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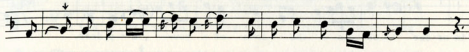
# 1. Adam in Paradise

Father Adam

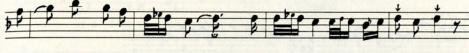
Eddie Butcher 1966



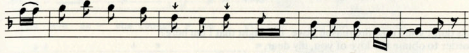
When Ad·am was in par·ad·ise In the first of re·cre - a - tion



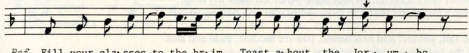
Al·though he was in - plen·ti·ness He mur·mured at our - sta·tion;



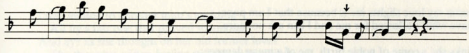
Al·though he n·ev·er seen-- the fair But aye-- his no--tion- it was there



With- you, my dear, I'll part 'nd share And I'll hug you in my - bos·om.



*Ref.* Fill your gla·sses to the br·im, Toast a·bout the Jor·um·bo



That ev'·ry lad may get the l·ass That he loves in 'is- bos·om.

When Adam was in Paradise  
In the first of recreation  
Although he was in plentiness  
He murmured at our station;  
Although he never seen the fair  
But aye his notion it was there,  
- With you, my dear, I'll part and share  
And I'll hug you in my bosom.

*Fill your glasses to the brim,  
Toast about the Jorumbo  
That every lad may get the lass  
That he loves in his bosom.*

But when this rib became a maid  
Just like a rose or blossom blown  
Then Adam he began his trade  
For to hug her in his bosom.

3 - Oh lassie, will you take a walk  
To view fair Nature in its bloom  
And see the corn growing from the stalk?  
And so will I, my dearie,  
To yonder bower we did prepare  
In search of pleasure and fresh air  
And the lassie said she was content  
For to lie in his bosom.

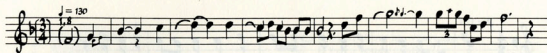
2 When Adam he was all alone  
A slumber it was granted him,  
A rib was taken from his side  
To make up what was wanting;

Adam and Eve figure in many traditional songs. 'When Adam was first created' (see Dean-Smith) takes the subject seriously and indeed so solemnly that light-hearted treatments may have arisen as a reaction to it. The Irish 'New song called the Garden of Eden' expresses similar sentiments to Eddie's song, though without textual or formal similarity. 'Adam was king of all nations', from Cavan, has two perhaps fortuitously similar lines: see Notes to text. But Eddie's song remains uniquely expressive of innocence before temptation, and remained a unique version too until another fragmentary text turned up lately in a nineteenth-century MS, not unexpectedly Scots (A).

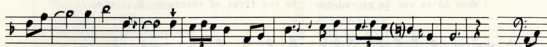
## 2. Alexander

*The rejected lover The two true lovers I'll travel to Mount Nebo*

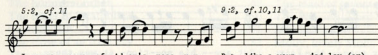
Eddie Butcher 1968



1 Oh it's do-n't you know- the r-eas---on I-love th-is night that I--- am- here?



It - is in or-der to ob'tain--- the - love of - you--- , m' y dear.



I an-e come of- Ad-an's- race, m-y- But- like a woun---ded lov-(er)

- Oh, it's don't you know the reason, love, this night that I am here?  
It is in order to obtain the love of you, my dear.

- 2 Your sweet celestial charms they have wounded quite my brain,  
Your skin's far whiter than the swan swims o'er yon purling stream.
- 3 You are tall, genteel and handsome, you are modest, mild and free  
And as the lodestone varies you draw the heart from me.
- 4 The reason my love slights me is because that I am poor  
But I have what's allowed for me and I can ask no more.
- 5 She thinks she's come of noble birth, me of a mean degree,  
- But I am come of Adam's race, my dear, as well as you.
- 6 Don't place your mind on riches, love, nor no such worldly store  
Just think on Alexandra and you'll love me the more.
- 7 When he had conquered the whole world he sat down and wept full sore  
Because there were but the one world and he could gain no more.
- 8 I will travel to Mount Hareb where Noah's ark does stand,  
From that unto Mount Albareen where Moses viewed the land.
- 9 I never will quit roving while I can wear a shoe  
But like a wounded lover, my dear, I will morn for you.
- 10 Till his sorrowful lamentation, to her true love she gave ear,  
She took him in her arms and embraced him as her dear.
- 11 So now they are got married, the truth I will unfold  
And her father has bestowed to them five hundred pounds in gold.

This is not readily recognizable as a night-visit song, for the lover's complaint is so rich in imagery and intensely lyrical that it leaves no room for the doors, windows, etc, which are the usual distinguishing marks of the night-visit scene. But another version is largely devoted to a commonplace night-visit dialogue (C). There are few versions and they diverge considerably: the poetic beauty of Eddie's is especially arresting. The amplitude of mountain scenery was the first stimulus to its retrieval; he began by recalling v. 8 during an outing in Wicklow, and on a fine summer's day sang the whole song immediately at Glenmalure. From its melody and poetic style, as well as its distribution, it may be surmised Irish; the text suggests a date for the original around 1800 or not much later.

### 3. Another man's wedding

*The nobleman's/noble lord's/laird's/An old lover's/The noble rich wedding*  
*The faultless/faithless bride The unconstant lover The love token*  
*The bark and the tree Orange and blue All round my hat Green willow*  
*Down in my garden*

Eddie Butcher 1966

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 60-55. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "I I was in - vi - ted to an - oth - er - - man's - wedd - ing". The second staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: "All - by a fair w - one that proved - so un - - kind". The third staff continues with lyrics: "And aye as - she thought - on - 'er old - for - mer - lov - er". The fourth staff is the bass line, starting with a bass clef, and lyrics: "The - thoughts of her dar - l - in' still ran - in 'er mind." There are various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and accents throughout the score.

I was invited to another man's wedding  
All by a fair one that proved so unkind  
And aye as she thought on her old former lover  
The thoughts of her darling still ran in her mind.

2 When dinner was over and all things were completed  
It fell each young man's lot to sing a love song  
And it happened to fall on her old former lover:  
To sing those few verses it winnae keep you long.

3 - Oh, many's the lord was seven years from his lady  
And many's the lord he never came back again  
But I was only one year away from my darling  
When an unconstant lover to me she became.

4 Oh, how can you sit at another man's table  
Or how can you drink of another man's wine  
Or how can you lie in the arms of another,  
You that was so long a true lover of mine?

5 The bride she was seated at the head of the table  
And every word she remembered it well;  
To bear it in mind this fair maid she was not able  
And down at the groom's feet she instantlie fell.

6 - There is one request and I will ask you for no other,  
The first and the last, love, perhaps it may be:  
Only this one night to stay with my mother,  
The rest of my time I will share it all with you.

7 The request it was asked and just immediately granted,  
Sighing and sobbing she went into her bed  
And early the next morning when the young groom awoken  
He went into her chamber and found that she was dead.

8 He lifted her up from her soft and downy pillow,  
 He carried her out into the garden so green,  
 With sheets and fine pillows, oh, soon they did surround her  
 Still thinking that his young wife she might come to life again.

9 - Oh Sally, lovely Sally, when you and I were courting  
 You vowed and declared that you loved no one but me,  
 But them that depends upon fair maiden's folly  
 Their love it will decay like the bark on the tree.

10 All around my hat I will wear a weeping willow,  
 All around my hat until death it comes to me  
 And if anybody asks me why I wear the willow  
 It is all for my true love that I never more will see.

Robert Butcher 1961

I I was kind-ly- in - vit-ed to a no-ble-man's wedd - ing

All by - a fair - maid that proved so - un - kind

And - - still as - she thought - on her old form-er lov - er

The thoughts of her darl - ing still ran in - her mind.

Dating probably from the eighteenth century, this English lyrical ballad has had more applause in Ireland than any similar song. From the 1850s it became the object of Anglo-Irish literary adaptation and Irish airs were often published for it. Present-day versions vary greatly, perhaps because the Irish popular press had little hand in its dissemination. The narrative is simple and clear: textual variation consists mainly of lyric embellishment of the theme, though in one recent version lyric embellishment looks like taking over (*S*).

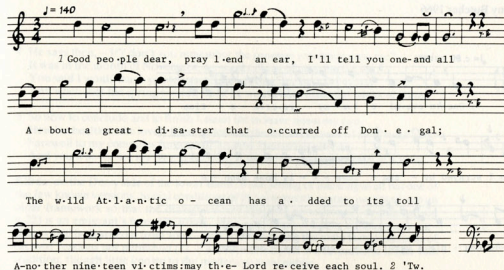
The Magilligan versions, *MNQR*, agree quite closely in text. They reduce, changing its meaning, the proverbial image of bark and tree prominent in one Donegal version:

Now all you young men who intend to get married,  
 I pray take a warning by me;  
 Ah, never you be in too much a hurry  
 Or never you go between the bark and the tree . . . (*P*)

On the other hand, Eddie and Robert present a well-developed story in which the slighted lover's reproach is particularly impressive.

## 4. The Arranmore disaster

John Butcher junior 1969



*♩ = 140*

1 Good peo-ple dear, pray l-end an ear, I'll tell you one-and all  
A - bout a great - di-sa-ster that o-c-curred off Don - e - gal;  
The w-ild At-l-a-n-tic o - cean has a - dded to its toll  
A-no-ther nine-teen vi-ti-cms:may th-e- Lord re-ceive each soul. 2 'Twas.

Good people dear, pray lend an ear, I'll tell you one and all  
About a great disaster that occurred off Donegal;  
The wild Atlantic ocean has added to its toll  
Another nineteen victims: may the Lord receive each soul.

- 2 'Twas in the year of thirty-five on a bleak November eve  
This awful tragedy occurred, it caused us all to grieve;  
Those cheerful lads returning from the Scottish harvest field  
Unto the stormy ocean their lives were forced to yield.
- 3 What cheerful thoughts were in their mind when sailing up Lough Foyle  
To view the hills of Inishowen, that land of Irish soil!  
Their little boat came slowly on through Creeslough and Gweedore:  
Oh God, who'd think they ne'er would reach their native Arranmore!
- 4 When they arrived at Burtonport they were met upon the pier,  
They laughed and chatted with their friends all in the best of cheer;  
They set out for the island but they never reached its shore;  
A cloud of grief and sorrow hangs over homely Arranmore.
- 5 Their little boat by God's will doomed across the waves did sail,  
There was only one out of a score survived to tell the tale;  
He saved two other passengers that perished in the cold;  
The highest praise must be his due, this hero true and bold.
- 6 So now, kind friends, there's one request I'll ask of one and all:  
Pray for the nineteen victims that were lost off Donegal.  
With St Patrick and St Bridget may they dwell for ever more  
In a land where hardships are unknown far away from Arranmore.

*Spoken:* That's a heavy song, Eddie!

'One November evening in 1935, a boat-load of migratory workers, on the last stage of their way home from the Scottish harvest fields, set out from Burtonport to Arranmore. The boat struck a rock in the dark, and the lone survivor of the party was picked up next morning, clinging to an upturned boat, and holding on to the dead body of his father . . .'

— Peadar O'Donnell *The bothy fire and all that* Dublin 1937, preface to an article repr. from: *The Irish Press*, 15 Nov. 1935 (news reports 11–14 Nov.); see also Swan p. 21.

This recent come-all-ye is known chiefly in the northwest, but a Wexford version of 1948 (A) is a reminder of wider circulation, probably due to the popular press. The theme and composition of the text are more thoroughly traditional than its idiom. Even so, the substitution in Magilligan of a 'boat' for a 'train' in 3.3 – geographically inept – assimilates the song to older convention. After crossing by steamer from Glasgow to Derry the migrants actually travelled by railway via Creeslough and Gweedore to Burtonport, the end of the line.

## 5. The banks of Kilrea

*The banks of sweet Drumreagh*

Jimmy Butcher 1966

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 90 \text{ rubato}$

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of 'c. 90 rubato'. It consists of ten staves of music. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the melody staff. The lyrics are: 'I One evening for my recreation as I strayed by the lovely Moss Bann a couple were in conversation, a young man was coaxing his darling, inviting her kindly away And she vowed she would not leave her parents all alone on the banks of Kilrea.' The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

I One evening for my recreation  
as I strayed by the lovely Moss Bann  
a couple were in conversation,  
it caused me there for to stand,  
A young man was coaxing his darling,  
inviting her kindly away  
And she vowed she would not leave her parents  
all alone on the banks of Kilrea.

One evening for my recreation as I strayed by the lovely Moss Bann  
A couple were in conversation, it caused me there for to stand,  
A young man was coaxing his darling, inviting her kindly away  
And she vowed she would not leave her parents all alone on the banks of Kilrea.

2 He says, – Love, you're one of the fairest, my heart you have wounded full sore,  
Come, we'll leave this land of oppression and old Ireland we'll never see more.  
And if you consent to go with me your passage I'm able to pay  
And we'll reap the fruits of our labour far far from the banks of Kilrea.

3 She says then, – It's folly to flatter, I never will cross o'er the main,  
There is danger in crossing deep water, so therefore your coaxing's in vain,  
For at home I have peace and I have plenty, my passage I am able to pay  
And I'll reap the fruits of our labour here at home on the banks of Kilrea.

- 4 He says then, – It's don't you remember the promise you made unto me?  
It was in the month of November, we were talking of crossing the sea;  
You said I would leave you to mourn, you invited me here for to stay  
And when that the spring would return we would both leave the banks of Kilrea.
- 5 So now to conclude and to finish I mean for to leave down my pen,  
Here's a health to the lovely Bann water and the fair maids around the Bridge end;  
Farewell to my comrades forever for it's now I am going away  
And you'll never see my face again, never, on the lovely sweet banks of Kilrea.

Kilrea, on the Derry side of the lower Bann, is the setting of this song in all but one of the few known versions. Social conditions of the nineteenth century are fitted into an older framework so that the dialogue which the poet eavesdropper overhears (see p. 22) is an emigrant's farewell. Eddie, John and Jimmy Butcher all sang this song – Jimmy said he learned it from John – so it is worth noting the main textual variants of the two versions not published (*D*, *F*). Their flowery air is a favourite in Ulster folk tradition, though little known to the modern general public.

## 6. The banks of Newfoundland

*The barque 'Mariner'*

Eddie Butcher 1968, [v.2 1954]

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 135. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: 'Oh, sure- they may- bless their ha-ppy lot. e that lies ser-ene on- shore'. The second staff continues: 'Free - from the- bill-ows and the w- inds that r- ound poor sea- men roar'. The third staff continues: 'For- litt- le we - knew the hard- ships that- we - were ob- liged--- to stand'. The fourth staff concludes: 'For- e four-teen- days- and four-teen nights on the banks of- New- found- land.' There are various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and fermatas throughout the score.

Oh, sure they may bless their happy lot that lies serene on shore  
Free from the billows and the winds that round poor seamen roar  
For little we knew the hardships that we were obliged to stand  
For fourteen days and fourteen nights on the banks of Newfoundland.

- 2 [Our good ship never couped before on the stormy western waves  
But the seas they came down like mountains and they beat her into staves;  
She was built of green unseasoned wood and she could not well stand  
When the hurricane blew severelie on the banks of Newfoundland.]
- 3 We were almost starvéd with the cold as we sailed from Quebec  
And every now and then we were obliged to walk her deck,  
But we were hardy Irishmen and our vessel did well man  
And the captain doubled each man's grog on the banks of Newfoundland.
- 4 We fasted for three days and nights, provision had run out,  
And on the morning of the fourth we cast the lots about;  
The lot it fell on the captain's son and not thinking relief was at hand  
We spared his life another day on the banks of Newfoundland.
- 5 Then on the morning of the fifth he got orders to prepare,  
We onlie gave him one short hour to offer up a prayer;  
But Providence proved kind to us and kept blood from every hand  
When an English vessel appeared in sight on the banks of Newfoundland.
- 6 They took us from our wreckéd ship, we were more like ghosts than men,  
They fed us and they clothed us and they brought us back again,  
Though five of our brave Irishmen said they would swim to land  
Although they were one hundred miles on the banks of Newfoundland.
- 7 The number of our passengers was four hundred and thirty-two,  
There were none of them of passengers could tell the siege but two;  
Their parents may shed tears for them that's on their native strand  
While mountains of waves rolls o'er their graves on the banks of Newfoundland.

'I saw more ice on the banks of Newfoundland, or rather the Northren coasts, nor if I had lived in Ireland to the age of Methusalem, and for size we had it from the smallest piece to the largest hill in Knockaduff. You may think our state was miserable when the captain was seen dropping teers. The captain and mate went up to the masthead and found us inclosed in every side. But we had reason to bless God for his mercys unto us. The sea was very calm. We had as good a captain as ever sailed the sea; he was never seen intoxicated. The *Symmetry* is a fine brig, only she sprung a lake and had to be pumped day and night from the 6th of May until we landed in Quebec . . . ' - John Anderson to his parents in Co. Derry, Quebec 1832, facsimile in Crawford p.49.

The title 'Banks of Newfoundland' is common to a number of songs, including an English one which has been an especial favourite in America (Laws K25). American versions of Eddie's song have also been found, but two North of England broadsides are our only evidence of it in Britain. The theme 'Rescue averts the eating of a shipmate' suits balladry well and recurs in Eddie's 'It is now for New England' (see p.13). In other versions, two more verses omitted here justify the castaways' behaviour by a fuller description of hardships which incite them to folly:

Some jumped in earnest in the seas and said they'd swim to land;  
But alas, we were one hundred leagues from the shores of Newfoundland. (D)

In Eddie's version these lines occur at the moment of rescue, so that folly gives way to exhibitionism.

- 1 - Early ready to be a spy,  
When flowers they were blowing,  
Was a young man full had in love,  
To be a just keeping.
- 2 - He went a long of his lover's house,  
A girl who he was waiting,  
My name was not what of you  
I was by nature a free.
- 3 - One word of me he said will get  
It to be just waiting,  
Near the bottom of a, the water  
If I was to be a just waiting.
- 4 - A girl who he was waiting,  
A girl who he was waiting,  
Oh another girl I was waiting,  
You will be a just waiting.
- 5 - A girl who he was waiting,  
A girl who he was waiting,  
Oh another girl I was waiting,  
You will be a just waiting.
- 6 - A girl who he was waiting,  
A girl who he was waiting,  
Oh another girl I was waiting,  
You will be a just waiting.

## 7. The banks of the Bann

*The brown girl/maid*

Eddie Butcher 1964

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 75 and a 'rubato' instruction. The melody is in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: 'I When first to this country a stranger I came I placed my affection on a maid that was young, She being young and tender, her waist small and slender, Kind Nature had formed her for my overthrow. Where I first beheld her She appeared like great Juno, that But I'll do my endeavour to gain'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'mf'.

When first to this country a stranger I came  
I placed my affection on a maid that was young;  
She being young and tender, her waist small and slender,  
Kind Nature had formed her for my overthrow.

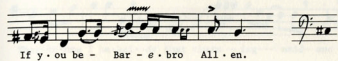
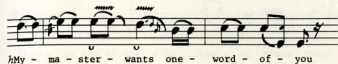
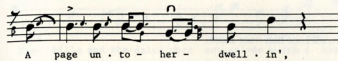
- 2 On the banks of the Bann there where I first beheld her  
She appeared like great Juno, that fair Grecian queen;  
Her eyes shone like diamonds or stars brightly shining,  
Her cheeks bloomed like roses or blood drops on snow.
- 3 It was her cruel parents that first caused our variance  
Because she was rich and above my degree,  
But I'll do my endeavour to gain my love's favour  
The more she is come of a rich family.
- 4 Had I all the money that lies in the Indies  
Or all the bright diamonds that's in the queen's store  
I would spend it in shining diamonds for to deck you, my darling,  
For there's no other charmer on earth I adore.
- 5 Now since I have gained her I'll be contented for ever,  
I'll put rings on her fingers and gold in her ears,  
And here on the lovely banks of the bonny Bann water  
In all sorts of pleasure I'll reside with my dear.

Mid-nineteenth-century broadsides put this Irish lyric song into common circulation under the title 'The brown girl'. In it traditional motifs of female beauty are handled naively but expressively, and these must be the chief source of its widespread popularity. Though not revived in recent times, it was issued on a disc in the 1930s (*L*). For another Ulster broadside song entitled 'The banks of the Bann', of which we have a local fragmentary version, see the Index.

## 8. Barbro Allen

Bonny Barbara Allen &c Mary Ellen

Charlie Somers 1969



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>Early early in the spring<br/>When flowers they were blooming<br/>It's a young man fell bad in love,<br/>I hear he's just a-dying.</p> <p>2 He sent a page to his love's house,<br/>A page unto her dwelling,<br/>- My master wants one word of you<br/>If you be Barbro Allen.</p> <p>3 - One word of me he shall not get<br/>If he was just a-dying,<br/>Nor the better of me he never shall be<br/>If I saw his heart's blood flying.</p> <p>4 - Arise, arise, her mother says,<br/>Arise and go and see him.<br/>- Oh mother, don't you mind the time<br/>You told me to forget him?</p> <p>5 - Arise, arise, her father says,<br/>Arise and go and see him.<br/>- Oh father, don't you mind the time<br/>You told me to forget him?</p> <p>6 Slowly slowly she arose<br/>And slowly she put on her<br/>And slowly to her true lover's house,<br/>- I hear, young man, you're lying.</p> <p>7 - Oh yes, my love, I'm very bad<br/>And death is in my dwelling,<br/>But one sweet kiss'll make me well<br/>If you be Barbro Allen.</p> | <p>8 - Oh, one sweet kiss you shall not get<br/>If you were just a-dying,<br/>Nor the better of me you never shall be<br/>If I saw your heart's blood flying.</p> <p>9 - Oh love, look down at my bed head<br/>And there you'll find them hanging,<br/>A gay gold watch and a diamond ring<br/>I bought for Barbro Allen.</p> <p>10 - I won't look down at your bed head<br/>Nor I shall not find them hanging<br/>For a gay gold watch and a diamond ring<br/>Was ne'er bought for Barbro Allen.</p> <p>11 Oh love, oh love, don't you mind the time<br/>When in yon garden walking<br/>You pulled a flower to each fair maid<br/>But none to Barbro Allen?</p> <p>12 - Yes, my love, I mind the time<br/>When in yon garden walking<br/>I pulled a flower to every fair maid<br/>And a rose to Barbro Allen.</p> <p>13 - Oh love, oh love, don't you mind the time<br/>When in yon tavern drinking<br/>You drank a health to every fair maid<br/>But none to Barbro Allen?</p> <p>14 - Oh yes, my love, I mind the time<br/>When in yon tavern drinking<br/>I drank a health to every fair maid<br/>And a toast to Barbro Allen.</p> |
|--|--|

- 15 As she went o'er her father's stile  
 She heard the death bell toning  
 And every tone it seemed to say  
 – Hard-hearted Barbro Allen.
- 16 As she went o'er her father's stile  
 She saw the funeral coming,  
 – Leave him down, leave him down, till I see him once more.  
 – Hard-hearted Barbro Allen.
- 17 – Oh mother, mother, make my bed,  
 It's make it long and narrow;  
 My true love died for me today,  
 I'll die for him tomorrow.
- 18 – Oh father, father, dig my grave,  
 It's dig it long and narrow;  
 My true love died for me today,  
 I'll die for him tomorrow.
- 19 The one was buried in the church-yard  
 And the other in the bower  
 And out of the one grew a red red rose  
 And out of the other grew a briar.
- 20 Oh, they grew, they grew and they twisted through  
 Till they could grow no higher  
 And they both grew intill a true-lover's knot  
 And there remains (*spoken*) forever.

Charlie sang 'on demand' during a pause from haymaking when I called on him on a sunny afternoon with Eddie Butcher. His 'Barbara Allen', learnt from his mother, is equalled in length by only one I know (*F*). It introduces an unusual dialogue between the girl and her parents, v.4–5, implying a history of domestic misunderstanding; only three other Ulster versions and one American one with Irish ancestry show something similar (*FOW*; Flanders II 285–7). Remarkable too for their effect are the lover's replies to Barbara's reproaches, v. 12, 14; the garden scene, though commonplace in Ireland, has come to my notice elsewhere only in one or two Scots versions. These features contribute to a well-ordered story of love turned tragic through misunderstanding, estrangement and lost opportunity, correcting the tendencies, for which this ballad has been criticised, to degenerate into absurdity or parody.

## 9. The blazing star of Drung

*The maid of Drim*

Robert Butcher senior 1961

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It begins with a tempo marking of ♩ = 87-95. The melody is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words in italics. The score includes several measures of accompaniment, including a section marked 'And.e like-wise sweet Dun.giv-en- town, i-t'se there I got.e my trade' with a 4:3 time signature, and another section marked '(habi)-ta - - tion - and- my dwell-ing -' with a 2:4 time signature.

1 Sure-- the first time that--- I saw my-- love--- the stor-my--- winds did blow,  
The- hills and the dales were cov-er'.de w-ith a heav-y fr-o-host and sn . ow;  
It-e w- as too hl-ate a fr . iend - to trate that- caus-ed.e me-he to str . ay,  
Ther-hr-hre I be-hel--de that charm--ing--- maid- and she stole- my- heart a . way.  
And.e like-wise sweet Dun.giv-en- town, i-t'se there I got.e my trade  
(habi)-ta - - tion - and- my dwell-ing -

Sure the first time that I saw my love the stormy winds did blow,  
The hills and the dales were covered with a heavy frost and snow;  
It was too late a friend to treat that causéd me to stray,  
There I beheld that charming maid and she stole my heart away.

- 2 Then the next time that I saw my love she smiled and passed me by,  
Says I, - My fair and comelie maid, where does your dwelling lie?  
She answered me right modestly with a cute deluding tongue  
- Kind sir, my habitation and my dwelling lies in Drung.
- 3 Then I courted her that leelong night and part of the next day  
And I do wish from all my heart I had her on the sea;  
I asked her from her father and he said she was too young,  
Till the day I die I'll ne'er deny but I love that maid in Drung.
- 4 Then farewell to Ballymoney, the place where I was bred,  
And likewise sweet Dungiven town, it's there I got my trade,  
Farewell to friends and parents, our good ship's now going down,  
And twice farewell to the bonny wee girl, she's the blazing star of Drung.

Drung may be the townland appearing on maps, from the seventeenth century, on the Inishowen shore of Lough Foyle between Redcastle and Whitecastle: see Notes, B, and J. H. Andrews in *Long Room VII* (1973) 20 'drong'. Also contending however are 'Drung' on the west of the Inishowen peninsula and, plausibly enough in view of the Derry and Antrim places mentioned in v. 4, the townland 'Drum' 2-3 ml. NW of Dungiven (Derry). The song is at any rate a local one, commonplace in its description of courtship, love and parting, broad enough in its appeal to have taken root on the margin of Scotland.

## 10. The bonny Irish boy

*My bonny Irish boy The bonny boy The maid's lament for her pretty/bonny Irish boy The Irish girl's complaint in Bedlam The Irish girl*

Lizzie O'Hagan 1966

$\text{♩} = 85-90$

On- ce I was court- ed by a bon- ny Ir - ish boy,  
He called me his dar- ling and his heart's de- light and joy;  
O - ften we tal- ke- d a- bou - t our ge - tting wed,  
Then in a short time a - fter my bonn- y boy he fled.

$2-4 : 2, \text{of. } 13$

2 I bun- dled up my own - clothes and fol- lowed him by night  
3 I heard my love was marr- ied to a lad - y of re- nown  
4 The cur- ses of your wedd- ed wife will ne'er be brought on me

Once I was courted by a bonny Irish boy,  
He called me his darling and his heart's delight and joy;  
Often we talked about our getting wed,  
Then in a short time after my bonny boy he fled.

2 He bundled up his clothes and for England took his flight,  
I bundled up my own clothes and followed him by night;  
I wrote my love a letter, sure, I vow and declare,  
He wrote to me the answer that he would meet me there.

3 When that I landed in fair London town  
I heard my love was married to a lady of renown;  
But when he came before me he on his knees did fall  
Saying, - Mary, I'll go with you, love, in spite of them all.

4 - Oh no, my darling Jamie, such things will never be,  
The curses of your wedded wife will ne'er be brought on me,  
Your wedded vows and promises will ne'er be broke by me,  
For I can go home to my own country.

5 Down in the lowlands where often we walked,  
Down in the lowlands where often we talked,  
The birds they sat whistling and the larks they sang high,  
But the song I kept singing was 'My bonny Irish boy'.

From early in the nineteenth century the textual prototype of this song was a favourite of the popular press in Britain and Ireland. Its 'bonny' boy's unrepentant infidelity finally caused the girl to go mad:

Rattling in her chains on a strong bed she lies,  
 And still she cries out for her bonny Irish boy,  
 In the strong walls of Bedlam she is plain to be seen,  
 She is a poor distracted girl her age just sixteen. (H)

Modern oral tradition has dropped such strong meat and progressively shortened the text, finally introducing a moralizing note in the girl's wistful comment on the sanctity of marriage. In the last line there is possibly an allusion to a real song. A number of nineteenth-century songs were entitled 'My/The Bonny Irish boy', but the one which bid most to outdo this one in popularity, Irish in origin, described a girl who *successfully* followed an errant lover across the sea: Index, 'Bonny Irish boy'.<sup>2</sup> A thematic synthesis of the two songs has also been printed and continues to be sung: B' p. 14b, n.p.d.; 6802, S. Ant. 1968.

# 11. The bonny moorhen

*The mulberry bog*

Hugh Somers 1969

*♩ = c.90* *rubato*

I neith-er (?) shot high - nor yet ver - y low

But fair in the midd-le - an' down she did go;

And if ev - er I chance to come this road ag · ain

I'll ruff-le the feath-ers o' me bonn-y moor-hen.

My- bonn-y moor-hen she flies high in the sky

A- bove her- de-gree, an' she cheats the young men By the wink of her eye.

[My bonny moorhen has] feathers again  
Of different colours but few of them blue;  
She changes them often to cheat the young men  
And [then they do] call her the Bonny Moorhen.

- 2 My bonny moorhen she flies high in the sky  
Above her degree [and] she cheats the young men  
By the wink of her eye;  
And if ever I chance to come this road again  
I'll ruffle the feathers of my bonny moorhen.
- } *sung twice*
- 3 I [neither] shot high nor yet very low  
But fair in the middle and down she did go;  
And if ever I chance to come this road again  
I'll ruffle the feathers of my bonny moorhen.

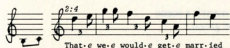
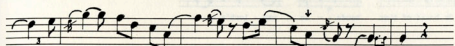
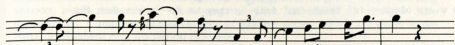
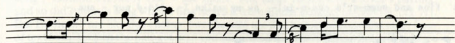
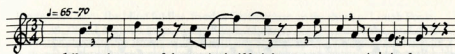
The erotic meaning of this song, as orally transmitted in Ulster versions, overshadows any possible political interpretation. So textually slight is their tradition that it is hard to say whether they may be substantially identified with another hunting allegory of love which shares text with them: 'The bonny brown hen/black hare'. On the other hand, Hogg's 'My bonny moorhen' is unmistakably Jacobite in sense: the Moorhen is one or other of the Pretenders and one gets the impression that an older love song has been adapted. Burns referred to a tune entitled 'The bonny moorhen' and wrote a 'Hunting song' with a 'bonie moor-hen' in its refrain: textually unlike our song but in similar lyric style and the same verse form - Burns' p. 169, Burns' I 377-8, cf. III 1257. There also exists, on broadsides, a North of England miners' song 'The bonny moor hen' which seems both formally and textually inspired by a Scots 'Moorhen', whether political or erotic.

No doubt the Ulster 'Moorhens' could descend from an old Scots love song unknown to us but known to the authors of these various pieces. Or more simply, they could renew some Jacobite 'Moorhen' less literary than Hogg's - who has only two lines agreeing closely with the Ulster texts - at the same time perhaps borrowing text from 'The bonny brown hen' because of its similar title.

## 12. The braes of Strathblane

*The braes of Strathdon The bleaches so green The beach of Strablance*  
*The Chippewa girl*

Annie Sweeney 1969



Near the town of brave Athrillicks one evening in June  
To the woods I know (*sic*) daisies and the meadows in bloom  
I spied a wee lassie at the butt of the lane,  
She was bleaching her linens on the braes of Strathblane.

2 I stepped there up to her, I made my address,  
- Are you bleaching your linens, my charming wee lass?  
It's twelve months and better I had it in mind  
That we would get married if you were so inclined.

3 - To marry, to marry, kind sir, I am too young,  
Besides, all you young men has a flattering tongue;  
My mammy and daddy quite angry would be  
If I would go marry a rover like thee.

4 - Consent, you wee lassie, and do not say no,  
You don't know the pain, love, that I undergo.  
The clouds they look weighty, I fear we'll have rain  
And I'll court some other on the braes of Strathblane.

5 Come all you wee lassies, take a warning from me,  
Don't slight your wee laddie or his father dear;  
For the slighting of my love I fear I'll get none  
And I'll court some other on the braes of Strathblane.

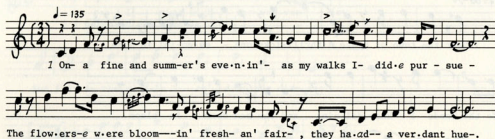
'Doggerel' as familiar in the Blane valley, north of Glasgow, as 'the lines of the 23rd psalm' was Ford's description of his nine-verse text (C). Doggerel or not the song has travelled, turning up unrecognized in America as 'The beach of Strablance', 'The bleaches so green', even 'The Chippewa girl'. The other alternative title is used in Aberdeenshire, where Strathdon is situated. Our Derry version was sung when Annie Sweeney, living in Scotland, was back on holiday in her native Magilligan. But it was in Magilligan from her grandfather, said Annie, that she learned it.

### 13. Carrowclare

*The maid of Carrowclare Killyclare*

by Jimmy McCurry and Eddie Butcher

Robert Butcher junior 1969, [v.3 1961]



I On- a fine and summ-er's eve·n·in'- as my walks I- did·e pur - sue -  
The flow-ers-e w·ere bloom--in' fresh- an' fair-, they ha·ad-- a ver·dant hue-



On board of that hands - - in wed · lock's - - -

On a fine and summer's evening as my walks I did pursue  
The flowers were blooming fresh and fair, they had a verdant hue.

- 2 And as Luna spread her golden rays disclosing many's a scene  
I overheard that youthful pair conversing on the green.
- 3 [As the skylark dropped her evening notes, left Nature quiet and still,  
For to hear their conversation I was forced to use my skill.]
- 4 By the cornrake loudly calling they my footsteps did not hear  
And the hawthorn proved my trusty friend and to them I drew near.
- 5 Till at length he broke the silence and he unto her did say  
- It's I'm about to sail away to fair Columbia's shore  
On board of that great ship called *Britannia* and strange lands I will explore.
- 6 When she heard of his departure she her arms around him threw  
And the falling tears that bedimmed her eyes they wet her locks like dew.
- 7 - For it's when you reach Columbia's shore some pretty maids you'll find  
Dressed in their country's fashion, you'll soon bear me from your mind.
- 8 - Oh, no, no, my dear, where'er I roam in distant lands to toil  
I will ne'er forget the days we spent when sailing on Lough Foyle.
- 9 Oh no, no, my dear, where'er I roam a stranger's fate to share  
I will ne'er forget the nights I spent with you around Carrowclare.
- 10 Then he clasped her to his bosom while the tears did gently flow,  
He says, - We will get married, love, and that before I go.
- 11 For it's if I were to leave you here and go across the foam  
What pleasure would there be for me if I left you at home?
- 12 Then she gave consent to marry then, her young heart kind and true;  
They joined their hands in wedlock's bonds, what more could fond lovers do?
- 13 And from Derry quay they sailed away on breezes fresh and fair,  
And now we are in America, far far from Carrowclare.

Jimmy McCurry, the blind fiddler, lived at Carrowclare on the shore of Lough Foyle, where in 1969 I met his great-nephew Bob McCurry – 6913, interview, and p.20 above. Of the songs by Jimmy which have come down to us this is the most traditional in theme and style, being partly adapted from a well-known Ulster 'eavesdropping song', 'Dobbin's flowery vale' – see Index. The latter ended with a lover's parting, and so did Jimmy's song when I first heard it from Eddie Butcher in 1954 (B<sup>1</sup>, cf. A). But Eddie did not like this ending; later he told me that he had added eight more lines of text to it in which the pair got wed and emigrated together. He gave me these extra verses, and by 1961 was regularly singing them as proper to the song (B<sup>24</sup>). His nephew Robert heard and learned them from a neighbour, so giving us an interesting version, orally transmitted, of a song the joint authorship of which is fully documented. Complete textual variants of Eddie's verses, 10-13, are given in the Notes as obtained over the period 1954-69.

Sam Henry identified the lovers, presumably from local enquiry, as a boy called Moore and a girl called Peoples.

## 14. The close of an Irish day

Charlie Begley 1961, [Eddie Butcher 1961]

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 160. It consists of five systems of music. The first four systems are vocal lines with lyrics underneath. The fifth system is a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Oh -, to-night- in fan-cy come and- take a trip- a . cross the sea / And meet your old com . pan . ions in - a place they long to be; / There stamped- u-pon-e our - - mem-or--ies are - - the friends we used to know / And-- just- to-night-e we'll re-vel in the - - thoughts- of long a - go. / you for . ev . er - pledge . d your word'.

Oh, tonight in fancy come and take a trip across the sea  
 And meet your old companions in a place they long to be;  
 There stamped upon our memories are the friends we used to know  
 And just tonight we'll revel in the thoughts of long ago.

- 2 Through little lanes and meadows green we'll take a stroll once more  
 And meet the laughing boys and girls we met in days of yore;  
 The rivers, roads and moonlight nights have the same old charm still  
 And the whistler on a summer's eve comes rambling o'er the hill.
- 3 [We will take a walk through yon green groves with our young hearts light and gay,  
 With the golden rays of the setting sun at the close of an Irish day,  
 For the music fills the hills around reecho clear and true  
 As down the path we wander 'mid the fragrant scented dew.]
- 4 - Don't you recall, sweetheart of mine, the place where I met you  
 Like a rosy bud of happiness where love's young dreams came true?  
 The air was full of love's sweet song as I promised to be thine  
 And you forever pledged your word that you would be always mine.
- 5 [I will never forget when we set sail to cross o'er the ocean blue,  
 As I stood on deck and watched the mountains swiftly fade from view;  
 At the last glimpse of old Erin sure our hearts went up in prayer,  
 Oh, it is God forbid we would e'er forget our dear little isle so fair.
- 6 But if ever I return again back to my native shore  
 And meet those laughing boys and girls that we met in the days of yore  
 It is there I will settle down for life oh nevermore to stray  
 While the golden rays of the setting sun makes the close of an Irish day.]

This recent song in traditional style has been sung all over Ireland, evidently supported by the popular press, though I have noticed only one printed text. In 1961 Charlie sang three of the printed verses while Eddie sang all five together with a sixth which he was already singing in 1954 and which in 1966 and again in 1969 he identified as his own composition. This verse brings the poet's sentimental musing to a pleasant and less abrupt conclusion. Its imagined picture of a homecoming answers an emotional need in much the same way as the extra text added by Eddie to 'Carrowclare' (no 13).

## 15. The cocks is crowing

cf. *The drowsy sleeper* Arise, arise, you drowsy maiden Awake, awake  
*I will put/set my ship in order* Who's that knocking? Oh, who is that that  
*raps at my window? Who comes tapping to my window? Let the hills and*  
*valleys be covered with snow &c.*

John Butcher senior 1969, [Eddie Butcher 1966]

The musical score is written for two voices, John Butcher (JB) and Eddie Butcher (EB), in a 6/8 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as 87 for JB and 78 for EB. The lyrics are as follows:

JB  $\text{♩} = 87$   
 7 Well --- go a - way, l - ove, an' ask your m - a - m - my

EB  $\text{♩} = 78$   
 7 Go a - a way th - en and ask your m - a - m - my - - -

If - a she'll a - l - low you my bride to - - - be

If - - v she'll a - a - l - low you - my bride to - be

And - if she says - - n - o - - - then re - turn a - n' tell m - e

And if she says n - o - - th - en r - e - tur - n a - n' - tell - me

For - - - - this is the last n - ight I'll - tr - ou - ble y - ou - wa.

For - - this is the l - ast night I will - l - trou - ble ay - ou.

*John:* Oh, the cocks is crowing, daylight's appearing,  
 It's drawing nigh to the break of day,  
 - Arise, my charmer, out of your slumber  
 And listen unto what your true-love says.

2 He walkéd on to his true-love's window,  
 He kneeléd low down upon a stone,  
 And through a pane he did whisper slowly  
 - Arise, my darling, and let me in.

3 - Oh, who is that that is at my window  
 Or who is that that knows me so well?  
 - It's I, it's I, a poor wounded lover  
 Who fain would talk, love, to you a while.

- 4 Well go away, love, and ask your daddy  
 If he'll allow you my bride to be  
 And if he says no then return and tell me  
 For this is the last night I'll trouble you.
- 5 – Well my dada is in his bed-chamber,  
 He is fast asleep in his bed of ease;  
 But in his pocket there lies a letter  
 Which readés far, love, to your dispraise.
- 6 – Oh, what dispraise can he give unto me?  
 A faithful husband to you I'll be  
 And what all the neighbours has round their houses  
 The same, my darling, you'll have with me.
- 7 Well go away, love, and ask your mammy  
 If she'll allow you my bride to be  
 And if she says no then return and tell me  
 For this is the last night I'll trouble you.
- 8 – Well my mama she's an old-aged person,  
 She scarce could hear me, one word I'd say,  
 But she says you go, love, and court some other  
 For I'm not fitting, love, your bride to be.
- 9 – Well I may go but I'll court no other,  
 My heart's still linkéd all on your charms;  
 I would have you wed, love, and leave your mammy  
 For you're just fit to lie in your true-love's arms.
- 10 Now Kellybawn it is mine in chorus (*sic*)  
 And the green fields they are mine in white  
 And if my pen was made of the temper steel  
 Sure my true-love's praises I could never write.
- 11 But I'll go off to the wild mountains  
 Where I'll see nothing but the wild deers  
 Nor I'll eat nothing but the wild herbs  
 Nor I'll drink nothing but my true-love's (*spoken*) tears.

*Spoken:* . . . I just disremember who learned me that song.

This beautiful text represents not so much a song as a large song family. Dialogue at the window is the basic family theme, but it is a theme much diversified, especially in the conclusion. A cruel father may threaten transportation and his daughter demand and obtain both lover and 'portion': *A cf. D. A girl may open the door too late to her sailor and, finding she is abandoned, drown herself: Greig LIV, Ord p. 318.* The sailor may be initially thwarted by a deceitful stepmother certainly borrowed from 'The lass of Roch Royal', though this version, unlike the old ballad, ends happily with the departure of the lovers: Christie I 224-5.

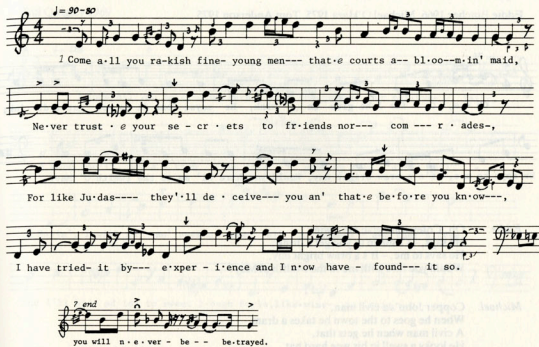
The family may be enlarged by 'matrimony'. A song of double suicide, 'The silver dagger', seems to have bestowed its conclusion on one branch: *INO* etc, cf. Cox p. 348-52, Laws<sup>2</sup> G21. Another night-visit song known variously as 'Here's a health to all true lovers', 'Jack the rover', and 'I must away', has formed different narrative alliances with family members: *ELQR*. On the other hand, lyric features may dominate, as in the pot-pourri of verses recorded in Belfast (*F*) or in an eccentric Arkansas derivative of one of the double suicide versions: T. Coffin in *Southern folklore quarterly* XIV (1950) 87-96.

None of the main thematic variations is specifically Irish. The 'Who is at my window?' motif is noticed in sixteenth-century Britain: Baskerville p. 580-7. But the lyric-narrative texts constituted as we know them hardly have a history older than the eighteenth or late seventeenth century. The extended dialogue of the Magilligan version, common also in America, is one of the oldest types. Many versions conclude with some 'impossible' expressed in traditional terms, though the intense imagery of our Magilligan version is exceptional.

## 16. Come all you rakish fine young men

John Butcher senior 1969

*J = 90-80*



I Come a-ll you ra-kish fine- young men--- that·e courts a-- bl·oo--m·in' maid,  
 Ne-ver trust·e your se - cr · ets to fr·iends nor--- com --- r · ades-,  
 For like Ju·das--- they'·ll de · ceive--- you an' that·e be·fo·re you kn·ow---,  
 I have tried- it by--- e·xper - i·ence and I n·ow have - found--- it so.

*7 end*  
 you will n·e·ver - be - - be·trayed.

Come all you rakish fine young men that courts a blooming maid,  
 Never trust your secrets to friends nor comrades,  
 For like Judas they'll deceive you and that before you know,  
 I have tried it by experience and I now have found it so.

- 2 Once I courted a blooming maid, the darling of my heart,  
 Sure we thought the first time that we met that we would never part;  
 But it was some simple tales of love I told to a young man,  
 For I thought I could depend on him for he oftentimes stood my friend.
- 3 Now he went to this blooming maid, he unto her did say  
 - I would have you stop this false young man and come along with me,  
 For he says he will deceive you and that will happen soon,  
 If you do not stop his company he will spoil your youthful bloom.
- 4 When she heard the story it grieved her heart full sore  
 And when she thought on her true love it grieved her more and more,  
 - For many many was the hour and pleasant was the night  
 That I spent in my love's company and in him took great delight.
- 5 When she saw her own true love she thus to him made known  
 - You said you would deceive me and leave me here my lone,  
 You said you would deceive me and that would happen soon,  
 If I would not stop your company you would spoil my youthful bloom.
- 6 - Oh, who told you that story, he unto her did say,  
 Or what a young man was it that proved so false to me?  
 When she made mention of the name the same he soon did know,  
 - And in spite of all his falsity this night with you I'll go.
- 7 So it's now we are got married, I mean to drop my pen,  
 Here's a health to every true young man, likewise a trusty friend,  
 And may they gain the victory when courting a blooming maid:  
 If you learn to keep your own secrets you will never be betrayed.

It is strange that these rakish fine young men are so little known. From its poetic style the song must date from the heyday of Irish broadside balladry, probably the early nineteenth century, though perhaps never appearing in print. Its 'Judas' type is one of those legacies of courtly medieval love song, a basic trait of which was the need to avoid sharing confidences. This song merits a wider public, and surely must have had one, in Ulster at least, in the oral culture of its early days.

## 17. Copper John

*Cofer John*

Eddie Butcher 1966, Michael O'Hara 1975, Tom Anderson 1975

Oh - e, Co - fer John give me a wink, He says, Come in to you get a dr- ink;  
He says to m-e, It's a brow bright day, Would you hire wi' me to the twelfth o' May?

**Eddie:** Oh, Cofer John give me a wink  
He says, - Come in to you get a drink;  
He says to me, - It's a brow bright day,  
Would you hire with me to the twelfth of May?

**Michael:** Copper John's a civil man,  
When he goes to the town he takes a dram,  
A civil man when he gets that,  
He looks a swell in his wee hard hat.

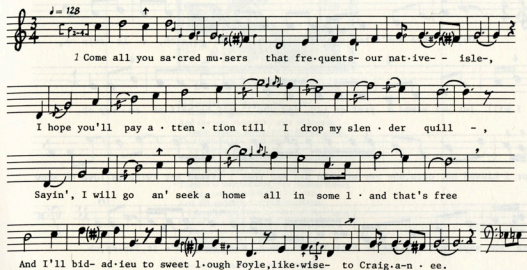
**Tom:** Copper John give me the wink,  
- Come on in to we hae a drink.  
Copper John and me set down,  
He slipped me ower half a crown.  
Copper John has a fine young maid,  
If she leaves me down the bread and tay  
I'll stay with her till the twelfth of May.  
*Spoken:* That's all I know of it.

Copper suggests toughness, and 'Cofer' /kofər/ may be for 'Copper' /kopər/. These loose verses seem to hint at a fuller text, but I know of none. For further discussion of them and of the air, see no 27; for hiring fairs, no 22 and p.11.

## 18. Craiganee

*The flower of Craiganee The hills of Tandragee Innsfree Bonaghee*

Bill Quigley 1969



*♩ = 128*

1 Come all you sa-cred mu-sers that fre-quents- our nat-ive- - isle-,  
I hope you'll pay a-tten-tion till I drop my slen-der quill -,  
Sayin', I will go an' seek a home all in some l-and that's free  
And I'll bid-ad-ieu to sweet l-ough Foyle, like-wise- to Crai-ga-n- ee.

Come all you sacred Muses that frequents our native isle,  
I hope you'll pay attention till I drop my slender quill,  
Saying, I will go and seek a home all in some land that's free  
And I'll bid adieu to sweet Lough Foyle, likewise to Craiganee.

- 2 When he rises in the morning he oils and he combs his hair,  
He dresses up in superfine, goes out to meet his fair;  
Her name I will not mention for offended she might be,  
For she's one of the fairest flowers ever bloomed in Craiganee.
- 3 When she rises in the morning she walks down by the shore  
To watch the foaming billows as they roll o'er and o'er;  
She's watching for the small boat that bore her love to sea  
And she says, - Young Johnny Harkin, you're far from Craiganee.
- 4 Then I own I loved old Erin's isle, I never could love more,  
Above all other nations that I ever saw before;  
When I am on the ocean deep, neither friend nor foe being near,  
I'll be thinking on my old sweetheart I left in Craiganee.
- 5 Adieu unto you, Athleen's rocks, that guard our native shore,  
Likewise unto my old sweetheart, will I never see you more?  
But if we meet each other all in some land that's free  
We will live and love each others as we did in Craiga (*spoken*) nee.

The Craiganee in question is evidently the one between Ballintoy and Ballycastle in N. Ant., a district to which other names occurring in other versions also attach the song: see Notes. Version *E* is alleged to derive from Kerry, but this is probably an error for other versions are confined to N. Ulster. There is, however, no Craiganee near Lough Foyle. In v. 2 courtship motifs are rather unexpectedly prefixed to an emigrant's farewell, less incongruously perhaps in *C* where the male toilette of 2.1-2 is replaced by a female toilette. We must take 'he' and 'I' in Bill's text of this verse to represent the same person. The motif of concealment of the girl's identity in 2.3-4, of early courtly origin, recurs in Eddie Butcher's 'The flower of Corby mill':

Now her real name I won't mention, no, I dare nae name her name,  
Her parents would be angry and I would be much to blame;  
She's a mill girl to her trade and she has the best of skill  
For she's the blooming star of Antrim and the flower of Corby mill.

## 19. The crockery ware

Eddie Butcher 1966

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 90. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The lyrics are: '1 Oh, my love she's but a l . a . ssie oh, A la . ssie oh, a la . ssie oh,'. The second staff continues: 'I will let her stand a year or two And she'll not be half as sa . ssy oh.' The third staff: 'For I kissed her once, she nev-er said N.o And then I kissed her twice me love to show'. The fourth staff: 'And she says, Your whi-sk-ers- tick-les me- so-e, Keep on doin'- it, San-dy, oh.'

Oh, my love she's but a lassie oh,  
A lassie oh, a lassie oh,  
I will let her stand a year or two  
And she'll not be half as saucy oh.  
For I kissed her once, she never said no  
And then I kissed her twice my love to show  
And she says, - Your whiskers tickles me so,  
Keep on doing it, Sandy, oh.

- 2 This young man all in the dark  
Was looking for his own sweetheart  
When his toe caught on the rail of the chair  
And down came all the crockery ware.  
- Oh madam dear, do me excuse  
For I was taken by surprise,  
I lost my way and I caught in your chair  
And I broke my shins on your crockery ware.

'The crockery ware' is a comic English song: in its full text a boy visits a girl at night, she places the 'crockery ware' - chamber pot - in his path causing him to wake the old woman, who summons a bobby and extracts the price of a new crockery ware from the intruder. Here Eddie has added eight lines of this song to eight lines of Scots 'mouth music': ll. 1-4 common in tradition, ll. 5-8 facetious and vulgar, probably taken from a comic Scots song of music-hall origin, cf. IFM 93 (Westm. 1972). See no 27 for further discussion of this amalgam and its air (the second half of which is used exclusively in v. 2).



### The Bold Lieutenant.

In London city there lived a lady,  
Who was possessed of a vast estate;  
And she was courted by men of honour,  
Lords, dukes, and earls on her did wait.  
This lady made a resolution  
To join in wedlock with none but he  
That had signalized himself by valour,  
All in the wars by land and sea.

There was two brothers who became lovers,  
They both admired this lady fair,  
And did endeavour to gain her favour,  
Likewise to please her was all their care,  
One of them bore a captain's commission,  
Under the command of brave Col. Carr,  
The other he was a noble lieutenant,  
On board the Tiger man-of-war.

The eldest brother he was a captain,  
Great protestations of love did make;  
The youngest brother he swore he'd venture  
His life and fortune all for her sake.  
But now, said she, I'll find a way to try them,  
To know which of them the sooner start,  
And he that will then behave the bravest,  
Shall be the governor of my heart.

She desired her coachman for to get ready  
Early by the break of day,  
The lady and her two warlike heroes,  
To lower-hill they road away.  
When at the tower they had arrived,  
She threw her fan into the lion's den,  
Saying, he that wishes to gain a lady,  
Must bring me back my fan again.

Then out bespoke the faint-hearted captain,  
Who was distressed all in his mind,  
To hostile danger I am no stranger,  
To face my foe I am still inclined;  
But here were lions and wild beasts roaring,  
For to approach them I dont approve,  
So therefore, madam, for fear of danger,  
Some other champion must gain your love.

Then out bespoke the youngest brother,  
With voice like thunder so loud and high,  
To hostile danger I am no stranger,  
I'll bring you back, love, your fan, or die.  
He drew his sword, and he went amongst them  
Those lions fawned and fell at his feet.  
And then he stooped for the fan and brought it,  
He says, is this it, my darling sweet?

The gallant action it now being over,  
And to the lady he took his way;  
While the lady in her coach sat trembling,  
Thinking he would become the lion's prey.  
But when she saw her brave hero coming,  
And that no harm to him was done,  
With open arms she did embrace him,  
Saying, take the prize, love, you have won.

Soon the news to the king was carried,  
How his lions they were all slain;  
The king being not one bit displeas'd,  
But kindly applauded him all for the same.  
He altered him from a third lieutenant,  
And made him admiral over the blue,  
And to this lady that night got married,  
See what the powers of love cau do.

'The bold lieutenant':  
broadside edition of about  
1844 (no 26D: 'The fan')

## 20. The dark-eyed gipsy

*The gipsy laddie The brown-eyed gypsies Seven yellow gypsies  
The raggle-taggle gipsies &c.*

Tilly Quigley 1969

Musical score for 'The dark-eyed gipsy'. The score is in 4/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 120. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves are in alto clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The fourth staff is in treble clef. The lyrics are: 'I The' were three gip-sies, the' lived- in the East And they - were - braw and - bo - - nny - oh - And the' sang - - so sweet, so ver - y ver-y sweet The' char-m'd the heart of a l - ad - y oh - .

Musical score for the chorus of 'The dark-eyed gipsy'. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 5/8, with a tempo marking of quarter note = 120 and a dynamic marking of *cf. 3*. The second staff is in alto clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 2/8. The third staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 3/4, with a dynamic marking of *cf. 2, 4, 5*. The lyrics are: 'house- and land? Are you lad-y- wore She's a-way- with the dark-eyed gip-sy oh-.'

There were three gypsies, they lived in the East  
And they were braw and bonny oh  
And they sang so sweet, so very very sweet,  
They charmed the heart of a lady oh.

- 2 She gave to them the sparkling wine,  
She gave to them the brandy too  
And the gay gold ring that the lady wore  
She gave it to the dark-eyed gipsy oh.
- 3 When the lord of the castle came home  
He enquired for his lady oh,  
- She's gone, she's gone, said the brave servant boy,  
She's away with the dark-eyed gipsy oh.
- 4 Charlés then put spurs to his horse  
And off he rode so speedily too  
Until he fell in with his gay wedded love  
Along with the dark-eyed gipsy oh.
- 5 - Are you going to forsake your house and land?  
Are you going to forsake your children three?  
Are you going to forsake your gay wedded love  
And go with the dark-eyed gipsy oh?
- 6 - What cares I for my house and home?  
What cares I for my children three?  
For I lay last night in a fine feather bed  
In the arms of a dark-eyed gipsy oh.

James Kirkpatrick, *Scottish Gaelic Songs*, 1841

Edith Bunker 1916

'The dark-eyed gipsy', as it is usually called in Ireland, was almost the only old British ballad printed by the Irish popular press. I have noticed Dublin and Cork imprints only, but the plentiful Ulster oral versions clearly show broadside textual influence. Eddie Butcher's fragment Y was my first clue to Tilly's version, which she learned from the centenarian Sarah Sweeney: see p.20. As in most Irish versions, it is by singing that the gipsies cast their spell over the lady, but the gifts which in 2.1-2 are tokens of her hospitality to them perhaps replace the narcotic spices given in some versions by them to her: see Notes. Overtaken by her husband, neither the lady nor the gipsies are punished. Irish versions mostly end with expression of the lady's perfect devotion to her gipsy, and contain little to recall the historical features which are said to link the ballad with sixteenth- or seventeenth-century Scotland.

Musical notation consisting of several staves with notes and lyrics in Gaelic script.

It is told by David's flowery vale where the water flows  
A perfumed stream down gentle hills, it divides my father's land,  
It's sweetest to me with him I'd go, for I would love to see  
It was purchased by Owen McKee and a boy called Grogan Lee  
The other day as I roved out to see my father's land,  
The wind caught it and led me by well loaded to the ground,  
I got my pleasure to my eye, I would it all reward,  
In the front of it who did I see, but a lady to reward  
So then a little came in my mind it was but I would depart,  
I caught her by the little hand, I led her round the creek,  
I showed her all my father's side that was round the creek,  
-She'd it not been you, fair lady, I would it would have been  
Oh! wife - My husband's lady, we'll go down to the water  
And we will have a glass of wine and a couple of loaves,  
For I have had a diamond ring from your father's side,  
And now to you we have found it, fair lady, I am glad  
-I'll be it, I'm not a lady, the more I wear the more  
For the gipsies' song over a couple of years I'm not afraid,  
I'm not a good woman but that was given to the gipsies,  
And the further submission comes for Robert Lee

## 21. David's flowery vale

Young McCance Drummond's land Divis mountain

Eddie Butcher 1966

$\text{♩} = 80$

3 So- then a thought came- in-e my- mind - it was her I - would a-pproach,

I catched- her- by- the li-ly-white- hand-, I --- led- 'er - round- the coach,

I showed- her- all m-y fa-ther's-- ships that---- were bound- for- Ca-str-el-e fair,

Had it n · ot been you, fair l · a - - - dy, I'm sure I · e would- been- there.

$1:4-2:2$

It was pur-chased by- O · wen Mc-Kye- and a boy called Rob-ert- L · ee.

2 The- oth-er day- as- I roved out-e for to view my --- fa-ther-'s l · and

The Al-ma coach it passed me- by- well- load-ed-- to the- ground

It is down by David's flowery vale where the water does run calm  
A purling stream does gently glide, it divides my father's land;  
It's covered o'er with linen cloth that was woven near Tandragee,  
It was purchased by Owen M'Kye and a boy called Robert Lee.

- 2 The other day as I roved out for to view my father's land  
The Alma coach it passed me by well loaded to the ground;  
I put my prospect to my eye, I viewed it all around,  
In the front of it who did I spy but a lady of renown.
- 3 So then a thought came in my mind it was her I would approach,  
I caught her by the lily-white hand, I led her round the coach,  
I showed her all my father's ships that were bound for Castrel fair,  
- Had it not been you, fair lady, I'm sure I would be there.
- 4 Oh I says, - My honoured lady, we'll go down to yonder inn  
And we will have a glass of wine our courtship to begin,  
For I have lost a diamond ring more precious far than gold  
And you're the one has found it, fair lady, I am told.
- 5 - Kind sir, I'm not a lady, the more I wear fine clothes,  
Nor for keeping young men's company I'm sure I'm not exposed;  
I am but a hired servant girl that lives near to Tandragee  
And for further information enquire for Robert Lee.

A story in verse of the young day

John Bannister 1902

Magilligan had its bleach-green in Duncrun until the 1760s (OS 1) but it is to the Belfast district and a somewhat later epoch that this song belongs. Fuller versions prolong the courtship inconclusively and identify the narrator as 'young McCance' of the Falls (W. Belfast) who lived 'At the foot of Devis mountain': a youth of fortune frustrated in an affair with a girl below his rank. For the part played by the McCance family of Suffolk, near Dunmurry, in the linen trade, see Green p. 77. The first 'Armagh coach' (2.2 'Alma') began to run in the summer of 1808: *Belfast Newsletter*, 24 June 1808. Its terminus was in Arthur St., about 600 yards from the quays: see Notes, 2.2 and 3.2.

1 I once was a dayman, I wrought some linen  
 And a day in the week was kept off for the rent  
 We had a row in the house, my blood being on fire  
 So I packed up my bundle and I started to hire

2 My mother with flogging the rear made me curse  
 She said - You'll go further and maybe the worse  
 I had a liver saved up, it was hid in the pore  
 So I took up the book and set off for to hire

3 I stood in the fair four morning till eve  
 Not a bid for my body did I see  
 Says I to myself - It's a shame you require  
 And stretch away home for you're not going to hire

4 I just had received when two ladies came by  
 And the one was well featured on the cant but eye  
 Says she to the other - Look, here's a fine desire  
 This man with the bundle he's wanting to hire

5 I knew by the look and the way they were dressed  
 They were two ancient ladies, no more nor so  
 Though their independent cheek I was forced to admire  
 The well featured one that had asked me to hire

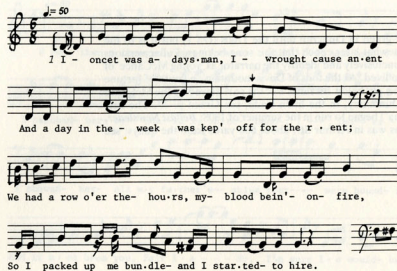
6 Ten pounds I was offered for to sell, eight and more  
 From all sorts of drink to be tested and swore  
 On my rights with the neighbours to no call and here  
 And then keep my hand off the young woman's hair

7 I was to be led on the bed of straw and  
 A duck egg to my forehead and that every day  
 But to know that the woman on counting might stand  
 Says I - On the mistress I'll first try my hand


## 22. The daysman

*A story in rhyme of the hiring fair*

Eddie Butcher 1966



I I - oncet was a - days - man, I - wrought cause an - ent  
And a day in the - week was kep' off for the r - ent;  
We had a row o'er the - hou - rs, my - blood bein' - on - fire,  
So I packed up me bun - dle - and I star - ted - to hire.



home for you're - not goin' to hire.

- I once was a daysman, I wrought cause anent  
And a day in the week was kept off for the rent,  
We had a row o'er the hours, my blood being on fire,  
So I packed up my bundle and I started to hire.
- 2 My mother with fleecing she near made me curse,  
She says, - You'll go further and maybe fare worse.  
I had a fiver saved up, it was hid in the byre,  
So I broke up the bank and set off for to hire.
- 3 I stood in the fair from morning till eve,  
Not a bid for my body did I e'er receive;  
Says I to myself, - It's a glass you require  
And stretch away home for you're not going to hire.
- 4 I just had resolved when two lassies came by  
And the one was well featured on me cast her eye;  
Says she to the other, - Jean, here's our desire,  
This man with the bundle he's wanting to hire.
- 5 I knew by the joke and the way they were dressed  
They were two servant lasses, no more nor no less,  
Though their impudent cheek I was forced to admire  
The well featured one that had asked me to hire.
- 6 Ten pounds I was offered for to milk night and morn,  
From all sorts of drink to be teetotal sworn,  
On my nights with the neighbours to no call and pass  
And then keep my hand off the young servant lass.
- 7 I was to be fed on the best of strong tea,  
A duck egg to my breakfast and that every day;  
But in case that the servant no courting might stand  
Says I, - On the mistress I'll first try my hand.

8 I threw my arm round her, she struggled and fought,  
 She seen that I had her, she knew she was caught;  
 So I split up the fiver and a drink I did share  
 And I courted her home the night of the fair.

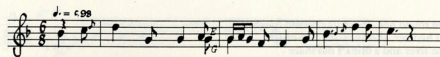
9 But still I'm a daysman and I work cause anent  
 And the day in the week's aye kept off for the rent,  
 But I have no fiver now to hide in the byre  
 For the bank is the wee lass that asked me to hire.

This recent song is the Ulster equivalent of a 'bothy ballad'. 'If you're working cause anent,' said Eddie, 'you're feeding yourself and you're getting the money but no meat . . . you'd be paid so much a week. You're no fed nor clad nor naething . . . you get something extra when you're cause anent.' - 6919. The expression, properly 'cost anent', is Scots in origin and common in Ulster: see *UFL VIII* (1962) 41. Hiring fairs were held twice yearly in May and November (see p.11): this amorous skirmish with consequences no doubt took place in May. In 1961 Eddie left out v. 5 with its explanation that the 'lassies' were two servants; without this verse the story is altered, with it a kind of rural irony adds relish to the good 'offer' made in v. 6-7. During Oct.-Nov. 1932, correspondence in the *Northern Constitution* revealed widespread discontent among farm workers hired for the season; boys were said to have emigrated to Canada because they were being offered £6-£8 for six months (5 Nov.).

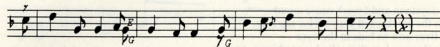
## 23. Don't come again

*You shan't come again The rejected lover*

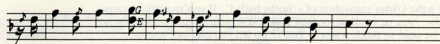
Eddie and Gracie Butcher 1975



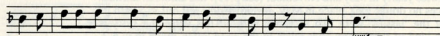
1 Oh, the first place that I saw-- my love it was at a ball,



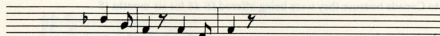
I looked on her, I gazed on her, oh far a . bove them all;



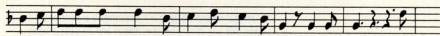
But aye she loo . ked on me with scor . n and dis . dain



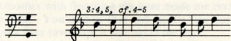
And the bo . nny wee lass . 's an . swer was to no come a . gain, E



Was to no come a . gain,



And the bo . nny wee lass . 's an . swer was to no come a . gain. 2 The  
lassie's G.



And she wrote to me a lett . er

Oh, the first place that I saw my love it was at a ball,  
I looked on her, I gazed on her, oh, far above them all;  
But aye she lookéd on me with scorn and disdain  
And the bonny wee lass's E. } answer was to no come again,  
lassie's G. }

Was to no come again,  
And the bonny wee lass's E. } answer was to no come again.  
lassie's G. }

2 The next place that I saw my love it was at a wake,  
I looked on her, I gazed on her, I thought my heart would break;  
But aye she lookéd on me with scorn and disdain  
And the bonny wee lass's E. } answer was to no come again, &c.  
lassie's G. }

3 It being in six months after, a little or above,  
When Cupid shot his arrow and he wounded my true love;  
He wounded her severely, it caused her to complain  
And she wrote to me a letter saying, - You might come again, &c.

4 I wrote her back an answer all for to let her know  
 While life was in my body it's there I wouldnae go,  
 While life was in my body and while it does remain  
 I will aye mind the girl that said, - Don't come again, &c.

5 Come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me,  
 Never slight a young man wherever they may be,  
 For if you do you're sure to rue, they'll cause you to complain  
 And you'll aye rue *E.* } the day that you said, - Don't come again,  
                                   *G.* }  
 You said, - Don't come again,  
 You will aye rue the day that you said, - Don't come again.

Eddie sang the complete text in 1955 and recorded it twenty years later, though somewhat uncertain of the words in 1966. At that time, it became clear that his wife Gracie also knew the song - which derives from the singing of one of her aunts - and in 1975 she was induced to sing it in duet with Eddie. Their few individual variants are shown followed by their initials. The song came from English broadsides and was printed on at least one Irish sheet, but I have found no other Irish oral version. The Appalachian versions are textually diverse and introduce older lyric commonplaces. At the same time, like Eddie's and Gracie's, they shorten the broadside text omitting hints that the girl's change of heart is motivated by pregnancy.

## 24. Down by the canal

Bonny Kilwarlin

Eddie Butcher 1968

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a tempo marking of '♩ = c. 110 rubato'. The melody is in 4/4 time and consists of several phrases, each with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'I As - I went a · w · al · kin' one - eve · nin' in June', 'To - view the green fields and - the m · ea - dows in -- bloom', 'I - spied a fair mai - den and - on - her · s did - call', and 'Just - as I - was w · al · kin' - down - by thee can · awl.'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'f'. There are also some numerical markings (35, 3, 7, 27, 6) that likely correspond to line numbers in the original manuscript.

As I went a-walking one evening in June  
To view the green fields and the meadows in bloom  
I spied a fair maiden and on her did call  
Just as I was walking by the canal.

- 2 - We have met in good pleasure, we have met in good time,  
If this place was convenient I would tell you my mind;  
Come sit down beside me and I'll sit by thee  
And we'll have a fine courtship in a short time, you'll see.
- 3 - To sit down beside you I'm afraid it's too late,  
My journey is far and my message is great;  
Forbye, I have suffered a lot over you,  
Both sleep, meat and drink, love, you have hindered from me.
- 4 - You must apply to some doctor, take the blame all off me,  
Or some skilful surgeon your vision to see;  
It's all a distemper that runs through your brain,  
You must get your veins lanced, love, it will ease all your pain.
- 5 - To apply to some doctor I intend it to do  
But before that I do it I'll be counselled by you  
For you are my doctor and surgeon also,  
You can cure all the pains, love, that I undergo.
- 6 Do you see yon bright Phoebus going down by the west  
And all feathered fowls are going home to their nest?  
Dark shades they are approaching and I must away,  
Let those few words excuse me, no longer can stay.
- 7 She hastened to go then when softly he said  
- Let this ring be a token you have me betrayed;  
She smiled and consented and blessed the day  
That down by Gill's water she happened to stray.

The retrieval of this song was an interesting affair. On 12 July 1966 while staying with me in Dublin Eddie attended a ceili held for foreign university students and heard a girl sing Padraic Colum's 'She moved through the fair'. This overworked poem is based on a traditional song which Eddie himself sings – see Shields<sup>6</sup>, especially p. 281-4 – yet he then appeared unacquainted with its text. On the other hand, the traditional air reminded him of an unfamiliar song. We recorded a scrap of it right away, and about a week later in Magilligan another still incomplete rendition (lacking 2.3-3.3, 7.3-4). In a radio programme of some of his songs I appealed for information about this one. None came. It was Eddie himself, visiting Dublin again two years later, who restored a full text (which formed the basis of another broadcast).

Our only other version is a fragment which localizes the scene at Kilwarlin, described by the singer Robert Cinnamond as 'a district beside Moira [N. Down] . . . very fertile . . . and there's lovely farms and groves of trees'. 'Gill's water' (7.4) is an understandable alteration of 'Kilwarlin'; the canal in question is the old Lagan Navigation Waterway, built 1756-94, which linked Belfast to Lough Neagh. It is now closed and the Kilwarlin stretch is incorporated in a motorway. See Shields<sup>9</sup> p. 3-4.

The song dates perhaps from the early nineteenth century, but is full of older traditional poetry that distances the love scene. The doctor motif adapts a lyric commonplace found notably in 'The brown girl' (Child no 295) and its derivative 'The sailor from Dover', some versions of which are sung to melodies similar to Eddie's: Bronson IV 404-7, nos 3-11, cf. Henry 72. In these songs the motif is followed by the return of a ring or plighted troth, in our Ulster song on the other hand by the giving of a ring. It is given with so little fuss that we might wonder whether v. 7 abridges two concluding verses.

## 25. Erin's lovely home

Mary Ellen Butcher 1969, [Jimmy Butcher 1966]

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a tempo marking of ♩=160. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff concludes the melody with a double bar line and a final treble clef.

♩=160

I You pa-tron so-ns of Pa-dy's la-nd, come li-sten - un - to me,  
Com - mu-ni-cate'e till - I re-l-ate- this - mourn-ful tra - ge - dy,  
For the want of trade - has thou - sands made - all a-n-xious- they- might - roam  
To l-eave the l-a-nd where- we were reared- called E-r-in's love-ly home.

You patron sons of Paddy's land, come listen unto me,  
Communicate till I relate this mournful tragedy,  
For the want of trade has thousands made all anxious they might roam  
To leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home.

- 2 [My father was a farming man reared to industry,  
He had two sons, they were man big, and loving daughters three;  
Our land was small to serve us all, some of us had to roam  
To leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home.]
- 3 My father sold his second cow and borrowed twenty pound,  
All in the merry month of May we sailed from Derry quay;  
There were thousands more along the shore all anxious they might roam  
To leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home.
- 4 We were scarcely seven days sailing when a fever plagued our crew,  
They were falling like the autumn leaves, bidding friends and lives adieu;  
We raised a prayer to heaven: alas that ever we did roam  
To leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home.
- 5 Alas, my sister she fell sick, her life it was taken away,  
It grieved me ten times more to see her body thrown in the deep;  
Down in the deep her body lies and it rolls in a terrible foam,  
Her friends may mourn but she'll ne'er return to Erin's lovely home.

This song is distinct from a well-known broadside ballad with the same title: Shields' p. 47-8. It was not printed on broadsides, nor has any more recent printed text come to my notice. Yet it seems to have enjoyed wide usage, in Ireland at least. In Dublin in 1966 Frank Harte asked Eddie Butcher if he could sing it and Eddie provided one verse. In Limavady soon after, Eddie elicited a full version from his brother Jimmy. Three years later, Mary Ellen told me that it was from her uncle Jimmy that she had learnt her version, which is given here with an extra verse (2) from her uncle. Dating no doubt from the post-Famine period, the song recalls one of the most serious hazards to which emigrants were exposed: sickness during the voyage.

## 26. The fan

*The bold lieutenant The lions' den The den of lions The lady's fan The glove  
and the lions The lover's test The faithful lover, or, the hero rewarded  
The distressed lady, or, a trial of true love The fairest lady in London city  
The Bostonshire lady*

Eddie Butcher 1966

$\text{♩} = 150$  *rubato*

I In sweet Ar - gyll - there - lived a l . a . d y

W . orth ten - th . ou - sand pounds a year

And for - - her w . it and her mild be . hav . iour

Few with this l . a . d y there - - could - com - pare .

This - la . d y she made - a re . so . lu - - tion . e

That she - - would w . ed with no one but he

Who - would pr . ove him - self brave by - val - iour

At - e the war - - by - - lan' or - - sea .

$4:1-2$

She ar - ose - the next mor - nin' - Ear - ly - by - the break of day

$6:5-6, \text{ of } 5, 8; 7:1, 8:1$

He pulled the scab - bard from off his ree - - fer - And he man - ly -

$2:7-8$

lieu - ten - ant, He bein' head - barr - i - ster of

- In sweet Argyll there lived a lady  
 Worth ten thousand pounds a year  
 And for her wit and her mild behaviour  
 Few with this lady there could compare.  
 This lady she made a resolution  
 That she would wed with no one but he  
 Who would prove himself brave by valour  
 At the war by land or sea.
- 2 There were two brothers, they became lovers,  
 They envied other both night and day;  
 To see which of them would gain this lady  
 Great protestations unto her made.  
 The youngest brother was a bold sea captain  
 Sailed on the brave *Tiger* man-o'-war,  
 The other he was a bold lieutenant  
 He being head barrister of O'Connor's law.
- 3 The youngest brother being a bold sea captain  
 Great protestations to her did make  
 That he would venture both life and fortune,  
 Both life and fortune all for her sake.  
 This lady soon found a way to try him,  
 She ordered her coachman for to prepare  
 Saying, – I'll be there bytimes tomorrow  
 And all those nobles I will meet there.
- 4 She arose the next morning  
 Early by the break of day,  
 She ordered her coachman for to get ready,  
 To the Tower of London they drove away.  
 And when she came to the Tower of London  
 She threw her fan in the lions' den  
 Saying, – Whoever wants now to gain a lady  
 They will bring to me back my fan again.
- 5 Then out bespeaks the bold sea captain  
 Just like a man was distressed in mind  
 Saying, – In the war I was ne'er a coward,  
 For to face the foe I was well inclined,  
 But to venture in through wild beasts and tigers  
 My life would be at an endless cost,  
 So there when I will not venture my life  
 Some other champion must gain your love.
- 6 Then out bespeaks the bold lieutenant  
 With voice like thunder both loud and high  
 Saying, – Here am I that will manlie venture  
 For to bring to you back your fan or die.  
 He pulled the scabbard from off his rapier  
 And he manly ventured those lions all,  
 With valiant action and mild behaviour  
 Two of those lions he soon made fall.
- 7 And when the rest they saw him so daring  
 Down at the conqueror's feet they lay;  
 He stooped down – he was quick on motion –  
 Gathered up his fan and made no delay.  
 This young lady she stood trembling  
 And not one word unto them could say  
 For she was waiting there every moment  
 To see him becoming the lions' prey.
- 8 And when this lady she saw him coming  
 And unto him was no harm done  
 With open arms she did embrace him  
 Saying, – Take the prize, love, that you have won.  
 She raised him up then from third lieutenant  
 And she made him admiral o'er the Blue;  
 That v'ry same night those two got married,  
 See what the powers of love can do!

This story circulated in European literature from the sixteenth century, though in most literary versions the hero sharply rejects the lady for putting his life 'at an endless cost' – needlessly in danger. The popular ballad had no room for such a conclusion, and attributed the reproach to a faint-hearted rival evidently invented for the purpose. It thus achieved a narrative the amazing popularity of which is due partly to its 'self-parodying' character. Dating from the eighteenth century, it first appears in that period in an eccentric version of no less than 55 verses which enhance the lieutenant's valour by having him previously lose a leg in the wars! – Harvard no. 780.

The conclusion has variations distributed on an approximately national basis. The full text survives well in Scotland and to some extent in Ireland: it describes the lieutenant's promotion by the king, who shows no chagrin at the slaying of his lions (*FGHL*). Eddie, like his brother Robert, shortens this narrative in an unusual way by means of an abridgement which still shows in the melodic treatment of v. 7-8: see Notes. To explain the lady's power to promote the lieutenant herself, Eddie commented after one of his renditions: 'She be tae be a big heifer.' In English versions, and also in *J*, on the other hand, a more abrupt truncation of the story is made at an earlier point (= 8.4), reflecting popular printed editions like *A* which cut the text to save space. This curtailment has been attenuated by American versions; most of these add to the truncated text a lyric verse in which the unsuccessful suitor retires expressing grief.

## 27. The farmer's daughter

Eddie Butcher 1966

Oh -, the' were a farm-er's daugh-ter And she long-ed for a bab-y

And - - she rowl-ed up a big grey hen And she put it in- to the crad-le oh.

Aye she rocked and aye she sung and aye she rocked the cr-ad-le

Say-in' If it was-nae for your big lang neb I would gie ye a draw o' the didd-y oh.

Oh, there were a farmer's daughter  
 And she longed for a baby  
 And she rolled up a big grey hen  
 And she put it into the cradle oh.  
 Aye she rocked and aye she sung  
 And aye she rocked the cradle  
 Saying, - If it wasnae for your big lang neb  
 I would gie ye a draw of the diddy oh.

The snatches which comprise nos 17, 19 and 27 are all sung by Eddie Butcher to the same sprightly air, most commonly called 'The rose tree'. Though they include the remnant of at least one full-length song (no 19.2), one verse tends to borrow another in a sequence upon which unity is impressed merely by the use of a melody announcing comic intent. So far as we know, 'The farmer's daughter' is complete in eight lines. It is sung in the same way in its native Scotland, where the girl rolls her 'faither's grey hound' in a 'plaidie' and longs to 'kiss [its] gabbie' (B). For these 'loose verses' see p.24.

## 28. The Faughan side

Eddie Butcher 1961

*Spoken:* She's ready for the music now? - Yes.

$\text{♩} = 140$

2 If you-e but see -- n this love·l·y place all in the summ·er-e time

Each - bush and tree·e they- lo·p·nk'd so gay and- mea-dows in --- their- prime;

The- black-bird and --- the- gol-ding thrush- they tune·e th·eir notes--- so- gay,

Oh, but still- I have--- a n · o · i · t i o n - of goin' to Am·er-i- cay.

Oh, a stream like crystal it runs down, it's rare for to be seen,  
Where there you'll see the Irish oak trimmed with the ivy green;  
The shamrock, rose and thistle and the lily too beside  
They do flourish all together, boys, along the Faughan side.

- 2 If you but seen this lovely place all in the summer time  
Each bush and tree they looked so gay and meadows in their prime;  
The blackbird and the golden thrush they tune their notes so gay,  
Oh, but still I have a notion of going to America.
- 3 Farewell unto this lovely place, from it I mean to roam  
To leave my friends in Ireland, my own dear Irish home,  
Farewell unto my comrades all and the place where they reside  
For many a pleasant day we spent along the Faughan side.
- 4 It's about three mile from Derry to the bridge of Drumahoe  
Where there I spent some happy nights, I would have you all to know,  
Where lambs do sport, fair maids do court and small fish gently glide,  
In the blooming spring small birds does sing along the Faughan side.
- 5 The leaving of this lovely place it grieves my heart full sore  
But the parting with my own wee girl it grieves me ten times more;  
If ever I return again I will make her my bride,  
I will roll her in my arms down along the Faughan (*spoken*) side.

This is a favourite of Eddie's and was among the first songs he sang me and the very first one we recorded. For one of those 'topographical lyrics' which abound in Anglo-Irish, it is unusually economical and well made. The Faughan river flows into Lough Foyle on the east side of Derry city. The only printed version I have seen is Henry's Co. Antrim one dating from 1935, when the song must have been only a generation or two old. Eddie's version and the Antrim one are textually close. Recently, the song has been taken up by groups performing traditional music in Ulster. See also no 39, commentary.

## 29. Finvola, the gem of the Roe

*The gem of the Roe*

Eddie Butcher 1961

*♩ = 70-100 rubato*

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The tempo is marked as 'rubato' with a note value of 70-100. There are various musical ornaments such as slurs, accents, and triplets throughout the piece.

In·e the land of - O'Ca·han - where the dark moun·tains rise,  
O'er·e their rugg·ed - tops - where the - - du·sty·e cloud - flies,  
Deep·e sunk in - that - vall - ey a - - fair - rose·e did grow  
And - they called - her Fin·vol - a, the gem of - the Roe,  
And - they called - her Fin·vol - a, the gem of - the Roe.

In the land of O'Cahan where the dark mountains rise,  
O'er their rugged tops where the dusty cloud flies,  
Deep sunk in that valley a fair rose did grow  
And they called her Finvola, the gem of the Roe,  
And they called her Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

2 From the Fair isle of Scotland appeared in my view  
A lad clad in tartan as plain as it's true,  
With the star on his breast and unslung was his bow  
And he sighed for Finvola, the gem of the Roe, &c.

3 No more up the mountain our maidens shall hie  
Where wind the cold cheek that bedims the blue eye,  
In silent affection our sorrow will flow  
Since gone is Finvola, the gem of the Roe, &c.

The 'land of O'Cahan' centres on the district of Limavady and Dungiven, with which the song is associated. The text first appears, to my knowledge, in a book by Archibald M'Sparran, who was a native of Drumsum near Dungiven and died in America in 1848. M'Sparran may have been the author of the poem: neither its text nor Eddie's air, taken straight from one of Moore's *Melodies*, has much traditional character. Yet the local esteem in which the song is held earns it a place here: see p. 13. M'Sparran tells us that Finvola O'Cahan married a McDonnell of the Isles and died in Scotland in the early fourteenth century. Her body was brought home and buried at the Priory of Dungiven, and our poem is given out to be a translation of the lament sung by 'the family bard to his harp', Turloughmore O'Cahan, over the bier.

### 30. Free and easy to jog along

Tom Anderson 1969, [Eddie Butcher 1961]

The musical score is written in 3/2 time with a tempo marking of *♩ = 46*. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and contains the lyrics: "I Oh, it's of - my - ram - bles I'm goin' - to - sing". The second staff continues with: "Like an . y black . bird or - thrush in - spring". The third staff continues with: "When the sun - comes out for to . e bless the l . and". The fourth staff is in D major (two sharps) and contains the lyrics: "I am free a . nd ea - sy to - jog a - long.".

Oh, it's of my rambles I'm going to sing  
Like any blackbird or thrush in spring;  
When the sun comes out for to bless the land  
I am free and easy to jog along.

- 2 The first place we landed was on Ballantrae  
About three miles distant from Biscay Bay  
And they sat me down there to sing a song,  
I was free and easy to jog along.
- 3 The next place we landed was on Glasgow Green  
Where lads and lasses were to be seen  
And I was the gayest amongst the throng,  
I was free and easy to jog along.
- 4 I had not travelled but a very short space  
When a bonny wee lassie smiled in my face  
And she says to me, - Are you a married man?  
- No, I'm free and easy to jog along.
- 5 I took my love down into yonder inn  
Where we drunk porter, strong ale and gin  
And she pressed on me to join heart and hand  
And forget 'Free and easy to jog along'.
- 6 - Oh no, my wee lassie, such things couldn't be,  
I have took a notion to cross the sea;  
When a man gets married his race is run,  
But I'm free and easy to jog along.
- 7 [Do you see yon streams how they gently glide?  
They can go no further than they are allowed,  
They can go no further than they get command,  
But I am free and easy for to jog along.]

A version in the *Northern Constitution* is the only printed one I know; the English broadside 'Free and easy' in, for example, L: LR 271 a 2, II 72, is a different song. The *Northern Constitution* gives Tom's six verses, but the Butchers add a seventh with an image well suited to Magilligan, where 'The high grounds in the parish are supplied with numerous and excellent springs, which gush out from the mountain'. - OS 1. Mention of Ballantrae and Glasgow is hardly enough to make the song Scottish, while the rhyme *alang* implied, though not used, by the Magilligan versions in v. 1, 4, 5, 7, is just as acceptable in Ulster as in Scotland. It is evidently a fairly late nineteenth-century song which has adopted a common traditional air.

# 31. The good ship *Cambria*

Charlie Somers 1969

*Andante*  
 $\text{♩} = c.36$  *rubato*

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the speed is indicated as '♩ = c.36'. The performance instruction 'rubato' is written above the first few notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The tempo marking 'Andante' is repeated at the end of the score.

I You·hou I-rish-men- both one and all, wher-ev-er you- m·may be,  
 It's- raise your vo-ice in so·rra now and·e murn al-ong- with me  
 For the loss of our good·e ship Cam·br·a that 'as sunk to r·ise- n·o m·ore  
 With a hunn-erd an' se·ven·ty nine on board bou-n' for the Sham-rock shore.

You Irishmen both one and all, wherever you may be,  
 It's raise your voice in sorrow now and mourn along with me  
 For the loss of our good ship *Cambria* that has sunk to rise no more  
 With a hundred and seventy-nine on board bound for the Shamrock Shore.

- 2 On the ninth day of October last from New York we set sail  
 On board the gallant *Cambria* with a sweet and pleasant gale.
- 3 For ten days and nights we ploughed the seas, no danger did we fear,  
 Unto our native Irish coasts in sight they did appear.
- 4 Both man and boy did loudly cry,<sup>1</sup>— Our toils and trouble's o'er,  
 We'll shortly meet our loving friends around the Shamrock Shore.
- 5 Then down below we all did go to wait for morning clear,  
 When a dreadful shock against a rock it filled our hearts with fear.
- 6 The passengers all rushed on deck and stormy seas did roar  
 And women's cries did reach the skies as they sank to rise no more.
- 7 Then fore and aft our seamen rushed, but fiercely rolled the tide,  
 — Hands stand clear! four boats were hoist and launched across the side.
- 8 Both men and women they were filled with sorrow, I deplore,  
 But only one survivor ever reached the Shamrock Shore.
- 9 Well, it's grief and sorrow may prevail when the news spread far and wide  
 That our gallant *Cambria* of New York had sunk beneath the tide.
- 10 When our good ship she was sinking fast and far from earthly aid  
 The reverend father Bain on the deck he kneeled and prayed
- 11 To He that rules both sea and land these precious lives to save  
 And all his faithful followers: all sunk beneath the wave.

- 12 Oh, there's many's the widow and her child in sorrow may deplore  
And sisters weep and mothers mourn for friends they'll never see more.
- 13 But Armagh, Tyrone and Derry and the county Donegal,  
Cavan, Antrim does lament its loss both one and all;
- 14 Sligo, Mayo in grief and woe, while Galway does deplore  
For the wreck of the *Cambria* passenger that has (*spoken*) sunk to rise no more.

On the night of 15 October 1870 the Crown and Anchor line steamer *Cambria* from New York foundered off Malin Head on Inishtrahull (or according to Bonner p.244 on the nearby Garrive isles). The circumstances of the wreck were much as the song describes them. 'The vessel, it appears, which was under sail and steam, and proceeding at a rapid pace, struck on Innistrathull, a dangerous island, guarded with lighthouses . . . The vessel immediately commenced to fill, a tremendous hole having been made in her bottom.' – *Annual register: 1870*, London 1871, II 124-7. Passengers were bound for Derry, Glasgow and Liverpool. The song was composed soon after the event in northwest Ireland – if we judge from 2.1 and from the counties that 'lament' in 13-14 – but perhaps not in Inishowen itself in view of the absence of any localizing comment.

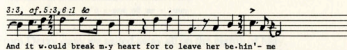
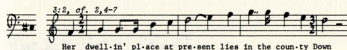
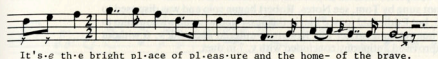
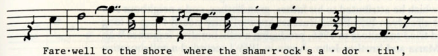
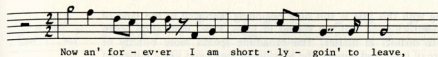
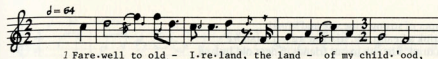
Oh, there's many's the widow and her child in sorrow may deplore  
 Like sisters weep and mothers mourn for friends they'll never see more.  
 But Armagh, Tyrone and Derry and the county Donegal,  
 Cavan, Antrim does lament its loss both one and all;  
 Sligo, Mayo in grief and woe, while Galway does deplore  
 For the wreck of the *Cambria* passenger that has (*spoken*) sunk to rise no more.

A version of the song was published in New York and was popular there. The *Illustrated London News* (1870) reported that the song was written for the purpose of raising money for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Ireland. The song was published in the *Illustrated London News* (1870) and was popular there. The *Illustrated London News* (1870) reported that the song was written for the purpose of raising money for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Ireland. The song was published in the *Illustrated London News* (1870) and was popular there.

## 32. The green fields of America

*The emigrant's farewell*

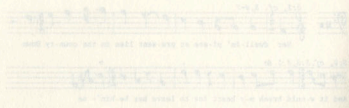
Tom Anderson 1969



- Farewell to old Ireland, the land of my childhood,  
Now and forever I am shortly going to leave,  
Farewell to the shore where the shamrock's adorning,  
It's the bright place of pleasure and the home of the brave.
- 2 It's hard to be forced from the lands that we do live in,  
Our houses and our farms we are obliged to sell,  
To wander away amongst wild Indians and strangers  
For to seek out a comfort for our children to dwell.
- 3 I hae a wee lassie, I fain would take her with me,  
Her dwelling-place at present lies in the county Down,  
And it would break my heart for to leave her behind me,  
Oh, so we will roam together this wide world around.
- 4 So come away Betsy, my ain blue-eyed wee lassie,  
Bid farewell to your mother, love, and then come with me,  
I will do my endeavour to keep your sweet mind cheery,  
Oh, to we reach the green fields of America.
- 5 Our good ship she's lying below Londonderry  
To bear us away over that wide swelling sea,  
May the heavens be her pilot and grant her fresh breezes,  
Oh, to we reach the green fields of America.
- 6 We'll get brandy in New Quebec at ten cents a quart, boys,  
Rum in New Brunswick a penny by the glass,  
We'll get wine in that little town you call Montreal  
And so inn after inn we will drink as we pass.

7 So fill us a bumper of strong wine, ale and brandy,  
 We'll each drink a health, oh, to them we left on shore  
 And we'll each drink a health to our friends in dear old Ireland,  
 So we will plough the green fields of America.

A broadside song with this title is still sung beginning 'Farewell to the land of shillelagh and shamrock'; the two are similar in form, style, motivation, even melody, yet quite distinct in matter. The broadside speaks more bitterly of oppression, failure of trade and hunger; the Magilligan song looks like a mitigated Ulster adaptation of it. In 1969, Tom had no trouble recalling this coherent version of seven quatrains, which he attributed to his father, grandfather, and a neighbour Jim Kane (cf. A). But already in 1954 Eddie Butcher knew of a text nearly twice as long (B), which he had tried to restore in 1966, producing a collaborative fragment with his sister-in-law Maria and brother John. Again in 1969 I recorded a collaborative version, short but complete, from his nephew Robert and himself: all the 1966 verses with four others not sung by Tom, see Notes. Robert began solo and was disposed to stop at Tom's v. 5, but Eddie had joined him in this verse and went on without him to sing Tom's v. 4, not yet sung. After this Robert re-entered and sang v. 6 without Eddie and the improvised antiphony concluded with v. 7 in duet.



Farewell to old Ireland, the land of my childhood,  
 Now and forever I am slowly going to leave,  
 Farewell to the place where the shamrock is growing,  
 It's the bright place of flowers and the home of the dove.  
 It's hard to be forced from the land that we do live in,  
 Our father and our father we are obliged to sell,  
 The wanderer may wander with his pack and his staff,  
 For to each man a number for our children to teach.  
 I had a wee lassie, I had a wee lassie,  
 Her dwelling-place is present day in the county Down,  
 And it would break my heart for to leave her behind me,  
 Oh, so we will come together this world around.  
 So when you're away, my son, my son,  
 Don't forget to your mother, love, and then come with me,  
 I will do my best to keep your sweet mind steady,  
 Oh, so we will reach the green fields of America.  
 Our good folk are lying below, I understand,  
 To pass on away over that wide swelling sea,  
 They're the heroes of the past and great and good people,  
 Oh, so we will reach the green fields of America.  
 We'll be ready in New Quebec to see some a great day,  
 When we have brought a penny by the glass,  
 We'll be here in this town you call Montreal,  
 And so we'll see the we will think we are here.

### 33. Greencastle shore

*The shamrock shore Paddy's green shamrock shore*

John Fleming 1969, [anon. 1954]

*♩ = 90 rubato*

I From Derr - y quay - we sailed a - way - all on - the eighth of - M - ay,  
Be - in' fa - v - oured by a plea - sant ga - le sure we soon reached Mo - vile bay;  
Fresh - wa - ter there some twen - ty to - ns our brave ca - ptain took - on store  
Least - we - would wa - nt go - in' to Sai - nt John's - far from - Green - ca - stle shore.

sore, I'd n - one of my - own -

From Derry quay we sailed away all on the eighth of May,  
Being favoured by a pleasant gale sure we soon reached Moville bay;  
Fresh water there some twenty tons our brave captain took on store  
Lest we would want going to St John's far from Greencastle shore.

- 2 All safe on board, the anchor weighed and her head it swung towards the sea  
While the sun shone o'er Benevenagh rock most glorious to see;  
Greencastle's lovely church and fort it is them I still adore,  
Oh, many's the pleasant day I spent on far Greencastle shore.
- 3 [From scene to scene my fond eye roved over mountain, hill and dale  
Till resting on dear Walworth's groves, well talked by Drumnamail;  
My agonizing heart did swell, my soul was troubled sore  
Viewing these scenes I left behind upon Greencastle shore.
- 4 - Oh Ballykelly, beloved spot, it's must we part? I cried,  
It's must I leave that lovely place where friends resides galore,  
Friends of my heart, and must we part perhaps to meet no more?  
Your memory still will warm my heart far from Greencastle shore.
- 5 At twelve o'clock we came in sight of famous Malin Head,  
Inishtrahull far to the west rose out of ocean's bed;  
A grander sight now met my eyes I ne'er had saw before  
Was the sun going down 'twixt sea and sky far from Greencastle shore.
- 6 But then a dreadful storm arose, the waves like mountains roll,  
Blue lightning flashed on every side and rushed from pole to pole;  
Regardless both of winds and waves and hoarse loud thunder roared  
Our gallant crew the tempest braved far from Greencastle shore.]
- 7 Next morning we were all seasick and not one of us was free,  
Quite helpless on my berth I lay, I'd not one to pity me;  
No father kind nor mother dear that would raise my poor heart sore,  
I'd none of my own to hear me mourn far from Greencastle shore.

8 But then we reached that far-off shore in four-and-thirty days  
And at the drinking of a parting glass we all took our separate ways;  
I clasped each comrade by the hand, I knew we would meet no more,  
Oh then I cried for my absent friends along far Greencastle shore.

9 [To Captain Harrison we owe our grateful thanks indeed,  
A manly crew was never slow to help us in our needs;  
With a flowing glass we'll drink his health and toast it o'er and o'er,  
May he in safety always pass to and from Greencastle shore.]

A manuscript text I noted at Magilligan in 1954 is long and full of local colour: v. 3-6 and 9 are intercalated from it into John's four-verse text. More recently, only short texts have turned up which omit most of the local references: a less 'heavy' version of the song deriving from the long version but better suited to wide circulation. Henry, who published the only other long version in 1927, said that one of his informants had learnt the song fifty years previous from an octogenarian who had got it in his turn from the author 'a man named McLaughlin of Ballykelly'. This information is more plausible than his curious ensuing statement that in Articlave the song 'was first sung in 1827 by an Inishowen ploughman'. Whatever the circumstances, it is evidently a local composition which has been adapted in recent times to general Irish usage.

The sailing ship was one of those which plied between Derry and Canadian ports in the first half of the nineteenth century. Captain Harrison, otherwise unknown, receives a testimonial in verse recalling those newspaper notices in which passengers safely arriving in the New World would recommend in glowing terms the 'humanity' of their captain.

### 34. Here's a health to the company

Lizzie O'Hara 1969

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 138. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Here's a health to thee com·p'ny and - one to my lass - ,". The second staff continues with the lyrics: "We will drink and - be - merr · y all out of - e w · one - glass,". The third staff continues with: "We will drink and - be merr · y all - grief to - r · e · frain". The fourth staff concludes with: "For we may or · e might - nev · er all · e m · eet here a · gain." The score ends with a double bar line and a final chord.

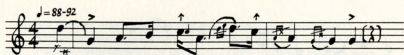
Here's a health to the company and one to my lass,  
We will drink and be merry all out of one glass,  
We will drink and be merry all grief to refrain  
For we may or might never all meet here again.

Two or three verses usually accompany this refrain and evoke the occasion as an emigrant's departure. The song is quite well known in the northern counties of Ireland, and with varying text has been noted in Canada and in Scotland, where it was perhaps composed.

# 35. The hillman

*The Connaughtman Our goodman The seven drunken nights &c*

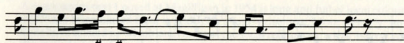
John Fleming 1969



1 Oh, w in comes the hill - man an' in comes he,



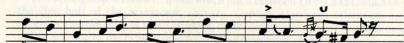
There's a coa-t on the peg -, that's where his ough to be -- ;



He says to his l . iv . in' wife, I'm com-in', sir, says she,



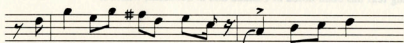
Oh -, who br-ought that coat he-re with - out the l-eave o' me?



2 Oh, you oul blin - cripp-le, yea, an' blinn-er may ye be!



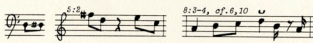
Don't you see that's a blan-ket that me moth-er sent to me -- ?



It's miles I have tra - velled an' thou - sands 'n' more



But butt'.ns on a blan - ket sure I nev-er seen be-fore.



beg - ped where his thou-sands 'n' more But a



Oh, who brought that horse here - with-(out)

- Oh, in comes the hillman and in comes he,  
There's a coat on the peg, that's where his ought to be;  
He says to his living wife, – I'm coming, sir, says she,  
– Oh, who brought that coat here without the leave of me?
- 2 – Oh, you oul blin cripple, yea, and blinner may you be!  
Don't you see that's a blanket that my mother sent to me?  
– It's miles I have travelled and thousands and more  
But buttons on a blanket sure I never seen before.
- 3 Well, in comes the hillman and in comes he,  
A hat on the peg where his own ought to be;  
He calls on his living wife, – I'm coming, sir, says she,  
Saying, – Who brought that hat here without the leave of me?
- 4 – Och, you oul blin cripple, yea, and blinner may you be!  
Don't you see that's a chamber that my mother sent to me?  
– It's miles now I've travelled and thousands and more  
But sure ribbons on a chamber, well, I never seen before.
- 5 Well, in comes the hillman and in comes he,  
There's trousers on the bed-peg where his own ought to be;  
He calls on his living wife, – I'm coming, sir, said she,  
Saying, – Who brought those trousers here without the leave of me?
- 6 – Oh, you oul blin cripple, yea, and blinner may you be!  
Can't you see that's a bolster that my mother sent to me?  
– It's miles now I've travelled and thousands and more  
But a double-barrelled bolster, well, I never seen before.
- 7 Well, in comes the hillman and in comes he,  
There's a horse in the stable where his own ought to be;  
He calls on his living wife, – I'm coming, sir, says she,  
– Oh, who brought that horse here without the leave of me?
- 8 – Oh, you oul blin cripple, yea, and blinner may you be!  
Can't you see that's a breeding sow my mother sent to me?  
– It's miles now I've travelled and thousands and more  
But a saddle on a breeding sow I never seen before.
- 9 Well, in come the hillman and in comes he,  
There's a man in the bed, that's where *he* ought to be;  
He calls on his living wife, – I'm coming, sir, says she,  
– Who brought this man here without the leave of me?
- 10 – Och, you oul blin cripple, yea, and blinner may you be!  
Can't you see that's a baby doll my mother sent to me?  
– It is miles now I've travelled and thousands and more  
But a beard on a baby doll I never seen before.

In steps the Conn · aught · man an' in steps me

Call · ing on the mis · tress, I'm com · in', sir, said she.

Who put the coat 'n the bed where mine ought to be?

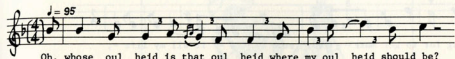
Oh, it's blin' may you, sill·y clown, an' blin'·er may you be!

Do you not see it's a blan·ket that my moth·er sent to me?

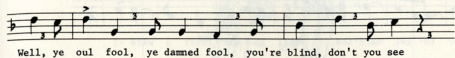
I've trav·elled this coun·tr·y three thous·and miles an' more—

And butt'·ns on a blan·ket I nev·er saw be·fore.

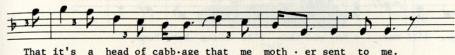
In steps the Connaughtman and in steps me  
Calling on the mistress, — I'm coming, sir, said she.  
— Who put the coat 'n the bed where mine ought to be?  
— Oh, it's blind may you, silly clown, and blinder may you be!  
Do you not see it's a blanket that my mother sent to me?  
— I've travelled this country three thousand miles and more  
And buttons on a blanket I never saw before.



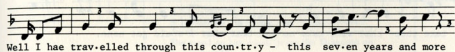
Oh, whose oul heid is that oul heid where my oul heid should be?



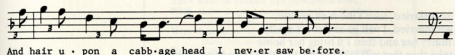
Well, ye oul fool, ye damned fool, you're blind, don't you see



That it's a head of cabb-age that me moth · er sent to me.



Well I hae trav-elled through this coun·tr-y - this sev-en years and more



And hair u · pon a cabb-age head I nev-er saw be-fore.

- Oh whose oul heid is that oul heid where my oul heid should be?
- Well, you oul fool, you damned fool, you're blind, don't you see
- That it's a head of cabbage that my mother sent to me.
- Well, I have travelled through this country this seven years and more
- And hair upon a cabbage head I never saw before.

Probably the best known of early comic ballads, 'Our goodman' was adapted into Irish, used in a folktale as an ostensible lullaby, and rejuvenated in the Anglo-Irish day-by-day enumerative version of the 'Seven drunken nights' (*BCHIOR*). It is unlikely, however, that an older adaptation in a different spirit was traditional in Ireland: the Scots 'Jacobite' version in which the wife hides her cousin McIntosh 'a Hielan rebel' in the bed. Henry nevertheless published a text of it, which he seems to have taken from a Scots printed source, with an air obtained in Magilligan (*D*). Our North Derry texts are scantily preserved, but the diversity of airs used in the district indicates the ballad's popularity there: a popularity certainly attributable to Scots influence.

## 36. I long for to get married

The young men The cherry tree

Eddie Butcher 1966

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 88-92. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are: "I long for to get married, sure I did - it all my life -, I long for to- get married, I will go- and court a wife -; I will go, I'll marr · y her and then I'll bring her home, - Sure, I will take thee- that will take me for fear that I would get none."

I long for to get married, sure I did it all my life,  
I long for to get married, I will go and court a wife;  
I will go, I'll marry her and then I'll bring her home  
- Sure I will take thee that will take me for fear that I would get none.

- 2 The cherry tree's a lovely tree when it full buds and blows  
And so is every young man when he a-courting goes;  
With not a penny in his purse he'll curse and swear, he'll vow  
That he's got houses and free lands to bring a fair maid to.
- 3 So now they are got married, he's brought her home to sorrow,  
The land it is to purchase and the money it is to borrow;  
He'll set her in the corner where she may cry her fill  
By drinking the ale that she drank last by taking her own free will.

This rare song of evident British origin has turned up in Scotland and Australia. It might be thought that a story was missing after v. 1, but the other versions do not contain one either. Even the exchange between the urgent suitor and the too easily suited girl does not appear in A. Gloomy reflections are the main subject of the brief and pointed piece. They use lyric and proverbial metaphors of old tradition; in a fifteenth-century farce, for example, a woman invites her prospective husband to bed where he will take pleasure 'drinking what he has brewed' - G. Cohen *Recueil de farces françaises inédites* Cambridge, Mass., 1949, p. 56.



THE  
**Enniskillen Dragoons.**

A beautiful damsel of fame and renown,  
A gentleman's daughter near Monaghan town,  
As she rode by the barracks this beautiful maid  
She stood on her coach to see the Dragoons on parade.

They were all dressed like gentlemen sons,  
With their bright shining swords and their  
carabin guns,  
With their silver-mounted pistols she observed  
them full soon

Because that she lov'd her Enniskillen dragoon  
You bright sons of Mars that stand on the right  
Out shine the armour or bright star by night,  
Saying Willy, dearest Willy you have listed full  
soon,

To serve in the Royal Enniskillen Dragoon.  
O Beautiful Flora, your pardon I crave,  
Now and for ever I will be your slave,  
Your parents have slighted you morning and  
noon

For fear that you'd wed your Enniskillen dra-  
agoon.

O Willy, dearest Willy never mind what the cry  
For children are bound their parents to obey,  
When we're leaving Ireland they'll all change  
their tune

Saying the Lord may be with you the Ennis  
killen dragoon.

Farewell Enniskillen Farewell for a while,  
And all around the borders of Erin's green Isle  
When the war is over we'll return in full bloom  
And they'll all welcome home the Enniskillen  
Dragoon.

'The Enniskillen dragoons':  
mid-nineteenth-century  
broadside edition (no 38A:  
'The Inniskilling dragoon')

## 37. India's burning sands

*The Paisley officer The village pride Henry and Mary Ann  
Blithe and bonny Scotland*

Bill Quigley 1969

$\text{♩} = 130-135$

In blithe- and bo - nny fair Scot - land where- blue - bells there- do- grow-  
 There dwelt a fair- an' come - lie maid down- in - e y - on vall - ey l - ow - e,  
 The whole - long day - she her - ded sheep - al - ong - the banks- of Cl - yde -  
 And al-though her- lot and 'er cot - e was poor she was call'd - e th - e vill - age - pride - .

4:1, *cf.* 9, 10

Then Hen - ry came to - Mar - y -, his heart - o - pressed - e with - e woe -

6:3, *cf.* 7, 10      8:3, *cf.* 7, 9, 10      3:4, *cf.* 4, 5, 7, 9, 10      10 end

Then he      on - - - par - (ade)      love - could steal - e th - ose      burn - in' san's.

In blithe and bonny fair Scotland where bluebells there do grow  
 There dwelt a fair and comelie maid down in yon valley low,  
 The whole long day she herded sheep along the banks of Clyde  
 And although her lot and her cot was poor she was called the village pride.

- 2 An officer from Paislie town rode out for to fowl one day  
 And wandering by these lonelie dells where Mary's cottage lay  
 A long and loving look he took, gazed on her form so fair  
 And he wondered to see such a fair flower had grew and flourished there.
- 3 And oftentimes he had came that way and many's a visit paid,  
 The flattering tongue of this young man soon won the village maid;  
 Alone together they did roam through many's a hill and vale,  
 No tongue could tell how love could steal those gentle hours away.
- 4 Then Henry came to Mary, his heart oppressed with woe,  
 Saying, - Mary, lovely Mary, far from you I must go;  
 Our regiment has received the rout and I must give command,  
 I must forsake these lonelie dells for India's burning sand.
- 5 - Oh Henry, dearest Henry, it grieves me for to part,  
 I wish that we had a-been married for I love you in my heart;  
 Oh Henry, dearest Henry, you are my heart's desire  
 And as your servant I will go, dressed up in men's attire.
- 6 Then he marched her down through Paislie town and much they wondered there  
 To see such a fine recruit he'd got, so comelie, young and fair;  
 The ladies all admiréd her as she stood on parade  
 But little they knew that a soldier's cloak concealed such a comelie maid.

- 7 Then they soon sailed over the raging sea for India's burning sand,  
 No tongue could tell what Mary bore on India's foreign land,  
 And when she found that her strength gave way her woe she tried to hide  
 And turning round and smiling, young Henry by her side.
- 8 Young Henry fought right manfully till a bullet pierced his side,  
 He never flinchéd from his post, it's where he fought he died;  
 She picked him from his bleeding gore and in her arms pressed  
 And as she stooped for to heal his wounds a bullet pierced her breast.
- 9 When she received this fatal blow she sank unto the ground  
 And in the arms of her true love young Mary she was found  
 And as these couple lived and loved till death they done the same  
 And as their true heart's blood run cold mixed up in one red stream.
- 10 Then come all you maids of fair Scotland wherever you may be,  
 Respect the name of Henry by either land or sea  
 And if you meet a soldier lad just take him by the hand  
 And think on Mary's royal task on India's (*spoken*) burning sands.

*Spoken:* There you are now.

*Tilly Quigley:* You should have sung that out.

This song is common in Canada and various American States, particularly of the northeast; one American MS text goes back to 1884. There are broadsides from Durham and Manchester. Oddly enough I have seen no references to Scots versions. Our fullest references come from the northern half of Ireland. Henry drew on six different Derry and Antrim informants, and we have full versions from two Magilligan singers. Perhaps 'India's burning sands' is actually an Irish song in disguise; perhaps the author was an Irishman living in Scotland or the North of England. The Irish rhyme *same:stream* (9.3-4) is only a tenuous clue; but the melodic tradition seems more Irish than Scots. A somewhat literary Ulster song entitled 'Diarmuid and Mary' shows stylistic similarity and some textual correspondence (see Notes), but not enough to determine which song borrowed from the other.

On 1 May 1926 the *Northern Constitution* reported that Miss Denne-Parker, from Oxford but evidently Scottish, adjudicating at the Coleraine music festival, gave Miss Lily M'Ginnis of Limavady second prize in the folk-song competition for this song, though declaring herself 'not at all sure that the poem was worthy of the tune, in fact she was afraid she was not in sympathy with it'.

## 38. The Inniskilling dragoon

Eddie Butcher 1966

*♩ = 115-125*

There was a fair lad - y - lived in -- Mon -- agh'an town,  
A rich - mer - chant's daugh - ter of fame and re - nown;  
As she strayed - by the barr - acks this beau - ti - ful maid  
She watched from her carr - iage - e the dra - ha - goons on par - ade.

There was a fair lady lived in Monaghan town,  
A rich merchant's daughter of fame and renown;  
As she strayed by the barracks this beautiful maid  
She watched from her carriage the dragoons on parade.

*Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare you well for a while  
And all around the borders of Erin's green isle  
And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom  
And we'll all welcome home our Inniskilling dragoon.*

- 2 The dragoons they were dressed up like gentlemen's sons  
With their bright shining swords and their carbine guns;  
Their silver-mounted pistols she observed them full soon  
All because that she loved her Inniskilling dragoon.
- 3 - Oh mother, dear mother, for me do not weep,  
My mother's kind advice I am going for to keep;  
My parents brought me up from a boy unto a man  
And I'm going in defence of my own native land.

Dragoons – mounted infantry that fought on foot – long enjoyed popularity in folk song. The Inniskillings were remembered for their part in the Williamite campaign, when a Huguenot diarist is reported as writing that he had seen them 'run like mastey dogs against bullets' – *UJA* IV ser. 1 (1856) 80. An eighteenth-century biographer of William's general Schomberg described them, with 'thin little nags and the wretched dress of their riders, half-naked with sabre and pistols hanging from their belts', as looking 'like a horde of Tartars' – J. G. Simms *Jacobite Ireland, 1685-91* London 1969, p. 127. V. 2 paints a different picture: but it refers to a ceremonial occasion and a later date.

Irish and British broadside texts of the song are abundant. In a nineteenth-century 'Answer' the hero returns from the war in the role of an initially unrecognized lover – L: LR 271 a 2, IV 423. There are adaptations by George Sigerson and Tommy Makem. Popularity has given the song a high degree of melodic and textual stability, but Eddie's conclusion is aberrant. A farewell of lovers divided by proud parents is replaced by a soldier's farewell to his mother, taken from another song – see 'The sunny South' in Sharp' II 263, Mackenzie p. 139.

## 39. It's just about ten years ago

John Butcher senior 1966

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 155. It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff has a key signature change to two flats. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff ends with a double bar line and a final chord. There are some performance markings like accents and slurs.

Oh, it's just a-bout ten years ag-o- as near- as I could tell  
 I - bun-dled up my clothes, un-to my friends I bid fare-well;  
 I'm goin' a - cross the o - cean for to see my broth-er Jack  
 And - - - if there's an-y chance of work I won't- be com-in' back.  
 day - - - We

Oh, it's just about ten years ago as near as I could tell  
 I bundled up my clothes, unto my friends I bid farewell:  
 - I'm going across the ocean for to see my brother Jack  
 And if there's any chance of work I won't be coming back.

- 2 I just possessed of ninepence and a one-pound note  
 When I paid my fare and wrote to Jack for to meet me at the boat;  
 When I went there sure I saw Jack and half a dozen more  
 All waving hats and handkerchiefs to welcome me on shore.
- 3 They soon drew out the gangway plank, as soon as I reached on land,  
 When Jack and all the other boys they took me by the hand  
 And for to make me happy the remainder of that day  
 We smuggled Irish whisky in that pub along the way.
- 4 They soon pulled the stiffening out of my dirty one-pound note,  
 When Jack and all the other boys they went and pawned their coat;  
 We smuggled that and other things till eight o'clock at night  
 Till every mother's son of us was roaring blazing tight.
- 5 Then next morning I stuck in the pin, a job I went to seek,  
 I'm working in the gas-yard at eighteen bob a week;  
 First I was a gaffer but now I'm overseer,  
 I'll be owner of the gas-yard in about another year.
- 6 Now Jack and all the other boys are working under me,  
 Sure it does not become of them for me to go on the spree;  
 But I'll go down into yon inns where there I'll quench my thirst,  
 I'll not forget the fun we had the night I landed first,
- 7 Singing, - God bless you, Barney, with an outstretched hand,  
 Years ago o' pleasure as we might understand,  
 Years ago o' pleasure as we might on recall  
 For Irishmen throughout this world are brothers after all.

John recalled learning this song from Bob Tracy, a 'timber man' who brought it, with 'The Faughan side' (no 28), to Magilligan - from Derry city, Eddie thought, 6919. It has no local features, and can hardly date from earlier than about 1900: the decadence of the ballad sheet, a fact which may explain why it has remained undocumented. John's and Eddie's renditions scarcely diverge in text or melody.

## 40. It's of a young gentleman

*The seducer outwitted*

Charlie Somers 1969

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120-130. The piece begins with a *rubato* marking. The lyrics are: "2 Oh, a gen-tle-man and ser-vant maid lived - ne-ar-by this town, With 'er ma-ster and her mi - stress she bet the sum o' fif - ty poun' That- she could walk with this- young m-an through i-one-some- woods and pl-ains And - she n-ev-er - tould 'er-- w - ag - er till she - would re-tur-n - a-gain." The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *fff*. At the end of the piece, there is a first ending marked with a '1' and the word "end", with the lyrics "on your eas-y ear-n'd purse."

It's of a young gentleman in this country did dwell,  
For seducing pretty fair maids there's few could him excel  
For there never came a fair one unto this young man's place,  
Oh, that ever would return without coming to disgrace.

2 Oh, a gentleman and servant maid lived nearby this town,  
With her master and her mistress she bet the sum of fifty pound  
That she could walk with this young man through lonesome woods and plains  
And she never told her wager till she would return again.

3 Oh, it being early the next morning this fair maid she arose  
To seek for recreation, oh, as she put on her clothes;  
With a rake upon her shoulder away then she has gone  
And the one that went to watch her it was her master's son.

4 - Oh, good morning to you, fair maid, the gentleman did say,  
This morning it looks misty, it might make a pleasant day,  
But it's through these lonesome mountains together let us stray,  
I should find myself quite happy, oh, if with you making hay.

5 - Oh, let go my hand, kind sir, she said, and stop your making fun,  
Perhaps that you are married and you have your harvest won.  
- Indeed I am not married, believe me, it is true  
For I'll never wed with anyone unless it is with you.

6 It is your beauteous sparkling eyes that has my heart ensnared  
And if you don't give consent, oh, I will die in despair;  
If you grant to me your wishes, oh, I'll give you fifty pound  
And I'll marry you next Sunday when the clergy comes to town.

7 - If I grant to you my wishes, oh, it would myself confound,  
But before I do, kind sir, she said, just pay the money down.  
Oh, he paid her down the fifty pound as he thought it was but lent,  
Ay, and for a safe recovery it was this maid's intent.

- 8 For when she got the money she carefully put it by,  
And putting it in her pocket small-clothes he chanced to spy;  
He stood all in amazement, it put him to stand  
For to see that a young girl had turned out to be a man.
- 9 – Oh, come pay to me my trifling, come pay to me my wealth,  
It's aren't you a man, he says, you do the same yourself.  
– Indeed I am a man, said she, for you I am too keen,  
You're so much afraid of shooting you will never serve the queen.
- 10 Oh, the argument being all in vain she quickly left the spot,  
She went down to the river and she jumped into a cot;  
She quickly rowed the little boat unto the other side,  
Ay, and smiled, – Indeed, young man, she says, you wish to have a bride.
- 11 You may go home, young man, said she, go home, you silly clown,  
And I'll marry you next Sunday when the clergy comes to town;  
You may go home, young man, said she, and mourn for your loss,  
Oh, while I will sport my figure on your (*spoken*) easy earned purse.

For a wager a girl outwits a Don Juan by pretending to be a man dressed up as a girl; the deception puts a novel twist on the theme of the 'Broomfield wager' (Child no 43), replacing magic by cunning. The new ballad is Irish, as one fact makes certain: the allusion to a *cot* in 10.2. Cots were small boats used widely for inland and coastal transport, and still used exceptionally in Magilligan for fishing and fowling at the mouth of the Roe; see p.5-6. But despite its rarity the ballad is not a local one; it came from broadsides and was probably composed around 1860 for the Dublin press.



James McKee  
1908

- 7 Then off unto Liverpool where I happenéd to mention  
What I had done to a false-hearted friend  
And one hundred pounds was for our apprehending,  
You will hear how it happened when my song is end'.
- 8 Six weeks in his house he kept me under cover,  
He solemnlie swore he would ne'er me betray,  
When off unto Greenock he quickly sailed over,  
He got us apprehended that very same day.
- 9 Then back unto Greenock a prisoner we were taken  
And bound in strong chains to our trial came on,  
And twenty-one days was allowed for repentance;  
I am sorely grievéd for what I have done.
- 10 Pat Rodden, James Ackey and I got one sentence  
All for to die on the fourth day of May;  
Since I heard my sentence my heart it's near broken,  
Our time on this world is fast fading away.
- 11 Now farewell my friends, for my foes I forgive them,  
I hope all young men will take warning from me;  
For my sad misfortune my friends they're all grieving,  
I die at the age now of thirty and three.

Riotous incidents involving Irish workmen and farm labourers were common in nineteenth-century Britain: a better-known, less lugubrious, song on the subject is Eddie's 'English harvest'. The present song has not turned up in any other version, though it is a 'farewell' ballad of sufficient merit to retain interest when the identity of the condemned man is forgotten. Some circumstances might lead to an eventual discovery of the occasion described. The 'Aghanerins' are mystifying, and Liverpool has probably replaced a less familiar Scottish town. The use of rhyming odd as well as even lines is noteworthy. A piece so well made can hardly have otherwise perished. Though undoubtedly composed by an Irishman, it may perhaps have circulated mainly in Scotland.

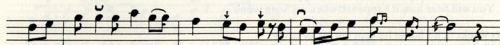
## 42. James McKee

James Magee

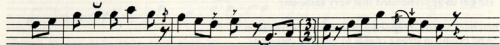
1966



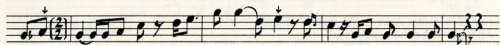
I James- Mc- Kee they *hey* do call m'e, the same I'll- ne'er de·ny,



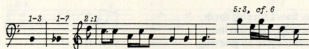
I was rear·ed w·ith my - grand·moth- er, of me - she *he* took great care:



Six y·ears in·e Du·blin I was·e taught at ·e the a - ca · dem - y,



My - learn·in' - would have - served a kn·ight or lord of - high de·gr·ee.



I had·e one - - aunt a·live to be - - v·ail

James McKee they do call me, the same I'll ne'er deny,  
I was reared with my grandmother, of me she took great care:  
Six years in Dublin I was taught at the academy,  
My learning would have served a knight or lord of high degree.

- 2 My father and my mother died, I had one aunt alive,  
She was married to an Orangeman, with him she did connive;  
She went before the justice my life to swear away  
Still thinking she'd become the heir of all my property.
- 3 She went before the justice and at the green table stood  
Saying, - Good my lord and jurymen, take heed to what I say,  
This is the man who done the wrong, so do not let him shun,  
Last Thursday night at ten o'clock he stole my husband's gun.
- 4 - Oh aunt, he says, God pardon you lest your soul might injured be,  
He says again, - God pardon me lest judged I might be,  
He says, - Think on that awful day when on us He will call,  
There'll be no lawyers there, nor jurymen, one judge will stand for all.
- 5 - McKee, I can't defend you, she has sworn so bitterly,  
You must leave your wife and family, you're bound to cross the sea,  
You must leave your wife and family in sorrow to bewail,  
You're going to cross the ocean and you're bound for New South Wales.

- 6 – It's not my far-off sailing or yet my tedious voyage,  
 It's the leaving of my little ones before they're come of age;  
 May the curse of me and my three babes, my wife and children small  
 Light down upon you, Kate McKee, my aunt I should you call.
- 7 I had a house both long and broad, six rooms it could afford  
 For to entertain a Ribbonman when he was in record  
 And when I met an Orangeman I treated him right well,  
 But they all pass by and none calls in where James McKee does (*spoken*) dwell.

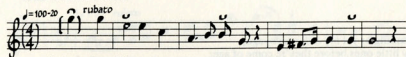
The few versions, all but one from Ulster, have a consistent air of historicity, but the circumstances they sketch have not led to the identity of the characters. Outside our district the hero is called 'James Magee', except in Moneymore, S. Derry, where Henry reported 'James MacLean' – notes to *A*. In *D* Moneymore is the actual setting, the aunt is married to a Ribbonman and the hero is a friend of Orangemen. A good song touching only incidentally on politics could obviously lend itself to political preferences. Henry's 'neutral' text seems to be the product of editorial rewriting, but another singer, singing the song for an unfamiliar audience, suppressed the partisan features in exactly the same way: see Notes, 2.2, 7.2-3.

The song dates from the early nineteenth century. The Protestant Orange Order was founded in 1795 and the Catholic Ribbon Society was particularly active round 1820: see G. Broeker *Rural disorder and police reform in Ireland, 1812-1836* London and Toronto 1970, p. 12. The strongly formulaic diction includes a line also occurring in a Catholic song entitled 'The Armagh Cross' and dating from a sectarian incident in 1813: Notes, 4.4.

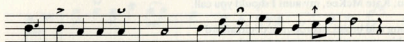
## 43. Johnny Doyle

*The lost Johnny Doyle* Claudy town

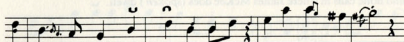
Charlie Somers 1969



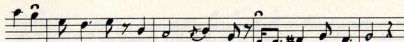
1 Aye, for I'm a young la - dy most high - l.y in love



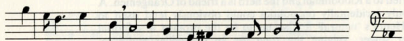
And laid - my com . plaints to the pow - ers a - bove



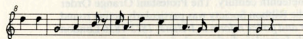
In hopes that He'll re - lieve - me and heal - all my toil



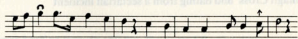
For my heart - it's a - brea - kin' for y - oung - John - ny Doyle.



2 It ha - ppened to be on a Sa - tur - day night...



Oh, she bid her old mo - ther make fast - e the room door,



Un - til the br - eak of day don't let in young Sam - my - hy Moore

Ay, for I'm a young lady most highly in love  
And laid my complaints to the powers above  
In hopes that He'll relieve me and heal all my toil  
For my heart it's a-breaking for young Johnny Doyle.

- 2 It happened to be on a Saturday night  
When me and my true love was going to take our flight  
My waiting-maid being standing by as ye shall plainly see,  
Oh, she run to my mother and told all on me.
- 3 She lockéd me up in a room that was high  
Where no one could see me nor no one passed me by;  
She bundled up my clothes and she bid me be gone,  
Oh, for slowly and sllily as I pinned them on.
- 4 It was ten score of guineas for me she did provide  
And six double horses to ride by my side,  
A horse and a pillion for me was to ride,  
It was all for to make me young Sammy Moore's bride.
- 5 Oh, we rode on together till we came to London town  
And there at Mrs Gordon's it's where we lighted down;  
- Sure it's you have the pleasure, it's I have the toil  
For my heart it's a-breaking for young Johnny Doyle.

- 6 Oh, the moment the minister he entered the door  
 My earrings they burst and they fell on to the floor;  
 In twenty-and-five pieces my stay-laces flew  
 For I thought my very heart would have broken in two.
- 7 Oh, behind my own brother I was carried home,  
 My mother conveyed me into my own room  
 And on my own bedside she laid herself down,  
 Oh, for sore, sick and weary my poor body found.
- 8 Oh, she bid her old mother make fast the room door,  
 – Until the break of day don't let in young Sammy Moore,  
 For death it's approaching and that will end all strife  
 For he never shall enjoy me or call me his wife.
- 9 – Oh, will I send for Johnny Doyle, child, and see if he will come?  
 – To send for Johnny Doyle, mother, now it's too long;  
 The journey is far and death will be my fate  
 And to send for Johnny Doyle, mother, now it's too late.
- 10 Oh, this poor girl died upon her wedding day  
 And on her aged parents her death she did lay;  
 Her father and mother distracted did run  
 And her old brother died for the (*spoken*) ill he had done.

The oldest dated text (*A*) goes back to 1845, but some broadsides may be older and the song could well date from the eighteenth century (McCall MS p. 105-6 'Johnny Doyle', dated 1835, is unrelated). People and places named in the text suggest Ulster origin, and this is consistent with the religious dilemma which some Irish versions make quite plain:

There is one thing which grieves me, as I may confess  
 That I go to Meeting and my love to Mess . . . (*A*)

But this feature is thematically incidental; the wide popularity of the song is due to its commonplace narrative, which renews old ballad matter. It has been viewed as a rejuvenation of 'Lord Saltoun' (Child no 239, cf. Bronson III 422). Its distinctive motif of the bursting rings, clothes, buttons &c, symbolic of grief, is commonplace in old balladry: Child IV 302. In 'Jamie Douglas' (Child no 204, see IV 101) the bursting of buttons is attendant on pregnancy: a circumstance which the narrative of 'Johnny Doyle' could admit, though it does not suggest or require it.

## 44. The journeyman tailor

*The jovial young sailor The sailor and the lady Willie  
Bound down to Derry It's of a rich lady*

Eddie Butcher 1961

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. A tempo marking of quarter note = 62 is present. The melody is written in a single line with lyrics underneath. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are: I As - I went out - e wal - - - king one -- morn - in' in - e May --  
A journ - ey - em - an - tail - or - e by - e chance - came - e th - at -- w - ay --;  
He - e - bein' - e brisk - and - air - y - and she saw him - - pass - e by,  
She - e called - to that - e y - oung - e m - an and - - bid - him - e draw n - igh.  
Where were you - bor - - - en or - e wh - ere - e w - ere - e y - ou - e bred - - ?

As I went out walking one morning in May  
A journeyman tailor by chance came that way;  
He being brisk and airy and she saw him pass by,  
She called to that young man and bid him draw nigh.

- 2 - Where were you born or where were you bred?  
Or what is your name, sir? pray tell me your trade.  
- I was born nigh Derry, fair lady, said he,  
And James was the name that my godfather gave me.
- 3 - James, in this country I would have you to tarry  
And some pretty fair maid I would have you to marry;  
Perhaps that your rambling might increase your store,  
So James, in this country you will ramble no more.
- 4 James, I would have you for to marry me  
And you'll get attendants for to wait upon you  
And then you'll have a footboy for to walk by your side  
And the day you get married, James, I'll be your bride.
- 5 - My rambling, fair lady, I don't value one pin,  
I'm always endeavouring a living to win;  
Oh, but wedding with one that's not fit for to be,  
So therefore, fair lady, we will never agree.

- 6 Her father was listening how he pled his cause  
 He stepped up to him, gave him great applause,  
 And such a wedding sure never was seen  
 As the journeyman tailor and his beautiful queen.

Neither broadside editions nor versions from Britain are known, though a song sung in Scotland contains a verse similar to v. 3: Greig LXI and SSS SA52 8B14. The song appears to be a nineteenth-century Irish one which was transmitted orally to America and Australia by Irish emigrants, perhaps without taking root in Britain. The travelling tailor is traditionally notorious as a seducer of females – see O'Sullivan p. 40 – and apparent ignorance of this fact, or indifference to it, might be an indication of provincial authorship; at least two expatriate versions retain mention of Derry (Karpeles, Moore). Canadian versions have replaced the Irish 'journeyman tailor' by a more familiar kind of hero, the 'jovial young sailor'. But the journeyman tailor was common enough in Ireland when the song was composed: 'There are 19 tailors in the Parish of Magilligan – including Journeymen and Apprentices – Charge for making a Frize Coat at the farmers house 2s./2d. For Making Breeches or trowsers 15/0 p pair – For making a Waistcoat 15/0' – OS 10.

## 45. A lady walked in her father's garden

*The young maid stood/A servant maid/The maiden in the garden The pretty fair maid There was a lady The green garden All in a garden The sailor The single/brisk young/young and single sailor The sailor's/cowboy's return The broken ring/token The test of love Seven years since I had a sweetheart The true lovers' discussion*

Bill Quigley 1969

*d* = 30-33

The musical score is written in 3/2 time with a tempo marking of *d* = 30-33. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has the lyrics: "I As a la · dy w · alked - in - her fa - ther's - gar · den". The second system has: "A - gen - tle - e · man - came - - r · i · ding - e by;". The third system has: "He - - stepped up - to her, he · e then said to - her,". The fourth system has: "My - prett · y fair - la - - dy, would · e y · ou fan - cy I?".

(to) you -- some fine-fine ho - nour - y.ou-- seem- to ki.ases-, ki.sses-e three

And - d-e what am I he · but a sar · e-vant hg · irl - , sir,

And - a sar-vant - girl- I in-e-tend to be.

As a lady walked in her father's garden

A gentleman came riding by;

He stepped up to her, he then said to her,

— My pretty fair lady, would you fancy I?

2 To fancy you, sir, a man of honour,

And a man of honour you seem to be!

And what am I but a servant girl, sir,

And a servant girl I intend to be.

3 Well, it's seven years since I had a sweetheart,

It's seven more since I did him see

And seven more I will wait upon him,

If he's alive he'll return to me.

4 — Well, it's seven years since you had a sweetheart

It's seven more since you did him see;

Perhaps he's wed to some other fair one,

Perhaps he's dead and he'll ne'er return.

- 5 – Well, if he's married I wish him better  
 And if he's dead I wish him rest,  
 For since he's gone I will wed no other  
 For he's the young man that I love best.
- 6 – I'll give to you some fine fine castles  
 Adornéd round with lilies white;  
 I'll give to you my gold and silver  
 If you prove true, love, this very night.
- 7 – It's what cares I for your fine fine castles  
 Adornéd round with lilies white  
 Or what cares I for your gold and silver  
 If I had my true love this very night.
- 8 He put his hand into his pocket  
 His lily-white fingers being thin and small,  
 Pulled out a gold ring all bent and broken,  
 And when she saw it she down did fall.
- 9 He picked her up into his arms,  
 He gave her kisses, kisses three,  
 Saying, – I'm your true love, your long-lost sailor  
 Who has returned for to marry thee.
- 10 – Well if you are my long-lost sailor  
 Your loving features they are all gone,  
 But seven years it makes an alteration  
 Between a sailor and a gentleman.

This is among the commonest of English traditional songs sung in Ireland. An Antrim version begins with the lovers' parting (*H*), but the usual starting-point is the return of the unrecognized young man. Eddie Butcher's version is shorter than Bill's, which has textual parallels for all its verses in Ireland, Britain and America. Both text and melody belong to a tradition the English origin of which is clearly marked.

## 46. Laurel Hill

*Kyle's flowery braes*

Eddie Butcher 1964, [v.2 1954]

$\text{♩} = 60-90$  *rubato*

I h·When·e th·e war- had- o-- ppressed ev'--ry -- e na·tion with horr·or

Bold W· ell· in' - - - ton ven· tured his l· ife on -- the main,

For to keep down French tyr· ants and to make them sur· ren· der

In de· fence of· e old I· re· land I· e ven· tured - the same.

It was on that sweet spot h·where I first par·e·ted N· an· cy

She- says, Dear·est - Jimm·y - e , you will be true·e to - m· e still,

Un·til - you gai·n that vic·tor·y·e, re· turns from·e th· e slaugh·ter,

I will murn r· ound - those· vall·eys - r·ound sweet L·aur·el·e Hill·e.

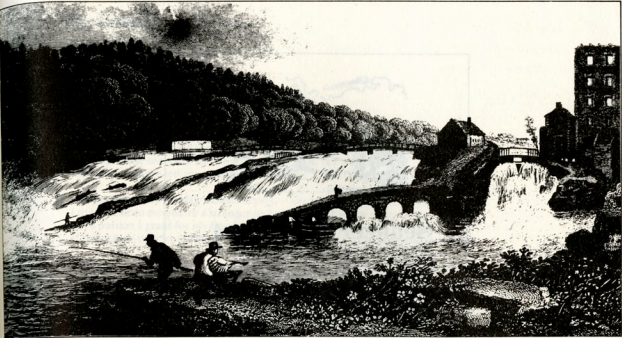
$\frac{4}{4}$ , *of. 5*

I stepp·ed up to her, she was all clad in·e m·urn·in'

$\frac{4}{4}$ , *of. 5*

Where the wild duck and- otter does stray

When the war had oppressed every nation with horror  
 Bold Wellington ventured his life on the main,  
 For to keep down French tyrants and to make them surrender  
 In defence of old Ireland I ventured the same.  
 It was on that sweet spot where I first parted Nancy  
 She says, - Dearest Jimmy, you will be true to me still,  
 Until you gain that victory, returns from the slaughter,  
 I will mourn round those valleys round sweet Laurel Hill.



Coleraine salmon leap,  
 (G. N. Wright *Ireland  
 illustrated* London  
 1829), see no 46 verse 3, text  
 and notes

2 [When we landed in France we were almost exhausted  
 We were tossed by the waves and the billows so high.  
 And then we pursued over lofty high mountains,  
 In the midst of all danger we fought with good will  
 And our foes they lay bleeding in their gore all around us,  
 We smiled at the dangers far from Laurel Hill.]

3 When we left the white cliffs where our Britain stood smiling  
 The trumpet of war was to rest for a while;  
 We manly came out and came off for old Ireland,  
 That long looked for valley, that beautiful isle.  
 And when we arrived by the bonny Bann water  
 There I spied my love by the side of a mill  
 In a loop near Coleraine where with her I first parted  
 For to gain British valour far from Laurel Hill.

4 I stepped up to her, she was all clad in mourning,  
 And I asked her the reason she ranged the Bann shore;  
 – My love he's a soldier and I doubt his returning,  
 My Jamie he's gone, will I ne'er see him more?  
 He has left me to stray by those dark shady bowers  
 Where the wild duck and otter does stray with good will  
 And the pretty little fishes swims in the Bann water,  
 They do add to the pleasure around Laurel Hill.

5 So now to conclude and to finish those verses  
 I mean to give over and leave down my pen  
 For Jimmy's returned back home to his Nancy  
 And now all their troubles they are at an end.  
 He's sailed the Atlantic for gold and promotion  
 And now he's returned home their joys to fulfil;  
 This couple's got married and lives happy together  
 In a neat little cottage on sweet Laurel Hill.

The theme is once again that of the returning unrecognized lover, though Eddie leaves aside parts of the story: see Notes. The poet has given it a local rural setting enriched with his own fresh flowers of descriptive expression. These perhaps proved an obstacle to wide acceptance of the song; though it dates from soon after Waterloo, the only other version I know is Henry's version from the Coleraine district. Laurel Hill, now occupied by a suburb of Coleraine, was an estate overlooking the river Bann on the Derry side. The Salmon Leap – our text has 'loop', 3.7 – is now known as the 'Cuts' and is about a mile upstream: *UFL* XI (1965) 18-20.



A New Song called The

## Seducer Outwitted

There was a young gentleman in this country did dwell,  
For seducing pretty fair maids few could him excel,  
The cause was a fair maid into this young man's place,  
That ever would return without coming to disgrace.

A gentleman's young servant maid that lived near by this town  
With her master and her mistress bet the sum of fifty pounds,  
That she'd travel with this young man through the lonely plain,  
And she'd never tell the wagger till she'd return again.

It was early next morning this fair maid she arose,  
To seek for recreation — she put on her clothes,  
With a rake on her shoulder away she is gone,  
And the one that went to watch her it was her master's son.

Good-morrow to you, fair maid, this gentleman did say  
The morning it looks misty it might make a good-day,  
It's through those lovely mountains together let us stray,  
I would feel myself quite happy if with you making hay.

Let go you hand, kind sir, she says and drop your making hay  
Perhaps that you are married and have your harvest won,  
Indeed I am not married believe it is true,  
I'll never wed with any one unless it is with you.

It is your pretty sparkling eyes that has my heart ensorced  
And if that you dont consent I'll die in de-pair,  
If you grant me your wishes I'll give you fifty pounds,  
I will marry you next Sunday when the Clergy comes to town.

If I'd grant you your wishes it would myself confound,  
Before I do, kind sir, she says, come pay the money down,  
He paid the money down as he thought it was but least  
And for its safe recovery it was his whole intent.

When she got the money she carefully put it by,  
In putting it in her pocket a small-clothes he espied,  
He stood all in amaze and it put him to a stand,  
To think that a young girl turned out to be a man.

Give me back that trifle come pay to me my self,  
Then are you not a man, he says, you'd do the same yourself,  
Indeed I am a man, she says, but for you I am to keen,  
You're so much afraid of shooting, you'd never serve the Queen.

She quiled out a case of pistols and clapped one to his breast,  
If you proceed much farther I'll shoot you I protest,  
Looking all around him no one could be spy,  
While her masters' son in ambush there did lie.

Her arguments were all in vain she quickly left the spot,  
She went down to a river, and jumped into a boat,  
She quickly rowed the little boat and reached the other side,  
She smiled and said I think young man you'd wish to have  
A bride.

"A new song called the  
seducer outwitted":  
mid-nineteenth-century  
broadside edition probably  
from Dublin (no 40A: 'It's  
of a young gentleman')

## 47. The Lisburn maid

Robert Butcher senior 1961

Air, cf. no 5

One evening for my recreation as I strayed by the foot of a hill  
Where the wee birds did consult together, by the rocks yon clear fountain ran still,  
I defied all the snares of sly Cupid that e'er could her bosom enaid,  
Like a damsel she left me quite heartless, some call her the Lisburn maid.

2 I stepped up unto this fair damsel saying, – My darling, come tell me your name,  
I am sure unto me you're a stranger or I ne'er would ask you the same.  
– It's pardon I grant for my freedom, from my parents I was led astray,  
If they knew they would surely ill-use me, said my charming sweet Lisburn maid.

3 – Then if that your parents would ill-use you, come with me to the county Kildare  
And when that my parents do see you they surely will welcome you there.  
And when that he got her right willing along with him there for to stray  
They lovingly sat down together until the first breaking of day.  
Then they parted a while for to wander and promised to meet in a shade  
And when he got her in a slumber he forsook his Lisburn maid.

4 – Then, my dear, if I left you to wander, sure it was not designedly, you know,  
For I was providing a dwelling at the foot of yon hill where you know;  
I was providing a dwelling at the foot of yon hill near a shade,  
So my darling, I'll never forsake you, said he to his Lisburn maid.

Though imperfect this text has rarity value: no other version is known to me. No doubt the 'Lisburn' maid may have originated elsewhere – in the south perhaps – and the song may be in print in a form not readily identifiable. 'The Lisburn lass/Maid of Lisburn town' – see Notes – is a different song.

The narrative pattern is conventional: encounter, courtship, separation (a test or trick by the lover?), happy reunion. But linking and motivation are confused. Notice however that 'heartless' in 1.4 means, not that the 'damsel' is callous, but that the lover has lost his heart to her.

## 48. The maid of Culmore

*The maids of Coolmore The maid of Kilmore*

John Butcher senior 1966

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo is marked '♩. = 68-64'. The melody is accompanied by a bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics, followed by a short instrumental piece in 3/4 time.

1 From sweet Lon - don - derry - y, oh, to fair Lon - don town  
 There is no bet - ter har - - bour an - - y - where can be - foun' - e  
 Where the young - sters each eve - - nin' are - - round - the sea - shore - e  
 And the joy - - bells - - are - ring - in' for the maids of - - Cul - more - e

(Cul) - more. Spoken: Hear! hear!

From sweet Londonderry, oh, to fair London town  
 There is no better harbour anywhere can be found  
 Where the youngsters each evening are round the seashore  
 And the joybells are ringing for the maids of Culmore.

2 The first time I saw my love she pass'd me by  
 And the next time I saw her she bade me goodbye  
 And the third time I saw her she grieved my heart sore  
 As she sailed down Lough Foyle and away from Culmore.

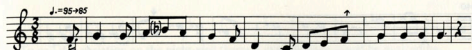
3 To the North parts of America I will go my love see  
 Where I will know no one, oh, nor no one knows me,  
 And it's if I don't find her I'll return back no more,  
 Like an exile I will wander from the maid of Culmore.

*Spoken:* Hear, hear!

The literary media have ignored this locally popular song, and the traffic of itinerant farm workers from Donegal and Derry is enough to explain its transmission to Scotland. Culmore, about two miles from Derry city, stands where the Foyle river widens into Lough Foyle, witnessing the departure of the tender with passengers for the ocean liner that used to pick them up off Moville.

## 49. The maid of seventeen

Robert Butcher senior 1966



4 I says, My dear-, I'll vis·it you. -Oh no·ho, that would n·ot do



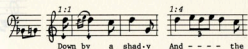
For mam'a wou·hould be ang·er·y, but stop, kind sir, says she,



Next Tues·day I'·hll be up this way and we might meet - - a·gain,



You-- can spend some pleas·ant hou·rs with the mai·haid of sev·en·teen.



Down by a shad·y And - - - the

Down by a shady arbour there resides a pleasant maid  
And her I saw not long ago and this to her I said,  
- I am wounded by your rolling eye, your countenance serene,  
And the answer that she made to me, - I'm only seventeen.

2 - It's youth, my dear, I'm looking for since I have met with you  
And I'll court you for half an hour if you'll sit down with me;  
This is a pleasant evening here upon the grass so green  
And I long to be in company with the maid of seventeen.

3 - You need not talk of courting, sir, for I don't know the way,  
Upon that very subject, oh, not one word could I say.  
I taught my love a lesson and for learning she was keen  
And I knew that maid admired it although but seventeen.

4 I says, - My dear, I'll visit you. - Oh no, that would not do  
For mama would be angry, but stop, kind sir, says she,  
Next Tuesday I'll be up this way and we might meet again,  
You can spend some pleasant hours with the maid of seventeen.

5 My love she's tall and handsome, she is rare for to be seen,  
Her whole demeanour pleases me because she's neat and clean;  
If she consents to marry me it's wedded we'll be seen  
For I long for to live happy with the maid of seventeen.

Not a word is out of place, not a sentiment jarring in this pastoral love song unknown outside Ulster and little known even within the province. Nothing in particular serves to localize it - unless the possibility that *do* and *she* (4.1-2) were originally meant to rhyme - but it is fairly certainly an Ulster song of the mid-nineteenth century which never came to the notice of printers. Negative conjectures these, but the fresh sparkle of the little piece is positive enough.

## 50. The Mason's Word

Eddie Butcher, 1968

$\text{♩} = 140$

I You- men and- maids, I pray a .ttend, now - li-sten to m.e- a- while-- ,  
 It's - of a str .ange ad .ven --- ture - that ha.ppened thee - oth - er day -- ;  
 I'll tell young lov-ers of a plan that - they'll not - think ab . surd,  
 How to gain their sw-eeet -- heart's- fav-our - by the-cur .i - ous M . a .son' .s W .ord.

You men and maids, I pray attend, now listen to me a while,  
 It's of a strange adventure that happened the other day;  
 I'll tell young lovers of a plan that they'll not think absurd,  
 How to gain their sweetheart's favour by the curious Mason's Word.

- 2 A young man went a-courting a handsome sprightly lass,  
 The night was dark, but what cared he, his sweetheart had the brass;  
 Her father had laid out for her a man both whipped and spurred,  
 Oh, but aye she loved her Jamie for he knew the Mason's Word.
- 3 It was on the road going home that night the storm began to blow  
 And soon his heart began to fail at the sleet and drifting snow;  
 He turned himself right round about, to his true love he went  
 For to see how constant she at night it was his whole intent.
- 4 He tinkled at his love's window, she answered him full soon  
 Saying, - Who is that this hour of night to wake me does presume?  
 Well, if you be my own true love as I take you to be  
 Tell me the curious Mason's Word that twice you promised me.
- 5 He says, - My dear, how would you like to undergo the toil  
 To mount upon a horned goat and ride for many a mile?  
 - I am sure that it would be an action most absurd  
 For to ride astride all on a goat to learn the Mason's Word.
- 6 She opened the hall door, she enfolded him in her arms  
 And soon the storm he forgot still thinking on her charms;  
 He never drew the curtain till the morning sun did shine  
 And when he arose he says, - You'll mind 'Love, rise and let me in'.
- 7 It was not long after that when her waist it did grow round,  
 Her father sent for Jamie and gave him two hundred pounds,  
 - And when your first son's born I will give to you the third,  
 So now he has got his Mary and still keeps the Mason's Word.

To call this variation on the night-visit theme a masonic song would be misleading, but it was certainly inspired by the vogue for masonic songs in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. For the general public, secrecy was the main attribute of the masonic order. A broadside printed by Pitts, London, 'Adam in the garden', asks

'Did you hear the Mason's word,  
Was whisper'd round the other night,  
No girl at all does us annoy,  
No care do put us in a fright' - C: Res. b 1943 (239).

May we surmise Irish composition on the basis of a (southern) Irish rhyme *toil:mile*, 5.1-2, supported perhaps by an Irish fondness for seducing heireesses? Slight evidence indeed, and slight again are clues to date. The 'man both whipped and spurred' suggests the eighteenth century, and the style accords in general with the popular poetry of that epoch.

No other version of this song has come to my notice. According to family lore it served as a lullaby for at least two of Eddie's children, who would get into the cradle when they were past the age for it in order to have it sung to them.

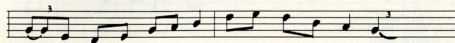
# 51. Minnie Picken

Maggie Picken/Pickie Molly picking on the shore Mary picking cockles

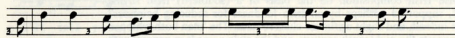
Eddie Butcher 1968



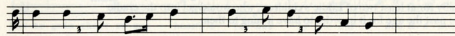
Minn·ie Pick·en on the shore- Gath·er·in' win·kles off Cul·more



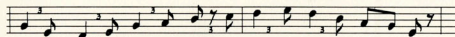
Turned - a · round and give a roar, What the div · il ails ye?



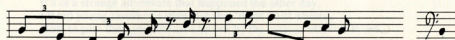
A · ring deed · le lil de dum dith · er · y um de dood · le um



R · ing deed · le lil de dum dood · le lil de da dee...



Jane she's neat and Jane she's fat, She wears her hair ben·eath 'er hat,



What do ye think a · bout that? Fal de deed · le di do.

A ring deedle lil de deedle lil de deedle lal de deedle  
 Ring deedle lil de dum de doodle um de dy dee.  
 Ring deedle lil de dum dathery aydle lil de dum  
 Diddle lal de deedle um dum de doodle ay dee.  
 Ring deedle lil de dum doora lil de daddle um  
 Dithery aydle dil de dum doodle lil de day dee.  
 Ring deedle lil de dum diddle um de deedle um  
 Ty rydle lil de dum lil de deedle ly do.

2 Jane McNeill's in love with me  
 And I'm as happy as I can be,  
 How would you like if you were me?  
 Fal de deedle di do.

3 Jane she's neat and Jane she's fat,  
 She wears her hair beneath her hat,  
 What do you think about that?  
 Fal de deedle di do.

Minnie Picken on the shore  
 Gathering winkles off Culmore  
 Turned around and give a roar,  
 - What the devil ails ye?

Ty reedle lil de dum de dy deedle lil de dum  
 Tithery aydle lil de dum doodle lil de dy dee, &c.

A ring deedle lil de dum dithery um de doodle um }  
 Ring deedle lil de dum doodle lil de da dee. } twice

Such light verses associated with lilt are often barely more meaningful than the syllabic patter of their context: see p.24. 'Minnie Picken' was well known in Ulster as a dance tune, though unlikely to have been 'cribbed by the Scotch between the years 1715 and 1740 and adapted to an indelicate song called "Whistle o'er the lave o't" - W. Grattan Flood *History of Irish music* Dublin 1913 (1st ed. 1905) p. 261-2. More likely the tune, with some form of the text, travelled from Scotland to Ulster. A Scots rhyme sung to it features 'Beagle Brodie' in a role similar to Maggie's and he is probably a reincarnation of the 'Katie Bairdie' whose tune was noted in a Scots MS in 1620 and who is still sung of by Scottish children: Collinson p. 155; SSS: SA 1960 137/B (16), SA 1967/140.

## 52. Molly, lovely Molly

*Pretty Polly Polly's love Young Willie The cruel ship carpenter  
The Gosport tragedy &c.*

Charlie Somers 1969

*♩ = c.65 rubato*

2 Through - lone-some shades - and val - leys - we - wan - dered - a - long  
Till at length love - ly - Mol - ly be - gan - to think - e l - ong,  
I - hi' doubt, dear - est - e W - ill - iam, you're l - ead - in' me a - - stray  
A - and all - for - one pur - pose: my - in - no - cent l - ife - be - tray.

*8:1 Spoken*  
Young - e Will - iam bein' a sail - or of - cour - God's curse on him! 'n' bold

*9:1 8:4*  
stroke - to em - br - ace (His) shi - p l - ies - at

*10:4 Spoken*  
And - then - - she in - stant - ly tum - bl - 'in in - to the tide.

– It's Molly, lovely Molly, will you come with me  
Till we visit our friends before married we'll be?  
Her cheeks they did blush like a red rose in June,  
– And to wed with you, William, I'm afraid it's full soon.

2 Through lonesome shades and valleys we wandered along  
Till at length lovely Molly began to think long,  
– I doubt, dearest William, you're leading me astray  
And all for one purpose: my innocent life betray.

3 – Oh, it's Molly, lovely Molly, what makes you think so?  
I dote on your beauty, you very well know,  
I dote on your beauty whatever betide  
And there's no other fair maid will lie by my side.

4 Through lonesome shades and valleys we wandered along  
Till at length lovely Molly began to think long,  
– I doubt, dearest William, you are leading me astray  
And all for one purpose: my innocent life betray.

5 – Come on, lovely Molly, there's no time to stand,  
With that then young William took a penknife in his hand;  
He pierced her poor heart till her red blood did flow  
And into this grave her poor body did throw.

- 6 He happed her up carefully and made his way home  
 He left no one to mourn but the small birds alone  
 And straight unto Bedford young Willie made his way,  
 His ship lies at Plymouth just ready for sea.
- 7 One night the captain in his cabin lay,  
 A voice did come to him and this it did say,  
 – Your ship out of Plymouth she never will go  
 Till I have revenge on this sad overthrow.
- 8 Young William being a sailor of cour – (*spoken*) God's curse on him! –'n bold  
 It happened one night as he strode by the hold  
 A beautiful damsel to him did appear  
 And she had in her arms a baby so dear.
- 9 Young William being ad – dis – like (?) her he strove to embrace  
 When he saw the picture of her bonny face,  
 – It's Molly, lovely Molly, where now shall I run  
 For to hide my poor body? my soul is undone.
- 10 For to hide my poor body? my soul is ensnared  
 For the murder of this fair maid and her baby so dear.  
 For she opened her eyes and she gazed at him so wild  
 And then she instantly (*spoken*) tumbled him into the tide.

'The Gosport tragedy', dating from at least 1750, was one of a group of similar murder ballads and was itself the object of considerable variation. Long 'Garland' texts gave way to more singable versions among which Charlie's, like many, dispenses with a circumstantial opening, while introducing on the other hand unusual repetition in v. 1-4 which seems modelled on old ballad style. The manner in which Charlie's William is disposed of is milder than in most versions. Conclusions are especially diverse, and our Notes do not attempt to identify distinct forms of the thematic complex of broadly related texts.

## 53. The Moorlough shore

The maid of (the) Mourne shore Walmesley's shady groves

Bill and Tilly Quigley, Maria Butcher and John Butcher senior 1969

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 80. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "2 Last- night I- went for to see my love and to hear what- she would- say, For to see if - she would- pit-y me --- least- I might go - a - way; She - says, I l-ove a - sail-or lad and it's him I - will a - dore And- sev-en long- years I'll wait on him, so - trou-ble-e me no more." The second staff is a guitar accompaniment. The third staff is a bass line. The fourth staff is a guitar accompaniment. There are markings for "TQ" (Tilly Quigley) and "MB" (Maria Butcher) throughout the score.

- 1 *B*: You hills and dales and flowery vales lies near to the Moorlough shore  
Where primrose grows and violets blows and sporting trout doth play,  
With my line and hook delight I took for to spend my youthful days.  
(pause)
- T* (spoken): I'm too high likely.  
*Eddie Butcher*: All keep quiet now.  
(spoken)
- 1 *All*: You hills and dales and flowery vales lies  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{high } J. \\ \text{near } T. \end{array} \right\}$  to the Moorlough shore  
*B*: Where the prim- *T* (spoken): No, no.  
*M*: [Ye winds] that blows o'er Martin's dales, will I never see you more?  
*M, T*: Where primroses grow  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{grow } M. \\ \text{blow } T. \end{array} \right\}$  and violets  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{blow } M. \\ \text{blow } T. \end{array} \right\}$  and sporting trout does play  
*All*: With my line and hook delight I took for to spend my youthful days.
- 2 *All*: Last night I went for to see my love  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{for } J. \\ \text{and } T. \end{array} \right\}$  to hear what she would say,  
For to see if she would pity me lest I might go away;  
*M* (with all): She says, - I love a sailor lad and it's him I  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{will } M. \\ \text{do } T. \end{array} \right\}$  adore  
And seven long years I'll wait on him, so trouble me no more.  
*B* (spoken): Dammit, that's a guid yin, Maria!  
*T* (spoken): Now Bill, listen you to this, you know this verse.
- 3 *T* (with *B*): Fare you well unto Lissadellan's groves, likewise to the bleaching mill  
Where  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{holland } T. \\ \text{linen } B. \end{array} \right\}$  cloth *B*: lies pure and white and the purling streams run still,  
*B*: Had I fifty *B* & *T*: pounds in gold or ten times as much more  
*B* & *T*: I would freelee  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{share } B. \\ \text{give } T. \end{array} \right\}$  it all for the maid lies near to the Moorlough shore.  
*B* (spoken): Ha, ha, I cannae mind the song, I'm sorry.

Eddie Butcher 1970

Oh, you hills and dales and flowery vales lies near to the Moorlough shore,  
You winds that blow o'er mountainy hills, will I never see you more?  
Where the primrose grows and violets blow and the sporting trout does play  
With my line and hook delight I took for to spend my youthful days.

2 Last night I went to see my love and to hear what she would say  
Thinking she would pity me lest I would go away;  
She says, – I have a sailor boy, he's the lad I do adore,  
So take this for your answer now and trouble me no more.

3 – Perhaps your sailor boy was lost when crossing o'er the main  
Or he has found another love and he won't return again.  
– Well, if my sailor boy he's lost no other will I take,  
Through lonesome shades and valleys I will wander for his sake.

4 Our ship she lies at Warrenpoint now ready to set sail,  
I hope the Lord will favour her with a sweet and pleasant gale  
For if I had ten thousand pounds or ten times as much more  
I would leave it all to the girl I love that dwells on the Moorlough shore.

5 Farewell unto Lord Antrim's groves, likewise to the bleaching green  
Where the linen cloth lies pure and white and the crystal streams runs clean,  
Where many's the pleasant day I spent, but now, alas, they're o'er  
Since the girl I love has banished me far far from the Moorlough shore.

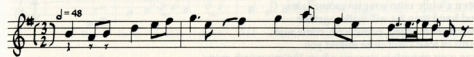
This is a song with a story, as well as an interesting exercise in collaborative recall. The story goes that Mary McKeown, daughter of the miller at Mill Bay near Greencastle (S. Down), once had her fortune written down by an old 'spayman' and sealed in a satchel to be opened only on her twenty-first birthday. After refusing many suitors she became engaged to a fisherman Joe Cunningham; the marriage was fixed for the eve of the Greencastle fair, which was also Mary's twenty-first birthday. But her lover was drowned in a storm, and when Mary went to look for him and found his body she so much lost her senses that she was swept out by the tide and was drowned herself. When the satchel was opened this tragedy was what the prophecy foretold – Fitzpatrick p. 31-4; W. H. Crowe *The ring of Mourne Dundalk* 1969, p. 76-7, and recorded comment on the story by W. H. Crowe, 7003.

Two songs are said to commemorate these events. 'The Maid of Mourne shore' – not the present song – is known to me only in a text which has little to do with the story: a fragmentary pastourelle leading to marriage or marriage envisaged – Fitzpatrick. 'Walmsley's shady groves' – our present song – is said to tell the unrequited love of one of Mary's previous suitors who 'tuk away to Americkey' in despair, Walmsley's groves being near Kilkeel – Fitzpatrick and 7003. At times the two songs became textually confused (*H*; cf. Fitzpatrick p. 32). A third song appearing on a broadside printed in England is distinct from both and associated with the river Mourne in E. Donegal – L: 1876 d 41, I 251, n.p.d., 'Moran shore'. The disyllabic pronunciation /morən/ indicated by this title was of course also used in our song where it facilitated replacement of the toponym in North Ulster by 'Moorlough'. Moorlough Bay is between Fair Head and Torr Head (NE Ant.).

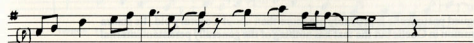
In 1966 Eddie Butcher could sing me only three lines of 'Moorlough shore' (l.1-2,4). Three years later he asked a group of family visitors in his house if they knew it, and was rewarded by our first printed version in an operation taking about ten minutes and nicely stage-managed by his sister-in-law Tilly Quigley. Her husband Bill struck up v. 1, but like Eddie omitted line 3. Maria, Eddie's brother John's wife, made a fresh start and with her led two verses were completed. Tilly then elicited a third from Bill, whose conviction that he could do no more expressed the general feeling. These three verses correspond to the full text of *B*. But Eddie, silently attentive, was able – by what means I could not discover – to sing a five-verse version the following year.

## 54. The mountain streams where the moorcock crows

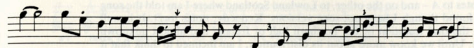
Eddie Butcher 1966



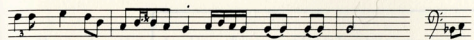
I With my- dog and- gun- through yon bloo·min' - heath ---- er



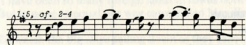
On - search of - pa - stime I took my -- way,



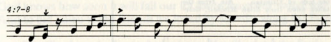
There- sure - I be - held -- e that sweet l·ove·l·ie - char·e·m - er,



Her l·ooks in - vi --- ted me a --- while - to - stay.



Says I, My - char-n-er, I find -- I l - (ove)



I will - close en - fold you Far frae your moun-tain - stream - se

With my dog and gun through yon blooming heather

On search of pastime I took my way,

There sure I beheld that sweet lovelie charmer,

Her looks invited me a while to stay.

Says I, - My charmer, I find I love you,

Tell me your name and your dwelling also.

- If you excuse my name, sir, you will find my dwelling.

It's at the mountain streams where the moorcock crows.

2 - It's not by fowling I mean to flatter

Nor is it my intention for to deceive,

For here's my hand and I'll pledge my honour

That I'll be true until I meet my grave.

Hand and hand we will walk together

And I'll escort you to the vale below,

Where the linnet sings you'll rest far more pleasant

Nor your mountain streams where the moorcock crows.

3 - If I consent for to wed a rover

It's great reflections might undergo,

I am happy here though I might ha' been married

At the mountain streams where the moorcock crows.

But I'll go home, I'll frequent my parents

Lest my proceedings might yield a foe;

I am young and tender and I'll rest a season

At the mountain streams where the moorcock crows.

4 - So fare you well then, my bonny lassie,  
 I must away unto the vale below  
 But I'll come back again some other evening  
 To listen a while unto your lovesome tales.  
 Hand and hand then we will walk together  
 And we'll get married, come well, come woe;  
 In the arms of love I will close enfold you  
 Far frae your mountain streams where the moorcock crows.

This dialogued pastourelle is probably not more than about a century old. Its stanza form is common in Gaelic but the text has nothing of the generally persistent internal rhyme of Irish. Conflicting assertions trace its composition, on the one hand, to the Macosquin district of Co. Derry - written in honour of 'a young lady of Letterloan', Henry, notes to *A* - and on the other, to Lowland Scotland where I am told the song has been found though I have not seen versions, Kennedy, notes to *D*. It is well known in the oral tradition of the northern half of Ireland and almost unknown elsewhere. Until we know more about its distribution, I am inclined to think that it arose in Ulster in a district of Scots influence: Letterloan would do.

## SONGS OF THE PEOPLE

### No. 32.—A SONG OF LOVE AND LETTERLOAN.

#### WHERE THE MOOR COCKS CROW.

The song was composed about 70 years ago by a roving sportsman in honour of a young lady of Letterloan. The complete song has been supplied by an old lady of Alibribias. Air, from the Houston Collection, was taken down from Allan Mitchell, Coleraine.

#### Key C

: d', d' | l.a : m, r d, l, | d, m a, m: m, s | l, d' m, r, d, m | d, d : d : }  
 : d', d' | l.a m, r : d, l, | d, m : a, m: m, s | l, d' m, r, d, m | d, d : d : }  
 : m | a, d': d', l - d': r' | m', m', d': d', l, : a, m | a, l : d, r' : m', d' | d', s : l : }  
 : d', d' | l.a : m, r : d, l, | d, m : a, m: m, s | l, d' m, r, d, m | d, d : d : }

With my dog and gun o'er yon blooming heather  
 To seek for pastime I took my way,  
 Where I beheld that lovely creature,  
 Her charms invited me a while to stay.  
 Said I: "My charmer, I find I love you;  
 Tell me your dwelling and your name also."  
 "Excuse my name, and you'll find my dwelling  
 Near the mountain streams where the moorcocks crow.

"If you'd consent, and go with a rover,  
 My former roving I will leave aside;  
 I'm doomed to love you, so don't prove cruel,  
 But do consent and become my bride."  
 "If my parents knew that I'd wed a rover  
 Sure deep reflections I would undergo;  
 I'm young and tender, but I might be courted  
 From the mountain streams where the moorcocks crow."

Oh, its crimson covered all her lovely features,  
 She stood a while but no answer made;  
 Come to my arms, you fairest creature,  
 Don't stand to ponder or to be dismayed.  
 It's leave your parents and do come with me,  
 And I'll escort you to yon vale below;  
 Where the linnet sings it will yield more pleasure  
 Nor the mountain streams where the moorcocks crow.

"If your love be true, then perhaps I'll see you,  
 So return again to your moorland dale.  
 If I find it's true, as you have declared it,  
 I'll pay attention to your love-sick tale.  
 But I'll go home and acquaint my parents,  
 Let a hasty marriage should produce a foe;  
 As I'm young and tender I will rest a season  
 Near the mountain streams where the moorcocks crow.

S. H.

'The mountain streams  
 where the moorcock crows'  
 in the Sam Henry  
 collection, from the  
 National Library copy  
 (no 54A)

## 55. Moville along the Foyle

Maria Butcher 1966, [John Fleming 1969]

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo marking of  $\text{♩} = c. 85$ . It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "Now- fare - well-, dear- Sal - ly-, I've-e got no more to say". The second staff continues the melody and includes the lyrics: "But hopes to meet-e y-ou, dar - ling-, on the Green some oth- er'e day;". The third staff starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp, and includes the lyrics: "There's a dear old spot-e where I 'ave oft-times strayed When I".

There's a dear old spot where I have oft-times strayed when I was but a boy,  
To watch the big ships sailing down it filled my heart with joy.  
[I have been to many foreign lands in towns both large and small  
But in none to equal our wee town called Moville along the Foyle.]

- 2 To watch the big ships sailing down as they sailed away each day  
With thousands of brave Irish hearts going to America.  
God knows how soon it will fall our lot for to leave our native soil  
And to bid adieu to the friends we loved by Moville along the Foyle.

*Moville along the Foyle, brave boys, Moville along the Foyle,  
There's none on earth can equal it like Moville along the Foyle.*

- 3 There is a wee girl in this place, her name I will make known,  
She's the blooming star of this lovely place and the pride of Inishowen;  
Sally is the fair girl's name and for her I mean to toil  
And we'll gather shells from that lovely place called Moville along the Foyle.

*Moville &c.*

- 4 - Now farewell, dear Sally, I've got no more to say  
But hopes to meet you, darling, on the Green some other day;  
It's there we'll have a pleasant walk when free from care and toil  
And we'll gather shells from that lovely place called Moville along the Foyle.

*Moville &c.*

Nostalgia is quite unashamed in this recent local song with its sentimental air. Moville, near the mouth of Lough Foyle on the Inishowen side, was the last call of American liners until the 1930s and a well-situated 'wee town' for a song of emigration and farewell.

## 56. The new tractor

by Eddie Butcher

Eddie Butcher 1961

The musical score is written in 3/8 time with a tempo marking of ♩ = 40 → 43. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are: 'Oh, come all you gay farm-ers in - ten-ding to plough, If you li-sten - a while an - ad - vice I'll give now; If your l - and it - is fro-sty - or it's wet with- the rain You can send for young Barr- to the town of Cole-raine.'

Oh, come all you gay farmers intending to plough,  
If you listen a while an advice I'll give now;  
If your land it is frosty or it's wet with the rain  
You can send for young Barr to the town of Coleraine.

- 2 For this young man he ploughs with a tractor machine,  
There are no lie about it for him I have seen;  
For corn or hay sure he needs none at all,  
Just get him a gallon of paraffin oil.
- 3 For the nation's at war as you all understand  
And every brave farmer must plough up his land;  
If Britain and France are to win at the sea  
It depends on the plough to keep hunger away.
- 4 In Magilligan parish in a place called Duncrun  
There dwelt a big farmer of fame and renown;  
Being late with his labour, I'll tell you straight now,  
He has sent for this tractor his farm to plough.

- 5 Well, the day that she landed in this farmer's yard  
 The weather was frosty and the ground it was hard;  
 Someone passed the remark, – You are not going to plough?  
 But the answer they got was, – Immediately now.
- 6 Then the man with the tractor his oil tank did fill  
 While the pilot behind him the plough did hook till;  
 He touched the self-starter and then grabbed the wheel,  
 Like a swift bow and arrow he went to the field.
- 7 Then the people all gathered this ploughboy to see  
 For the neighbours around thought the like could not be,  
 For an old man aged eighty he solemnly swore  
 He had ne'er saw the like in his whole life before.
- 8 Now when this plough's in motion she does her work fine,  
 Three furrows at the time and as swift as the wind;  
 When he reaches the end rig to wind her about  
 With a snatch of the lever the plough she jumps out.
- 9 Now all you brave farmers, I have told you quite plain,  
 If your land's lying waste it's yourself that's to blame;  
 Just send him a postcard and tell him to come,  
 For a few extra shillings your farm he'll (*spoken*) turn.

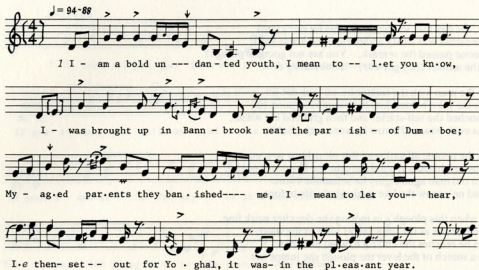
This is one of the earliest of Eddie's own compositions which I have recorded, dating from 1940. The occasion it commemorates is now history: a local 'first' of much more than national importance. Eddie as bystander catches and enhances the wonder of the scene: wonder mitigated by a certain amount of wholesome suspicion.

## 57. The parish of Dunboe

*The banished lover Learnmount grove Claudy town*

John Butcher senior [with Eddie Butcher] 1966

$\text{♩} = 94-88$



I I - am a bold un --- dan - ted youth, I mean to -- l-et you kn-ow,  
I - was brought up in Bann - brook near the par - ish - of Dum - boe;  
My - ag-ed par-ents they ban - ished---- me, I - mean to let you-- hear,  
I-e then- set -- out for Yo - ghal, it was- in the pl-eas-ant year.

I am a bold undaunted youth, I mean to let you know,  
I was brought up in Bannbrook near the parish of Dunboe;  
My aged parents they banished me, I mean to let you hear,  
I then set out for Yoghgal, it was in the pleasant year.

2 Oh, coming in through Yoghgal it being late and after night,  
The wind did blow, the rain did fall and the stars showed me no light;  
I being among strangers I knew not where to go,  
I prayed for God to be my guide and to keep me from my foe.

3 I travelled on through Yoghgal till I came to Mullan Hill  
Where there I spied a pretty fair maid and she so lamented still;  
I asked of her the reason why she lamented so,  
It was the parting of her own true love in the parish of Dunboe.

4 - What was your true love's name, my dear, come tell to me in plain?  
- His name was John McCloskey from the borders of Coleraine;  
You aged parents they banished him for the love of me, you know,  
[And it causes me for] to lament for him that left Dunboe.

5 - Dry up your tears, my dear, he says, and weep no more for me  
For in wedlock's bands we'll join our hands and married we will be;  
You have crossed the sea for the love of me, you have faced both friend and foe,  
Ay, and I'm your wounded lover from the parish of Dunboe.

6 [Oh, Yo]ghal is a pretty place and it's all set round with trees  
And in the summer season there the honey feeds the bees;  
I oft times thought upon it before I did it see  
[And I] wish I was with my true love or my true love with me.

7 Now to conclude [and end those] lines [and leave all] things aside,  
 There is a wee lass in this town [that I have made] my bride;  
 To her I was engagéd and that not long ago  
 For to wed the widow's daughter from the parish [of Dunboe.]

*Spoken by John:* Hear, hear!

John McCloskey's courtship seems to have a factual basis only lightly disguised by fictional convention; the language of poetry draws a garment of lyricism pleasantly over it. This Derry song merited wider popularity. Two versions are localized in the southwest of the county (B, C), the others, from Magilligan, describe the district some five miles to the east. Bannbrook is near the left bank of the Bann where it enters the sea; 'Yoghal', according to Eddie, is also near the river bank; 'Mullan Hill' is no doubt for Mullan Head, two miles NW of Coleraine.

The text printed is sung by John except where square brackets indicate help from Eddie.

## 58. Pat Reilly

Johnny Golicher/Gallagher/Coughlan Captain Galligan John Gollaher's  
lamentation The sentry box

Eddie Butcher 1966

$\text{♩} = 84$  *rubato*

2 Says the ser - geant to Pat R. eill - y, You are a clev·er y· oung-- man,  
Will you go - to - John - Kell - y's where·e w. e'll have - a dr. am?

*1:1* *3:4-4 3, of. enaúing vv.*

Oh, as I went -- a·w·(al·kin') (m)·an. 4 Oh, would·e y· ou (list)

Oh, as I went a-walking one morning in May  
I met sergeant Johnston along the highway.

2 Says the sergeant to Pat Reilly, - You are a clever young man,  
Will you go to John Kelly's where we'll have a dram?

3 Then as we sat smoking and drinking our dram  
Says the sergeant to Pat Reilly, - You are a handsome young man,

4 Oh, would you list, take the shilling, and then come with me  
To the sweet county Longford, strange faces you'll see.

5 Oh, I took the shilling and the reckoning was paid,  
The ribbons were bought and we hoist the cockade.

6 Oh, but early next morning sure we all had to stand  
Up before our grand general with our hats in our hand.

7 He says to Pat Reilly, - You are a shade rather low,  
Unto some other regiment I'm afraid you must go.

8 - Oh, let me go where I will, sure I've got no one to mourn  
For my mother she is dead and will never return.

9 My father got married and fetched a stepmother home,  
She fairly denies me and does me disown.

10 Oh, had my father a-been honest and learnt me my trade  
I never would have listed nor hoist the cockade.

Older versions add an uncle to the sergeant, general, stepmother and father who successively contribute to this Irishman's grudge against the world. Broadside named him 'Johnny Golicher' but oral tradition adopted an even commoner Irish name. Pat Reilly is an endearing specimen of a character-type of folk song: the unfortunate recruit. An English broadside, English and Canadian oral versions, and traces of the text in Australia show that the song had wide currency. It is a product of the nineteenth-century Irish popular press; the road to Newry is the opening scene in most versions.



526

## Johnny Golicher.

**A**S I was walking through Newry one day,  
I met Serjeant Kelly by chance, on my way,  
He says, Johnny Golicher, will you come-  
along with me,  
To the sweet town of Newry strange faces to see.

As he was sitting and taking a dram,  
He says, Johnny Golicher, you're a hand-  
some young man,  
Will you list and take the bounty and come  
along with me, [for to see.  
To the sweet town of Newry happy hours

He put his hand in his pocket one shilling  
he drew,  
Saying, take this Johnny Golicher, hopes  
you'll ne'er rue;  
I took the shilling, and the bargain was made,  
And the ribbon was bought and pinn'd to  
my cockade.

My mother is dead, and she'll never return,  
My father's twice married, and a wife he  
brought home,  
My father's twice married, and a wife he  
brought home,  
And to me he proves cruel and does me disown

Bad luck to my uncle wheresoever he may be.  
For he was the ruin and downfall of me,  
If my father had been an honest man and  
learnt me a trade,  
I would never have cause to wear a cockade.

Go help all poor parents who has a bad son,  
They don't know the hardships they have to run  
Stuck in a cold guard-room all night and  
all day,  
And on the field of battle their enemies to slay.

'Johnny Golicher':  
mid-nineteenth-century  
Irish broadside edition  
(no 58A: 'Pat Reilly')

## 59. The ploughboy

cf. *The lark in the morning*

Robert Butcher senior 1961

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a tempo marking of  $\text{♩} = 100-110$  and a *rubato* instruction. The melody is accompanied by a bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics to indicate emphasis or phrasing. The score consists of four systems of music, with the final system ending in a double bar line and a  $\text{♩} = 4$  marking.

1 Girls, do wed a plough -- boy-, it's- if that-e you be wise,  
 He's - pro-per-, tall and- hand --- some-, li . ke . wise his-e bo-nny--- eyes;  
 He - ri-ses -- in the - mor --- nin'- his br . ead all - for to - win  
 While- all the-he oth-er trades---e-me-n sit-se bur-n-ing- up their shins.

(re)-turn a -- ng-gain with the d-ew a-ll on 'er wing.

Girls, do wed a ploughboy, it's if that you be wise,  
 He's proper, tall and handsome, likewise his bonny eyes;  
 He rises in the morning his bread all for to win  
 While all the other tradesmen sits burning up their shins.

- 2 Once I loved a ploughboy as dear as I loved my life,  
 It was my whole intention to be his wedded wife;  
 It was my cruel parents that proved my destiny  
 Which caused a separation between my love and me.
- 3 My love he's tall and handsome, complete on every limb,  
 For his looks and mild behaviour there's few can equal him;  
 When he rises in the morning and he steps on the green hay  
 It's who is like a ploughboy all in the month of May.
- 4 The lark she rises early, full early from her nest,  
 She goes up into the air with the dew all on her breast  
 And all that whole day o'er and o'er she'll whistle and she'll sing  
 And at night she will return again with the dew all on her wing.
- 5 Now if that you are coming home from a dance or from a play,  
 If you meet a pretty girl by chance all on your way,  
 It's if you do not love her, let her pass on her way,  
 It's never never mind her, the ploughboy he did say.

In English folk song, praise of rural trades and labour is a common subject. Robert's 'Ploughboy' is of English origin, its chief source a broadside frolic, 'The lark in the morning', which early collectors have been blamed for reducing by expurgation to a mere lyric: Reeves<sup>1, 2</sup>; see Notes. So it is interesting to see that our Irish singers have reduced it similarly, at the same time introducing the theme of separation in love: v. 2. This is apparently the theme of another song, preserved in an Antrim fragment, which has lines corresponding to v. 3.1-2, 'My love he's tall and handsome', BBC 24835, 2 v. sung in 1955 by Robert Cinnamond.

## 60. The rakes of poverty

Tom Anderson 1969

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 58. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: '1 Oh, come all you ram-bl-in' fell - ows, oh, from town to town I steer, I'm like man-y's the hon - est fell - ow, sure I 'like -- a pint o' beer, I'm like man-y's the hon - est fell - a, sure I drink me whi - sky clear, I'm the ram-bl-in' r - akes o' pov - er - ty an' a son of a gam-bl-eer.'

Oh, come all you rambling fellows, oh, from town to town I steer,  
I'm like many's the honest fellow, sure I like a pint of beer,  
I'm like many's the honest fellow, sure I drink my whisky clear,  
I'm the rambling rakes of poverty and a son of a gamble-er.

- 2 The oul hat that I'm wearing I give two pence for it  
And when I go out on Sunday, sure they say I cut it fit  
And when I go out on Sunday, sure they say I do it grand,  
I sit up at the head of the table like another gentleman.
- 3 The oul coat that I'm wearing come from the gambling store  
And when it's that it do get wet, oh, I hang it outside the door  
And when it's dry I put it on, the people gathers around,  
They say that I'm a duke or lord, not the son of a gamble-er.
- 4 The oul shoes that I'm wearing come from the Crimea war  
And it was an oul soldier wore them and he died by wounds and scars;  
The heels of them are going back and the soles going back to see  
And the toes of them cocks up their nose at the rakes of poverty.
- 5 Oh, if I had ten gallons of rum or sugar five hundred pounds,  
A great big tub to put it in and a stick to stir it round,  
I would drink a health to my comrades both near and far away,  
So I'll bid farewell to the company, I'm the son of a gamble-er.

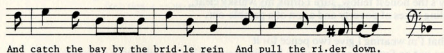
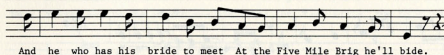
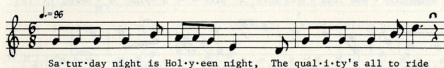
From an urban origin in the late nineteenth century this text brings little traditional style, but it has been set in Ireland to thoroughly traditional airs. No doubt composed in Britain, it is known in Scotland (B) and probably in America: Bronson IV 122 mentions the title 'Son of a gambolier'. So far it hardly seems to have earned itself a place in folk-song collections.

## 61. Saturday night is Hallowe'en night

cf. *Tam Lin*

Eddie Butcher 1968

(Spoken): Well, this is a man got married and the fairies stole his bride. And he didn't know how to get her, he couldn't get her no place, up nor down, searched every place. He went to this queen of the fairies and she told him what to do. She told him:



Saturday night is Hallowe'en night,

The quality's all to ride

And he who has his bride to meet

At the Five-Mile Brig he'll bide.

First you'll meet the black

And second you'll meet the brown

And catch the bay by the bridle rein

And pull the rider down.

Spoken: And then he got his wife back.

Eddie drew attention to the link between this story and the Scots ballad 'Tam Lin', telling the story after hearing a long Scots version of the ballad sung as derived from print. 'Tam Lin' is not the only British ballad to have given rise to an Irish chantefable: see Shields<sup>12</sup> p. 71ff. Its theme of the recovery of an enchanted mate from fairies has been adapted so that a man's wife or sweetheart, instead of a woman's lover, is supposed in fairy power. This brings the narrative into conformity with a common Irish folk-tale type, and also recalls the Irish lullaby to which a story attaches, 'A bhean úd thíos': Petrie p. 73-8, repr. O'Sullivan p. 18-20.

The chantefable must have arisen by the early nineteenth century, no doubt in Ulster. Originally, a fuller prose introduction, with the essential data of the Irish story of a woman abducted by fairies, must have introduced ballad verses beginning with the matter of Eddie's and going on to the metamorphoses suffered by the enchanted mate (no longer Tam Lin but the woman) and endured by the ordinary mortal holding her in his arms. So much is adumbrated by the surviving versions, though each individually lacks elements of the whole.

## 62. The ship carpenter's wife

*Sale of a wife Cabbage and goose*

Eddie Butcher 1966, [1961]

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 50. It consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "1 Oh, come all you gay fell-as, you - flour-i-shin' fol-". The second staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: ".k, It is tru - ly a fact now I'm- goin' to - un - fold,". The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef with lyrics: "It's - tru - ly - a - fact that I' m goin' to un - fold,". The fourth staff continues the piano accompaniment with lyrics: "It's con- sarn-in' a wo-man by auc-tion- was- sold."

Oh, come all you gay fellows, you flourishing folk,  
It is truly a fact now I'm going to unfold,  
It's truly a fact that I'm going to unfold,  
It's concerning a woman by auction was sold.

- 2 A ship carpenter lived a few miles out of here  
He being little or rather too fond of his beer;  
He was hard up for cash - it's as fact as my life -  
For ten shillings by auction he sold off the wife.
- 3 He called for a bailsman including the sale  
Up in the high market where he could not fail,  
When the auctioneer came with his hammer so smart  
While the carpenter's wife she stood up in a cart.
- 4 Oh, now she's put up without grumble or frown,  
The first was a sailor, he bid half a crown;  
He swore he would make her a lady so spruce,  
He would fatten her well up on cabbage and goose.
- 5 The next was a cobbler, he give a loud bawl,  
- Nine shillings I'll give for her, muscles and all.  
[- Oh, look at her beauty, her shapes and her size,  
She is mighty well tempered and sober likewise.]  
- I'm blown, says the sailor, she's one out of four  
And ten shillings I'll give you, oh, but damn the screw more!
- 6 - Oh thank you, oh thank you, said the bold auctioneer,  
She's going, she's going - are there nobody here?  
For to bid any more I'm afraid it's no job,  
She's going, she's going, she's away for ten bob.





Sold Wholesale by Alex. Mayne, High-street, Belfast.

A New Song on the  
**SALE OF A WIFE.**

And purchased by a Sailor for 10s.

Attend to my ditty you frolicsome folk,  
I'll tell you a story—a comical joke,  
It's a positive fact what I am going to unfold,  
Concerning a woman that by auction was sold,  
A ship-carpenter lives not a mile from here,  
Being a little or rather too fond of his beer,  
Being hard up for brass, it is true on my life,  
For ten shillings, by auction, he sold off his wife.  
The husband and wife they could never agree,  
For he was too fond of going out on the spree,  
They settled the matter without more delay,  
So bid in a halter he took her away ;  
He sent round the bell man announcing the sale,  
All in the haymarket and that without fail,  
The auctioneer came with his hammer so smart,  
And the carpenter's wife stood up in a cart.  
Now she was put up without grumble or frown,  
The first was a tailor that bid half a crown,  
Says he, I will make her a lady so spruce,  
And fatten her well upon cabbage and goose,  
Five and sixpence three farthings a butcher said,  
Six and ten said a barber with his curly head,  
When up jumped a cobbler and gave a loud bawl,  
Saying nine shillings for her bussel and all.  
Just look at her beauty, her shape and her size,  
She is mighty good tempered and sober likewise,  
By gin, said a sailor, she is one out of four,  
Ten shillings bid for her, but not a screw more,  
Than's you, sir, thank you said the bold auctioneer,  
Going for ten ! Is there nobody here  
Will bid any more ? Is not this a sad job ?  
Going, going, I say, she is going for ten bob.  
The hammer was struck and concluded the sale,  
The tar he paid down the brass on the nail,  
He shook hand with Betsy and gave her a smack,  
And took her straightway home on his back,  
The people all relished the joke it appears,  
And gave the young sailor a hearty three cheers,  
He never cried stop with his darling so sweet,  
Until that he landed her to his own street.  
They sent for a piper and fiddler to play,  
They danced and they sung until it was day,  
When Jack to his hammock with Betsy did go,  
While the piper and fiddler played rosin the bow,  
Now Betsy is happy, contented for life,  
Jack loxes the compass and goes up aloft,  
While roaming the ocean regardless of life,  
Poor Jack is well pleased with his ten shilling wife.

CHORUS.

Then long may he flourish and prosper thro' life,  
The sailor that bought the ship carpenter's wife.

'A new song on the sale of a wife': mid-nineteenth-century Irish broadside edition (no 62B: 'The ship carpenter's wife')

# 63. The shores of sweet Benone

Magilligan

Eddie Butcher 1966

lines: 1,7

$\text{♩} = 78$

I Ah, kind fr·i·ends, I'm just come he·re ton·ight to sing to all of you  
 And- just as we're re·turn- in' af·ter w·al·kin' thee whole day

: 2,8

A·bout this place, like·w·ise my l·ove, she l·ives down near the sea;  
 Near to sweet Dun·crun I pressed 'er-hand- an' this to her did say,

: 3

She was born in Mag·il·li·gan with its m·oun·tains bold and grand

: 4

An' the first place that I saw my l·ove it was down u - pon the Strand.

: 5

Through Ben·ev·'n·ue Rock so l·of·ty where the rav·ens build their nest

: 6

I of·times took her for a stroll an' clasped 'er to my br·east

Refrain: 1,3

We will nev·er l·eave Mag·il·li·gan, my M·ar·y dear and I  
 We will com·fort w·one and oth·er while- there re·mains-- a stone

Refrain: 2,4

For if we leave Mag·il·li·gan- I'm sure we both w·ould die;  
 In that prett·y litt·le cott·age on- the shores of sweet Ben·one.

Ah, kind friends, I'm just come here tonight to sing to all of you  
 About this place, likewise my love, she lives down near the sea;  
 She was born in Magilligan with its mountains bold and grand  
 And the first place that I saw my love it was down upon the Strand.  
 Through Benevenagh Rock so lofty where the ravens build their nest  
 I oft times took her for a stroll and clasped her to my breast  
 And just as we're returning after walking the whole day  
 Near to sweet Duncrun I pressed her hand and this to her did say,

*We will never leave Magilligan, my Mary dear and I,  
For if we leave Magilligan I'm sure we both would die;  
We will comfort one and other while there remains a stone  
In that pretty little cottage on the shores of sweet Benone.*

- 2 On a holiday up to the Bower I took my own *astore*,  
We cut our names out on the bark as lovers done before;  
When looking through the big red glass the sun was all aglow,  
Then turning to the other we beheld the winter snow.  
We then retired out to the bench the fresh breeze to inhale  
To take a glance from off its heights of Nature's lovely vale  
Which extended far beneath us inbounded by the sea,  
I then sat down to rest a while, took Mary on my knee,

*Oh, we'll never leave such scenery, my Mary dear and I &c.*

- 3 I strayed last Sunday evening with my love to sweet Downhill,  
I took her gently by the hand when passing the Limekiln;  
We jogged along but sadly until we came in sight  
Of Neilans's we took a drop for to make our spirits light.  
Poor darling she being temperate she drank nought but ginger wine  
But I drank something harder for to rouse this heart of mine  
And as our thirsty throats were damp we then went out to sea  
And startled by the swelling waves I couldn't help but say,

*Oh we'll never leave Magilligan &c.*

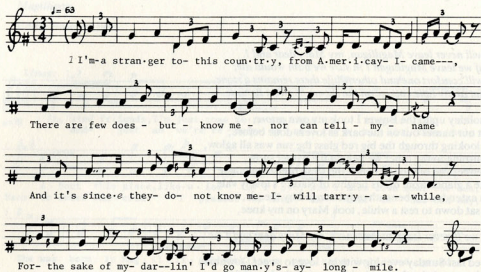
- 4 On a holiday down to the Point I took my own wee pet,  
The scenes we saw struck us that much I never will forget;  
We saw a large and mighty ship as she swiftly glided on  
With thousands of fair daughters and sons with hearts so strong;  
And as they waved their handkerchiefs the tears from their eyes did fall,  
They were parting with Magilligan and heading Donegal.  
We both knelt down upon the Strand and prayed most fervently  
For God to guide that mighty ship across the deep blue sea.

*We will never sail away like that, my Mary dear and I,  
For if we would leave Magilligan &c.*

The author is said to have been 'Constable Fennell of the Royal Irish Constabulary, Bellarena' and to have made the song for a concert towards the turn of the century – Henry in notes to *A. Benone*, 'river foot', looks out to sea half-way along Magilligan Strand; there the courting couple of the verses are happily installed in wedlock in the refrain. The song provides a detailed survey of Magilligan scenery (see Map), passing from mountain walks (v. 1-2) to the sands and cliffs of Downhill (3) and thence to the western extremity of the Strand (4), where the conventional theme of attachment to home is reinforced by a view of an emigrant liner.

## 64. The strands of Magilligan

Mary Osborne 1969



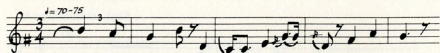
*♩ = 63*

I'm-a stran-ger to- this coun-tr-y, from A-mer-i-cay- I- came---,  
There are few does - but - know me - nor can tell - my - name  
And it's since they- do- not know me- I- will tarr-y - a - while,  
For- the sake of my- dar--lin' I'd go man-y's- ay- long - mile.

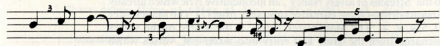
I'm a stranger to this country, from America I came,  
There are few does but know me nor can tell my name  
And it's since they do not know me I will tarry a while,  
For the sake of my darling I'd go many's a long mile.

- 2 The strands of Magilligan divides in three parts  
Where the young men and maidens go meet their sweethearts;  
It was drinking strong brandy caused me for to stray,  
That these false-hearted women had led me astray.
- 3 On the strands of Magilligan an old castle does stand,  
It is bound round with ivy and diamonds so grand,  
It is bound round with ivy and diamonds so bright,  
It's a pilot for the sailors on a dark winter's night.
- 4 I'll go down to yon convent, I will beg my discharge,  
- Here is fifty bright guineas if you'll set me at large,  
If that does not do, love, here is fifty pounds more  
If you will go with me. - Oh no, my love, no.
- 5 I'll go down to yon convent, I will there spend my life,  
I never will marry nor be any man's wife;  
It is there I'll live single and a maid I will remain,  
I never will marry till my love comes again.

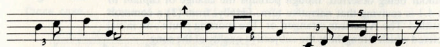
*Spoken:* Oh, that's a heavy old song.



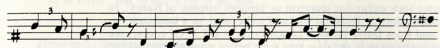
2 Where the strands of Ma-gill-i-gan di- vides in three parts,



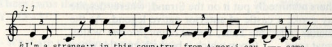
Where e y'oung men and e m-ai-dens do m-eet their-hr sweet--hearts,



By the drin-kin' strong bran-dy it's as caused me y'e to - - say



That the girls of this coun-tr-y has- led me a - - stray.



It's a strange-r in this coun-try, from A-mer-i-cay I-- came



By the drin-kin' strong coun-tr-y has led me a - - stray.

I'm a stranger in this country, from America I came,  
Where no one does know me and few knows my name;  
By the drinking strong brandy it has caused me to say  
That the girls of this country has led me astray.

2 Where the strands of Magilligan divides in three parts,  
Where young men and maidens do meet their sweethearts,  
By the drinking strong brandy it has caused me to say  
That the girls of this country has led me astray.

3 I'll go down to yon Umbra where the birds do fly high  
And there is one amongst them and she does fly high;  
If I had her in my arms this night on the Strand  
I would kindly subdue her by the sleight of my hand.

4 I'll go down to yon captain, I will beg my discharge,  
- Here is fifty bright guineas if you set me at large  
And if that does not do, love, here is fifty pounds more  
If you let me go with you. - Oh no, my love, no.

5 There is a fine castle on Magilligan Strand  
And it's well bound with ivy from the top to the Strand;  
It is well bound with ivy and a light shining bright,  
It's a pilot for sailors on a dark stormy night.

6 Where the strands of Magilligan divides in three parts, &c.

This is a fusion of three English songs. Its distinctive verses of the divided strands and the castle belong to the 'Streams of lovely Nancy', an inconclusive lyric which already in one Somerset version borrows some narrative substance from (2) 'The Manchester *Angel*' – Sharp<sup>2</sup> II 534, v. 4. 'The Manchester *Angel*' is the source of the verses which envisage discharge from the army and entry into a convent: verses which originally wound up a story of a deserted girl. The *Magilligan* girl proposes to become a nun without being deserted, though perhaps the change of *captain* to *convent* in Mary's 4.1 is reviving that narrative turn. Finally, from (3) a common broadside song entitled 'The American stranger' or 'The sporting youth', an initial verse has been prefixed which strengthens the subjective quality of the song.

Textually diverse, it gains coherence from those features of the locality which induced transfer of the lyric matter to a familiar setting. 'Strands of Magilligan' re-creates orally some such unfamiliar toponym as 'Streams /stremz/ of Nancy'. In the 1830s, the parish rectory at Duncrun was said to be used 'as a landmark, by vessels passing to and from Derry through Lough Foyle' – OS 1. Of course, the castle which serves this purpose in the song may seem better answered by the Earl Bishop's lofty mansion at Downhill, especially in the case of the singer who situated it 'On the top of the cliff' (G). Others admittedly put it on the Strand, where, despite dissimilarities of purpose, it may evoke a castle of anterior native legend. At the mouth of Lough Foyle are sandbanks called the Tuns, *Tonna ceann fhionne* 'white-headed waves', which form 'a great sand . . . (upon which it burneth greatly, when the wind bloweth from the sea)' – Gerard Boate *Irelands naturall history* London 1652, p. 15, ch. II iv. The tuns were the reputed site of Manannan the sea god's castle, which a man could possess if he once sighted it and captured the flag on its tower without taking his eyes off the castle which, if he did, would disappear.

A man named McClary seeing the flag . . . immediately without taking his eyes off[ ] the castle mounted an excellent Black race Mare and galloped off . . . towards it. He accomplished the desired object but on returning nine waves followed him, the first reached the hinder legs of the mare and changed them to white from black, the second wave reached the fore legs and turned them white also and so on until the ninth wave which covered the mare and changed her entirely from black to white. A voice was then heard from the castle uttering vengeance on the name of McClary and declaring that seven smokes . . . proceeding from the chimneys of the McClary's should never be seen in Magilligan . . . From that time seven families of the name have never been known to reside in the parish. McClary it is said placed the flag on Screen church – OS 1.

## 65. Three gipsies riding

Three dukes riding &c

Aughil children 1969

The musical notation consists of three staves. The first staff is in 6/8 time with a tempo marking of  $\text{♩} = 110$ . The lyrics under the first staff are: '1 There came- three gi.psie<sup>s</sup> ri.din' - , Ri - din', ri . din','. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: 'There came- three gi . psies ri . din', Y O U.'. The third staff is marked '3:1 6 3, of.7' and has the lyrics: 'We're ri-din' here to marr.y one of you boys'.

There came three gipsies riding,  
Riding, riding,  
There came three gipsies riding,  
Y - O - U .

- 2 - What are you riding here for? &c.
- 3 - We're riding here to marry one of you boys.
- 4 - Who would marry you boys?
- 5 - We're just as good as you boys.
- 6 - Your knees are stiff as pokers.
- 7 - We can bend our knees as well as you boys.
- 8 - Where will your mother sleep?

- 9 - Her mother will sleep in her father's bed.
- 10 - Where will your father sleep?
- 11 - Her father will sleep in the maid's bed.
- 12 - Where will the maid sleep?
- 13 - The maid will sleep in the pigsty.
- 14 - Where will the pig sleep?
- 15 - The pig will sleep in the riverside.
- 16 - Where will you wash your clothes?

\* \* \* \* \*

A few sessions with Magilligan children made clear that they practise a wide range of traditional game songs and rhymes. 'Three gipsies riding' is anything but rare: *dukes*, the *duke*, a *Jew*, a *duck*, a *king* or a mere *young man* are alternatives to gipsies all over Britain and Ireland. What is unusual in print is the combination of this game with another, 'Milking pails', to which v. 8-16 belong. Yet the combination was noted long ago in Berkshire and must be widespread: *Gomme I* 388.

The children played and sang uncertainly. 'Three dukes riding' is traditionally a courtship game while 'Milking pails' in its full form enacts a mother-child relationship:

- Mother, will you buy me a pair of milking-cans?
- But where shall I get the money from? &c.

Most versions end with punishment of the children's glee at the prospect of 'mother' falling into the river. The composite verses have perhaps synthesized courtship and chastisement in a mock battle. 'Three gipsies riding' is also known in Magilligan without 'Milking pails' (*DE*, perhaps *F*) and in this form ends in a fight:

... then the others said that they were just as clean as you, sir, and then at the end they all started to fight, and the gipsies ran away' - *Gracie Butcher* 6918.

## 66. Todd's sweet rural shade

Eddie Butcher 1966

$\text{♩} = 65$

Oh, she says, Young- man, I pray- for-bear-, such-e je- sting-- I --- dis- dain,  
I-a am - too - young to be - con- troll-- te by - Cu- pi- d's e cunn--- ing chain;  
But if I thought you were - sin--- cere-, as- oft - times - you- have said,  
Then- I'd re --- sign this heart- of mine --- on- Todd's sweet r-ur- al-e shade.

aid For to praise

- Oh, one evening fair to take the air as I carelessie did stray  
Down by a grove I chanced to rove, it being in the month of May;  
There I beheld a comelie maid, she has my fond heart betrayed,  
Sly Cupid's dart did pierce my heart on Todd's sweet rural shade.
- 2 Her carriage neat and limbs complete as she gentle moved along,  
Down by a grove I chanced to rove, it being in the month of May;  
There I beheld a comelie maid, she has my fond heart betrayed,  
Sly Cupid's dart did pierce my heart on Todd's sweet rural shade.
- 3 Oh, the blackbird with her lovelie notes does make the valley ring,  
The cuckoo joins in chorus then for to welcome back the spring,  
The lark has left her verdant dale the linnet for to aid  
For to praise that fair beyond compare on Todd's sweet rural shade.
- 4 - Oh, says I, my fair and comelie maid, would you consent to love?  
Your deluding smiles has me beguiled when crossing o'er yon shade.  
Do not deny, with me comply, and lend me your fond aid,  
Then I'll resign this heart of mine on Todd's sweet rural shade.
- 5 - Oh, she says, young man, I pray forbear, such jesting I disdain,  
I am too young to be controlled by Cupid's cunning chain;  
But if I thought you were sincere, as oft times you have said,  
Then I'd resign this heart of mine on Todd's sweet rural shade.
- 6 Then hand and hand we both walked on out o'er yon dewy plain,  
My bosom felt a warm glow, I knew not care nor pain;  
Beneath yon bower we spent an hour till unto me she said,  
- I will resign this heart of mine on Todd's sweet rural shade.  
Beneath yon bower where verdant flowers they bedecked that lovelie maid,  
Oh, she blessed the day she chanced to stray by Todd's sweet rural shade.

The location of this beautified marriage proposal seems precise but is obscure. The place-name is the sort that occurs only in poetry, and if we can more or less localize 'David's flowery vale' (no 21) or 'Walmsley's shady groves', we are less successful with 'Todd's sweet rural shade'. Since I have found no other version of the song it is probably an Ulster one. It is in the Gaelic tradition: from a rural encounter and a portrait of the girl we pass to dialogue with little action, all expressed with conventional elegance and plenty of internal rhyme. Indeed internal rhyme generally gives way only to admit flowers of rhetoric that would otherwise have to be excluded.

## 67. Tossing the hay

*The turning of the hay The new-mown hay The female haymaker*

John Butcher senior 1966

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a tempo marking of ♩ = 86-80. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "I Oh't bein' on-- a summ-er's morn --- in' a broad - as I did go To saun - ter out for plea - sure -- down by a sha - dy - grove, n . Down by a piece of mea - dow as I care -- less - lie did stray There - I spied -- a maid quite bus - y, she was toss-in' out the hay. winn-in'- rows- while--- day's-- long-- we 'ave". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. There are some time signature changes in the piano part, including 4/3, 3/4, and 5/4.

Oh, it being on a summer's morning abroad as I did go  
To saunter out for pleasure down by a shady grove,  
Down by a piece of meadow as I careleslie did stray  
There I spied a maid quite busy, she was tossing out the hay.

- 2 Through a close hedge I viewed this maid, to her I wasn't seen,  
Her beauty it did far exceed the Kathleen Julius queen  
And all around her ivory neck those amber locks did play  
Ay, and the diamond glance shone in her eye at the tossing of the hay.
- 3 I stepped up unto this maid, she unto me did say,  
- I fear we'll have a fall of rain, we have a gloomy sky.  
- Oh ma'am, said I, those weighty clouds they'll shortly wear away,  
There will be no rain for to detain the tossing of your hay.
- 4 I says, - My dear, how comes it that you're left here your lone?  
- My brother he has left me, unto the bog he's gone  
To raise the turf in winnin' rows while he has light or day  
And he's left me here quite bird alone to toss and dry the hay.
- 5 Well, I took her in my arms and I rolled her on the green,  
Sure I began to kiss this maid and she began to scream,  
But I being in a merry mood with her did sport and play  
Saying, - The day's long, we have time enough to toss and dry the hay.
- 6 Well, her chest and breast sure they were like the plumage of a swan,  
It was enough for to entice the heart of any man  
And all around her ivory neck those amber locks did play,  
Ay, and the diamond glance shone in her eye at the tossing of the hay.

- 7 Well, I says, – My dear, if you'll comply and with me you'll agree  
 In wedlock's bands we'll join our hands, love, married we will be  
 And what is here at your command I'm willing for to pay  
 And we'll link and bind together and we'll toss and dry the hay.

The oldest text of this pastourelle, dated 1813 or 1815, is from Belfast (A) and the song looks like an Ulster one. Cork printers copied it; but there is no evidence that it was sung outside Ireland except in places having cultural links with Ulster: the Lowlands of Scotland and Newfoundland. Oral versions have pruned the excessively detailed broadsides, lingering less on the girl's appearance or the manner in which her 'virgin bloom' is 'cropt' (A). Derry versions touch lightly on prospective matrimony, while others pursue the couple to the girl's home and the matter is concluded to her parents' satisfaction (HIK). In Scotland the conclusion is assimilated to the Scots ballad theme of the rich suitor in disguise: 'And wasn't she well rewarded for the turning of the hay?' (J). In Ulster oral versions the country setting is enhanced by an unexpectedly homely conversational exchange about the weather.



A NEW SONG CALLED

## The Tossing of the Hay.

It being on a Summers Evening as carelessly I did stay  
Down by a river clear, quite straight I took my way  
Where the fishes they were bouncing and the lambs did  
sport and play.

I espied a maid quite busy and she tossing off her hay,

I waited a while impatiently and quickly crossed the stile  
And with an air of compliments I addressed her with a  
smile,

Good morning to you my pretty maid I thus to her did  
say,

Success attend your labour for I see you're tossing hay

Good morning to you kind sir this damsel she replied,  
I fear we'll have a fall of rain for glowing are the skies.  
Cease your ferns fair maid said I these clouds will pass  
away.

We'll have no rain: for to prevent to toss and dry your  
hay

I took this fair maid by the waist and gently laid her  
down,

And from her lips I snatched a kiss which caused this  
maid to frown

She says kind sir be staid and speed your way,  
And leave me as you found I pray to toss and dry my  
hay

Says I my pretty fair maid what brings you here alone  
My brothers they left me and to the bog is gone  
To put the turf in rows whilst they have light of day  
And left me here poor bird alone to toss and dry my  
hay.

Three times I kissed this blooming maid as she lay on  
grass

And coming to herself again she says I am ruined at last  
You snatched from my virgin bloom quite senseless as I  
lay.

You shall have a handsome fortune and free leave to toss  
my hay

Since you have tossed my hay and something else besides,  
hope in point of honour you will make me your law-  
ful bride,

£500 in ready gold my father will you pay,  
And will be not well reward you for the tossing of my  
hay

It was then they Clergy was sent for and on their knees  
they went

To join their hands in wedlock bands each others true  
consent,

£500 in ready gold her father did him pay  
And was not well rewarded for the tossing of her lay.

'The tossing of the hay':  
mid-nineteenth-century  
Irish broadside edition  
(no 67B)

## 68. The Trader

The loss of the 'Trader' and crew

Eddie Butcher 1966

Musical score for 'The Trader' in 3/4 time, tempo 136-128. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: '1 Oh, come all you gallant seamen - bold, now listen here - - a while to me. And landsmen - too while thus - I - do relate unto you - a tragedy. It'll grieve each heart while I'm-- a part for - to relate those-- lines- all o'er-- That a ship of - fame 'Trader' by name was - lately - lost - upon - e the shore.'

Musical score for the second part of 'The Trader' in 3/4 time. It consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: 'as our brave captain it was-- our noble had - a - those - e sad tidings stood al- (though) (a)ppear as sad-e down-fall.'

Oh, come all you gallant seamen bold, now listen here a while to me  
 And landsmen too while thus I do relate unto you a tragedy;  
 It'll grieve each heart while I'm apart for to relate those lines all o'er  
 That a ship of fame, *Trader* by name, was lately lost upon the shore.

- 2 Oh, November on the twenty-fourth from Galway town as we set sail  
 The weather it was calm and clear, we had a sweet and a pleasant gale;  
 That jovial crew played in full view, no thoughts of danger did we fear,  
 For London town straight we were bound intending our long course to steer.
- 3 Five hundred and forty tons it was our noble vessel's load  
 Of corn and wheat, as we thought fit, our gallant ship she was well stored;  
 Seven sailors bold you may behold, the *Trader's* jovial company,  
 Our numbers few, but kind and true, we lived in great tranquillity.
- 4 The night before as our brave captain in his cabin sleeping were  
 He dreamed a voice called him by name and those sad tidings did declare,  
 - Your ship and crew and your cargo too will in the storm be cast away,  
 Your family you ne'er will see. He dreamt that thrice before break of day.
- 5 Next morning straight just by daylight as our brave captain he arose  
 He saw the storm gathering round and in the north so fast did cloze;  
 He gave command to every hand to mind their post till all is o'er,  
 But oh, alas, it did increase, we never reached that wished for shore.

- 6 The seas they did like mountains rise, we did not know well what to do,  
Our course we bore right round the shore to we came to the point of Stroove.  
Our ship was good and she might have well stood, although tremendous winds  
did blow,  
When a sudden shock upon a rock it caused our helm off to go.
- 7 Then our hard fate for to relate as we lay on the ocean wide,  
In great distress, as you may guess, we were tossed about by wind and tide;  
The mighty powers we did implore the swelling waves for to enstill;  
Death did appear as we drew near the lovely shores of sweet Downhill.
- 8 At five o'clock our vessel struck just as daylight did disappear,  
All boats were run, our hopes were gone, pale Death unto us it was drawing  
nigh;  
But oh, our cries would rent the skies when overboard our mainmast fell;  
With heavy sighs and watery eyes we bid our friends a long farewell.
- 9 We bid them all a long farewell for we will never see them more,  
But hopes to meet when God thinks fit to join that bright celestial shore.  
[Forever more we'll mourn our loss of those who died in that great storm,  
May the Lord on high receive their souls, may they rest in peace in heaven  
above.]
- 10 The people there from everywhere come flocking that sad sight to see,  
Seven heroes' corps lying on the shore, the *Trader's* doleful company;  
It is in Dunboe they're lying low where there you'll see their green green  
graves,  
No friends were near but strangers dear, we buried them in sweet Articlave.
- 11 Now to conclude, end those few lines, no more at present I will speak,  
But I'll leave down my slender quill for some more learned man to take  
In hopes to see that they'll mind me, tell my distress to great and small  
And have it rolled in their record: the gallant *Trader's* sad downfall.

In the parish churchyard at Articlave there is a stone 'To the memory of Robt. Castle Master John Jamison *Supercargo* and six sailors who perished in the Brig *Trader* of Greenock near the Castle Rock under Freehall on the night of the 24th Nov<sup>r</sup>, 1826. They are here interred.' The song was printed in a Belfast song-book the following year; but its survival in Magilligan alone, near where the wreck occurred, indicates a long local oral tradition. Its author was thoroughly versed in ballad idiom. The captain's portentous dream recalls the old broadside – significantly titled – '*The New York/Cork Trader*, (Laws K22), and the two songs have verbal similarities: W.H. Logan *A pedlar's pack of ballads and songs* Edinburgh 1869, p. 47–50. The '*Trader*' shares one formulaic line (8.4) with 'Rob Roy': Child IV 248. The most numerous detailed similarities are in another shipwreck ballad of probable Ulster origin, '*The Middlesex Flora*', of which there is a Belfast song-book text of 1829: RIA 12 B' 16. This seems to have come from the same printer as the 1827 text of the '*Trader*' and, though the dates suggest otherwise, to have influenced that text. We do not know when '*The Middlesex Flora*' was composed, but there is a report of it being sung about 1780: Christie I 254-5.

Henry's version (B), also from Magilligan, agrees with the song-book text in some details where Eddie's version varies. In 9.3-4 they preserve lines which Eddie omitted and which, from 1966 onwards, he has replaced by lines of his own composed in response to a persistent enquirer after the missing lines.

A new song called  
 THE LOSS OF THE  
**TRADER & CREW,**  
 To which are added,  
 THE BEAUTIES ON THE  
**BANKS OF CLYDE,**  
 And  
**Home ! Sweet Home.**



Printed in the Year 1827.



The *Trader*: title-page of a contemporary song-book (no 68A)

# 69. The true lovers' discourse

*The true lovers' discussion*

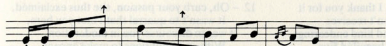
Eddie Butcher 1961



1 One pleas-ant eve- nin' when pinks and dais-ies



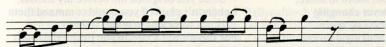
Closed - in- their bos - om one - drop of dew



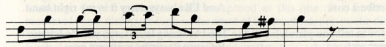
And - feath-ered warb - lers of ev'ry spe - cies



To - geth-er chan - ted - their- notes so tr - ue,



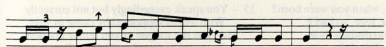
As - I did stray - rapt - in me - di - ta - tion



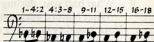
It charmed my - heart - for to hear them - sing,



Night's- si-lent ar - bours-e were- on - ly ri - sin'



An' the air in con - cert - did sweet. l. y ring.



- 2 With joy transported each eye I courted  
 And gazing round me with inspective eye  
 Two youthful lovers in conversation  
 Closely engagéd I chanced to spy;  
 This couple spoke with such force of reason,  
 Their sentiments they explained so clear  
 And for to listen to their conversation  
 My inclination was to draw near.

- 3 He pressed her hand and he says, - My darling,  
 Tell me the reason you've changed your mind,  
 Or have I loved you to be degraded  
 By youth and innocence all in its prime?  
 For I am slighted and ill requited,  
 Where's all the favours I did bestow?  
 You'll surely tell me before you leave me  
 If you're intent for to treat me so.
- 4 With great acuteness she thus made answer  
 Saying, - On your favour I won't rely,  
 You might contrive for to blast my glory,  
 Our marriage days they might hover by.  
 Young men in general are fickle-minded  
 And for to trust you I'd be afraid;  
 If for your favours I am indebted  
 Both stock and interest you shall be paid.

- 5 – To blast your glory, love, I ne'er intended  
Nor fickle-minded will I ever be,  
Nor for my debts you could never pay them  
Except by true love and loyalty.  
Remember, darling, our first engagement  
When childhood's pastime was always new;  
Be true and constant, I am thine forever,  
I'll brave all dangers and go with you.
- 6 – Your offer's good, sir, I thank you for it  
But yet your offer I can't receive;  
With soft persuasions and kind endearings  
The wiléd (?) serpent beguiled Eve.  
There are other reasons must be acceded,  
The highest tide, sir, will ebb and fall;  
Some other female will suit you better,  
Therefore I cannot obey your call.
- 7 – Yes, I'll admit to the tide in motion,  
It is always moving from shore to shore,  
But yet its substance is never changing  
Nor never will unto time's no more.  
I'll sound your name with all loyal lovers,  
And fix your love on whose mind is pure  
Since no existence can ever change it  
Nor no physician prescribe a cure.
- 8 She says, – Young man, for to tell you plainly,  
For to detain you I'm not inclined;  
Another young man of birth and fortune  
Has gained my favour and changed my mind.  
My future welfare I have considered,  
On fickle footing I'll never stand;  
Besides, my parents would be offended  
For to see you walking at my right hand.
- 9 – What had you, darling, when you were born?  
What Nature gave you, love, so had I;  
Your haughty parents I do disdain them  
And your ill-got riches I do defy.  
An honest heart, love, it's far superior,  
Your golden riches will soon decay,  
For naked we come into this world, love,  
And much the same we will go away.
- 10 – You falsify when you said you loved me  
And you slight the parents whom I love dear,  
So I think it justice now to degrade you  
If that's the course that you mean to steer.  
By wealth of Fortune or art of Nature  
You're not my equal in any line;  
Since I conjure you insist no further,  
Unto your wishes I won't incline.
- 11 – To falsify, love, I do deny it,  
Your imputations is wrong, I'll swear,  
Like Eve I find you a real deceiver,  
Your heart's as false as your face is fair.  
For the want of riches you meanly slight me  
And my complexion you do disdain;  
Our skin may differ, but true affection  
In black and white sure it's all the same.
- 12 – Oh, curb your passion, she thus exclaimed,  
It wasn't to quarrel that I met you here,  
It was to discourse you in moderation  
With real intentions to make appear.  
I speak with slander, I will surrender  
To what is proper in every way  
And if you'll submit to a fair discussion  
And reason dictates I will obey.
- 13 – It is too late now to ask that question  
Since you despised me before my friends,  
Lebanon's plains if you could command them  
Is not sufficient to make amends,  
For there's not a tree in yon [im]perial forest  
Retains its colour excepting one  
And that's the laurel that I do cherish  
And I'll always carry it in my right hand.
- 14 – The blooming laurel, sir, you do admire it  
Because its virtue is always new,  
But there is another, you can't deny it,  
It's just as bright in the gardener's view.  
It's wisely resting throughout the winter,  
It blooms again when the spring draws near,  
The pen of honour has wrote its praises,  
In June and July it does appear.
- 15 – You speak exceedingly but not correctly  
With words supported by cause in vain;  
Had you the tongue of yon senior goddess  
Your exultations I would disdain.  
It was your love that I did require  
But since you have placed it on golden store  
I'll strike the string and my harp will murmur,  
So farewell, darling, forever more.
- 16 She thus affected with eyes distracted  
With loud exclaiming she thus give way,  
– Sir, my denial was but a trial,  
You gods be witness to what I say.  
She says, – Young man, if you don't forgive me  
And quite forget it uncordedly  
A single virgin for your sake I'll wander  
While green leaves grows on your laurel tree.

17 Now all young maidens, I pray, take warning,  
 Let love and virtue be still your aim;  
 No worldly treasure will yield you pleasure  
 On those whose person you do disdain.  
 All loyal lovers will then respect you,  
 Unto your memory they'll heave a sigh;  
 The blooming rose and the evergreen laurel  
 Will mark the spot where your body lies.

18 Near Ballynahinch about two mile distant  
 Where blackbirds whistle and thrushes sing  
 With hills resounding and valleys bounding,  
 A charming prospect all in the spring,  
 Where fair maid's beauty it's never wanting,  
 The lonesome stranger a refuge finds,  
 Near Magheratendry if you'll enquire  
 You'll find the author of those simple lines.

The anonymous poet of Magheratimpany, Ballynahinch (Down) – see Notes, 18.7 – worked a rich literary vein, and his song has been uniquely popular for one of its kind. Henry (notes to *P*) identified him as a schoolmaster named M'Kittrick, and a schoolmaster he surely was. 'Theological' discussions between lovers of mixed religion are fairly common in Anglo-Irish, but aside from them, folk song in English knows no lovers' quarrel so well composed as this one. It is in the tradition of medieval verse dialogues such as the *tensó* of the troubadours; poetic dialogues of all kinds flourished peculiarly well in Irish, and Gaelic culture imbues our 'Discourse'. Each stanza has strong formal unity, and together they achieve a discursive flow that must impress even a casual reader. But the song is for listeners. Certainly it often appeared in the Irish popular press; but it is still widely sung today when such printed copies have ceased for decades to be available to singers.

## 70. The wheel of Fortune

*Love it's pleasing/bonny Fair and tender ladies The false lover*

Tom Anderson 1969

*ritabato*

When I was y . oung I was w . ell be . lov . ed-e

By all - - young men in this coun . tr - - y,

I left . e m . y fath - - er, I left . e m . y m . oth . er,

I l . eft . e m . y broth . ers and si . sters three,

I left . e m . y friends - - and my kind re . la . tions,

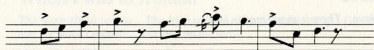
I l . eft them all for to - go with - e y . ou.

He nev . er told . e m . e he was goin' to leave me

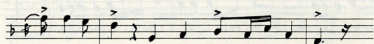
Un - til one eve . nin' when he came - - in,

When he told - - e m . e he was goin' to l . h . eav . e m . e,

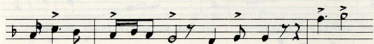
Ah, then - - my sorr . ows they - - did be . gin.



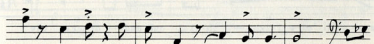
Turn - you round, oh you wheel of For - tune,



Turn you r - ound an' come, take my - - part;



You are the young - - man that broke my for - tune,



But you're not the young man to break my heart.

When I was young I was well beloved

By all young men in this country,

I left my father, I left my mother,

I left my brothers and sisters three,

I left my friends and my kind relations,

I left them all for to go with you.

He never told me he was going to leave me

Until one evening when he came in,

When he told me he was going to leave me,

Ah, then my sorrows they did begin.

Turn you round, oh you wheel of Fortune,

Turn you round and come, take my part;

You are the young man that broke my fortune

But you're not the young man to break my heart.

Versions of this English love song vary greatly, each combining motifs of lyric expression differently. The love which is 'teasing' in some texts (*CI*) and 'bonny' in others (*G*) recalls a 'Waly, waly' lyric that seems to derive from the ballad 'Jamie Douglas', Child no 204. Some versions reinforce a sombre mood with the symbol of the Wheel of Fortune, commonplace since Classical times. Tom's version is textually epitomized and musically irregular, yet gets a very strong feeling of coherence in the vigorous personal style of his performance. He learned it, like male singers of some of the other versions of this song (*F*, *I*), from a woman: Sarah Sweeney of the Point road.

## 71. When a man's in love

*A man/Young men/Boys in love There is an old man in love*

Eddie Butcher 1966



*♩ = 100*

I When a man's- in love--- 'e- fee-ls- no cold l-ike- I not-- l-ong a-ng-o,  
 Like a her- o br-ight thee- oth-er-e n-ight--- I set out through-e frost and snow;  
 Thee- moon- she cheered m-e- with 'er-e l-ight -- e th-at l-ong and--- drear-y way  
 Un-til- I ar-rived--- at the ver-y-- spot where all my-treas-ure- l-ay.

When a man's in love he feels no cold like I not long ago,  
 Like a hero bright the other night I set out through frost and snow;  
 The moon she cheered me with her light that long and dreary way  
 Until I arrived at the very spot where all my treasure lay.

- 2 I gently tapped at my love's window, – Would you rise and let me in?  
 Slowly she the door unlocked and slowly I drew in;  
 Her hands were soft, her bosom warm and her tongue it did gently glide,  
 I stole a kiss, thought it no miss, and wished her for my bride.
- 3 – Would you take me to your chamber, love, would you take me to your bed?  
 Would you take me to your chamber, love, for to rest my wearied head?  
 – For to take you to my chamber, love, it is more than I can do  
 But sit you down by the fireside and I'll sit close by you.
- 4 – Oh, many's the night I courted you against your parents' will  
 When I was tossed by the winter storm and wet with the summer dew,  
 But this night does the courtship end between my love and me,  
 So fare you well, you unkind girl, and a long farewell to you.
- 5 – Oh, are you going to marry me? – What else then would I do?  
 – Well then, I'll break through every tie, my love, I will go along with you;  
 Maybe my parents they would me forget or maybe they might me forgive,  
 Since this night forth we're joined in one, along with you to live.

The last of many night visits ends with a promise of a runaway marriage which the boy obtains by threatening to break off relations: 5.1 begins, in Eddie's 1954 text, in his brother John's (*L*) and in most other versions, 'Are you going to leave me?' Since 1964 Eddie has been singing 'Are you going to marry me?': the girl seeks reassurance that elopement will have a proper outcome. Perhaps this is a modernizing trait. The song is hardly older anyway than mid-nineteenth century, and may be less old. I have seen no popular edition of it, though it must have been circulating among the Irish in America by the early 1900s (notice *A*). Undoubtedly Irish, it has been found chiefly in the northern half of Ireland and in parts of Canada colonized from there.

## 72. When I was in Ireland

*The Kerry/Irish recruit The Irish soldier True Paddy's song Pat and the war Paddy's ramble The boy on the land*

Mary Harte 1961

$\text{♩} = 45-48$

I When I was in I · re · land and digg - ing up - land  
With me brogues on me feet and me spade in me hand,  
Oh, up came a ser · geant, said he - , Would you list?  
Arr · ah, gra ma · chree, ser · geant, gi' me a houl't of your fist  
Sing · in' tad · dy hi ho, tad · dy hi ho,  
Wack fol de dood · le, sing · in' tad · dy hi ho.

*1:2 actual pitch (modulation)*  
gva base  
With me brogues on me feet and me

When I was in Ireland and digging up land  
With my brogues on my feet and my spade in my hand,  
Oh, up came a sergeant, said he, - Would you list?  
- Arrah, gra machree, sergeant, give me a hold of your fist.

*Singing taddy hi ho, taddy hi ho,  
Wack fol de doodle, singing taddy hi ho.*

- 2 He gave me five bob, he said he'd give me more,  
- Call up to headquarters, I'll pay off your score.  
- Headquarters, headquarters, headquarters, says I,  
If I'm gaan to be quartered, sir, I'll bid you goodbye.
- 3 When I listed to sea I was sent  
On board a big ship called the *Bonny Dundee*,  
Three sticks in the middle all covered with a sheet  
And she walked along the water without any feet.
- 4 And when I was listed to India I was sent,  
With climbing up rocks my knees were all bent;  
I listed for seven, thank God it's not ten,  
I'll go hame to oul Ireland and I'll dig turf again.

'The Kerry recruit' commemorated the stupidities of the Crimean war: battles of the winter of 1854-5 figure in fuller versions. The plentiful broadside texts are all undated; *K* entered the British Library before 8 October 1868. In 1889, among the earliest publications of Edith Somerville, was a version of this 'old Irish song' illustrated by herself. The theme of course is older and younger than the Crimean war. *S* mentions Vinegar Hill (1798): if, as it seems, *S* is a pre-Crimean composition, then 'Crimean' versions are fairly straightforward adaptations of an earlier song. On the other hand, Mrs Harte's shortened version updates the text by omitting Crimean references and introducing a reference to the British Indian empire.

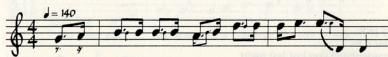


'When I was in Ireland':  
 illustration by Edith  
 Somerville in *The Kerry  
 recruit*, 1889 (no 72CC)

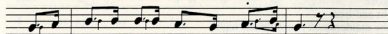
# 73. The widow's daughter

*The widow of the West/Westmorland The widow of Westmorland's daughter*

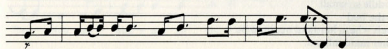
Eddie Butcher 1969



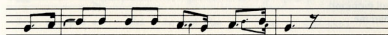
1 Oh, the' were a wi-dow wom-an in the West - moor - lands



And she nev - er had a daugh - ter but the wan



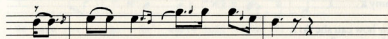
And her on -- ly ad - vice - was be night - or be day



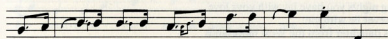
For to nev - er give 'er maid'.n. head to wan.



Hold - - your tongue, dea - r moth - er, she says - ,



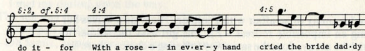
And - there - fore dinn - ae let it be



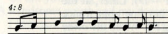
For the' were a joll - y sol - dier in the queen's Life Guards,



Las' n. ight he stole me maid'. n. heid frae me.



do it - for With a rose -- in ev - er - y hand cried the bride dad - dy



And she tells her n - am - y a'.

Oh, there were a widow woman in the West moorlands

And she never had a daughter but the one

And her only advice was by night or by day

For to never give her maidenhead to one.

- Hold your tongue, dear mother, she says,

And therefore dinnae let it be

For there were a jolly soldier in the queen's Life Guards

Last night he stole my maidenhead frae me.

- 2 – Oh go, oh go, you saucy jade,  
 And therefore dinnae let it be  
 And bring me back the maidenhead you lost last night  
 Or another night you'll never lie with me.  
 Now she's to the soldier gone  
 And her heart both light and free  
 Saying, – Give me back the maidenhead you stole last night  
 For my mammy she's angry with me.
- 3 He caught her by the middle so small  
 And he threw her into the bed  
 And he turned up her heels where her heid ought to be  
 And he give her back her maidenhead.  
 Now she's to her mammy gone  
 And her heart both light and free  
 Saying, – I'm as clear of all menkind  
 As the first night you had me.
- 4 That fared well and so passed by  
 Till the soldier's wedding it came on  
 And the widow woman dressed up her daughter so grand  
 With a rose in every hand.  
 – Who is that, cried the bride's daddy  
 That stands so fine and braw?  
 – It's the widow woman's daughter from the West moorlands  
 And she tells her mammy a'.
- 5 – Oh, how can she do it or how can she do it  
 Or how does she do it for shame?  
 For this nine long nights I have lay with my love  
 And I'm sure I never told it to none.  
 – Well if there's nine long nights you have lay with your love  
 Another night you'll never lie with me!  
 And he took the widow's daughter from the West moorlands  
 And he made her his braw lady.

The absence of this early ballad from modern collections can be understood, but it is strange that no other traditional version has come down to us with a melody, much less a sound recording (though *E* seems to derive from a traditional source). There is a broadside in the Douce collection apparently based on it, 'The fair maid of the West who sold her maidenhead for a high-crown'd hat', no doubt composed for the popular press – Pinto & Rodway p. 572-4. But 'The widow's daughter' itself looks as if it goes back to an early Scots source from which it has been transmitted by oral means alone.

A girl tells her widowed mammy of an affair with a soldier. The widow drives her out in disgrace (requiring an impossible redress – *F*). The girl asks the soldier to restore her virginity, which he always does the same way (offering a choice where she will have it restored, from which she chooses 'the dark corner' – *D*). Later, at the soldier's wedding, the widow's daughter attracts attention by her fine appearance (her retinue of 'gay guid knights' and ladies *C*, her merry singing *D*). When the bride hears that the widow's daughter keeps no secrets from her mammy she is vainly impulsive enough to mention secrets of her own which she has not revealed. Learning these, the soldier repudiates her and marries instead his naive mistress.

The length of this summary draws attention to the ballad's narrative economy. It neatly combines an absurd joke with a reversal of fortune: the joke is traditional (see for example *D*. Herd *Ancient and modern Scottish songs* Edinburgh 1776, II 145-7), while the reversal calls to mind the wedding scene of 'Lord Thomas and fair Eleanor' (Child no 73) or of 'Lord Bateman' (Child no 53). But 'The widow's daughter' is no mere burlesque: it is a comic ballad of intrinsic excellence.

## 74. Youghal harbour

Eddie Butcher 1966

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature and a tempo marking of quarter note = 66. It consists of nine staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. There are several downward-pointing arrows above the notes, likely indicating phrasing or breath marks. The final note of the piece is a whole note chord in the bass clef.

$\text{♩} = 66$

I Oh, You-ghal - har-bour on a summ-er's mor - nin',  
I m - et my - dar - - - lin' - u - pon the way;  
The - sun was - shi - n - in', she l - ooked so char - min'  
I - stopped a - whi - le and she - - thus - did say,  
Oh, Jam-ie -, Ja - mie, are ye goin' to l - eave --- me -  
Or are you - go - in' where bull - ets fl - y?  
A - hand - some - youth and my dear - est jew - el,  
I l - ove you - we - ll and I can't den - y.

Oh, Youghal harbour on a summer's morning,

I met my darling upon the way;

The sun was shining, she looked so charming

I stopped a while and she thus did say,

- Oh Jamie, Jamie, are you going to leave me

Or are you going where bullets fly?

A handsome youth and my dearest jewel,

I love you well and I can't deny.

2 - Oh Nancy darling, was I to marry you

What would your false-hearted parents say?

That they reared a daughter with such a fortune

And carelessie she threw herself away.

Before that I would live at variance

All with your parents and brothers too -

It was them that banished you far from my arms -

Unto your charms I'll now bid adieu.

- 3 As I walked up through the county Cavan  
 To view the sweet and the bonds of love  
 Who did I spy but a charming fair maid,  
 She appeared to me like a turtle dove.  
 I stepped up to her and fondly asked her  
 Would she consent to be a dragoon's wife;  
 With modest blushes she thus made answer,  
 – Kind sir, I mean to lead a single life.
- 4 Had I a-married I might been married,  
 I could be married many's a year ago  
 To a man named Reilly lived in this country,  
 It was him that caused my sad overthrow.  
 – Don't depend on Reilly for he'll deceive you  
 But come with me unto yon Irish shore  
 Where we'll sail over to Pennsylvania,  
 Bid adieu to Reilly forever more.
- 5 – Was I to sail on yon brimny ocean,  
 The winds to blow and the seas to roar  
 I thought my very heart would have split asunder  
 When I thought on Reilly that I left on shore.  
 But youth and folly makes fair maids marry  
 And when they're married then they must obey;  
 What can't be cured must be endured,  
 So farewell, darling, for I'm away.

Eddie's title is deceptive. The Munster Gaelic pastourelle '*Eochaill* – called '*Fóchaill*' in Ulster – inspired broadside adaptations in English, one of which, our 'Youghal harbour', begins with lines corresponding to Eddie's 1.1–4 and also similar to the opening of a broadside favourite 'Reilly from the county Cavan/Kerry'. All these songs are sung to the same popular air 'Youghal harbour'; in Eddie's, melodic similitude has led to a mingling of texts. V.1.1–4 belongs to 'Youghal harbour', v.3–5 to 'Reilly'; the intervening text, 1.5–2.8, agrees thematically with 'Youghal harbour' insofar as it describes a girl abandoned, but its exact source is unknown to me. Eddie's song combines the theme of the abandoned girl with the inconclusive courtship of 'Reilly', in which a returning soldier fails to persuade a girl to give up her old love. The resulting lack of narrative definition recalls the lyricism of many songs in Irish; though the recurrent first person singular represents now the man, now one girl and now perhaps another, it binds together a strongly assertive expression of love unfulfilled.