JOURNAL OF THE IRISH FOLK SONG SOCIETY,
LONDON

THE BUNTING COLLECTION
OF
IRISH FOLK MUSIC AND SONGS

PART II.

VOL. XXIV DECEMBER, 1927

[1930]

Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society.

VOL. XXIV.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

BY

C. J. FARNCOMBE & SONS, LTD.,

30 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus,

London, E.C.4.

THE BUNTING COLLECTION

OF

IRISH FOLK MUSIC AND SONGS

Edited from the Original Manuscripts

BY

D. J. O'SULLIVAN

PART II.

1930

PREFACE.

OF the sixty-six tunes printed in Bunting's earliest volume, which was published in 1796, the first thirty-three were dealt with in the preceding number of the Society's *Journal*. It had been hoped that the present number would cover the remainder, but it has been decided on the ground of cost to publish part only in this issue, the balance being reserved for Volume XXV.

I again desire to express my grateful thanks to my friend Mr. A. Martin Freeman, whose expert advice and assistance have been available at every stage and who in addition is responsible for certain of the translations. The typescript has been read by Professor Éamonn Ó Tuathail, Professor T. F. O'Rahilly and Mr. R. A. Foley, who have made many valuable suggestions.

D. J. O'S.

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The Irish Folk Song Society.

(FOUNDED 1904.)

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SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF WORKS REFERRED TO IN THE NOTES TO THE SONGS.

*** This list is supplementary to that printed in Part 1. Works containing neither music nor song-words are not noticed hereunder. Those containing no music are marked with an asterisk. All works except that marked with a cross are in the National Library, Dublin.*

* †PHILIP F. BARRON. THE HARP OF ERIN. Dublin. 1835. (Very scarce. Copy in Kevin Street Public Library, Dublin.)

*THADDEUS CONNELLAN. AN DUANAIRE. A SELECTION OF IRISH POEMS AND MORAL EPIGRAMS. Dublin. 1829.

COUNTY LOUTH ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Dundalk. 1904 to date.

*REV. P. S. DINNEEN. AMHRÁIN THAIDHG GHAEDHEALAIGH UÍ SHÚILLEABHÁIN. Dublin. 1903.

CHARLES EGAN. SELECTION OF ANCIENT IRISH MELODIES. Dublin. [*c.* 1820.]

*FÁINNE AN LAE. (A Gaelic League Weekly.) Dublin. 1898—1900.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD. A HISTORY OF IRISH MUSIC. Dublin. 1905.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD. INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF IRISH MUSICAL HISTORY. London. 1922.

THE GAELIC JOURNAL. Dublin. 1882—1909.

OWEN LLOYD. AN CRUITIRE. Dublin. 1903.

*REV. L. MURRAY. CEOLTA ÓMÉITH. Dundalk. 1920.

S. A. AND P. THOMPSON, COMPLEAT COLLECTION OF 200 FAVOURITE COUNTRY DANCES. Vol. I. London. [? 1760.]

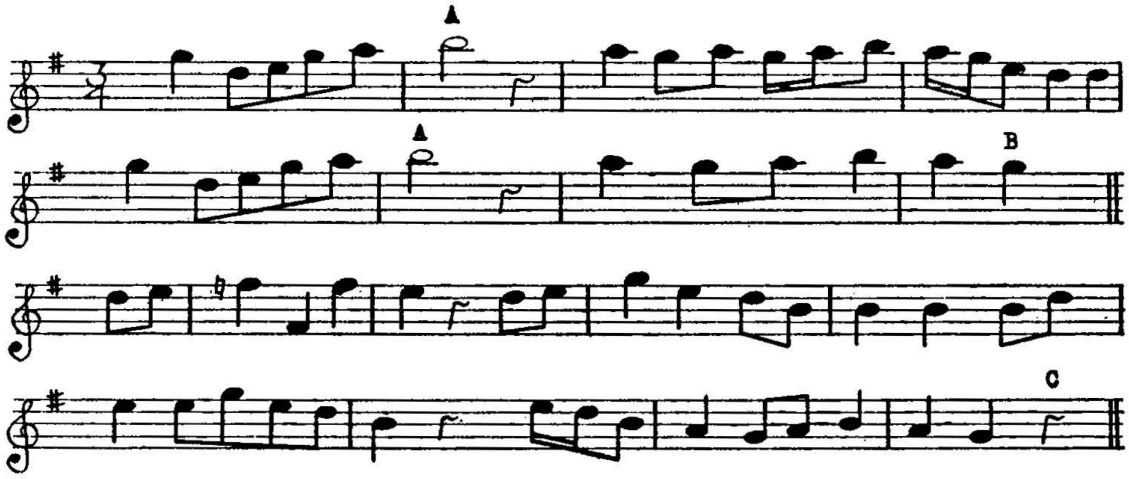
BURK THUMOTH. TWELVE SCOTCH AND TWELVE IRISH AIRS. London. [*c.* 1745—50.]

*MICHAEL TIMONY. TARGAIREACHT BHRIAIN RUAIDH UÍ CHEARBHÁIN. Dublin. 1906.

34. Ríoghan I n-Uaigneas.

(THE FORLORN QUEEN.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 19, no. 34:* Riguin an uaigneas—The Forlorn Queen; *MS.:* Riguin an uaigneas—Lady of the Desart.



MS. 29, p. 233: No key- or time-signature. A Crotchet in MS. B Repeated in MS. C Substituted for crotchet G repeated.

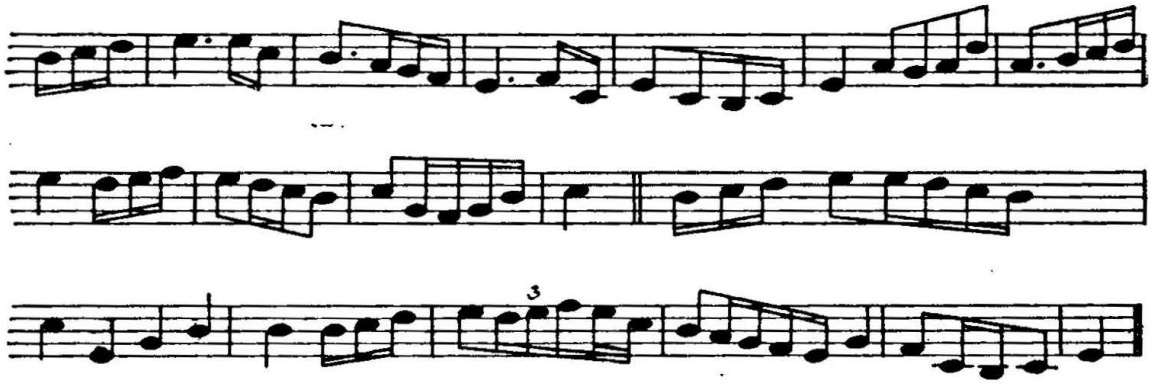
NOTES.

The above is very similar to the copy printed by Bunting, except that in the latter the last half of the tune is repeated. Nothing appears to be known of the tune, except that it was noted by Bunting from the harp-playing of Arthur O'Neill. No variant of it has been printed and no words for it have been recovered.

35. Péarla An Bhrollaigh Bháin.

(THE PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 19, no. 35:* Pearla an Bhrollaidh Bhain—The Snowy-Breasted Pearl; *MS.:* Cus dass a mbrouge—The right foot in the shoe. Pearla an vroly vaun (I believe) [*added in pencil*].



MS. 29, p. 121.

NOTES.

Obtained by Bunting at Deel Castle, near Ballina, County Mayo. The air was used by Moore in the Introductory Piece to the Third Number of the *Melodies* (1810), and it also appears in Hime's *New Selection*, VI, p. 47 and Thomson's *Select Collection*, vol. I (1814), p. 61, no. 26; but Hime and Thomson both probably copied it from Bunting.

Bunting's original notation of the air is so chaotic that it has been deemed necessary to reproduce it as it stands, a suggested edition of it being given as no. 35A. The variant (bars 9—11) shows how Bunting eked out the imperfect third line of the tune in publishing it.

Henry Hudson in the *Citizen* (1841), p. 156 correctly classes this air with nos. 27 and 28 in this *Collection* (*see* Part I, General Note, pp. 85—87). The former of the two titles given to it in the MS. (=*A chos dheas i mbróig*) is the opening of verse III of song 27C (Part 1, p. 97), which can be sung to the air. *Cf.* also songs 51C and 51D *infra*.

As to the title "Péarla an Bhrollaigh Bháin," this is also the title of two airs which are in the same class as ours:—

1. *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 1580, with one verse of the appropriate Irish song.
2. *Joyce* (1909), p. 371.

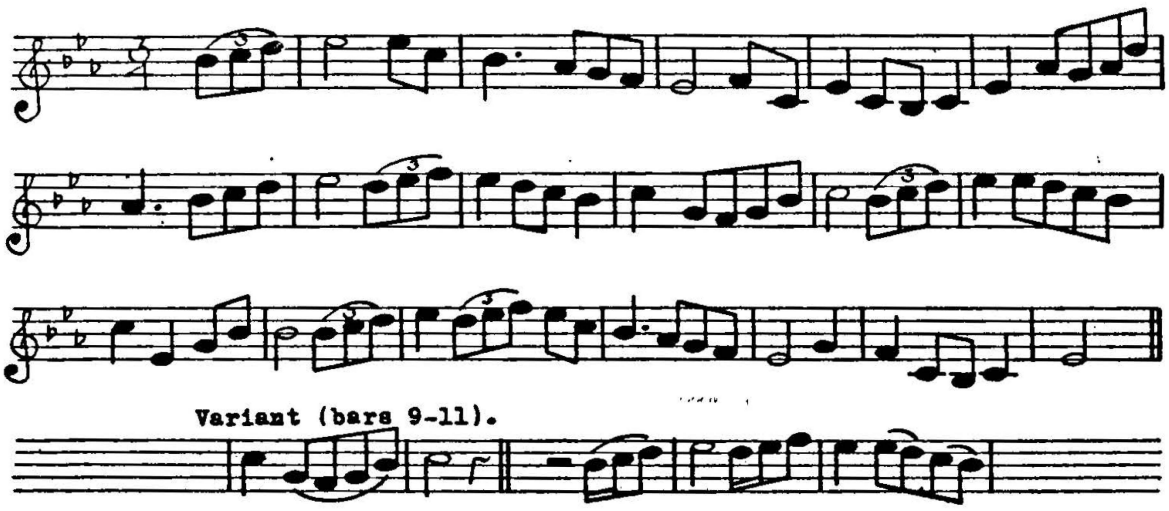
These are variants of each other, both being distinct from ours. It is obvious that there was a set of verses which went by the name of "Péarla an Bhrollaigh Bháin" and were sung to different airs in different localities.

There is, of course, a more famous song of the same name, first printed by Dr. Petrie in his *Ancient Music of Ireland* (1855), p. 9, with his own metrical translation of the words into English, called "The Snowy-Breasted Pearl." In a note to this song, Dr. Petrie says that Bunting's air "is very probably misnamed, as many of the airs in Bunting's collections often are; or, if not so, it must be the melody of a different song having the same name." His second alternative is the correct one.

The two verses printed as no. 51E *infra* are headed in the MS. "Péarla an Bhrollaigh Bháin": and there is another set of verses with the same title in Timony's *Abhráin Ghaedhilge an Iarthair* (1906), p. 52. Neither will suit our air.

35 A. Péarla An Bhrollaigh Bháin.

(THE PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST.)



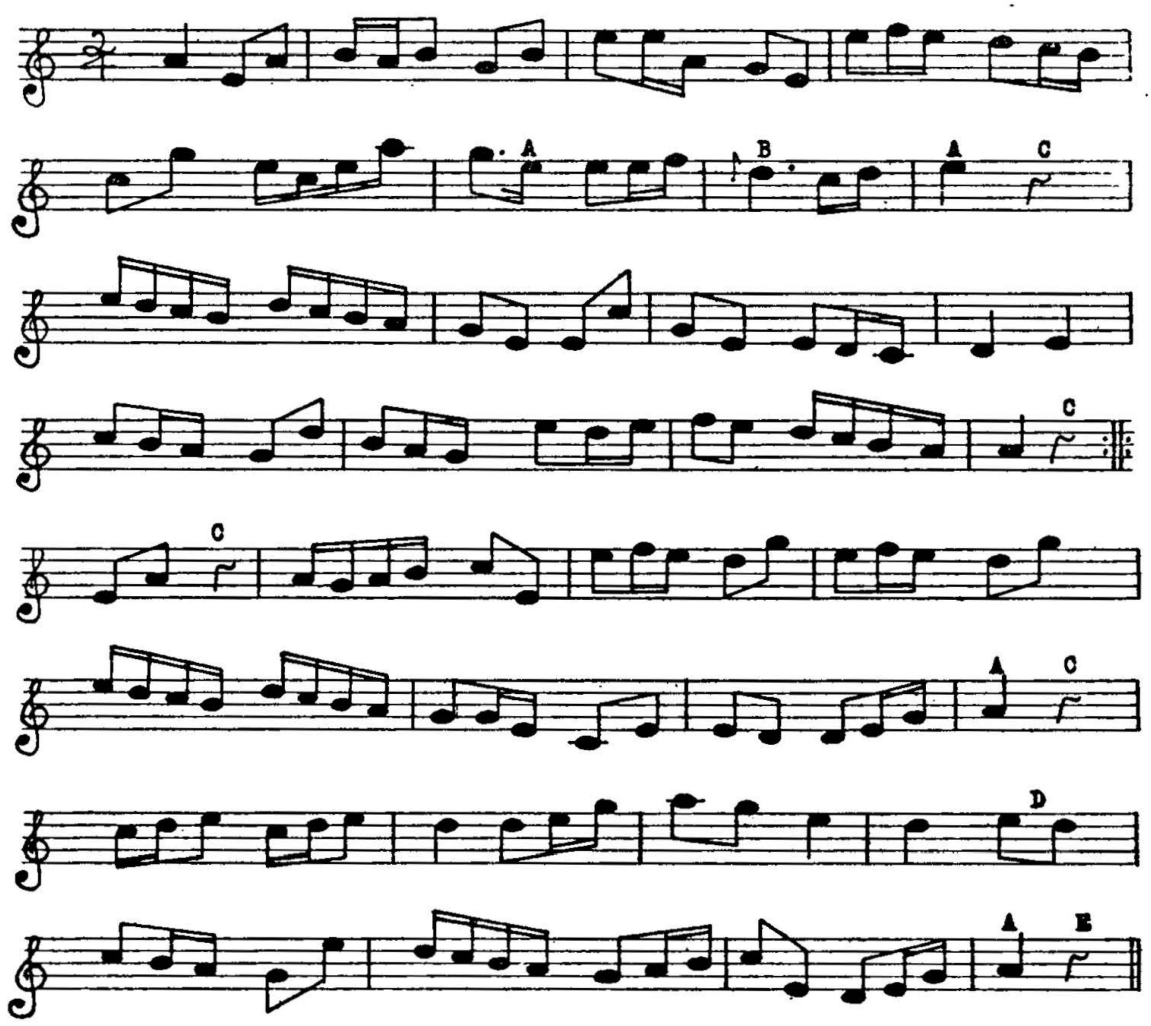
NOTES.

See the notes to the preceding air.

36. Mairghréad Ní Mhaoileoin.

(MADGE MALONE.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 20, no. 36:* Mreagud Ni Maoleoin—Madge Malone. Carolan; *MS.:* Madge Malone.



MS. 29, p. 234: No bars, key- or time-signature. All the notes in bars 13, 14 and 15 are written as crotchets. Bar 17 consists in the MS. of quavers F, B, E, A. A Quaver in MS. B Not dotted. C Not in MS. D Semiquavers. E This rest is replaced in MS. by crotchet A: but the balance of the tune is best preserved by the reading shown.

NOTES.

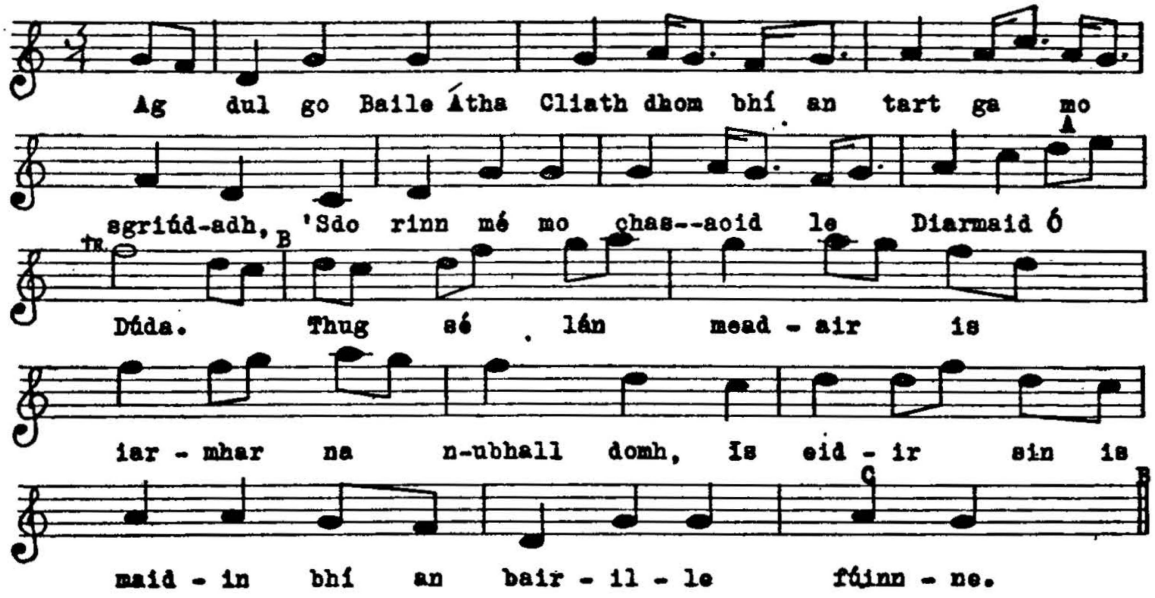
This piece, which bears unmistakable evidence of Carolan's style, does not appear to have been printed elsewhere. It was noted by Bunting from the harp-playing of Rose Mooney. Nothing is known of its subject nor have the words, if any, survived. The air called "Mailli Ni Maoluain—Molly O'Malone" in *Joyce* (1909), p. 296 is unrelated.

One of the few ballads in Irish, outside those of the Fenian cycle, is called "Máire Ní Mhaoileoin": versions are in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, Second Series (1860), p. 43; *Fáinne an Lae*, 18th March, 1899; *An Claidheamh Soluis*, 19th October, 1907; Morris's *Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh* (1915), p. 78 and *An Stoc*, February-March, 1918, p. 2. A similar Scottish song, in the same metre, with the title and refrain "Mo Mhallaí Bheag Óg", is in the *Gaelic Journal*, XIII, p. 360 (July, 1903). A different song, in another metre, with the title "Máire Ní Mhaoileoin", is in *An Stoc*, November, 1924, p. 4 (attributed to Richard Barrett). None of these songs is appropriate to our air.

37. Diarmaid Ó Dúda.

(DERMOT O'DOWD.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 20, no. 37:* Staic Dhiarmuidh Uí Dhúdha—Dermot O'Dowd; *1809, p. 24:* Diarmaid Ua Duda—Dermot O'Dowd; *MS.:* Dermot O Doudy. Stack Dermot ye dudy [*added in pencil.*]



MS. 29, p. 38: No key- or time-signature. A In the MS. these two notes are a crotchet and a grace-note respectively. B Repeat marks are placed here. C In the MS. this is a grace-note written to the left of the preceding bar-line.

I. 'Dul go Baile Átha Cliath dhom bhí an tart ga mo sgriúdadh,
'S do rinn mé mo chasaoid le Diarmaid Ó Dúda.
Thug sé lán meadair is iarmhar na n-ubhall domh,
Is eidir sin is maidin bhí an bairille fúinn-ne.

II. Tá cailleach i dTír Fhéachrach tá go peiriaclach le múchadh;
Níl aici ach dá fhiacla 'gus iarmhar na súile.
Bhéarfadh sí meannán maith bliadna 'gus bodóg mar dhúthracht
Don té d'fháigfeadh thart siar i 'dteach Dhiarmaid Uí Dhúda.

III. Má théigheann tú gá h-iarraidh bíodh * * * *
Marcaigheacht in do dhiallaid 's in-a dhéidh sin bí súgach.
Má bheir sí na briathra nach n-iarrfadh 's nach dtiubhradh,
Teann léithe aniar mar ní Diarmaid Ó Dúda!

MS. 7, no. 116. MS. readings: I, 2, chasaid. I, 3, meadar. I, 3, hubhall. II, 1, dTíréarach. II, 1, periaclach. II, 3, Bhearaid is meaná. III, 1, bi. III, 3, niarradh. III, 4, Tean leiche niar.

TRANSLATION.

I. On my way to Dublin I was tormented with thirst,
And I told my trouble to Dermot O'Dowd.
He gave me a pail full and the remainder of the apples,
And from then until morning we had the barrel to ourselves.

II. There is a hag in Tireragh who is very hard to tackle;
She has but two teeth and the remains of one eye.
She would give a yearling kid and a young heifer as gratuity
To whoever would leave her yonder in Dermot O'Dowd's house.

NOTES.

AIR—Obtained from Charles Byrne, the harper. A variant, closely resembling Bunting's air, is printed in the *Citizen*, April, 1842.

WORDS—Noted by Lynch from Mrs. Gavan, wife of John Gavan, at Drummin, south of Croagh Patrick, eight miles from Westport, County Mayo. The third stanza has been left untranslated, and part of its first line is unsuitable for printing. Professor Éamonn Ó Tuathail has furnished me with two verses of the song, taken down by him from an old man named Parrdha Ó Dálaigh, a native of Bocks in Farney, County Monaghan. The first of these is a version of our verse I; the second is unsuitable for printing.

For Tireragh (II, 1), see the notes to no. 37B *infra*. The reading *Tír Fhéachrach*, instead of the normal *Tír Fhiachrach*, is retained in view of the fact that this is the MS. reading here and in no. 37B (title and III, 3). The substitution of *éa* for *ia* is evidence of North Connacht dialect.

A song in a different metre, but with the same title, is in Murray's *Ceolta Óméith* (1920), p. 13.

37A. Hob [And] Nob.

I. A Shéamais Brún, is tú fuair a' náire!
Chaill tú do chliú, do chuid is do cháirde.
Glac-sa mo chomhairle agus bí-se go sásta,
Agus glac le Ó Dúda, 'sé sheasas a' báire.

II. Sintear dó " Hob nob," is ait leis i dtús é,
Ceol breagh fuirsingthe, cuntra dans nuai é.
Líontar na cannaí dhúinn is bímíd go súgach,
Is ólamaoid gloine faoi shláinte Uí Dhúda!

MS. 26, no. 46, p. 6: another copy in MS. 26, no. 2, p. 5. MS. readings: II, 1, do. II, 1, ar dtús (MS. 26, no. 2). II, 2, fuirsingte. II, 2, contra rainc (MS. 26, no. 2). II, 3, canna. II, 4, le froilic *for* faoi shláinte (MS. 26, no. 46).

TRANSLATION.

HOB AND NOB.

I. James Brown, you have been put to shame!
You have lost your reputation, your wealth and your friends.
Take my advice and be content,
And accept O'Dowd, that valiant man.

II. Play up " Hob nob " for him, he likes that to begin with,
'T is a fine long (?) tune, a new country dance.
Fill up the tankards and let us be merry,
And let's drink a glass to the health of O'Dowd!

NOTES.

This song, which was obtained from Denis Hempson, is in the same metre as the foregoing and concerns one of the O'Dowd family. MS. 26, no. 46, p. 6 has the following note: " David O'Dowd on his marriage to Miss Laety Brown. Brown was a miser—an attorney." The tune called " Hob and Nob" is in Thompson's *Complete Collection of 200 Favourite Country Dances*, vol. I [? 1760], p. 86.

37 B. Uí Dhúda Thír Fhéachrach.

I. Cumhdach Mhic Dé ar a' gcliar-chloinn deagh-mhúinte,
Cuideachta na féile nárbh' fhéidir a dhiúltadh!
Níorbh' úirde an t-éideadh gan bhréig ag cine Iúdaigh
Nó thuas os cionn Gaodhalaibh clann tréightheach Uí Dhúda.

II. Ní deise an Bealtaine fá na bláthann' breagh úire,
'S ní soillsighe maidin shamhraidh nó deallra a ngnúise—
Fir cródha calma, tá ceannasach, cliúiteach;
Mo shearc-rún is m'annsacht an chlann sin Uí Dhúda!

III. Tráth théid an chlann sin ar maidin chum an fiadhaigh,
Go cródha breagh calma, go ceannasach ciallmhar,
Dhá dtigeadh fiadh an ghleanna go talamh Thír Fhéachrach,
Níor bha leis féin a bheanna ó mharcach an eich riabhaigh!

IV. Tráth ghluaiseas sí 'un siubhail, do choiscéim glan éadtrom,
Caitilín Ní Dhúda, lámh cliúite na féile,
Ainnir na maon-rosg, na gcurcán breagh péarlach,
Beidh fiadh leis an úr-fhlaith, nó cúpla má's féidir!

MS. 7, no. 16. MS. readings: I, 3, téideadh. I, 4, shuas. II, 1, beailtine. II, 2, soilsioch. II, 2, ngruise. III, 3 *and Title*, Thírearach. IV, 1, i *for* sí. IV, 1, a *for* do. IV, 3, curcan.

TRANSLATION.

THE O'DOWDS OF TIRERAGH.

I. May the Son of God protect the noble, musical family,
The household of all-compelling hospitality!
Truly the Levites were not ranked higher among the Jews
Than the virtuous O'Dowds above the Gaels.

II. May, with its pretty, fresh flowers, is not more beautiful,
A summer morning is not brighter, than the glory of their faces—
The valiant, brave men, powerful and famous;
Dearly I love them, the O'Dowd family!

III. When they go out hunting of a morning,
Valiant and brave, mighty and wise,
If the stag of the valley came to Tireragh,
The rider of the dapple-grey would not let him keep his antlers!

IV. And when she walks out with neat, light footstep,
Kathleen O'Dowd, renowned for hospitality,
With her modest eye and her fine, gleaming curls,
She will get a stag, or two if she can!

NOTES.

Obtained by Lynch in 1802 from "James Dowd, farmer, Tireragh, Skreen, Co. Sligo." Another copy is printed, without indication of origin, in *An Claidheamh Soluis*, 16th March, 1907, p. 1. This copy, which was contributed by Dr. Douglas Hyde, is in singular agreement with that given above, the only important difference, apart from variations of spelling, being *chéad-mhac* for *t-éideadh* (I, 3).

The barony of Tireragh lies along the north-western coast of County Sligo ; it takes its name (Tír Fhiachrach) from Fiachra Ealgach, great-grandson of Eochy Moyvane (Eochaidh Muighmheadhon), King of Ireland, A.D. 358—365. The O'Dowds were Chiefs of Tireragh for centuries and some families of the name are still located there. Some account of Tireragh and the O'Dowds is given in O'Rourke's *History of Sligo*, II, p. 385 *et seq.* and Wood-Martin's *History of Sligo*, p. 110 *et seq.* For a folk-tale concerning one of the O'Dowds, see *Súil Uí Dhúbhda le h-Árd na Riogh* (1903).

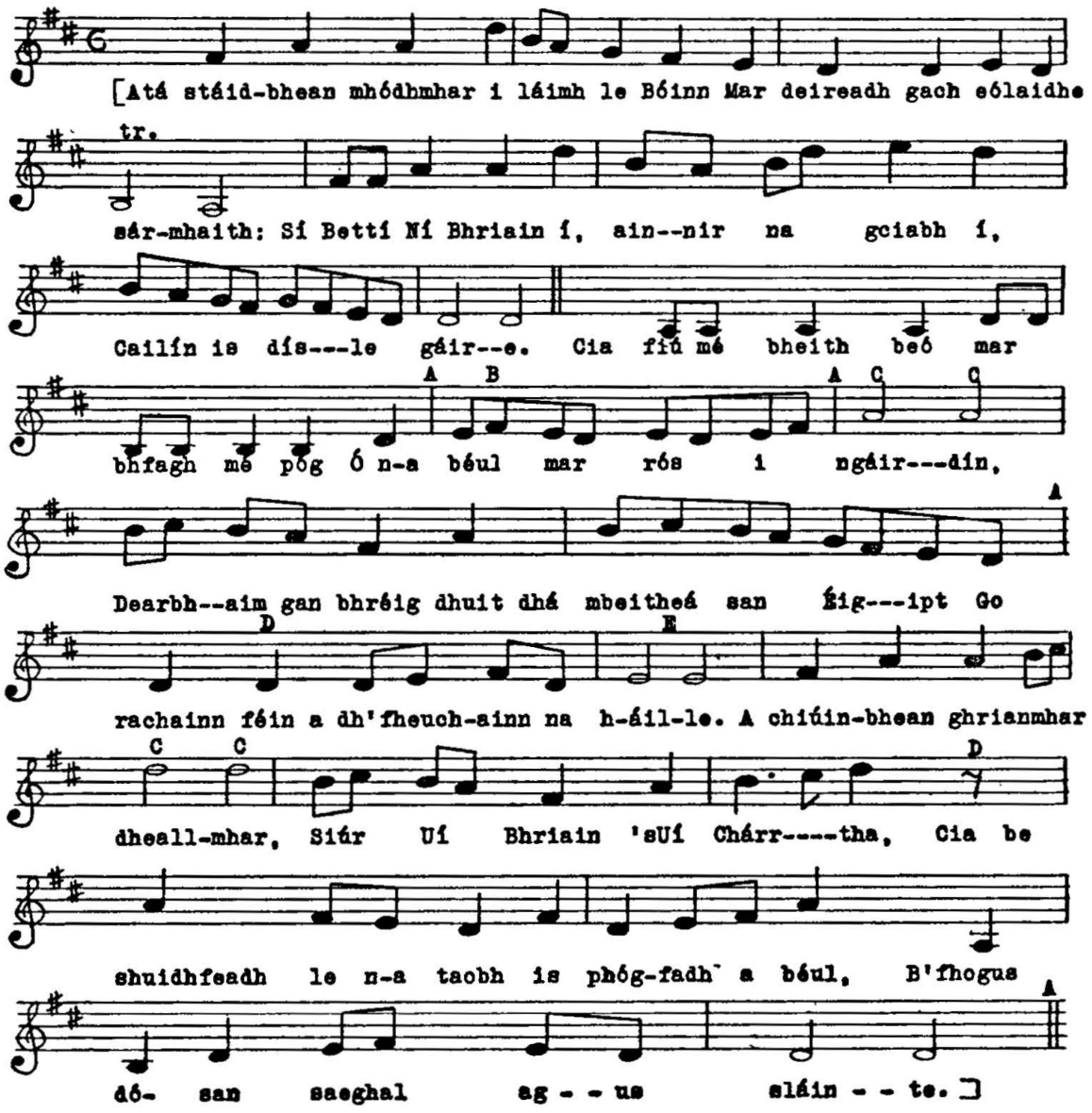
There is an air called "Tír Fhiachrach—Tyreragh" in *Bunting* (1840), p. 31, no. 40, obtained by Bunting in 1802 from "an old man at Sligo." But it will not suit our words.

It is curious that the foregoing three distinct songs about the O'Dowds, collected in three different counties, should be written in the same metre, employing the same rhymes for the most part and being presumably intended to be sung to the same air. Possibly the tune printed above was regarded as the clan tune of the O'Dowds, to which any verses about members of the clan would naturally be composed.

38. Betti Ní Bhriain.

(BETTY O'BRIEN.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 21, no. 38:* Catigh Ni Bhrian—Kitty O'Brian. Carolan; *MS.:* Catty O'Brians.



MS. 29, p. 186: No key- or time-signature. A These are the only places at which bar-lines appear. B This note might be read as G. C Crotchets in MS. D Not in MS. E Three crotchets in MS. instead of two minims.

[Atá stáid-bhean mhódhmhar i láimh le Bóinn
Mar deireadh gach eólaidhe sár-mhaith :
Sí Betti Ní Bhriain í, ainnir na gciabh í,
Cailín is dísle gáire.
Cia fiú mé bheith beó mar bhfagh mé póg
Ó n-a béul mar rós i ngáirdín,
Dearbhaim gan bhréig dhuit dhá mbeitheá san Éigipt
Go rachainn féin a dh'fheuchainn na h-áille.
A chiúin-bhean ghrianmhar dheallmhar,
Siúr Uí Bhriain 's Uí Chárrtha,
Cia be shuidhfeadh le n-a taobh is phógfadh a béul,
B'fhogus dó san saeghal agus sláinte.]

TRANSLATION.

[There is a stately maiden beside the Boyne,
As every good judge would say:
She is Betty O'Brien, the lass of the ringlets,
The girl whose laugh is dearest.
Life is not worth living unless I get a kiss
From her mouth like a rose in a garden.
I vow that if you were in Egypt
I would journey there to see your beauty.
Modest maid, so sunny and radiant,
Kinswoman of O'Brien and MacCarthy,
Whoever should sit beside her and kiss her lips
Would not long lack life and health.]

NOTES.

TITLE—Bunting's title for this air, which he attributes to Carolan, is, in the MS., "Catty O'Brians" and, in the 1796 volume, "Catigh Ni Bhrian—Kitty O'Brian"; but there are two variants of the air in these MSS., one (MS. 29, p. 108) being entitled "Betty O'Brian" and the other (MS. 5, p. 6) "Betti Iní Bhriain." As regards words, there is no known song by Carolan entitled "Caití Ní Bhriain" ("Kitty O'Brien"), but there is one by him entitled "Betti Ní Bhriain" ("Betty O'Brien"), and it perfectly suits the air. There is little doubt, therefore, that the correct title for the air is "Betti Ní Bhriain" ("Betty O'Brien").

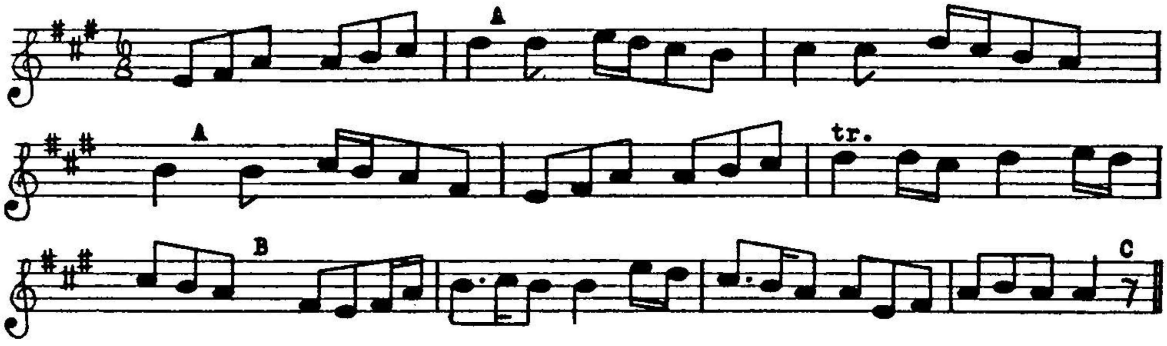
AIR—Noted by Bunting from the harp-playing of Charles Fanning and no doubt correctly attributed to Carolan. It does not appear to have been printed elsewhere.

WORDS—None in these MSS. They have been printed in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 159, from which those now placed under the music have been taken. The structure of the air would suggest that they should have been printed as two verses of twelve lines each instead of as three verses of eight lines each.

39. A Rún, Fan Agam Is Fuirigh Go Ló.

(DARLING, STAY WITH ME AND TARRY TILL DAY.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 21, no. 39:* A rún fan agam is furrid go ló—My dear, stay with me; *MS :* Ruan fon ogham agus whiragala—My dear stay with me till to-morrow.



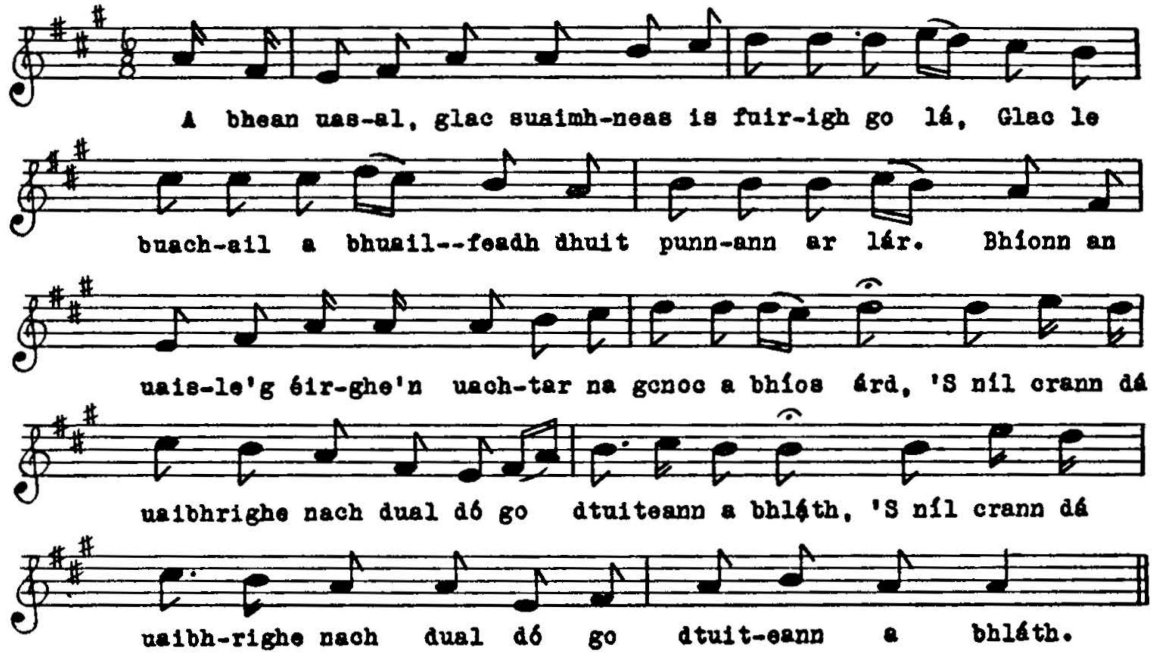
MS. 29, p. 194: No key- or time-signature. The barring is irregular. A A crotchet rest is interpolated between these two notes. B There is here a series of tail-less dots, followed by crotchet D, which appear to represent an attempt at noting what follows. C Not in MS.

NOTES.

This air was noted by Bunting from the harp-playing of Arthur O'Neill. Nothing is known of the air and no variant of it appears to have been printed. But the verses given below as no. 39A probably belong to it and the air is reprinted (with slight but necessary modifications) with the first verse placed underneath the notes.

39A. A Bhean Uasal, Glac Suaimhneas.

(LADY, BE TRANQUIL.)



I. A bhean uasal, glac suaimhneas is fuirigh go lá,
Glac le buachail a bhuailfeadh dhuit punnann ar lár.
Bhíonn an uaisle ag éirghe i n-uachtar na gcnoc a bhíos árd,
'S níl crann dá uaibhrighe nach dual dó go dtuiteann a bhláth.

II. Tá mo chosa gan coisbheirt le ráithche 'gus mí,
'Siubhal anaigh 'gus bogaigh do ló agus do oidh'e.
A chúilín bacallach do mhearaigh is do bhreoigh mo chroidhe,
Agus thar a gcaraigh ní racha mé beó 'do dhiaidh.

III. Tabhair mo mhallacht dho do dhaidí 's do do mháithrín féin,
Nach dtug solus beag dhuit-se ar mo lámh-sa 'léigheadh.
Is moch ar maidin bhiodh agad-sa brígh mo sgéil,
Agus glac mo bheannacht go gcastar leat i n-uaigneas mé.

MS. 7, no. 99. MS. readings: I, 4, uaibhrigh. II, 1, raiche. II, 3, bhreo.

TRANSLATION.

I. Lady, be tranquil and tarry till day,
Accept a boy who can thresh a sheaf for you on the threshing-floor.
Noble blood mounts to the top of the high hills,
But even the haughtiest of trees must shed its blossom.

II. I have gone barefoot for a quarter and a month,
Walking roads and bogs both day and night.
Curlilocks, you have made me crazy and heartsick,
And I shall not live beyond . . . (?) when you leave me.

III. Take my curse to your daddy and to your mammy too,
For not giving you a little light to read my hand by.
Early at morn you would be told all my story,
And take my blessing until we meet alone again.

NOTES.

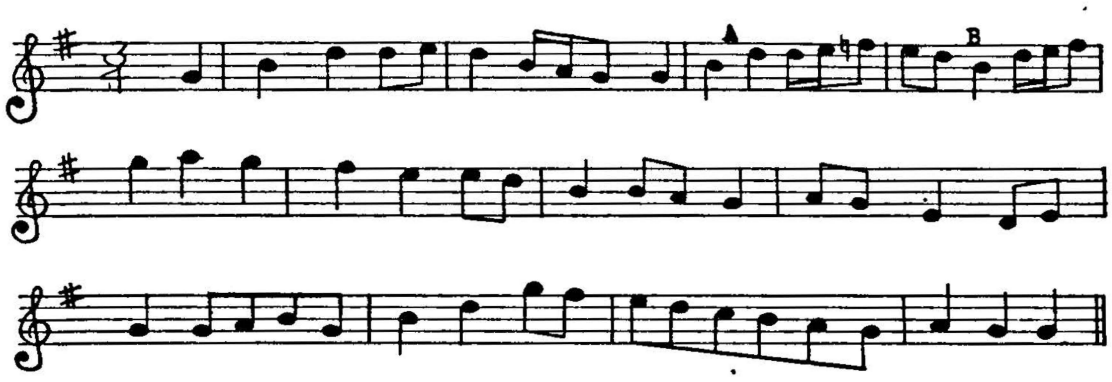
AIR—*See* the notes to the previous air (no. 39).

WORDS—Noted by Lynch from Jack Knuckle "at Tom Walsh's, Belcarra, four miles east from Castlebar."

40. Bean Dubh Na Rún.

(LOVING DARK MAID.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 22, no. 40:* A bhean dubh rún dileas dubh—The dear black maid; *MS.:* Vaunderoon Deelish.



MS. 29, p. 92: No key- or time-signature. A Quavers. B This note might be read as A.

NOTES.

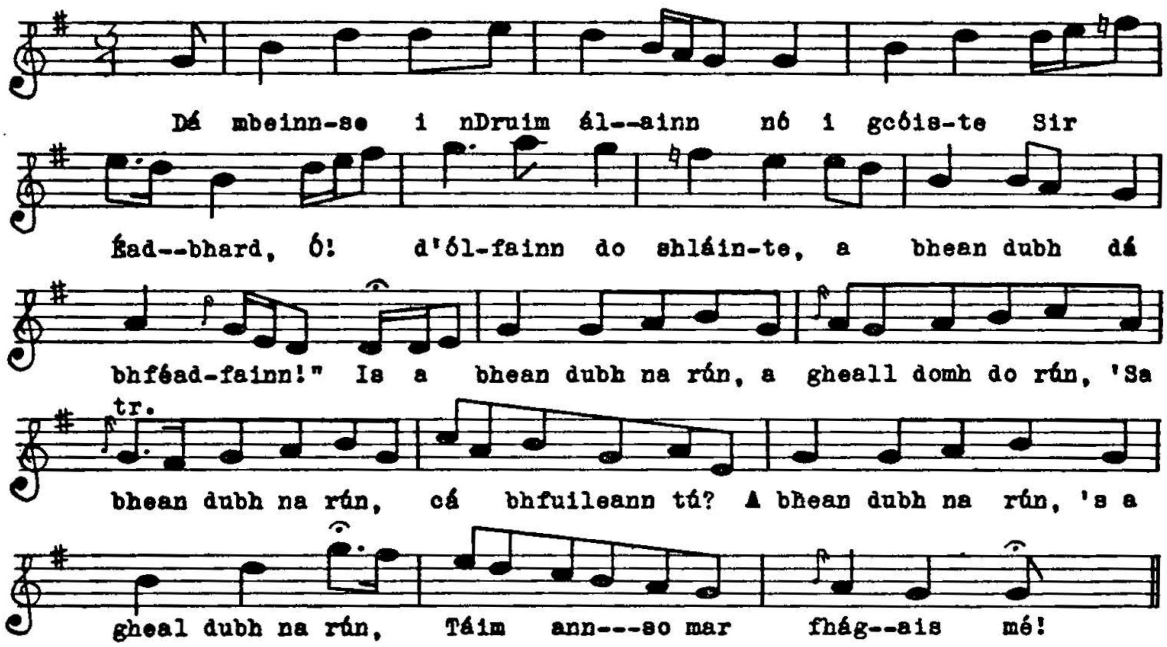
The copy printed by Bunting was obtained by him at Ballinascreen, County Sligo, and was used by Moore for his song "How oft has the Benshee cried" in the Second Number of the *Melodies* (1807). A superior variant, entitled "The Bonny Black Irish Maid," is in Cooke's *Selection* (*c.* 1793), p. 6 and Hime's *New Selection*, p. 5. Bunting's air bears some resemblance in its opening bars to "Luke Dillon" in Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 34.

The tune as given above differs from Bunting's printed copy in one important respect: between (complete) bars 9 and 10 in the tune as given above there appear in the printed copy four extra bars. That these bars are not merely interpolations made by Bunting but properly belong to the tune is indicated by the fact that they have their counterpart in the variant printed by Cooke. (For Bunting to have taken the extra bars from Cooke is possible but unlikely, in view of his known indifference to previously printed collections.)

I give as no. 40A the tune as printed by Bunting, with the words of the first verse of what is probably the appropriate song placed under the notes. This song was obtained by Lynch from Pat MacDermod, senior, Castlebar, County Mayo. The arrangement of the refrain to the second eight bars is somewhat unnatural, and the words may have gone to a variant of the tune which is slightly different here.

40A. Bean Dubh Na Rún.

(LOVING DARK MAID.)



I. Dá mbeinn-se i nDruim áluinn nó i gcóiste Sir Éadbhard,
D'ólfainn do shláinte, a bhean dubh, dá bhféadfainn!

Chorus: 'S a bhean dubh na rún, a gheall domh do rún,
'S a bhean dubh na rún, cá bhfuileann tú?
A bhean dubh na rún, 's a gheal dubh na rún,
Táim annso mar d'fhágais mé!

II. Tá triúr ar a' staighre 'gus dís ar a' halla,
Is muinntir a' tighe ag éisteacht le maighdean gá mealladh.

III. Dá bhfeicfeá-sa an bhean dubh an lá a bhí an lionn aici,
Bhí sáighdiúir ar a garda 'gus a' táilliúir sa' dtom aici.

IV. "A bhean dubh na páirte, cár fhágaibh tú an caoidheamhlacht?"
—"D'fhág mé ar tSliabh Bán í, 'buaint árd-chíos do na píobairí."

V. Ní bean dubh a b'fhearr liom ach bean bhán a mbí húp uirrthi,
Húda 'gus lásaí 'gus fáinní go dlúth uirrthi.

MS. 7, no. 89. MS. readings: I, 1, ndruim aluin. *Chorus*, 2, bhail an *for* bhfuileann. *Chorus*, 3, sa geal. II, 2, A muinteir a tig. III, 1, lo. III, 2, saighdeor. III, 2, taileoir, III, 2, dtum.

TRANSLATION.

I. If I were in lovely Drom or in Sir Edward's carriage,
I would drink your health, dark maid, were I able!

Chorus: Loving dark maid, who pledged me your love,
Loving dark maid, where are you?
Loving dark maid, fair loving dark maid,
I am here where you left me!

II. There are three on the stairs and two in the hall,
And the people of the house listening to a girl enticing them.

III. You should have seen the dark maid when she had some ale,
There was a soldier on guard while the tailor was with her in the bush.

IV. "Darling dark maid, where did you leave your modesty?"
—"I left it on Slieve Bawn, taking toll of the pipers."

V. A dark maid is not my favourite, but a fair maid who wears a hoop,
With a hood and lace ribbons and a good many rings.

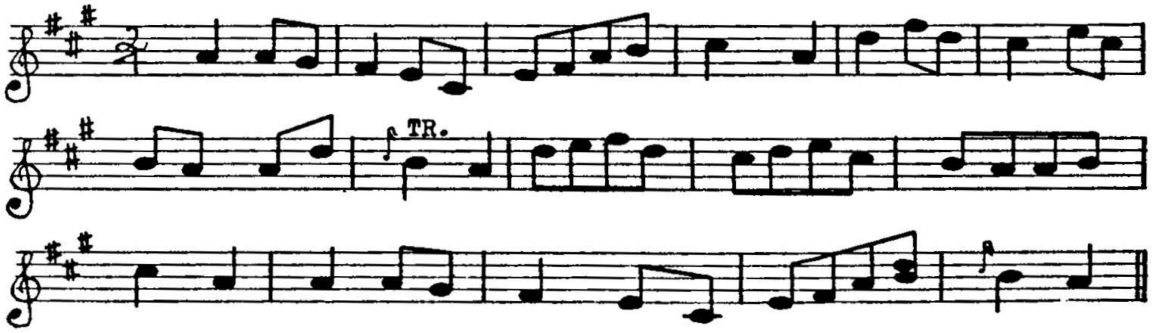
NOTES.

See the notes to no. 40. Slieve Bawn is a mountain in County Roscommon (*see* Part I, p. 10); the location of the place-name in line 1 is unknown.

41. D'Éalochadh Máire Liom.

(MARY WOULD ELOPE WITH ME.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 22, no. 41:* D'eoleoghadh Maire lum—Mary do you fancy me; *MS.:* Dea loi Mariai haure he lum—Mary would go with me.



MS. 29, p. 192: No bars, key- or time-signature.

NOTES.

Bunting printed two "setts" of this air. The first was obtained by him at Deel Castle, near Ballina, Co. Mayo, but no copy of it appears to be in these MSS. The tune given above is the second set, and seems to have been obtained in the same neighbourhood. With regard to the alternative notes shown in the last bar but one, it may be mentioned that in publishing Bunting selected B.

The first set of the air was used, with some modification, by Samuel Lover for his beautiful song, "The Angel's Whisper," first published in 1840 and reprinted in Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 1. Mr. Moffat makes a slip in stating that the air is also in Holden's *Periodical Irish Melodies*, vol. I. The published variants are as follows:—

1. Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (*c.* 1786), p. 17: "D'eala Mairi liomsa."

2. Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, 1st edition (1786), at end and 2nd edition (1816), vol. I, p. 120: "D'eala Mairi liomsa—Mary, you have eloped from me."

3. *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 474: "Mary do you fancy me, as sung by an old Connaught beggarman in Grt. Britain St." (now Parnell Street), Dublin.

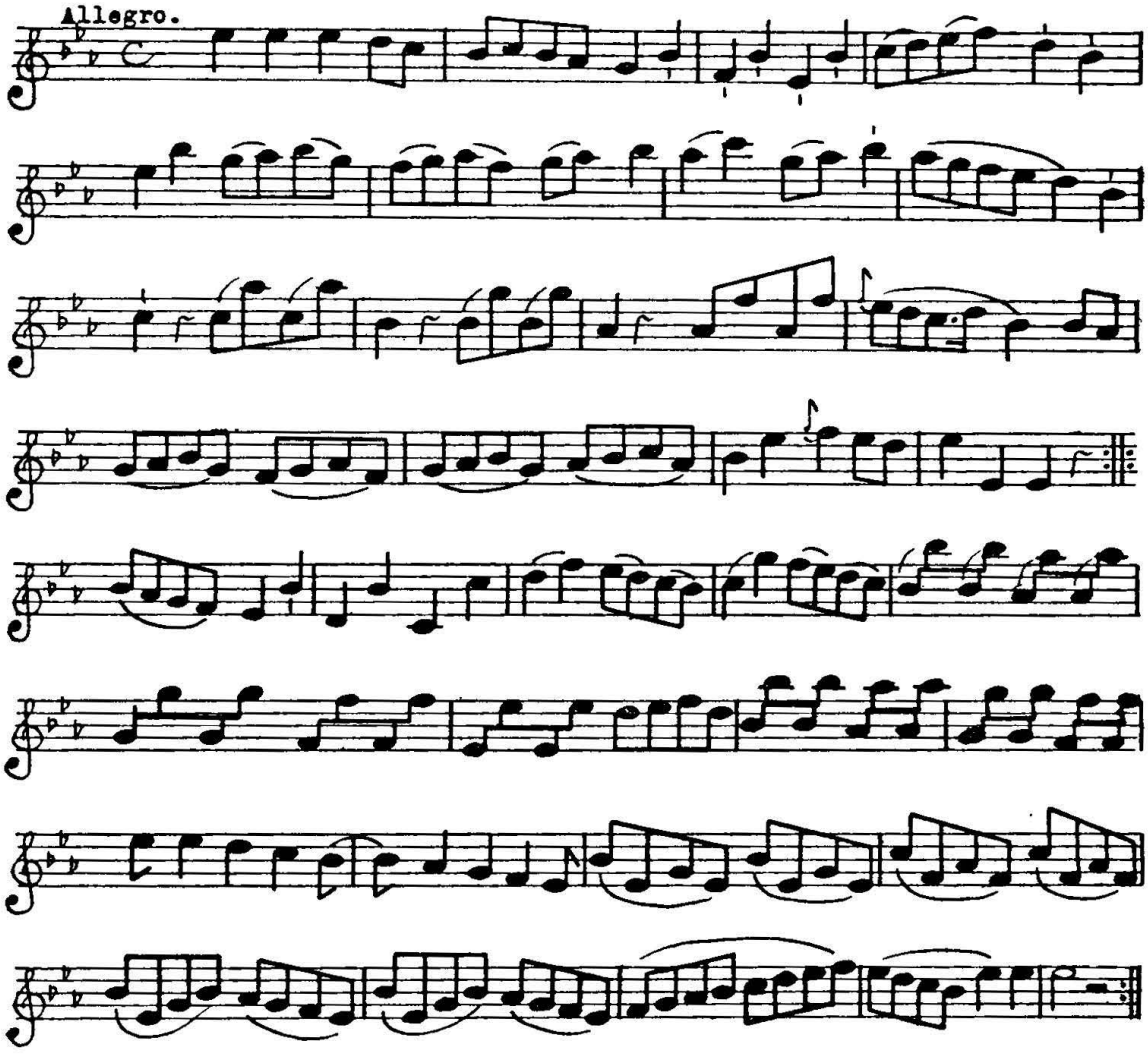
4. O'Neill's *Music of Ireland* (1903), no. 621: "Mary do you fancy me?"

There is an Irish translation of Lover's song, in the original metre, by Pádraig Ó Laoghaire in the *Gaelic Journal*, IV, p. 205 (May, 1893).

42. Concerto Chearbhalláin.

(CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 23, no. 42:* Concerto Chearbhulan—Carolan's Concerto; *1809, p. 33:* Comhshinnim Chearbhulain—Carolan's Concerto.



1796, p. 23, no. 42.

NOTES.

Obtained by Bunting from the harp-playing of Arthur O'Neill; no MS. copy has been discovered. It is curious that in the earliest printed copy of this tune, *viz.* that in the *Carolan Collection* (1780), p. 17, its title is, not "Carolan's Concerto,"

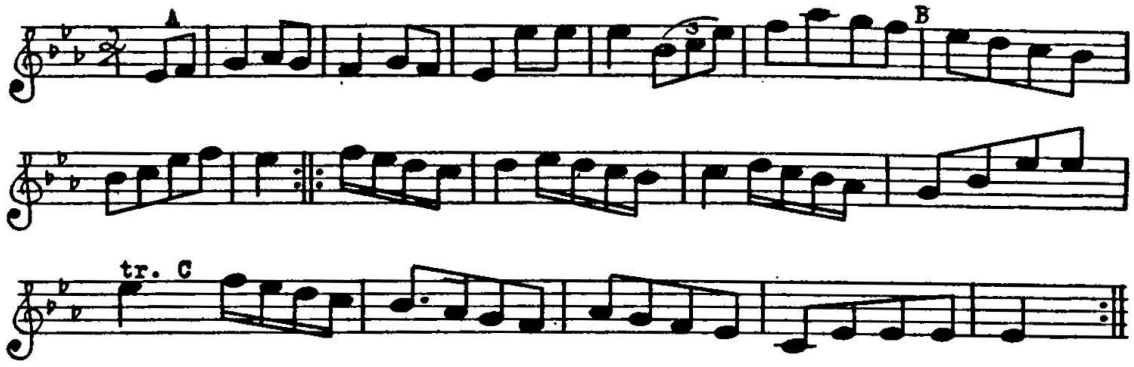
but "Mr. Poer." Other variants, all entitled "Carolan's Concerto," are in O'Farrell's *Pocket Companion for the Irish Pipes*, book I, p. 16, Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards* (1816), vol. II, p. 104 and O'Neill's *Music of Ireland* (1903), no. 633. It was also used by Moore in the Introductory Piece to the First Number of the *Melodies* (1807), and there is a version arranged for the harp in Owen Lloyd's *An Cruitire* (1903), p. 1.

In the Preface to his 1796 volume Bunting says that "in 'Carolan's Concerto' (no. 42) and in his 'Madam Cole' (no. 16) the practitioner will perceive evident imitations of Correlli, in which the exuberant fancy of that admired composer is happily copied."

43. An Róise Bheag Mhodhamhar.

(THE GENTLE LITTLE ROSE.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 24, no. 43:* A rois bheg mhómhar—The little harvest rose; *MS.:* Rosha vig voavir—The Bonny Shannon Water.



MS. 29, p. 22: No key- or time-signature. A Semiquavers in MS. B No bar-line in MS. C Bar-line here in MS. Crotchet rests are inserted in the middle of bars 1, 2 and 4. A cross is placed over the B in bar 11.

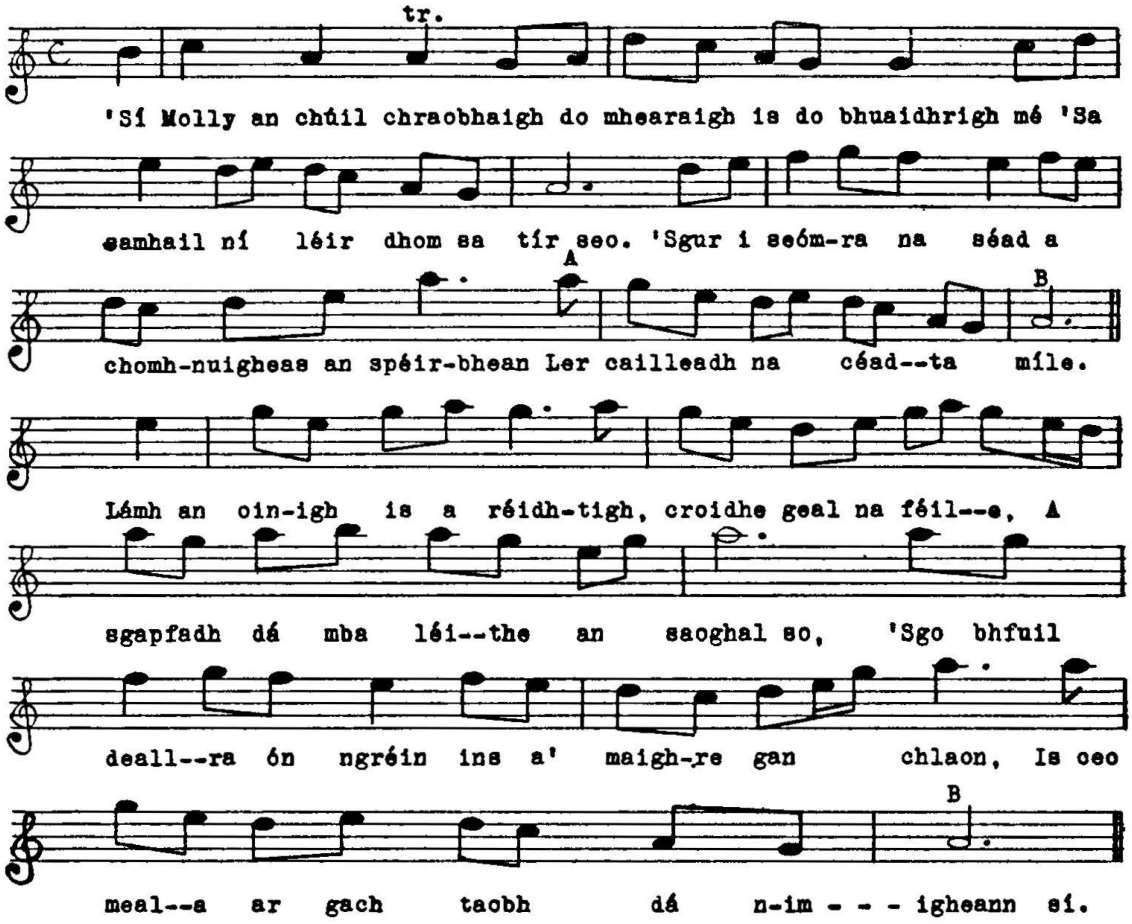
NOTES.

Noted from the harp-playing of Hugh Higgins: Moore's "In the Morning of Life" in the Seventh Number of the *Melodies* (1818). The copy in Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Irish Airs*, vol. I (1814), p. 18, no. 7 is apparently taken from Bunting; there is a variant in *Joyce* (1909), p. 304, no. 581, entitled "Rose Ward, or Róisín Ní Cuirnín. Rose O'Curnin," and she may have been the Rose of the title. Bunting's English title is probably accounted for by the phonetic *voavir* of the MS. being wrongly equated with *foghmhar*, "harvest."

44. Máire Nic Ailpín.

(MOLLY MACALPIN.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 24, no. 44:* Maligh Ni McAlpuin—Molly Macalpin; *MS.:* Molly Halfpenny.



MS. 29, p. 70: No key- or time-signature. A Crotchet in MS. B Not dotted.

I. 'Sí *Molly* an chúil chraobhaigh
Do mhearaigh is do bhuaidhrigh mé,
Is a samhail ní léir dhom sa' tír seo;
Is gur i seómra na séad
A chomhnuigheas an spéirbhean
Ler cailleadh na céadta míle.
Lámh an oinigh is a' réidhtigh,
Croidhe geal na féile,
A sgapfadh dá mba léithe an saoghal so;
'S go bhfuil deallra ón ngréin
Ins a' maighre gan chlaon,
Is ceó meala ar gach taobh dá n-imthigheann sí.

II. Is deise 'gus is breaghtha
Gach siolla dho mo ghrádh-sa
Ná rós i ngáirdín pléisiúir;
A com atá
Mar a' tsíoda bhán,
An maighre mná sí bhuaidhrigh mé.
Ba bhinne liom a' lá
Bheinn ag cómhrádh le mo ghrádh
Ná ag ceartughadh dánta as Gaedhilge;
Seach a bhfuil mé a' rádh,
'Sé mo chreach agus mo chrádh
Mar a chonairc mé le dhá bhliadhain déag thú.

III. Dá mba liom an saoghal
Do eallach is do mhaoin,
Is dod' shamhail do mhnaoi do bhéarfainn;
Gur gile a dá chíoch
Ná an sneachta ar a' gcraoibh,
Is iad ceaptha as ceart-lár a cléibh-si.
An eala gheal mhín
A b'fhearr taitneamh agus gnaoi
Ar hallaí míne gléi geal;
'Sé mo léan-sa nach mbím
'Mo londubh ar a' gcraoibh,
Is isi bheith fúm mar a gcéirsigh.

MS. 6, p. 71. MS. readings: I, 2, Do *omitted before* mhearaigh. I, 2 and II, 6, bhuaireadh. I, 3, so. I, 7, oineadh is a réiteadh. I, 9, sgapa. III, 1, saoighil. III, 6, a ceapadh. III, 6. cléibhe. III, 7, alladh. III, 9, glégeal. III, 12, gcéirseadh.

TRANSLATION.

I. 'Tis Molly of the curling hair
That has tormented me and driven me crazy,
And I know not her peer in this land;
In a jewelled room
This lady abides,
Who has slain hundreds of thousands.
Bounteous, hospitable hand,
Bright, generous heart,
Who would give away the earth if 'twere hers;
The splendour of the sun
Is in this faultless maiden,
And a honeyed mist is where'er she walks.

II. Sweeter and more delightful
Is my love's breath
Than a rose in a pleasure-garden;
Her breast is
As white as silk,
'Tis she who has tormented me.
I would rather spend a day
Talking with my love
Than composing Irish songs;
And apart from all I have said,
I am most sad and sorry
For having known you these twelve years.

III. If I owned the world's
Cattle and treasure,
To a girl such as you I would give them;
Whose two breasts are whiter
Than snow on a branch,
Rising out of her bosom.
Radiant, gentle swan,
Most splendid and graceful
In gleaming, white halls;
Alas! that I am not
A blackbird on a tree,
With her as my mate beside me.

NOTES.

TITLE—The diversity in the English titles of the variants mentioned below is explained by the fact that the Irish names *Mac Ailpin* and *Ó hAilpin* are variously rendered in English as MacAlpin, MacAlpine, Halpin, Halpeny and Halfpenny.

AIR—Noted by Bunting from the harp-playing of Kate Martin and attributed by him to William O'Connellan (1840 volume, Introduction, p. 70): Moore's "Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave" in the First Number of the *Melodies* (1807). In printing, Bunting placed repeat marks at the end of each of the two parts into which the tune is divided; but the structure of the verse shows this to be wrong.

A copy of the tune in the same key, similar but not identical, is in Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 71 as "Moilidh Ní Alpuin—Molly Halfpenny." In O'Neill's *Music of Ireland*, no. 255 is a curious song-air variant called "Brian the Brave." No. 700 in the same collection more closely resembles Bunting's air, but its title, "O'Carolan's Farewell to Music," seems to lack authority. *Joyce* (1909), p. 68 contains what is called a "dance setting," entitled "Moll Halfpenny"; and

this is similar to another setting, published as a hornpipe, in Roche's *Collection*, II, p. 11, no 212, called "Brian the Brave or Poll Halfpenny." It is probable that these dance settings are merely the work of country fluters and fiddlers to whom Moore's song had become familiar.

WORDS—A dispassionate, conventional type of love-song. If we accept the view that the words and air of "Molly St. George" (Part I, no. 12, p. 43) are by Thomas O'Connellan, it is not unlikely that the words and air of "Molly MacAlpin" are by his brother William (to whom Bunting attributes the air); since the words in both cases belong to the same type of laudatory verse afterwards so extensively practised by Carolan.

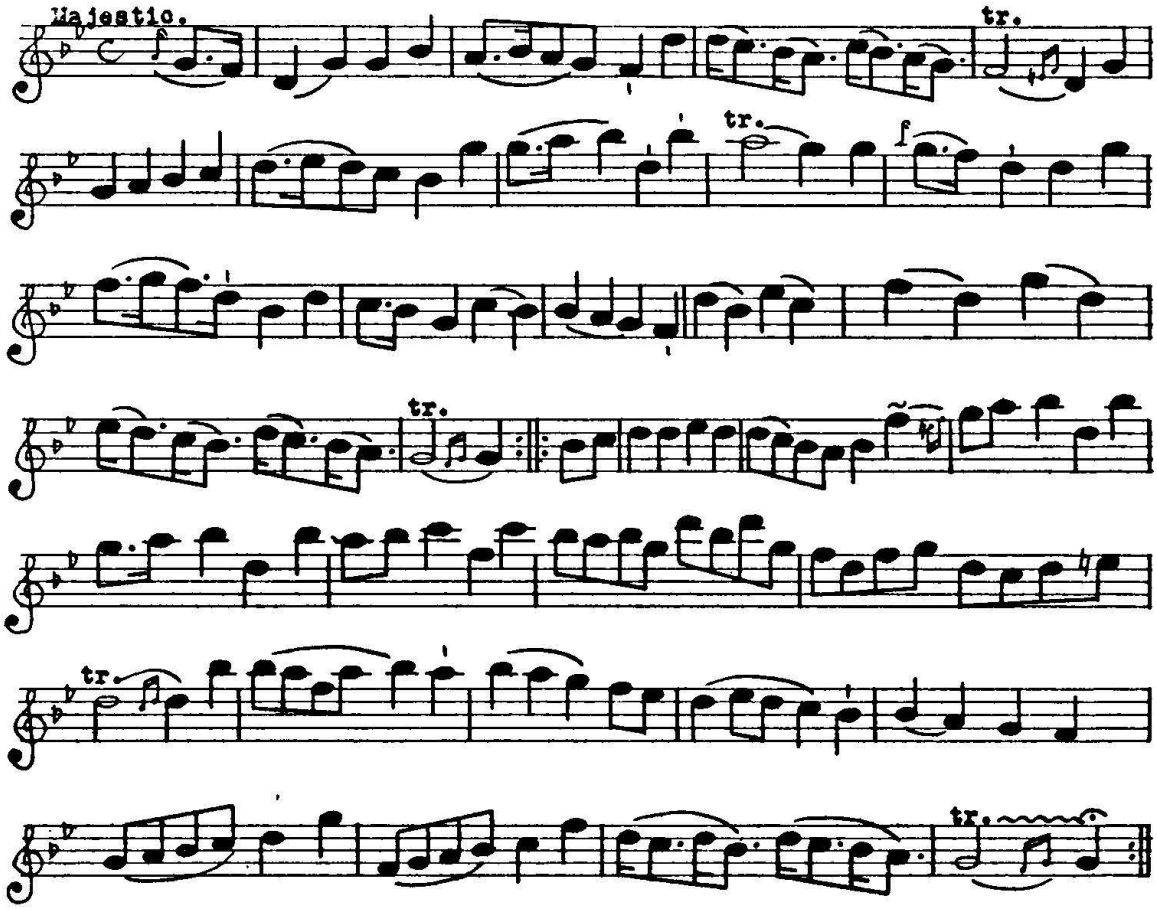
Part of our song is given in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin* (p. 111) as part of a song of Carolan's in praise of his patroness Mrs. MacDermott, for whom *see* Notes to no. 53 *infra;* but he was thirteen years her junior and was brought up with her children, and it is most unlikely that he would have addressed to her love verses of this kind.

On p. 183 of Flood's *History of Irish Music* a number of statements are made concerning "Molly MacAlpin." Few, if any, of these appear to rest upon any ascertained basis of fact: most are definitely incorrect: and all may safely be disregarded by the student.

45. Abaigeal Bean Mhic An Bhreitheamhan.

(MADAME ABIGAIL JUDGE.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 25, no. 45:* Abghil Ni Breitmuin—Abigail Judge. Carolan; *1809, p. 62:* Maghistreas Ini Bhreithamhain—Madam Judge.



1796, p. 25, no. 45.

NOTES.

This air was taken down by Bunting from the harp-playing of Daniel Black. A similar but distinct variant is in Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 3; and another, considered by Mr. Moffat to be the best, is in Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Irish Airs*, vol. II (1816), p. 42 (reprinted in Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 350).

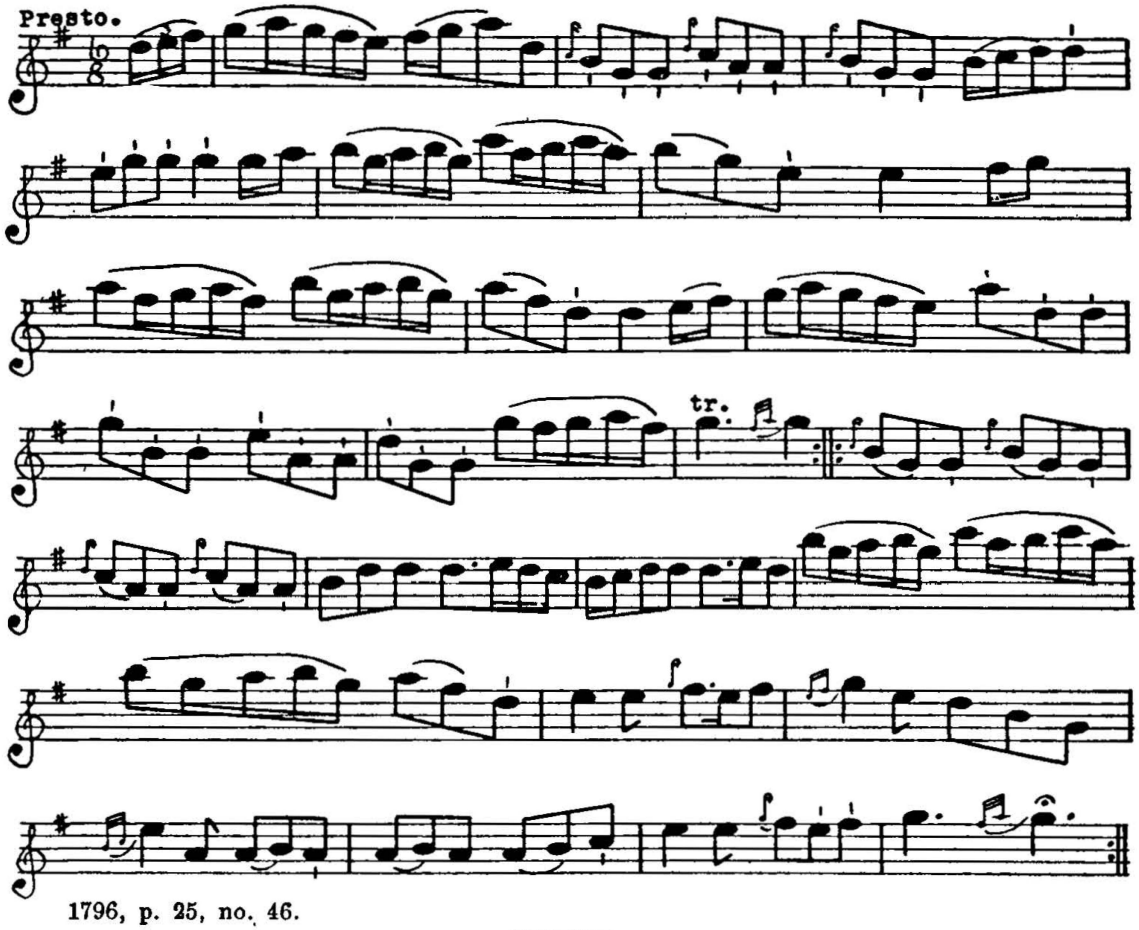
Madame Abigail Judge was probably the wife of the Thomas Judge for whom Carolan composed "Planxty Thomas Judge," which is printed, *e.g.*, in *Bunting* (1809), p. 47. Neither this air nor ours is in any way related to "Planxty Judge" in *Bunting* (1809), p. 62. Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, 1831, I, p. lviii) includes "Abigail Judge" in a list of airs composed by Carolan for members of Sligo families. He does not mention Thomas Judge.

In a note on "The Princess Royal" (printed, *e.g.*, in *Bunting*, 1840, p. 35), Mr. Moffat (*Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 233) says that there is a great similarity in the style of that air and of "Abigail Judge"; "without being particularly Irish in character, they have that spirited ring in them which the old English melodies in the minor mode lack so much."

46. Plangstaí Uí Raghallaigh.

(PLANXTY REILLY.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 25, no. 46:* Plangstigh Reilligh—Planxty Reilly. Carolan; *1809, p 19:* Plangstigh Raighle—Planxty Reilly.



1796, p. 25, no. 46.

NOTES.

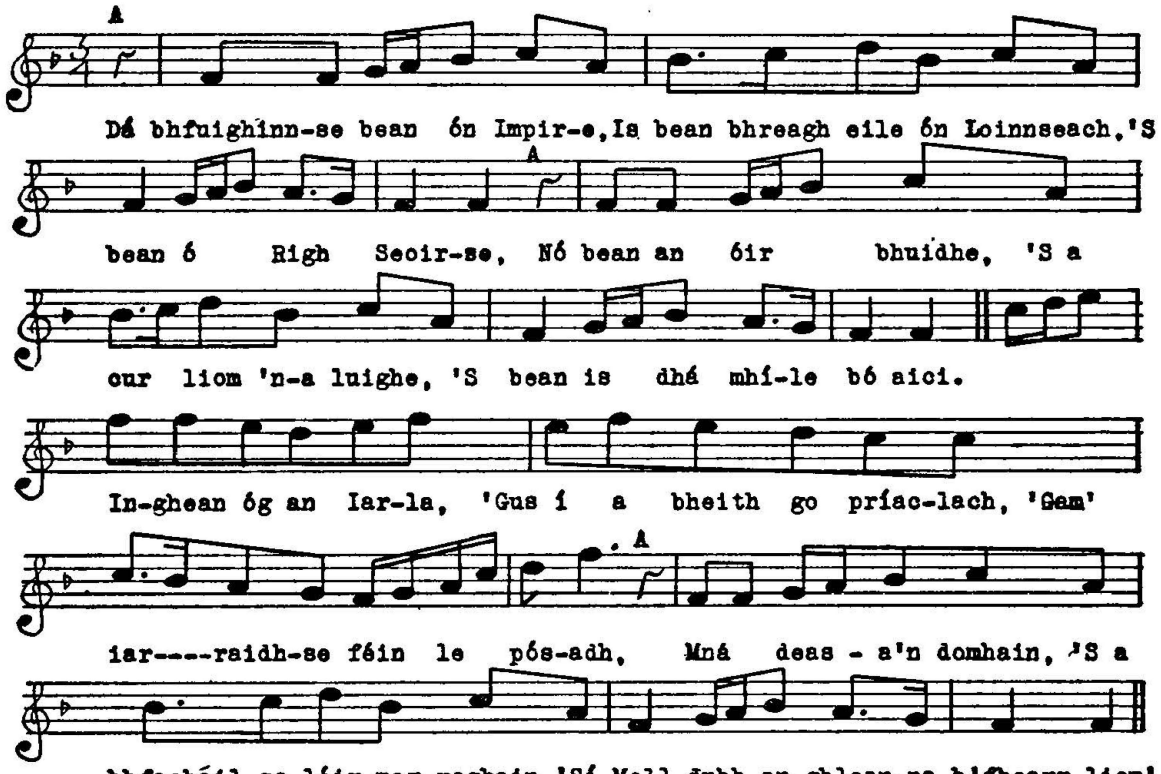
Obtained by Bunting from Patrick Quinn, the harper: Moore's "What life like that of the bard can be?" in the Tenth Number of the *Melodies* (1834). The air was also used by Lover, with considerable modification, for his "Molly Carew" ("Och hone! Oh, what will I do?"). A variant is printed in Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 69; and another is in O'Neill's *Music of Ireland* (1903), p. 119 as "Planxty Dobbins," which is probably a wrong title.

According to Hardiman *(Irish Minstrelsy*, 1831, vol. I, p. lx), "Planxty Reilly" was composed by Carolan in honour of one of the members of "the great Cavan family" of O'Reilly. The words, if any, have not survived.

47. Moll Dubh An Ghleanna.

(DARK MOLL OF THE VALLEY.)

TITLE: *1796, p. 26, no. 47:* Moll Dubh an nGlanne—The Maid of the Valley; *MS.:* Mol Dubh an Glanna.



MS. 29, p. 126: No key- or time-signature. A Not in MS. The MS. copy consists merely of bars 1—4 above, followed by a double bar, and then bars 9 to the end. Opposite the air is written in Bunting's handwriting, "Each part repeated." In order to sing the words to the tune, it is necessary to repeat his first part, but not his second.

I. Dá bhfuighinn-se bean ón Impire,
Is bean bhreagh eile ón Loinnseach,
Agus bean ó Righ Seoirse,
Nó bean an óir bhuidhe,
'S a cur liom 'n-a luighe,
Agus bean is dhá mhíle bó aici;
Inghean óg an Iarla
'Gus í a bheith go priaclach
'Gam iarraidh-se féin le pósadh;
Mná deasa an domhain
'S a bhfagháil go léir mar roghain,
'Sí Moll dubh an ghleanna b'fhearr liom!

II. Tá ba agam ar sliabh,
'S gan neach agam 'n-a ndiaidh,
Ach mise ga mo chiapadh leobhtha.
Luighim Chughad, Ó 'Dhia!
Is Ort atá mo thriall,
Gur bhuaineadar mo chiall go mór dhíom.
Mise bheith liom pféin—
Ar mh'anam Ó! ná mbéad
Anois agus mé i dtúis m'óige.
'S is mall guth gach éin
A labhraidh leis féin
Ar thulaigh nó le taobh a' bhóthair!

MS. 7, no. 96. MS. readings: I, 2, Linnseach. I, 4, ór. I, 11, mo *for* mar. II, 4, Luighiom. II, 8, oh na mbeid.

TRANSLATION.

I. If I had a wife given me by the Emperor,
And another pretty wife from Lynch,
And a wife from King George,
Or a wife with yellow gold
Put lying by my side,
And a wife with two thousand cows;
If the Earl's young daughter
Were never so insistent,
Demanding me in marriage;
If all the handsome women in the world
Were mine to choose from,
I would rather have dark Moll of the valley!

II. I have cattle on the mountain
With no one to look after them,
And I am tormented by them.
I swear to Thee, O God!
I turn for help to Thee,
For they have driven me crazy.
Am I to be by myself?
On my soul, I will not,
Now in my first youth.
Weary is the voice of each bird
That sings alone
On mound or by road-side!

NOTES.

AIR—Marked "From Castlebar. Harp" in Bunting's personal copy of the 1796 volume: used by Moore for his once celebrated song "Go Where Glory Waits Thee" in the First Number of the *Melodies* (1807). Owing to the wide-

spread popularity of "Moll Dubh an Ghleanna," also known as "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna" ("The Dark Woman of the Valley"), it is recorded as having been sung to a number of airs, none of which has much affinity with ours, except no. 1 and perhaps no. 2 in the list below. Following is the list:—

1. Thomson's *Collection*, vol. II (1816), p. 94, no. 39—probably copied from Bunting.

2. *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 1138.

3. O'Neill's *Music of Ireland*, no. 6.

4. *Ditto*, no. 174.

5. *An Lóchrann*, September. 1911, p. 1, with four verses of the song. An air of unusual beauty and simplicity.

6. *Fuinn na Smól.* VI, p. 31, with four verses of the song.

7. *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, XVI, p. 141, with six verses of the song.

8. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VI, p. 229, with five verses of the song.

Cf. also *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 648 ("Nelly, I'm afraid your favour I'll not gain") and *Joyce* (1909), no. 470 ("Bring home the bride").

In his *Ancient Music of Ireland* (1882), p. 27, Dr. Petrie animadverts on what he considers to be Bunting's erroneous barring of our air, and finds Moore guilty of a graver fault, namely, "the mutilation of a third of a measure at the close of each of its strains or sections, and so destroying one of its most peculiarly Irish features." Dr. Petrie thereupon prints the air "in an unquestionably correct form," by which he apparently means a form "corrected" by himself from Bunting's printed copy, adding one verse of the song. In such a case, the test of correctness is the suitability of the tune to the words, and it is not possible to sing the words to Petrie's "restored" version. The truth is that Bunting's barring is correct, but that at the end of the first, second and fourth sections of the tune (bars 4, 8 and 16 above) he did not follow his manuscript, but printed three F's instead of two; and this had the effect of misleading Dr. Petrie.

WORDS—No indication of origin is given. The joining of Lynch's name with those of the King and the Emperor (verse I) is not so remarkable when one remembers that for centuries the Lynches were the most powerful family in Galway. Lynch's Castle still stands in the City of Galway. In addition to those enumerated above, the following versions of the words have been printed:—

1. O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series, p. 185 (four verses).

2. Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht*, pp. 103—117 (two versions, each containing four verses).

3. Timony's *Targaireacht Bhriain Ruaidh Uí Chearbháin*, p. 36 (five verses).

4. *An Stoc*, February, 1926, p. 6 (four verses).

O'Daly makes the curious mistake of printing with his set of the words an air to which they cannot be sung at all, but which is an air for a different song of the same name ("Bean Dubh an Ghleanna"), printed by Edward Walsh in his *Irish Popular Songs*, p. 46. Other airs for this latter song are in *Stanford-Petrie*, nos. 640 ("Have you seen or have you heard?") and 1291 ("Bean Dubh an Ghleanna"), the latter being reprinted from *Petrie* (1882), p. 30.

O'Daly's attribution *(loc. cit.)* of the words of our song to Edmund Ryan ("Éamonn an Chnuic") need not be taken seriously, but see *infra* for its connection with the song of that name.

Our song is in the same metre as "Muirnín na Gruaige Báine" (Part I, no. 18): but in spite of the popularity of both songs, neither words nor airs appear to have become confused to any extent. Their metrical identity is somewhat obscured by the fact that "Muirnín na Gruaige Báine" is usually printed in 8-line stanzas and "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna" in 12-line stanzas, the first, third, fifth and seventh lines being split into two.

There is, however, a group of metrically similar songs to which "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna" belongs and which have become confused with one another. The other songs in the group are

"Éamonn an Chnuic" ("Edmund of the Hill"),

"Coillte Glasa an Triúcha" ("The Green Woods of Truagh")

and "Mór ná Beag" ("Great nor Small").

"Éamonn an Chnuic," like "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna," is frequently found in 12-line instead of 8-line stanzas. The fact that certain stanzas are common to both these two songs probably accounts for O'Daly's statement that the words of the latter "are attributed to Éamonn an Chnuic (Ned of the Hills), who flourished about the year 1739" *(Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series (1849), p. 185).

For "Mór ná Beag," *see* no. 47D *infra*. That it was sung to the same air as "Éamonn an Chnuic" is indicated by the fact that no. 1150 in *Stanford-Petrie* has both titles.

The air of "Coillte Glasa an Triúcha" was printed by Bunting in his 1809 volume (p. 42), and it will therefore be dealt with in a future volume of the

present edition, when the appropriate words will be given with it. Some of the variants to that air are distinctly related to variants of "Éamonn an Chnuic." Bunting, however, goes too far when he remarks that the same air "is known in Ulster as 'The Green Woods of Truigha,' in Leinster as 'Edmund of the Hill,' in Connaught as 'Colonel O'Gara' and in Munster as 'More no Beg,' with a variety of other aliases" (Introduction to 1840 volume, p. 16). These songs do not go by provinces, and no air entitled "Colonel O'Gara" appears to have been printed.

The air of "Éamonn an Chnuic" was not printed by Bunting, though Lynch recovered a version of the words. But in view of the celebrity and general interest of the song, it is now here dealt with *in extenso* (nos. 47A, 47B and 47C).

47A. Éamonn An Chnuic.

I. "Cia súd amuigh a' réabadh na nguirt,
Nó ag éisteacht mo dhorus dúnta?"
"Mise Éamonn a' Chnuic, nó a' leigfeá mé 'steach,
Ag éileamh mo chuid fearainn dúithche?"
"A rún agus a chuid, god é dhéanfad-sa annsin
Mara dtóigfead-sa suas mo thúirne?
Buin díot do chuid éadaigh is luigh in do léine,
Agus fuireocha mé féin 'mo dhúsacht!"

II. "A bhláth breagh na finne, a ghrádh gach uile dhuine,
Nó'n ngluaisfeá-sa seal don Muighe liom,
Mar bhfuighmist ól fada is imirt is ceolta dá sinim,
Agus mórán do na h-úbhlaibh úra:
Mar bhíonn sméara is biolar is caora a' chuilinn,
'S a' cuaichín i mbarr an úirigh?
Is go bráth ní thiocfadh an bás i n-ár gcuinne
Faoi bhruach na coille cúmhartha."

III. "Is cruaidhe thú ná'n stíl nó leacracha an aoil,
'S is carraic do chroidhe, a dheigh-bhean,
Ná dtigeann ins an oidhche 'gus síneadh liom-sa síos,
Agus páirt do mo phian a réidhteach!"
"B'fhearr liom-sa bheith 'mo luighe ráithe agus mí
Ar leabaidh chruaidh chaoil gan éin-fhear
Nó do leanbh ar mo chích nó um asgall ins an oidhche,
Agus tusa ag do mhian gá bréagadh!"

MS. 7, no. 130. MS. readings: I, 4, éileadh. I, 5, dheanfasa. I, 6, A mur dtoigfeasa. I, 8, foireocha. III, 6, caol cruaidh.

TRANSLATION.

EDMUND OF THE HILL.

I. "Who is that without, that is trampling the fields,
And listening at my bolted door?"
I am *Éamonn an Chnuic*, will you not let me in,
Who am seeking my own rightful lands?"
"Dear love, what shall I do then
But take up my spinning-wheel?
Take off your clothing and lie in your shirt,
And I will stay awake."

II. "Fair blossom of whiteness, beloved by all,
Will you come for a space to Moy with me?
There we shall have long drinking and gaming and music,
And ripe apples in abundance:
There are blackberries and cress and holly berries,
And the little cuckoo in the top of the greenwood;
And never shall death come nigh us
On the fringe of the fragrant wood."

III. "You are harder than steel or limestone
And your heart is a rock, fair lady;
You never come at night to lie down by my side
And relieve me of part of my pain!"
"I would rather be lying for a quarter and a month
On a hard, narrow bed, husbandless,
Than to have your babe at my breast or on my arm at night,
With you away courting your fancy!"

NOTES.

AIR—There is no copy in these MSS. The following are the printed variants:

1. Burk Thumoth's *Twelve Scotch and Twelve Irish Airs* (*c.* 1745—50), no. XIV: "Yemon O Nock." The melody, with variations.

2. Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, XI, p. 10: "Yemon O Knock." The tune is almost identical with Burk Thumoth's, but the variations are different.

3. Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (*c.* 1786), no. XXXIV, p. 21: "Yemon O Nock." Identical with Burk Thumoth's copy, but without the variations.

4. Cook's *Selection* (*c.* 1793), p. 4: "Emon O Knuck." An identical copy is in Hime's *New Selection*, p. 4.

5. O'Farrell's *National Irish Music for the Union Pipes* (*c.* 1797—1800), p. 21: "Yemon O Knock or Ned of the Hill."

6. O'Farrell's *Pocket Companion for the Irish Pipes* (*c.* 1801—1810), I, p. 3: "Yemon O Knock." A practically identical copy is in Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, second edition (1818), II, p. 152, no. XXVII; and another is in Charles Egan's *Selection of Ancient Irish Melodies* (*c.* 1820), p. 4, as "Eman ac Knuck. Edmund of the Hills."

7. Miss Owenson's *Twelve Hibernian Melodies* (1805), p. 2. This is a slightly different arrangement of an earlier copy, issued separately and entitled "Emhun O Knuck, or Ned of the Hills. Translated from the Irish and adapted to the original air by Miss Owenson. Dedicated to Rt. Honble. the Dowager Lady

Clonbrock." In the first verse of Miss Owenson's translation there are suggestions of the first verse of song no. 47B; her other two verses are probably not derived from any Irish original. Miss Owenson (afterwards Lady Morgan) sang the song frequently, apparently in both Irish and English, and it is mentioned several times in her Memoirs (*Lady Morgan's Memoirs: Autobiography, Diaries and Correspondence*, 1862).

8. O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series (1849), p. 218, with five verses of the song. The melody is almost the same as no. 5 in this list, except that it is in a different key. An identical copy is in O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, Second Series (1860), with an eighteenth century song by the Rev. William O'Connery in the same metre—" Na Sláintighe " (" The Farewells "). (*See* no. 13 below).

9. *Gaelic Journal*, IV, no. 33 (1889), p. 12, with seven verses of the song. A practically identical copy is in *Cláirseach na nGaedheal*, I (1902), no. V, with O'Daly's version of the words.

10. *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 1150: " Mór, ní beag; nó Ėadhmonn an chnoic." This variant is less distinctly allied to the previous nine in the above list than they are to each other.

11. Roche's *Collection* (1911), I, nos. 1, 2 and 3. The first of these three airs resembles no. 9 above. The second is a dance setting and the third is an improvisation for the violin or flute.

12. *County Louth Archæological Journal*, III, no. 2 (1913), facing p. 179. Contributed by the Rev. Luke C. Donnellan.

13. Mr. and Mrs. Clandillon's *Londubh an Chairn* (1927), no. 2, with O'Connery's words (referred to at no. 8 above).

In addition to the above, " Ėamonn an Chnuic " is also sung to another traditional air, which, though it has points of resemblance to some of the foregoing, is best regarded as distinct. Actually it is a form of " Caitilín Triall " (" Kathlæen Tyrrell,") which has already been dealt with in this Edition (Part I, no. 8, p. 23). The following variants of it have been printed:—

1. Mr. George Moore's collection of stories entitled *The Untilled Field* (1903), p. 389; second edition (1914), p. 311. No name is given to the air, which is contained in the short story called " The Wild Goose ". *The Untilled Field* was first

published in Irish as *An t-Úr-ghort* (1902), but neither "The Wild Goose" nor the air appears in the Irish edition.

2. Mr. and Mrs. Clandillon's *An Londubh* (1904), no. 1, where it is printed as one of twelve airs explicitly stated to be genuine folk airs, together with O'Daly's copy of the words: reprinted, but not in an identical form, in the same collectors' *Londubh an Chairn* (1927), no. 39, where the air is stated to be an original composition by Mrs. Clandillon.

3. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, III, p. 24. collected by Miss Lucy Broadwood in August, 1906 from Miss Bridget Geary, at Camphire, Cappoquin, County Waterford, who sang the air to a song in English entitled "Farewell to the Village".

4. Walsh's *Fuinn na Smól* (1913), I, p. 23, with three of O'Daly's verses. The tune was noted from Jeremiah O'Connor, of Cork.

5. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VI, p. 284. Noted by Mr. A. M. Freeman from Mr. Frank Brewe, of Ruane, West Clare, who sang it to a quatrain in English which is really a folk version of the chorus of a song entitled "Ned of the Hill," by Samuel Lover. This is not a translation from the Irish, but an original song; it is printed in Lover's *Poetical Works* (1868), p. 26 and the chorus is as follows:—

"Who sings, 'Lady love, come to me now,
Come and live merrily under the bough,
And I'll pillow thy head
Where the fairies tread,
If thou wilt but wed with Ned of the Hill.'"

A related air to those in the above group is "Seaghan Gabha," printed with the appropriate words in the *Gaelic Journal*, III, p. 13 (1887).

Two other airs to which versions of "Éamonn an Chnuic" have been sung are:—

1. *Petrie* (1855), p. 155, "A chúl álainn deas. O thou of the beautiful hair," with one verse of the song (a version of verse III of no. 47B).

2. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VI, p. 283, with the first half of O'Daly's verse I.

WORDS—The following versions of the words have been printed:—

1. Miss Charlotte Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, 1st edition (1789), p. 309: six stanzas, with a seventh on p. 206; 2nd edition (1816), pp. 455 and 254

respectively. The last half of the seventh stanza corresponds to the last half of verse II of "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna" *supra* (no. 47). Miss Brooke gives an English translation, but it bears no relation to the original, metrically or otherwise.

2. Connellan's *Selection of Irish Melodies, Poems and Moral Epigrams* (1829), Part II, p. 4: eight stanzas, containing parts of all three songs, "Éamonn an Chnuic," "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna" and "Coillte Glasa an Triúcha."

3. Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (1831), I, p. 268: six stanzas, with a translation by Furlong, more or less in the metre of the original. This is purely a love song, containing nothing about "Éamonn an Chnuic" except the title.

4. Barron's *Harp of Erin* (1835), p. 3: seven stanzas, practically identical with Miss Brooke's copy; reprinted, with a variant of the air and an English prose translation, in the *Gaelic Journal*, IV, no. 33 (1889), p. 12.

5. O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series (1849), p. 218: five stanzas, with a variant of the air and a translation by Mangan in the metre of the original. O'Daly's version has been frequently reprinted and is better known than any of the others. The first two verses of it have been translated by the late Thomas MacDonagh into English verse in the original metre *(Poetical Works*, 1916, p. 150).

The last half of verse III printed above is practically the same as the last half of verse II of song 51E *infra*.

Among other poems that have been written to the same air may be mentioned the beautiful hymn "Mo Ghrádh-sa Mo Dhia" by Tadhg Gaedhealach Ó Súilleabháin (Dineen's edition, 1903, p. 89); Rev. William O'Connery's "Na Sláinti" *(Poets and Poetry of Munster*, Second Series, p. 181); and the anonymous Jacobite dialogue botween Ireland and King James II printed by Hardiman in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, II, p. 10.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HERO OF THE SONG.

Edmund O'Ryan, better known as *Éamonn an Chnuic* (Edmund of the Hill), was a noted Tipperary outlaw who flourished at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. I am informed by Dr. Martin Callanan, of the Mall, Thurles, County Tipperary, that according to local tradition *Éamonn an Chnuic* was born in Atshanbohy, at Knockmeoll Castle, which was situated on the hill of that name, 828 feet high, some distance east of Knockalough mountain. No trace of the Castle now remains, but a green patch on the mountain side marks the

site. The tradition as to his birthplace is confirmed by a long account communicated by Andrew O'Ryan to John O'Daly and referred to by the latter on page 219 of his *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series (1849). This account, never published by O'Daly, was subsequently acquired by Séamus Ó Casaide, and is now printed for the first time with his permission (Appendix, page 52). It seems very likely that it was from his birthplace (Irish *Cnoc Maothail)* that the hero was given the epithet *an Chnuic.*

Dr. Callanan further finds that in an inquisition taken at Clonmel on 10th September, 1635 (transcript by O'Donovan in the Royal Irish Academy) Daniel Ryan, late of Knockmeoll in Co. Tipperary, was seised in fee of the sixth part of one carrucate of land at Knockmeoll, and that he died on 10th May, 1630: that Edmund Ryan was his son and heir, of full age and married: and that the lands were held *in capite* by knight's service. It is possible that *Éamonn an Chnuic* was the grandson of this Edmund Ryan; but as the Ryans of Kilnalongurty territory, later incorporated in Upper Kilnalongurty barony, were very numerous, it is impossible accurately to trace their genealogy. The hero speaks of himself in the song as

"Ag éileamh mo chuid fearainn dúithche"

(no. 47A, I, 4), so that it is obvious that he was the owner of lands of which he had been dispossessed. In the Down Survey record there is no reference to Knockmeoll, but at Atshanbohy a Darby Ryan appears as possessed of 100 acres.

Miss Owenson, much of whose knowledge of such matters she owed to her father, Robert Owenson the actor, says that *Éamonn an Chnuic* was "an outlaw'd gentleman, whose confiscated lands and forfeited life animated him to the resolution of heading a band of robbers and committing many acts of desperation, which were frequently counteracted by a generosity almost romantic, or performed with a spirit truly heroic. A warrior and a poet, his 'soul was often brightened by the song.'" (Preface to *Twelve Hibernian Melodies*, 1805.) It will be seen that this description is amply borne out by Andrew O'Ryan's account. The reference to his life as being forfeited is confirmed by the fact that, in the versions printed by Miss Brooke and Philip F. Barron, where the song is otherwise purely a love-song, the lover says (II, 10—12):—

"Sé Eamonn an Chnuic
Atá agat ann,
'S is daor anois in a dhúthaigh!"

("It is *Éamonn an Chnuic*
That you have here,
And proscribed is he now in his country!")

Moreover, among the proclamations at the late Record Office Dr. Callanan found a proclamation, dated 1702, offering a reward of £200 for the apprehension of Edmund Knock Ryan.

Andrew O'Ryan mentions that *Éamonn an Chnuic* married one Mary Leahy and had children, including an only son. His story that "the son of this lad became a Judge of Assize at the Leinster Circuit, and was known by the name of Judge Mountain" is of doubtful accuracy, since there does not appear to have been a judge of that name.

His end was tragic. The Rev. Canon Lynch, of Grean Rectory, Pallasgrean, County Limerick, who is well versed in the traditions of the district, tells me that he is said to have been treacherously stabbed from behind by his own foster-brother, a man named O'Dwyer *broc*, when taking refreshment at the latter's house. This corroborates a note in the *Cork Archæological Journal*, October, 1896, p. 445, which is to the following effect:—"It is said he met his death near Cappamore. Having been chased for two days and two nights, faint and weary he entered a cabin belonging to a man named Dwyer *broc* (badger) and asked for a drink of milk, which Dwyer gave him, but while he was in the act of drinking came behind him and struck him on the head with a hatchet, and so secured the £300 which was offered for the outlaw's head." On the other hand Dr. Callanan, giving another tradition, says that while harboured by a relative, Thomas Ryan Bawn, at Foilachluig, in the parish of Hollyford, he was basely murdered by his host, who cut off his head with a hatchet while he was asleep. The murderer, wrapping the head in a sack, proceeded towards Clonmel to claim the reward, but on learning in the meantime that the outlaw had received a pardon he threw the head over a fence. It will be seen that Dr. Callanan's tradition is more or less borne out by Andrew O'Ryan, except that the latter gives the name of the assassin as Dwyer: and there is little doubt that this is the correct name.

The date of his death is not known. In Flood's *History of Irish Music* (1905), p. 207 it is given as 1724, and in the same author's *Introductory Sketch of Irish Musical History* (1922) it is given as 1727. No authority is given for either date, and both were probably invented by Dr. Flood. It is likely that the true date is much earlier.

Some uncertainty exists regarding the place where *Éamonn an Chnuic* is buried. The earliest reference appears to be in Shaw Mason's *Statistical Account or Parochial Survey of Ireland*, vol. II, (1816), p. 95, where the Rev. Patrick Fitzgerald, Protestant Vicar of Cahircorney, County Limerick, says that "at a place called Doon, about five miles distant, is buried the famous Irish outlaw Emun-a-knock, or Edmund of

the hill, whose song of 'Cool ahan das' [*recte* 'Cúl álainn deas'], so much admired and sung by the Irish, is translated by Miss Brooke, in her *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, into 'Bright her locks of beauty grew.'" Steele, in his *Practical Suggestions on the General Improvement of the Navigation of the Shannon* (1828), p. 139, repeats what Mason says. Hardiman states more definitely that "he was interred in the church of Doon, near Lough Gurr, in the County of Limerick" (*Irish Minstrelsy*, 1, p. 558). Similarly, it is stated in Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland* (1837), 1, p. 484 that "the noted outlaw Emun-a-Cnoc, or Edmund of the Hill" was interred in the churchyard of Doon.

As against all this, there is a spot marked "Emonaknock's Grave" on sheet 45 of the six-inch ordnance survey map of Tipperary (1843). This spot is in the townland of Curraheen, in the parish of Toem and barony of Kilnamanagh, about ten miles from Doon. This site is stated to be his grave by Andrew O'Ryan and by O'Donovan (Supplement to O'Reilly's *Irish-English Dictionary*, 1864, p. 630).

All the statements regarding Doon are probably traceable to the original one by the Rev. Patrick Fitzgerald: but they appear to be incorrect. Canon Lynch writes that "the supposed grave of *Éamonn an Chnuic* is not indicated in the Doon burial ground, nor had, so far as I am aware, the old people any tradition concerning the interment of the remains of *Éamonn an Chnuic* in the Doon Churchyard. The body is said to have been secretly buried for a short time at the Curraheen site, marked as 'Emonaknock's Grave' on the ordnance survey map. I have not seen this site, but have been told that it is marked by a little mound; it is not in a burial ground and was only selected for a temporary grave. According to the traditions the body was removed thence and interred in the Toem burial ground in a grave unmarked and unknown." It is to be noted, however, that according to the anonymous correspondent who has annotated Andrew O'Ryan's Account, the true burial place is not the Doon near Lough Gurr, but Doon in the barony of Owney-beg, County Limerick.

It will be observed that Shaw Mason attributes the authorship of the song to *Éamonn an Chnuic;* and so also do Connellan, Miss Owenson, Miss Brooke and Andrew O'Ryan. There is nothing inherently improbable in this, and in the first verse of O'Daly's copy, and of the three copies here printed, he is made to speak in his own person, as also in the lines already quoted from Miss Brooke and Philip F. Barron.

It remains to add that the novel published in 1842 by Mrs. Peck, entitled *Emun ac Knuck or Ned of the Hills, An Irish Historical Romance of the Seventh Century*, is a work of fiction which in no way concerns the subject of this note.

47B. Éamonn An Chnuic.

I. " Cia súd amuigh a bhfuil faobhar ar a ghuth,
Ag réabadh mo dhorais dúnta ? "
" Mise Éamonn an Chnuic atá báidhte, fuar, fliuch,
Ó shíor-shiubhal sléibhte is gleannta ! "
" Má's tú Éamonn an Chnuic atá báidhte, fuar, fliuch,
Atá ag síor-chur mo chodla 'múgha orm,
Buain díot a bhfuil ort is sín síos lem' ais,
Agus beimid-ne seal ár ndúiseacht ! "

II. " A mhuirnín 's a chuid, créad do dhéanfainn annsin
Muna bhfaghad dhul fá do dhúntaibh ?
'S go bhfuil púdar go tiugh gá lámhach ar cnuic,
'S is baoghal liom go mbeidh mé múchta !
Is fada mise 'muigh faoi shneachta is faoi shioc,
Is gan dánacht agam ar éin-neach,
Mo sheisreach gan sgur, mo bhranar gan chur,
'S gan iad-san im' láimh ar aon-chor ! "

III. "A chúil áluinn, tais, na bhfáinne gcas,
Is breagh 's is deas do shúile !
Atá mo chroidhe-se gá shlad mar do shníomhthaidhe gad
Le bliadhain mhór fhada ag tnúth leat !
Dá bhfaghainn-se le ceart cead síneadh síos leat,
Budh éadtrom 's budh dheas a shiubhalfainn :
'S go bhfuil mo smaointe, a bhean, ar éaloghadh leat,
Tré choilltibh ag spealadh driúchta ! "

IV. " Is iomdha troid is bruighin do chuireas-sa dhíom
Is gach achrann eile den tsórt sin,
Is gur i gcoinne mo chinn do cuireadh mé'm luighe
'S gur b'é m'athair do rinn mo phósadh :
Sgiana fada bhídh gá dtarraing ar mo thí,
Is bata ar mo dhruim gach móimeint,
Gur bhuaineadar dhíom an faraire breagh groidhe
Do ghlacfadh mé gan aen fheoirling ! "

V. " A athair is a rúin, is aithiosach liom thú,
Mar do chuir tú le cúmha an tsaoghail mé
An uair a chuir tú dúil i n-airgead 's i bpúint
'S i seasgachaibh dubha an tsléibh-chnuic.
Dar mo bhaisde, dar liom, do mealladh tú ann,
'S do b'fhearr dhuit-se fear fionn glégeal,
Do imireóchadh an cúig i gcluithchibh na lúb
Agus chaithfeadh go súbhach an saoghal-sa ! "

VI. " A chumainn is a shearc, rachamuid-ne seal
Faoi choilltibh, ag sgabadh driúchta,
Mar a bhfaghmuid-ne breac, is lon ar a nead,
An fiadh 'gus an boc ag búithre:
An t-éinín is binne ar ghéagaibh ag sinm,
An chuaichín ar barr an iubhair ghlais.
Is go bráth, bráth ní thiocfadh an bás i n-ár ngoire,
I lár na dubh-choille cúmhartha!"

VII. " Beir sgéal uaim-se soir go h-ainnir na bhfolt
Gur chailleadar a neid na h-éanlaith,
'S gur aréir do thuit an sneachta ar an chnoc,
Amach ar feadh na h-Éireann!
Dá mairfeadh liom rith go cionn seachtmhaine ó 'niu,
Rachainn-se tar muir gad' fhéachaint,
Is go mb'fhearr liom-sa 'nois bheith báidhte san muir
Ná rádh tú bheith feasta réidh liom!"

TRANSLATION.

Edmund of the Hill.

I. " Who is that without, with passion in his voice,
Who beats at my bolted door?"
" I am *Éamonn an Chnuic*, drenched, numbed and wet
From trudging mountains and glens!"
" If you're *Éamonn an Chnuic*, drenched, numbed and wet,
Who is ever taking away my sleep,
Take off what you have on and lie down beside me,
And we will stay awake for a while!"

II. " Sweetheart and darling, what could I do then,
Unless I can come inside your dwelling?
For guns full many are being fired on the hills,
And I fear I may be slaughtered!
Long am I abroad in snow and frost,
Not daring to approach any man,
My plough-team not unyoked, my fallow unsown,
And they lost to me entirely!"

III. " Lovely gentle head of the ringletted curls,
Fine and beautiful are your eyes!
My heart is being ravaged and twisted like a withe,
For a great long year hoping for you!
If I could get the right to lie down beside you,
Light and handsome would be my gait:
And, darling, my thoughts take flight with you,
Scattering the dew through the hills!"

IV. "Much quarrelling and strife have I endured,
And every difficulty of that kind,
But I was married against my inclination
And it was my father who made me do it:
I was attacked with long knives
And beaten on the back with a stick every minute,
Till at last they robbed me of a fine brave man
Who would have taken me without a single farthing!"

V. "Dear father, I think you have acted shamefully
In abandoning me to the sorrows of the world
When you set your desire on silver and gold
And on the black barren cows of the mountain.
By my baptism I swear that you were deceived in that,
And that you would have done better to have a fine, handsome man,
Who would play his trick in the most difficult game
And lead a merry life."

VI. "Sweetheart, beloved, let us stray for a while
Through the woodland, scattering the dew,
Where we shall find the trout, and the blackbird on its nest,
The deer and the goat belling,
The bird of sweetest note singing on the boughs,
The little cuckoo in the top of the green yew;
And never, never shall death come nigh us
In the depths of the dark, fragrant wood!"

VII. "Take a message from me eastward to the maiden of the tresses
That the birds have deserted their nests,
And that last night snow fell on the hills
Throughout all Ireland!
If I can still run a week hence
I shall cross the ocean to see you,
And I would rather now be drowned in the sea
Than to say that you are done with me for ever!"

NOTES.

The foregoing is from MS. 23 E 12, p. 283 in the Royal Irish Academy. Any corrections are merely orthographic. The scribe, Nicholas O'Kearney, introduces the song in the following words:—

"Edmond of the Hills, the hero of the following song, was a native of County Tipperary and generally, before and after his outlawry, lived and skulked in the

vicinity of Nenagh. His name was Edmond Ryan and he was descended from a highly respectable and wealthy family; but having taken the popular side in the troubles of 1641, in which he and his followers distinguished themselves against the oppressors of their country and faith, he was outlawed because he refused to swear allegiance to the reigning dynasty. Edmond was a sweet bard and composed many songs during his persecution, which were sung some years ago by the peasantry in that locality."

47c. Éamonn An Chnuic.

I. "Ó! cé sin amuigh is faobhar ar a ghuth,
Ag raobadh mo dhoruis dúnta?"
"Is mise Éamonn a' Chnuic, is léig mé isteach
Go n-innsid féin mo rún duit."
"A ghrádh is a chuid, cad dhéanfainn duit,
Muna dtabhairfinn duit binn mo ghúna?
Is go mbeidh púdar dubh 'á lámhach linn go tiugh,
Is go mbeimís araon múchta!"

II. "Sé fáth mo ghuil gach lá dhá dtig
An t-óigfhear glic dham théanar,
Is go mb'fhearr liom dul dam' bháthadh san muir
Ná 'rádh ná beitheá réidh liom!"
"A pháirt 's a chuid, ná déan-sa súd
Is nár náir dhuit mé mar chéile,
'S gur shíl mé anois go bpósfá mé
Gan bólacht dam chuid bheith i n-Éirinn!"

III. "A chumainn 's a stór, rachad-sa leat fós
Faoi choillte glaise driúchta,
Mar a bhfaghmaoid breac ag gabháil ar an eas,
A' fiadh 's a' damh a' búirthigh,
An t-éan ba bhinne, an féar ba ghlaise,
An chuach ar barr an úirigh,
Is go bráth ná tiocfaidh an bás dár ngoire
I lár na coille cúmhartha!"

IV. Im luighe dham féin san oidhche aréir
'Sé dhearcas féin trím shuan dam
Aisling gan bhréag ag mnaoi gan spré
D'fhág mo chroidhe 'stigh buaidheartha.
Dar ag fiadhnaise an tsaoghail díbh-se gan bhréag
Do shaoileas-sa féin an uair úd
Go rabhamair-ne araon, béal ar béal,
Sínte ar leaba luachra!

V. Is fada mé amuigh faoi shneachta is faoi shioc,
Is gan dánacht agam ar éinne,
Mo bhranar gan chur, mo chapal gan scur,
Is gan iad agam ar aon-chor!
Is measa liom ná soin gan cáirdeacha agam
Do ghlacfadh mé um chuid ná um éantar,
Is go gcaithfe mé rith thar fairrge soir,
Nó an áit nach bhfuil mo ghaolta!

TRANSLATION.

EDMUND OF THE HILL.

I. "Who is that without, with passion in his voice,
Who beats at my bolted door?"
"I am *Éamonn an Chnuic* and let me come in
That I may tell you my secret."
"Dear, dear love, what should I do for you
But cover you with the skirt of my dress?
For black powder full thick will be fired at us,
And together we may be slaughtered!"

II. "It is a daily cause of grief to me
That the nimble young man deserts me (?)
And I would rather go and be drowned in the sea
Than that you should refuse to be reconciled to me."
"Sweetheart dear, do not do that,
For I should be no disgrace to you as a mate.
And I thought now that you would marry me
Though there are no cattle of mine in Ireland."

III. "Sweetheart and darling, I shall go with you yet
Through the green, dewy woods,
Where we shall find the trout leaping the waterfall,
The deer and the wild ox belling,
The sweetest song-bird, the greenest grass,
The cuckoo in the top of the greenwood,
And never shall death come nigh us
In the depths of the fragrant wood!"

IV. As I was lying alone last night
I beheld in my slumber
A veritable vision of a dowerless maid (?)
Which left my heart troubled.
I call all the world to witness
That I imagined then
That we were together, mouth to mouth,
Stretched on a bed of rushes!

V. Long am I abroad in snow and frost,
Not daring to approach any man,
My fallow unsown, my horses not unyoked,
And they lost to me entirely!
But it grieves me still more that I have no friends
Who would take me for love or for money (?)
And that I must hasten eastwards across the sea,
To a place where I have no kindred!

NOTES.

The text is transcribed with some corrections from three practically identical copies in the Royal Irish Academy—23 E 1, p. 201; 23 F 22, p. 69; and 23 O 45, p. 5.

47D. Mór Nó Beag.

I. Mór nó beag níor luaidheadh mise
I mbuaireadh fir nó céile,
'S go bhfuair mé mo bheatha riamh gan mhasla—
Ní nár bhuain lasa as m'éadain.
'Sé díobháil na gcarad thug dhuit-se mise 'mhealladh
Nó do éinfhear a bhfuil i n-Éirinn;
'S má's duine thú tá 'brath ar mise 'chur ó rath,
Cuirim Righ tá ar neamh 'n-a dhéigh ort!

II. Súd é mo theach gan díon air nó sgraith,
Is é 'dteannta ar thaobh a' bhóthair;
'Sé díobháil na bhfear a d'fhág mé faoi lear
Mar atá mé, 's ar bheagán comhairle.
Féach thusa an bheach mar ní sisi a nead
Le grian is le teas an fhoghmhair,
Is nuair a chríonas blátha dheas' ní bhíonn orra meas,
Ach mar bhíos ar na tomaibh feóchtha.

III. A chailín bhig bháin, is ró-mhaith do cháil,
Is fan thusa mar táir go fóill bheag;
Ná bíodh agad páirt le fear ar bith mar táim,
Nach mbeidh tuigsin aige ar lá foghmhair.
Bíodh fear agad níos fearr dhéanas treabhadh is foirseadh is fál
Agus chuireas dhuit-se mála órna.

* * * * *

* * * * *

MS. 10, no. 54. MS. readings: I, 1, luagheadh. II, 5, dnead *(for* a nead). II, 7, blath dheas. II, 8, feogha. III, 1, bheig. III, 5, Bhi.

TRANSLATION.

Big or Little.

I. Big or little I never was troubled
By betrothal to husband or spouse,
And I always passed my life without reproach—
And so was never made to blush.
It is want of friends that made you try to entice me
Or any other man in Ireland;
And if you are one who is hoping to make me fall from grace,
I invoke the King of heaven to avenge it on you!

II. Yonder is my house without roof or sod,
Propped against the side of the road;
It is want of menfolk that left me so needy
As I am, and so little advised.
Look at the bee how it makes its nest
In the sun and the warmth of the harvest,
And when the pretty blossoms fade they are no more valued
Than are the withered bushes.

III. Fair little girl, of such good repute,
Bide as you are for a little while;
Have nothing to do with any man like me,
Who will have no knowledge of harvest work.
But take a better man who can plough and harrow and fence
And send you home a bag of barley.

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* * * * *

NOTES.

Obtained by Lynch from "McNally" (perhaps the Molly MacNally from whom he noted some verses of song no. 4) and headed "Teach Gan Dion—The Unthatched House." For the connection of this song with nos. 47—47c, *see* the notes to no. 47. Another version has been printed in Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht* (1893), p. 100; the first verse of this corresponds to our verse I and the third verse is clearly from "Bean Dubh an Ghleanna" (no. 47). The other two verses are not connected with anything here printed.

The following alterations have been made in Lynch's manuscript by another hand—probably O'Curry's: II, 5, *Nach laach i* for *Féach thusa.* II, 7, *a tslat* for *bláth dheas.* III, 4, *tisgint* for *tuigsin.*

The last two lines of verse III are missing in the MS.

APPENDIX.

ANDREW O'RYAN'S ACCOUNT OF *ÉAMONN AN CHNUIC.*[1]

(See page 41.)

Edmond O'Ryan, afterwards better known by the name *Éamonn an Chnuic*, was born in Atshanbohy, in the parish of Templebeg and in the upper half barony of Kilnamanagh, previous to the wars of 1691. His father, who enjoyed a considerable amount of property after the confiscation and plunder of 1641, was descended from the valiant and warlike race of the O'Ryans of Kilnalongurty, many of whom lost their lives and properties in the obstinate yet ineffectual struggle for independence of the Earl of Desmond in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His mother was of the ancient family of O'Dwyer, Lords of Kilnamanagh. Edmond O'Ryan received a liberal education, having intended to embrace the clerical profession; but was diverted from the intention by the following unfortunate occurrence after his return from the Continent. His attention happened to be one day attracted by the wailing and lamentations of a poor widow, his next neighbour, whose only cow, her chief support, was seized by the tax collector for her amount of rates. Edmond remonstrated against the cruelty of depriving the poor woman of her cow while there were other effects, such as corn and furniture, quite sufficient to satisfy the collector's demand. All his entreaties having proved ineffectual, Edmond was obliged to have recourse to physical force to endeavour to rescue the cow from the captors, while they as obstinately struggled to bear away the animal, until the matter terminated in a fight, in which the tax gatherer was killed by a gun shot fired by Edmond O'Ryan. In consequence of this fatal affray he was charged with murder, and obliged to stand on the defensive and seek protection in the woods and fastnesses of his native mountains. A large reward was offered to bring to justice the outlaw and wanderer, the friend of the oppressed and the foe of the oppressor, Ned of the Hill.[2] The wars and commotions at this time consequent on the dethronement of King James afforded our hero an opportune and temporary shelter from his pursuers, whose attentions were directed to the more important concern of joining the standard of King William.

After this we find Ned of the Hill under the banner of King James, amid the serried ranks of his countrymen, battling for freedom at the Boyne and at Aughrim. His exertions at the head of a formidable body of armed men, both horse and foot, in cutting off supplies and delaying the English convoy and cannon near Dundrum, on the route to Ballyneety, will be long remembered in the minds of the story-telling peasantry in that part of the country. Daniel O'Hogan,[3] known by the name of "Galloping Hogan,"

[1] Communicated to John O'Daly in January, 1849 by Andrew O'Ryan, of Gortkelly Castle, in the barony of Kilnamanagh Upper, County Tipperary. He was at one time a prosperous landowner and a member of the Celtic and Ossianic Societies. All the remaining footnotes are his. No alteration has been made in his manuscript, other than slight changes in orthography and punctuation.

[2] He was said to be called Ned of the Hill either from being born at Knockmehile, a sub-denomination of Atshanbohy, or from his frequenting the hills, and to distinguish him from other outlaws of perhaps the same name.

[3] Daniel Hogan, a celebrated Tory mentioned in Banim's novel of *The Boyne Water.* He was slain near Latteragh, in Upper Ormond, by some thieves of the name of Burke, to whom he was obnoxious, and buried in Glenmore, an adjacent valley.

took a prominent part with Ned of the Hill on this occasion. At the head of a "flying column," they attacked and dispersed the soldiers in charge of the cannon, and having deprived them of their horses and cut the traces of the carriages and wagons, they rode off, leaving the cannon to be taken care of by the next reinforcement which came from Cashel, and directed their route through the pathless woods and hills to apprise Sarsfield of the success of their daring undertaking.

During the siege of Limerick, a servant of Patrick Purcell,[1] Esquire of Anfield, one of Sarsfield's reconnoitring party at Ballyneety, returned for a treasure forgotten in the hurry of his departure from home. The servant, on his way back, called at the house of Mrs. Ryan, the mother of Ned of the Hill, and requested of her to tell her son to keep a "sharp look-out," as he apprehended danger on his journey. Nor was he deceived in his calculations, for on his return he was seen and as quickly pursued by a patrolling party of the English, either quartered in or coming from Burrisoleigh. The gleam of a lighted coal, which was handed by a countryman to the servant to light his tobacco pipe, first attracted the soldiers' attention. On seeing the spark at night, they fired in the direction. The countryman fell, but the servant, escaping the volley unhurt, put spurs to his horse and fled, as quickly pursued by the dragoons, who discharged several shots in advance. The report of the firearms brought Ned of the Hill to the rescue: the swiftness of his grey steed carried the servant beyond the reach of his pursuers, all of whom were outstripped except one, who pressed the servant hard till relieved by Ned of the Hill, who, with a quick and unexpected discharge of his gun, laid the soldier low after a chase of six miles, in a place called Inch[2] (about three miles east of Kilcommon). The site of the soldier's grave is shewn at this day.

After this time we find the hero of this story once more obliged, in common with many of his fallen and outlawed countrymen, to seek protection on their native hills and mountain wilds and to levy contributions on their more wealthy Saxon neighbours. At other times he used to watch the movements of parties of the English soldiers in pursuit of the Irish rapparees, and with a keen and quick eye mark out some victim for destruction. For there was a considerable reward offered for his head. An English officer and his party once went in search of him; he was apprised of the approach of some person by the barking of a dog, and, coming out of the house stealthily to listen, he heard some persons talking, and on drawing near he discovered the foe by their English gibberish, which betrayed their intent. He bounded forward and crossed over to the opposite side of the river at Hollyford, having dropt his cloak in his flight. They found it and knew it to be his. They waited silently till daybreak and traced the direction he took by the print of his footsteps in the dew; and after being pursued by them during the day, night coming on, he escaped into the wood of Dundrum, where they were obliged to give over chase. Having in the course of this ramble met Captain Thos. Armstrong, of Mealiffe, who was after being deprived of his horse by "Galloping Hogan," Ned felt indignant at the treatment received by his neighbour, for whom he entertained some respect and who perhaps was not as much inclined as others to persecute the outlawed gentleman. Accordingly he went in search of Hogan and succeeded in obtaining the horse, which he returned to the owner, who felt grateful for the kindness manifested towards him by Ned of the Hill.

On his return from Leinster during the time of his outlawry, he met a lady travelling, and, having no money, he bade her "stand and deliver." She immediately handed him her purse containing £100, adding that she received the contents of it from her husband as pocket money, and that he was then absent from home in England. "If that is the fact," says Ned, "I'll keep but a half-crown to support life till I reach

[1] Patrick Purcell, descended of the Barons of Loughmore.

[2] Situated in the parish of Upperchurch, Kilnamanagh.

home." He instantly returned the purse to the lady, who was surprised at such an act of generous magnanimity in an outlaw. She promised to let her husband know his civility and generosity. As he made himself known to her as Ned of the Hill, she said she would make her husband use his influence with Government to procure the pardon of his outlawry; so saying they parted. He had not proceeded far on parting [from] her when he was accosted by a highwayman with the usual compliment of "stand and deliver." Ned quietly surrendered all the money he had, one half-crown, after giving which and finding the robber's eye diverted to some object from himself, he seized the opportunity and presenting his piece, hitherto concealed from view, he became a robber in turn and demanded back his money, which was quickly returned by the other, who added on handing it back to Ned that he must be the devil or Ned of the Hill. The latter in reply said that he was the very identical person, Ned of the Hill. The other said that hearing much of Ned's fame he was travelling in search of him, but was much disappointed in Ned's appearance, for he thought that Ned should be a finer and more athletic man. Ned, to convince him of his mistake as to his, Ned's, feats of valour and reputed strength, bade him to lay aside his firearms and try the issue. Fierce and short was the struggle, which ended in the discomfiture and downfall of Ned's opponent, who then discovered his mistake and that Ned's fame was not exaggerated. They shook hands and parted in friendship, with a mutual promise to assist each other in their future difficulties. His antagonist on this occasion is said by some to have been the celebrated Redmond O'Hanlon.

'Tis related of Ned that, having called at the cabin of a poor man in Gurtnahalla, near Burrisoleigh, he enquired about his means of support and manner of living, and, being struck with his poverty, recommended the poor man to give private information to the officer in command of the military in Burrisoleigh that he, Ned, was convenient, and that he would obtain a reward of £5 for the information. The poor man at first refused to be guilty of such an act of treachery, but was afterwards prevailed on by Ned to do as he was directed. He communicated the information and received the reward after. They soon arrived in pursuit of the outlaw, who, apprised of their intentions, gave them a warm reception. Suffice to say that they were forced to return home without capturing their prey after losing seven of their party, who were shot by Ned on the borders of the woods and in the thickets as he retreated from hill to hill and outstripped his pursuers, and as quickly surprised them on the flank at the turn of some dell, or from behind an oak, or over the rock that skirted the pathway of his retreat.

The officer's lady in command of the little garrison in Burrisoleigh often endeavoured to dissuade her husband from hunting Ned. The latter heard of it and felt grateful. He was written to by her and a place of rendezvous appointed in Kilcrowe, one of Ned's haunts. The officer and his lady rode unattended to the place, their honour being pledged. Ned met them and shook hands with the officer, adding that to his wife he was indebted for his life. The officer thanked him and promised never to hunt him again, an agreement which he is said to have strictly fulfilled.

While outlawed and roving through the provinces of Leinster and Ulster, he is said to have met with the person whom he afterwards married. Her name was Mary Leahy. He insinuated himself into her affections in the character of a wandering minstrel bard, and at her bridal feast he eloped with the partner of his future joys and sorrows. There are still in existence some, beautifully soft and touching lines of Irish poetry of which he is said to be the author, and composed perhaps while he was a suitor, or addressed to Erin personified, such as "*Bean Dubh an Ghleanna*," "*Éamonn an Chnuic*."

A lady once travelling through the Glen of Aherlow in her carriage was robbed of her money, trinkets and gold watch by a band of robbers, one of whom represented

himself to be Ned of the Hill. Ned happened to pass by a few moments after the robbery was committed, and seeing a lady in tears enquired the cause. She told him that she was just after being robbed by that villain Ned of the Hill and his gang. "Humph," said Ned to himself, "bad enough." Without further remark he enquired how long since the robbers departed, and whither they went. The lady's coachman pointed them out at a distance as they ascended the side of the opposite mountain. Ned requested the lady not to move from the place until he returned, which he promised to perform quickly. Putting spurs to his horse, he rode off and in a few minutes overtook them. He shot or slew three of the party and returned with the booty, bringing the other two robbers prisoners to the lady, adding, "There are the thieves that robbed you. They are none of Ned of the Hill's men, nor is himself amongst them; for I am the man whom these ruffians had the audacity to charge with this dishonourable robbery." The lady apologised for her mistake in charging Ned with the crimes of these mean robbers, and received with joy her property safely restored. She requested of Ned to see her safely through the Glen. He did so. She next enquired if he had children. He replied in the affirmative, stating that he had, and amongst the rest an only son. She said just before they parted, that he should allow him to come to her place in order that the boy might receive a liberal education along with her own children. Ned consented, and departed. In the course of time the son of this lad became a Judge of Assize on the Leinster Circuit, and was known by the name of Judge Mountain.

The officer in command of the military station in the Castle of Burrisoleigh went to Nenagh for the soldiers' pay. Ned of the Hill, who was an object of terror and hatred to this little garrison and particularly to their commander, met this officer on his return from Nenagh and fell into conversation with him. As Ned had the appearance of a gentleman, both in dress and conversation, he rode on with the officer, who was much pleased with his new acquaintance; and when they entered into a lonely part of the way surrounded with brushwood not far from Latteragh, the officer mentioned to his companion to quicken his horse's pace and ride on faster, as he was apprehensive of being attacked in that lonely place by Ned of the Hill. The stranger replied that Ned must be an extraordinary man if both of them could not be an overmatch for him; so on they journeyed until they arrived in the evening at Ballyruan, near Burrisoleigh. The officer, quite taken with Ned's manner and conversation, invited him to the Castle on that day. The other apologised by saying that he regretted that he could not do himself the honour, as he should fulfil a prior engagement elsewhere, but promised to spend an evening named with the officer. Just as he was going to bid the officer a good-bye he made himself known that he was Ned of the Hill. The officer insisted that at all events they should have a can of ale at the next ale house, situated opposite the present Protestant Church of Burrisoleigh. Ned consented and in they went. The officer, in violation of his honour and good faith, so seldom observed by his nation, soon found means to apprise the Governor of the Castle, Garcy Boate, of the important person who was with him at the ale house, and requested an immediate guard of soldiers to surround the place. The house was soon guarded on all sides outside by the military. Ned was taken by surprise and, seeing escape at the present hopeless, he assumed a good-humoured air and requested of the officer to allow him to treat the men to a drink of ale. His request was no sooner asked than granted. Plenty of ale was distributed among the men. He next called for a large can of ale for the officer and himself. It was quickly brought and placed before them. Ned then invited all the men to close in around and dip their measures into the can and to toast and drink a flowing bowl. They did so, and as they stood around Ned dashed the contents of the large vessel into their faces, and availing himself of the confusion he darted forward, gained the doorway and dashed out, and, mounting his horse which remained outside the house, rode out of sight and reach of pursuit in an instant. On the same

evening with a well-directed aim he shot the officer from an adjacent [ ], where he had previously secreted his gun, or, according to another account, from the approaches of the Castle of Burrisoleigh as he was retiring to rest.

On another occasion Ned of the Hill, as he approached the height of Liss, near Burrisoleigh, the usual place of resort for rustic sports on Sundays and holidays, was met by Edward Shanahan, of Rathmoy, or his brother, who, seeing Ned armed, requested that he would lay the offensive weapons aside and not disturb the festivity of the meeting. He promised to do so, and went and concealed his firearms before he came up to the height and joined the sports. On his entering the crowd he perceived the officer in command of the Burrisoleigh garrison and some of his men. He soon fell into conversation with the officer, who was much taken with Ned's discourse. At his departure from the place he was accompanied by Ned, together with such of the soldiers as happened to be present at the sports. As they walked on the officer lopped at the head of a thistle with his sword, adding that he would give a considerable sum if he could cut off the head of Ned of the Hill in like manner. Ned and he parted, but the former soon returned armed to the teeth and announced to the officer that he was the much-wished-for person whose head he, the officer, would be so glad to have cut off; and having upbraided him for his bloodthirsty disposition, he shot him dead on the spot and forthwith commenced to open a destructive fire on the soldiers, who fled pursued by Ned till he reached the suburbs of the town of Burrisoleigh, by which time fourteen of the soldiers had fallen. Ned wheeled round and directed his route by Liss, where he was again met by Shanahan, who, hearing the shots, suspected there was some mischief done and enquired of Ned, who informed him of all that happened. In a few minutes the alarm being communicated to the little garrison of Burrisoleigh, they all turned out under arms in an instant, horse and foot, in pursuit of Ned, who bent his course around the aforesaid hill and towards the direction of Rathmoy, where he awaited the approach of the military at a gap; and as they rode pell-mell in close array he let fly the contents of a blunderbuss among them, which made a clear passage for Ned, who sprang forward, and shaping his course again round Liss by Pallace, hotly pursued still, he crossed the river and gained the opposite height of Coolderry. Continuing his flight right forward, he outstripped his enemies and was lost in the wood of Shanballyduff after a chase of five miles.

It is related among other stories of *Éamonn an Chnuic* that on the appointment of a new agent over some property near the townland of Rossmore in Kilnamanagh, with the tenants who presented themselves to pay their rents came also Ned of the Hill. Having attentively observed for a considerable time that Ned made no move to pay rent, the agent asked him (after disposing of the rest) why he did not tender his rent, or what did he want. Ned in reply produced his blunderbuss, and at the same time ordered the agent to hand back all the money he received and to sign a receipt in full and to hand it to all the tenants in acquittal of their rents. The agent, having no alternative, did as commanded, and Ned returned to each person his own part, saying, "Poor fellows, you may want some of this to buy a pig or something which may be of service to yourself and family." So saying, he departed and wished the agent a good-bye and a safe journey.

The mountain hero was at another time near losing his liberty and life [through] the treachery of one Theig Ryan Turpin, who kept a sheebeen house at Gurtnaskehy,[1] near Upperchurch, not far from Ned's native place. The owner of this sheebeen house had the matter previously arranged with the Burrisoleigh soldiers or officer to betray him, as he was in the habit of frequenting this house and playing cards and drinking. Theig, on the day appointed for the arrival of the military, brought a piece of mutton

[1] Gurtnaskehy, a townland adjoining the Chapel of Upperchurch, in Kilnamanagh.

and caused his wife, who was privy to her husband's treachery, to make some broth of the meat. In the evening, as some of the broth was laid by on the dresser to cool for Ned, the servant maid, who overheard before this her master and mistress plotting the destruction of our mountain hero in consequence of a promise of the reward offered, began to sing some part of an Irish song applicable to the occasion, the purport or burden of which was to drink it hot or cold. Ned had penetration enough to see into the real meaning, took the friendly hint and decamped. The soldiers from Burrisoleigh arrived shortly after his departure from the house, but the bird was flown. Ned paid a visit to Theig on the following day. The latter congratulated him on his fortunate escape. The former with well-dissembled vengeance thanked him and asked him to bring his gun to shoot a deer which Ned told him he had just seen in the opposite wood of Curraduff. The other agreed to go at once, and on being arrived at the wood Ned directed him to go into and lie in the opposite thicket to have the first shot at the deer, while he himself went to beat for the deer. As soon as the other on moving forward turned his back, Ned let fly the contents of his piece through the body of the unfortunate, the treacherous companion, who was buried in the place where he fell. The spot is still pointed out by the growth of nettles there in summer on the grave.[1]

After this Ned moved farther into the mountains and took up his quarters about Hollyford, and used to frequent the house of a man named Thos. Bawn Dwyer, for a child of whose Ned stood sponsor. It is related that some time previous to his tragical end, Mr. Maude,[2] of Dundrum, was robbed of about £80 by a fellow who, either from a malicious motive towards Ned of the Hill, or in order the better to escape detection, said he was the redoubtable Ned of the Hill. Ned, hearing of the false charge of robbery brought against him, felt quite indignant and came forthwith to Dundrum, asked and as quickly got his choice horse in Mr. Maude's stable to pursue the thief, whom, together with the booty, he promised to have forthcoming in three weeks at farthest if the robber stood on Irish ground. He after a toilsome and diligent search succeeded in apprehending the thief, whom he brought back together with the booty taken and also restored the horse according to promise. Maude, in gratitude for this act, is said to have exerted himself to procure the outlaw's pardon, and some say that he succeeded in procuring it a day or two before Ned was murdered by Dwyer, whose house, as before stated, he made a place of resort.

While Ned was taking a nap or dozing sleep, Dwyer's wife, who was present, was engaged baking a cake for Ned. The cake being laid up or before the fire, placed on edge against a stove for support (the usual mode of contrivance where a griddle is not in requisition), the cake was continually falling from its erect position, which circumstance she interpreted into a bad omen and as frequently alarmed Ned and communicated to him her fears of his being made prisoner, little dreaming that her husband was Ned's nearest foe and shortly to be his assassin. The day or night of the fatal tragedy, Ned while asleep at Thos. Bawn's house was disturbed by a dream in which he fancied he saw Dwyer approaching him with a hatchet in his hand ready to strike off his head. He started up and told Dwyer that he dreamed Dwyer was going to murder him with a hatchet. The other calmed his fears by assuring him it was mere delusion, and that he of all men would not even entertain a thought of such a villainous treachery. Ned again composed himself to sleep, and the murderer again appeared with the fatal weapon to despatch him. The treacherous host once again prevailed on him to lay aside his apprehension and compose himself to sleep; and while

[1] He is said to have killed about this time one day eighteen soldiers of the party who were in pursuit of him, shooting from an adjoining wood as they descended the hill of Gurtnaskehy.

[2] Mr. Maude, one of the Hawarden family.

poor Ned was asleep the third time Dwyer with a stroke of the hatchet cut off his head, which some say he took with him in a bag to Mr. Maude to obtain the reward, but was sorely disappointed on being told that Ned's pardon was being obtained. However, the head was impaled on the gaol of Cashel, but taken down afterwards by some of the mob, who received a guinea for this piece of service from Ned's sister, *Sadhbh an Chnuic*, or Sally of the Hill, who brought it home privately and had it buried with the body which lies interred on the townland of Curraheen, near Foilachluig, in the parish of Toem, in the upper half barony of Kilnamanagh, quite close to the Anglesea Line near the Hollyford copper mine. The precise spot is marked on Sheet 45 of the Ordnance Survey of Tipperary as the grave of *Éamonn an Chnuic*. It is visible to everyone from its blooming verdure which flourishes by the mountain waste, green as his memory in the minds of his admiring countrymen. His wife after his death retired to her own country, in all probability to attend to the education of her son and in her premature widowhood to console herself with the anticipated realisation in the person of her son of those promised hopes which seemed blighted by the father's untimely fate.

The story of Ned of the Hill's grandson being a Judge of Assize I had from the son of the person who was employed in the Crown Office whilst he was going the Circuit. Many of the foregoing tales have been taken from the descendants of Éamonn's family, and who take some pride in being accounted of that stock and narrate the stories with that confident pride to question the veracity of which would be a crime. On the whole, this narration, I'll venture to say, is substantially correct.

NOTES ON ANDREW O'RYAN'S ACCOUNT.

The following notes were communicated to the Editor in 1929 by a religious in his seventy-third year, who was born and reared in the same locality as *Éamonn an Chnuic*, and who desires to remain anonymous. Some of the details given have acquired an enhanced value by the fact that the Irish Record Office, where they were obtained, was totally destroyed in 1922.

"I have read Andrew Ryan's account of *Éamonn an Chnuic* carefully. Some of the events related in it are new to me; a great many of the others I heard pretty often. I think most of them are true, and the persons he mentions were certainly there. Thomas Armstrong, of Mealiffe, the first of his family that came to live there, was born in 1671 and died in 1741. That he was inclined to be lenient to *Éamonn an Chnuic* I could easily believe. His descendant about a hundred years ago took in a Catholic gentleman named Ryan, of Montalt, near Castlefogarty, who was evicted by Mr. Lanigan, and kept him as a gentleman in his house at Mealiffe for his (Ryan's) life. Another descend-

ant of his, in our own time, obtained from the Government the pardon of all the Fenians who marched out in Drumbane in 1867 and around his district, although two informers swore on them. These were two sons of the Police Sergeant in the Barrack of the Glebe.

Edward Shanahan, whom he mentions also, was probably the son of Paul Shanahan, who paid Hearth Tax for two hearths in Rathmoy in 1666. Connor Shanahan was proprietor of Rathmoy in 1641.

Tradition says that Galloping O'Hogan was the son of a blacksmith near Tipperary. Donnogh O'Hogan paid Hearth Tax in Kilfeacle in 1666, and John Hogan paid it in Goldenbridge the same year. They were both blacksmiths, and if the tradition be true, he may be the son of one of them. Lenihan, in his *History of Limerick*, quotes Dean Story for the statement that he obtained pardon from the Government, and that he was murdered by some of his former companions near Roscrea.

I never heard that *Éamonn an Chnuic* was married. On the contrary, I always heard that he never was, and that the only lady he proposed for was unwilling to throw in her lot with his.

The next thing that I believe not to be correct is the treachery of one Theig Ryan Turpin at Gurtnaskehy. I never heard of anyone of this name, and the incident of aiming at the deer belongs to an episode which happened after the time of *Éamonn an Chnuic*. The traitor at Gurtnaskehy was one Reuben Lee, and the following is the tradition as I heard it from a great many old men in the locality. Reuben Lee was one of Cromwell's soldiers who remained in that locality and joined the outlaws, who were pretty numerous there at that time. He became one of the most daring of them, but he always kept his share of the spoil, whereas the others divided theirs among the poor people around them. When Lee had a good share of money stored up, he offered to betray *Éamonn an Chnuic* to the Government for his own pardon; and he promised to have Éamonn on a certain day at his house in Gurtnaskehy, when the house was to be surrounded by soldiers and Éamonn taken, dead or alive. Lee invited Éamonn to his house, and the latter went. Now Lee had a companion with him in his house, one of the Ryans of Cumaun, in the parish of Templederry, a member of a very respectable family; but I suppose, like Éamonn and the others, he was on the run. This latter got some suspicion of Lee and told it to Éamonn in the Irish language. Éamonn walked about the room for some time, and going to the window he saw soldiers stealing down an old *bóithrín* (by-road) from the top of Gortnaskehy. He turned round and took Lee's gun, which was laid on the table, and shot him. Then himself and Ryan of Cumaun got out and got away. Éamonn told his companion that Lee had a great deal of money hidden somewhere in the ground. The other said that there was one path he used to walk along every day to a certain point and then turn back. Éamonn told him to watch that place, and that when the snow would come it would melt over the gold. Ryan of Cumaun watched the place and got the gold folded up in a foal's skin, and bought Gortkelly for it. He was Andrew Ryan's ancestor, and I suppose that was the reason why Andrew Ryan made no mention of Reuben Lee in his account of *Éamonn an Chnuic*. The principal way that Andrew Ryan got the old traditions was from his workmen, and of course they would make no mention of Reuben Lee's money. As for his having the account from the descendants of Éamonn's family, he certainly is not correct there. At the time that Andrew Ryan was a boy there was only one family in Ireland that descended from *Éamonn an Chnuic's* family. There were two brothers and two or three sisters in the family, and they lived on a sub-division of Atshanbohy, called Corrig-a-chro. One of the brothers married in the place, but he died young, leaving two sons and a daughter; the wife married again, and when the children grew up they went to America. I was speaking to the eldest son in Syracuse, N.Y., eight years ago, and he is living yet. The other brother married in Thurles and left only one daughter, who died a few years ago. Andrew Ryan was too great a man at

that time to speak to any of them, and if he did I would surely hear it, as these Ryans were at our house every night.

The account of Eamonn's death given in the *Cork Archæological Journal* agrees exactly with the tradition as I heard it from a great many old men, except that the writer puts Cappamore instead of Cappawhite. I heard the story forty years ago from an uncle of mine, and he heard it from a great many others, among the rest his father-in-law, who was over eighty years of age at the time and was born and lived all his life between Curraheen and Doon, only three or four miles from each place. The tradition I heard of his burial was that he was buried in Foilachluig by his murderer, Dwyer *broc*, but that his friends afterwards removed the body and buried it in Doon graveyard—not Doon near Lough Gurr, but Doon in the barony of Owney-beg, County Limerick. For obvious reasons they put no monument over him, and it is quite natural that his grave would be forgotten; he was most probably buried there by night.

I never heard the tradition mentioned by Dr. Martin Callanan that *Éamonn an Chnuic* was murdered by Ryan *bán;* the constant tradition is that his assassin was Dwyer *broc*. The Ryans *bán* are there yet, and if there was anything like that to be cast at the family we would surely hear it. We have long memories in Tipperary.

Thirty years ago I searched the Hearth-money Records in Dublin, and found Reuben Lee first on the Gurtnaskehy List in 1666. He was not there in 1665. In the Book of Survey and Distribution I found that Daniel McConnor Turlough Rory Ryan (I suppose the correct way to name him would be Daniel the son of Connor the son of Turlough the son of Rory Ryan) is set down as the proprietor of Atshanbohy in 1641, and that it was granted to Theobald Matthew. John Ryan and Daniel Ryan paid Hearth Tax in Atshanbohy in 1665, and Daniel McRory (Ryan), Philip Ryan, Daniel Ryan, John Ryan and three others paid Hearth Tax there in 1666. There is no mention of Knockmehill either in the Hearth Records or in the Book of Survey and Distribution. When I was a boy I heard the tradition that *Éamonn an Chnuic* was born in our house, that his father, Daniel Ryan, was the owner of Atshanbohy, and that Reuben Lee lived in Gurtnaskehy. The Book of Survey and Distribution confirmed the second and the Hearth-money Records confirmed the third, though the people from whom I heard the traditions never knew there was any such Book or Record in the world."

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