



THE VERY BEST OF IRISH BALLADS

JOHN FAULKNER - BRÍD NÍ CHATHÁIN - JOHN BEAG - ANN MULQUEEN
- TIM DENNEHY - IORRAS AITHNEACH - MAIRÉAD TAGGART
- JOE McDONAGH - SINÉAD MURRAY...



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1. Child Owlet: JOHN FAULKNER / Erskine's Folly: BRENDAN O'REGAN

(trad., arr. by John Faulkner, additional music [Erskine's Folly]:
O'Regan [MÓC Music])

E *A* *E* *A*
Lady Erskine sits in her chamber a-sowing her silken seam
E D A D E
A chain of gold for child Owlet as he goes out and in

E *A* *E* *A*
When it fell out upon a day she unto him did say
E D A D E
'Oh you must cuckold Lord Ronald for all his lands and lay'

E *A* *E* *A*
"Hold your tongue my good woman this thing can ne'er be done
E D A D E
How can I cuckold Lord Ronald when I'm his sister's son"

E *A* *E* *A*
She's taken out her little penknife that lay below her bed
E D A D E
She's put it between her green stays cord which made her body bleed

Then in and came him Lord Ronald hearing his lady's moan
"What is this blood, my dear" he said, "that sparks on the fire stone"

"Child Owlet your sister's son has just gone from my bower
If I hadn't been a good woman I'd be child Owlet's whore!"

He has taken child Owlet and laid him in prison strong
And all his men a council held, how they would work him wrong
Some say they'd have child Owlet hanged and some said they'd him burn
And some said they'd have child Owlet between wild horses torn.

There's horses in your stable stand can run right speedily
And you will to your stable gang and wile out four for me

They put a foal to either foot and one to either hand
And they sent them down to Darling Muir as fast as they could run

There's no a twig in Darling Muir nor one piece o'rind
That's dripping with child Owlets blood and pieces of his skin

There's no a twig in Darling Muir nor one piece of a rash
That's dripping with child Owlet's blood and pieces o'his flesh

- This classic ballad of deception and tragedy comes from Buchan's collection of 'Ballads from the North of Scotland'. Brendan O'Regan kindly composed Erskine's Folly as a fitting addition to this startling song.
- Eine klassische Ballade von Betrug und Tragödie, die aus Buchans Sammlung "Ballads from the North of Scotland" stammt. Brendan O'Regan hat freundlicherweise, 'Erskine's Folly' als passende Ergänzung zu diesem tragischen Lied geschrieben.

2. 'Sí do Mhamó: BRÍD NÍ CHATHÁIN (Parson's Hat)

(trad., arr. Ní Chatháin [MÓC Music])

Chorus:

Am *G* *F*
'Sí do mhamó í, sí do mhamó í
Am *F* *Am*
'Sí do mhamó í, Cailleach an Airgid.
Am *G* *F*
'Sí do mhamó í, ó Bhaile Iorrais Mhóir í,
F *G* *Am*
Is chuirfeadh sí cóistí ar bhóithre Chois Fharraige.

Am *G* *F*
Dá bhfeicfeá an stím'gabhail siar Tonn Uí Fhloinn
Am *G* *D*
Is na rothaí 'dul timpeall siar óna ceathrúnaí
Am *G* *F*
Chaithfeadh sí an stúir naoi n-uair ar a cúl,
F *D* *G* *Am*
Is ní choinneodh sí siúl le Cailleach an Airgid.

Chorus....

Is gairid go bpósfa, is gairid go bpósfa
Is gairid go bpósfa beirt ar an mbaile seo
Is gairid go bpósfa, is gairid go bpósfa
Seán Shéamais Mhóir agus Máire Ní Chathasaigh

Chorus...

Measann tú 'bpósfa, measann tú 'bpósfa
Measann tú 'bpósfa Cailleach an Airgid
Tá 'fhios a'm nach bpósfa, tá 'fhios a'm nach bpósfa
Mar tá sé ró-óg and d'ólfadh sé an t-airgead

Chorus...

- A Connemara song, particularly popular in the Carna area. The theme is an old woman who has plenty of money but won't part with any of it.
- Ein Lied aus Connemara, das besonders in dem Gebiet um Carna beliebt ist. Es handelt von einer reichen alten Frau, die sehr knausrig mit ihrem Geld ist.

3. Matt Hyland: JOHN BEAG

(trad., arr. John Beag [MÓC Music])

A *D* *A*
There was a lord who lived in a town
A *E* *A*
Who had a very handsome daughter.
A *D* *A*
She was courted by a fair young man,
A *E* *A*
Who was a servant to her father.
A *E*
But when her parents came to know,
A *D* *E A*
They swore they'd ban him from the island.
A *D* *A*
The maid she knew that her heart would break,
A *E A*
Had she to part with young Matt Hyland.

So straight away to her love she goes,
Into his room to awake him,
Saying "arise my love and go away,
This very night you will be taken.
I overheard my parents say
In spite of me they would transport you,
So arise my love and go away,
I wish to God I'd gone before you."

They both sat down upon the bed
Just for the sight of one half-hour.
And not a word did either speak,
As down their cheeks the tears did shower.
She laid her head upon his breast,
Around his neck her arms entwined them.
"Not a Duke nor Lord nor Earl I'll wed,
I'll wait for you my own Matt Hyland."

The Lord addressed his daughter fair,
One night alone in her bedchamber.
Saying "we'll give you leave for to bring him back,
Since there's so one to win your favour."
She wrote a letter then in haste,
For him her heart was still pining
They brought him back to the church to wed,
And made a Lord of young Matt Hyland.

4. A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó: ANN MULQUEEN

(Muiris Ó Faoláin [MÓC Music])

Am, F, C, G, F, E, Am

Am *F* *C* *G*
Mo bheannacht ó chroí dod' thír 's dod' shléibhte,
F *Em G*
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.
Am *F* *C* *Dm*
'S dod' mhuintir shuairc ar dual dóibh féile,
F *E* *Am*
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.
C *G*
Do shrutháin gheala 's do choillte craobhach'
F *Em G*
Do ghleannta meala 's do bhánta léire.
F *C* *G*
Ó grá mo chroí iad siúd le chéile,
F *E* *Am*
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.

Is dathúil breá do chruacha scéimhchruth,
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.
Nuair a lasaid suas le hamharc gréine,
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.
Na faillte 's leacain ar gach taobh díot
Mar bhrata sróil le seolta gléasta,
Nuair a scaipeann drúcht anuas ón spéir ort,
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.

Do bhíos thar sáile seal I gcéin uait,
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.
I ndúthaigh fáin ag déanamh saothair
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.
Ach b'obair tháir liom cnuasach gréithre,
I bhfad óm' áit fé scáil do shléibhte.
Is chas mé arís ort, a Phlúr na nDéise,
A Chomaraigh Aoibhinn Ó.

- It was the Abbot Muiris Ó Faoláin who spent some time as an Abbot in Mount Melleray, Co. Waterford, who composed this song. Ann Mulqueen heard it from some people in the Ring area.
- Dieses Lied wurde von Abt Muiris Ó Faoláin komponiert, der einige Zeit Abt der Mount Melleray Abbey in Co. Waterford war. Ann Mulqueen hörte es im Ring-Gebiet.

5. The Bodhrán Song: TIM DENNEHY

(Brian O'Rourke [MÓC Music])

E *B⁷* *E* *A* *E*
Oh I am a year old kid, I'm worth scarcely fifteen quid.

B⁷
I'm the kind of beast that you might well look down on

E *B⁷* *E* *A* *E*
But my value will increase at the time of my decease

E *B⁷* *E*
For when I grow up I want to be a bodhrán.

If you kill me for my meat you won't find me very sweet.

Your palate I'm afraid I'll soon turn sour on.

Ah but if you do me in for the sake of my thick skin

You'll find I make a tasty little bodhrán.

Now my parents Bill and Nan they do not approve my plan

To become a yoke for every yob to pound on.

Ah but I would sooner scamper with a bang than with a whimper

And achieve reincarnation as a bodhrán.

I look forward to the day when I leave off eating hay,

And become a drum to entertain a crowd on.

And I'll make my presence felt with each well-delivered belt

As a fully qualified and licensed bodhrán.

And 'tis when I'm killed and cured, my career will be assured.

I'll be a skin you'll see no scum or scour on

But with studs around me rim, I'll be sound in wind and limb

And I'll make a dandy, handy little bodhrán.

Oh my heart with joy expands when I dream of far-off lands

And consider all the streets that I will sound on

And I pity my poor Ma who has never seen a Fleadh

Or indulged in foreign travel as a bodhrán.

For a hornpipe or a reel a dead donkey has no feel
Or a horse or cow or sheep that has its shroud on
And you can't join in a jig if you're a former Grade A Pig
But you can wallop out the lot if you're a bodhrán.

So it e'er you're feeling low to a session you should go
And bring me there to exercise an hour on.
You can strike a mighty thump on me belly, back or rump
But I thank you if you'd wait til I'm a bodhrán.

When I dedicate my hide I'll enhance the family pride
And tradition is a thing I won't fall down on
For I'll bear a few young bucks who'll inherit my good looks
And be proud to know their auld one is a bodhrán.

Now I think you've had enough of this rubbishly old guff
So I'll put a sudden end to my wee amhrán
And quite soon my bloody bleat will become a steady beat
When I start my new existence as a bodhrán.

- Nothing escapes the poet's wrath and/or amusement. This little gem is from the pen of Brian O'Rourke who has consistently shown that he is a master of the humorous song. It describes the ambitions of a kid goat whose immortality will be guaranteed if it can reach bodhrán status.
- Nichts entgeht dem Zorn und/oder Spott eines Dichters. Dieses kleine Juwel stammt aus der Feder von Brian O'Rourke, der ein Meister humorvoller Lieder ist. Das Lied beschreibt die Ambitionen einer jungen Ziege, Unsterblichkeit zu erreichen, indem ihr Fell als Trommelfell einer Bodhrán verwendet wird.

6. An Hunter: IORRAS AITHNEACH

(Seán Cheoinín [MÓC Music])

C, F, C, G, C

C F G Am F G
Is bhí draíocht ins an Hunter go cinnte, ó déanadh í i Leitir Mealláin,
C F C G C
Bhí sí déanta ó thogha na saortha, a b'fhearr a bhí ann ag an am.
C F C Am Dm G
Mar rinne siad soithigh thrí crainnte, 'gus sheol siad ó thuaidh 'gus ó dheas,
C F C G C
'Gus narbh onóir do chlainne Chonghaile, is don chontae dá dtáinig siad as.

Tá an Hunter dá cáineadh le fada, 'seo comhrá cois cúntar san oích,
Ach chuimil sí an cheirt dóibh i Roundstone, nuair a fuair sí neart feothan
is gaoth.

Bhí ceol ag an gcrann is ag na láinnéir, bhí togha na bhfir mhaithe 'dá gabháil,
Bhí an pórtar 'gá tapáil i gCárna, 'gus John Healion ag casadh a chuid ceoil.

Is tá an American Mór caite i gcártaí, 'gus deir daoine go bhfuil sí le dó,
Is tá an Star thíos i murlach an Mhása, 'dá taoscadh trí huair sa ló.
Tá an Hunter ag gardáil na Beirtrí, go díreach mar a bhí An Caiseal Mór,
Mar bhuail sí báid mhaithe na tíre, ó Roundstone go Cuan an Fhir Mhóir.

Is tá baois na haoise ar John Hussey, 'gus tá John Healion gan chiall,
Nach gcuirfidís fógra sna páipéir, le haghaidh an dá sclíotach a dhíol.
Ó b'fheidir go gceannódh fear sléibhe iad, le haghaidh fál muice nó cró,
Ach éistidís feasta le geallta, ní bhuailfear an Hunter go deo.

Is má chaill sí an mulard sa Dóilín, is má chaill sí an caipín gon stiúir,
Dar m'fhocal níor dhúirt aon fhear fós liom, gur chaill sí aon
choiscéim don tsiúl!

Mar tá a cáil goite anonn go Geneva, an chaoi ar thornáil sí Cuan an Fhir Mhóir,
Nuair a náirigh sí an Star cois na gaoithe, an Mermaid 'gus an American Mór.

Bhí eascann Bhaile na hIsne, thíos ar an ngrinneall go sámh,
Nuair a chonaic sí thuas os a cionn í, nár iompaigh an dá shúil ina ceann.
Chuir sí snaidhm ar a drioball is míle lean sí ó thuaidh í sa snámh,
Ach bhí an Hunter ag Gob Chrua' na Caoile, nuair a bhí sí ag dul siar leis
an gCeann.

'S beidh an Hunter 'gá réiteach amáireach, go dtéigh sí ar geallta gon Spáin,
Buachfidh sí an Maso 'gus i Vego, agus tabharfaidh sí an bhratach anall.
Beidh tinte chnámh' againn roimpi, ó ghlanfas sí tanaí Mhac Bhán,
'Gus seolfaidh sí aniar leis an Deoilín, 'gus beidh an bhratach in airde
ina crann.

Is nuair a thioctas Lá mór an tSléibhe beidh fáirnéis an-ghéar á chur faoi,
Beidh faoiseamh le fáil ag gach créatúr, cé is moite de lucht an dá chroí.
Beidh an barraille againn ar teile sa Hunter, beidh Ceoinín taobh thiar
de 'dá gabháil,
Is seolfaidh sí isteach chun na flaithis, mar sheol sí lá an ghála mhóir.

7. I Loved a Lass: JOHN FAULKNER
(trad., arr. Faulkner, O'Regan [MÓC Music])

E *A*
I loved a lass and I loved her so well
E *A* *B*
I hated all others who spoke of her ill
E *A* *E* *A*
But now she has rewarded me well for my love
E *B*
She is gone to be wed to another

When I saw my love into the church go
With bride and bridesmaid they made a fine show
And I followed on with my heart full of woe
She is gone to be wed to another

When I saw my love sit down to dine
I sat down beside her and poured out the wine
And I drank to the lassie that should have been mine
But now she is wed to another.

The men of yon forest they asked of me
How many strawberries grow around the salt sea?
And I asked them back with a tear in my eye,
How many ships sail in the forest?

Now dig me a grave and dig it so deep
And cover it over with flowers so sweet
And I will lay down for to take my last sleep
And maybe in time I'll forget her

So they dug him a grave and they dug it so deep
And they covered it over with flowers so sweet
And he has laid down for to take his last sleep
And maybe by now he's forgot her.

- This is perhaps one of the best known folk songs of unrequited love in the British Isles and Ireland. This is a compilation of a Scottish and an English version.
- Wahrscheinlich ist dies eines der bekanntesten Folk-Lieder über unerwiderte Liebe auf den Britischen Inseln und Irland. Es ist eine Kombination aus einer englischen und einer schottischen Version.

8. Galtee Mountain Boy: JOHN BEAG
(Patsy O'Halloran [verse 4 by Christy Moore])

A *D* *A* *D* *A*
I joined the Flying Column in nineteen and sixteen,
E *D* *A*
In Cork with Seáinín Moylan, in Tipperary with Dan Breen,
E *D* *A*
I'm arrested by Free Staters and sentenced for to die,
A *DA* *D* *A*
"Farewell to Tipperary" said the Galtee Mountain Boy.

We climbed the hills and valleys and over the hilltops green,
Where I met with Dinny Lacey, Seán Hogan and Dan Breen,
Seán Moylan and his gallant band – they kept the flag flying high,
"Farewell to Tipperary" said the Galtee Mountain Boy.

We climbed the Wicklow mountains, we were "outlaws on the run"
Though hunted night and morning, we were rebels but free men;
We climbed the Dublin mountains as the sun was shining high,
"Farewell to Tipperary" said the Galtee Mountain Boy.

I'll bid farewell to old Clonmel that I never more will see,
And to the Galtee mountains that oft times sheltered me;
The boys who fought for their liberty – and died without a sigh,
"May the cause be ne'er forgotten" said the Galtee Mountain Boy.

9. Siobhán Ní Dhuibhir: BRÍD NÍ CHATHÁIN (Parson's Hat)

(trad., arr. Ní Chatháin [MÓC Music])

Am, G, Em

Am G Am
D'éirigh mé ar maidin ar tharraingt chun aonaigh mhóir
Am G D Am
Ag díol is ag ceannacht mar rinne mo dhaoine romham
Am G D E
Bhuaile tart ar an mbealach mé is shuigh mise síos ag ól
Am G D Am
'S gur le Siobhán Ní Dhuibhir a chaith mise luach na mbróg.

A Shiobhán Ní Dhuibhir, ar mhiste leat mé bheith tinn?
Mo bhrón is mo mhilleadh más miste liom thú bheith I gcill
Brón is muilte bheith scileadh ar chúl do chinn
Ach cead a bheith in lorras go dtara síl Éabh 'un cinn.

A Shiobhán Ní Dhuibhir, 's tú bun agus barr mo scéil
Ar mhná na cruinne gur thug sise 'n báire léi
Le gile, le finne, le mais is le dhá thríán scéimh,
'S nach mise an trua Mhuire bheith ag scaradh amárach léi.

Thiar in lorras tá searc agus grá mo chléibh,
Planda an linbh a d'eitigh mo phósadh inné.
Beir scéala uaim chuici má thug mise póg dá béal,
Go dtabharfainn di tuilleadh dá gcuirfeadh sí bólacht léi.

Beir scéala uaim chuige go ndeirim nach bpósfainn é
Ó chuala mise gur chuir sé le bólacht mé
Nuair nach bhfuil agamsa maoin ná mórán spré
Bíodh a rogha bean aige 's beidh mise ar mo chomharle féin

- A young man squanders his money on a young girl. Nonetheless, she ignores his proclamations of love and goes her merry way. A moral tale.
- Ein junger Mann gibt sein Geld leichtfertig für ein junges Mädchen aus. Trotzdem ignoriert sie seine Liebesbeteuerungen und geht fröhlich ihrer Wege. Eine Geschichte mit einer Moral.

10. Óró 'Sé do Bheatha Bhaile: JOHN BEAG

(Pádraig Mac Piarais [MÓC Music])

Ceartha an Duine (Hornpipe): JOHNNY ÓG CONNOLLY

Em, Bm, Em, Bm, Em, Bm, Em

Chorus:

Em
Óró sé do bheatha bhaile,
D
Óró sé do bheatha bhaile,
Em Bm
Óró sé do bheatha bhaile,
Em Bm Em
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

Em
Sé do bheatha a bhean ba léanmhar,
D
B'é ár gcreach thú bheith I ngéibheann,
Em Bm
Ár ndúiche bhreá I seilbh méirleach,
Em Bm Em
'S é díolta leis na Gallda.

Chorus

A bhuí le Rí na bhFeart go bhfeicfinn -
Mura mbím beo na dhiaidh ach seachtain -
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch,
Is iad ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallda.

Chorus

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile,
Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,
Gaeil iad féin, is ní Frainc' ná Spáinnigh,
Is cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallda.

11. The Workin' Man: MAIREAD TAGGART

(Rita McNeil - Cop. con.)

D, G, A, D, G, D

Chorus:

^D It's a workin' man I am, and I've been down underground ^G
^D And I swear to God if I ever seen the sun ^A
^D Or for any length of time I will hold it in my mind ^G
^D And I never again will go down underground ^D

At the age of sixteen years he quarrelled with his peers
 Who vowed they'd never see another one
 Through the dark recess of the mine, where you age before your time
 And the coal dust lies heavy on your lungs.

Chorus

At the age of sixty four, o he'll greet you at the door
 And he'll gently lead you by the arm
 Through the dark recess of the mine, o he'll take you back in time
 And he'll tell you of the hardships that were had.

Chorus

12. A Winter's Tear: TIM DENNEHY

(Tim Dennehy [MÓC Music])

B, C#m, F#, B

^B Through the sunshine of a July day your printed letter came ^{C#m} ^{F#} ^B
^B You said it was to say hello, a way to stay in touch. ^{F#}
^E The dancing days that we had shared came tripping back again ^B
^{F#} And we polkaed to the Cúil Aodha set that we had loved so much. ^B

But drinking with your friends one night I sensed the shifting sands,
 When they told me that the piper's reel had turned to a lament,
 That the feet once light were weary and no ladies' chain to hand
 As I mumbled why a heaving sigh brought tears of discontent.

So advance, retreat, advance, retreat and dance in your own place.
 Round the house for the last time now your fleeting steps retrace.
 Shape the silence to a golden reel and dance the night away.
 Through the night I hear your whisper, 'dance a set for me in Clare'.

Your next letter underlined my fears Mount Callan brought the rain.
 Yet the flower of your courage spread its sweet scent on the wind.
 'Oh I really miss the dancing,' were your only words of pain.
 Even they can't steal away from you the music of the mind.

And as Brigid* comes with white cap on and we face another day,
 When the joys of birth and April showers can wash a winter's tear.
 Tomorrow we will house and hold and dance the night away,
 So until the morning sun keep spirits high my Mary dear.

And advance, retreat, advance, retreat and dance in your own place.
 Round the house for the last time now your fleeting steps retrace.
 Shape the silence to a golden reel and dance the night away.
 Through the night I hear your whisper, 'dance a set for me in Clare'.

- Brigid refers to Sant Brigid's day or Lá 'le Bríde which heralds the beginning of Spring. The line is a translation of an Irish proverb, 'Ní thagann Bríd riamh gan caidhp bhán uirthi'.
- Brigid bezieht sich auf Sant Brigid's Tag oder Lá 'le Bríde, der den Beginn des Frühlings ankündigt. Die Zeile ist eine Übersetzung des irischen Sprichwortes „Ní thagann Bríd riamh gan caidhp bhán uirthi“.

13. **Peigín Leitir Móir: JOE McDONAGH**
(trad., arr. Joe McDonagh [MÓC Music])

Chorus:

C
Ó gairm, gairm í,
G
Gairm í mo stór
C *F*
Míle grá le m'anam í
C *G* *C*
Sí Peigín Leitir Móir
C
Éirigh suas a Pheigín
G
Agus seas ar bharr an aird
C
Comhairigh do chuid bulláin
F *C* *G* *C*
Agus féach an bhfuil siad ann

Chorus

Tá Bríd agam 's tá Cáit agam
'S í Peig an bhean is fearr.
Pé ar bith fear a gheobhas í
Nach air a bheas an t-ádh!

Chorus

Tá Micil Johnny Thomáis
ar bharr an chnocáin mhóir
Ag súil leis an ainnir
Go bhfaighfeadh sé cupla póg

Chorus

Chuir me scéala siar chuici
Go gceannóinn di bád mór
'S é 'n scéal a chuir sí aniar chugam
Go ndéanfadh leathbhád seoil

Chorus

Tá iascairí na Gaillimhe
Ag teacht anoir le cóir
Le solas gealaí gile
Nó go bhfeicfidís an tseoid

Chorus

14. The Jolly Bold Robber: JOHN FAULKNER

(trad., arr. Faulkner, O'Regan [MÓC Music])

Bm Come all you young fellas with a mind to go tippling *A*

Bm I pray, you pay attention and listen to my song
A D C#m

It's all on account of a jolly bold robber

Bm A D C#m Bm
Stood seven feet high and proportions quite strong.

He robbed lawyer Morgan and the old lady Dorking
Five hundred bright guineas from each one of them
And as he was walking he met a young sailor
And bold as a lion he stepped up to him.

Deliver your money you jolly old sailor
You've plenty of brass in your pockets I see
O, aye said the sailor, I've plenty of money
But while I have life I've got nothing for thee.

I've just left the ship, gave the press gang the slip
And I'm bound for old London my friends forth to see
I've nineteen bright guineas, me friends to make merry
And I pray you, jolly robber, don't take it from me.

The the saucy bold robber struck the jolly young sailor
Such a blow on the head which brought him to the ground
O, aye said the sailor, you've struck me quite heavy
And now I'll endeavour to return it again.

And they did strip, like two lambkins they skipped
And they fought life for life like two soldiers in the field
At the 98th meeting it was the completing
Of the jolly young sailor the robber then killed.

Said the jolly young sailor to the saucy bold robber
I hope you'll not lay any blame upon me
For if I be the robber of a thousand bright guineas
I would never have stopped a poor sailor like me.

15. Dun Drumuilliún: BRÍD NÍ CHATHÁIN

(trad., arr. Ní Chatháin [MÓC Music])

Dm F Em
Is Dun Drumuilliún, muilliún, muilliún

F Am Dm
Nach í seo aniar an bád

Dm C Em F
Is dún drumuilliún, muilliún, muilliún

Am F Em
'S mo ghrá ar an mbuille lá--ir

C Em Dm
Is dún drumuilliún, muilliún, muilliún

Is dún drumuilliún, muilliún, muilliún
Is iarraim ar Rí na nGrást

Is dún drumuilliún, muilliún, muilliún
Mo ghrá a thabhairt chugam slán
Is dún drumuilliún, muilliún, muilliún

- A song from Donegal which probably originated in Scotland. It tells of a woman waiting for her beloved, a fisherman, to come home. It may well have been a lullaby.
- Ein Lied aus Donegal, das wahrscheinlich aus Schottland stammt. Es erzählt von einer Frau, die darauf wartet, daß ihr Liebster, eine Fischer, heimkehrt. Möglicherweise war es ursprünglich ein Wiegenlied.

16. The Blackbird of Sweet Avondale: JOHN BEAG

(trad.)

Am, G, F, Am, C, Em, Am

C *G* *Am*
By the sweet bay of Dublin while carelessly strolling,
G *F* *Am*
I sat myself down by a green myrtle's shade,
Am *G* *F* *Am*
Reclined on a bench as the wild waves were rolling,
C *G* *Am*
In sorrow condoling I saw a fair maid.

Her robes changed to mourning that once were so glorious,
I stood in amazement to hear her sad wail,
Her heart-string burst forth in wild accents uproarious -
O where is my blackbird of sweet Avondale?

In sweet counties Meath, Wexford, Cork and Tipperary,
The rights of old Erin my blackbird did sing,
But woe to the hour when with heart light and daring
When he from my arms to Dublin took wing.

The fowler way laid him in hope to ensnare him
While I here in sorrow his absence bewail,
It grieves me to hear that the walls of Kilmainham,
Surround the dear blackbird of sweet Avondale.

O Erin my country, awake from thy slumber
And bring back my blackbird, so dear unto me,

Let everyone see by the strength of your number
That you as a nation would wish to be free.

The cold prison dungeon is no habitation,
For one to his country so loyal and true,
Then give him his freedom without hesitation,
And remember he fought hard for freedom for you.

Alas, o my country in sorrow I'll wander,
While sadly I make supplication to thee.
For absence they say makes the heart grow the fonder
So that makes my blackbird more dearer to me.

O Heaven give ear to my supplication
And strengthen the bold sons of old Gráinne Mhaol,
And grant that my country will soon be a nation,
And bring back my blackbird of sweet Avondale.

17. Casting my Shadow on the Road: SINÉAD MURRAY

(Rushing/Scruggs)

A
There was a warm wind weaving through the trees
D E A
It was an early breath of spring
F#m E D
Like a young bird soon to leave its nest
E
I yearn to stretch my wings
A E A
Though the tear drops fell like the morning rain
E F#m E
I knew I had to go
D A F#m E A
I had always dreamed of casting my shadow on the road

I couldn't count the times that I've said goodbye
To a city limit signs
On the countless frail and gentle hearts
In the towns I left behind
O the passion rides on the prairie winds
And peace in the winter snow
And I still dreamed of casting my shadow on the road.

A A7
When the evening falls I often stop
D A
To rest my weary feet
A A7
And when the morning sun begins to rise
D E
Then I feel the urge to leave
F#m Bm
A night of rest fans the flame
D E F#m A
That burns within my soul
D A E A
My burning need for casting my shadow on the road.

18. The Flower of Finae: JOHN FAULKNER

(Thomas Davis, arr. Faulkner [MÓC Music])

Em G Bm Am Bm
Bright red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheehan
Em G Bm G A
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing
G Bm Em G B7
And fair around its islets the small ripples play
Em G Bm G A Bm C Am
But fairer than all is the flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night and her eyes like grey morning
She trips on the heather as if it's touch scorning
Her heart and her lips are as mild as May Day
She's Eileen Mac Mahon, the flower of Finae.

Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land
Till a dark hand of tyranny, it drove him from Ireland
He's joined the brigade in the wars far away
And left his fond sweetheart, the flower of Finae.

He fought at Cremona, she heard of his story
He fought at Casano, she's proud of his glory
And yet she still sings Shule a Rune all the day
O come back my darling, come home to Finae.

Eight long years have passed till she's nigh brokenhearted
Her reel and her rock and her flax she has parted
She sails with the wild geese to Flanders away
And leaves her fond parents to mourn in Finae

On the slopes of La Judoigne the French men are flying
Lord Clare and his squadron the foe they're defying
Outnumbered and wounded, retreated in array
And bleeding lies Fergus and thinks of Finae

In the hoist of the heat wave a banner is swaying
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramilie's fray
This nun is poor Eileen, the flower of Finae.

19. Lord Franklin: FRED JOHNSTON

(trad., arr. Johnston [MÓC Music])

D G
It was homeward bound one night on the deep
Em A
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep
D G D
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
Em A D
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew.

D G
With a hundred seamen he sailed away
Em A
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
D G D
To seek a passage around the pole
Em A D
Where we poor seamen to sometime go.

Through cruel hardships the mainly strove
Their ships on mountains of ice was drove
Only the Eskimo in his skin canoe
Was the only one that ever came through.

In Baffin Bay where the whale fishes blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
Lord Franklin along with his sailors do dwell.

But now my burden, it gives me pain
For the long lost Franklin I would cross the main
Ten thousand pounds would I freely give
To say on earth my Lord Franklin do live.

- Sir John Franklin (1786-1847) has two fine ballads written around his doomed attempt to find a Northwest Passage, and this is perhaps the most well known. Aged 59, Franklin set out with two ships, Erebus and Terror, and a crew of 129 souls. They were last sighted by a whaler in May 1845.

This version of the song celebrates the 1857 search led by Franklin's wife; skeletons and some documents were eventually found, from which it was determined that Sir John died on June 11th, 1847. In recent years, more preserved bodies have been found in the ice.

The air of the song is similar to 'The Croppy Boy', an Irish song of the 1798 rebellion.

- Es gibt zwei schöne Balladen, die von Sir John Franklins (1786-1847) gescheitertem Versuch, die Nordwest Passage zu finden, handeln, und diese ist wahrscheinlich die bekannteste. Franklin begann seine Expedition im Alter von 59 Jahren mit zwei Schiffen, Erebus und Terror, und einer 129-köpfigen Mannschaft. Sie wurden zuletzt im Mai 1845 von einem Walfänger gesichtet.

Diese Version erzählt von der 1857 stattgefundenen Suche, die von seiner Frau geleitet wurde. Schließlich wurden einige Aufzeichnungen und Skelette gefunden, die darauf hindeuteten, dass Sir John am 11. Juni 1847 starb. In den letzten Jahren wurden mehrere gut erhaltene Leichen im Eis gefunden.

Die Melodie des Liedes ist ähnlich der von „The Croppy Boy“, einem Lied aus der Irischen Rebellion 1798.

20. **The Carmagnole: TIM DENNEHY**

(trad., arr. Tim Dennehy, P. J. Curtis [MÓC Music])

E A E B⁷
 'Twas in the year of '93 when the French did plant an olive tree.
E A E A B⁷ E
 A symbol of great liberty and the patriots danced all around it.
A B⁷ E C#m A F# B⁷
 And was not I oft telling thee the French could fight right heartily.
E A E B⁷ E
 And the Carmagnole would make you free, ah but you would never mind me.

In '94 a new campaign the tools of darkness did maintain.
 Gallia's sons did form and train and left their foes surrounded.
 They gave to Flanders liberty and dealt their shots so far and free,
 That the Dutch and Austrians home did flee and left the Dukes confounded.

And was not I oft telling thee the French could fight right heartily.
 And the Carmagnole would make you free, ah but you would never mind me.

On June the first two ships at sea did drum each other heartily.

Both sides claimed a victory as they gloried in the slaughter.
Jean Bonne St. André was the boy, the hero of the French convoy.
John Bull rang out his bells in joy which caused the French much laughter.

And was not I oft telling thee the French could fight right heartily.
And the Carmagnole would make you free, ah but you would never mind me.

Behold the great Batavian line, emancipated with French combined.
May laurels green all on them shine and may their sons long wear them.
May every tyrant shake in dread and tremble for his guilty head.
May fleur de lis in dust be laid and men no longer wear it.

And was not I oft telling thee the French could fight right heartily.
And the Carmagnole would make you free, ah but you would never mind me.

- The Carmagnole was originally a short jacket with metal buttons, introduced into France by workers from Carmagnola in Piedmont, Italy. It was worn with black woollen trousers, red or tricolour waistcoats and red caps. It gave its name to a popular revolutionary song and dance that was banned by Napoleon Bonaparte when he became First Consul.

Interestingly the tune had made its way to Ireland by 1798 and there are references to it in Thomas Pakenham's book "The Year of Liberty".

- Die Carmagnole war ursprünglich eine kurze Jacke mit Metallknöpfen, die von italienischen Arbeitern aus Carmagnola in Piemont, Italien, in Frankreich eingeführt wurde. Sie wurde mit schwarzen Wollhosen, roten Mützen und Westen in rot oder den Farben der französischen Flagge getragen. Es wurde ein beliebtes Revolutionslied nach ihr benannt, das von Napoleon Bonaparte verboten wurde, nachdem er Erster Konsul wurde.

1798 war das Lied auch in Irland bekannt und es wird in Thomas Pakenhams Buch „The Year of Liberty“ erwähnt.



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Compilation: **Karin Tubbesing**

Mastering: **Diz Heller**

Cover design: **Sarah Ash**

Guitar chords: **Diz Heller**

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