

JOURNAL OF THE IRISH FOLK SONG SOCIETY,  
LONDON

THE BUNTING COLLECTION  
OF  
IRISH FOLK MUSIC AND SONGS

PART III.

VOL. XXV



DECEMBER, 1928

[1930]

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# Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society

VOL. XXV.

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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 III.

1930



## PREFACE.

IN the Preface to Part I of the present edition of the Bunting manuscripts it was explained that it was proposed to follow the order of Edward Bunting's three published books so far as possible. Parts I and II between them dealt with the first forty-seven of the tunes in his earliest volume, published in 1796; and the present Part completes the treatment of the sixty-six tunes contained therein by dealing with the last nineteen. In Part IV, which is in preparation, a beginning will be made with the tunes in Bunting's second volume, which appeared in 1809.

I desire to express my grateful thanks to my friend Mr. A. Martin Freeman for his constant interest and advice throughout the production of this number of the Society's *Journal*; also to my friend Professor Éamonn Ó Tuathail, who read the typescript and made a number of suggestions.

D. J. O'S.



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(FOUNDED 1904.)

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

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

- \*NORMA BORTHWICK. CEOL SIDHE. Parts I—VI. Dublin. 1900—1903.
- \*REV. P. S. DINNEEN. DÁNTA SHÉAFRAIDH UÍ DHONNCHADHA AN GHLEANNA. Dublin. 1902.
- \*THE GAEL. (A New York Monthly. Vols. 18—23, covering the years 1899—1904, are in the National Library.)
- †IEUAN GWYLLT (bardic name of John Roberts). LLYFR TONAU CYNNULLEID-FAOL. London. 1858—9.
- †J. M. JEPHSON. NARRATIVE OF A WALKING TOUR IN BRITTANY. London. 1859.
- J. H. LLOYD. SEACHRÁN CHAIRN tSIADHAIL. Dublin. 1904.
- \*J. H. LLOYD. SGÉALOIDHE ÓIRGHIAL. Dublin. 1905.
- \*AGNES O'FARRELLY. FILIDHEACHT SHEÁIN UÍ NEACHTAIN. Dublin. 1911.
- \*T. F. O'RAHILLY. DÁNFOCAIL. Dublin. 1921.
- \*ÉAMONN Ó TUATHAIL. RAINN AGUS AMHRÁIN. Dublin. 1923.
- REV. P. A. WALSH. ÁR gCEOL FÉINIG. Dublin. [1920.]
- \*[CHARLES HENRY WILSON.] SELECT IRISH POEMS TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. Dublin. [c. 1782.]
- \*ROSE YOUNG. DUANAIRE GAEDHILGE. Dublin. Vol. I, 1922. Vol. II [1924.]
- \*ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR CELTISCHE PHILOGIE. Halle. 1896 to date.



## 48. B'fhearr Liom Ná Éire.

(I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 27, no. 48: Bfear liom no Éire—I would rather than Ireland; 1809, p. 29: Bhfear liom na Eire—I would rather than Ireland; MS.: Bearlum na Iera—I would rather than Ireland.

B'fhearr liom ná Éir-e nó céad pon-ta'n ór craor-ac Nach  
bhfeicfinn tú ar aon-chor 's nach dtiubhrainn duit grádh. 'S gur b'ó  
d'aithris tú led' bhéal dom gur mhearaigh tú na céad-ta Nachar  
cum--a dhom pfein sin ach mo mheal - ladh mar chách?

MS. 29, p. 39: No key- or time-signature. A Not dotted in MS.

## DOMHNALL Ó MAOLÁINE.

- I. Eidir Caiseal agus Dúrlas do chas orm-sa an chúilfhionn,  
Cúl triplionach dlúth-gheal is i 'siubhal ins a' ród;  
Rug mé greim gúna uirthi is leag mé ar a' driúcht í,  
Is d'fhág mé croidhe brúighte ag an gcailín bheag óg.
- II. "Seo litir óm' athairín agus beannacht óm' mháthairín;  
Is tú 'fuireach san áit seo, a ógánaigh óig,  
Gheobha tú míle bó ar bán liom agus párdún ón mbáinrighean,  
Agus cead a bheith ar lámh liom ó mhaidin go neoin."
- III. "A chailín beag is áille, má's fíor a bhfuil tú 'ráidhte,  
Ní dhéanfainn-se do áthrach ar dhá mhíle bó,  
Munab' é tá mé páirteach le bliadhain is trí ráithe  
Leis an inghean sin Sheoin Báiligh i gCuantai Mhuigheó!"
- IV. "Imthigh agus éaluigh! cé'r mhisde liom pfein é?  
Ní taobh leat-sa Éire do fhearaibh le faghail.  
Do gheobhainn-se togha céile nach n-iarrfadh bonn spré liom,  
Do ghlacfadh in mo léine liom, cí nach folamh atáim,

- V. " Mo chreach is mo dhíth-se nach marbh a bhí mé  
 Sul ar thachair san tslighe leat mé, 'ógánaigh óig!  
 Beidh mise faoi dhíomadh agus bean eile 'luighe leat-sa,  
 Gach maidin chiúin aoibhinn is mé 'sileadh na ndeor!
- VI. " B'fhearr liom ná Éire nó céad punta do'n ór craorac  
 Nach bhfeicfinn tú ar aon-chor 's nach dtiubhrainn duit grádh;  
 'S gur b'é d'aithris tú le do bhéal dom gur mhearaigh tú na céadta.  
 Nachar cuma dhom féin sin ach mo mhealladh mar chách?"

MS. 10, no. 101 (title and verses I, II, III and V); MS. 7, no. 186 (verses IV and VI, with readings from MS. 7, no. 156 and MS 7, no. 20 respectively). MS. readings: I, 1, Chaiseal. I, 1, Dúrlais. I, 2, ghil. III, 2, dheanuiuse. IV, 1, éaloigh. IV, 1, ce ar misde. IV, 2, Ní taobhadh leat tá Éire (7, 186). IV, 3, Gheobhain mo rogha ceile (7, 186). IV, 4, Ach mo phosadh an mo léine (7, 186). V, 1, ná for nach. V, 2, thathar san tslighe leat me. VI, 1, sna milte don or craearghagh (7, 186). VI, 1, craorach. VI, 2, bhfeicin ariamh tú (7, 20). VI, 2, dtiobhrúinn. VI, 3, dairis. VI, 3, mhearaidh (7, 186) and mharbh (7, 20). VI, 4, Ce ar miste dhom féin sin (7, 186).

## TRANSLATION.

DONAL MULLANNY.

- I. Between Cashel and Thurles I met the beauty  
 With thick curling hair walking on the road.  
 I seized her gown and laid her on the dew,  
 And left the young little girl broken-hearted.
- II. " Here is a letter from my father, and my mother's blessing,  
 If you will remain in this place, young lad;  
 You will get with me a thousand cattle at grass and a pardon from the queen,  
 And you may be at my side from morning until evening."
- III. " O fairest little maid, if what you say is true,  
 I would not marry another for two thousand cows;  
 Only I am betrothed, this last year and nine months,  
 To John Bailey's daughter in County Mayo!"
- IV. " Then go away, be gone! What do I care?  
 There are other men to be had in Ireland.  
 I could get the best of husbands, one who would not ask a penny of dowry with me,  
 But would take me in my smock—though I am not a beggar.
- V. " Woe is me that I did not die  
 Before meeting you on the road, young lad!  
 For I shall be grieving, while another sleeps beside you,  
 Each calm, fair morning, and how I shall weep!
- VI. " I would rather than Ireland, or a hundred pounds in red gold,  
 Never to have seen you and given you my love;  
 For you told me with your own lips that you had driven hundreds crazy.  
 I would not mind that, if you had not deceived me like the rest!"

## NOTES.

AIR—Obtained by Bunting from Charles Byrne, the harper: Moore's "Yes, sad one of Zion" in the Eighth Number of the *Melodies* (1821). The last half of the tune is repeated in the 1796 volume, which indicates that the last half of each verse was repeated in singing, as is commonly the case with Irish folk songs. Bunting reprinted the air in his 1809 volume, transposed into the key of E flat, the second part not being repeated. The title comes from the opening words of the last verse.

A beautiful Kerry air for these words (distinct from Bunting's air) is printed in the *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, XX, p. 51. Inferior variants of the Kerry air are in the Rev. P. A. Walsh's *Ár gCeól Féinig*, p. 148 (from Waterford) and the Goodman MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin (from Kerry). A tonic solfa variant in *An Lóchrann* (January, 1918) is marred by misprints. Cf. also *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 1439, which has a jumbled title intended for "Idir Chaiseal is Dúrlas do chonnaic mé," corresponding to the opening words of our song.

WORDS—As indicated in the MS. readings *supra*, the song as given above is a composite one, being made up of the whole of the song as given in MS. 10, no. 101 and verses from MS. 7, nos. 20, 156 and 186 respectively. The total of distinct verses contained in these four numbers is ten, of which the above six appear to belong to "Domhnall Ó Maoláine" and the remaining four to another song, the air of which, entitled "Air an mbaile seo tá cúilfhionn" ("In this village there lives a fair maid"), is printed in *Bunting* (1840), p. 14, no. 15. These four verses will be given with the air in the appropriate place in this edition.

The English verses printed with the tune in *Bunting* (1809), p. 28 "from a literal translation of the original Irish, by Hector MacNeill, Esq." are only barely traceable to their originals.

Other versions of the words of this interesting song have been printed as follows: Timony's *Abhráin Ghaedhilge an Iarthair*, p. 44 (Achill): Morris's *Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh*, p. 77 (Omeath): *An Lóchrann*, January, 1918 (Kerry): Rev. P. A. Walsh's *Ár gCeól Féinig*, p. 148 (Waterford): and *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, XX, p. 51 (Donegal). All of them contain verses of the other song mentioned *supra*. Professor Éamonn Ó Tuathail took down the following two verses of the song some years ago from a woman living near Broomfield, Donaghmoynne, Carrickmacross, County Monaghan. They correspond to verses II and III of the Donegal version referred to above;—

“Gá mbéadh agam páiste na’ mise bhéadh náirigh’?  
 Goidé ghéanfainn-se gan *father* le mo leanbh beag óg?”  
 “Mise Domhnall Ó Maoláine is ná ceil ar fheara Páil mé,  
 Gheobha tú insa’ tSrath Bhán mé nó i gCondae Thír Eoghain.”

Seachtmhain ón lá sin bhí mé ag ‘ul a’ bealach céadna,  
 Nuair a chas liom-sa an spéir-bhean is í a’ siubhal sa ród;  
 Bheir sí orm greim láimhe is chuir saoi (=sí) romham fáilte,  
 “Nó goidé mus (=mar) tá do shláinte, a óganaigh óg?”

It is obvious from the foregoing that the song is, or was, widely known. In the Donegal and Monaghan versions the name of the hero is the same as in ours; in Waterford it is Domhnall Ó Dubhshláine (Donal Delany) and in Kerry Éamonn Mhágáine (? Edmund MacGann).

Seón Báiligh (John Bailey) in verse III corresponds to the Seón Dáibhis (John Davis) of the other versions. This man was a noted tyrant who kept a gallows-tree near his house, a short distance from Dungar, County Roscommon, and about four miles from the Mayo border. Dr. Hyde remembers this tree being pointed out to him when he was young. The story is that the hero of the song was an outlaw who had been condemned to be hanged by John Davis a year and nine months previously: and that in saying that he was betrothed to Davis’s daughter (*i.e.* the gallows) he meant that he would be hanged if he went back. The reference to a pardon from the queen is perhaps an indication that the song was composed in or about the time of Queen Anne.

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## 49. Seóinín Ó Raghallaigh, Fear Gasda.

(JOHNNY O'REILLY, FINE FELLOW.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 27, no. 49: Seonin O Reilligh fear Gasda—John O'Reilly the Active; MS.: Shean O Riely; and on p. 102 of MS., Shoneen O'Reily fer goste—Shaun O'Riely smart lad.



MS. 29, p. 109: No key- or time-signature. A This note is a crochet (undotted) in MS. B Repeat-marks not in MS. C This note might be read as E. → *Aí... .., maí*

↓  
yea... ..

## NOTES.

Obtained by Bunting from the harp-playing of Arthur O'Neill: Moore's "Oh! think not my spirits are always as light" in the First Number of the *Melodies* (1807). To make the air as given above correspond more closely to Bunting's printed version, the notes in bar 2 would have to be D, C, D and those in bars 19—20 C, D, C, B, G, F. No variants seem to have been published.

According to Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, 1831, vol. I, p. lx), this was one of the airs composed by Carolan in honour of members of "the great Cavan family" of O'Reilly, the others being "Planxty Reilly" (no. 46 *supra*), "Conor O'Reilly" and "Myles O'Reilly." There is no trace of these last two airs, though there is a lament for Myles O'Reilly in *Bunting* (1840), p. 106. There is an air entitled "Mr. John Reilly" in Neal's *Compositions of Carolan* (c. 1720), but it has nothing in common with ours. Bunting does not claim our air to be by Carolan, nor does it contain much evidence of his style.

Probably no surname occurs so frequently in the titles of Irish airs as that of O'Reilly; but as none of these airs is related to that printed above there is nothing to be gained by giving a list of them.

## 50. Íom Bó Agus Um Bó.

(IMBO AND UMBO.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 28, no. 50: Is iombo eru &ce—An Irish Lullaby; 1809, p. 24: Is im bo agus eiriu—Irish Lullaby; no title in MS.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody and includes a fermata over the final note. Below the first staff, the lyrics are written in Irish: [Is brónach mo thocht Go tóirseach dom shlad, Is crólag mo chorp, Is deór-- ach mo dhearc, Iom bó 'gus um bó.] The letter 'A' is placed above the final note of the second staff.

MS. 29, p. 153: No key- or time-signature. A This rest is replaced by G quaver in MS.

## NOTES.

The above is the second of two copies which are written consecutively in the MS., with a double bar between them, both being without title. Both are in 6/8 time, but in the second copy the barring begins after the third beat and so continues; and there are minor differences in notation. The second E of bar 2 and the E's of bar 3 are naturalised in the first MS. copy. Bunting printed the tune in 3/4 time, and rightly marked it "Very slow." He obtained it from "Paddy Ward, Drogheda."

The original words, if any, have not survived, and so we cannot tell whether Bunting's alternative title of "An Irish Lullaby," given in both the 1796 and the 1809 volume, is justified or not. The air certainly has something of the character of a lullaby,

A whimsical poem, no less than twenty-seven verses in length, was composed with the refrain "Íom bó agus um bó" by Geoffrey O'Donoghue of Glenflesk, County Kerry, who flourished during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It suits our air and may therefore have been written to it. The poem was occasioned by the death of "a favourite dog of the poet's, which was choked by a mouse while a corn-stack was being re-made." It is printed in Dinneen's edition of the poet (*Dánta Shéafraidh Uí Dhonnchadha an Ghleanna*, 1902, p. 20), another version being in the *Gaelic Journal*, IV, p. 103 (September, 1891). The first verse has been placed under the music and is as follows:—

“ Is brónach mo thocht  
 Go tóirseach dom shlad,  
 Is crólag mo chorp,  
 Is deórach mo dhearc.  
*Íom bó agus um bó.*”

(“ Great is my grief,  
 Flame-like it sears,  
 Feeble my pulse,  
 My sight dimmed with tears.  
*Imbo and umbo.*”)

The refrain is meaningless, and belongs to other tunes which have no connection with ours, e.g. *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 1202, “Imbó agus umbó. A Dirge;” *Feis Ceoil Collection* (1914), p. 8, no. 19, “Im bó (Milking Song).” There is an Ode to Whisky, in a different metre, with the title “Aoimbo agus Umbo,” in Wilson’s *Select Irish Poems* (c. 1782), p. 78 (English translation on p. 81). This title is the refrain of the ode, the appropriate air for which is in *Stanford-Petrie* (no. 1466, “A Fuisgi mhúrnín”), with two of the lines placed under the music.

---

## 51. A Ógánaigh Óig.

(YOUNG LAD.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 28, no. 51: Oganai gh Oig—The Blossom of the Raspberry; 1809, p. 11: Oganai ghe Oig—The Captivating Youth.

Very slow. tr.

Óg---án-aigh óig a bhfuil ór in do phéar--laibh,  
 Is iom-dha cailín óg do phógh--adh do bhéil---ín!  
 Is truagh gan mé bheith 'g ól leat ar bórd i mBinn Éad--ain,  
 Ór bheith 'n-ár bpóc--aibh is sinn pós--ta le chéile!

1796, p. 28, no. 51.

- I. A ógánaigh óig a bhfuil ór in do phéarlaibh,  
 Is iomdha cailín óg do phóghadh do bhéilín!  
 Is truagh gan mé bheith ag ól leat ar bórd i mBinn Éadain,  
 Ór bheith in ár bpócaibh is sinn pósta le chéile!
- II. Sé shaoil mise féin (mar bhí mé gan eolas)  
 Gurab' ionann domh do lámh-sa agus fáinne pósta;  
 Do shaoil mé 'n-a dhéigh sin gur tú an réalt óirthir,  
 Nó mar bhláth na sugh-chraobh ar gach taobh do na bóirtheibh!
- III. A ógánaigh óig thug mo sháith le n-a ól domh,  
 Go bhfeice mé do gháirdion-sa lán do mo phóraibh,  
 Go bhfeice mé do hallaí geala lán is do chóistí,  
 Is tusa bheith 'fagháil bháis do mo ghrádh-sa i gcomhnuidhe!

MS. 10, no. 80. MS. readings: I, 1, an dp pearlaibh. I, 2, pogadh. II, 3, rialt oirior.  
 III, 3, halla.

## TRANSLATION.

- I. Young lad with the golden curls,  
 Many a young girl has kissed your small mouth!  
 I would you and I were drinking at one table in Howth,  
 With gold in our pockets, and we wedded to each other!

II. I thought (for I was innocent)  
 That your plighted troth was the same as a wedding-ring;  
 And then I thought that you were the eastern (?) star,  
 Or the raspberry blossom on each side of the roadway!

III. Young lad who gave me my fill to drink,  
 May I see your garden full of my seed,  
 May I see your bright halls full, and your coaches,  
 And yourself dying with love of me for ever!

#### NOTES.

AIR—Moore's "Sweet Innisfallen fare thee well" in the Ninth Number of the *Melodies* (1824). A more florid variant, with the same Irish title as Bunting's, is in Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 61. Bunting's English title, "The Blossom of the Raspberry," comes from verse II, line 4. In *Joyce* (1909), there are four variants of our air, as follows:—

1. P. 348, no. 694, "The Leading of the Star."
2. P. 382, no. 783, "The Star."
3. P. 398, no. 819. No name.
4. P. 331, no. 658, "All Alone." This is the same as no. 819, but in a different key.

The air entitled "Oro, a dtiucfaidh tú?—Oro, will you come?" in the same volume (p. 264, no. 476) is also possibly related.

The air called "The Blossom of the Raspberry" in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, IV, p. 17 has an Irish flavour and ends with a jig; but it is not related to our air. In *Stanford-Petrie*, no 641, Petrie has a note "Same air, 'My Ain kind dearie,' 'Sweet Innisfallen' and Lover's 'Widow Machree.'" In spite, however, of the reference to "Sweet Innisfallen," Petrie's air is entirely unconnected with ours.

WORDS—In Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht*, verse III on p. 36 and verse III on p. 38 correspond to our verse II; and verse II on p. 38 corresponds to our verse III.

In *An t-Ultach*, vol. III, no. 8 and *Amhráin Chúige Uladh*, part I, p. 41 is a different song (words and air) with the same title, "A Ógánaigh Óig."

The following are grouped here for convenience:—

51A: a different air which has the title "A Ógánaigh Óig" and to which the verses printed above can be sung.

51B: another air with the same title, and a set of verses which seem appropriate to it; these verses are in the same metre as those printed above and may be part of the same song.

51C: another air with the same title.

51D: a set of verses with the same title, appropriate to air 51C.

51E: a set of verses with same title, for which no appropriate air is given in these MSS.

---

## 51A. A Ógánaigh Óig.

(YOUNG LAD.)

TITLE: MS.: Bla na grave. Oganioige.

A g óg--án---aigh óig a bhfuil ór in do phéarlaibh, Is  
 iom-dha cail-in óg do póg--adh do bhéilín! Is  
 truagh gan mé bheith 'g ól leat ar bórd i mBinn Éadain,  
 Ór bheith in ár bpóc-aibh is sinn póc--ta le chéile!

MS. 29, p. 210: No key-signature. A This note might be read as B. B This note might be read as E. C Quavers. D Crotchets, the first of which might be read as A. E Crotchets.

## NOTES.

This air will suit the words printed at no. 51 equally well with the air there given. The first MS. title (=“Bláth na gCraobh”) perhaps should be “Bláth na Sugh-chraobh,” from the last line of verse II.

## 51B. A Ógánaigh Óig.

(YOUNG LAD.)

TITLE: MS.: Oganioig. Compos'd in Joice Country.

A óg-án-aigh óig is mín-e nó an síoda, Ag-us  
 d-an--áil níos cúmh-ra ná bol--adh na tíme, Do  
 loch-ta go deó deó ní chuir-finn-se síos duit, Ach amh-  
 áin mar fheabhas ag--us chodlann tú an oidhche!

MS. 29, p. 138: No key- or time-signature. A Quavers in MS. B Dotted. C This note might be read as A. D This note might be read as G. E Crotchet.

## AN GIOLLA DUBH.

- I. Bhí mé seacht seachtmhaine ar leabaidh na fuinneóige  
 Ag éisteacht le n-a aisling is ag féachaint tráth chodlann sé.  
 Tá dhá bhinn m'fhallainn a' falach gach aon phóige,  
 'S gurab' é grádh an radaire tharraing mé 'un trioblóide!
- II. Is truagh Dhé gan mise is an giolla dubh ar iarraidh  
 Naoi n-oidhche, naoi lá 'gus ceithre ráithe na bliadna,  
 I seomra bheith druidte le fuinneogaibh iarainn,  
 Glas ar a' dorus is an eochair ar iarraidh!
- III. Is truagh géar nach bhfuil mise agus óigfhear na súl ghlas  
 Ag súgradh 's ag éisteacht le cléireach ár bpóstaí;  
 Is cinnte dá mbeinn déidheannach go mbeinn féin is m'óigfhear  
 Ag siubhal ar fud coillte le soillse an tráthnóna!
- IV. Is truagh géar gan mise is a' giolla dubh ar iarraidh  
 I dtom glas coille nó i bhfad ó na daoine:  
 Mise bheith ceangailte agus tusa bheith sgaoilte  
 Agus cead aige an giolla dubh a dhícheall do dhéanamh.

V. A ógánaigh óig is míne nó an síoda,  
 Agus d'anál níos cúmhra ná boladh na tíme,  
 Do lochta go deó deó ní chuirfínn-se síos duit  
 Ach amháin mar fheabhas agus chodlann tú an oidhche!

MS. 7, no. 73. MS. readings: I, 3, a falach ga. II, 3, Seomra for I seomra. II, 3, fuineogaidh. III, 2, ar bóstaidh. III, 3, mbein (*twice*). V, 2, anáil. V, 2, balugh. V, 4, fheobhus.

### TRANSLATION.

#### THE DARK SERVANT BOY.

- I. I have spent seven weeks on the window-bed  
 Listening to his dream and watching while he sleeps.  
 The two hems of my cloak are hiding every kiss,  
 And 'tis love for the rascal has wrought my undoing!
- II. Would to God that myself and the dark lad were missing  
 Nine nights, nine days and four quarters of the year,  
 In a closed room with iron-barred windows,  
 With the door locked and the key lost!
- III. How I wish that I and the young grey-eyed lad  
 Were sweethearting and listening to the priest marrying us!  
 'Tis certain if I were too late that I and my young lad  
 Would be walking through the woods in the afternoon sun!
- IV. How I wish that myself and the dark lad were missing  
 In a green bush in the forest, afar from our people:  
 I to be bound and you to be free,  
 With leave for the dark lad to work his will.
- V. Young lad, you that are softer than silk,  
 Whose breath is sweeter than the scent of thyme,  
 Your faults I would never, never bring against you,  
 Excepting how soundly you sleep at night!

### NOTES.

No version of either words or air appears to have been previously published. The words were noted by Lynch from John MacDermud, Castlebar, County Mayo; they are in the same metre as those printed at no. 51 *supra* and perhaps are part of the same song. For Joyce's Country, where, according to Bunting's note, the tune was composed, see Part I, p. 10.

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## 51c. A Ógánaigh Óig.

(YOUNG LAD.)

TITLE: MS.: Oganivan.

A óg---án-aigh óig, ní ádh-bhar magaidh dhuit mé, 'S gan  
 ag---at le rádh ach amh---áin go bhfuil-im gan spré; Ní  
 thus-a mo ghrádh, is mo chrádh má's mis-de liom é, Is má  
 tá mé gan bhól-acht is ró-eol dom codladh liom pfein.

MS. 29, p. 133: No key- or time-signature. A This note is dotted in MS. B Crotchet. C This note might be read as A. D This bar is not in MS. and has been supplied from bar 13 in order to preserve the balance of the tune. E Repeat marks are in these places in MS. F Not marked as triplets.

## NOTES.

This tune has nothing in common with the three previous tunes except perhaps its title (though the MS. title probably stands for *A Ógánaigh Bháin*). It suits the metre of song 28 (Part I, *Journal XXII—XXIII*, p. 101), the second verse of which has been placed under the notes, and it also suits the metre of the song which follows (51D).

The G in the third bar from the end should have been dotted.

## 51b. A Ógánaigh Óig.

- I. Tá mé ag cailleadh mo sgéimh 'gus is féidir é 'aithneadh ar mo ghiall,  
 Chaill mé mo radharc 's ní léir dhom-sa gealach nó grian.  
 Chaill mé mo thréarthra dá roibh i n-éifeacht agam-sa ó Dhia,  
 'S gur chaill mé mé féin ag adhradh 's ag ambarc 'do dhiaidh!
- II. Mo chreach mbaidne ghéar nach aoín do rugadh mé caech  
 Sul fá bhfaca mé do sgéimh is mé bheith go dona dod' dhith!  
 'Sé is samhail dom pfein an té bheadh 'n-a laphur 'n-a luighe,  
 A mbíonn a' deoch le n-a thaobh 's nach bhféadann sé blaiseadh dhe braon.
- III. Is a ógánaigh óig, is modhambail 'gus is milis do ghruaim,  
 'S ní áirmhim, dar ndóigh, gur ró-dheas leagan do shúil:  
 Níl ins an rann Eórpa seoid ar bith is deise ná thú,  
 A bhfuil do ghruaidh mar a' rósa, seo póg dhuit is déanam ar shiubhal!

MS. 7, no. 66. MS. readings: I, 1, caillioch. I, 1, féidir a aithneamb. I, 4, aearadh.  
 II, 2, do dhith. III, 2, airmhighim.

## TRANSLATION.

## YOUNG LAD.

- I. I am losing my looks, as one can tell from my cheeks,  
 I have lost my sight and can see neither moon nor sun,  
 I have lost the qualities of which God gave me the enjoyment,  
 And I have lost my own self through following and glancing after you!
- II. My bitter grief that I was not born blind  
 Before I gazed on your beauty and was made desolate by your loss!  
 I am like a sick person lying prostrate  
 Who has water by his side but cannot taste a drop of it.
- III. Young lad, gentle and sweet is your frown,  
 And I need not to mention, indeed, how pretty the glance of your eye.  
 There is no jewel in Europe that is fairer than you,  
 Your cheeks are like roses—here's a kiss, and let us away!

## NOTES.

Obtained by Lynch from Nat Guttery, Castlebar. This song is in the metre of no. 28 (Part I, p. 101) and can accordingly be sung to the tune printed as no. 51c. The last verse is a version of the last verse of no. 27c (Part I, *Journal* XXII—XXIII, p. 97), once more showing how songs in the same metre tend to become intermixed.

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## 51E. A Ógánaigh Óig.

- I. A ógánaigh óig, a réalt thríd a' cheó,  
 Le ar léig mé go h-óg mo rún leat,  
 Gur gheall tú bheith romham i gcoill bhar na genó  
 Go gcurfamaois ár gcomhairle i n-aon taobh :  
 Tuig, a mhíle stór, nach bhfuil nidh sa' dhomhain mhór  
 Nó peacadh ar bith is mó le déanamh  
 Nó maighdean bheag óg a mhealladh le do phóig  
 Agus fealladh uirri go deó 'n-a dhéigh sin !
- II. Tuig is ná saoil mise a mhealladh choidhche  
 Le antoil a' tsaoghail bhréagaigh,  
 Mar nach dtáinig mo chiall is nárbh' aithneach domh riamh  
 Ceannach nó díol a dhéanamh.  
 Gur fearr liom mo luighe trí ráithe agus mí  
 Ar leabaidh chruaidh chaoil im' aonar  
 Nó do leanbh bheith ar mo chíoch nó am' asgall ins an' oidhche,  
 Agus tusa bheith ag do mhian gá bréagnadh !

MS. 10, no. 4. MS. readings: I, 4, gcuramuis. II, 5, bhfearr. II, 6, cruaidh caoil. II, 7, um for am'.

## TRANSLATION.

## YOUNG LAD.

- I. Young lad like a star through the mist,  
 To whom in my youth I have given my love,  
 You promised to be before me in the hazel wood  
 So that we should take counsel together.  
 Be sure, O thousand treasures, there is nothing worse in the wide world  
 Or any greater sin that can be committed  
 Than to beguile a young little maid with your kiss  
 And then to betray her for ever afterwards !
- II. Be sure and don't think ever to deceive me  
 With the passion of the deceitful world,  
 For my wisdom is not full-grown, and I never had the knowledge  
 To engage in buying and selling.  
 I would rather be lying for three quarters and a month  
 On a hard, narrow bed, alone,  
 Than to have your baby at my breast or on my arm at night,  
 With you away courting your fancy !

## NOTES.

In the MS., these verses are entitled "Péarla an Bhrollaigh Bháin," which phrase occurs in verse III of a song in the same metre in *Amhráin Chlainne Ghaedheal* (song

53, pp. 117—118), the first verse of which corresponds to our verse I. (See also no. 35 in Part II, *Journal XXIV*, p. 2.) Bunting, misled by the opening words, has written against them, "This will go to Oganioge or Blossom of the Raspberry"; but in this he was mistaken, as the metre will not suit air no. 51. The metre is the same as that of the verses entitled "Muirnín na Gruaige Báine" (Part I, p. 61).

Our verse I corresponds to verse 1 in Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht*, p. 102 and *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 220. Our verse II corresponds to *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 220, verse II. Lines 3 and 4 of verse II correspond to the same lines in verse II of "Sliabh Féilim" in *Rainn agus Amhráin*, p. 29 and to the same lines in the corresponding verse of the same song in O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series (1849), p. 108. The last half of verse II is practically the same as the last half of verse III of song 47A (Part II, *Journal XXIV*, p. 36). The meaning of *bhar* (1, 3) is obscure and the text is doubtless corrupt.

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## 52. Marbhna Eoghain Uí Néill.

(LAMENT FOR OWEN O'NEILL.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 28, no. 52: Margnaigh Eoin Uí Neil—The Lamentation of Owen O'Neil.  
 Carolan; MS.: Owen O'Neil's Lamentation. Carolan's composition.

Iong---na mhór sé is dóigh liom féin Do  
 dhuine ar bith san domhain a fuair cómh-rádh do bhéil; Is dá  
 bhfágh-adh siad na seóid--e ba deis-e sa rann Eór--pa  
 Cia bheith beó i ndiaidh Eoghain Uí Néill?  
 Gaol na bhfear a bhí láid---ir tréan, Do  
 chlaoidh-feadh Gall-aibh gach lá 's ní bréag; An  
 tráith bhí tú 'do luighe, is tú ba díe-le méinn, Is  
 cuma linn cia d'éag ó d'éag tú, a Eoghain!

MS. 29, p. 153: No bars, key- or time-signature. A Not in MS. B Semiquavers in MS. C Quaver in MS. D Not marked natural in MS. E Not dotted. F This note might be read as B.

- I. Iongna mór sé is dóigh liom féin  
 Do dhuine ar bith san domhain a fuair cómh-rádh do bhéil;  
 Is dá bhfaghadh siad na seóide ba deise sa rann Eórpa  
 Cia bheith beó i ndiaidh Eoghain Uí Néill?

- II. Gaol na bhfear a bhí láidir tréan,  
Do chlaoidhfeadh Gallaibh gach lá 's ní bréag;  
An tráith bhí tú 'do luighe, is tú ba díse méinn,  
Is cuma linn cia d'éag ó d'éag tú, a Eoghain!
- III. Léigfead tharm féasta is béad ag déanamh bróin,  
In áit an óil beidh uch is osna!  
In áit an spóirt beidh brón is tuirse!  
Uch, uchón! cia iongna sin is tú a bheith san geré?
- IV. Chuaidh mé ar cuairt go Cluain mar bhí tú,  
Níor labhair tú focal liom is ba mhór a' t-iongna é!  
Uch, uchón! sé mo bhrón is mo léan  
An árd-fhlaith cródha do phór Uí Néill,  
A bhéal ba bhinne siansa dhá raibh thoir ná thiar,  
Dá gcuala neach anois ná roimhe ariamh.
- V. Fá do bhás is mé do milleadh,  
Siúd an cás nach ndéanfainn tuilleadh.  
Uch, uchón! is breágh do thurus,  
Tá tú ag Dia!

MS. 6, p. 145. MS. readings: I, 1, dóith. I, 3, bhfágha. I, 4, beodha. II, 1, ládir. III, 1, biad. IV, 1, Chuadh. IV, 4, árdflaith. IV, 5, shoir ná shiar. V, 2, tuille. V, 3, breagha.

## TRANSLATION.

- I. 'Tis a great marvel, as I think,  
To anyone who ever held converse with you;  
And if they were to gain the most beautiful jewels in Europe,  
Who would wish to live after Owen O'Neill?
- II. Kinsman of stout, sturdy warriors,  
Who verily would curb the foreigners daily;  
Since you are prostrate, O steadfast heart,  
We reckon not who dies, Owen, now you have died!
- III. I will shun feasting and make lamentation,  
Instead of drinking there shall be sighing and moaning!  
Grief and mourning instead of merriment!  
Alas, alas! what wonder, now that you are in the clay?
- IV. I fared to Clones, where you used to be,  
You spoke no word to me—how sad and strange!  
Alas, alas! I pine and grieve  
For the great warrior-prince of the seed of O'Neill,  
The sweetest, most musical voice, east or west,  
That was ever yet heard by any.

V. By your death I am left broken,  
That is why I can sing no more,  
Alas, alas! fair is your journey,  
You are with God!

## NOTES.

AIR—Obtained by Bunting at Deel Castle, near Ballina, County Mayo. The tune is very characteristic of Carolan, and its attribution to him by Bunting is confirmed by Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, I, p. lxii). Bunting has written against it in his personal copy of the 1796 volume, "Very like the Chanter's Tune in last vol." The reference is to *Bunting* (1840), p. 107, but there does not seem to be much connection between the two airs.

There appear to be no independent printed variants, the following being practically identical copies, save for an occasional difference of key:—

1. O'Neill's *Music of Ireland*, no. 626. "The Lamentation of Owen Roe O'Neill."

2. *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 1380. "Cumhadh Eoghan Ruaidh." (*i.e.* "Lament for Owen Roe.")

3. *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, X, p. 23. Incorrectly transcribed by the late Mrs. Fox from the Hudson MSS., in Boston Public Library, U.S.A., with a title "Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," in which the word "Roe" seems to be interpolated.

4. *ditto*, XIII, p. 16: a copy which purports to be, and no doubt is, a correctly transcribed copy of 3, with the correct title, "Lamentation of Owen O'Neill."

The air in *Joyce* (1909), p. 378, no. 773, called "Owen Roe O'Neill or Owen O'Neill's March," is not connected with our air.

WORDS—Attributed to Carolan by the MS. There is a version (5 verses *plus* an epitaph) in Connellan's *An Duanaire* (1829), p. 31. Parts of the same lament are contained in two MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy—23 E 21, p. 7, and 23 O 42, p. 29, and it is apparent from them that the subject of the lament is Owen Roe O'Neill, the great Irish general. Some lines from one of these MSS. are printed in Miss Young's *Duanaire Gaedhilge*, I, p. 64. *Cluain* (IV, 1) is probably Clones, County Monaghan, which was O'Neill's general encampment.

Owen Roe died in 1649, twenty-one years before the birth of Carolan, but this fact does not render doubtful the correctness of the attribution to the latter

of both words and air; for O'Neill is one of the outstanding figures of Irish history and his death was a national calamity the effects of which were enduring. Other laments for him in Irish were composed as follows:—

1. Morris's *Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh*, p. 17. The first twenty lines of this poem are also printed in the *Gaelic Journal*, XIV, p. 795 (with a facsimile copy of lines 1—17 on p. 796). See also Egerton MS. 127, art. 53 in the British Museum (*Catalogue*, II, p. 63).

2. *ditto*, p. 22.

3. *ditto*, p. 23.

4. Ó Tuathail: *Rainn agus Amhráin*, p. 23.

5. MS. 8, p. 37 in University College, Dublin: "Níl fa[th] da shéanadh an s éal tá i geló go nuadh"—by Muiris Mhac Gormáin.

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## 53. Anna Bean Mhic Dhiarmada Ruaidh.

(MADAME ANNA MACDERMOTT ROE.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 29, no. 53: Anna Ni ciarmuda Ruaidh—Nanny McDermotroe. Carolan;  
MS.: Nanny O'Donnelly.

Tóig do mhian 'g-us seól do chiall, Mar órd-uigheas Dia déan  
dréacht is dáin, 'g-us labhair do mhian tar an óg-mhnaoi sgiabhach Do  
shliocht na Niall is ríogha Fáil. Brón nó tuir-se  
riamh ní raibh 'n-a h-aic-e, Is fíor gur deas a píob 's a leac-a,  
Anna, nín Mhán-uis, sár-mhac Ruaidhrí, An árd-fhleith clúiteach nach  
ndiúltadh i ngleó. Ní bréag a dubhairt mé fá'n tráth so, Le  
tr.  
géag na lúb 'g-us na bhfáinneadh, Gur gean-a-mhail a súil, a  
déad 's a cúl, Is léir liom súd gur síg-ach a glóir.

MS. 29, p. 19: No key- or time-signature. A Dotted in MS. B This note might be read as B.

- I. Tóig do mhian agus seól do chiall,  
 Mar órduigheas Dia déan dréacht is dáin,  
 Agus labhair do mhian tar an óg-mhnaoi sgiamhach  
 Do shliocht na Niall is ríogha Fáil.  
 Brón nó tuirse riamh ní raibh 'n-a h-aice,  
 Is fíor gur deas a píob 's a leaca,  
 Anna, nín Mhánuis, sár-mhac Ruaidhrí,  
 An árd-fhlaith clúiteach nach ndiúltadh i ngleó.  
 Ní bréag a dubhairt mé fá'n tráth so,  
 Le géag na lúb agus na bhfáinneadh,  
 Gur geanamhail a súil, a déad 's a cúl,  
 Is léir liom súd gur súgach a glóir.
- II. Is gurab' aoibhinn don óigfhear críonna  
 Shanntuigh inghean na saoir-bhriathar sáimh.  
 Tá sí mómhar caoidheamhail, ceolmhar saoidheamhail,  
 Bláth geal deas díleas gach uair is gach am.  
 Hanraí mhac Shéarluis, 'sé tá mé 'rádh,  
 Dar dual bheith tréitheach, aerach, tapaidh,  
 Aithnighear a mhian ag an tí ag a mbiadh sé  
 Is eol don tír a ghníomh gur breagh é.  
 Dá mbiadh fíon in mo láimh-se  
 D'ólfaínn féin do shláinte;  
 Go mbeannuighe Dia an dís-se, Anna agus Hanraí,  
 Lastar a' píopa agus líontar a' dram.

MS. 10, no. 31. MS. readings: I, 1, Toig do mhion. I, 2, dean dreacht. I, 3, dar an og-mnaoi. I, 5, roibh. I, 7, Rudhruigh. II, 7, mhion ag an tí da mbiadh sé.

#### PARAPHRASE.

MADAME ANNA MACDERMOTT ROE.

I. Let us joyfully celebrate in song the fair young daughter of the kingly house of Niall. Nor grief nor trouble ever came nigh this truly lovely girl, Anna, daughter of Manus, the distinguished son of Rory, that splendid prince who never quailed in battle. I spoke sooth to this ringletted maid, praising her eyes, her teeth, her hair, her merry voice. II. How delightful it must be for this wise young man to have won such a charming girl for a wife! I mean Henry, Charles's [grand]son, so accomplished, witty and active by nature. His wife-to-be well knows his disposition, and the country his prowess. Had I wine in my hand, I would drink your health. God bless the pair of them, Anna and Henry! Let the pipes be lit and the goblets filled!

## NOTES.

AIR—Obtained by Bunting from the harp-playing of Rose Mooney. No other variant appears to have been printed.

WORDS—Another version is printed in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 130.

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This planxty (words and music) was composed by Carolan on the occasion of the marriage of Henry MacDermott Roe (died 21st June, 1752), eldest son of his friend and patroness Mrs. MacDermott, of Alderford House, Ballyfarnon, County Roscommon, to Anna, the daughter of Colonel Manus Roe O'Donnell, of Newport, County Mayo. The following quotation from Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, I, p. li) affords evidence of the interest taken in these planxties by those in whose honour they were composed:—

“A trifling circumstance, connected with this composition, may serve to convey an idea of the importance formerly attached to these bardic effusions. Carolan, as may be seen, placed the lady's name before that of her husband. This gave great cause of umbrage, even to his kind patroness, because her daughter-in-law's family was considered inferior to her own, and the bard was excused, only on account of the politeness which he submitted was due to the sex.”

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In his early boyhood Carolan attracted the attention of Mrs. MacDermott, who had him educated with her own children. He was devoted to her family during his life and to her he came home to die (1738), being buried in the family vault in their chapel at Kilronan. It may be thought desirable, therefore, to enumerate the various printed airs which he composed for the MacDermotts and their family connections:—

1. “Mrs. MacDermott.” *Carolan* (1780), p. 5 and Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 4: words in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 111; but see note on words of “Molly MacAlpin” (no. 44 *supra*). Carolan's patroness, *née* Mary FitzGerald.

2. “Planxty MacDermott.” Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 79. Probably Henry *bacach* MacDermott Roe, husband of the foregoing.

3. “Harry MacDermott Roe.” *Carolan* (1780), p. 13. Their eldest son.

4. “Sir Henry MacDermott Roe.” *Joyce* (1909), p. 287. A different air to the foregoing, but probably Henry *bacach*.

5. "Anna MacDermott Roe." Printed above. Wife of Henry *filis*.

6. "Mr. Edmond MacDermott Roe." *Carolan* (1780), p. 19 and Thomson's *Hibernian Muse* (c. 1786), p. 22. I do not know who Edmond was.

7. "The Princess Royal." *Bunting* (1840), p. 35. "Composed by Carolan for the daughter of MacDermott Roe, the representative of the old princes of Coolavin" (*Bunting*, 1840, Introduction, p. 99). A poem made for Mary MacDermott, daughter of the prince of Coolavin, is printed in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 118; but whether these are the appropriate words for "The Princess Royal" it is difficult to say. Probably not. The MacDermotts of Coolavin are a different branch of the MacDermott family.

8. "Colonel Manus O'Donnell." *Carolan* (1780), p. 16. Father of Anna MacDermott Roe.

9. "Mrs. O'Donnell." *Carolan* (1780), p. 13. Probably the wife of Colonel O'Donnell.

10. "Planxty Maguire." See no. 64 *infra* and the notes thereto.

In addition to the above, the words of the following songs by Carolan have been printed in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin* :—

1. "Cathal Mac Diarmada Ruaidh," p. 192. Apparently a lament for the death of Charles *dubh* MacDermott Roe, father-in-law of Carolan's patroness. The appropriate air for these verses, if it existed, has been lost.

2. "Seabhac Bhéal Átha Seanaigh," p. 135 : celebrating the wedding of Charles O'Donnell, brother of Anna MacDermott Roe, with Miss O'More. Composed to the tune by Rory Dall O'Cahan printed in *Bunting* (1840), p. 13.

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## 54. Cailín Deas Crúidhte Na mBó.

(THE PRETTY GIRL THAT MILKS THE COWS.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 29, no. 54: Calin deas scruidadh na mbo—The Pretty Girl Milking the Cows; 1809, p. 59: Cailin beag chruite na mbo—The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow; MS.: Pretty Girl.

"Ó! eir--igh do shuidhe, 'bhean na lean--na, 'S ná  
 fan le de chaip----ín a ghléas.  
 Tobhair chug---ainn còrn uis--ge bheath--a Is  
 mead----ar dhed' chuid lean--na féin.  
 Bein---id ag ól go dtí maid----in Is  
 bein---id ag ól go dtí lá; Tráth  
 im-----thigheas fear a' tige as a' mbail--e Beidh an  
 cail----ín beag deas faoi mo lámh."

MS. 12, book 12, no. 39.

## CAILÍN BEAG CRÚIDHTE NA mBÓ.

I. Do bhí mise lá 'dul go Damhros,  
 'Sé chas liom a' cailín beag óg;  
 'Sé dubhairt sí go gcuirfeadh sí dúithche  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Do leag mé féin fúm ar a' driúcht í  
 Agus thug mise póg dhi nó dhó,  
 Is a chara nach agam bhí an dúiseacht  
 Ar chailín beag crúidhte na mbó!

II. "Eirigh do shuidhe, a bhean na leanna,  
 'S ná fan le do chaipín a ghléas.  
 Tobhair chugainn corn uisge bheatha  
 Is meadar dhed' chuid leanna féin.  
 Beimid ag ól go dtí maidin  
 Is beimid ag ól go dtí lá;  
 Tráth imthigheas fear a' tighe as a' mbaile  
 Beidh an cailín beag deas faoi mo lámh."

III. Gan fhios dá daid is dá máthairín  
 'Sé tháinic sí chugam-sa 'réir,  
 Agus deamhuin pighin sa' spaigin a d'fhág sí  
 Comh fada le dhá ghini déag.  
 "Glac uaim an méad so faoi láthair  
 Go sniomhfa mé ádhbhar a' bhréid,  
 Is cuirfe mé cóta ort faoi chába  
 'S ná fulaing níos faide mé i bpein!"

IV. Níl fear ar bith i nGaillimh nó i dTuamhuin  
 Nó i nGoirt Innse Ghuaire mar Bhrian,  
 Nach leasacha sé leathar a mbiadh gruag air  
 'S do dhéanfadh sé bútais dhe arís:  
 Gan casúr, gan meana, gan guaireach',  
 Gan pinsiur, gan leac-glún, gan sgin,  
 Ach ceap a chur ann is a ruagadh  
 Ar eagla go leigfeadh sí thríd.

MS. 10, no. 113. MS. readings: *Title*, Cruthadh. I, 1, durus. II, 3, chugain. III, 3, pighin a d'fhág sí sa spoig. III, 4, Cumh. III, 5, meadsa. III, 6, sniomhtha. IV, 1, dTuamhuin. IV, 5, mapaidh. IV, 6, go leacglun. IV, 8, leiciugh.

#### TRANSLATION.

#### THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MILKS THE COWS.

I. One day I was going to Durrus  
 When I met with a young little girl;  
 She said that she would wager an estate  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 I laid her down on the dew  
 And gave her a kiss or two,  
 And goodness! didn't I startle  
 The little girl that milks the cows!

II. "Get up, landlady,  
 Don't wait to settle your cap.  
 Bring us a tumbler of whisky  
 And a cup of your own ale.  
 We shall be drinking till morning  
 And we shall be drinking till day ;  
 When the man of the house goes out  
 The pretty little girl will be mine."

III. Unknown to her dad and her mother  
 She paid me a visit last night,  
 And she emptied every coin out of her purse  
 To the tune of twelve guineas.  
 "Take this much from me now  
 Till I spin material for frieze,  
 And I shall make you a coat with a cape on it,  
 So leave me no longer in pain !"

IV. There's not a man in Galway or Thomond  
 Or Gort like Brian,  
 For tanning leather from hairy hides  
 And moreover for making it into boots ;  
 With no hammer, awl or bristles,  
 No pincers, knee-board or knife,  
 But simply putting it on a last and beating it  
 For fear it should let in water.

#### NOTES.

AIR—To Bunting belongs the credit of being the first to print this celebrated air, which he obtained from the harp-playing of Arthur O'Neill and to which Moore wrote his "Song of O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni" ("The valley lay smiling before me") in the Fifth Number of the *Melodies* (1813) and Lady Dufferin her "Terence's Farewell to Kathleen." In the 1809 volume Bunting supplies the tune with sharps to eliminate the flattened sevenths of his original and sets it to verses prepared by Miss Balfour "from a literal translation of the original Irish." No corresponding original has been found, and it is doubtful if one ever existed, as the words are very un-Irish in sentiment.

The following Irish variants of the air have been printed. For the most part they closely resemble Bunting's. The titles are the same as, or similar to, Bunting's except in the cases specified:—

1. O'Farrell's *National Irish Music for the Union Pipes* (c. 1797—1800), p. 37. "Douchig for Sport."

2. O'Farrell's *Pocket Companion*, I, p. 19.
3. Holden's *Collection of Old Established Irish Slow and Quick Tunes* (1806), II, p. 30.
4. Hime's *Collection*, VI, p. 59.
5. Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 61.
6. Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Irish Airs*, II (1816), p. 120, no. 49.
7. Walker's *Irish Bards* (1818), II, p. 248.
8. Crosby's *Irish Repository*, p. 266.
9. *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series (1849), p. 83. A very florid variant, to a beautiful song by the eighteenth century poet Aindrias Mac Craith.
10. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VI, pp. 176—183 and 204. Three tunes, with three sets of words, two of the tunes being variants of Bunting's air. At these references are long and valuable notes.

The air is also known to English and Welsh folk music. Cf. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, II, pp. 150 and 210 ("The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea"): *ditto*, IV, p. 91 ("The Banks of the Lea"): Ieuan Gwyllt's *Llyfr Tonau Cynnulleidfaol* ("Llanarmon"): and *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, II, p. 55 ("Y Pwll Glas"). According to the notes on the following page this air "used to be much sung in Merthyr and district 60 years ago." "Y Pwll Glas" adds three beats to each line of the air, to accommodate the Welsh verses.

The group of airs enumerated above, including Bunting's, are fairly closely related to a number of other Irish airs, being similar in structure and appropriate to be sung to verses in the same metre, e.g. *Joyce* (1873), p. 41 ("The Lovely Sweet Banks of the Suir"); *ibid.*, p. 42 ("An Ceo Draoigheachta"); *Stanford-Petrie*, nos. 179, 180, 652 ("Lough Erne's Shore"), 653, 801 ("The Lovely Sweet Banks of the Suir"), 802—803 ("The Banks of the Suir"), 1086 ("Sé an baile seo toghadh na droch-áite"), 1247 ("Sagairt tar teóradh") and 1254 ("An Buachaillín Donn"); *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, V, p. 57 ("My Boughleen Drown"); *An Lóchrann*, March, 1911, p. 1. ("An Gheadach dá crúdh insa Ghleann"); *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, XIX, p. 28 ("An Jug Mór is é lán"); Mr. and Mrs. Clandillon's *Londubh an Chairn* (1927), no. 48. Finally, "Beannacht agus Ceud Leis," in *Joyce* (1909), p. 276 appears to be a primitive form of Bunting's air.

WORDS—No other version appears to have been printed. Verses III and IV have been transposed, since the latter appears to belong to a different song. The

fourth line of verse I is unsuitable for printing. Professor Eamonn Ó Tuathail heard an old man in South Monaghan repeat the following version of the second half of verse II:—

“ Beámuid ag ól go dtí maidin,  
 ‘S ó mhaidín go dtiocfa meadhon lae;  
 ‘S nuair fhágfas na buachaillí an baile  
 Béidh na cailíní uilig againn héin.”

The place-name in verse I, line 1, might be Damhros, near Kinvarra, County Galway; or Duross, a townland in the parish of Derryvullan, barony of Lurg, County Fermanagh; or Durrus, a town and parish in West Cork.

Two songs in the same metre, to airs already referred to, are printed in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VI, pp. 176 and 179, being entitled respectively “Ainnir Dheas Chrúidhte na mBó” and “Cailín Deas Chrúidhte na mBó.” Love-songs with the same title and metre as ours, and similar in sentiment, are in *Banba*, December, 1901, p. 5; the *Gael*, May, 1902, p. 164; *Claidheamh Soluis*, 23rd December, 1905, p. 5 and Murray’s *Ceolta Óméith* (1920), p. 17. The song by Micheál Ó Súilleabháin in *Ceól Sidhe*, p. 16 is, of course, quite modern.

For the meaning of *aris* (“moreover” or “besides”) in IV, 4, see the Vocabulary to Lloyd’s *Seachrán Chairn tSiadhail*.

A song from Drogheda, with the same title and in the same metre, is given as no. 54A.

## 54a. Cailín Deas Crúidhte Na mbó.

1. Ar maidin deas ciúin ins a' tsamhraidh,  
 'S na h-éanlaidh 'gabhail siansa gan ghleó,  
 'Sé chuala mé an ghéag mhilis mhánla  
 Mar londubh 's í 'bleaghan a gcroí.  
 Ba binne nó cuacha ins na gleanntain  
 A píoban, 's ba sámh guth a ceoil,  
 Gur bhuin sí mo shiubhal díom, sí m'annsacht,  
 Mo chúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó.
- II. Go múinte sé d'úiligheas don spéir-bhean,  
 Is dubhairt mé, "A ghnúis gheal gan cheó,  
 Is tú d'fhág mé brúite tinn tréith-lag,  
 Is má dhúiltir ní bhíom-sa 'bhfad beó!"  
 Air sí, "Ní fiú dhuit mo leithid-se  
 Le súgra do dhúsca chun stró;  
 Is tuaithe bocht umhal mé gan tréartha,"  
 Air-se cúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó.
- III. "Níl do leithid-se de shéad ins na h-Indiach',  
 Nó péarla mar ghrian-ghath gan bhród.  
 Ná déan-sa mo ghéar-ghuín le teas-ghrádh,  
 Ach siubhail liom go seasamhach sa' ród!  
 Glac truaighe agus fuasgail mo cheasnaighe,  
 'S ná fáig mé gan mheisnigh níos mó,  
 Nó beadh san uaighe go luath le do ghean-sa,  
 Mo chúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó!"
- IV. "Ní thuigiom go sár-mhaith do smúinte,  
 'S níor gabhadh sa' líon mé go fóill.  
 'S do ghrádh—níl aige áit in mo chroidhe-se;  
 Ar an ádhbhar sin ísligh do ghlóir!  
 Le caimhteach ní h-áil liom bheith sníomtha,  
 Nó sásamh san ghníomh sin thabhairt dóibh;  
 Guidhiom párdon, go dtrást beidh mé sgaoilte,"  
 Air-se cúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó.
- V. "Ní shaorfadh aon óigfhear faoi'n ngréin thú,  
 'S dá bhféadfadh ní léigfeadh thú uadh;  
 'S dá sgríobhthaidh go h-eolgach do thréartha  
 Go líonfadh siad leabhair don tsluagh.  
 'S i n-eachrann atá mise 'feitheamh ort,  
 Mo chinneamhain—tabhuir sgéala má's beo,  
 'S má umhailir cuir cluain ar an éag uam,  
 Mo chúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó!"
- VI. "Guidhiom thú, tabhair sgíth dhamh 's ná buair mé,  
 Ní umhluighiom don chéim atá romhad;  
 Is mian liom bheith sgaoilte, glan, éadtrom  
 Go bhféachaid a' saoghal mar is cóir.

- 'San aois so ba baos damh gan saidhbhris,  
 'S mé folamh gan éadach, gan ór,  
 'S mur bhfúighe mise dúitheche ní chéanglam,"  
 Air-se cúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó.
- VII. " Má dubhairt tú gan dúitheche ná bpósta,  
 Is diúltadh sin dúmhosa gan chlódh ;  
 Tá cnúsach i bpúisto in mo chóirtha,  
 Gheabhair a úsaid gan tnúth le do bheó.  
 Dá bhfaghainn-se an cúigeadh le h-óinseach,  
 'S a dhúbladh i n-eallach 's i n-ór,  
 Go mb'fhearr liom bheith súgach i lóistín  
 Aig cúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó !
- VIII. " Bíonn contabhairt a' feathamh ar gach faillighe,  
 'S ní dhúisgeann an óige faoi dhó ;  
 Do sgéimh-chlú, a rúin searc, má chaillir,  
 Ní dual thabhairt ar ais é go deóidh.  
 'S mar luing ar a' dtuinn bhíos gach maighdean,  
 'S gan fhios ar a h-aimsir faoi ródh,  
 Le gach síothadh beidh choidhche ann i n-éigin,  
 A chúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó !
- IX. " Is cosamhail sean-mhaighdean le fuair-sgéal  
 Gan úsaid 's nach fiú 'chur i gclódh,  
 Is mur ndíolaidh sí a turscán i dtús lae  
 Is aig ísliughadh níos lugha a meas gach neoin.  
 An póibhsín is cumhartha ní buan é,  
 Gé dathamhail breágh clúiteach é a stródh,  
 Is críonuigheann gach bláth geal, 's is dual dó,  
 Mo chúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó ! "
- X. " Do chomhluadar san chúis so tá ciall leis,  
 Is diúltam don chúrsa bhí romham ;  
 'S mur n-istear an ubhall ins' a' tséasún  
 Go n-imthigheann a súghlaigh amogha.  
 Mo chrádh-sa mar d'fhan misi a nóidse (?)  
 Ar chomhairle aoin dá bhfuil beó,  
 'S mo mhíle crádh chroidhe gan mé pósta ! "  
 Air-se cúilfhionn deas crúidhte na mbó.

MS. 26. The first word in the Title is *cailín*, but in the last line of the verses the corresponding word appears indifferently as *cailion*, *cailín* and *cúilín*. The third word in the Title is *crumhdach*, and in the verses it appears thus and (once) as *crumhdamh*. Other MS. readings are :— I, 1, tsambramh. I, 4, a gcró. II, 1, duilidhis. II, 6, sughradh do dhúsgamh. III, 1, leithidse shéud annsa nindhiach. III, 5, ma cheasnuidh. III, 6, mbeisnidh nis. III, 7, beid sa nuaidhe. IV, 2, gabhamh. IV, 7, be. V. 1, shaor amh. V, 2, bhfeadfamh ni leigiomb. V, 4, lionamh. VI, 2, umhaluidhiom. VI, 5, baodhas. VI, 7, bhúidh. VII, 1, dubhairt gan. VII, 1, na. VII, 2, díultamh. VII, 4, gheabhair úsaid. VII, 6, chúigeamh. VIII, 1, foillidh. VIII, 2, dhúisgin. VIII, 3, sgeimh chlú. VIII, 7, síothdamh. IX, 3, si turscan. IX, 4, saig ísleamh níos lúth a mheas. IX, 6, é strodh. IX, 7, cridhnidhion. X, 3, Smar nidhstear. X, 4, go nimhion a súth lig a mómhamh. X, 6, ion. X, 6, beodh.

## TRANSLATION.

## THE PRETTY GIRL THAT MILKS THE COWS.

- I. On a pleasant, calm morning in summer,  
 When the birds were making sweet melody,  
 I heard the sweet, modest maiden  
 Singing like a blackbird as she was milking in a fold.  
 Sweeter than the cuckoos in the valleys  
 Was her voice and delightful her song,  
 So that she held me spell-bound, she is my darling,  
 My pretty girl that milks the cows.
- II. I politely bowed to the charmer,  
 And said, "O radiant, unclouded face,  
 You have left me bruised and sick and sorry,  
 And if you reject me I have not long to live!"  
 Said she, "'Tis not worth your while  
 To jest with me and excite me to dalliance;  
 I am a poor, humble peasant-girl without accomplishments,"  
 Said the pretty girl that milks the cows.
- III. "No such jewel as you is in the Indies,  
 Nor pearl like a speckless sunbeam.  
 Wound me not sharply with ardent love,  
 But come with me steadfastly along the road!  
 Take pity and banish my trouble,  
 And leave me spiritless no longer,  
 Or I shall soon be in the grave for love of you,  
 My pretty girl that milks the cows!"
- IV. "I understand your meaning none too well,  
 And I have not yet been caught in the net.  
 And your love—it has no place in my heart;  
 For that reason lower your voice!  
 I would not like to be tied to a bed-fellow  
 Or give anyone satisfaction in that way;  
 I crave your pardon, for the present I'll be single,"  
 Said the pretty girl that milks the cows.
- V. "No young man under the sun would leave you free,  
 Nor, if he could help it, would he let you go;  
 And if your charms were written down with skill  
 They would fill books for the multitude.  
 On tenterhooks I am waiting on you;  
 Tell me my fate, if it is life,  
 And if you consent, cheat death of me,  
 My pretty girl that milks the cows!"

- VI. " I pray you, give me peace and do not trouble me,  
 I do not consent to the step you intend ;  
 I mean to be single, heart-whole and merry  
 Till I see the world as I should,  
 At this time [to wed] without wealth would be madness,  
 Since I am empty-handed, without clothes or gold,  
 And unless I get an estate I'll not marry,"  
 Said the pretty girl that milks the cows.
- VII. " If you said that without an estate you'd not marry,  
 That is a refusal which does not win the day ;  
 I have a treasure packed away in my coffers,  
 And you shall have the unstinted use of it for life.  
 If I should get the province with a fool of a wife,  
 With double its cattle and its gold,  
 I'd rather be happy in a cottage  
 With the pretty girl that milks the cows !
- VIII. " Danger always waits upon every delay,  
 And youth has no second awakening ;  
 If you lose your beauty, my darling,  
 Nature will never let you recover it.  
 Every maiden is like a ship on the waves,  
 Unknowing how long she will prosper ;  
 With every gust she will be in danger,  
 Pretty girl that milks the cows !
- IX. " An old maid is like a stale story,  
 Useless and not worth while printing ;  
 If she does not sell her wares in the morning  
 Their value will decrease towards noon.  
 The most sweet-scented posy is not lasting,  
 Though it is colourful, lovely and admired in its pride ;  
 Each bright bloom withers, as is its nature,  
 My pretty girl that milks the cows ! "
- X. " There is reason in what you say in this matter,  
 And I will change the course I intended to follow ;  
 For unless the apple is eaten in season  
 Its juice goes to waste.  
 Alas ! that I have delayed . . . (?)  
 On the advice of anyone living,  
 And I wish, how I wish, that I was married ! "  
 Said the pretty girl that milks the cows.

## NOTES.

This song is written on a loose sheet in MS. 26, in a small but very neat and legible hand. In the same hand, but in English, there appear the words "Wrote by Thomas Durnin, Drogheda, 18th February, 1802." "Wrote" presumably means written down, not composed.

The English verses which follow are copied from a printed ballad sheet contained in a collection made by the late Dr. P. W. Joyce and now in the possession of his son Dr. R. D. Joyce. Either the English version is a rendering of the Irish or *vice versa*—probably the former, since verses V and X of the Irish have no correspondences in the English. The other verses correspond as follows:—

Irish I—IV and VI = English *ditto*.

Irish IX = English VII.

Irish VII (last half) = English V (last half).

Irish VIII (last half) = English VIII (first half).

English V (first half) and VIII (last half) have no correspondences in the Irish.

The first three verses of the English song, more or less polished up, have frequently appeared in popular collections of Irish music, with Bunting's air; and this is the song which is most widely associated in Ireland with the air. It should be added that peasant versions in English of popular Irish songs frequently appear on ballad sheets. Sometimes songs in Irish are printed also, but invariably in a bad orthography, based roughly on English spelling, which it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to understand.

In the *Gaelic Journal*, XI, p. 57 (March, 1901) is printed a song of nine stanzas in the same metre and with the same title, "ar n-a chur i nGaedhilde ó Shacs-bhéarla le Donnchadh Wolfe, 1851" (*sc.* "put into Irish from English by Denis Wolfe, 1851"). The first eight stanzas are translations of the eight printed below; the ninth stanza has no correspondence with anything we have.

By Devonshire (V, 3) is meant the Duke, whose Irish seat is at Lismore. For Damer (V, 1), see the note on p. 37.

## COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHA NA MHO.

- I. It was on a fine summer's morning,  
 When birds sweetly tuned on each bough,  
 I heard a fair maid sing most charming  
 As she sat milking her cow.  
 Her voice was enchanting, melodious,  
 Which left me scarce able to go,  
 My heart it is soothéd in solace  
 By Colleen dhas crutha na mho.

- II. With courtesy I did salute her,  
 " Good morrow, most amiable maid ;  
 I'm your captive slave for the future."  
 " Kind sir, do not banter," she said.  
 " I'm not such a precious rare jewel  
 That I should enamour you so.  
 I am but a plain country girl,"  
 Says Colleen dhas crutha na mho.
- III. " The Indias afford no such jewel,  
 So precious and transparently fair.  
 Oh, do not add flame to my fuel,  
 But consent for to love me, my dear.  
 Take pity and grant my desire  
 And leave me no longer in woe,  
 Oh, love me or else I'll expire,  
 Sweet Colleen dhas crutha na mho ! "
- IV. " I don't understand what you mean, sir,  
 I ne'er was a slave yet in love.  
 These emotions I do not experience,  
 So I pray your affections remove.  
 To marry I cannot, I assure you,  
 That state I'll not undergo.  
 So, young man, I pray you'll excuse me,"  
 Says Colleen dhas crutha na mho.
- V. " Oh, had I the wealth of great Damer,  
 Or all on the African shore,  
 Or had I great Devonshire treasure,  
 Or had I ten thousand times more,  
 Or had I the lamp of Aladdin,  
 Or had I his genius also,  
 I'd rather live poor on a mountain  
 With Colleen dhas crutha na mho."
- VI. " I beg you'll withdraw and don't tease me,  
 I cannot consent unto thee ;  
 I like to live single and airy  
 Till more of the world I do see.  
 New cares they would me embarrass,  
 Besides, sir, my fortune is low.  
 Until I get rich I'll not marry,"  
 Says Colleen dhas crutha na mho.
- VII. " An old maid is like an old almanack,  
 Quite useless when once out of date ;  
 If her ware is not sold in the morning,  
 At noon it must fall to low rate.

The fragrance of May is soon over,  
 The rose loses its beauty, you know ;  
 All bloom is consumed in October,  
 Sweet Colleen dhas crutha na mho !

VIII. " A young maid is like a ship sailing,  
 Don't know how long she may steer ;  
 For every blast she's in danger,  
 So consent, love, and banish each fear.  
 For riches I care not a farthing,  
 Your affection I want, and no more ;  
 In wedlock I'd wish to enjoy you,  
 Sweet Colleen dhas crutha na mho."

#### NOTE ON "THE WEALTH OF GREAT DAMER."\*

The name of Damer not infrequently appears in Irish poetry as emblematic of wealth, as, for example, in the first line of verse V of the Anglo-Irish song printed above ; and it may be as well to give some details regarding him. Joseph Damer was the eldest child of John Damer, of Godmanstone, near Dorchester. His parents were married in 1628 and he was probably born in 1629 or 1630. He held a commission in the Parliamentary Army under Cromwell and was so highly esteemed by the Protector that he was twice sent upon secret diplomatic missions to Cardinal Mazarin. After Cromwell's death, Damer retired to his friend Lockhart, then the English ambassador at the court of France, and was present at the marriage of Louis XIV in 1660. Not thinking it safe to reside in England after the Restoration on account of his activities under the Commonwealth, he sold his landed property in the counties of Somerset and Dorset and purchased other estates in Ireland, whither he removed, residing at Strone House, Shronell, County Tipperary. His name also appears both as grantee and purchaser of lands forfeited in the Williamite confiscations. In the *Dublin Intelligence* for 20th January, 1711 are advertised for sale "lands of Ballyknockan and Killcurny, etc., lying and being at the Foot of the Mountain of Slainaman in the County of Tipperary. . . . Enquire of Mr. Joseph Damer in Dublin or Mr. Thomas Weeks in Clonmell and know further."

\* In addition to the authorities cited, material for this note has been drawn from :—Burke's *Peerage*, s.v. "Portarlington;" the 1824 Collected Edition of Swift's works, vol. XIV, pp. 127-9; Gilbert's *History of the City of Dublin*, vol. I, pp. 65-7; *Journal of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society*, III, pp. 104-6 (May, 1891); and from letters to the Editor from the Rev. E. Savell Hicks, M.A. Some of the references were furnished by Mr. T. F. Higgins.

Damer never married, and on his death in 1720, being then ninety years of age or thereabouts, he is said to have been worth £400,000. He was a miser and a usurer, carrying on business in Dublin at the London Tavern, which was situated at the end of a lane which ran between Nos. 4 and 5 Fishamble Street. He may also have lived there when in town, but J. C. Walker (author of the *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*) found "in the diary of a deceased friend" a note to the effect that Damer lived and died at 34 Smithfield, Dublin, and is buried in the S.W. corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, the spot being at that time unmarked by a head-stone. The statement as to his burial place is at variance with those given below to the effect that his grave is at Shronell.

Swift and Stella happened to be in company at Mr. Sheridan's in Capel Street when the news of Damer's demise came in. Swift thereupon composed a mock elegy on the miser (Stella contributing four lines) and this was actually published in the year of Damer's death on a broadside with a black border, headed "An Elegy On the much lamented Death of Mr. Demar, the Famous rich Man, who died the 6th of this Inst. July, 1720." (Copy in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin: A.7.5, fo. 211a.) The elegy lays stress on Damer's miserly qualities—

" He walk'd the streets and wore a threadbare cloak,  
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk,"

and states that he was buried in the iron chest in which he had hoarded his gold. It was subsequently printed with an epitaph (also by the Dean) in Curll's *Miscellanies* (1722). See F. Elrington Ball: *Swift's Verse* (1929), pp. 156, 174. The epitaph is short enough to be quoted:—

" Beneath this verdant hillock lies  
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.  
His heirs, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his carcass in a chest ;  
The very chest in which, they say,  
His other self, his money, lay.  
And, if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe that four in five  
Will think his better half alive."

Damer has an abiding place in the memory of the people as a miser of enormous wealth, but he seems to have behaved not too badly to members of his own communion. Though his mother was a parson's daughter and his brother rector of Wyke Regis, he himself favoured dissent. According to the Rev. Mr. Savell Hicks, the present Minister of the Unitarian Church, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, Damer in

1710 gave £500 to found the "General Fund" in connection with the Protestant Dissenters of the South of Ireland (*i.e.* Presbyterians). He also gave by Indenture dated 10th February, 1718 the sum of £1500 to found a Charity School for Poor Boys in the City of Dublin. This School is still carried on in St. Stephen's Green, next to the Unitarian Church, under the name of the Damer School.

Damer is represented by an Irish correspondent in the *Weekly Journal* of 23rd July, 1720 as a model money-lender, whose death was an irreparable loss to Ireland! O'Donovan, in his Ordnance Survey Letters, Tipperary, vol. 1 (1840), p. 29, mentions that in the townland of Deerpark were still to be seen some of the ruins of Damer's mansion and says that he lies interred in the churchyard of Shronell. O'Donovan adds:—"Nomen ejus in proverbium abiit: 'Dá mbeidhinn chomh saidhbhir le Déamur.'" (MS. 14 F 18 in the Royal Irish Academy). Some amusing folk-lore about the famous usurer is given in Irish in *Fáinne an Lae*, September, 1929, p. 6, the writer mentioning that his tombstone is in Shronell churchyard. It will also be recalled that one of Lady Gregory's comedies is entitled *Damer's Gold*.

On Damer's death his estates were devised under his will to his nephew John, who subscribed £267 for the purchase of the ground for the erection of the Strand Street Meeting House, Dublin, built in 1769. John Damer died the previous year (1768) and was succeeded by his brother Joseph, whose eldest son (the miser's great-nephew) became the first Earl of Dorchester. This title is now extinct. One of this earl's sisters, Mary Damer (great-niece of old Damer) married William H. Dawson, who was subsequently created Viscount Carlow; their son became the first Earl of Portarlington, a title which is still in existence.

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## 55. Toirdhealbhadh Óg Mac Donnchadha.

(YOUNG TERENCE MACDONOUGH.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 30, no. 55: Torilag Og McDonach—Young Terence McDonough. Carolan;  
MS.: Turlogh oge McDonough.

Táim dubh-chroidheach go leor, 's níl súgaighe in mo  
ghlóir, 'S níl sians in mo gháir-e fá do bhás, 'Thor-laigh  
Óig! Árd-fhlaith na seód, a bhfuair sár-chlú ins gach ród, Is ó  
chuala mé do thásg - sa níl sgáil---e dhíom beó!

MS. 29, p. 240: No key- or time-signature. A Not in MS. B Not marked as triplets.

- I. Táim dubh-chroidheach go leor, is níl súgaighe in mo ghlóir,  
Is níl sians in mo gháire fá do bhás, 'Thorlaigh Óig!  
Árd-fhlaith na seód, a bhfuair sár-chlú ins gach ród,  
Is ó chuala mé do thásg-sa níl sgáile dhíom beó!
- II. A chrann seasta gach cúige chuireadh spraic ar gach cúirt,  
Chuireadh gach *action* a bhfuil meangach ar gcúl;  
Dá mba fheas don rígh úr teastas do chliú,  
Bheadh go brúighte tinn deacrach dod' easbhuidh faoi smúid.
- III. Is tú dob' fhéile do dháimh dhá raibh i n-Eirinn le fagháil,  
D'fhuasgaileadh lucht ngéibhinn ón mBéinnse gan cháin.  
'Sé mo éagnach gach lá gur éag tú go bráth  
Go bhfeicfeá lucht Béarla faoi ghéar-smacht i láimh!
- IV. 'Sé do shaoghal-sa nach buan d'fhág a siansa faoi ghruaim,  
Chuir sgabhadh i ndaoine is an gCraobhaigh bu dual.  
A Thiarna, nach truagh a liacht dílleachta i nguais  
Ó theastaigh uainn an fíor-fhlaith tá sínte i mBaile an Dúin!
- V. Tá Tiarna Mhuigheó is gach tiarna faoi bhrón,  
Tá Tiarna Loch Glinne ag sileadh na ndeór.  
Och! an sgéal mór do Éire ins gach ród  
Do bhéal frasach cuanna bheith dúnta faoi fód!

MS. 7, no. 2. MS. readings: I, 1, sugaigh. I, 3, feod. II, 2, Cuireadh. III, 1, 'Stu bfeile le do. III, 1, a raibh. III, 2, D'fhuasgoileadh. III, 4, a láimh. IV, 2, is na gcraobhaibh. IV, 3, A thiarna truagh liacht. V, 3, séal. V, 3, Eirinn sgach. V, 4, cuana.

## TRANSLATION.

- I. I am utterly despondent and my voice has lost its merry note,  
And my cheerful laughter is gone because of your death, young Terence!  
Great, bountiful patron who won honours in every field,  
And since I heard the evil tidings not even the shadow of me lives!
- II. Bulwark of every province who dominated every court,  
Who would always get every deceitful action set aside,  
If the new king but realised the greatness of your reputation  
He would be melancholy, sick and sorry for your loss.
- III. You were the most generous man to poets who ever lived in Ireland,  
You would procure the release of prisoners from the Bench without a fine.  
Each day I mourn that you ever died  
Ere you saw the English brought down and made captive!
- IV. It is your untimely end that has turned pleasure to grief,  
And rendered desolate the people who belong to Creevagh.  
God! is it not sad to see so many orphans in distress  
Since that noble patron was taken from us who is laid in Ballindoon!
- V. Lord Mayo and every other lord is sorrowing,  
The Lord of Loch Glynn is shedding tears.  
Alas! what a loss to every part of Ireland  
That your eloquent, shapely mouth is closed under the sod!

## NOTES.

AIR—Noted by Bunting at Castlebar. His published version contains a second part of sixteen bars, and a similar second part is in all the variants in the list which follows; it is not, however, in Bunting's MS. Following is the list:—

1. Neal's *Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes* (c. 1726), p. 10.
2. Wright's *Aria Di Camera* (c. 1730), p. 26, no. 38 (identical with no. 1).
3. Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, VIII, p. 19.
4. Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (c. 1786), p. 59 (practically identical with Neal).
5. Holden's *Collection of Old-Established Irish Slow and Quick Tunes* (1806), II, p. 5.
6. Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 43 (identical with Thompson).
7. Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Irish Airs*, vol. I (1814), no. 1 (apparently copied from Bunting).

WORDS—Two other versions have been printed, *viz.*, in Connellan's *Selection of Irish Poems* (1829), p. 6 (reprinted in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 196) and *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 188. Of the place-names mentioned, *Craobhach* is

Creevagh or Creevy, near Geevagh and Castle Tenison, County Sligo; *Baile an Dúin* is Ballindoon, near Creevagh; and *Loch Glinne* is Loch Glynn, County Roscommon, the seat of Lord Dillon. The reference to the "new king" in verse II is presumably to George I, who succeeded to the throne in 1714.

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#### SOME ACCOUNT OF TERENCE MACDONOUGH.

The foregoing elegy (words and air) was composed by Carolan on the death in 1713 of Terence MacDonough of Sligo. Soldier, lawyer, poet and man of affairs, MacDonough was one of the most distinguished Irishmen of his day; and yet the facts about him are so little known that it has been possible for Dr. Flood in his *History of Irish Music* (p. 228) to state with spurious exactitude that this song was composed by Carolan "in 1696 . . . in honour of the son of Terence MacDonough," adding that the latter died in 1718. MacDonough died in 1713<sup>1</sup>, he never had any children<sup>2</sup>, and this song is his elegy. Materials for a connected account of him are scattered and not very numerous. He was a Counsellor-at-law, *i.e.* a barrister, and represented the borough of Sligo in the Parliament of King James II.<sup>3</sup> He resided at Creevagh and is generally referred to in Irish as Toirdhealbhadh Óg and sometimes as Toirdhealbhadh Caech<sup>4</sup>. In his edition of the *Four Masters* (III, 1848, pp. 2048—9), O'Donovan states that MacDonough was "the only Catholic Counsel that was admitted to the Irish bar after the violation of the conditions of Limerick. This Terence, who is traditionally called in the country 'the great Counsellor MacDonough,' was the lawyer who saved to Donough Liath O'Connor of Belanagare a small tract of property from confiscation. A bill of discovery had been filed against this Donough by Mr. French, of French Park, under the statute I Anne, chap. 32, but MacDonough managed to reply so ably, and being supported by the interests of Lord Kingsland and Lord Taaffe, finally succeeded in restoring Donough O'Connor to about 700 acres of land, which descended to his son, Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare, the historian."

The statement that MacDonough was the only Catholic counsel that was admitted to the Irish bar is confirmed by a note in Malone's MS. in the possession of Dr. Hyde (quoted in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 313), which adds that he received this privilege through the influence of Lord Kingsland and Lord Taaffe.

<sup>1</sup> O'Rourke's *History of Sligo*, II, p. 229.

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, p. 231.

<sup>3</sup> Contemporary List of Members in Joly Pamphlet 2107.

<sup>4</sup> O'Rourke, p. 226.

In the very rare *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Charles O'Connor*. By the Rev. Charles O'Connor, D.D., published in 1796 and shortly afterwards withdrawn, the writer states (pp. 136—138) that MacDonough's "enthusiastic veneration for the Milesian race, united with his boundless hospitality and extensive connections, rendered him the idol of the old natives of Connaught. Their itinerant bards contended who would extol him with most rapture in their national rhapsodies, and swept his praises, and those of his ancestors, along the harp in notes congenial with the melancholy temper of an oppressed people. In Parliament he opposed the arbitrary measures of James II with the same spirit with which he opposed what he considered the invasion of an usurper; and when undue influence was used by the court party to prevent the enacting of those liberal laws which passed in the Roman Catholic Parliament of 1689, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword in the lobby of the house, declaring in the presence of Lord Tyrconnel that, while he could unsheath a sword, it should be in defence of the rights and privileges of an Irish Parliament.

"This gentleman, pitying the misfortunes of a youth who was born to better prospects" (*i.e.* Donough O'Connor, afterwards father of Charles O'Connor, the historian) "undertook the management of a suit by which he prevented the total loss of his paternal inheritance, and gave him in marriage his niece, Mary O'Rorke of Breffny, daughter of Captain Tiernan O'Rorke, who retired to France with the rest of the Irish forces after the capitulation of Limerick, and, after signaling himself on various occasions in the service of Lewis XIV, was killed at the battle of Luzzara, Aug. 15, 1702."

MacDonough's interest in Irish letters is further evidenced by a reference in the Introduction (p. xi) to Hely's Translation of O'Flaherty's *Ogygia* (1793), in which it is stated that "O'Flaherty was shamefully neglected by his countrymen; and counsellor Terence MacDonough, of Crevagh, in the county of Sligo, was his best patron and best friend."

As regards his military career, he held the rank of Captain in Colonel Henry Dillon's regiment of infantry in the Irish army of King James II<sup>1</sup>; and he commanded a small garrison in Ballymote Castle in 1689<sup>2</sup>. Later in the same year, we find him referred to in the following extract from Andrew Hamilton's *A True Relation of the Action of the Inniskilling-Men* (1690), p. 19:—

"May the 6th. Our Governour sent to all the Garrisons under his Command, ordering them to send him speedily all the armed Men they could spare; and the next day sent Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd with about twelve Foot-Companies, and

<sup>1</sup> D'Alton's *King James's Irish Army List (1689)*, 1st edition (1855), pp. 582 and 609—11.

<sup>2</sup> *O'Rorke*, p. 226.

some Troops of Horse towards Bellishany, who meeting the Enemies Horse near Beleek (a Village three miles nearer Inniskilling than Bellishany) soon put them to the rout, killed about six score of them, and took about sixty Prisoners: All their Foot fled away towards Sligo, and got off safe, except some few that were taken in the Fish-Island<sup>1</sup> near Bellishany, with their Captain, one MacDonagh, a Counsellor at Law commonly known by the name of Blind MacDonagh. We got two small Cannon, several service-Horses, and some good Arms; and thus was Bellishany relieved by us on the eighth day of May, 1689."

It is to be presumed that MacDonough either escaped from the Enniskilleners or was exchanged; for in the List of Officers taken prisoner by the besieged in Derry given on page 53 of the Reverend Mr. George Walker's *A True Account of the Siege of London-Derry* (published in the year of the siege, 1689) is included "Captain MacDonogh," taken "At the Windmill, June the 4th."

After the Capitulation of Limerick in 1691 MacDonough resumed his practice at the bar, and attained great eminence in his profession. The following amusing anecdote (*O'Rorke*, II, pp. 228—9) shows that on one occasion his legal ingenuity got the better of him:—

"His man, who was a shrewd, sharp young fellow, applied to him one day for legal advice, saying he desired to carry away a female friend unknown to her guardians, and to marry her, but that he was afraid of the law, which made it a capital felony to 'run away' with a girl in such circumstances. Having stated the case, he asked what had best be done, when MacDonogh replied at once, 'Let the girl, you blockhead, run away with you, and you can snap your fingers at the law.'

"The man, much relieved in mind, thanked his master for the opinion, and lost no time in carrying it out; for the next day a horse was seen on the high road galloping at a furious pace, with a man and girl on its back; the girl in front, and whipping up the horse, and the man behind bawling at the the top of his voice that he was being run away with, and calling on all true Christians to stop the abduction. The Counsellor, remembering the interview of the day before, at first enjoyed the joke even more than others, but when the horse neared him, and he recognised in the pair of equestrians his own niece, who lived in his house, and his serving man, the whole situation flashed upon him, and he felt that he was undone by his own legal opinion." The incident is the subject of a street ballad entitled "The Young Squire or the Counsellor Outwitted"—a broadside printed by P. Brereton, 1 Lower Exchange Street, Dublin (11 verses: copies in the Collection of Irish Street Ballads in the Joly Gift, vol. I, no. 26 and vol. II, no. 56).

<sup>1</sup> In Loch Erne.

The niece referred to was probably Dolly MacDonough, who lived with her uncle the Counsellor at Creevagh and for whom Carolan composed his song "Réalta na Maidne" in the following circumstances, written underneath a copy of the song in Malone's MS. and quoted in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 312:--

"Dolly Macdonough . . . was courted by a man of the name of O'Hara of slender fortune but could not obtain her friends' consent to the union. He made his deplorable case known unto Carolan and Car(olan) composed the above song for him, and when O'Hara could sing it correctly he went under her window and sung the above words. She immediately began to prepare within and eloped with him on the same night contrary to all her friends' wishes."

The air of "Réalta na Maidne" has not survived.

Counsellor MacDonough died in 1713 and was buried under the tower in Ballindoon Abbey, an inscribed monument being erected over his grave by his wife, Elinor, *née* O'Rourke, who survived him<sup>1</sup>. His will and that of his wife are given *in extenso* by O'Rorke<sup>2</sup>.

In a manuscript quoted in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 132, it is stated that MacDonough's "Habitation was a seminary to the Bards of Ireland." It is therefore not surprising that when he died they made poems expressive of their grief. In addition to that by Carolan, given above, at least three others have survived. All four are different from each other in metre. The other three are:—

1. *Gaelic Journal*, XV, p. 10. Six quatrains, by Seán Ó Gadhra, beginning

*Tá Fódla go brónach is osna n-a lár.*

2. *Gaelic Journal*, XV, p. 71. Three quatrains, by an unknown poet, beginning

*Siúd é an flaith nár spailp ariomh an t-é'ach.*

The first quatrain of this *feartlaoi* is in MS. Additional 34119, art. 6 in the British Museum (*Catalogue of Irish Manuscripts in the British Museum*, II, p. 373).

3. An unpublished anonymous poem in MS. Egerton 175, art. 28 in the British Museum, beginning

*Atá gach árdfhuil fá bhrón ó Arainn go Bóinn.*

(*Catalogue*, I, p. 653).

Of MacDonough's own verses, the longest is a satire on his brother Eoin, who had turned Protestant, and other Protestants of his district. This has not been printed, though the first quatrain, which is the wittiest, is given in Professor O'Rahilly's *Dánfhocail*, no. 198, as follows:--

<sup>1</sup> *O'Rorke*, II, p. 229.

<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, pp. 232, 233.

A bhráthair Eoin, má táir ag triall  
 go teach na bpian tar mo chrois,  
 beir leat m'arm agus m'each donn,—  
 níor chuibhe dhuit dul ann dot chois!

This might be rendered—

Brother Owen, if you would speed  
 To hell, nor heed my opposition,  
 Take my sword and chestnut steed—  
 You need not *walk* to your perdition!

Manuscript copies of this satire or part of it exist as follows:—

Royal Irish Academy MSS. 23 A 45, p. 20 (4 quatrains); 23 G 25, p. 345 (7 quatrains); 23 L 13, p. 92 (3 quatrains); and 23 M 23, p. 43 (13 quatrains).

British Museum MSS. Egerton 127, art. 24 (12 quatrains) (*Catalogue*, II p., 54); Egerton 155, art. 66 (9 quatrains) (*Catalogue*, II, p. 86); Egerton 155, art. 56 (4 quatrains) (*Catalogue*, II, p. 84); and Egerton 146, art. 20 (4 quatrains) (*Catalogue*, II, p. 104).

Maynooth MS. 3b 16 (3 quatrains).

MS. in the possession of the Rev. Luke Donnellan, Crossmaglen, Co. Armagh, p. 13 (12 quatrains). This MS., entitled "Bolg an tSolair," was written by "Aodh Ó Néill san Iubhar [Newry] a Cconntae an Dúin, 1803."

It is curious that in the heading of the poem in the Maynooth MS. the Christian name of the poet is given as Eoin, because in one place (p. 136) in O'Connor's *Memoirs*, referred to above, the "Great Counsellor" is referred to as "Major Owen McDonagh." It is certain, however, that his name was Toirdhealbhadh (Terence). The first stanza, given above, occurs independently, in a somewhat different form, in Lloyd's *Sgéalaidhe Óirghiall* (1905), p. 115, with an attribution to Parson Brady, of Cavan.

Other verses of Toirdhealbhadh Óg which have survived are:—

1. *Gaelic Journal*, XVII, p. 426. A quatrain in reply to one addressed to him by the poet Seán Ó Gadhra, who composed the lament mentioned above. Both quatrains are printed at this reference.

2. *Catalogue of Irish Manuscripts in the British Museum*, I, p. 618. A quatrain in reply to one addressed to him by an anonymous poet. Both quatrains are printed by Standish Hayes O'Grady at this reference, from MS. Egerton 161, art. 69, with an English prose translation.

A beautiful song (13 stanzas), in the exact metre of Carolan's lament for Toirdhealbhach Óg, was written by the poet Seán Ó Neachtain in praise of Queen Mary, wife of James II (printed in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, II, p. 16; O'Farrelly's *Filidheacht Sheagháin Uí Neachtain*, p. 20). That it was intended to be sung to Carolan's air is indicated by the words "Air fonn Toirdhealbhach Óig" at the head of the manuscript copy of the words in the British Museum MS. Egerton 146, art. 45 (*Catalogue* II, p. 108). Queen Mary died at Saint Germain-en-Laye in 1718, five years after Toirdhealbhach Óg.

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## 56. Sibéal De Búrc.

(ISABELLA BURKE.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 30, no. 56: Isobal Buircoach Isabella Burk; MS.: Isabella Bourka.

Shiubhalfainn oidhch' is lá leat Is gach áit ar feadh  
Éir-eann, Ag-us rach-sinn chum na Spáinn leat 'S gan  
dá phighin bheith mar spré 'gam. Mo lucht gaoil agus  
páir--te Mar gheall ort go dtréig--finn Nó go  
dtiuc-fadh an bás Is a rádh gur leis féin mé!

MS. 29, p. 155: No key- or time-signature. A In the MS. the second of the two crotchets in this bar comes after the two quavers. B Not in MS.

Shiubhalfainn oidhche agus lá leat  
Is gach áit ar feadh Éireann,  
Agus rachainn chum na Spáinn' leat  
'S gan dá phighin bheith mar spré agam.  
Mo lucht gaoil agus páirte  
Mar gheall ort go dtréigfinn,  
Nó go dtiucfadh an bás  
Is a rádh gur leis féin mé!

MS. 10, no 81. MS. readings: 1, Shiubhlainn. 2, gach air áit. 6, geall.

## TRANSLATION.

I would go night and day with you  
To all places through Ireland,  
And would journey to Spain with you  
Without even two pence for dowry.  
My friends and relations—  
For you I'd forsake them,  
Till death should arrive  
And claim me for his own!

## NOTES.

AIR—Noted by Bunting at Castlebar. Variants appear in Neal's *Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes* (c. 1726), p. 14 and Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 81.

Bunting does not claim this tune to be Carolan's, but Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, I, p. lvii) remarks that "we have remaining his 'Thomas Burke,' 'Isabel Burke' and 'Planxty Burke,' composed for a respectable family of that name near Castlebar." "Thomas Burke" is no. 62 *infra*; and "Planxty Burke" is in Neal's *Compositions of Carolan* (c. 1721), p. 10 and *Bunting* (1840), p. 31.

It is worthy of remark that in the 4th, 8th, 12th and 16th bars of the tune as printed by him Bunting has changed into a minim what in the MS. is two crotchets, thus providing a masculine ending at the termination of each of the four phrases of the tune, instead of the feminine ending necessary to fit the Irish words. He also repeated the last two phrases.

WORDS—Entitled "Isiobal Bure" in the MS., thus rendering possible their association with the tune. No other version appears to have been printed.

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## 57. An bhFaca Tú Mo Valentine?

(DID YOU SEE MY VALENTINE?)

TITLE: 1796, p. 31, no. 57: A bhfaca tu mo bhalentine—Have you seen my Valentine?

- I. "An raibh tú ar a' Charraic nó a' bhfaca tú féin mo ghrádh?  
A' bhfaca tú gile na finne nó sgéimh na mná?  
A' bhfaca tú an t-ubhall is cumhartha, deigh-mhilse bláth?  
Nó a' bhfaca tú mo *Valentine*, nó 'bhfuil sí gá claidh mar táim?"
- II. "Bhí mé ar a' Charraic agus chonnaic mé féin do ghrádh.  
Ní fhaca mé gile na finne nó sgéimh na mná.  
Ní fhaca mé an t-ubhall ba chumhartha, deigh-mhilse bláth,  
Ach chonnaic mé do *Valentine*, is níl sí gá claidh mar táir!"

MS. 10, no. 84. MS. readings: Title, I, 4 and II, 4, Valantiu. II, 4, chonairo. II, 4, sé.

### TRANSLATION.

- I. "Have you been at Carrick and did you see my love?  
Did you see the brightest of beauties, the fairest of women?  
Did you see the most scented apple of sweetest bloom?  
And did you see my Valentine, and is she pining like me?"
- II. "I have been at Carrick and I saw your love.  
I did not see the brightest of beauties, the fairest of women.  
I did not see the most scented apple of sweetest bloom,  
But I *did* see your Valentine, and she is not pining like you!"

### NOTES.

TITLE—Bunting's title is correct for the verses given above, but probably incorrect for the air which he prints as no. 57. His air, with what appears to be the correct title for it, is printed below as no. 57A.

WORDS—The only other independent printed copy of the words is that in Walsh's *Irish Popular Songs* (1847), p. 76. It contains four additional verses which probably do not belong to the song at all, and much of the point of verse II is spoilt by reason of lines 2 and 3 being positive instead of negative ("I saw," instead of "I did not see").

Three variants of the appropriate air for this song have been printed:—

1. O'Daly's *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, First Series, Second Edition (1850), p. 287, with Walsh's copy of the words. A poor variant, the air being swamped by grace-notes.

2. Joyce's *Irish Music and Song* (1888), p. 10, also with Walsh's words.
3. *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 1112.

The two principal places named Carrick in Ireland are Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary and Carrick-on-Shannon, County Leitrim, though Carrickmacross, County Monaghan, is also known as Carrick. O'Daly, however (*loc. cit.*), says that this song was composed by Dominic O'Mongan or Mungan, a seventeenth century harper—for whom see *Bunting* (1840), Introduction, p. 78—in honour of a celebrated beauty of her day, Miss Eliza Blacker, of Carrick (or Carrick Blacker) on the river Bann, County Armagh, near Portadown. But it is to be pointed out that O'Daly was frequently irresponsible in his statements, and the present one should be received with reserve. A statement by O'Daly identifying the *Carraig* of the well-known song "Ar bhruach na carraige báine" with this same Carrick on the Bann is ridiculed by Petrie (*Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1855, p. 143).

*Carrick on Bann*

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## 57A. Sgarúint Na gCompánach.

(THE PARTING OF COMRADES.)

TITLE: MS.: "Have you seen my valentine?"

Bhí mise ar a' mbaile seo seal is bhí murn orm. Níorbh  
fhada rug sin san am nach raibh beann orm. Níl  
dhá ní ar an domhan is meas-a le n-íom--rádh Nó  
éag na gcar--ad ag--us sgar--fuint na gcom-pan-ach.

MS. 29, p. 102: No key- or time-signature. A Repeated in MS. B Not in MS.

Bhí mise ar a' mbaile seo seal agus bhí murn orm,  
Níorbh fhada rug sin san am nach raibh beann orm.  
Níl dhá ní ar an domhan is measa le n-íomrádh  
Nó éag na gcarad agus sgarfúint na gcompánach.

## TRANSLATION.

I was in this town awhile and I was loved,  
But not for long, for soon I was despised.  
There are no two things on earth more grievous to be recounted  
Than the death of friends and the parting of comrades.

## NOTES.

TITLE and AIR—Bunting's title for this air in the MS. and in the 1796 volume, "An bhfaca tú mo Valentine," appears to be incorrect, since the verses with that title (printed above as no. 57) cannot be sung to it. But in a book called *Twenty-eight New Irish Tunes* (copy in the British Museum), which is in reality a pirated edition

of part of Bunting's 1796 volume, the title given for this air is "Eug na ccarad agus sgarfuint na ccompanach." This is virtually the last line of the quatrain given above, which can be sung to the air, and there is little doubt that the correct title is "Sgarúint na gCompánach." This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that a very close variant of the tune is printed on p. 73 of Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810) under the title "Sgaradh na gCompanach. The Parting of Friends."

Mr. Moffat (*Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 87, footnote) includes this air in a list of Bunting's airs which were "all in print many years before 1796"; but it is doubtful if it should have been so included, as Bunting appears to have been the first to print it. He obtained it from Daniel Black, the harper, and published it in the key of E minor.

WORDS—See the notes to Song 25 (Part I, pp. 81—84), to which the wrong title of "Sgarúint na gCompánach" was given by Bunting.

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## 58. Plangstai Mhic Seóin.

(PLANXTY JOHNSTON).

TITLE: 1796, p. 31, no. 58: Plangstigh an Johnstonach—Planxty Johnston. Carolan.



1796, p. 31, no. 58.

## NOTES.

Noted by Bunting from Charles Byrne, the harper. There are variants in Neal's *Compositions of Carolan* (c. 1721), p. 14, and Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 7. The air was used by Moore in the Introductory Piece to the Third Number of the *Melodies* (1810). The corresponding words, if any, have not survived.

The title of the tune in the *Compositions of Carolan* is "Mr. Baptist Johnson." I am informed by Mr. Thomas U. Sadleir, M.A., of the Office of Arms, that Baptist Johnston, of Tully, County Monaghan, was High Sheriff of that County in 1728 and that he is apparently identical with Baptist Johnston, of Tully, M.P. for the borough of Monaghan, whose death is recorded in *Exshaw's Magazine* for April, 1753.

## 59. Bob Siúrdán.

(BOB JORDAN.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 32, no. 59: Bob Isordan—Bob Jordan. Carolan; MS.: Bob Jordan.

MS. 29, p. 162: No key- or time-signature. A Quavers in MS. B Not in MS. C This note might be read as A. D This note is followed by a crotchet rest.

## NOTES.

Obtained by Bunting from the harp-playing of Charles Fanning. No words are known for this tune, and no independent copy appears to have been printed. Against it in his personal copy of the 1796 volume Bunting has written, "The only tune composed by Carolan in the style of O'Caghan, wanting 4th." By O'Caghan is meant Rory Dall, the great seventeenth century harper, for whom see *Bunting* (1840), Introduction, p. 68.

## 60. Dá mBeadh Spré Ag An gCat.

(IF THE CAT HAD A DOWRY.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 33, no. 60: Da mbeadh spre ag a ccat—If the cat had gold, &c; MS.:  
Ime spreá ga got is stas e Pousse—If the cat had fortune how prettily he would be married.

Dá mbeadh spré ag a' gcat is docht go bpós--faidhe é, Acht  
nil, fóir--íor! ag an té ba chóir---a dhó é; Tá  
'nighean na chail--lighe giob--uighe i geomhdach is i gcéim, Is a  
liacht maighdean dheas gan fios cia gheabh--adh léi [féin.]

MS. 29, p. 238: No bars (except the double bars) or time-signature. The key-signature is given as two sharps. A Quavers in MS. B Crotchet. C Not naturalised.

Dá mbeadh spré ag a' gcat is docht go bpósfaidhe é,  
Acht nil, fóiríor! ag an té ba chóra dhó é;  
Tá 'nighean na chaillighe giobuighe i geomhdach 's i gcéim,  
Is a liacht maighdean dheas gan fios cia gheabhadh léi.

## TRANSLATION.

If the cat had a dowry it is certain it would be wed,  
While those who ought to possess one have none, alas!  
The tattered hag's daughter has comfort and rank,  
While many a pretty girl knows not who will take her.

## NOTES.

AIR—Marked "Harp. O'Donnell" by Bunting in his personal copy of the 1796 volume; but no harper of that name attended the Belfast Harp Festival in 1792. The second part of the tune is repeated in the printed copy.

WORDS—This is another air for the song "Casadh an tSúgáin" already printed in this edition (Part I, *Journal* XXII—XXIII, p. 65) and the words of the third verse have accordingly been reprinted under the music, the word *crodh* in line 1 being altered to *spré*, conformably with the title. Professor Ó Tuathail tells me that, as a proverbial saying, "Gá mbéadh crodh ag an chat is deimhin go bpósfai é" was well known in Farney, County Monaghan,

## 61. Thugamar Féin An Samhradh Linn.

(WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 33, no. 61: Tugamar Fein A Sambra Lin—We Brought The Summer With Us; MS.: Hugar Ma Fean—We brought the summer with us.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a bracketed exclamation mark: [Ó! samh---radh, samh---radh, bain--ne na ngabhna, Is thug--an--ar féin an samh---radh linn, Samh----radh, duill-----iúr, thuga-----mar an chraobh linn, Is thug-----a-----mar féin an samh---radh linn.] The music is a simple melody with some slurs and accents.

MS. 29, p. 86: No key- or time-signature. A Crotchet in MS.

## NOTES.

AIR—Noted by Bunting from the harp-playing of Hugh Higgins: Moore's "Come, send round the wine" in the Second Number of the *Melodies* (1807). Bunting printed the tune in 6/4 time, a minor third higher, with a signature of one flat. The words placed under the notes of the music are from Horncastle's *Music of Ireland* (1844) and are reprinted below. The following are variants of Bunting's air;—

1. Burk Thumoth's *Twelve Scotch and Twelve Irish Airs* (c. 1745—1750), no. ~~XXII~~, "Hugar Mu Fean." A long version.
2. Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, XI, p. 3, "Hugar Mu Fean."
3. Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (c. 1786), p. 12, "Hugar Mu Fean."
4. Cooke's *Selection* (1790), p. 7, "Hugar Mon Fona Souraling."
5. Hime's *New Selection* (before 1810) p. 5. The same as no. 4.
6. Horncastle's *Music of Ireland* (1844), p. 9, "May Day Song." See the notes below.

Cf. also "Samhradh Buidhe: Yellow Summer" in *Joyce* (1909), p. 374 (mis-transcribed as "Sara Buidhe: Yellow Sara").

Another air which has become associated with the title and refrain of "Thugamar féin an samhradh linn" is that printed in Horncastle's *Music of Ireland*, p. 6 as "The Fisherman's Song and Chorus," reprinted in *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 502 as "We Brought the Summer with Us," with the first verse of the song. But Petrie states in his *Ancient Music of Ireland* (1855), p. 141 that Horncastle copied the air from *Bunting* (1840), p. 22 ("Bruach na Carraige Báine"), and had words written to it. We may take it, therefore, that the association of this air with words containing the refrain "Thugamar féin an samhradh linn", or "'Tis we have brought the summer in" is not older than Horncastle.

WORDS—There are no words for the air in the Bunting MSS. The line "Thugamar féin an samhradh linn" is not uncommonly used in Irish songs (appropriate to this air) as a burden or refrain, e.g. *An Lóchrann*, June, 1910, p. 5: *ditto*, September, 1916, p. 1: *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, XVI, p. 67 (to an air which appears to be unconnected with those mentioned above): Young's *Duanaire Gaedhilge* (1921), p. 16. See also the references to *Horncastle* and *Morris* in the note below.

Against the copy of our tune in his personal copy of the 1796 volume Bunting has written, "Sung at the landing of James Duke of Ormond when the peasantry welcomed him with singing, dancing and strewing flowers in his path." He repeats this in other words in the Preface, remarking that the tune "is probably extremely ancient. It was sung by the band of Virgins that went out of Dublin to welcome the Duke of Ormond when he landed in Ireland." Doubtless the occasion referred to is the arrival of the Duke as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland after the Restoration (27th July, 1662).

In the same Preface, Bunting goes on to state that air no. 7 ("Tá an samhradh ag teacht") "is used upon the opening of summer in different parts of the kingdom": but this assertion appears to be true of the air we are at present considering, and not of the other. There are four references in this regard which are deserving of detailed consideration:—

1. Malone's *Shakespeare*, Third Variorum Edition (1821), vol. XIV, pp. 359 and 429—30.

The Servant in *A Winter's Tale*, Act IV, Scene IV, speaking of Autolycus, says:—

"He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos* and *fadings*."

Edmond Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, "wishing to obtain some information respecting this old Irish dance" (*i.e. fading*) "applied to his friend Andrew Caldwell, Esq." of Dublin. Caldwell replied as follows:—

"Dublin, 9th April, 1803.

I . . . wrote to the country to an ingenious and intelligent friend who understands Irish, and is much acquainted with many rural antiquaries. The dance is called *Rinca Fada*, and means literally, 'the long dance' . . .

"This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland; a king and queen are chosen from among the young persons who are the best dancers, the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbands; you have seen it, I dare say, with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers on the first of May visit such newly wedded pairs of a certain rank as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball richly deck'd with gold and silver lace (this I never heard of before), and accompanied with a present of money, to regale themselves with after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer in a popular Irish song, beginning:

'Thuga mair sein en souré ving.'\*  
'We lead on summer—see! she follows in our train.'

"I believe here is a more exact and entertaining account than you could have expected; but you in return are solicited to point out the passages in Shakespeare and Johnson where the dance is mentioned: the rural antiquaries are eager to know them, and not a little pleased at the circumstances, and that you have made the enquiry."

2. Horncastle's *Music of Ireland* (1844), p. 9.

Horncastle prints the air referred to in the notes above, with the following Irish words underneath the notes of the music, no translation being given:—

"Samhradh, samhradh, bainne na ngabhna,  
Is thugamar féin an samhradh linn.  
Samhradh, duilliúr, thugamar an chraobh linn,  
Thugamar féin an samhradh linn.  
Thugamar chéanda is bara lach aige sin.  
Thugamar féin an samhradh linn.  
Samhradh buidhe 'n-a luighe ar a' léana,  
Is thugamar féin an samhradh linn."

["Summer, summer, milk for the calves,  
And we brought the summer with us.  
Summer, foliage, we brought the branch with us,  
We brought the summer with us.  
\* \* \* \* \* (?)

We brought the summer with us.  
Yellow summer lying on the meadow-land,  
And we brought the summer with us."]

The fifth line is corrupt and its meaning is obscure.

Horncastle's title is "May Day Song," and he adds the following note:—

"This song was sung on 'Baal tinne' or 'May day,' which was considered as the boundary day that divides Winter and Summer. On this day two separate parties met, the one dressed in the gloomy garb of Winter, the other in the gay dress of Spring. They carried on a sportive war for some time, but the Spring always obtained the victory; they then marched away in triumph, carrying branches with flowers attached to them, proclaiming and singing 'The Song of Joy,' or 'We have brought the summer in.'"

3. Morris's *Céad de Cheoltaibh Uladh* (1915), pp. 132, 285 and 339, "Babóg na Béaltaine" ("The May Baby").

\* *recte* "Thugamar féin an samhradh linn," "We brought the summer with us."

Mr. Morris gives four verses, with a chorus, taken down in Farney, County Monaghan, from Owen Byrne, a small farmer in Drumlurg. According to Byrne, "this song used to be sung by the youths and maidens on May-Eve while they carried around the 'May-baby' from house to house." Mr. Morris glosses "Babóg na Béaltaine" as "the May-baby, a large doll dressed up in ribbons, etc." One of the lines (on p. 339) is identical with Horncastle's line 7. Mr. Morris's first verse and chorus are as follows:—

"Babóg na Béaltaine, maighdean an tsamhraidh,  
Suas gach cnoc, is síos gach gleann;  
Cailíní maiseacha bán-gheala gléasta,  
Is thugamar féin an samhradh linn.

Samhradh buidhe na neoinín glé-geal,  
Is thugamar féin an samhradh linn,  
Ó bhaile go baile, is un ar mbaile na dhiaidh sin—  
Is thugamar féin an samhradh linn."

["The May-baby, maid of the summer,  
Up each hill, and down each glen;  
Pretty girls dressed in white,  
And we brought the summer with us.

Yellow summer of the shining daisies,  
And we brought the summer with us,  
From door to door and then home again—  
And we brought the summer with us."]

4. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, VII, p. 191. At this reference is a Manx tune (from the Clague Collection), sung by Tom Kermode, of Bradda, Isle of Man. It is entitled "Daunse Laa Boaldyn," *i.e.* May Day Dance, and the Manx words to which it was sung are given as follows:—

"Hi! son huggy as huggy, (*ter*)  
Hug eh my fainey sourey lhien."

Whatever the first line may mean, there is little doubt that the last is equivalent to "Thugamar féin an samhradh linn." No particulars concerning the dance are given; and the tune has nothing in common with ours.

Interesting and learned articles entitled "May Day Festivities in Old Ireland" appeared over the name of "Sean-Ghall" in the *United Irishman* for the 7th and 28th May, 1904. For a description of a May Day dance in Brittany, with the words and air of the song, see *Narrative of a Walking Tour in Brittany*, by John Mounteney Jephson, F.S.A. London, 1859, pp. 183—4.

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## 62. Tomás De Búrc.

(THOMAS BURKE.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 34, no. 62: Tomas o buiro—Thomas O'Burk. Carolan.

*Allegro.*

1796, p. 34, no. 62.

## NOTES.

Obtained by Bunting from the harp-playing of Rose Mooney. This charming air of Carolan's has been printed in the following more or less close variants, all except no. 3 having the same title as Bunting, apart from minor differences of spelling:—

1. Neal's *Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes* (c. 1726), p. 4.
2. Burk Thumoth's *Twelve English and Twelve Irish Airs* (c. 1745), p. 90.
3. Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, VIII, p. 3, as "My love's a bonny naithing."
4. Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (c. 1786), p. 57.
5. Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 23.

Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, I, p. lvii) says that "Thomas Burke," "Isabel Burke" and "Planxty Burke" were composed by Carolan "for a respectable family of that name near Castlebar." "Isabel Burke" is no. 56 *supra*; and "Planxty Burke" is in Neal's *Compositions of Carolan* (c. 1721), p. 10 and *Bunting* (1840), p. 31.

Mr. Moffat (*Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 86) sets a version of our air to Edward Walsh's pretty song, "I am a wandering minstrel man," to which it is admirably suited; but he is mistaken in stating that the air appears in the *Carolan Collection* (1780) as "Honble. Thos. Burk." The air printed with that title in the *Carolan Collection*, p. 12 and in Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 53 has no point of resemblance whatever to our air.

The following other airs, additional to those mentioned above, were composed by Carolan for people of the surname of Burke:—

1. "Sir Ulick Burke" in Neal's *Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes* (c. 1726), p. 24; Wright's *Aria Di Camera* (c. 1730), p. 30 and *Stanford-Petrie*, no. 730 (copied from Neal).
  2. "Letitia Burke" in *Bunting* (1809), p. 55.
  3. "Sir Festus Burke" in *Bunting* (1840), p. 34.
  4. "Planxty Miss Burke" *ibid.*, p. 43.
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## 63. Sidh Beag Agus Sidh Mór.

(THE LITTLE FAIRY HILL AND THE BIG FAIRY HILL.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 35, no. 63: Sig bag agus sig mor—The little and great mountain.

*Andante affetuoso.*

Ó! im--reas mór tháin-ic eid--ir na ríoghna, Mar  
fhíoch a d'fhás ón dá chnoc sidhe: Mar dubhairt an tsidh mhór go  
mb'fhearr í féin faoi dhó, faoi dhó ná an tsidh bheag. An tráth  
chruin-nigh na sluaigh-te bhí an bual--a teann Ar  
feadh na machair-eadh a-nonn 's a-nall; 'S níl aon a-riamh dar  
ghluais ón mbinn Nár chaill a chionn san ár sin.

1796, p. 35, no. 63.

- I. Imreas mór tháinic eidir na ríoghna  
Mar fhíoch a d'fhás ón dá chnoc sidhe;  
Mar adubhairt an tsidh mhór go mb'fhearr í féin  
Faoi dhó, faoi dhó ná an tsidh bheag.
- II. An tráth chruinnigh na sluaighte bhí an buala teann  
Ar feadh na machaireacha anonn 's anall;  
'S níl aon ariamh dar ghluais ón mbinn  
Nár chaill a chionn san ár sin.
- III. "Párlí! párlí! a cháirde ghaoil!  
Sin chugaibh ár námhaid ó Charn Chlann Aoidh,  
Ó Bhinn Eachluinn aníos na sluaighte dhíobh,  
Is bímid uile uile páirteach!"

MS. 6, p. 107, and MS. 10, no. 36. MS. readings: I, 3, mbóir. I, 1, thanaic. I, 1, ríogha. III, 1, Hárlí párlí. III, 4, Biamoid.

The following are variant readings: I, 1, Imrisan (MS. 6). I, 1, tháine (MS. 6). I, 1, eadra (MS. 10). I, 2, chnuic (MS. 10). I, 3, Gō ndubhairt (MS. 10). II, 1, chruinne (MS. 6). II, 2, machaire (MS. 10). II, 3, a ghluais (MS. 10). II, 4, cheann (MS. 6). III, 1, Faire le cáirde, a cháirde ghaoil (MS. 10).

### TRANSLATION.

- I. A great contention arose between the queens,  
Swelling like a fury from the two fairy hills.  
For the big fairy hill said that it was superior,  
Twice over, twice over, to the little fairy hill.
- II. When the hosts gathered there was a terrible battle  
To and fro all over the plains;  
And there was none that descended from the peaks  
Who did not lose his head in that slaughter.
- III. "Parley! parley! dear friends!  
Here come our enemies from Carn Clonhugh,  
Down from Binn Eachluinn in great force,  
And let us all stand together!"

### NOTES.

AIR—Moore's "Of all the fair months that round the sun" in the Eighth Number of the *Melodies* (1821). A close variant is in Mulholland's *Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 59, entitled "An Chuach. The Cuckoo." Another variant was printed by Bunting himself in his 1840 volume, p. 96 as "An Chuaichín Mhaiseach. The Bonny Cuckoo." He noticed the connection and, speaking of the latter tune, he remarks (Introduction, p. 92), "From this ancient melody, procured by the Editor in the poetical district of Ballinascreen [County Sligo], another tune, 'The little and great Mountain,' seems to have been arranged with some slight variations."

WORDS—Other versions are printed in Connellan's *An Duanaire* (1829), p. 16 (nine verses) and *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 133 (four verses).

According to Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, I, p. xlvii), this was the first song Carolan ever made, and he composed it at the instance of George Reynolds, of Letterfian, near Lough Scur, County Leitrim, for whom Carolan also composed "George Reynolds, Esqr." in the *Carolan Collection* (1780), p. 8. (It was probably this latter tune which Lover adapted for his "Rory O'More.")

Hardiman explains that, upon the highest part of the range of hills between Letterfian House and Lough Scur "is one of these ancient conical heaps of stones and earth, called motes or rathes, so common in Ireland, and which the popular voice says are inhabited by the *Daoine Maithe*, the 'Good People' or 'Gentry,' for the country folk will not call them Fairies. This mote is called *Sigh-beg*. Westward of the house, and also near it, is a small lake; and at a distance appears the lofty hill or mountain of *Sigh-mor*, which presents an abrupt precipitous termination. On the highest brow of this precipice is another mote, called *Sigh-mor*, which the neighbouring *Seanachies* affirm is also thickly inhabited by another colony of 'Good People.' This mote, and the mountain on which it stands, are much celebrated in the popular poems and songs of Ireland. Tradition relates, that in ancient times a great battle was fought in the space between these hills, in which the celebrated *Fionn Mac Cubhail*, and his *Fionna Erionn*, were defeated. One of Fionn's heroes, who was killed in the engagement, is said to lie entombed in *Sigh-beg*; and a champion of the opposite party had his remains deposited in the centre of *Sigh-mor*. Some insist that it was over the body of *Fionn* himself the mote on *Sigh-beg* was erected. . . .

"It is further related, that after the battle already mentioned, a long continued warfare was kept up between the aerial inhabitants of *Sigh-beg* and *Sigh-mor*. The queens of these *Sighbrugha*, or Fairy palaces, espoused the cause of the different parties, whose chiefs were interred in their respective quarters; and when the mortal combatants ceased to fight, the quarrel was perpetuated by many bitter engagements between their immortal allies. One of these conflicts was that proposed by Mr. Reynolds, as a fit subject to exercise the muse of Carolan."

The higher of these two hills is on sheet 27 of the six-inch ordnance map of Leitrim. It is spelt Sheemore, its height is given as 588 feet and it has three "Carns" marked on it. The other, spelt Sheebeg, is on sheet 28; on its summit, 479 feet high, is marked "Fin McCool's Monument."

As regards the two place names in the third verse, the copy in MS. 6 glosses Carn Chlann Aoidh as "*lámh le Chluain i gContae Liatruim*," sc. "beside Cloone in County Leitrim." This is not accurate, however. It is in County Longford and is much nearer to Drumlish than it is to Cloone. On the six-inch ordnance map of Longford, sheet 5, it is given the absurd name of Corn Hill, its height being 916 feet; on the four-miles-to-an-inch ordnance map of Ireland, sheet 2, it is marked more correctly Carn Clonhugh.

In the same MS. Binn Eachluinn is glossed as "*Sliabh an Iarainn in Íochtar Bréifne*," sc. "Slieve Anierin in Lower Breffny." Slieve Anierin, 1927 feet high, overlooks the eastern shore of Lough Allen, County Leitrim (sheet 21 of the six-inch

ordnance map of that county). It is much more likely, however, that Binn Eachluinn is not Slieve Anierin, but the hill called Benaughlin, situated in Fermanagh, about two miles north-west of Swanlinbar, County Cavan. Its summit is 1221 feet high and it appears on sheet 32 of the six-inch ordnance map of County Fermanagh. See Hogan's *Onomasticon Goedelicum*, s.v. Benn Eachlabra.

Sidh Beag and Sidh Mór are quite close to each other, whereas Binn Eachluinn and Carn Chlann Aoidh are by comparison a considerable distance from both, the one lying to the northward and the other to the south-east. The sense of verse III would therefore seem to be that a truce was called for between the fairy combatants of Sidh Beag and Sidh Mór in view of the common danger to both arising from the invasion of their territory by the fairy hosts of the other two more distant hills.

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63<sub>A</sub>. Sidh Beag Agus Sidh Mór.

(THE LITTLE FAIRY HILL AND THE BIG FAIRY HILL.)

TITLE: *MS.*: The little and great mountain.



MS. 34, part 6. A Not in MS.

NOTES.

This seems to be a different tune to the foregoing, but based on the same opening.

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## 64. Plangstaí Mhic Uidhir.

(PLANXTY MAGUIRE.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 35, no. 64: Plangstigh Me Iubhair—Planxty McGuire. Carolan; 1809, p. 34: Plangstigh Mhac Uibhir—Planxty Maguire.

*Presto.*

Ó! Rach-a mé ar cu-airt suas fá'n tír seo Féach-ain planda ó  
 dhream na ríogh-a Duine ler-ab' anmhail leis fíon agus ceol Is a  
 bheith aig-e do ló ag-us d'eidh-che. Go mair-idh sé a bheath-a  
 'seasamh cliú na bhfear, An t-ég--án--ach léir mór me mhian, Cú--  
 chonnacht mhac múin-te, cró-dha, cliúit-each, Cos-an-ta, pron--tach  
 fáil---tach. Ar ndóigh níorbh' ieng--na ceol-ta sidhe,  
 Lucht ag ól fíona 's gach uil-e dhúin' in aice. Is aít-e liom mar tá sé,  
 oíir-teoir sáimh é, Cor-sidhe gan tías é i n-áim--sir gléó.

1796, p. 35, no. 64.

- I. Racha mé ar cuairt suas fá'n tír seo,  
 Féachain planda ó dhream na ríoga,  
 Duine lerab' anmhail leis fíon agus ceol  
 Agus a bheith aige do ló 's do oidhche.

- II. Go mairidh sé a bheatha ag seasamh cliú na bhfear,  
 An t-ógánach lér mór mo mhian,  
 Cúchonnacht mac múinte cródha cliúiteach  
 Cosanta prontach fáilteach.
- III. Ar ndóigh níorbh' iongna ceolta sidhe,  
 Lucht ag ol fiona is gach uile dhuine i n-aice.  
 Is aite liom mar tá sé, cúirteóir sámh é,  
 Coraidhe gan tlás é i n-aimsir gleó.
- IV. Cúchonnacht mhac Briain, croidhe gan cbian,  
 Níor náir liom a innsin, tá sé cinnte.  
 Go mba fada bheidh sé beó le sláinte mhór,  
 Go bhfeice mé pósta an sár-mhac.
- V. Is ádhbhar gáire do mhnáibh na Midhe  
 An t-árd-shaoi shéimh do thárla 'n-a slighe.  
 Níl baintighearna shéimh ó Bhóinn go h-Éirne  
 Nach bheadh 'n-a dhiaidh do ló 's do oidhche.

MS. 10, no. 33. MS. readings: I, 1, so. II, 1, bheatha seasamh. II, 2, mhíon. II, 3, Cúchonnachta mhac. III, 1, ní bh ioghnámh. III, 2, Lucht ól. III, 2, huile. III, 4, Corruigh. IV, 1, Cúchunachta. IV, 2, Nir. IV, 2, liom innsin.

#### PARAPHRASE.

I. I must go northward to see the scion of kingly race, who loves the constant companionship of wine and music. II. Long life to this valiant young man, gentle Cúchonnacht, so sturdy and generous! III. No wonder there is such conviviality. He is a polished courtier, yet a fearless warrior in time of battle. IV. Long life and health to Cúchonnacht, son of Brian, and may I live to see him wed! V. How delightful for the women of Meath to have him sojourn amongst them! There is no lady from the Boyne to the Erne who would not wish to abide with him always.

#### NOTES.

AIR—Reprinted by Bunting in his 1809 volume, in the key of C natural, with an English verse rendering of the words, "Far hence to hail a chief I go," by Miss Balfour. This has not much affinity with the original, now printed above for the first time. A practically identical copy of the air is in Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810) p. 2.

WORDS—A poor version (eight lines) is printed in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 192.

According to Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, I, p. li), "Planxty Maguire" was composed by Carolan for Robert Maguire, of Tempo, County Fermanagh, whose wife Eliza was the daughter of Henry and Anna MacDermott Roe (the subjects of song no. 53 *supra*). Hardiman goes on to say that "Colonel Con Maguire, his brother, he celebrated in his fine song beginning 'Cuchonacht mhac Briain'; and 'Bryan Maguire,' their father, was another tribute to this ancient and noble race."

It would seem that Hardiman was in error in stating that "Planxty Maguire" was composed for Robert Maguire, for the appropriate words plainly have for their subject Cúchonnacht mhac Briain, *i.e.* Colonel Con Maguire, his brother: and it is probable that they are identical with the song which Hardiman says Carolan made for the latter.

Cúchonnacht was a common family name among the Maguires. One of them fell at the battle of Aughrim (1690) and he had a son Brian, who is probably the father, referred to by Hardiman, of our Cúchonnacht. The poet Éamonn Ó Casaide made a poem on this Brian (printed in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, II, p. 362); and, if we are right in our identification, Carolan's air entitled "Bryan McGwyer, Esq.," on p. 5 of the *Carolan Collection* (1780) was also composed in his praise.

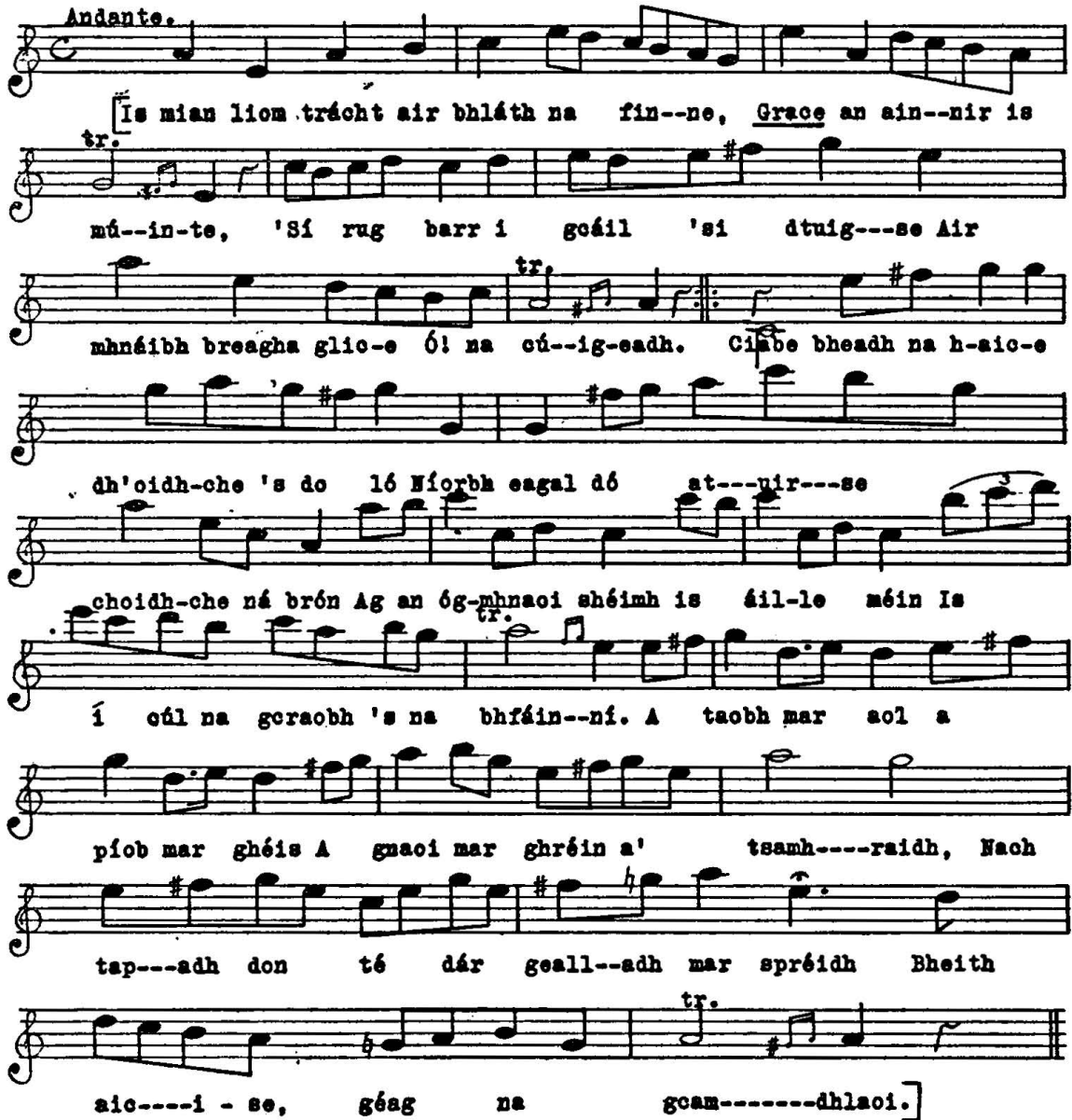
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## 65. Graesi Núinseann.

(GRACE NUGENT.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 36, no. 65: Graine Nuisean—Grace Nugent. Carolan.

*Andante.*



Is mian liom trácht air bhláth na fin--ne, Grace an ain--nir is  
tr.  
mú--in-te, 'Sí rug barr i gcáil 'si dtuig---se Air  
tr.  
mhnáibh breagha glie-e Ó! na cú--ig-eadh. Cíabe bheadh na h-aic-e  
dh'oidh-che 's do ló Níorbh eagal dó at---nir---se  
choídh-che ná brón Ag an óg-mhnaoi shéimh is áil-le méin Is  
tr.  
í cúl na geraobh 's na bhfáin--ní. A taobh mar sol a  
píob mar ghéis A gnaci mar ghréin a' tsamh---raidh, Nach  
tap---adh don té dár geall--adh mar spréidh Bheith  
tr.  
aic---i - se, géag na gcam-----áhlaci.]

1796, p. 36, no. 65.

[Is mian liom trácht air bhláth na finne  
*Grace* an ainnir is múinte,  
 'Sí rug barr i gcáil 's i dtuigse  
 Air mhnáibh breagha glíce Ó! na cúigeadh.  
 Ciabe bheadh na h-aice dh'oidhche 's do ló  
 Níorbh eagal dó atuirse choidhche ná brón  
 Ag an óg-mhnaoi shéimh is áille méin  
 Is í cúl na geraobh 's na bhfáinni.  
 A taobh mar aol, a píob mar ghéis,  
 A gnaoi mar ghréin a' tsamhraidh,  
 Nach tapadh don té dár gealladh mar spréidh  
 Bheith aici-se, géag na gcam-dhlaoi.]

## NOTES.

AIR—Variants have been printed as follows :—

1. Neal's *Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes* (c. 1726), p. 26.
2. Wright's *Aria Di Camera* (c. 1730), p. 29.
3. *The Carolan Collection* (1780), p. 2.
4. Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (c. 1786), p. 8.
5. Miss Owenson's *Twelve Original Hibernian Melodies* (1805), p. 22, "Smeem lhum tracht er vla na femah," which is an attempt at a phonetic rendering of the first line of the song.
6. Hime's *Pocket Book for the German Flute*, VI, p. 29.
7. Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 50.

WORDS—There is no copy of the words in the Bunting MSS. Versions have, however, been printed as follows :—

1. Charlotte Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*, Second Edition (1816), p. 459.
2. Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, Second Edition (1818), p. 298.
3. Connellan's *An Duanaire* (1829), p. 18.
4. Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (1831), I, p. 56.
5. *Amhráin Chearbhalláin* (1916), p. 155, from which copy the lines placed under the music and printed above have been taken. They are of the usual laudatory type and are not worth translating.

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This song (words and air) was composed by Carolan for Grace Nugent, who, according to Walker (*op. cit.*, p. 300), "was sister to the late John Nugent, Esq., of

Castle Nugent, Culambre. She lived with her sister, Mrs. Conmee, near Belanagar, in the county of Roscommon, at the time she inspired our bard." Coolamber (so spelt in the ordnance maps) is in the parish of Street, in the north of County Westmeath and on the border of County Longford. Miss Owenson (*op. cit.*, p. 2) says on the other hand that Miss Nugent was of Clonlost, which is in the eastern part of Westmeath, more than twenty miles from Coolamber.

Hardiman adds that Grace Nugent was the cousin of George Reynolds, of Letterfian, for whom see the notes to no. 63 *supra*. He also says (I, p. lix) that Carolan composed airs for "John Nugent, of Colamber, Co. Westmeath, brother to Gracey Nugent, and Mrs. Nugent, his lady." The air called "John Nugent of Colamber" is in the *Carolan Collection* (1780), p. 7; and "Mrs. Nugent" is *ibid.*, p. 9, and in Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (c. 1786), p. 49. The appropriate Irish words for the latter are possibly those headed "Elizabeth Nugent on her arrival from the County Meath" in Connellan's *An Duanaire* (1829), p. 14.

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## 66. Plangstaí Diolúin.

(PLANXTY DILLON.)

TITLE: 1796, p. 36, no. 66: Plangstigh ar Dúilanac—Planxty Dillon. Carolan.

*Vivace.*

Ó! Bhear-a mé an chuairt seo suas go Sléibh-in Go  
ndear--ca mé an stuadh-fhear is uais---le béas-----a,  
Gear-ald an úr-chroidhe fuair sár---chlá ó Éir---inn, Gurab'  
é tá gach uile dhuine 'rádh leis!

1796, p. 36, no. 66.

- I. Bheara mé an chuairt seo suas go Sléibhín,  
Go ndearca mé an stuadh-fhear is uaisle béasa—  
Gearald an úr-chroidhe fuair sár-chlú ó Éirinn,  
Gurab' é tá gach uile dhuine 'rádh leis!

II. In aimsir na cúirte níor cúlchuil an tréin-fhear,  
Is fada chuaidh a cháil ó Mhoighe go h-Éirne,  
A' buachaill luthmhar tapaidh gasta is fearr ciall rian is rasta,  
Nach leigfeadh a cheart le n-a náimhde!

III. Ól agus imirt is ceol go minic, 'sé do múnadh dhó,  
Má leanann sé dhon gnás beidh sé láimh leis a dhúchais.  
Má iarann sé na mná níl fáth le n-a dhiúltadh,  
An spalpaire cliúiteamhail súgach sáimh!

MS. 7, nos. 40 and 161. MS. readings: I, 1, cuairt. II, 1, nir. II, 4, leiceadh. III, 2, gnathas. III, 2, duchais.

*Variae lectiones*: I, 2, Mar a bhfuil an suairc-fhear is uaisle ar bith tréithe (no. 40). I, 3, fuair cliú na hÉireann (no. 161). I, 4, a taoi for tá (no. 40). I, 4, ta ein neach a radh leis (no. 161). II, 1, A dteach na cuirte nír chungla a trea fhear (no. 161). II, 2, a chliu o Mhoighe go Sleibhin (no. 161). II, 3, An toigfhear beacht is stuama beart a bfear ciall agus rast (no. 161). III, 1, spóirt go minic súd an nídh do múnadh dhó (no. 40). III, 2, a gnas (no. 40). III, 4, sgafaire (no. 40).

#### PARAPHRASE.

I. I will pay a visit to Slevin to see that delightful man, the renowned, generous-hearted Gerald. II. Famous from Moy to Erne, he is not diffident in a law-court and will not let his rights be filched by his enemies. III. Fond of conviviality, play and music, he is a man whom no woman could refuse.

#### NOTES.

AIR—This sprightly planxty by Carolan does not appear to have been printed in any other collection.

WORDS—The copy in MS. 7, no. 40 was obtained by Lynch from Richard Barrett, for whom *see* Part I of this edition, p. 38. Though it is difficult to be certain, it seems probable that they are the appropriate words for the air, and the first verse has accordingly been placed under the notes of the music. No other version of the words has been printed.

Sleibhin (I, 1) might be Slevin, in the parish of Baslick and barony of Castlereagh, County Roscommon or Slevin, in the parish of Killarga and barony of Drumahaire, County Leitrim.

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Gerald Dillon is probably the Captain Gerald Dillon for whose daughter Fanny Carolan composed his song (air and words) entitled "Fanny Dillon." *Cf.* Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (1831), I, p. 106. Fanny Dillon married James Betagh, of Mannin, County Mayo. The words of Carolan's song in her praise are printed in *Hardiman*,

I, p. 12 and *Amhráin Chearbhalláin*, p. 114 (copies also in Bunting MSS. 7, no. 41 and 10, no. 18). The corresponding air is in Neal's *Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes* (c. 1726), p. 28, Wright's *Aria Di Camera* (c. 1730), no. 7 and Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* (c. 1786), p. 7. In the notes to the copy of the song printed in *Amhráin Chearbhalláin* it is stated that it was composed by Carolan for Captain FitzGerald, brother of Mrs. MacDermott of Alderford (for whom see no. 53 *supra*), and his daughter. But, though made on manuscript authority, this statement is clearly incorrect. Both the copies in the Bunting MSS. give her the surname Dillon.

Other "Dillon" airs were composed by Carolan as follows:—

1. "Counsellor Dillon" and "Rose Dillon," previously referred to (Part I, no. 24, pp. 79, 80).

2. Hardiman (*Irish Minstrelsy*, I, p. lv) says that Carolan composed three pieces for Richard, the ninth Viscount Dillon of Costello-Gallen in Mayo, and his family, entitled respectively "Lord Dillon," "Lady Dillon" and "Fanny Dillon." "Lord Dillon" is printed in the *Carolan Collection* (1780), p. 14; "Lady Dillon" cannot be traced; and "Fanny Dillon" was not composed in honour of Viscount Dillon's daughter Frances, but, as we have seen, for the daughter of Captain Gerald Dillon. Viscount Dillon's immediate predecessors and successors in the title were Colonels-proprietor of the famous Dillon regiment in the service of France.

3. "Luke Dillon" in Neal's *Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes* (c. 1726), p. 20 and Mulholland's *Collection of Ancient Irish Airs* (1810), p. 34. Probably in honour of Lucas Dillon of Clonbrock, County Roscommon, who married Honora, daughter of Sir John Burke, of Glinsk (see Burke's *Peerage*, *sub voce* "Clonbrock.")

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### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

THE printing of this and the last Journal has been facilitated by the kind response of some of our Members to our printed appeal. Several Members have increased their subscriptions from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. and donations have been sent by the following:—

Professor Osborn Bergin, Sir Harold Boulton, the Rev. C. A. Brennan, the late Miss Lucy Broadwood, Mr. Michael Brophy, the Hon. Aodh Ua Cinnéidigh, Senator Mrs. E. Costello, Professor Edmund Curtis, Major McClintock, Mr. A. A. Pearson, Professor Tadhg Ó Donnchadha, Professor Tomás Ó Máille.

To all these we offer our grateful thanks, as well as to Mr. Art Ua Briain for the valuable help he has given us this year and in the past.

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### OBITUARY.

THE Society, together with all societies connected with Folk-Song and Folklore, has suffered a grievous loss by the death of Miss Lucy Broadwood. Her knowledge of traditional tunes and ballads, universally admitted to be unrivalled, was always generously placed at our disposal when we asked for her advice, and the many references to her work in past volumes of our Journal bear some testimony to her research and scholarship. She was an original member of the parent society (The Folk-Song Society, founded in 1898), in which she subsequently held the positions of Secretary, Editor and President.

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