Is buaidheartha Banba ó Chaiseal go Béal Beárnain, <sup>4</sup>  
Tá dúithelí Chairbre ar lasadh gan scéimh áthais,  
Is dubhach Ráth Chathail <sup>5</sup> mar ar cailleadh ár laoch láidir.
5. Is láidir, cumais, do chuspa le tighearnamhlacht,  
A mharcaigh na righthe dá gcriththeadh an talamh fút-sa :  
Ní eagla dlighthe do chuir tu ód' bhaile dúthchais,  
A chara mar Oscar do chuireadh gach creach ar geúlaibh.
6. Ar geúlaibh deachmhadhtha, tacsanna is gach iarsmaí i geúirt,  
Do phócaí ar leathadh gan dearmad, ní raibh iadhadh ar do thrúip,  
Ba ghearán do lagaibh nár mhairis i n-íarthar Mumhan  
Led' gháire leathan, a mharcaigh na gelíar, mo chumha !
7. Mo chumha tú ag teacht thar lear go tréith fánlag.  
A phlúr na bhfear nár mheath i n-aon bheárnain.  
D'imthigh ár rath, ár maith 's ár scéimh áthais,  
D'imthigh ár neart, ár gceart is ár ndlúth-cháirde.

8. A cháirdle d'ímthigh thar uisce 'gus fós nár fhill,  
Agus d'fhágadar sinn-ne go singil, gan chóir, gan chrích.  
Gan tae, gan chupard, gan ghloine, gan bórd, gan fíon,  
Gan ceol ag conairt, gan duine beó d'fhóirfeadh sinn.
9. D'fhóirfeadh sinn dá dtigheadh thar sáile fós,  
Cé gur bh'óg é i ngníomh is nár maoidhte i mbeárnain ghleo;  
I geasmairt na gelaidheamh do stríocfadh táinte dhóibh,  
Is ní leigfeadh san tír aon dríodar cáthaidh beó.
10. Beó dá dtigheadh aon phioc fola det' cháirdibh gaoil  
Do bhí láidir soilbhir, dochrach tráth nuair bhíodh,  
Do dhéanfadh cosaint na bpobal, na n-áit, is díon,  
A leomhain d'fhuil Eochaidh <sup>6</sup> chlogaid is Dhomhnaill Chaim.<sup>7</sup>
11. A Dhomhnaill Chaim! nár stríoc is nár staon do neach,  
Is gur tighearna ó'n Inse <sup>13</sup> do chríochnaigh le hÉire ar fad.  
Níl fáidh ná draoi dá aoirde léighfeadh stair  
Ná tráchtfaidís thar ghníomhartha tréithe an fhear.
12. Is é an fear solusmhar nár dhochrach i mbréithribh sult,  
A chogaraigh! is tú ocladh gach snaidhm ar bith;  
A chloidhinn chosanta na bpoblach is ba ríoghamhail fuil,  
Mo léan dochrach id' chodladh thú, a Mhic Fhinghin Duibh!
13. Is dubh, doilbhir, dochrach, duaire mo scéal,  
Eochair gach cathrach ó Chorcaigh go dtí t'thuama tréith.  
Tar éis ar searais de cheangalaibh cruadha ó bhaoghal  
Is dubhach iad feasda id' easba anois suas tar th'éis.
14. Tar th'éis beidh bakaigh ag screadadh fós, is daill,  
Gach n-aon do thaithigh do phearsa, do mhéinn, do shlighe,  
Do chraobhfholt cailce, do mhala is do bhéal ba bhinn,  
Do ráidhte cearta anois feasda go léir fé'n líg!
15. A líg na haindise! an aite leat Éire ag cumhadh?  
Mar tá an spéir ar lasadh is na mairbh ag éigheamh san úir!  
Tá féachaint dhealbh ag bailte ó Chléir <sup>8</sup> go Siuir.  
A Bhénus Ceachann! <sup>9</sup> gur shladais mar chéile é chughat!
16. Chughat ó shladais Ard Ceachann go díth-náireach  
An t-óigfhear cailce is an t-athair ba bhinn cáile,  
Níorbh aon dearmad dá bpreabadh do bhathas le scéimh áthais.  
A bháis, mo dheacair, is tú scarfas na dlúth-cháird.
17. Cáird an bhile is gach cusba dob' uaisle dhíobh  
Is gach n-aon do sileadh ó Philib <sup>10</sup> is ó Bhuadhach-an-Chnínimh <sup>11</sup>  
Do théigheadh ag iomaidh le righthibh is do bhuadhadh go binn,  
Is do fuair ríoghacht Bhorraidh na cruinne mar dhualgas tríd.

18. Siúd trí bharra fuair do sheanchas ó phréimh ar dtúis,  
Barr maitheasa, barr carthannacht, barr féile is clú;  
Barr reatha ar eachaibh le héigean lúth—  
Mo léan deacrach i nglasaibh thú is do thréad go dubhach.
19. Is dubhach do bhailte, is atuirseach tláth do bhíd  
Is gan súil do'n bhaile led' phearsain go brách arís;  
'Sé táim ag machtnamh, a mharcaigh na mbánghlac mín,  
Go bhfuairis anaithe aganfhiós do chách sa choill.
20. Tá do choill 'na dothair gan foithin ná glór na n-éan,  
Ná radharc na mbruinneal cé gur mhinic ar neóin d'éigh,  
Fuaim do ghunna le mustar ná ceol do phléar  
Ó cailleadh ár mbile, ceann urraidh, ár spóirt go léir.
21. Mo léir, mo thuirse, mo luige trím thaobh anonn!  
Is ní heasba ná uireasbha ar chnocaibh ná ar Sléibhtibh Dubha,<sup>12</sup>  
I geogadh na righthe ba mhinic a éirleach siúd—  
Mh'osna trí Luimneach, Connacht is Cléir faoi chumha!

<sup>1</sup> Is "Bhorraidh" here and in Stanza 17, a proper name? Should we read "barra"?  
<sup>2</sup> The Caha Mountains, on the border of Cork and Kerry, between the Kenmare River and Bantry Bay. <sup>3</sup> Leamlara, about 12 miles N.E. of Cork city. <sup>4</sup> Mr. O'Shea's copy has "Béal Beárnais," which is the Gap of Barnesmore. <sup>5</sup> Rathcahill, near Newcastle West, Co. Limerick. <sup>6</sup> Eochaidh, an ancestor of the O'Sullivans. <sup>7</sup> O'Sullivan Bere, the famous "Chief of Dunboy." <sup>8</sup> Clear Island, Co. Cork. <sup>9</sup> The Venus of the Caha Mountains, i.e., the goddess Cliodhna. <sup>10</sup> Philip O'Sullivan, author of the *Historia Hiberniae*. See O'Grady, *Bog of Stars*, Chapter 2. <sup>11</sup> An ancestor of the O'Sullivan's. <sup>12</sup> The Reeks. <sup>13</sup> "The Earl from Ennis." Mr. O'Shea takes this to be an allusion to the Earl of Thomond, who fought on the English side during the Elizabethan war., but this is doubtful.

The subject of this Elegy is Sylvester O'Sullivan (1756-1809), of Derreen, Co. Kerry, who held the hereditary title of Mac Finghin Dubh. During his later years he lived with his married sister, Mrs. Brown, at Rathcahill, near Newcastle West, Co. Limerick, where he died on the 1st September, 1809, as a result of a mysterious fall from his horse while out riding in a wood close by. The body was taken to the chief's ancestral home at Derreen and buried in Kilmakilloge churchyard, in the shadow of the Caha Mountains.

A prize offered by Mrs. Brown for the best elegy was awarded to a Limerick poet named James Quinlivan, whose verses are printed in Vol. 14 of *Irisleabhar na Goedhíle*. The poem given here is by Diarmaid O'Shea, of Kerry, called Diarmaid na Bolgaighe because his face was pitted with smallpox (bolgach). It is written in chain-verse, i.e., the last word or phrase of every verse forms the beginning of the

next, and it is taken from a manuscript lent me by Canon J. S. Burns of Falmouth, whose grandfather copied it in Roscarbery not many years after it was composed.

I took down the air in May, 1919, from the singing of Mr. P. J. O'Shea, the Irish novelist (Conán Maol), who comes from near Derreen. He has written a most interesting story in Irish about the chief of Derreen, marred, however, by some anachronisms, *e.g.*, he makes Mac Finghin Dubh take part in the battle of Fontenoy, which was fought before he was born. Along with the story he has printed another version of the above elegy. Mr. Martin Freeman obtained another air, and eleven verses of the poem, from Peig Ní Dhonnchadha in Ballyvourney, and these are given in No. 23 of the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* (Vol. VI., p. 200).

It will be observed that at the end of the air we have a *crónán* or lullaby in place of the usual *caoine*. The reason of this is that the poet refuses to believe that Mac Finghin Dubh is dead, and suggests that he has been stolen away by *Clíodhna*, the Spirit of the Cahra Mountains, where he is slumbering.

D. J. O'S.

This excellent version of the Elegy is most welcome. In the original the first and last lines, like those of the version printed by Mr. O'Shea, are marred by the dissonant and probably false "*Cláir*." The incomplete version noted by me in Ballyvourney has "*Clér*," *i.e.*, the English form, "*Clare*," and this, in view of the loose rhyming of the whole piece, is quite possibly the original word. "*Cléir*," as in verse 15, gives a perfect rhyme and has accordingly been printed under the music, though if this were the original word it is not easy to see why it should have become corrupted within a few years of the composition of the poem.

A. M. F.



## 10. Inghéan an Phalaitinigh.

(THE PALATINE'S DAUGHTER.)

Allegretto.

1. Ó! lá breágh aoibhinn mhar. .g.....aidh 's mé ag  
gabhail thrí Bhail' Ó Síod.....a, Ri 'ti id..le ood..le  
Day ri fol de dee.dle Ti ri id..le ood..le Tol di o, Cé  
chasfaidhe ins a telighe orm acht in..ghean a Phal..ait.. in....igh,  
Ri ti id..le ood..le Day ri fol de dee..dle Ti ri id..le ood..le  
Tol di o. Ó! d'fhiosruigh sí fios m'airm....e nó "goi....  
dé an baile ó go mbíonn tú? A dtioc..rá féin a bhaile liom  
seal i dtigh mo mhuintir'?" 'Sé dubhart'is buachaill greanta mé do  
chómh. nuigheann i gCoir...ín.....ibh." Ri ti id..le ood..le  
Day ri fol de dee.dle Ti ri id..le ood..le Tol di o.

2. "Má thréigean tú an t-aifreann do gheóbhaidh tú mé le pósadh,  
Ri ti, etc.  
Mar a dhein mo cháirde féinigh is a maireann eile bheó aca,  
Ri ti, etc.

Gheóbhaidh tú ór is airgead, is talamh gan aon chíos liom,  
 Agus litir ó Mister Oliver go bh'fuil m'athair caithte, críonna,  
 Is cailín deas chum taistil leat, má's meón leat Palaitíneach."

Ri ti, etc.

3. Do dhruideas-sa n-a h-aice siúd, is do thugas dí cúpla póigín.

Ri ti, etc.

"Is má théidhim-se féin abhaile leat, an bhfaghaidh mé tú le pósadh?"

Ri ti, etc.

Sé dubhairt sí, "Ná bíodh eagal ort, tair liom is míle fáilte,  
 Is gheóbhaidh tú le toil m'athar mé, is gan dearmad mo mháithrin,  
 Gheobhaidh tu stoc ar thalamh liom is mairfimid go sásta."

Ri ti, etc.

4. Is anois tá mo dhuainín críochnuighthe is gan peann ná dubh im' dhearnain.

Ri ti, etc.

Do thug sí an t-óigfhear barr-fhionn léi abhaile go dtí n-a máthair,

Ri ti, etc.

Do chríochnuightheadar an margadh is bhí sé annsan n-a mháighistir,

Fuair sé tig is talamh léi agus iothala cluthmlar sásta,

Is annsan do dhein sé Caitliceach de'n einnir mhilis mhánla.

Ri ti, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Ballyseedly, a village and parish near Tralee. <sup>2</sup> Currans, Co. Kerry.

The above and the six following airs were noted by me in March, 1921, from the singing of Mr. Colm Ó Lochlainn, of Dublin.

"The Palatine's Daughter" was popularised by Séamas Clandillon, with whom it was a great favourite. The words were noted by Fionán Mac Colum from Seán Ó Súilleabháin, of Lios Bán, Iveragh (with alternate verses in English, roughly translating the Irish) and published in *Bolg an tSoláthair* and in *An Lóchrann*, February, 1908. The air is a variant of "The Garden of Daisies," (Nos. 609 and 610 in *Petrie*). Cf. also No. 20 in *Petrie*. A version was recently printed by the Rev. P. A. Walsh, C.M., in *Ár gCéol Féinig*, but the song as I give it here is as it is sung by Séamas Clandillon. The "Mister Oliver" mentioned in the second verse was probably a land-agent.

The settlement of the Palatines in Munster forms an interesting story. The inhabitants of the Palatinate were reduced to penury by the War of the Spanish Succession and the English Government of the day decided to plant some of them in Ireland, with the idea of increasing the numerical strength of Protestantism in this country. The project was carried through at a cost of £20,000, borne by the Irish Exchequer, and in 1711 about three hundred families reached Dublin. Many of them remained there and quickly became absorbed in the general population. The rest settled on the land, mostly in Limerick and North Kerry, where the landlords

leased holdings to them at a half or a third of the rent current in the district. "The poor Irish," says Arthur Young in his *Tour of Ireland*, "are seldom treated in this way. When they are, they work much greater improvements than is common among these Germans." About 1770 large numbers of them went to America, their departure being attributed by John Wesley to the selfish folly of the landlords, who exacted the full rent of the land as the leases fell in. Many of the remainder intermarried with the native Irish and became Catholics, like *The Palatine's Daughter*.

D. J. O'S.

## 11. The Town of Antrim.

*Andante.*

1. It being in the tow...n of An. te..rim, near to the river Bann; It  
 is the fin...est riv...er of an...y in Ire.....land; It  
 is the fin...est riv...er that ev...er my eyes did see, And I  
 mind it well when far a..way from Pad..dy's green coun..ter..ie.

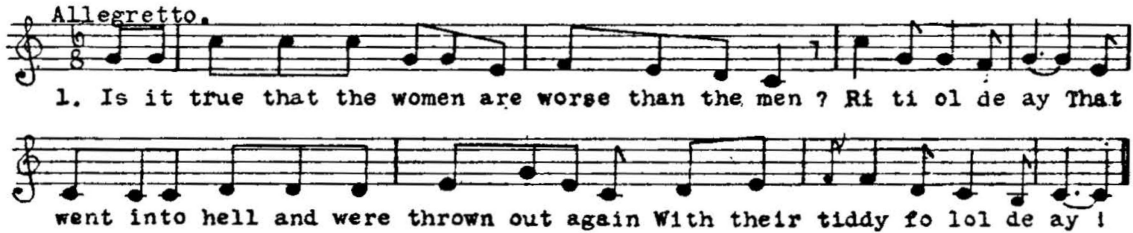
2. Farewell unto my comrades all who will meet at Drumsoo,  
 Likewise my friends, and neighbours, to you I bid adieu;  
 I'll miss my comrades, boys and girls, and my comrades they'll miss me,  
 But I'll mind them all when far away from Paddy's green counterie.

Sung by Cathal O'Byrne, the well-known Ulster entertainer and singer of folk-songs. He is now in America—*is mór an truaigh é!* The air is reminiscent of the "Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe." Drumsoo is the local name for Cookstown Junction, three miles north-west of the town of Antrim.

D. J. O'S.

## 12. Killyburn Braes (First Version).

*Allegretto.*



1. Is it true that the women are worse than the men ? Ri ti ol de ay That  
went into hell and were thrown out again With their tiddy fo lol de ay !

2. There was an old man lived in Killyburn Braes,  
Ri ti, etc.  
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,  
With her tiddy, etc.
3. One day the old man walked out in the glen,  
Ri ti, etc.  
And he met with a devil, says, "How do ye fen',"  
With your tiddy, etc.
4. Says he, "My good man, I've come for your wife,  
Ri ti, etc.  
For I hear she's the plague and torment of your life,"  
With her tiddy, etc.
5. So the devil he hoisted her up on his back,  
Ri ti, etc.  
And landed at hell's hall-door in a crack,  
With his tiddy, etc.
6. There were two little devils looked over the wall,  
Ri ti, etc.  
They said, "Take her away or she'll murder us all,"  
With her tiddy, etc.
7. There were two other devils were playing with chains,  
Ri ti, etc.  
They said, "Take her away or she'll dash out our brains,"  
With her tiddy, etc.
8. So the devil he hoisted her up on his back,  
Ri ti, etc.  
And back to the old man landed the pack,  
With his tiddy, etc.
9. Says he, "My good man, here's your wife back again,  
Ri ti, etc.  
For she wouldn't be kept, not even in hell,  
With her tiddy, etc.
10. Now I've been a devil the most of my life,  
Ri ti, etc.  
But I ne'er was in hell till I met with your wife,"  
And her tiddy, etc.

11. They were seven years going and nine coming back,  
Ri ti, etc.

Yet she asked for the scrapings she left in the pot,  
And her tiddy, etc.

12. So it's true that the women are worse than the men,  
Ri ti, etc.

That they went into hell and were thrown out again.  
With their tiddy, etc.

Learnt by Mr. O'Lochlainn some years ago from one of a party at the house of Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A., Ardriagh, Belfast. Though not previously printed, the song was given by Mr. O'Lochlainn to Mr. Bernard Duffy, who put it into his play *The Coiner*, a successful comedy in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

We have here what looks like an Ulster modification of the traditional Scottish ballad of Kelly Burn Braes, which Burns remodelled for Johnson's *Museum*, giving it "a terrible brushing" in the process, as his wife informed Cromek. Verses 2, 3, 6, 8 and 10 in our version have correspondence in Burns, but verse 11 is racy of the Ulster soil. English versions of the song, with a whistling chorus, have been collected in Sussex and Dorset and printed in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society*. Vol. II., page 184, and Vol. III., page 131. Valuable notes on the history of the song are given at the former reference. The Scottish and English airs seem to have little in common with the two printed here.

There is a Kelly Burn in Aberdeen, but I am unable to say whether this is the place which gave its name to the song. D. J. O'S.

### 13. Killyburn Braes (Second Version).

*Allegretto.*

1. Is it true that the wom..en are worse than the men? Ri fol ri fol  
tiddy fol ay, Is it true that the women are worse than the men, That they  
went in..to hell and were thrown out a..gain, With their Ri fol lol,  
tid..dy fol lol, Whack fol de did..dle de, Ri fol de ay.

This longer version of the air was obtained from a sailor at Ardglass, Co. Down, six years ago. D. J. O'S.

This ballad is, or was, known in Co. Clare. I have noted a good version, to a distinct air, from Mr. Frank Brewster. It was also recovered in America by Mr. Cecil Sharp.

A. M. F.

## 14. Fare you well, Sweet Donegal.

*Andante.*

1. Now fare you well, sweet Donegal, the Roses and Gweedore, I'm  
crossing the main ocean, where the foaming billows roar, It  
breaks my heart from you to part, where I spent many happy  
days, Farewell to kind relations, for I'm bound for America.

2. Oh! then Mary, you're my heart's delight, my pride and only care,  
It was your cruel father who would not let me stay there;  
But absence makes the heart grow fond, and when I'm o'er the main  
May the Lord protect my darling girl till I come home again.
3. Oh! my love is tall and handsome and her age is scarce eighteen,  
She far exceeds all other fair maids when she trips o'er the green;  
Her lovely neck and shoulders are fairer than the snow—  
Till the day I die I'll ne'er deny my Mary from Dungloe.
4. Oh! I wisht I was in sweet Dungloe and seated on the grass,  
And by my side a bottle of wine and on my knee a lass;  
I'd call for liquor of the best and I'd pay before I'd go,  
And I'd roll my Mary in my arms in the town of sweet Dungloe.

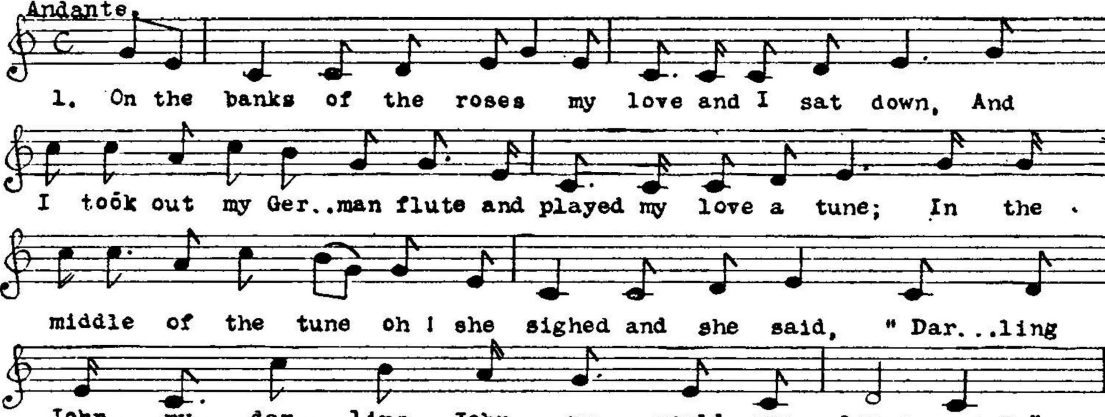
Learnt by Mr. O'Lochlainn aboard a Donegal fishing-boat at Ardglass, Co. Down. The places mentioned are all in West Donegal. The author of the last verse evidently knew his *Omar*!

D. J. O'S.



## 15. The Banks of the Roses.

*Andante.*



1. On the banks of the roses my love and I sat down, And  
 I took out my Ger..man flute and played my love a tune; In the  
 middle of the tune oh! she sighed and she said, "Dar...ling  
 John....ny, dar...ling John....ny, would you leave me?"

2. When I was a young man I heard my father say  
 He'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay  
 Sooner than be married to any runaway  
 On the lovely green banks of the roses.
3. Oh! if ever I get married 'twill be in the month of May,  
 When the fields they are green and the meadows they are gay,  
 When I and my true love can sit and sport and play  
 On the lovely green banks of the roses.
4. Oh! then I am no runagate and soon I'll let them know  
 That I can take a good glass or can leave it alone,  
 And the man that doesn't like me, he can keep his daughter at home,  
 And young Johnny will go roving with another!

As sung by Mr. O'Lochlainn's grandfather, who came from S. Kilkenny. Probably in the original it was the girl's father who expressed the sentiment in verse 2, to which verse 4 is the youth's reply. For a close variant of both words and air, see the version obtained by Mr. Frank Kidson from Mr. Mooney, an Irishman in Liverpool, printed in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* (Vol. II., page 254). Miss Gilchrist there remarks that the tune appears to be a variant of the old Irish air to which the song "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning" is written.

An Irish song, "Tá mo chleamhnas déanta," is also sung to this air. A version was given to Petrie by William Forde and appears in the *Petrie Collection* (number 1253) with the alternative title of "The Banks of the Daisies," which seems a likelier name than "The Banks of the Roses." (Primroses, however, may be meant. There is an English folk-song called "Down by the Banks of the Sweet Primroses.") Perhaps the best version of all is number 401 in *Petrie*, a Mayo air contributed by P. J. O'Reilly of Westport, the title of which (I shall leave this

country, etc.), is merely a translation of the last half of the first verse of "Tá mo chleamhnas déanta," as printed, with yet another version of the air, in *Amhráin Mhuighe Scóla*, page 130.

D. J. O'S.

## 16. Sweet Carnlough Bay.

*Allegretto.*

1. When win:ter was brow..ling o'er high hills and moun..tains, And  
 dark were the clouds o'er the deep rol..ling sea, I  
 spied a wee lass when the day,light was dawn..ing, She was  
 ask...ing the road to sweet Car.....n....lough Bay.

2. Says I, "My wee lassie, I canna weel tell you  
 The number of miles or how far it may be,  
 But if you'll consent I'll convoy you a wee bit  
 And show you the road to sweet Carnlough Bay.
3. You turn to the right and go down by the churchyard,  
 Cross over the river and down by the sea;  
 We'll call in at Pat Hamill's and have a wee drop there,  
 Just to help us along to sweet Carnlough Bay."
4. Here's a health to Pat Hamill, likewise the wee lassie,  
 And to every laddie that's listening to me,  
 And ne'er turn your back on a bonnie wee lassie  
 That's asking the road to sweet Carnlough Bay.

Composed by a local celebrity in Antrim named "Poet Mackay," who probably got a "wee drop" at Pat Hamill's tavern on the strength of it. At any rate he deserved it. Carnlough Bay is in County Antrim, ten miles south-east of Cushendall. Mr. O'Lochlainn learned this also from Cathal O'Byrne.

D. J. O'S.

# 17. The Sun is gone down in the West, Love.

*Rather slow.*

1. The sun is gone down in the west, love, The  
evening may fade with the dew, No more will the shamrock seem  
green, dear, Since I lost my re.mem.brance of you. Since I  
lost my re...mem...brance of you, dear, Since I  
lost my re.mem.brance of you, No more will the shamrock seem  
green, dear, Since I lost my re.mem.brance of you.

2. Last night you're in love with another,  
In the shade of the old oaken tree;  
I hope you won't leave her in sorrow,  
Alone as you've gone and left me.
3. Now all your admirers have left you,  
And those happy days are gone by;  
Remember the promise you made me  
Alone on that bright summer's day.
4. And when that cold death shall divide us:  
And I to this world bid adieu,  
I've nothing to leave you behind, dear,  
But numberless blessings on you.
5. Sure I have but one heart for to give you,  
'Twould be hard to divide it in two;  
So take it although it is mine, dear,  
For I never loved any but you,

Noted in August, 1912, from the singing of my friend Miss Eleanor Riordan, of Kilnanare, Firies, Co. Kerry. People from Limerick and Longford have since told me that they have heard it sung in those counties, so that it seems to be fairly well known, but I do not think it has been printed before.

D. J. O'S.

## 18. My Boy Tommy, O!

*Andante.*

1. "Where have you been all the day, My boy Tom....my, O ?

Where have you been all the day, My bonny blue-eyed Tom....my, O ? "

"I've been rolling in the hay, With a lassie young and gay."

- "Was n't she the young thing That lately left her mam..my, O ? "

2. "What did she give you to eat,  
My boy Tommy, O ?  
What did she give you to eat,  
My bonny blue-eyed Tommy, O ? "
- "She gave me bread, she gave me meat,  
And that's what she gave me to eat."
- "Wasn't she the young thing  
That lately left her mammy, O ? "
3. "What did she give you to drink,  
My boy Tommy, O ?  
What did she give you to drink,  
My bonny blue-eyed Tommy, O ? "
- "She gave me wine as black as ink,  
And that's what she gave me to drink."
- "Wasn't she the young thing  
That lately left her mammy, O ? "
4. "Can she mend and can she make,  
My boy Tommy, O ?  
Can she mend and can she make,  
My bonny blue-eyed Tommy, O ? "
- "She can mend and she can make,  
She can give and she can take."
- "Wasn't she the young thing  
That lately left her mammy, O ? "
5. "Can she bake a corn-cake,  
My boy Tommy, O ?  
Can she bake a corn-cake,  
My bonny blue-eyed Tommy, O ? "

"She can bake a corn-cake  
Fit for any man to eat."  
"Wasn't she the young thing  
That lately left her mammy, O?"

6. "Can she make a feather bed,  
My boy Tommy, O?  
Can she make a feather bed,  
My bonny blue-eyed Tommy, O?"  
"She can make a feather bed  
Fit for any man to rest."  
"Wasn't she the young thing  
That lately left her mammy, O?"

7. "What age is this young thing,  
My boy Tommy, O?  
What age is this young thing,  
My bonny blue-eyed Tommy, O?"  
"Twice two, twice four,  
Twice seven and eleven more."  
"Wasn't she the young thing  
That lately left her mammy, O?"

Noted some years ago from the singing of my friend Bat Riordan, of Kilnanare. Both words and air are undoubtedly of Scottish origin, and the song appears in Johnson's *Museum* (see *Popular Songs of Scotland*, Balmoral Edition, page 270). The air is probably an altered form of "Muirland Willie." I have not seen any other version in which the surprise concerning the lady's age is given, and this may be a piece of Irish humour. As regards the manner of singing this last verse, it may be remarked that in Kerry, as in other parts of Munster, the word *twice* is pronounced very nearly as a disyllable, even in ordinary speech, thus: *two-ice*.

D. J. O'S.

Compare "My Boy Billy" in *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, by C. J. Sharp, p. 260, a close variant of the words to a distinct air. In the American version the lady is less youthful still:

"She's twice six, twice seven,  
Twenty-eight and eleven."

A. M. F.

## 19. Lullaby.



I noted this sweet lullaby in August of last year from the singing of Seán Ó Lionáin, formerly of London and now of Dublin. Seán learnt the first part from hearing it sung in his childhood days at Ballyhooly, Co. Cork. He composed the second part himself, so as to round off the first, which it does very satisfactorily.

D. J. O'S.

A variant of "The Eagle's Whistle." See *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, Vol. III., pp. 34, 35, and *Joyce* (1909), p. 166.

A. M. F.

## 20. Castlerea Air.



This air was noted some years ago from the playing of a fiddler at Castlerea, Co. Roscommon, by the Rev. J. T. N. Lee, formerly Vicar of Hatfield Regis, who gave it to Mr. A. P. Graves. In Mr. Lee's manuscript it is given the curious title of "The Telegraphic Message."

D. J. O'S.



## 21. The Blackbird (First Version).

Quick (Octave higher throughout).

A

A (in the repeat)

This musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Quick' with the instruction '(Octave higher throughout)'. The piece consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a common time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. There are several slurs indicating phrases. A repeat sign appears at the end of the fourth staff. The fifth staff is marked with a capital 'A' and contains a triplet of eighth notes. The sixth staff continues the melodic line. The seventh staff concludes with a repeat sign followed by a phrase marked 'A (in the repeat)', which is a triplet of eighth notes.

## 22. The Blackbird (Second Version).

Not too fast.

This musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo/mood is marked 'Not too fast.'. The piece consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a common time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. There are several slurs indicating phrases. The fourth staff concludes with a final note.



The above interesting versions of "The Blackbird" were both recorded by me on the phonograph, the first, in 1915, from the whistling of Mr. Frank Brewé, from Ruan, Co. Clare, and the second, in March of this year, from the violin-playing of Mr. Martin Ahern, who has himself supplied the bowing-marks to his version. Mr. Ahern has the tune from his father, who learned it many years ago in Belvoir, Co. Clare, his old home. His version is uncommon and beautiful. It is played mostly *andante*, but with much variation in tempo. The pauses are mostly long, the notes marked "L" above being equal to a dotted crotchet. This much will be readily appreciated by all who are accustomed to Irish folk-music; but to realise the deliberate, cadenza-like rendering of the five bars preceding the last two it is necessary to hear the tune played by Mr. Ahern. Versions of the air are printed by Bunting (1840), No. 98; Joyce (1909), p. 181. Spoilt versions are to be found in O'Neill's *Music of Ireland* (1903), and *Dance Music of Ireland* (1907). A spirited but sophisticated setting is given on p. 14 of Lover's *Treasure Trove* (London, 1844). The words are given by Joyce, and in Gavan Duffy's *Ballad Poetry of Ireland* and other collections.

A. M. F.

Curiously enough, there does not appear to be any version of "The Blackbird" in the Petrie Collection. What is termed a version of it was obtained by the late Mrs. Milligan Fox in Co. Down and printed in No. 5 of our *Journal*, but I think it is best regarded as a distinct air.

D. J. O'S.

## 23. MacKenna's Dream.



This pipe-air and the two which follow are contributed by Mr. Hough, Hon. Secretary of the Society, and a moving spirit in piping circles in London. Nos. 23 and 24 were obtained by him from Seán Courtney, of the Cork Pipers' Club, and No. 25 comes from Tubbercurry, Co. Sligo.

There is some doubt as to the key-signatures of Nos. 23 and 24. I think they should both properly be three sharps, but when played on the pipes the G will not sound sharp in either case.

There does not seem to be any connection between the above air of "MacKenna's Dream" and the air commonly sung to the well-known song of the same name, of which versions are to be found in *Joyce* (1909) page 176, and the *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, Vol. V., p. 48.

D. J. O'S.

## 24. Our President.



## 25. The Village Reel.



## Concerts.

Two Concerts were given during the year. The first at the invitation of the Warden, The Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C.1., 19th March, and the second at the request of The Irish Circle, Lyceum Club, Piccadilly, May 31st. The following artists most generously helped to make both evenings the success they undoubtedly were: The Misses Agnes Treacy, Tessie Thomas, A. MacHale, Winnie Walsh, Marion Young, Winnie Hough, Cecilia Brome, Mary White and Pupils (step dancers), and Messrs. A. Corbett Smith, E. Barry, Martin Ahern, Patrick Kelly, Frank Brewe, David Walsh, Patrick Sheehy, D. Walshe, H. R. Hough.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.—The Society returns grateful thanks for the following books presented during 1921. *The Welsh Folk Song Society's Journals*, to date. Mrs. Herbert Lewis, Hon. Sec., 23 Grosvenor Road, London, S.W. *The Folk Song Society's Journal*, No. 24. This number contains the second part of the Irish Songs collected in Ballyvourney, Co. Cork, by A. Martin Freeman. Hon. Sec., I. A. Williams, Esq., 19 Berners Street, London, W.I.

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The Hon. Financial Secretary would like to remind members that their subscriptions are due in January of each year. As the Society is small and its expenses have more than doubled themselves, it is essential for its existence that members pay regularly and promptly. The size of the *Journal* must depend entirely on the amount of money at the Committee's disposal, before sending it to the printers.

## The Ballyvourney Collection.

Readers of this number of the *Journal* cannot fail to remark the very frequent references made to Mr. A. M. Freeman's collection of Irish traditional songs. This valuable collection is the result of two extended visits paid by Mr. Freeman to Ballyvourney, and is contained in numbers 23, 24 and 25 of the Folk Song Society's *Journal* (Vol. VI.). The total number of airs given is 96, with the Irish words in simplified spelling, accompanied by an English translation. The whole is elaborately annotated by Mr. Freeman and by the experts of the Folk Song Society.

Taken together, these three volumes form a record of the highest scientific value, both linguistic and musical, and the method adopted of notation and annotation provides a model for all future collectors of Irish songs. So far as we are able with our limited funds, we of the Irish Folk Song Society intend to proceed on the lines of the Ballyvourney Collection, and we cannot flatter it more sincerely than that.

D. J. O'S.



