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# OLD IRISH CROONAUNS

## AND OTHER TUNES

RE-COLLECTED AND

COLLECTED

BY

MISS HONORIA GALWEY.

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PRICE TWO SHILLINGS NET,  
(80 CENTS.)

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*Honoria Galwey*

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# PREFACE.

THE collection of old Irish Melodies now brought together in this form, I have, with a few exceptions, known since my childhood. I learnt them for the most part from the country people in Innishowen, Co. Donegal, who sang, lilted, whistled, and played them on the Fiddle and Jew's Harp or "Trump."

Only a few have I seen in other collections, and in such cases not so good or such perfect settings as those which I knew.

In later years I got some additional Tunes—in Co. Derry and in Co. Donegal—from a Piper and Fiddler. There are a few which came from the South of Ireland.

Several of these melodies I gave some years ago, to be arranged as songs. These have been published by Messrs. Boosey & Co., seven in the volume of "Irish Folk Songs"; music arranged by Dr. Charles Wood, words written or adapted by Alfred Perceval Graves, Esq., 1897, and three published later as separate songs. Messrs. Boosey kindly permit me to reproduce the airs of these—ten in all—in this collection.

The songs published in "Irish Folk Songs" are as follows:—

1. "The Kerry Cow."
2. "Darby Kelly, the Irish Drummer."
3. "The Sentry Box."
4. "I have a Spirit."
5. "Hey ho! the Morning Dew."
6. "The Blackbird and the Thrush."
7. "Over Here."

The three songs published separately are:—

1. "The Blackbird." Words by Moira O'Neill; music arranged by Arthur Somervell, Esq.
2. "Molly Brannigan." Old words; music arranged by Sir C. Villiers Stanford.
3. "Slumber Song." Words by Moira O'Neill; music arranged by R. Arthur Oulton, Esq.

The tune of two of these, namely, "The Kerry Cow" and "The Blackbird and the Thrush," have already appeared in Mr. Joyce's recent publication, "Old Irish Folk Music and Songs," 1909.

There are several songs in this collection which may not be genuinely Irish, but may be described as "Anglo-Irish"—the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Songs," for example—but learnt and sung by the peasantry, as I have heard them. I have dealt with this matter in the short note at the end of each air.

In addition to these Irish tunes, and those learnt from the singing, playing, etc., of the country people, I have noted a few from other sources, which I have known for many years, and which I feel sure are now unknown or forgotten. A few I found in very old MSS.; the rest are noted down from memory.

The words of the "Country Songs and Ballads" are, with a few exceptions, genuine and characteristic productions of the people. Both words and tunes I have written down exactly as I heard them.

I call this little volume my "*Re-collections*" as well as my "*Collections*," as my memory for music has never failed me!

HONORIA GALWEY.

Derry, Ireland, 1910.

14 Nov. 19, Chas. H. Dittor, 64

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# Jigs, Reels and Dances.

## CORK TUNE.

JIG.



I learnt this tune when I was a child from the singing, or lilting of my father. I call it by the above name as he was a Cork man. I do not know name or origin.

## CUTTY'S WEDDING.

SCOTCH REEL?



"Cutty," a young girl. I found this in an old 18th Century music book.

## CORDON BLEU.

WEST INDIAN DANCE.

Moderato.



A West Indian air played by an old relative sixty years ago. *From memory.*

D.C.

## CAVALRY CANTER.

4. Musical score for 'CAVALRY CANTER' in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and grace notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Founded on an old Irish air. *Old M S.*

## DARK-HAIRED GIRL.

REEL.

5. Musical score for 'DARK-HAIRED GIRL' in 6/8 time, key of D major. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music is lively, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Lilted by Mary Cooke, Merville, Co. Donegal. *From memory.*

## FAIRY DANCE.

REEL.

6. Musical score for 'FAIRY DANCE' in 2/4 time, key of D major. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music is a reel, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

I consider this set of this most spirited and melodious Irish reel, the best I have ever heard.

## GUARACHA.

With spirit and grace.

SPANISH DANCE.

Very old, heard in my childhood. *From memory.*

D.C.

## HAY MAKERS.

ENGLISH COUNTRY DANCE.



Old Country Dance.— M.S.

## HUDY MACAN'S "GALOPPE."

Lively.



D.C. al fine.

I learnt this Dance from a fiddler, Hudy Macan, about fifty years ago. He was most particular in pronouncing it "Galoppe." It was his own composition. *From memory.*

## LOTS OF KISSES.

ENGLISH.

Old Country Dance. *M S.*

## MORGAN RATTLER.

IRISH DANCE.

Lively.

Peculiar step and time. Played by an old lady. *From memory.*

## THE MUNSTER LASSES.

Lively.

From a very old *M S.* music book.

## PIGEON ON THE GATE.

REEL.

13. 

The musical notation for 'Pigeon on the Gate' Reel consists of five staves of music in 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. The subsequent staves continue the melody and include a bass line with eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Learnt at Moville in 1849 from a blind fiddler. I only knew his 'by-name' of "Paddy the Slithers". I also heard this tune called "The well rigged ship".

## SANDY O'ER THE LEA.

Very lively.

SCOTCH REEL.

14. 

The musical notation for 'Sandy O'er the Lea' Scotch Reel consists of three staves of music in 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is lively, featuring many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The second and third staves continue the melody and include a bass line. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Played by a Scotch lady sixty years ago. *From memory.*

## SHAWL DANCE.

Slow and gracefully.

FRENCH.

15. 

The musical notation for 'Shawl Dance' French consists of two systems of staves. The first system (measures 1-4) has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace, in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is slow and graceful, with many beamed eighth notes. The second system (measures 5-8) continues the melody on a single treble staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Very old. *From memory.*





Very old. *From memory.*

# DANCE.

QUADRILLE?



Name unknown. Played by an old lady in the "forties." *From memory.*

*Dal ♫ al fine.*

## DANCE.

STRATHSPEY ?



Name unknown. Learnt from same source as No 16. Time like a Strathspey. *From memory.*

## SHAN MAC-A-VICAR.

REEL.



Learnt from Mary Cooke's lilting. When played slowly and with expression this tune makes a plaintive and song-like melody. The same may be said of many of the gay Irish airs. The characteristic of the people, "The Smile and the Tear."

Lively.

## ROKEBY.

DANCE.



Heard this tune played when I was a child. I never saw the notes, but it is written correctly from memory. *D.S.*

## LADY SHAFTESBURY'S STRATHSPEY.

By NATT GOW.

20. *Slow.*

Natt Gow, son of Neil Gow, was like his father, a celebrated Scottish violinist, and composer of many tunes. Born 1766, Died 1831. *Found in an old M S. music book.*

## MORGIANA(?)

DANCE.

21. *Lively.*

I heard this tune at the pantomime of "Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves" in the "sixties" in Dublin, and noted it down. I do not know the name.

# Soldiers' Songs.

## LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

With great spirit.

1.

This spirited old song I learnt, both tune and words, from one who sang it as a boy, more than one hundred years ago. *From memory.*

## "ODD'S BOBS, MY LADS!"

Lively.

For words see page 27.

2.

From the same as 1. The air is a variant of "Begone dull care." The old name was "Queen Anne's Jig." I only know one verse. *From memory.*

## DARBY KELLY.

With spirit.



Old name of Tune "Paddy's Wedding". Published in "25 Irish Melodies"; see Preface. *From memory.*

## THE SENTRY BOX.



A first-rate stirring tune, well known in the North of Ireland and among soldiers. Published in "25 Irish Melodies"; see Preface. *From memory.*

## THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

With spirit.

For words see page 27.



The *air* may not be genuinely Irish: the *words* proclaim it as such. "The Lady she drove on her car", doubtless a Jaunting Car, has a homely sound. *From memory.*

# Sailors' Songs.

## THE DARK-EYED SAILOR.

With feeling.

For words see page 28.



I learnt this beautiful and pathetic air (and words) from a sailor's daughter, in Innishowen, Co: Donegal in 1846. There is a pretty version of the story in the song in "Songs of the West," by Rev. Baring Gould, called "The broken token," but the music is totally different. *From memory.*

## THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

Tenderly.

For words see page 29.



The words of this song appeared in "The English Folk-song Society Journal" a few years ago. They were not so refined as those which I have; the tune was not the same. *From memory.*

## THE JOLLY ROVING TAR.

Lively.

For words see page 29.



This song, as well as the former, I learnt from country girls at Moville, which place, being a sea-port, all sea songs were exceedingly popular there. *From memory.*

# Old Country Songs and Ballads.

## BIDDY MAGUIRE OF BALLINACLASH.

Lively.

For words see page 30.



I learnt this from the singing of a relative, Mr. R, when I was a little child. *From memory.*

## THE BLACKBIRD.

Tenderly.



In recent years I learnt this beautiful air from a fiddler in Co: Donegal, who called it by another name, there were senseless words. It is published by Messrs. Boosey & Co. The above name was given from the words written for the air by Moira O'Neill. It is an ideal song. See Preface.

## THE BLACKBIRD AND THRUSH.

Slow, with expression.

For words see page 31.



This pathetic and haunting melody and words I learnt from a servant in the Co: Derry. The original verses are very characteristic and good. Mr Alfred Perceval Graves wrote other words for the air, published in "25 Irish Melodies." *From memory.*

Plaintive.

## BONAGHEE.



From Innishowen, Co: Donegal. I only remember one verse:-

"If ever I return again  
 Unto a land that's free,  
 Oh! we will love each other  
 As we did in Bonagee." *From memory.*

## THE DESERTER.

Majestic and Pathetic.

5. Musical score for 'The Deserter' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The second staff ends with a piano 'p' dynamic. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff features a fortissimo 'ff' dynamic. The fifth staff concludes the piece.

A fine pathetic air, I do not remember the words. *From memory.*

## EASTER SNOW.

Slow.

6. Musical score for 'Easter Snow' in D major, 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music is marked 'Slow'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Learnt from a Donegal fiddler. When the flowers of the blackthorn are falling down then the country people call it "Easter snow." With suitable words, this air would make a beautiful song.

## GRANUAILE'S DAUGHTER.

Moderato.

For words see page 31.

7. Musical score for 'Granuaile's Daughter' in D major, 6/8 time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 6/8 time signature. The music is marked 'Moderato'. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

"Granuaile's daughter, that beautiful queen,  
She mourned for her nation's decay"

A fragment from Co: Derry - 1860. It treats of the country in '98. *From memory.*



## THE HIGHWAYMAN.

For words see page 31.

Lively.



The words of this dashing song are, with some difference, in Mr Wm. Le Fanu's *Reminiscences*. It was known in the North of Ireland as well as in the South where the highway robbery actually took place. I learnt words and tune in Co: Donegal many years ago *From memory*.

## "HEY HO! THE MORNING DEW."

Lively.



A spirited popular air published in "25 Irish Songs". Mr A. Perceval Graves wrote two sets of words for it. *From memory*.

## "I'M A STRANGER IN THIS COUNTRY."

With expression.

For words see page 32.



Characteristic country words and very good air. Learnt in Innishowen. *From memory*.

## "OH! MANY'S A TIME."

Plaintive.



A good tune. The words of peasant production. *From memory*.

"I HAVE A SPIRIT ABOVE MY DEGREE."

Moderato.



This is in "25 Irish Songs". Mr A. P. Graves wrote words, a "narrative song" founded on the facts of a story told by me.

KERRY COW.

With feeling.



Pubd in "25 Irish songs" - old name "Spotted Cow". A rather rough and unrefined version of the old words in "Songs of the West" by Rev. Baring Gould, but the air quite different from that which I learnt in my earliest childhood from Jamie Cooke. *From memory.*

LITTLE WEE WILLIE.

Lively.

For words see page 33.



This may not be Irish, neither words nor time. *From memory.*

LITTLE SIR HUGH.

Mournfully.



The old ballad of "Sir Hugh of Lincoln". Learnt in my childhood from a servant. *From memory.*

OLD LANGOLEE.

With spirit.

For words see page 33.



"Paddy Bull's voyage to England". Humourous words, and a jolly air. South of Ireland song. - *From memory.*

## NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE.

Lively.

For words see page 34.

A humorous song, well known in both North and South of Ireland. *From memory.*

## "NOW I'M OF AGE."

Very lively.

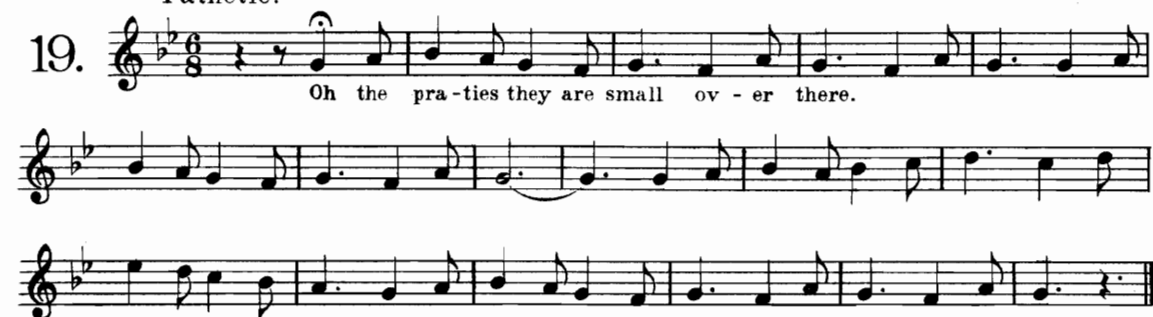


A rollicking song. I only remember a fragment as it did not appeal to me. I subjoin the chorus. The air very good.

For this is the way with the charming O'Callahans,  
 From the first beautiful boy of the name;  
 They lashed all the Lannigans, Flannigans, Brannigans,  
 Just for to show they were Cocks of the Game! *From memory.*

## "OVER HERE."

Pathetic.



Old name "Over there". The air is *probably* Irish, but the words are a 'coon song'. I learnt it from my brother, who heard it in South America. Years afterwards I found the words in an American book. Mr Graves altered some and wrote the last verse, which identified the song with the Irish Famine. Published in "25 Irish Songs." *From memory.*

## PAT MURPHY THE PIPER.

Lively.



A characteristic and spirited tune. Would make an excellent song. I only know one verse. This came from South of Ireland. *From memory.*

## POOR LITTLE SWEEP.

Very plaintive.

For words see page 35.



Very old plaintive air and words. Learnt from a servant who said the incident was "quite true." *From memory.*

## REILLY.

Very plaintive.



Fragment. Very good air. *From memory.*

## SWEET INNISHOWEN.

Moderato.

For words see page 35.



A local popular ditty. *From memory.*

## TARRY HIGHO THE GRINDER.

For words see page 36

24. *Lively.*

The musical notation for 'Tarry Higho the Grinder' is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is lively, featuring many eighth and sixteenth notes. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A gay tuneful Donegal air. Chorus. "Tarry Higho ye know  
Tarry Higho the Grinder,  
Tarry Higho ye know  
The Donegal Boys are the Shiners!" *D. S. From memory.*

## THE TIDY ONE.

For words see page 36.

25. *Moderato.*

The musical notation for 'The Tidy One' is written on three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 8/8. The melody is moderate in tempo, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

This song may not be Irish, but I learnt it when a child, from a lady. In later years heard it sung by a country woman in Innishowen. Tune and words very good. *From memory.*

## THE WELL IN THE GARDEN.

*With expression.*

26.

The musical notation for 'The Well in the Garden' is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is expressive, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff showing first and second endings. The fourth staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Learnt from the blind fiddler "Paddy the Slithers" in 1849. Moira O'Neill wrote admirable words for the air founded on the story connected with the composing of the tune by a fiddler in Innishowen. *From memory.*

## THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

*Plaintive.*

27.

The musical notation for 'The Young Doctor' is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is plaintive, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Sung by my nurse. There have been verses written for this very sweet air by two friends, but neither yet arranged or published. *From memory.*

## IF YOUNG MAIDS.

28. *Lively.*

The musical notation for 'If Young Maids' consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a lively, eighth-note style. The second staff continues the melody, also in treble clef and one flat key signature.

This air is quite different from that in which the song with above title is published, as I have heard it sung *From memory.*

## THE TIN-WARE LASS.

29.

The musical notation for 'The Tin-ware Lass' is presented in four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, featuring various ornaments and slurs. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I got this from a friend who found and noted it in its present form at Ramelton, Co: Donegal, in 1846. A perfect fiddle tune.

## THE PRATIE APPLES.

30. *Slow.*


The musical notation for 'The Pratie Apples' consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The melody is written in a slow, eighth-note style. The second and third staves continue the melody, also in treble clef and one sharp key signature.

A very characteristic and pathetic air,—*found in an old music book.*

## HUMOURS OF BARTHOLEMEW FAIR O.

18th CENTURY.

31. *Very lively.*



Sing - ing Hey down, Ho down, Humours of Barthol - o - mew Fair O

BAND.



*Repeat CHORUS.*



Hey down etc.

(*Spoken.*) Walk this way gentlemen and ladies. See the wonderful birds and beasts. Here's the wonderful Bottomus Bay Tiger, brought from Bottomus Bay in the Vest Indies. Measures sixteen feet from the snout to the tail, and ten from the tail to the snout. (*Aside.*) Stir him up, Jimmy, with a long pole and make him cry "Bo".

CHORUS.— Singing etc.

(*Spoken.*) See the Shangaroo that can't live upon the water and dies upon the land. (*Aside.*) Jimmy, stop the hole in the blanket, or the boys will get a peep for nothing.

CHORUS.— Singing etc.


*Enter a gentleman to the showman. (Spoken.)*

1st Verse. I say, Mr Carpenter, is that river very deep?

2nd ,, I say, Mr Carpenter, how can I get over that river?

3rd ,, I say, Mr Carpenter, is the wine in that house good?

*Answer.*



1st V. A stone thrown in will find the bot - tom  
2nd V. The ducks and geese they do swim o - ver  
3rd V. It is so good it made me tip - sy



Fol - de - rol - de - ran - dy fol - de - rol - de - ran - dy A stone thrown in will  
Fol - de - rol - de - ran - dy fol - de - rol - de - ran - dy The ducks and geese they  
Fol - de - rol - de - ran - dy fol - de - rol - de - ran - dy It is so good it

CHORUS & BAND.



find the bot - tom Fol - de - rol - de - rol - de - rey.  
do swim o - ver Fol - de - rol - de - rol - de - rey.  
made me tip - sy Fol - de - rol - de - rol - de - rey.

This is very old, learnt as a child. The airs are good and tuneful, the whole piece quaint and amusing. *From memory.*

## AIR.

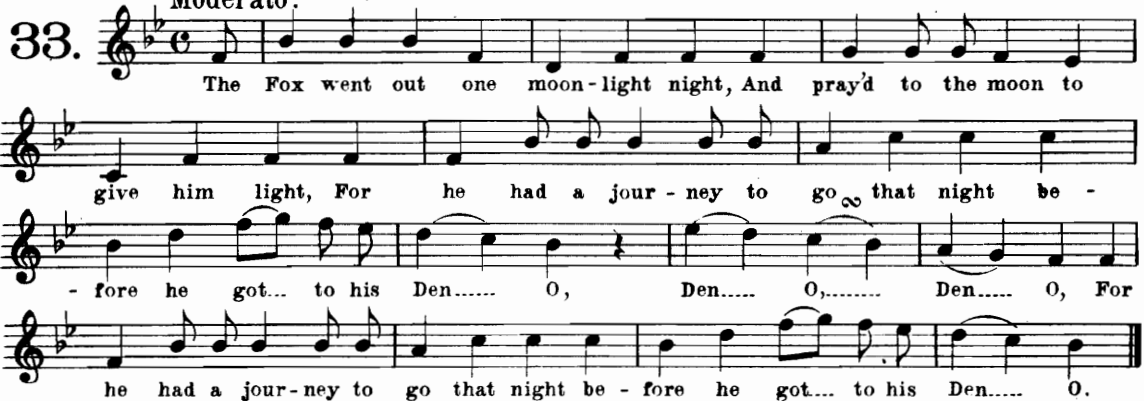
With spirit.



A very good air, worthless words. Sung by a country girl in Innishowen about sixty years ago!  
*From memory.*

## THE FOX.

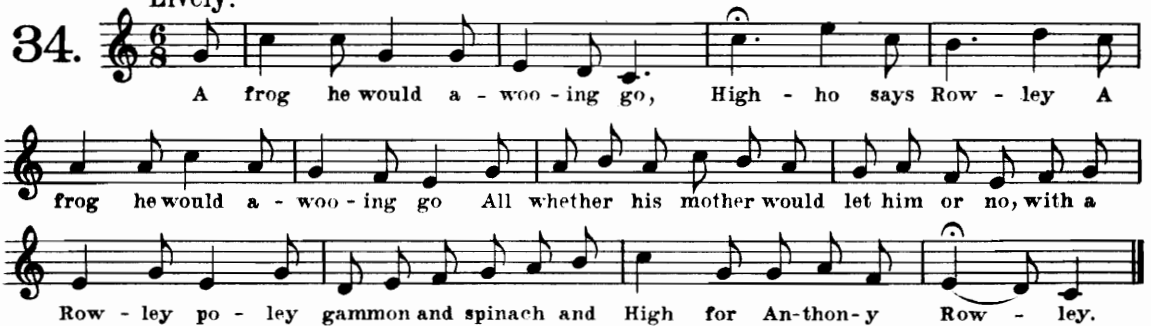
Moderato.



This is quite different from the air in the Petrie collection; I have known this since my childhood. *From memory.*

## FROGGY'S WOOING.

Lively.



Like the foregoing I have known this old song always, and the air different from that in Petrie's collection. *From memory.*

## TEMON O NOCK.

Slow.



I found this and some other Irish airs in an old book, brown with age, no date of publication, but a name "John Blashfield, 1753," in writing. "Set for German flute, violin or harpsichord by Mr. Burk Thumoth." The Irish names are evidently spelt phonetically and are incorrect. An Irish scholar has given the meaning, or probable meaning, with the exception of above.



## PAST ONE O'CLOCK.

36. *Slow.*

The first system of music for 'Past One O'Clock' is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff is marked 'Slow.' and includes several measures with a star symbol above the staff. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

The second system of music continues the piece. It features a treble staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes and a measure with a star symbol. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The third system of music continues the piece. It features a treble staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes and a measure with a star symbol. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It features a treble staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a measure with a star symbol. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The name of this air is written in English.

## SLAUNT RI PLULIB. "HEALTH TO KING PHILIP."

37. *Slow.*

The first system of music for 'Health to King Philip' is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff is marked 'Slow.' and includes a measure with a star symbol. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

The second system of music continues the piece. It features a treble staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff has a bass clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a measure with a star symbol. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a treble staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff has a bass clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a measure with a star symbol. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

CURRI KOUN DILICH. "DEAR BROWN ROCK." (*probably*)

38. Not too slow.

Handwritten musical score for 'CURRI KOUN DILICH. DEAR BROWN ROCK.' in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked '38. Not too slow.' and includes a treble and bass staff. The second and third systems continue the piece. The notation includes various notes, rests, and accidentals, with some notes marked with a 'k' and a star symbol.

## HUGAR MU FEAN. "I WHISPERED."

39. Slow.

Handwritten musical score for 'HUGAR MU FEAN. I WHISPERED.' in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked '39. Slow.' and includes a treble and bass staff. The second and third systems continue the piece. The notation includes various notes, rests, and accidentals, with some notes marked with a 'k' and a star symbol.

The spelling of the titles of these airs (four out of the five) being incorrect, a true translation is almost impossible.

## Lullabies.



I learnt this in my earliest childhood from the singing of my father. Without words. It is published as a "Slumber Song." See Preface. *From memory.*



Our nursery maid sang this tune to the words of Dr. Watts' Cradle Hymn. There are verses— "A Japanese Lullaby," which suit it admirably. *From memory.*

### A WHISTLE or LULLABY.



I learnt this from the whistling of our ploughman, "George," about seventy years ago. It has rather an unfinished sound, but wild and tuneful. *From memory.*

### ROCKING THE CRADLE.



The musical score is written for piano in G minor (three flats) and 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of music. The bass line is a steady eighth-note pattern: G2-A2-B2-C3-D3-E3-F3-G3. The treble line features chords and short melodic phrases. The first system begins with a second ending bracket over the first two measures. The second system includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble. The third system has a piano (*p*) marking. The fourth system has a second ending bracket over the last two measures. The fifth system has a piano (*p*) marking. The sixth system concludes with a pianissimo (*pp*) marking, a *rall.* (rallentando) instruction, and a final pianissimo (*ppp*) marking before the double bar line.

I learnt this from the playing of Tom Gordon, Irish piper, who said "That's the first tune that anybody ever hears." The arrangement is by Canon Armstrong, Castlerock, Co: Derry, from the air noted down by me, and he has kindly allowed me to insert it in this collection.



## PART II.—SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' SONGS.

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### SOLDIERS' SONGS.

No. 2.

#### ODD'S BOBS.

A FRAGMENT.

Odd's Bobs! my lads, did ye hear the news?  
 Sure my blaguard has listed;  
 He's gone away to fight the French,  
 And, dear knows, myself often wish'd it.  
 But cheer up, now, and give us a drop,  
 Bekase we are in sorrow;  
 And if to-day your gown you pop,  
 I'll give ye mine to-morrow.

No. 5.

#### THE GALLANT HUSSAR.

A lady, possessed of much beauty,  
 She stood at her own castle gate,  
 The gallant Hussars were on duty  
 To view them this damsel did wait.  
 Their horses were cap'ring and prancing,  
 Their accoutrements shone like a star,  
 And among them she spied, swift advancing,  
 Young Edward, her gallant hussar.

Next morn, to the barracks, so early,  
 This lady she drove on her car,  
 Because that she loved him sincerely—  
 Young Edward, her gallant hussar.  
 Said he, "My dear Jane, now be steady,  
 "And think on the fortunes of war;  
 "When the trumpet sounds, I must be ready—  
 "So wed not your gallant hussar."

"Six weeks, upon bread and cold water,  
 "My parents confined me from you,  
 "Hard hearted were they to their daughter,  
 "Whose heart it is loyal and true:  
 "Unless they confine me for ever,  
 "Or banish me from him afar,  
 "I'll follow my laddie so clever,  
 "And wed with my gallant hussar."

# SAILORS' SONGS.

No. 1.

## THE DARK-EYED SAILOR.

OLD WORDS AND OLD TUNE.

It was a lovely young maiden fair  
 Went out one evening to take the air ;  
 She met a sailor upon her way,  
 And I paid attention, and I paid attention,  
 To hear what they would say.

William said : " Lady, why roam along ?  
 The night is coming, the day's far gone."  
 She said, while tears from her eyes did flow,  
 "'Twas my dark-eyed sailor, 'twas my dark-eyed sailor,  
 From me was forced to go."

William said : " Lady, drive him from your mind,  
 Another sailor you'll meet more kind.  
 Love turns aside and soon cold does grow,  
 Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning  
 The hills all clad with snow."

" His dark blue eyes, and his curly hair,  
 His manly form did my heart ensnare ;  
 Genteel he was, and no rake like you,  
 To advise a maiden, to advise a maiden  
 To slight the jackets blue.

" 'Tis seven long years since he left this land,  
 He took a gold ring from off his hand,  
 The ring we broke, here's the half with me,  
 While the other's rolling, while the other's rolling  
 At the bottom of the sea."

Then half the ring did young William shew,  
 Quick disappeared all her grief and woe.  
 " You're welcome, William, I have lands and gold  
 For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor,  
 So manly, true, and bold."

"Tis in a cottage down near the sea,  
 These two are joinèd, and they'll agree,  
 Young maids be true, when your love's away,  
 For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning  
 Brings forth a sunny day.

No. 2.

## THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

OLD WORDS AND OLD TUNE.

Adieu, my lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,  
 I'm going to cross the ocean to find out something new ;  
 Come change a ring with me, my dear, come change a ring with me,  
 And this shall be a token when I am on the sea.

When I am on the sea, my dear, you'll know not where I am,  
 But letters I will write to you from every foreign clime ;  
 The secrets of my heart, my dear, and the best of my good-will,  
 And let my body be where it may, my heart is with you still.

And now the storm is rising, and now it's coming on,  
 And we poor jolly Jack Tars are fighting for the crown ;  
 Our Captain, he commands us, and him we must obey,  
 Expecting every moment we may be cast away.

And now the storm is over, and we've got safe to shore,  
 We'll drink to our wives and sweethearts and the girls whom we adore,  
 We'll call for liquor readily, and spend our money free,  
 And when our money is all done, we'll boldly go to sea.

No. 3.

## THE JOLLY ROVING TAR.

OLD WORDS AND OLD TUNE.

Down by London City as I carelessly did stray,  
 I espied a sailor lad, likewise a lady gay,  
 Her eyes appeared like Venus bright, or some superior star,  
 As she walked the beach lamenting for her jolly roving tar.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie, what made you go away ?  
 When I arrive at twenty-one, sure I'm a lady gay,  
 I'll man one of my father's ships, and sail the ocean far ;  
 Yes, I'll roam the briny ocean with my jolly roving tar.

Many a pleasant evening my love and I have had,  
 I, a nice young lady gay, and he a sailor lad ;  
 The harp did then so sweetly play, likewise the light guitar,  
 As I spent the time together with my jolly roving tar.

She jumped into a little boat, they rowed her from the shore,  
 And she's gone to her father's ships to see how they have store ;  
 We have provisions plenty and lots of grog on board,  
 And we'll sail the briny ocean with your jolly roving tar.

She jumped into the little boat, they rowed her from the land,  
 And as the sailors pulled away she waved her lily hand.  
 Adieu, ye maids of Liverpool, for I am going afar,  
 And away went lovely Nancy with her jolly roving tar.



## PART III.—COUNTRY SONGS AND BALLADS.

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### No. 1.                   BIDDY MAGUIRE OF BALLINACLASH.

OLD WORDS ("BIDDY MCGUIRE") AND OLD TUNE.

In Ballinaclash lived Miss Biddy McGuire,  
As nate a young crayture as man could admire,  
And such was my love for the girl I adored  
When I sighed in my sleep, they all tould me I snored,  
For Biddy McGuire, for Biddy McGuire, for Biddy McGuire of Ballinaclash.

Get out, you blackguards, then says I to the wags,  
Don't think that you're bullying one of your gags,  
For with both my eyes shut, I see her I adore,  
With both my ears open wouldn't I hear if I'd snore,  
For Biddy McGuire, for Biddy McGuire of Ballinaclash.

Well, Biddy and I went together to mass  
And maybe she didn't outshine every lass,  
She looked so devine, and she prayed so devout,  
That meself didn't know what meself was about,  
Wid Biddy McGuire, wid Biddy McGuire of Ballinaclash.

Returning from Chapel not over ten mile,  
She leaped like a Leprecaun over each stile,  
And love having houl't of meself all the while,  
I cotch'd houl't of her apron and then cotched a smile,  
From Biddy McGuire, from Biddy McGuire of Ballinaclash.

I've a cabin, says I, but it's not very big,  
I've a small taste of land would give grass to a pig,  
I've a two-legged gander, a hen and a drake,  
And sure there's meself, love, would die for your sake,  
Sweet Biddy McGuire, sweet Biddy McGuire of Ballinaclash.

Well Biddy and I then together were tied,  
She made a most monstrously beautiful bride,  
And I bought some white ribbon and made a neat sash,  
For my own little Biddy of Ballinaclash, my own little Biddy,  
My sweet little Biddy, my dear little Biddy of Ballinaclash.

No. 3.

## THE BLACKBIRD AND THE THRUSH.

OLD WORDS AND OLD TUNE.

One evening as I walkèd down by yon green bush,  
 I heard two birds whistling, 'twas the blackbird and the thrush,  
 I asked them the reason they were so merrie,  
 And the answer that they gave me, they were single and free.

I sent my love a red rose, a red rose so fine,  
 She sent me back an answer, mixed with rue and thyme,  
 Saying, "Keep you your red rose, and I'll keep my thyme,  
 "And drink you to your true love, and I'll drink to mine."

I sent my love a letter to see if she'd mourn,  
 She sent back an answer, she could do her own turn.  
 "I can work or sit idle, if occasion I see,  
 "I can rest when I'm tired, he is no match for me."

Oh! meeting's a pleasure, but parting's a grief,  
 And an inconstant lover is worse than a thief.  
 For a thief can but rob you, steal all that you have,  
 But an inconstant lover would send you to your grave.

No. 7.

## GRANUAILE'S DAUGHTER.

FRAGMENT.

'Twas Granuaile's Daughter, that beautiful queen,  
 She mourned for her nation's decay;  
 She laid herself down all on the cold ground,  
 And she fell asleep by the way;  
 She dreamt that her spirit conveyed her to France,  
 There, all the fine fashions to see,  
 The ladies were dressèd in gorgeous array  
 And were dancing round *Liberty's Tree*.

No. 8.

## THE HIGHWAYMAN.

OLD WORDS AND OLD TUNE.

As I was going over old Corbally mountain,  
 I met Captain Evans, and his money he was counting,  
 I pulled out my pistol, I told him to deliver,  
 Hand out your money, for I'm the real Receiver.  
 Musha-dink-a-doo-ral-dan,  
 Whack-fal-de-raddy,  
 Musha-dink-a-doo-ral-dan. Whack-fal-de-day.

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I counted up my money, it was a pretty penny,  
 I put it in my pocket, and I took it home to Molly,  
 She vowed and she swore that she never would deceive me,  
 But the devil's in the women, for they never can be easy.

Musha, etc.

I went to my chamber all for to take a slumber,  
 I went to my chamber and thought it was no wonder,  
 Molly went to my pistols, filled them full of water,  
 Leaving my poor head lying down upon the baughter? \*

Musha, etc.

Early next morning, between six and seven,  
 A fine band of soldiers, and likewise Captain Evans,  
 I ran for my pistols, found I was mistaken,  
 Fired off the water, and a prisoner I was taken.

Musha, etc.

I have three brothers, there's one in the Army,  
 Another in Kilkenny, and another in Killarney,  
 They are the lads that are brave, frank, and jolly,  
 And I'd rather have them here than my laughing sporting Molly.

Musha, etc.

\* (?) Bolster.

No. 10.

## I'M A STRANGER

I'm a stranger in this country,  
 From America I came,  
 There's no one here that knows me  
 And they cannot tell my name.  
 Here's a health to lovely Nancy,  
 As she stands upon the shore,  
 She is ever in my fancy,  
 And she loves me evermore.

Some say I am foolish,  
 Some say I am wild,  
 Some say I am cunning,  
 Young maids to beguile.  
 But to make them all liars,  
 If you'll come with me,  
 I'll take you to America  
 My darling to be.\*

\* (?) See.

No. 14.

## LITTLE WEE WILLIE.

Little Wee Willie has gone to the wood  
 And hey! so merrily as he did sing—  
 “My Father stole the Parson’s wether  
 “But I would not tell it for anything.  
     Bumpty aye, Bumpty idditty,  
     Bumpty aye, Fol-de-doll-dee!”  
  
 The Parson that moment came riding bye  
 And hearing Wee Willie sing such a note—  
 “If you’ll sing that same song in the church to-morrow  
 “I’ll buy you a hat and a brave new coat.”  
  
 Little Wee Willie has gone to the church,  
 And hey! so merrily as he did sing—  
 “I caught the Parson kissing my Mother  
 ‘But I would not tell it for anything.”  
  
 “You tell a story,” said the Parson,  
     “I’ll have you whipped with a rod of good birch—  
 “I’ll have you put in the stocks to-morrow  
     For telling a lie in the holy church.”  
  
 “You tell a story,” says Wee Willie,  
     “And that’s as true as you’re saying your prayers,  
 “For the last time I caught you kissing my Mother,  
     “You know that I kicked you down the stairs.”  
                 Bumpty aye, etc.

No. 16.

## OLD LANGOLEE.

OLD WORDS AND OLD TUNE.

It was business required me from Dublin a-straying,  
 I bargained the Captain to sail purty quick,  
 But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,  
 The spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.  
 Says he, “Paddy, go down and fetch me some beer now.”  
 “In troth then,” says I, “you’re monstrachiously kind,  
 “And you’ll sail away, and I’d look very queer now  
 “To come up and find myself left all behind.”  
     With my whilla-loo, whilla-loo, whilla-loo, whilla-loo,  
     Whack botheration and Langolee.  
  
 Well, a storm met the ship, and the waves did so dodge her,  
 Says the Captain, “We’ll sink or be all cast away.”

"Very well, then," says I, "I am only a lodger,  
 "My life is insured, and the Office must pay."  
 But we got safe to shore every son of his mother,  
 I met there an old friend called Paddy McCrea.  
 "Oh, Paddy," says I, "Is it you or your brother."  
 "Troth, then," says Paddy, "I'm thinking it's me."  
     With my whilla-loo, whilla-loo, whilla-loo, whilla-loo,  
     Whack botheration and Langolee.

Then I told him the bull we had met on our journey,  
 For bull-making Irishmen always bear blame.  
 "Oh! my dear friend," says he, "if there's bulls in Hibernia,  
 "There's blockheads in England, and that's all the same."  
     With my whilla-loo, whilla-loo, whilla-loo, whilla-loo,  
     Whack botheration and Langolee.

No. 17.

## NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE.

OLD WORDS AND OLD TUNE.

My name it is Nell, quite candid I tell,  
     And I live near Cootehill, I will never deny.  
 I had a large drake, the truth for to spake,  
     That my grandmother left me, and she going to die.  
 He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty pound,  
     The universe round I would roam for his sake,  
 Bad luck to the robber, be he drunk or sober,  
     That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green, so rare to be seen,  
     He was fit for a queen of a higher degree.  
 His body was white, it would you delight,  
     He was plump, fat, and heavy, and brisk as a bee.  
 The dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,  
     He could fly like a swallow, or swim like a hake.  
 But some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,  
     Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his hen never lay, nor his ass never bray,  
     May his ghost fly away like an ould paper kite,  
 May every wee fairy from Cork to Dunlery  
     Nip him snug and airy, in some pond or lake.  
 May his dog never hunt, nor his pig never grunt,  
     May he roar out and shout with a shocking toothache,  
 To keep my mind aisy or else I'll run crazy,  
     Thus ends the whole song of Nell Flaherty's drake.

No. 21.

## THE POOR LITTLE SWEEP.

On a cold winter's morning,  
 When the snow, it was falling,  
 A child of misfortune  
 So sadly was calling :—  
 "Sweep, sweep," he cried, and the snow it was deep.  
 Still he cried, "Have compassion on the poor little sweep."

On the step of a door as he sat quite neglected,  
 A kind-hearted damsel he chanced to meet,  
 And she seemed to have compassion  
 On the poor little sweep.  
 "Let us hasten home, no longer shalt thou weep,  
 "Thro' lanes, streets, and alleys crying 'poor little sweep.'"

She took him by the cold hand  
 And to her house she led him,  
 She placed him by the fireside,  
 And tenderly she fed him.  
 Long, long she gazed on his dark sooty features,  
 She pressed him to her bosom,  
 And she called him "a dear creature."  
 "Let us hasten home, no longer shalt thou weep,  
 "Since I've found my long-lost brother  
 "Is the poor little sweep."

NOTE.—These words are fragmentary ; there seems to be something wanting,  
 but I only recollect these verses.

No. 23.

## SWEET INNISHOWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

'Twas on a Monday morning  
 Right early in the year,  
 I crossed Greencastle Ferry  
 Without either toil or fear.  
 I crossed Greencastle Ferry  
 Without either fear or toil,  
 To view the woods and valleys  
 Along the banks of Foyle.  
 Oh ! Magilligan's a pretty place,  
 And that full well is known,  
 But I am going to leave you all  
 To live in Innishowen !  
 Where all the girls go neat and trig,  
 Of every degree.  
 Oh ! of all the parts of Ireland  
 Sweet Innishowen for me !

No. 24.

## TARRY HIGHO! THE GRINDER.

Tarry higho! ye know, Tarry higho the Grinder,  
 Tarry higho! ye know, the Donegal boys are the shiners.

If ever I marry a man  
 I'll marry a man with a gun,  
 I'll stick him up in a corner  
 To shoot the crickets for fun!  
 Singing Tarry, etc.

If ever I marry a wife,  
 I'll marry a widow for fun,  
 I'll stick a cockade in her cap,  
 And I'll warrant she'll follow the drum.  
 Singing Tarry, etc.

No. 25.

## THE TIDY ONE.

I married a wife, who cares for that?  
 She was of high good breeding O!  
 The pink of feeling and de-li-ca-cy,  
 And she learnt it from novel reading O.  
 The rose-bud blushed in her lovely cheek,  
 But so stuck to her book was this bridal'd one,  
 That she washed her face but once a week!  
 Oh! was not she a tidy one?

A cravat I one day asked her to wash,  
 While a novel I had refused her one;  
 She clear-starched my cravat with camomile tea,—  
 Oh, was not she a tidy one?  
 My shaving brush, mislaid one day,  
 While a novel she had pored o'er one,  
 I found my brush in the beefsteak pie!  
 Oh! was not she a tidy one.

As over a novel she snivelling sat  
 The child in the fire fell sprawling O!  
 She feelingly cried, "Oh! whip the brat,  
 "Pray who can read with his bawling O?"  
 There's a time to work, and a time to play,  
 And a time to sit by the side of one,  
 But to pore over novels, both noon, night, and day,  
 Lord help them that gets such a tidy one!