

Ancient Music of Ireland.

Gather up the Money.

THE following old and popular Munster jig-tune—which is obviously founded on the well-known vocal air called *The Paisdin Fionn*—is usually played by pipers and fiddlers when they desire, through its name, to convey a significant hint to the dancers to their music that they think it time to receive some pecuniary reward for their services. It is also used as a lively song-tune, and was formerly much played as a *petticootee* movement,—an old dance once fashionable in Ireland, and which was usually performed immediately after the more stately movement of the minuet.

This tune was noted from the playing of my friend Mr. Richard Morrison, M.D., of Dublin, and Walcot, near Bray; to whom I am further indebted for the facts above stated.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 10 inches.}$

Allegro. *f*

p *>*

cres. *dim.* *p*

The Top of Sweet Dunmul.

THIS air was noted in the parish of Dungiven, county of Londonderry, in 1834; and it probably owes its origin to that still very Irish-peopled district, in which it was then sung to a local ballad of no value but as serving to preserve the melody in the minds of the peasantry, and supplying it with a name. The "Dunmul," whose sweetness this ballad records, is a basaltic mountain, well known to geologists, and situated between the rivers Bann and Bush, in the adjoining county of Antrim.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 18 inches.}$

Andante. *p* *cres.* *cres. - - - - - dim.* *p* *pp*

an cumáin leatsa an oíche úo.

Do you remember that Night.

In the notice prefixed to the last air in the preceding volume—"As a Sailor and a Soldier were walking one day"—and in which I confessed that the melody had rather an Anglo-Irish character, I stated that I should hereafter show that it was but one of many existing modifications of an air far more ancient, and which is perfectly Irish in its construction and general character. With this object in view, I have accordingly now selected, and placed in immediate succession, the three or four airs which follow, and which have been all noted

by Mr. Joyce in the same locality with that already printed, namely, the neighbourhood of the village of Glenasheen, in the parish of Ardpatrik and county of Limerick. The first of these airs was noted from the singing of Michael Dineen, a farmer at Coolfree, in that parish, and I give it precedence as exhibiting the closest affinity with the air to which I have referred in the preceding volume. It was sung to an Irish song, said to have been composed by a young widowed bride, whose husband, after taking home his wife, was unhappily drowned in conveying her relations back in a boat across the Shannon. Unfortunately, the following stanza of this song is all that Mr. Joyce committed to writing, and even of this there is a line which to Mr. Curry is unintelligible. I should further remark, that the want of metrical concordance between the final note in each strain of the air, and the corresponding word of the song, shows that the latter is but an unskilful adaptation to the former.

An cuimáin leat-ra an oidé uí
 Do b'iomair 'ran reómpa;
 'Dí do éeann ar mo éurplinn,
 Agus tura am' ísior pógad:
 Do fúir agus cuiple,
 Do éráig agus do b'edí me,
 Ir a buacail gan éumann,
 Ar tá d'pág mo éroide brónaé.

Do you remember that night
 That we were in the chamber;
 Your head was on my arm,
 And you were embracing me:

 That has distressed and sickened me,
 And, O youth without constancy,
 It is you that has left my heart sorrowful.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 32 inches.}$

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Andante.' and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with triplets. Dynamics include 'dim.' (diminuendo) and 'cres.' (crescendo). The second system continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns and dynamics. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence, marked with a double bar line and repeat dots. The key signature remains one flat throughout, and the time signature is 3/4.

Name Unascertained.

IN its general construction the following air differs but little from the preceding one; but, from its scale being in the minor mode, its pervading expression throughout is of a sadder cast. This air was noted from the singing of a Mrs. Cudmore, of Glenasheen; but Mr. Joyce obtained no name for it.

♩ = *Pend.* 34 inches.

ceapac dainig.

Cappa Dainig.

IN this pleasing melody, which is of the narrative class, and possibly the parent of the two preceding airs, the rhythm and accents, as will be perceived, are quite different, and give to it a distinct and peculiar character; but the leading idea is obviously still the same in all. This air, together with the stanza of the Irish song sung to it, were noted from the singing of Lewis O'Brien, of Coolfree; and perhaps I should add that the name Cappa-Dainig is a topographical one, but I am ignorant of its locality.

Mo míle plán éúgac a Ceapac Dáinig,
 Anoir go bráé, agus go négac;
 Mar ar minic a d'fágabair a d-tig an tábairne,
 Am' amadán gan éill me:

My thousand adieus to you, O Ceapach Dainig,
 Now for ever, and until I die;
 For 'twas often you left me in the tavern,
 As a fool without my reason:

Lá'r naíápaé 'éíóin dúbaé tinn cáíáap,
'Dúp ná'r b'péap dam' caó do óéanpáinn;
Na'r neapcaíā an t-árbú máe ná ríā na nāpár
leat.
ba íé rúó páó mo céile.

On the next day I'd be sick and sorry,
And wouldn't know what best could be done;
"May neither the high Son nor the King of Mercy
give you strength,"
Was what my wife would say to me.

= Pend. 14 inches.

Andante.

cres.

p

cres.

p

pp

The musical notation is for a piece in 3/4 time, written in a minor key (one flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *cres.*, *p*, and *pp*.

The Green Bushes.

IN the following melody the points of relationship to the three just given, are less striking than those which so clearly link the former together as of the one family; yet there is, I think, in its general features such a sufficient agreement with them as to leave but little doubt of its kindred origin.

This air was noted by Mr. Joyce from the singing of Joseph Martin, at Kilfinnan, but the singer had no name or song for it. I find, however, that the tune is commonly known by the English appellation of "The Green Bushes," not only in the counties of Cork, Waterford, and Wexford, but also in the Connaught counties of Mayo and Galway: and, further, that the modifications of form which it, also, assumes, including a change from the major to the minor mode, are scarcely less striking than those which give such a varied character to the kindred airs now presented to the attention of the reader.

• = *Pend.* 32 inches.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass). The first system is marked 'Andante.' and shows a melody in the treble staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with eighth notes. The second system includes dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'dim.'. The third system includes 'cres.', 'dim.', and 'p' markings, ending with a double bar line.

The examples now adduced of modifications of a parent strain of melody—and which occur so abundantly in Irish music—might, as I have no doubt, be multiplied, if looked for; but as I fear to trespass longer on the patience of my readers, I shall for the present only direct their attention to another air in the preceding volume—"As I walked out one day," p. 149—which, though in common time, exhibits an affinity with those here grouped together, which I find it difficult to believe could have been wholly accidental.

Carolan's Draught.

THE following spirited harp-melody was obtained from an old MS. music-book sent to me by Father Walsh, P.P. of Sneem, in the county of Kerry; and I found a second setting of it in an extensive manuscript collection of tunes made, within the present century, by Patrick Carew, a county of Cork piper,—the use of which has been kindly allowed me by my friend Mr. Richard Dowden (Richard), Alderman of Cork. Though hitherto unpublished, and, apparently, unknown to preceding collectors, the peculiarities of its style, and of its flow of melody, can leave no doubt as to its being a genuine composition of the eminent composer whose name it bears: and as it seems to be known only in Munster, it may, perhaps, be fairly regarded as one of the many tunes composed by the bard during his sojourn in that province; and which, unlike the majority of his Connaught tunes, do not appear to have been ever collected during their author's lifetime.

ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.

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$\text{P} = \text{Pend. 6 inches.}$

Allegro con spirito.

dim.

cres. - - - *dim.* - - - *f* *p*

cres.

dim.

cres. *f*

CAITILÍN NÍ UALLACHÁIN.

Katty Buallaghan.

"THE Jacobite Relics"—as those metrical, but not always very poetical, effusions are called which were written by the adherents of the banished Stuart family, both in Ireland and Scotland, in the hope of conducing to their restoration—have now been very extensively given to the public; and whatever may be thought of their literary or poetic merits, generally, it will not be denied that their preservation was of much importance as illustrating the peculiarities of thought and feeling which, for a long period pervaded, in common, so large a portion of the peoples of the two countries. But these "relics" possess an additional value which, as I conceive, has not been as yet sufficiently appreciated by the philosophical investigators of the history of the empire, namely, as exhibiting the great differences and peculiarities of character which, from whatever causes, distinguished the Jacobites of the two countries, and gave a strongly marked dissimilarity to the literary exponents of their feelings which they have left to us. It would, however, be inconsistent with the object of this work to touch, even delicately, this curious subject; and indeed were it otherwise, I should decline doing so. I have only to deal with the poetical remains of the Irish Jacobites as relics which, to some extent, have contributed to the preservation of many of our fine melodies, though possibly to the extinction of some of the older, and probably better, songs to which they had been united.

Amongst those Irish Jacobite relics, the song called *Caitilin ní Uallagháin*—and sometimes, but erroneously, Englished, Kate or Katty Nowlan—is one of the best known, and, perhaps deservedly, admired. Of this song at least two versions have been already printed, and both with English metrical translations,—one by the late Mr. Edward Walsh, in his "Irish Popular Songs," and the other by Mr. John O'Daly, in his "Poets and Poetry of Munster," the versifications in which were made by the late James Clarence Mangan. In both these works the authorship of this song is assigned, but, as it would appear, erroneously, to one of the Irish poetic celebrities of the eighteenth century,—a blind Tipperary poet named William O'Heffernan; for Mr. Curry has supplied me with a copy of the song which he transcribed from a manuscript now in his possession, and which was written in the year 1780 by a distinguished Clare scribe and Irish scholar, named Peter Connell, or O'Connell; and as in this MS. the name William O'Hanrahan is given as that of its author, such authority is certainly superior in weight to any that has been, or probably could be, assigned for ascribing it to the Tipperary poet; for it can scarcely be doubted that Connell was personally acquainted with its true author. I should add, that it will further appear from this MS. that the versions of the song printed by Walsh and O'Daly—and which have but little in common—are in both instances corrupted, and, in one of them more particularly, largely interpolated. I insert, therefore, the song as given to me by Mr. Curry; and in reference to it, I would make an explanatory remark which, at least to some of my readers, may not be wholly unnecessary, namely, that the lady addressed by the poet under the euphonious name of Uallachan, or Hoolloghan, was no less a personage than "Old Ireland" herself; such allegorical mode of impersonifying her, and generally in the form of a tender love-song, having been a common one with the bards of the last century,—not always, however, exhibiting in such effusions the exquisite felicity of expression of our late great lyrist in his beautiful song, "When he who adores thee."

Ar paba mílte dá g-captaib ríor
 Agus fuar ap fán,
 I r clanna raoiē ap earbaib ginn;
 Gan éluam gan rúat;
 Gan éantam díodácta, gan pleag, gan fíon,
 Gan éruaib, gan éarib,
 Ag bpaib arí ap Caitilín
 Ní Uallacháin.

Ná meapáigib gur caile epíon,
 Ná guapeacáin,
 Ná caileín an ainmíu míf,
 Cair, buacac, mímáil;
 Ar paba arí ba banalera h-f,
 I r bo mór a h-ál,
 Dá m-beiē mac an rí ag Caitilín
 Ní Uallacháin.

ba éap a ghaol, dá maipimí,
 Le ruagairt námb,
 I r bpaib ríoda ag tarramg gaoiē,
 'Gur buacac ó'n báib;
 Pleac go gaoiē ó baéar cinn
 Anuap go fáil,
 Ag mac an rí ag Caitilín
 Ní Uallacháin.

Ní fíap 'ran epí do glacpamaip
 Do'n ruape míf,
 Díó éaiteann luige le Saxaín
 'Nar fuar a éaná.
 I r paba an móil ap an b-paape aibinn,
 Uapal árb,
 Do b'pappa linn 'beib ag Caitilín
 Ní Uallacháin.

Sgeadamaib le h-aéuigíó
 Cum Uam na n-grá,
 Do éap na éipéa, talam epuím,
 Agus epuaib árb;
 Do rgaip na b-éiméioll paipigíbe,
 Géal-éuanta i r epága,
 Ag cup malaip epíbe ap Caitilín
 Ní Uallacháin.

An té éappamg Ippael tarrna taoib
 Ruaó, ó'n námb,
 'Soo beaéag daoine dá píéit gaimpe
 Anuap le h-apán;
 Do neapraig Maipí 'meap a námb;
 Ag puaragailt epá,
 'Sag tabaip éin do Caitilín
 Ní Uallacháin.

Long have thousands been hurled down
 And up a-wandering,
 And the sons of nobles without mirth;
 Without field or estate;
 Without divine chaunting, feast, or wine;
 Without valour, or science,
 Hoping again for Caitileen
 Ni Uallachain.

Suppose not ye that a decayed slut,
 Or a hairy crone,
 Or a puny hag, is the maiden soft,
 Mild, towering, womanly;
 Long yet would she be a nurse,
 And numerous her race,
 Were the king's son but Caitileen
 Ni Uallachain's.

How charming her face, did we but live
 To see the foemen routed,
 And silken banners on the breeze a-floating,
 With victory to the dame;
 And a royal plaid from her crown descending
 Down to her heels,
 By the king's son placed upon Caitileen
 Ni Uallachain.

There is no man in the land that we would accept
 For the stately woman,
 Though she is forced to live with a *Saxoneen*,
 Whose bones are cold.
 Ah! how long delays the cheerful hero,
 Noble and illustrious,
 Whom we would prefer to be Caitileen
 Ni Uallachain's.

Now let us raise aloud our prayer
 To the Lamb of mercy—
 Who created the countries, the ponderous earth,
 And the lofty mountains;
 Who scattered around them seas,
 Fair harbours, and strands—
 To bring a change of state to Caitileen
 Ni Uallachain.

He who brought Israel across the Red
 Sea, from the foe,
 And who fed the people forty winters
 From above with bread;
 Who strengthened Moses among his foemen,—
 May (He) relieve in time,
 And give protection to Caitileen
 Ni Uallachain.

Of the melody most commonly sung to this old song, a setting was first published in

Holden's collection of Irish melodies in 1807. This setting was noted by Cody, alias Arch-deacon, an ingenious piper who, at different times, collected airs in Connaught for Bunting, Holden, and William Power, one of the proprietors and publishers of Moore's "Irish Melodies." It is a fine bold air; and the general accuracy of its notation is proved by a number of settings now before me, which were subsequently obtained from the Connaught counties; and of which three were made by the late Mr. William Forde in the counties of Leitrim and Mayo in 1846. A setting of this air, differing widely from all these, has, however, been printed more recently under the name of "Kitty Nowlan," in Mr. Bunting's last volume; and that setting has had some authority given to it, by its being again printed in connexion with the version of the original song in Mr. Duffy's "Poets and Poetry of Munster." But whatever may be the merits of this setting, as a harmonized *instrumental* air—and Bunting tells us it was obtained from Byrne, a harper, in 1806—there is great reason to doubt its accurate notation as a vocal one; for its accents and peculiarities of rhythm will not permit it to convey to the ear, with any amount of smoothness, the words of the old song which the air was either composed for, or, as more probable, chosen as a fitting medium to express. I have, therefore, deemed it desirable to give a place in this collection to a setting of the melody which a comparison of all the copies now before me authorizes me to consider a more correct one than either of those already printed: and I also give, in immediate succession to it, another air of at least equal beauty—not hitherto published—which bears the same name, and is sung to the same words, but which, as will be perceived, has scarcely any affinity with the former. Of these airs the first, which is that most generally known in connexion with the old song, is, most probably, that to which the song was originally written or adapted; and as this song is one of Munster origin, so, probably, is the tune to which it is thus united,—and indeed it appears to be but a modified form of the popular old Munster melody called "*Cad e sin don te sin, nac m-baineann sin do,*" or "What is that to him whom it does not concern." The second air is, I believe, only known in Connaught, or, possibly, in the counties of Galway and Mayo, from which the settings of it were obtained; and it is therefore, probably, an old melody of that most musical region. Of these settings, one was noted from the singing of the Galway piper, Patrick Coneely, in 1839; but the more accurate one which I have printed was noted more than twenty years previously.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 30 inches.}$ 3

Andante.



• = Pend. 30 inches.

Second Setting.



The Blackberry Blossom.

AMONG the innumerable reel-tunes current in Ireland, there are few, if any, more generally known and admired than the following,—and unquestionably it is a very old dance-tune of its class. It will be observed that this tune, like many other Irish and, of course, Scottish

airs, begins in a major key, and ends in its relative minor, a third below or a sixth above the tonic; and indeed, though in a different time, it bears some affinity in the flow of its melody to the well-known Scottish air named "Woo'd and Married and a',"—a tune, however, which, under various names, as "Ride a Mile," "The Time of Day," &c., is equally known in Ireland as a jig-tune, and of course considered to be an Irish one. For the setting of this tune here given I am indebted to my friend Mr. Richard Morrison of Dublin, and Walcot, near Bray.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 15 inches.}$

Allegro.

The musical score is written for a piano, indicated by the 'Pend. 15 inches.' marking. It is in 2/4 time and the key of B-flat major (two flats). The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The score is arranged in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. A 'cres.' marking is present in the second system.

AR LORĠ NA N-GAĠHAN DO ĆUIREASA MO LEANAĠ.—To seek for the Calves I have sent my Child.

In the Introduction to the preceding volume of this work, I deemed it necessary to direct attention to the very erroneous theory, advanced by the late Mr. Edward Bunting, with respect to the immutability of national melodies, generally, which have been preserved by

tradition only, but more particularly those of Ireland; and, in the course of that volume, numerous examples of varied existing forms of the one air have been adduced in illustration of the fallacy of that assumption. An equally striking illustration of such fallacy will be found in the setting of the beautiful and, as I think, very ancient melody which I have now to present to the reader; for though in its time, rhythm, and even the general progression of its tones, it differs but little from a form of the air which must be familiar to most of my readers, yet its expression of sentiment is so essentially different that, if attention were not directed to the affinities which mark their original identity, but few, perhaps, would be likely to recognise it. The air to which I allude is that spirited old march-tune called "The Boyne Water," and sometimes "The March of the Boyne,"—names applied to it from its union with, or adaptation to, the two old Anglo-Irish ballads written to commemorate that eventful combat which established the Revolution in England, and led to the fall and ultimate extinction of the ancient dynasty of the empire.

Of these old ballad songs—both of which have been printed by Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, in his valuable and interesting little volume of "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland"—the first, at least, must be of an age nearly contemporaneous with the important event which the ballads describe; and assuming, as we justly may, the air to be of an earlier date, the martial character which it was constrained to assume may fairly be referred to the same period. There is, indeed, an evidence remaining of the early union of the tune with these songs, in a setting of it called "The Boyne Water" which is found in the Leyden MS.—a collection of Scottish and other tunes, set in tablature for the Lyra-viol, and supposed to have been written about the close of the seventeenth, or early in the eighteenth century; and of which a transcript has been made by Mr. George F. Graham, which he presented to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, in 1847. Nor is it wholly impossible that the tune may have been shaped into this form at even an earlier period, to suit the sentiment of some lost martial Irish song, or to serve the purpose of a march-tune; thus preparing it for a prompt adaptation to the Anglo-Irish ballads above alluded to. But be this as it may, it will, as I think, scarcely permit a doubt that the form of the melody which I now print is not one of Anglo-Irish origin; and that it is as much more ancient, as it is more beautiful and truly Irish, than that better known form which it has been forced to assume, on its appropriation to a service uncongenial to its original nature. For—not to dwell upon the obvious improbability that the native Irish-speaking people should have converted, to the use of a pastoral love-song a melody of a bold character,—and which, besides, must have been distasteful to them, from its association with sentiments so widely differing from their own—this form of the air, in its superior purity of expression, and in its passionate depth of feeling, affords intrinsic evidence of an original intention, and consequent priority of antiquity, which will not be found in that which I consider the derived form of it called "The Boyne Water."

Of the old Irish song sung to this melody, Mr. Curry has heard many versions, but all of them more or less corrupted, and otherwise unfit for publication. A version of it has, however, been printed, with an English metrical translation, in the late Mr. Edward Walsh's "Irish Popular Songs;" but, as Mr. Curry tells me,—and the song affords internal proofs of the fact,—this version is altogether a garbled and dressed-up one, and of no authority. I annex, however, a stanza of the song as sung in the counties of Limerick and Clare; as it is not without some value in illustrating the state of society in Ireland during the greater

portion of the eighteenth century. And from the reference in this stanza to a Turlogh Laidir (O'Brien), who was a well-known character in the county of Tipperary about the year 1770, Mr. Curry supposes the song to have been written in that county about that period.

Ar lorg na n-ghaibh
 Do cuipear-a mo leanab,
 I' ceann ní b-éagaid
 Go lá díob;
 'Tá Turloghéalbae Láidir
 A g-cúmhair na coille,
 'Sur Peatar Ó béara
 'Láir leir;
 Acaib ríob ríam
 A n-óir na m-brúnngeal,
 I' rrian ní' pe cup
 Go bráe leó;
 Aet má tá dhígead le págail,
 A márae i' deapb,
 Go m-beanrao-ra díol
 Am ghráó díob.

To seek for the calves
 I have sent my child,
 But one of them this night
 She'll not find;
 Turlogh the Strong
 Is on the skirt of the wood,
 And Peter O'Beary
 Beside him;
 These have been ever
 After the girls,
 Nor bridle shall ever
 Restrain them;
 But if there is law to be had,
 On to-morrow it is certain
 That I'll make them pay
 For my darling.

The setting of this melody here given was noted in 1853 from the singing of Mary Madden, the poor blind Limerick woman of whom I have already made frequent mention in the preceding volume; and its accuracy has been corroborated by settings previously noted from the singing of Mr. Curry, and the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon. I annex, however, a second set of the air, which is slightly different, and which was given to me many years since by my friend, Mr. James Hardiman, now Librarian of the Queen's College, Galway. This setting, which may perhaps be considered as the Connaught version of the melody, as it was noted in that province, presents a somewhat closer agreement with the form of it known as "The Boyne Water" than any of the settings obtained from the Munster counties.

♩ = *Pend.* 30 inches.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The first system of music includes dynamics *p*, *pp*, and *cres.*. The second system includes *dim.*, *p*, *pp*, and *cres.*. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune with a clear rhythmic pattern.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The music is in G minor (three flats) and 3/4 time. The upper staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *cres.* (crescendo), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo).

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The melody continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Dynamic markings include *cres.*, *dim.* (diminuendo), and *cres.*.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The system concludes with a double bar line. Dynamic markings include *dim.*, *p*, and *pp*.

♩ = Pend. 30 inches.

Second Setting.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. This system is marked *Andante* and begins with a new key signature of C major (no sharps or flats). The tempo and key change are indicated by the *Andante* marking and the new key signature.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The melody features a trill (tr) in measure 18. Dynamic markings include *p*, *pp*, and *cres.*.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The system concludes with a double bar line. Dynamic markings include *dim.*, *p*, and *pp*.

maoin pómar, nó, caibín péacac. The Hardest Maiden, or, Sprouting Maiden.

THIS characteristic melody of the "Narrative" class was noted in my boy days; at which period the song of "The Shining Daisy," then adapted to it, was a very productive one to the pockets of the veteran street vocalists of Dublin. Yet, if a few lines of its first stanza, which are all that I can now remember—and I have long sought in vain for a copy of the ballad—be taken as a fair specimen of its quality, its poetical merits did not rise much above the ordinary standard in such effusions. These lines run thus:—

"Sweet shining daisy,
I loved you dearly,
When I was really
But very young."

Rude, however, as these lines are, the poet has better caught up the rhythm of the melody than many poets of a higher order in adapting words to airs of the same class.

= Pend. 16 inches.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The score includes various dynamic markings: 'cres.' (crescendo), 'p' (piano), 'dim.' (diminuendo), and 'pp' (pianissimo). The melody is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active treble line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

From old MS. settings of Irish tunes, I have subsequently found that this air was also known by the names of *Maidin fomhair*, or "Harvest Maiden," and *Cailin peacach*, or "Sprouting Maiden,"—names which, no doubt, were derived from some older Irish song, or songs, which had been previously adapted to it; but hitherto I have been unable to procure copies of those songs. Such songs, however, were probably, like "The Shining Daisy," only adaptations to this fine old tune, as I find the name *Maidin fomhair* given to an air of the same class in Bunting's first collection of Irish music, and to which the Irish song so called was, doubtless, sung.

Consider well, all you pretty fair Maids.

THE following beautiful melody of the Narrative class, is one of the many airs noted in the county of Wexford, and forwarded to me as a contribution to this work by my young friend, Mr. Robert A. Fitzgerald, of Enniscorthy. Writing to me, with his usual characteristic enthusiasm and fine perception of the various expressions of sentiment found in our melodies, he remarks,—“This is a splendid air. There is a lingering regret expressed in it which I know will charm you.”

And again, in reference to the words sung to this air, and concerning which I had wished for some information, my clever correspondent playfully writes as follows:—“Now about ‘Consider well, you pretty fair maids,’—in the first place it is very scarce: I never heard it but with one person, and that person has left this place; so that I can give only a small portion of the song which I happen to remember. It is a warning song addressed by a deserted maiden to all the unforsaken specimens of her class. ‘Consider well,’ &c., was the first line, and I remember none of it from that till the last verse,—and even of this I forget the first two lines. All I know is, that they contain a wish on the part of the maiden to be (for the greater facility of locomotion) transformed into one of three or four birds, ending with a dove; for which last she certainly had scriptural authority. It is a melancholy instance of the intellectual faculties being impaired by excessive grief, that her selection of the remaining birds appears to have been made more with reference to the sound of their names in verse, than from any fitness recognised in them by natural history, as yet, to undertake the fatiguing journey which she desired, by the aid of their ill-chosen wings, to accomplish. I am glad now that I can give the lady an opportunity of speaking for herself—an opportunity of which, as a lady, she is no doubt anxious to take advantage. In the event of her Pagan desire for metempsychosis being indulged, she proceeds to throw some light upon the line of conduct likely to be pursued by her in her new career. She says:—

“‘I would fly from these lands of sorrow,
And light at once upon the house I love.
When he would speak, oh! I would flutter,
And fly about with my little wings;
'Tis then I'd ask him how could he flatter,
And say so many deluding things.’

“This is all that I know of the words. The air is tender and expressive, with that power of not ‘o’erstepping the modesty of Nature,’ which is so peculiar to Irish music.”

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 16 inches.}$

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system is marked 'Andantino' and includes a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The second system includes 'p' (piano), 'pp' (pianissimo), and 'cres.' (crescendo) markings. The third system includes 'p' and 'pp' markings. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. The bass line is generally more rhythmic and steady than the treble line.

The Petticotee-Jig,—an Ancient Munster March and Jig-tune.

THIS fine old air of its class was noted in Dublin from the playing of Frank Keane by whom it was learnt in his native county of Clare, in which it was formerly a popular jig, and more anciently, as he believes, a march-tune. In this opinion I am strongly disposed to concur; for, as I have already stated in a preceding notice, I consider our oldest jig-tunes to have been often originally composed for such purpose. And I would now add that knowing, as I do, how much more intelligible, inspiriting, and delightful from their associations, such tunes would be to Irish soldiers, than the German or other foreign marches—whatever may be their musical merits—now usually played for them, I cannot but believe it would be a wise as well as a kindly tribute to their national tastes and feelings, if the officers of the purely Irish regiments would have their bands instructed to perform such march-tunes generally, in preference to any others.

I regret to state that Frank Keane was unable to recollect the name by which this tune was known in Clare; but as I find it called "The Petticotee Jig," in another set of it made in the county of Limerick by Mr. P. Joyce, I have prefixed that name to it for facility of reference. The "Petticotee," as I have already stated, was a species of lively dance, once fashionable in Ireland, and usually performed immediately after the minuet.

19

$\bullet = \text{Pend. 12 inches.}$

Allegro. f *p* *f*

This musical score is for a scene from 'The Merry Widow' (Act II). It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The music is in 2/4 time. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music is written in a single system. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including trills (tr) and slurs. The bass staff contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The music concludes with a double bar line.

A musical score for a piano piece, likely from the opera 'The Merry Widow'. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features a variety of notes, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several trills (tr) and accents (>) marked above notes. The dynamics range from piano (p) to forte (f). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *p* (piano), and articulation marks like accents and slurs. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests. There are also dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'V' (crescendo) in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

GRÁD GEAL MO CHROIDHE.

Bright Love of my Heart.

I TRUST that I shall be pardoned for the, perhaps irrelevant, avowal, that it is with a no ordinary feeling of pleasure and, I may add, of pride, that I acknowledge myself indebted for the following exquisite melody, together with very many others of no less beauty, to a brother artist of Ireland,—one whose refined genius has added new triumphs to art, reflected honour on his country, and contributed to the undying glory of the empire. Need I add that I allude to the sculptor of the EVE—Mr. Patrick Mac Dowell? a gentleman whose intuitive perception of the beautiful, whether conveyed through the ear, or through the eye, united with a rare combination of the moral and intellectual faculties, would have enabled him to become a great musician, if accident, or choice, had not led him to become a great sculptor; and whose passionate love for the melodies of Ireland—engendered by a high sensibility to their beauty—and ardent zeal for their conservation, as memorials of the finer qualities of national character, are as pure and enthusiastic as they might well be, if his soul were wholly absorbed in the charms of tune, and the ardour of unfactious patriotism.

The Irish name of this melody—*Gradh geal mo chroidhe*—is common to several of our finer airs, and probably had its origin from some Irish song so called. But those melodies have usually received this appellation from their being adapted to different Anglo-Irish street-ballads, of no great age, to which this phrase of endearment, from its recurrence in such songs, had supplied them with a name. The tunes so called have usually a tender and sorrowful character, and a triple time;—as, for example, that most popular and pathetic one which, under the name of “Lough Sheeling”—the “Come rest in this bosom” of Moore’s Melodies—was first furnished by me for publication, but which is much more generally known as *Gradh geal mo chroidhe*. The melody here printed differs, however, from all others of the name, that I have met with, in having a common time; and yet it will run with the words of the popular ballad to which the former air was sung, as smoothly as that better known tune,—and indeed, in the pervading expression of sentiment, and in some of its peculiarities of construction,—as the change from the minor mode in the first strain to its relative major in the second,—there is so much in common between the two airs, as would almost lead to the conclusion that they had a kindred origin. I should further observe that, as the ballad alluded to bears internal evidence of a Cork origin, it is very probable that it was to the present melody it was originally adapted; as Mr. Mac Dowell acquaints me that the air was obtained from, and seems properly to belong to, that county.


This ballad—notwithstanding its popularity—scarcely rises above the ordinary level of such Anglo-Irish compositions, which, it may be confessed, is low enough; and it is with some hesitation that I venture to quote the first four consecutive stanzas of the twelve of which it consists.

“I am a young lover that’s sorely oppress’d,
 Enthralld by a fair one, and can find no rest:
 Her name I’ll not mention, though wounded I be
 By Cupid’s keen arrow for Gra gal ma chree.

When first I beheld that sweet female most fair,
My eyes were eclipsed by her beauty so rare :
By her soft, killing glances, she so enchanted me,
That in anguish I languish for Gra gal ma chree.

Her lips are like coral, her cheeks like the rose ;
Her skin white as lilies, her eyes black as sloes :
She's handsome and proper in every degree ;
No female can equal sweet Gra gal ma chree.

But her cruel parents are sharp and unkind ;
I dare not attempt to discover my mind ;
My grief to reveal for that sweet lovely *she*—
My poor heart lies bleeding for Gra gal ma chree."

 = *Pend.* 18 inches.



Same treat of David.

THE following air, which belongs to the Narrative class, was noted by Mr. Robert A. Fitzgerald at Enniscorthy in the summer of 1853, and was sent to me by that gentleman immediately afterwards with the following remarks:—

"I got this air here in Enniscorthy since I returned from the sea. It is sung to a '98 ballad, and is, I think, in strength of feeling and delicacy of style, far beyond the one I gave you before. You will be struck with the manly regret of the first part, and the romantic, spiritual grace of the second strain: it has a remote and almost visionary melancholy, like the far cry of Roland's horn when he fell at Fontarabia. I could not get the ballad belonging to it yet; but I think I shall be able to send it to you soon."

Of the tune above alluded to, as having been previously forwarded to me, two settings have been given in the preceding volume—pp. 104, 105; and in connexion with this tune I have there stated that the '98 ballad here alluded to, and which Mr. Fitzgerald subse-

quently procured for me, was one of no merit or value, except perhaps as an historical memorial. I have, however, taken the first few words of this ballad as a name for the present melody, as I have been unable to ascertain its true appellation.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 12 inches.}$

Andante.

The musical score is written for a piano, with a tempo marking of 'Andante.' and a pendulum speed of 12 inches per beat. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system begins with a treble staff containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a similar rhythmic pattern. The second system continues the melody, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The third system includes 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'dim.' (diminuendo) markings, indicating changes in volume. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence and repeat signs.

The Humours of Caledon.

I FOUND the following dance-tune, which is of the kind termed Hop-jigs, in a MS. book, already often referred to, containing dance-tunes which were popular in Ireland during the last century. The place called Caledon, which has given the tune a name, is a small but beautiful town in the barony of Dungannon, county of Tyrone, which gives the title of Earl to the noble family of Alexander.



α βυαχαιλ αν ουιλ δυαλαιγ.

O Youth of the Flaming Hair.

By such true lovers of Irish melody as can at once comprehend and be impressed with its various tones of sentiment, the following air, I am fully persuaded, will be considered as one of no ordinary beauty and tenderness of expression. To me, at least, it required no interpretation of the lyrist to indicate its pervading expression of that passionate true love whose course, as the poet tells us, "never did run smooth." Yet it afforded me a no common gratification to find that the old song to which it had been united, and for which it was probably composed, was not unworthy of such a union,—that it expressed the feelings engendered by such a passion, artlessly indeed, but with an energy, tenderness, and depth, in such perfect concordance with the melody, that both are alike the true exponents of each other, and appear to have had a contemporaneous origin in the outpourings of the one sensitive and sorrow-stricken soul.

I am, as usual, indebted to my friend Mr. Curry for a copy of this song, which he believes to be a very ancient one; for it was considered as such by his father and other old people, by whom he had often heard it sung. He further believes it to be a Munster song; but it is certainly also known in Connaught, where it is commonly called *Oganach an chuil dualaigh*,—the word *Oganagh* being a synonymous term with *Buachail*—"a youth, a boy, and in its primitive sense, a cowherd, being derived from *bo*, plural *búa* or *búai*, a cow, and *cal*, to keep;—Gr. *βουκολος*, i.e., *pastor boum*."

I regret that I cannot give the translation of this song in the metrical form of the original, and into which I attempted to throw it: but I felt that whatever it might have gained in sound was more than counterbalanced by a loss of the simplicity and force conveyed in the literal prose. I trust, however, that some more practised and competent hand may be tempted to make such a translation for a song so worthy of the labour, and be able to effect the one without injury to the other.

A buacail an éúil bualaig,
 Ca'r éobail mé aréir?
 A'g colba do leapéan,
 I'r níor ari'g tú mé:
 Da m-beit ríor mo éáir a'gú,
 Ní coðlóð-pá néal;
 'Sgúir bé do éóirpáð binn bla'ra
 O'pá'g an o'pnað-ro am' éaé.

Oh! youth of the flowing hair,
 Where slept I last night?
 At the side of your bed,
 And you felt me not there:
 Had you known my sad case,
 Not a wink would you have slept;
 Since it was your sweet converse
 That caused this pain in my side.

A buacail an éúil bualaig,
 Ná'r péice mé dia,
 'Do b-peicim-rí do r'gáile
 'Teaé't 'oir me 'ran grian!
 Ní éuigeann tú mo meapúgáð,
 'S ní ari'geann tú mo rian;
 I'r mar bapp ar gáé ambeir,
 Ar leat do éaillear mo éiall.

Oh! youth of the flowing hair,
 May I never see God,
 If I do not see your shadow ever
 Between me and the sun!
 You understand not my ravings,
 And you feel not my pain;
 And to end my sad fortune,
 I have lost by you my reason.

A buacail an éúil bualaig,
 An b-puill ar ronar pe pá'gail,
 Nó an m-bemfo 'nár cco'mnaíde,
 An aon lóirbín amáin?
 Sinn apoon pó'ra,
 A r'óir 'ra éian g'ráð!
 Ar naímbí' pá b'pón,
 I'r ár cco'mgá'p go ráin!

Oh! youth of the flowing hair,
 Shall we find our good luck,
 Or shall we ever together
 In the one dwelling be?
 You and I married—
 Dear store of my heart!
 Our foes in deep sorrow,
 And full happy our friends!

Mr. Curry has also given me the following stanza as a part of the same song; but, though it breathes a similar passionate earnestness, I find it difficult to believe that it originally belonged to it,—for in the former stanzas, hope sustains the sad complainer, while, in this, there is an expression of utter despair; and, as I have had already occasion to remark, such incongruous interpolations are of common occurrence in traditionally preserved Irish songs.

An uair lúigim ap mo leabain,
 'Sí mo páidí'p mo éóir,
 'Sap m'éir'ge éam' ap maibín,
 'Sí m'aip'ling ué ón!
 Ma g'puai'g 'bí 'na bualaib
 I'r d'iméig na céó—
 Cíonn g'ráð éabairt do'n buacail
 Naé paigear-pa go deó!

When I lie on my bed,
 My sad tear is my pray'r,
 And when I rise in the morning
 My dream brings *Och on!*
 My hair that was flowing
 Now is gone to decay—
 All for love of the youth
 That will never be mine!

In reference to the notation of this melody, I should observe that I have obtained settings both from the Munster and Connaught counties, most of which, however, were more or less corrupt,—for the air is not one which the ordinary singer could render with truthful expression. The setting here given—and which was noted, from the singing of the late Patrick Coneely, in the county of Galway in 1839—is, I am satisfied, however, an accurate one; for I have found an almost perfectly similar notation of the air in the collection of Mr. J. E. Pigot, and which was copied from a MS. belonging to Mr. Hardiman of Galway.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 18 inches.}$

Andantino. *p*

cres. p cresc. dim. cresc.

f dim. p tr

ΑΟΝ ΙΣ ΔΟ ΝΑ ΠΙΟΠΑΙΡΕΑΧΤΑ.

The one and two of Piping.

THE following dance-tune belongs to the class called "Set-dances," i.e., tunes which, in consequence of some peculiarity in their construction, require figures or movements differing from those of ordinary dance-tunes,—and hence such dances are often danced by only one person. In this instance the peculiarity consists in the two strains, or parts, of which the air is composed, having twelve measures each, instead of eight, the ordinary number.

As its name indicates, this tune is peculiarly a bagpipe one; and Mr. Curry is of opinion that it was originally a march-tune. It belongs exclusively to the province of Munster,—the chosen region of pipers and pipe-music; and I little doubt that the air is, as it is believed to be, of great antiquity: and however wild it may sound to modern cultivated ears, it has always been a special favourite in the province in which it had its origin.

The correct performance of this old tune, as Mr. Curry informs me, was always considered by the Munster peasantry as the acme of perfection in the professional piper; and its name originated a proverbial Munster phrase to denote an unquestionable victory in an argument, when the auditors exclaimed, '*sin e aon is do na piobaireachta*, or, "That's the one and two of piping;" or, when speaking of such a triumph, "He gave him (or them) the one and two of piping."

This air was noted by Mr. Joyce, in 1853, from the whistling of John Dolan, a peasant of Glenasheen, in the parish of Kilfinane, county of Limerick: but I have made some slight changes in the second strain of Mr. Joyce's version, from a setting of the air which I found in one of the MS. books of Patrick Carew, a Cork piper.

$\text{P} = \text{Pend. 6 inches.}$

Allegro moderato.

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked *Allegro moderato.* The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *dim.*, *p*, and *cres.* The first system begins with a treble staff containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a similar rhythmic pattern. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The third system features a change in dynamics, with *dim.* and *p* markings in the treble staff, and *cres.* in the bass staff. The fourth system shows a further development of the melody, with a *V* marking in the treble staff. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final cadence in both staves.

bean dubh an gleanna.

(The) Black (haired) Maid of the Valley.

THE name *Bean dubh an ghleanna*, or "The black-haired Maid of the Glen," is applied, as I have found, to two different melodies, as well as to two distinct Irish songs differing from each other in every respect, except that love is the subject of both. Of these melodies one, under the name of *Moll dubh an gleanna*, or "Black (haired) Moll of the Glen," has been printed by Bunting in his first collection of ancient Irish music; but in consequence of the erroneous barring, or marking of the measures—an error into which Bunting often fell in his notations of airs of this "Narrative class"—the emphasis, or accents, throughout the melody are necessarily falsified. This air has also been printed by the poet Moore, who has made it familiar to the world by his beautiful song called "Go where glory waits thee," and in whose great work it appeared as the first melody of the series. This setting of the air—like the majority of the melodies chosen by Moore—was no doubt copied from the collection of his predecessor; and it is therefore no wonder that he should have left the rhythmical errors of Bunting's notation uncorrected: but he is answerable for a graver fault than Bunting's, in his edition of the melody, namely, the mutilation of a third of a measure at the close of each of its strains or sections, and so destroying one of its most peculiarly Irish features. Considering, therefore, that the beauty of Moore's song must for ever perpetuate the errors and mutilations to which the air has been thus subjected, I have deemed it a duty, in the conduct of a work which has the truthful conservation of Irish music for its object, to reproduce it in an unquestionably correct form—even though, as I confess, I do not expect that ears long accustomed to the corrupted version of it will be readily reconciled to a purer one.

The song which has given its name to this beautiful old melody has been printed by Mr. O'Daly in his "Poets and Poetry of Munster," with—as usual—a rather free metrical translation by the late James Clarence Mangan; and Mr. O'Daly states—but without assigning any evidence of the fact—that the composition of this song is ascribed to *Emonn an Chnoic*, or "Edmond of the Hills," a celebrated Rapparee, and song writer, who flourished about the year 1739. It seems obviously a peasant composition, and, beyond the harmony of its numbers, has but little pretension to poetical merit. I insert, however, a stanza of it as a specimen of its rhythmical structure, and as an evidence of the true form of the melody to which it had been written or adapted.

'Aca bó 'gam ar an phiaḃ,
 Iḡ cáim' le real 'na diaḡ,
 Ó cáilleap mo cáill pe nuaḡap,
 O'a peḡla roip iḡ riap,
 Ann gaḡ áit ba n-gaḡbann an ḡrian,
 ḡo n-iontaíḡeann aniaḡ epáḡnḡa;
 'Nuair péḡaim péim annpáḡ
 Ann gaḡ áit a m-bíḡḡ mo pún,
 Ríḡeann óm'páil rruḡḡ deḡra;
 A riḡ ḡil na ḡ-cúmaḡḡ,
 ḡo b-pḡriḡar ap mo cúir,
 Map iḡ bean dubh ón n-gleann do b'peḡḡ me.

I have a cow upon the mountain,
 Which for some time I have been after,
 Since my reason I lost by a lover,
 Driving eastward and westward,
 Wherever the sun doth move,
 Until she returns from the west at even;
 When all this time I look
 At my loved one's favourite haunts,
 From my eyes come floods of tears;
 O glorious King of Power,
 Mayest thou relieve my case,
 As it is a black maid of the Glenn that has
 wounded me.

♩ = *Pend.* 18 inches.

The musical score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked *Andante* and the initial dynamic is *p* (piano). The piece consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble staff and a bass staff. The second system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The third system includes a *f* (forte) marking. The fourth system includes a *ff* (fortissimo) marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line. A small number '8' is visible below the third system.

bean duó an gíleanna.

(The) Black (haired) Maid of the Valley.

THE air which I now insert, in sequence with the preceding, and to which I have alluded as bearing the same name, will hardly be considered equal to it in beauty; but the song to which it belongs is of a somewhat higher order than that connected with the other melody, and the preservation of the air to which it is sung would, therefore, be desirable, even if its merits were less than they really are.

This song has been already twice printed;—first, with a paraphrastic metrical translation, by Miss Charlotte Brooke, in her “Reliques of Irish Poetry;” and again, with a more faithful metrical translation, by Mr. E. Walsh, in his “Irish Popular Songs.” I reprint it, however, with a literal translation by my friend Mr. Curry, who, I may observe, agrees with me in opinion, that there is nothing in this song to authorize the name of *Bean dubh an Ghleanna*, which has been given to it by Mr. Walsh and other writers.

An b-pacaid tú nó an ceólala tú,
An p-tuairpe do b'áille ghaoi,
A' n-ghleanna duba, 'r mé m-uaiḡnorp,
ḡan puairmíorp do ló na d'oiḡe;
béilín caoin an t-ḡuan-ḡoirḡ
Do buair mé 'r do b'péiḡ mo éḡoiḡe;
Mo beannaḡt féin ḡo buan lé,
ḡa d-tí an ceuan úo bé áit á m-bí!

Atá pé ḡḡríoḡta a b-ḡpionnḡa
Do com peang 'rdo miala áél,
Iḡ do béilín tanuio paor pín
Ná paolpínn do déanpaḡ b'péaḡ;
Do éḡoḡ ar ḡile 'rap míne
'Na an píoḡa 'rna cláin na n-éan,
Ar buairḡa epáioḡe bím-pe
'Nuair pmaoinm air ḡḡarḡínn le!

An uair deapcar í, do éiḡ mé.
Le ḡéup-ḡeapc ba ḡnaoi 'rba pno;
A miona-éioḡa ḡléḡeala;
A déao deap, 'ra blaioḡ-ḡolḡ ḡir;
ba ḡile a b'péaḡ na Déirḡpe,
Cuip laoḡpaio na Míḡe air pēḡḡ,
'S na blánaio mín na ḡ-claen-ḡorḡ,
Le ar epaḡḡaḡ na mílḡe t'pēḡn.

A plár na m-ban, na t'péiḡ mé
Air baélaḡ, le pamt dá t'pḡr,
ḡan éln, ḡan mēap, ḡan bēapa,
Aḡḡ blaēḡpaḡt ir b'puiḡean ir ḡlḡḡ;
Iḡ binn do pínnpínn b'péaḡta
b'péaḡa ḡaoiḡeilḡe duit-oiḡḡe an pḡḡḡmaip;
'Sdo ḡḡrḡḡpínn pḡair na pēinne,
ḡo léip-ḡeapc, 'r na míleaḡ mḡp!

Have you seen, or did you hear of,
The maid of most resplendent face,
In the dark and lonesome valleys,
Where I have strayed both day and night;
The charming mouth, th' enchanting eye,
Which have disturbed and pained my heart;
My blessing e'er be with her,
In whatever place or land she be.


In printed verse described are
Her slender waist and fine-drawn brow,
With her thin-lipped mouth besides these,
Which once I thought could never deceive;
Her slender hand, more white and soft
Than down of swan and touch of silk,—
How grieved and sorrowful am I,
When I but think from her to part.

When first I saw her, I became inflamed
With ardent love of her face and mien;
Her breast so gently swelling;
Her pearly teeth, her golden hair;
Her face more bright than Deirdre's,
Who the Red-branch heroes brought to ruin,
And than Blaithnait of eyes enchanting,
For whom a thousand champions died.

O peerless maid, forsake me not
For a clown, tho' great his wealth in store,
To fame, esteem, and worth, unknown,
Or aught but rude carouse and strife;
What soothing Gaelic strains I'd play
For thee at autumn's closing eve;
And then of Fenian deeds I'd read,
And heroes great of Erin's lore.

In reference to this air, I should state that I have obtained settings of it from various sources; but that which I have selected as the most genuine has been copied from one which I found in my friend Mr. Pigot's collection of Irish tunes, and which was obtained from a MS. belonging to Mr. James Hardiman, of Galway, whose recent demise, while this sheet was passing through the press, will be long deplored by his friends, and be regarded by many as a serious loss to the literature of Ireland.



 = *Pend.* 20 inches.



Adieu, ye Young Men of Clady Green.

THE following melody—which appears to me to possess a very touching expression of feeling—was noted by James M'Closkey, a schoolmaster, in the parish of Dungiven, county of Londonderry, in January, 1833; and as I have never found it known in any other county, I would ascribe its origin and preservation to that ancient principality of the O'Cahans, of which sept the M'Closkeys, now the most numerous family in the county, are an ancient tribe.

The English name which, of necessity, I have given to this air, having been unable to ascertain its Irish one, is borrowed from the burden of a modern local peasant ballad,—Clady being a village situated on the high-road about midway between Dungiven and Londonderry.

This air, as will be perceived, belongs to that peculiar class of Irish melodies which I have called “Narrative;” and of which I have given so many interesting specimens in the preceding volume. I should remark, however, that those specimens were chiefly obtained from the Munster counties, or those contiguous to them, and that tunes of this structure are rarely met with in either those of Ulster or Connaught.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 25 inches.}$

Andantino. mf.

a sean-duine croide.

Thou Old Man of my Heart.

THE three simple but truly characteristic melodies which, in connexion with each other, I now place before the reader, appear to me to possess much interest from their peculiar characteristics and their apparently remote antiquity; and they are also interesting as examples of tunes which, though differing widely from each other in their tones, still preserve such a perfect similarity in intention and rhythmical structure, as can scarcely permit a doubt of their being but kindred streams from the one parent fountain. The separation, however, which has so nearly obliterated the marks of their common origin, and given such peculiar features to each, can scarcely have been a recent one,—but rather such as a long and divergent course could alone effect.

Of these melodies, each has been obtained from a different province. The first—which was from Ulster—was noted in Dublin, in 1842, from the singing of Mr. Byrne, the excellent Irish harper, and, I may add, minstrel to the family of Shirley, now chief owners of the Barony of Farney, or Farny-donaghmain, in the county of Monaghan; and this setting preserves the form of the air as it is yet sung in that still Irish-peopled district of the ancient clan of the Mac Mahons of Oriel. And in this setting of the air the similarity of character observable in its second strain, to the *Gol*—or *Gol na mna 'san ar*, or “The lamentation of the women in the slaughter,” as published by J. Cooper Walker and Bunting, indicates, as I conceive, a very early antiquity, and disposes me to consider this setting as the oldest and purest of the three forms of the melody. The second, or Munster form of the air, was noted, in Dublin in 1853, from the singing of Teige Mac Mahon, the poor blind county of Clare peasant of whom I have often already made mention. The third setting preserves, as I assume, the form of the melody as sung in Connaught; for it was noted in Connemara, in 1840, from the singing of the late Patrick Coneely, the Galway piper; and its accuracy has been verified by another setting made, either in that county, or the county of Mayo, in 1846–7, by the late William Forde of Cork. This setting, as will be perceived, preserves but a slight affinity with the two forms of the air preceding it; as in this version the air modulates into its relative minor at the close of the first strain, and proceeds in that mode through the whole of the second: and, in fact, it might be harmonized altogether as if it were in the minor mode.

These melodies, in connexion with the words sung to them, have a sort of dramatic character; the words being expressive of the thoughts and sentiments peculiar to youth and age, as exhibited in a dialogue between a young wife and her old husband, and to which the strains of the airs, by their contrast of lively and grave movements, give a concordant musical expression. Such old dialogue tunes are not, I believe, found in England; but they appear to have been common amongst the Celtic people both in Ireland and Scotland; and I have also heard such songs chanted by their remotely related kindred, the Cumraig Celts, in Wales,—with this difference, however, that among the latter, the two singers often join in harmony, while among the former, they do so rarely, if, indeed, ever.

First Setting.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 11 inches.}$ $\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 34 inches.}$

Allegro. mf *lent.* *Andante. p* *pp*

Second Setting.

• = Pend. 11 inches. • = Pend. 34 inches.

Allegro. mf *lent.* *Andante. p*

pp

Third Setting.

• = Pend. 11 inches. • = Pend. 34 inches.


Allegro. mf *lent.* *Andante. p*

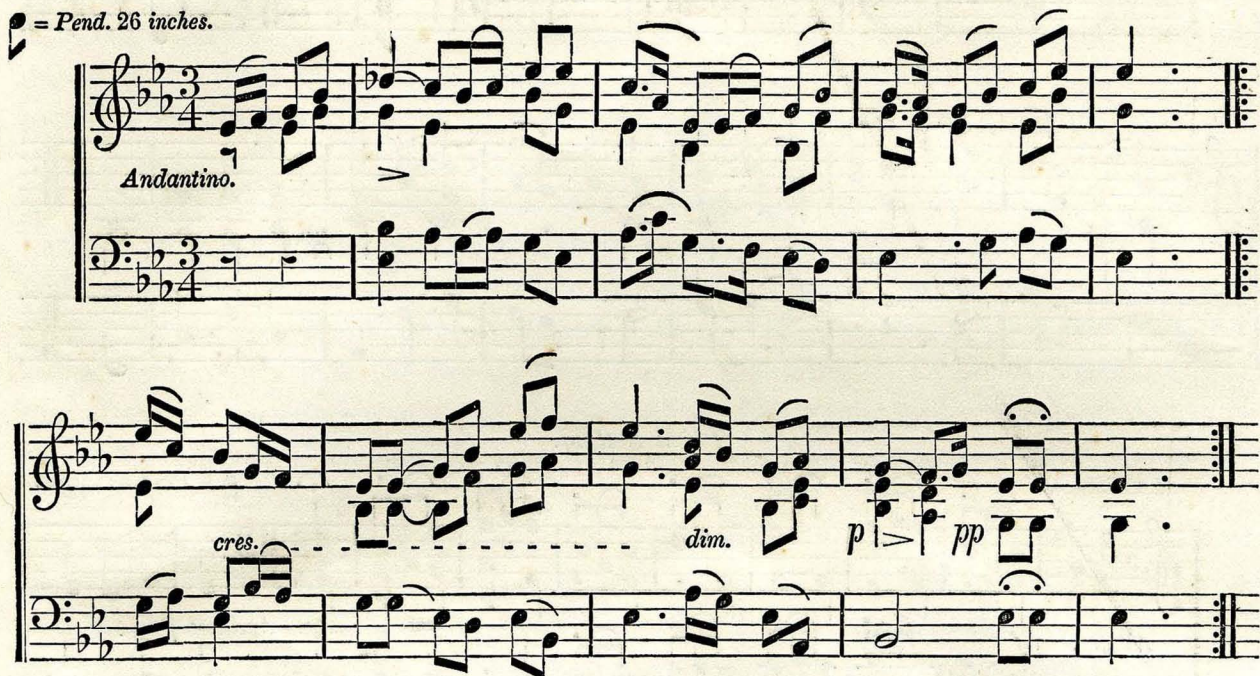
pp

Of the words now sung to these old melodies, I have only the Munster, or Clare version, as taken down by Mr. Curry from the Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon: but, though these words are amusing from their playful humour, they are unsuited for publication in a work like the present. I may state, however, that in their form and general spirit, these words exhibit so striking an analogy to the popular old Scottish song of "My jo Janet," that it might be easily believed that the one was borrowed from, or, at least, suggested by, the other. This analogy, however, may have been wholly accidental; and, certainly, there is no affinity between the Irish tunes and the melody of the Scottish song, which there seems good reason to consider as very ancient, as a set of it appears in the Skene MS., under the name of "Long ere onie old Man."

Name unascertained.

THE air which follows was noted at Dungiven, in the county of Londonderry, in 1833; but I was unable to ascertain its name, which was an Irish one. As will be perceived, it is a melody thoroughly Irish in its structure, and in its avoidance of the major seventh of the scale; and that it is very old, I cannot entertain a doubt.

 = *Pend.* 26 inches.



CUIRIN-SI CUĠAT-SA AN SEARĠAN SEOL.

I send you the Floating Tribute.

IN the preceding volume of this work I have given two or three of the ancient melodies sung by the young country girls when congregated at their spinning-wheels for the sake of companionship; and I confess that I feel a pleasure in returning to this interesting class of tunes for the purpose of adding another highly characteristic specimen. For, in connexion with their peasant songs, such tunes, in their very artless simplicity, possess a charm for sensitive minds, not often found in melodies of a more elaborated character,—a charm derived from their power of generating vivid impressions of the thoughts, feelings, and customary amusements of youthful rural life in bygone times.

I am aware, however, that the opinion which I have thus ventured to express is not likely to find a very general concurrence in the, so-called, musical world; but it is not for that world that this work is intended. And I would add that those over whose feelings such tunes are powerless, can claim but little community in sentiment with the great poet expounder of the human heart, who, in his “Twelfth Night,” has left us such touching allusions to the effects produced by such simple tuneful memorials,—allusions which, though they have been a thousand times quoted, are yet so apposite to my present subject, that I cannot allow my just dread of critical censure to deter me from indulging in the pleasure of quoting once more.

DUKE—"Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times :—
Come, but one verse.

.

Mark it, Cesario ; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."—*Act II. Scene iv.*

Like the spinners' tunes already given, this air was obtained from the county of Clare—a county in which, from various causes, the old language, manners, and customs of the Celtic Irish have been longer preserved than in most other counties of Ireland. It was noted for me, expressly, during the past year, from the singing of the young women, by Mr. Frank Keane, a native of that county, now resident in Dublin, to whom I have often already acknowledged myself indebted for contributions to this work ; and the words sung to it have been supplied to me by Mr. Curry. These words, as in the preceding instances, and indeed as in all songs of this class, have a conversational or dialogistic character. One of the assembled girls challenges another for the tribute of a song, and she so challenged replies that she sends the song to one who is living, or, in other words, the youth she loves. The first then guesses at the name of the *buachalín*, and the second proceeds at some length to express her opinions, whether favourable or otherwise, of the youth so named, till the secret of her heart is made known to her listening companions,—and so the song passes in succession from one girl to another till all in turn have become acquainted with each other's secret feelings—or at least so far as they are willing to expose them.

In reference to the form of dialogue assumed by this class of songs, Mr. Curry writes as follows :—

"In this, as in all the songs that accompany female labour in the South, the opening lines have seldom any fixed or intrinsic value or meaning. Any set of words thrown into metrical lines will do to start with, and carry from one girl to the other, a message, challenge, request, command, or idea calculated to call forth an expression of acceptance or rejection,—such as we have seen in the songs *Maileo lero is im bo nero*, &c. It is possible, however, that anciently these introductory words were more clearly intelligible and carefully selected ; but that the great modifications of rural life in Ireland for the last six hundred years have brought a degeneracy on these, as on many other of the old sports and pastimes."

FIRST VOICE. Cuirim-rí ógáir-í an fearbáin péil.

SECOND VOICE. Cuirim-rí ponn ar an té tá beó.

FIRST VOICE. Seán O Conaill an buachalín óg.

SECOND VOICE. Cuirim-rí ríor go poll na bpríbe é,
Cuirim-rí do'n cuige ar ír léine póin,
Ar muin ríeide gearr gér deilgnech,

ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.

Ir dá céo delg go b-téig na beó.
 Sop ar riúbal é; glioḡapam glún é;
 Sála go rocar é; bolg dá meirip é;
 Leitḡairḡín robar é; buailtear pá'n ḡ-cupaó é;
 Seóltear pá'n m-boḡaó é,—ir beanpáó pé móin.

FIRST VOICE. Cuirim-rí óḡḡat-ra an íearbán reóil.

SECOND VOICE. Cuirim-rí ponn ar an té 'tá beó.

FIRST VOICE. Seáan O Dóinnail an buacailín óḡ.

SECOND VOICE. Cuirim-rí ríor go tabairne an íona é
 Cíor do'n t-ríoda ir léine hollóno,
 Ar mium díallaití óir ir airḡib;
 'Slán go ḡ-caraiḡ mo éapaó meap óḡ:
 Ar rin ruar go cpoir an mairḡaó,
 Le mairḡe cailce 'ḡur maóaire bó,
 Bapp mo méap le bapp a méap,
 Ir pon-nuaóar réin éum mo éapaó meap óḡ.

FIRST VOICE. I send you the floating tribute.

SECOND VOICE. I sing a song to him who is living.

FIRST VOICE. John O'Connell is the nice young boy.

SECOND VOICE. I send him down to the drab-pond,
 A girdle of straw on him, and a shirt of hair,
 Upon a bush of short sharp thorns,
 And may two hundred thorns pierce him to the quick.
 A moving wisp is he; knocker-knees is he;
 Easy heels is he; two-churn belly is he;
 A trotting half cake is he; drive him to the swamp—
 Let him loose to the bog,—perhaps he'll cut turf.

FIRST VOICE. I send you the floating tribute.

SECOND VOICE. I sing a song to him who is living.

FIRST VOICE. John O'Donnell is the nice young boy.

SECOND VOICE. I send him down to the wine tavern,
 With a girdle of silk and a shirt of Holland,
 Upon a saddle of gold and silver;
 Safe may return my active young lover:
 From that up to the market cross,
 With a blooming maid and a park full of cows;
 The tips of my fingers to the tips of his fingers,
 And a happy young bride to my active young lover.

I should perhaps remark that, as Mr. Curry acquaints me, the third line of each stanza of this song—that in which the first girl guesses at the name of the youth—was, as he had heard it, always spoken. Frank Keane, however, states that *he* has always heard it sung; and I have, therefore, left the choice open to the reader.

♩ = *Pend.* 26 inches. FIRST VOICE. SECOND VOICE. FIRST VOICE.

Allegretto.

p *f*

SECOND VOICE.


p

dim. *pp* *cres.*

p *Lent.* *pp*

Roddy M'Curley.

THE following pleasing melody was set in the county of Londonderry in 1833; and as its name—or rather, the name of the ballad which was sung to it—would indicate, it is probably a tune of Ulster origin. The ballad to which I have alluded was composed to preserve in remembrance the acts and fate of a certain Roddy M'Curley, “who was hanged at Toomebridge:” but, at what time, or for what reason, he so suffered, I have been unable to discover; though I have taken more trouble, with a view to acquire information on these points, than, perhaps, the inquiry deserved. I suppose, however, that he was a person of the peasant class who had been implicated in the “troubles” of “Ninety-eight.” Perhaps I should add that Toomebridge, the place of his execution, is a well-known village situated in the barony of Toome, on the Antrim side of the Bann river, near its emergence from the northern extremity of Lough Neagh.

 = Pend. 22 inches.




Andante. mf

p pp cres. f

dim. p pp

A Lullaby.

THE following characteristic example of the class of airs known by the appellation of *Suantraighe*, or "Lullaby" airs, was noted from the singing of my friend, Mr. Thomas Bridgford, R.H.A., by whom it was learnt in his childhood from the *croning* of his Irish nurse.

 = Pend. 22 inches.



Andantino. cres.

Basso p p p p dim. pp

The Flannel Jacket.

THE following reel-tune, which is of Munster origin, was set by Mr. Joyce in the county of Limerick, and the accuracy of his notation of it has been verified by other settings which I found in the MS. books of the Cork piper, Patrick Carew. Though probably of an age no earlier than the last century, it has a truly Irish character, and is a favourite tune of its kind in the southern counties, where it is now generally known by the more modern name of "The Peeler's Jacket."

p = *Pend.* 15 inches.

The musical score for "The Flannel Jacket" is presented in four systems. Each system consists of a treble staff (melody) and a bass staff (accompaniment). The key signature is G major (one sharp, F#). The time signature is 2/4. The first system is marked "Allegro." and "mf". The second system is marked "f". The third system is marked "cres.". The fourth system has no specific markings. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, triplets, and dynamic markings.

I take some pleasure, I confess, in preserving specimens of this class of our dance-tunes, which have been so wholly neglected by preceding collectors; for I consider them as interesting memorials of a period when our higher, as well as our humbler classes of society,

were distinguished for an ease, grace, and gaiety, of which but vestiges now remain. In the saloons of our higher classes—but not yet in those of national Scotland—the graceful and animated movements of the Celtic reel have long given place to the drowsy promenades of the quadrille, and the monotonous and not over-refined whirling of the waltz. And in the absence of a national feeling to check the adoption of foreign dulness, our reels, as well as our other national dances, must ere long be things only remembered by the old, or known to students of our history as things of the past.

Archy Baylan.

THE following air is one of those to which I have already often alluded as having been noted in my young days from the singing of a lady who is a near connexion of my own, and which had been learnt in her childhood from a poor woman, then aged, named Betty Skilling. It was sung to a common Anglo-Irish street ballad, of which I preserved only the above name.

This melody belongs to that class of our tunes which is the most numerous, and which are usually in common time, namely, those composed of four strains of equal length, and of which the first and second *only* differ in their tones, the third being but a repetition of the second, and the fourth of the first.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 22 inches.}$

The musical score for 'Archy Baylan' is written in 2/4 time and consists of four strains. The first strain is marked 'Andante' and 'mf', with dynamics 'dim.' and 'cres.' indicated. The second strain is marked 'mf'. The third strain is marked 'p' and 'pp'. The fourth strain is marked 'p' and 'pp'. The score is written for a single melodic line with a bass line accompaniment.

Banish Misfortune; or, Mary of Inistuirk.

For this pleasing melody I have to acknowledge myself indebted to Mr. Patrick Mac Dowell, R.A., by whom it was noted in London from the playing of a Munster fiddler.

Mr. Mac Dowell acquaints me, that this tune is also played in the Munster counties as a dance-tune; and as such I had myself noted it, in 1840, from the playing of the late Galway piper, Patrick Coneely, who informed me that it was a tune of Connemara origin; and this statement may probably be correct, as it is sung in that romantic district to a popular peasant ballad called "Mary of Inistuirk,"—Inistuirk being the name of an island adjacent to the Connemara coast. The dance form of the tune differs, however, a good deal from the vocal one; and as it may be interesting to observe, by a comparison, the changes, both in expression and tonalities, which the air has of necessity assumed, from its transformation into a bagpipe jig, I shall give a place to my own setting of it in immediate succession to that of my friend.

I have already had occasion to remark that metamorphoses of this kind—so common with the popular opera airs of the present time—have been of very common occurrence in Ireland: and we may, perhaps, ascribe to such metamorphoses a large amount of that flow of melody and expression of sentiment which so generally characterize our dance music.

p = *Pend.* 12 inches.

bacaó na cleite.

(The) Baragh of the Wattle.

P = Pend. 12 inches.

Allegro. *f* *dim.* *f*

p *cres.* *p*

an ceó draoióeacáta.

The Magic Mist.

THIS fine old melody was noted by Mr. Joyce, in the summer of 1853, from the singing of Alice Kenny,—an old woman then residing in the romantic parish of Glenroe, in the county of Limerick,—and I have no doubt that it is a tune of Munster origin, and of a very remote age. I draw this latter conclusion in part from that Irish peculiarity of structure of which I have treated, in connexion with a melody of the same class, at page 53 of the preceding volume; but still more from its antique *tonalities*,—the presence of which will, no doubt, be somewhat startling and unpleasant to ears accustomed only to modern music; though, to those familiarized to such tonalities, they will, I am persuaded, add to the racy and impressive character of the air. I will not assert that the tonalities of this melody are exactly those found in either of the so-called Dorian or Eolian modes, nor even of that Phrygian, to which Selden tells us “the Irish were wholly inclined;” but I may venture to say that their affinity with the tones of the *Canto Fermo*, or old modes of the church—and particularly with those which have a minor character—must be at once apparent to, and arrest the

attention of, all those who have made themselves acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of the old ecclesiastical or Gregorian music. This, however, is not the place to treat at any length on the curious features of resemblance which this melody, in common with so many others both of Ireland and Scotland, bears to the oldest Canto Fermo; and I have now alluded to them only for the purpose of drawing attention to the frequent occurrence of such features, which will be found amongst the tunes already printed in this work, and perhaps still more amongst those which are to follow.

There is another peculiarity in this melody to which, perhaps, I should draw attention, namely, the omission, or as it would seem the studied avoidance, of the interval of the second, or *supertonic*, of the scale (the note G) through the whole course of the air. This omission, both in Irish and Highland melodies, is a rather unusual circumstance; as the use of this interval—at least in the final cadence of the air, falling upon the tonic or key note—is a characteristic feature of the melodies of both countries. In this omission, however, we find another feature of resemblance to those of the Church modes; and the skipping over this tone at the close of strains—as in the present instance—by a drop from the Minor Third to the Tonic, is a characteristic of frequent occurrence not only in the Canto Fermo, and the oldest melodies of Ireland, but also in many of the oldest Scottish tunes, as noticed by Mr. Finlay Dun in his able and most interesting “Analysis of the Structure of the Music of Scotland,” printed in the Appendix to the late Mr. William Dauney’s Dissertation on the Skene MS., &c. Edinburgh: 1838.

Mr. Joyce has also furnished me with a copy of the Irish song now sung to this air, and which has given to it the name by which it is now generally known. It is a Jacobite song of the usual Irish allegorical character; and, as I should suppose, a composition of the early part of the last century, written with a view to excite the people of Munster to engage in the coming effort to restore the exiled Stuarts to the throne. But, though this song might be of some value in a collection of such relics, and particularly as illustrating, to some extent, the Fairy Mythology of Ireland, it does not possess either poetic merit or novel characteristics sufficient to induce me to give insertion to more than one of its six eight-line stanzas, and I give this only as a specimen of its rhythm and metre.

Ceó bpaoidéaceta fceíl oíde éum páin mé,
 Ar mhín éuar do éaplar gan ruan,
 Óam’ rciúpaó paol éoilte gan áirpeab;
 Coir taoib loé’ na blápnan ’reab’ éuar.
 Ar mo fúide éam’ coir epainn gluir an bláéa,
 Ba gairib gur fín liom-ra ruar,
 An óg maípeac mionla do b’áille
 Ó’ap fíolpaig ó Adam anuar.

A magic mist one night led me astray,
 I wandered without sleep upon a smooth path,
 Which led me to woods without dwellings;
 To the brink of Lake-Blarney I came.
 As I sat by a green tree in full blossom,
 ’Twas not long ’till there stood by my side
 A maiden the most comely and charming
 That ever from Adam came down.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 36 inches.}$

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, both in 3/4 time. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andantino.' The score includes various musical notations such as 'dim.' (diminuendo), 'cres.' (crescendo), 'pp' (pianissimo), and 'p' (piano). There are also repeat signs with '1st time' and '2nd time' markings. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

CAITILÍN NÍ AEÓLA.

Kitty O'Bay.

THIS lively song and—as I should suppose—dance-tune, was given to me by my friend Mr. William Allingham, now Comptroller of Customs at Ballyshannon, by whom it was learnt in the county of Leitrim.

$\text{P} \bullet = \text{Pend. 18 inches.}$



A Single Fig.

For the following dance-tune, which is of the kind termed "single jig," I am indebted to my respected friend, Mrs. J. S. Close. It was learnt by that lady in her native county of Galway, during her childhood, and she has now no recollection of its name.

$\text{P} \bullet = \text{Pend. 12 inches.}$



Ploughmen's and Carters' Whistle.

IN the following melody I add another air to the class of tunes of occupation, of which I have already given so many examples; and I confess that it appears to me to be of surpassing beauty. It is known in the county of Clare as "The Whistle of the Ploughmen and Carters;" for it is commonly used by both, to soothe and cheer their horses at their tedious and unexciting labours; and of its extreme antiquity I cannot entertain a doubt. This precious specimen of an ancient pastoral music—so full of deep and solemn tenderness—and, of its kind, such as no country but Ireland has produced, or, as I believe, could produce—was noted from the whistling of the blind Clare peasant, Teige Mac Mahon, who, previous to his loss of sight, had been for many years a ploughman: and I have set the strain twice in order to exhibit, and preserve a memorial of, his mode of ornamenting, and, to some extent, varying the notes of the melody on repetition.

$\text{♩} = \text{Pend. 48 inches.}$

Andantino.

f p dim. f

p pp f p

cres. p cres.

p pp f

a cos deas i m-bróis.

O beautiful Foot in Shoe.

THE following air was noted in Connemara, during the summer of 1839, from the singing of the late Galway piper, Patrick Coneely; and I have reason to believe that it is a melody which properly belongs to the adjacent county of Mayo. It was sung to an Irish love-song, of which, unfortunately, I only took down the first few words as a name.

As will be perceived, this melody belongs to that very numerous class of our tunes in which the airs consist of four strains or parts, these strains usually presenting, when in common time, four bars each; and when they are in triple time—as in the present instance—five bars or measures: and though this melody may be said to be wholly wanting of Bunting's great and peculiar characteristic of Irish music, the emphatic Major Sixth,—for it only occurs as an unessential passing note—the air is yet thoroughly Irish, as well in its expression of sentiment, as in its peculiarity of structure.









Since the preceding notice was signed for the press, Mr. Curry has informed me that the melody called *A chos deas i m-broig* is equally well known in the Munster, as it is in the Connaught counties, and that he believes the song which has given to it this name is one of Munster origin, and of a very old date. It is, however, also sung in the Munster counties to the beautiful tune, of a similar structure, now usually known by the name *Bean an fhir ruadh*, or, "The red-haired Man's Wife." Mr. Curry has been familiar with this song from his childhood, having often heard it sung by his father, but he can now only remember distinctly its first stanza, which I here annex:—

A óp beap i m-bróig !
 I' cópac capda do éúil,
 I' glan geal do ínóð,
 'Sap ró meap leagad do íúil.
 Ní b-éúil 'ran poinn Eópaip
 Aon t-éúil ní'p deirpe 'ná éú;
 Do ghuaid map an póir:
 'Seo póig, agur tréanam ap píúbal.

O handsome foot in shoe !
 How neat is thy ringleted hair,
 How pure and white thy complexion,
 And how quick the glance of thine eye.
 There is not in Europe's quarter
 A jewel more precious than thee ;
 Thy cheek like the rose :
 Here's a kiss, and let us be off and away.

tamall dá raibis sul d'iompaiḡ
 an máḡ orm.

One time in my Life before Fortune played
 false to me.

I AM indebted to my friend Mr. Mac Dowell, R. A., for the notation of the following melody, which I consider a very old and characteristic one ; and also for the annexed stanza of the Irish song sung to it. Both were noted in London from the singing of a Mr. Jordan, a native of the county of Limerick, now serving in the metropolitan police ; and both are, doubtless, of at least a Munster, if not, as most probable, a Limerick origin. That this song is, at all events, the composition of a Limerick rhymers, may be inferred from a line of the stanza of it which has been preserved ; and Mr. Curry believes this stanza to be a portion of one of the songs of Shane Aerach O'Shanahan, a Limerick poet who flourished about the year 1760. This stanza runs as follows:—

Tamall dá raibis sul d'iompaiḡ an máḡ orm,
 Do geóbam bean ap an cceanntar, no a Neanntanán áluinn ;
 bean éanaimail éeannra, bean mún, tar gan táipe,
 I' bean do raḡad anunn lom go Lunnoin máð bu gábar é.
 'Tá bean a n-áé Sgeitinn' a deirim go deirim,