

*In Maryanne Taunton Lovell  
from her husband  
1853.*

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION AND PUBLICATION OF  
THE MELODIES OF IRELAND.

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THE PETRIE COLLECTION.

VOL. I.

## CAILÍN A TIGHE MHOIR.

## The Girl of the Great House.

THIS air, which appears to me to be a very characteristic specimen of the true old Irish jig, is a very popular dance-tune in the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, in all of which it is considered to be very ancient, and to have been originally used as a march. It is known amongst the Irish-speaking population of these counties, as the *Cailín a tighé Mhoir*, or, literally, the "Girl of the Great House;" but in English it is called "The Housekeeper." The set of the air here given has been selected as the truest from a variety of versions of it obtained from those southern counties, and of which three have been communicated to me by Mr. Patrick Joyce, and one by the Rev. Father Walsh, the present kind-hearted old parish priest of Iveragh, in Kerry. Amongst these versions of the tune there are, however, no essential or important differences.

As this tune is the first well-marked example which I have selected for publication of the dance-music of Ireland—a large class of our airs which has received from preceding collectors but a very small amount of attention, as if such airs were considered of little value, but which I think of equal interest to those of any other class of our melodies—it appears to me to be desirable that I should offer some remarks, not upon the antiquity of this class of music in Ireland, which will be found treated of in the preliminary Dissertation, but upon the various forms or subdivisions under which the innumerable airs of this class may be arranged, and upon the characteristic features by which they are to be distinguished and denominated. I shall also, in connexion with a specimen of each subdivision or varied form of these tunes, offer some descriptive remarks upon the mode in which they were danced,—a subject not hitherto, as I believe, in any way illustrated, and which I should be unable to treat of, but for the kindness of Mr. Patrick Joyce, who has communicated to me his knowledge of the subject, and whose words I shall in every instance use; for though his observations, which have been formed on his intimacy with the dances of the Munster peasantry, are applied only to them, they are, as I have every reason to believe, equally applicable to the dances of the other provinces of Ireland.

The dance music of Ireland may then be described as of several kinds, of which the principal are,—the common, or "double jig;" the "single jig;" the "hop jig;" the "reel;" the "hornpipe;" "set dances," of different kinds; and various "country dances." Of these dances I shall at present only notice the common, or "double jig," of which the tune that follows is an example.

The common, or "double jig," is a dance tune in *six-eight* time, usually consisting of two parts of eight measures each, each of these measures usually presenting two quaver triplets throughout the tune, and each part being always played twice. In these general features, this most common variety of our dance tunes only differs from the great majority of the old clan marches in the somewhat greater rapidity of time in which they are generally performed; and I have already expressed my conviction, that very many of these common jigs were originally marches, and were anciently used for both purposes; but on this point the reader will find more in the preliminary Dissertation.

"The common, or 'double' jig," as Mr. Joyce writes, "is generally danced by either four or two persons, but the number is not limited. The dance to this, as well as to every other kind of dance-tune, consists of a succession of distinct movements called 'steps,' each

of which is usually continued or repeated during either four or eight bars of the tune. Every step is danced at least twice in succession, first with the right foot, and after with the left. If the step extend to four bars, or measures, only, it is danced twice with each foot, in order to extend it over the whole of one part of the tune *played twice*. Every 'step' has corresponding to it what is called its 'double step,' or 'double,' or 'doubling,' that is, another similar step which extends to *double* the time of the former; and in relation to this, the original on which the double is founded is called the 'single step.' After a single step has been danced, it is 'doubled;' that is, its double step is danced immediately after with right and left foot in succession.

"A movement, or as it is called in Munster, a step, is always danced in one place,—a promenade round the room is never called a step.

"All steps are formed by the combination of certain elementary movements, or operations, which have got various names expressive of their character, such as 'grinding,' 'drumming,' 'battering,' 'shuffling,' 'rising,' 'sinking,' 'heel and toe,' &c. A few of the most important of these may be described.

"The dance of the jig always commences with what is called 'the rising step,' in which first the right foot is *raised* pretty high from the floor, and thrown forward,—then the left,—and lastly the right; which three movements correspond with the first three bars of the tune, and the fourth bar is finished by either 'grinding' or 'shuffling.' Grinding is performed by striking the floor quickly and dexterously with the toes of each foot alternately, six times during a bar, corresponding with the six notes of the two triplets forming the bar, and requires much practice from the learner. Grinding, when performed with *nailed* shoes, is of all the dance steps by far the most wofully destructive to the floor—especially if an earthen one. Instead of grinding, however, shuffling is often substituted, which latter is a lighter movement, and, as its name imports, is performed by giving each foot alternately a kind of light *shuffling* motion in front of the other.

"After the rising step follow various other steps of a light and skipping kind, and comparatively easily performed, until a certain stage of the proceedings, when all the dancers move round the room, while one part of the tune is played, i.e., during the playing of sixteen bars. This movement is commonly called 'halving' the jig, for it usually occurs about the middle of the dance; and the steps after it are generally of a very different kind from those used before. After halving comes the really hard work, when battering, drumming, and all the other contrivances for making the greatest possible quantity of noise, come into requisition. Battering is of several kinds, according to the kind of tune. In a jig it is called 'double battering,' or simply 'doubling.' This is done by first leaning the whole weight of the body on one foot; the dancer then hops very slightly with that foot, and throws forward the other, drawing it back instantly again, and striking the floor with the ball of the foot twice,—once while moving it forward, and again when drawing it back. Thus the floor is struck three times, and these strokes must correspond with the three quavers forming one of the two triplets in a bar. Frequently this is done twice with one foot and twice with the other,—which corresponds with two musical bars,—and so on to the end of that part of the tune; but, generally, battering is intimately blended up with various other evolutions, and not continued for any length of time by itself. The term 'doubling' has been applied to this kind of battering from the double stroke given by the foot that is thrown forward; and from this the jig in *six-eight* time came to be called the 'double jig.'

"In grinding and battering, the toes only are used. Drumming is performed by both toes and heels, and is, perhaps, the most noisy of all the operations in dancing. In drumming, also, the triplets of the jig are timed, and it is sometimes continued for a considerable time, but is more commonly united with other movements.

"The movements I have described under the above names are only a very few out of the number of those in use,—the rest having either no names at all, or names which I never knew. No description can give an idea of the quickness, the dexterity and gracefulness, with which these various movements are performed by a good dancer; and notwithstanding their great variety and minute complication, scarcely a note in the music is allowed to pass without its corresponding stroke. There are few movements of the human body that require so much skill, dexterity, and muscular action, all combined; and, for my part, I must confess that I have never seen any exhibition of manly activity that has given me such a sense of pleasure as a double jig danced by a good Munster dancer."

To the preceding remarks of Mr. Joyce I may add, that the jigs of this class are also popularly known, at least in Munster, by the appellation of *Moinin* (pron. *Moneen*) jigs,—a term derived from the word *Moin*, a bog, grassy sod, or green turf, and which, according to Mr. Curry, is also an ancient name for a sporting place, somewhat in the same sense as the English word "turf" is now applied to a race-course: and hence the application of its diminutive, *Moinin*, to this kind of jig; because, at the fairs, races, hurling-matches, and other holiday assemblages, it was always danced on the choicest green spot, or *Moinin*, that could be selected in the neighbourhood.

\* = Pend. 10 inches.

The musical score is written for a jig in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Allegro.' and the dynamic 'p' (piano). It includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking. The second system features a 'f' (forte) marking followed by a 'p' (piano) marking. The third system includes a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, often grouped in triplets. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

b'péarr liomsa ainnir gan gúna.

I would rather have a Maiden without a Gown.

For the following beautiful air, as well as for the preceding, and many other melodies of equal value, I have to express my very grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Patrick Joyce, formerly of Glenasheen, in the county of Limerick, but now of Dublin,—one of the most zealous and judicious of the collectors of Irish music who have voluntarily given me their aid in the prosecution of this work. Like most of the airs in his collection, this tune was procured in Munster, and it very probably belongs to that still singularly musical province. It was learnt by Mr. Joyce from the singing of his brother, Mr. Michael Joyce of Glenasheen, who had it from his father. Of the Irish song sung to it, Mr. Joyce says that his brother can now only remember the annexed fragment; but the subject of it was a comparison drawn by a young man between two women, one of them old and ugly, but very rich,—possessed of large herds of cattle, and to whom he was importuned to get married,—the other, a young and blooming girl, but entirely fortuneless; and he contrasts the riches and ugliness of the former with the poverty and beauty of the latter, whom he finally determines to prefer. The fragment above alluded to is as follows:—

Séadé piéir bó baine, gan amair,  
Da feirpeac éapal bo épeabéad,  
Ód feadé piéir donn brúmpíonn óg;  
b' p'earr liomsa ainnir gan gúna  
Na p'áirce bo p'earr éailé ópón.

Seven score milchers, without doubt,  
Twice six ploughing horses to plough with,  
Twice seven score young dun heifers;  
I would rather have a maiden without a gown  
Than a stump of a fat, swarthy woman.

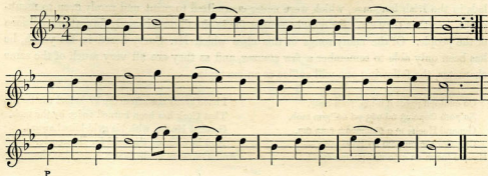
♩ = Pend. 20 inches.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first system is marked 'Andante, p' and features a triplet in the treble staff. The second system includes 'cres.' and 'dim.' markings. The third system includes 'p' and 'pp' markings. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

In reference to the construction of the preceding air, it should, perhaps, be observed, that it is one which characterizes, and is peculiar to, a large class of Gaelic melodies, and which may be described as airs in triple time, consisting of two strains, or parts, in each of which there are two sections, and in each of these, again, two extended or irregular phrases. Such melodies, therefore, when written in *three-four* time—with a view to enable the performer to mark the time and accents more readily—as in the example above, will have the seemingly irregular number of twelve bars, or measures, in each part; whereas, if considered as properly in *six-four*, or *nine-eight* time, the parts will consist of but four bars in each part, or eight in all,—as in the example of the well-known air of this class called *Cailín deas g-cruidadh na mbo*, or “The pretty Girl milking the Cow,” which has been always so written.

Further, with respect to the rhythm of melodies of this class, I may remark that the two phrases in each of their four sections consist in each of three accented, or emphatic notes, each of which is preceded and followed by an unaccented one, with this exception, that every second phrase closes upon the accented note; or, using the terms of Grecian rhythm, the first phrase of each section consists of three amphibrachs, and the second of two amphibrachs and an Iambus. Hence it follows that the stanza suited to such melodies should consist of eight lines, corresponding to the eight phrases of the tune, the lines alternately containing nine and eight syllables, having their accents in accordance with those of the melody; and as a very happy example of such metrical adaptation of English words to a melody of this class, I may instance Moore's song, “The Valley lay smiling before me,” written for the Irish melody of *Cailín deas g-cruidadh na mbo*, or “The pretty Girl milking the Cow,” as above referred to.

Lastly, I would remark, that it appears to me in the highest degree probable that it is to this class of the ancient Irish or Gaelic vocal melodies we should ascribe the origin of that class of our dance-tunes, in *nine-eight* time, popularly known in Munster by the name of “Hop jigs.” Such dance-tunes,—as I have already stated in a preceding notice at page 19,—are certainly very peculiar to Ireland; though I have found an interesting specimen of a dance-tune, very similar in construction, in the Introduction to Wood's recent valuable work, “The Dance Music of Scotland,” where it is given, amongst the examples of the old dance-tunes of continental countries, as a “Song for dancing; of Sarlat, in the ancient province of Perigord, now in the Department of Dordogne, in the south-west of France.” It is written in *three-four* time; and as an interesting illustration of the preceding remarks, I have taken the liberty of inserting it here.



cá raóais anois a cáilín bíg.

Where have you been, my little Girl?

THE very spirited and characteristic air which follows was given to me by Mr. P. Joyce, who learnt it in his native county of Limerick, where it is still a popular favourite. It is

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now usually sung to an Irish song, supposed—but erroneously, as Mr. Curry believes—to have been written for it by the clever, but licentious Limerick poet of the middle of the last century, named Andrew Magrath, or, as he is better known, by the cognomen derived from his calling, the *Mangaire Sugach*, or Jolly Merchant or Pedlar. As a whole, this song is unfit for publication, but its first stanza may be given as an example of the rhythmical construction suited to the melody.

Cá raóais anois a cáilín bíg?  
 A bábairt ma maóair liomra:  
 'Bíor amúid 'gan-oíde 'ríoc,  
 A páirpe ma raeb beag aóruir.  
 Sing Tow-row-row, &c.

Where have you been, my little girl?  
 My mother of me questioned:  
 I was abroad this freezing night,  
 Watching my bit of spinning.  
 Sing Tow-row-row, &c.

$\text{f}$  = *Pend. 7 inches.*

*Allegro con spirito.*

*Chorus.*

*dim.*

*f*

## The Wunt.

THE following dance-tune,—which is, or rather was, a very popular one in Munster, and for which I am indebted to Mr. Patrick Joyce,—belongs to the class of dance-tunes commonly known by the term “set dances.” Such tunes may have a general character in common with those of any of the other classes of dance-tunes, as the double jig, reel, or hornpipe, but are usually distinguished by some inequality in the length of their parts, or some other irregularity of structure, which necessarily requires a particular dance to be appropriated to each of them, and which is never danced to any other tune. Thus, as will be seen in the present tune,—which has essentially the hornpipe character,—while the first part presents the usual number of eight measures, the second has the unusual number of twelve. And hence the dance for such a tune was called a “set” for it, or “the set” of it. Set dances—as Mr. Joyce informs me—were generally, but not always, danced by one person.

*p* = *Pend.* 6 inches.

*Allegro. mf*

*cres.*

*p* *f*

*p* *pp*

## The Pipe on the Wh.

THE following dance-tune is one of the most popular of the old Munster jigs; but, unfortunately, its Irish name has been forgotten by Mr. Joyce, to whom I am indebted for the setting of it, and I have been hitherto unsuccessful in my efforts to ascertain it. The name above given is that by which it is now generally known in the county of Limerick.

♩. = *Pend.* 10 inches.

The musical score is written for a piano and consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked *Allegro*. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

**System 1:** The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The tempo is marked *Allegro*. The first measure of the first staff has a dynamic marking of *f* and an accent (>). The first measure of the second staff has a dynamic marking of *f*.

**System 2:** The first staff continues the melody. The second staff has a dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) in the third measure.

**System 3:** The first staff continues the melody. The second staff has a dynamic marking of *f* in the first measure, *dim.* (diminuendo) in the fourth measure, and *p* (piano) in the sixth measure.

DO CUIRFINN-SI PÉIN MO LEANAÐ A COOLAÐ      I would put my own Child to Sleep.

I HAVE already, at page 73, and at page 117, in connexion with two ancient Lullaby airs, directed attention to the striking affinity observable between them and the Eastern melodies of the same class; and I would apply the remarks then made to the beautiful nurse-tune which I am now about to present, and which, I think, bears equally the stamp of a remote antiquity. I would, moreover, add, that such affinity with Eastern melody is not confined to the nurse-tunes of Ireland, but that it will be no less found in the ancient funeral *caoinés*, as well as in the ploughman's tunes, and other airs of occupation—airs simple indeed in construction, but always touching in expression;—and I cannot but consider it

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as an evidence of the early antiquity of such melodies in Ireland, and as an ethnological fact of much historic interest, not hitherto sufficiently attended to.

♩ = *Pend.* 20 inches.

*Allegro moderato.*

*p* *pp*

*cres.* *p* *pp*

*p* *cres.*

*dim.* *p* *pp*

The nurse-tune now given, like the first of those already printed, was obtained from the county of Limerick. It was noted last year, by Mr. Joyce, from the singing of a woman named Cudmore, now living at Glenasheen, in the parish of Ardpatrik. From this woman he also obtained the first of the following Irish stanzas now sung to the melody: the second he got from a man named John Dinan in the same locality; and the third and fourth were given to me by Mr. Curry, who, in his youth, had been familiar with the whole song, as sung in the county of Clare, but now distinctly remembers only those portions of it. I should observe, however, that the first and second stanzas, according to his recollection of them, differed a good deal from the version above given.

Do éurpinn-rí féin mo leanab a doblað,  
 'Snaí mar do éurpeab mna na m-bobaé,  
 Fá fáirín buíde ná a m-bractín boppaig,  
 Aét a g-claibín óir ip an faot bá bozaú.  
 Seo h-in reó, h-uil leó leó,  
 Seo h-in reó, ar tú mo leanab;  
 Seo h-in reó, h-uil leó leó,  
 Seo h-in reó, 'rarp tú mo leanab.

Do éurpinn-rí féin mo leanab a doblað,  
 La bpeáí gpeime uir bá noóluig,  
 A g-claibín óir ar úrlár focair,  
 Paor bairra na g-cpaob ip an faot bá bozaú.  
 Seo h-in reó, h-uil leó leó, 7c.

Cobail a leimé 'rgur ba coblaó plán buir,  
 Ip ar do doblaó go b-cuair do fláinte.  
 Náir buailé creigib ná gpeim an báir tú,  
 Galap na leanaó ná'n bolgaé gpaónna.  
 Seo h-in reó, h-uil leó leó, 7c.

Cobail a leimé 'rgur ba coblaó plán buir  
 Ip ar do doblaó go b-cuair do fláinte;  
 Ar do pmaointe do époiré náir épaíócean  
 Ip náir ba bean gan mac do máéair  
 Seo h-in reó, h-uil leó leó, 7c

I would put my own child to sleep,  
 And not the same as the wives of the clowns do,  
 Under a yellow blanket and a sheet of tow,  
 But in a cradle of gold, rocked by the wind.  
 Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,  
 Sho-heen sho, you are my child;  
 Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo,  
 Sho-heen sho, and you are my child.

I would put my own child to sleep,  
 On a fine sunny day between two Christmases,  
 In a cradle of gold on a level floor,  
 Under the tops of boughs, and rocked by the wind.  
 Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,  
 And out of your sleep may you rise in health;  
 May neither cholic nor death-stitch strike you,  
 The infant's disease, or the ugly small-pox.  
 Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

Sleep, my child, and be it the sleep of safety,  
 And out of your sleep may you rise in health;  
 From painful dreams may your heart be free,  
 And may your mother be not a sonless woman.  
 Sho-heen sho, hoo lo lo, &c.

In reference to the above and other Lullaby songs, still preserved in the county of Limerick, Mr. Joyce makes the following remark:—"These songs, so far as I could learn from a pretty extensive inquiry, were many of them very similar in ideas, expression, and general character. The child was generally soothed to sleep with the promise of a golden cradle—*claibín óir*—rocked by the wind on a fine sunny day, under the shade of trees—a combination of circumstances in perfect keeping with the poetical character of the Irish peasantry. The verses were always followed by the burden '*Sho-heen sho*,' &c.; and, when sung by a good voice, the whole melody and song must have had a powerfully soothing effect."

an bean óg uasal.

*The young Lady.*

AMONGST the numerous airs already given in this volume of that peculiar class to which I have applied the term "narrative," there is not one that appears to me to be more strongly impressed with an Irish character and tender feeling than the air I have here to present to the public. Though hitherto unpublished in any form, and, indeed, apparently unnoticed by the collectors of our music, it is still a well-known and greatly admired melody in, at least, the counties of Clare and Limerick, to either of which I have little doubt its origin should be ascribed; for of three settings of the air now, through the kindness of Mr. Patrick Joyce, in my possession, two were noted by that gentleman, and the third copied by him from an old MS. book of music, in the last-named county. Amongst these settings I have found the usual want of a perfect agreement; but as the differences which they present are unimportant, I have not felt it necessary to print more than the one which appeared to me to be the most authentic, and which, I think, will very truly preserve this interesting melody. This version of the air was learned by Mr. Joyce from the singing of his father.

♩ = *Pend.* 10 inches.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *cres.* (crescendo). The notation includes various note values, rests, and slurs.

Of the words *now* sung to this air in the Munster counties, Mr. Joyce has also given me a copy, as taken down by himself; but it presents such an incongruous piece of patchwork, half Irish, half English, collected, apparently, from recollections of various songs, that of the Irish portion a single stanza is as much as I can venture to select from it. This stanza, as Mr. Curry acquaints me, belongs to the old Irish song which has given name to the melody, and which, though now rendered worthless by corruptions, was originally one of no ordinary interest and merit.

'Bí bean óg uapal,  
Seal bá luad liom,  
'Soo éur pí ruar dam,  
Céio páraoir zér;  
Ír bo zúbar le reuairé  
A m-bailéib muara,  
'Sgúir éim pí cuaz éiom,  
Ar lár an t-raozail.  
Óa b-paizainn-pi a cenn púo  
Pé lia 'ían ceampull,  
'Sgo mbeinn apír peal  
Ar m'áobbar péin,  
Do írúbalpáinn gleannra  
'Gúir beanna peashar énoe  
Go b-paizainn mo fean-feapoe  
Apír éom' péir.

There was a young gentlewoman  
And I, once *talked* of;  
But she rejected me,  
To my sharp grief;  
And I then took up with  
A city *dasher*,  
Who made a jackdaw of me  
Before the world.  
But could I get her head  
Beneath the gravestone,  
And that I once more  
Were my own free self,  
I would traverse valleys  
And rough-topped mountains  
To seek again more favour  
From my old true love.

Amongst the doggrel English verses sung to this air, as taken down by Mr. Joyce, there is a stanza which I am tempted to quote as an amusing example of the characteristic expression of tender sentiment, mixed with discordant levity and incongruity of thought, which are so often found in the ordinary Irish peasant love-songs, composed in the English language. Such incongruity, however, should, at least to some extent, be ascribed to the corruptions incident to verses having only a decaying traditional existence amongst a class of people still almost illiterate.

“Kilkenny town it is well supported,  
Where marble stones are as black as ink ;  
With gold and silver I will support you,—  
I'll sing no more till I get some drink !  
I'm always drinking, and seldom sober ;  
I'm constant roving from town to town :  
Oh, when I'm dead, and my days are over,  
Come, Molly astoreen, and lay me down.”

It seems sufficiently apparent that the above stanza was not composed in one of those intervals of sobriety which the writer confesses to have been with him of rather rare occurrence.

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a cúl álainn deas.

O thou of the beautiful hair.

SEPARATED from the preceding melody, the fine and truly Irish air which I have now to place before the musical reader would probably be considered as a perfectly original one. But, when brought, for the purpose of comparison, under immediate view with the former,—though differing from it in time, rhythm, and even, to some extent, expression of sentiment,—its derivative affinity will, I think, be at once perceptible, and will place it amongst the numerous airs so formed which are to be found in all parts of Ireland. And though this acknowledgment of the existence of so many derivative airs may diminish, to some extent, the number of the absolutely original melodies which might otherwise be claimed for Ireland, it should not, I think, be considered as derogatory to the musical genius of its people; for such derivative airs exhibit the singular facility which the Irish possessed in the adaptation of their favourite melodies to new songs of a form and character different from the older ones, and which enabled them to change the construction and sentiment of those airs without destroying, or often even diminishing, their beauty.

This melody, together with the annexed stanza of the Irish song sung to it, was noted by Mr. Joyce in the summer of the present year—1854—from the singing of Joseph Martin, a peasant of the parish of Ardpatrick, in the county of Limerick.

A cúl álainn deas,  
Na rúl élaon glar,  
'Sé mo éiríad 'rmo éreab  
Naé péirir  
Uom eáilós leat  
Tar rúl amaé,  
Nó reabab ag triall  
Pá pléiréab:

O thou of the beautiful hair,  
And of the glancing blue eyes,  
It is my grief and loss  
That I cannot  
Elope with thee  
Out over the sea,  
Or, for a time, to traverse  
The mountains:

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'Tá mo éiríad ód fíad,  
Mar do ríntíreab gao,  
Uo éionn reapaíam leat,  
Ar aon éor;  
'S go b-paíab bór gan reab,  
Mará bteóir lom reab,  
Coir abann na m-bpeac  
A t'aonar.

My heart is being robbed,  
As a gad would be twisted,  
For parting thee,  
On any account;  
And I'll die without delay,  
If thou wilt not come with me,  
By the trout-river's bank  
Alone.

♩ = *Pend.* 14 inches.

*Allegro con spirito.*

A Munster Sig—Name unascertained.

THE following old Munster jig was set by Mr. P. Joyce in 1852, from the whistling of Michael Dineen, a farmer at Coolfree, in the parish of Ardpatrik, and county of Limerick: and it had been learnt in his youth by Dineen, from the playing of James Sheedy, a celebrated Munster piper, who died, a very old man, more than thirty years ago. It is, as I conceive, a tune very strongly marked with a true old Irish character; and though, probably, it is only known now as a dance-tune, its emphatic gravity of sentiment, as well as its peculiar rhythmical accentuation, incline me very much to believe that, like many of our finest dance-tunes, it had a march origin. I regret to add that Mr. Joyce was unable to ascertain its name. As will be perceived, this air belongs to that class of dance-tunes commonly known as single jigs, and of which I have given a description at page 64 of the present volume.

♩. = Pend. 10 inches.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' with a pendulum icon. The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (f, p, cresc., dim.), articulation (accents, slurs), and repeat signs. The first system begins with a treble staff containing eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment. The second system continues the melody with a repeat sign. The third system features a crescendo and a change in the bass line. The fourth system concludes with a decrescendo and a final flourish.

*The Winter it is past; or, The Curragh of Bildare.*

THE following is one of the many airs noted in my young days from the singing of a near connexion of my own, and which, as I have already stated, had been learned in that lady's childhood from the singing of Betty Skillin. Other settings of the melody have been given to me in subsequent years, including one recently noted for me by Mr. Joyce, from the singing of Kate Cudmore, a peasant of Glenroe, in the parish of Ardpatrik, county of Limerick. The settings of the air thus procured from different sources have not, as usual amongst melodies only preserved by tradition, a perfect agreement; but they present no difference of sufficient importance to make the publication desirable of any other setting than the one originally noted, and which I consider as the most genuine.

*♩ = Pend. 14 inches.*

With that first setting of the tune, I also obtained from the same lady three stanzas—which were all she could remember—of the old Anglo-Irish song which had been sung, and had given name, to the melody: and Mr. Joyce has favoured me with a copy—very corrupt, indeed—of the whole song, as taken down by himself from the peasant, Kate Cudmore.

I have been thus circumstantial in the statement of these facts; because I have found that this song has been more than once published in Scotland as a Scottish one, in connexion with a melody undoubtedly of Scottish origin, but, as I think, of no great antiquity,

and most probably a composition of Oswald's, in whose "Caledonian Pocket Companion" it first appeared.

This Scottish claim to a song which I had for a long period undoubtingly believed to be Irish, first became known to me on finding the first and second stanzas of it given as a fragment in "Cromek's Relics of Robert Burns;" those stanzas having been found in the poet's handwriting after his death. But, though Burns appears to have given a few touches of his own to those stanzas, it was clearly an error to ascribe to him their authorship; for those two stanzas, together with two others, given as the complete copy of the song, had been previously printed in the first edition of Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum, vol. ii. Edinburgh: 1787;" and this copy of the song only differs in a few words from a stall edition of it, printed in Mr. Stenhouse's notes on the songs in the Museum. There is, therefore, sufficient evidence to show that this song, or at least so much of it, was known in Scotland during the latter part of the last century; and it is in the highest degree probable that it was known as early as 1750, about which time the Scottish air to which it has been united, and which, in my opinion, was obviously composed for it, first appeared in Oswald's "Pocket Companion," as already alluded to, under the name of "The Winter it is past."

The Scottish claim to this song, as well as to the tune to which it is sung, might, therefore, appear to be incontrovertible. But the same song, united to a melody unquestionably Irish, has been equally, if not better, known in Ireland, and for an equal, if not a much longer, period: and it appears to me, that of the claims of the two countries to this song, the Irish one is decidedly the stronger; for—without attaching much weight to the fact that the Scotch have been more in the habit of appropriating the music and poetry of Ireland than the Irish have been of taking such friendly liberties with theirs—the song, as sung in various parts of Ireland for more than a century, contains stanzas which, if not somewhat unreasonably assumed to be interpolations, very clearly establish it as of Irish origin. As evidence of this fact, I here place before the reader the Scottish form of the song as given by Johnson, as well as the Irish traditional form of it, which, in some parts, is unfortunately rather imperfectly remembered. The Scottish form runs thus:—

The winter it is past,  
And the summer's come at last,  
And the small birds sing on every tree;  
The hearts of these are glad,  
But mine is very sad,  
For my lover has parted from me.

The rose upon the brier,  
By the waters running clear,  
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;  
Their little loves are blest,  
And their little hearts at rest,  
But my lover is parted from me.

My love is like the sun,  
In the firmament does run,  
For ever is constant and true;  
But his is like the moon,  
That wanders up and down,  
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love,  
And cannot it remove,  
I pity the pains you endure;  
For experience makes me know  
That your hearts are full of woe,—  
A woe that no mortal can cure.

The following is the Irish version of this ballad, as taken down from the singing of Kate Cudmore; but it is slightly corrected in three of the stanzas, as learned, about

the year 1780, from Betty Skillin, by whom the latter half of each stanza, with its corresponding music, was sung twice:—

The winter it is past,  
And the summer's come at last,  
And the blackbirds sing on every tree;  
The hearts of these are glad,  
But mine is very sad,  
Since my true love is absent from me.

The rose upon the brier,  
By the water running clear,  
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee;  
Their little hearts are blest,  
But mine is not at rest,  
While my true love is absent from me.

A livery I'll wear,  
And I'll comb down my hair,  
And in velvet so green I'll appear;  
And straight I will repair  
To the Curragh of Kildare,  
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

I'll wear a cap of black,  
With a frill around my neck;  
Gold rings on my fingers I'll wear;  
It is this I'll undertake  
For my true lover's sake;  
He resides at the Curragh of Kildare.

I would not think it strange  
Thus the world for to range,  
If I only got tidings of my dear;  
But here in Cupid's chain,  
If I'm bound to remain,  
I would spend my whole life in despair.

My love is like the sun,  
That in the firmament does run,  
And always proves constant and true;  
But his is like the moon,  
That wanders up and down,  
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love,  
And cannot it remove,  
I pity the pains you endure;  
For experience lets me know  
That your hearts are full of woe,  
And a woe that no mortal can cure.

Having thus placed before my readers the Scottish and Irish versions of this ballad, I shall leave it to them to determine the relative claims of the two countries to its parentage; contenting myself with the remark, that if the stanzas in the latter which appear to give it a decidedly Irish origin should be considered as interpolations, they are at least interpolations of a date far anterior to the appearance of any of the Scottish versions hitherto published; and I cannot help thinking that any such assumption, as to interpolation, is by no means probable, and is, as far as I am aware, wholly unsustained by any examples of such a procedure as yet discovered in Ireland.

DING DONG DIDIUM, buail seo, séid seo.

*The Smith's Song.*

I HAD for many a year felt a strong desire to obtain a correct setting of the following air, —which is popularly known in the southern counties of Ireland as “The Smith's Song,”—from a supposition that it was one of those tunes connected with songs of occupation which form so interesting a class of our melodies; but it was not till lately that I became pos-

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essed of a setting that appeared to me sufficiently accurate to be worthy of preservation. This setting was noted for me by Mr. Joyce, in 1853, from the singing of Mary Hackett, a peasant woman of the parish of Ardpatrick, in the county of Limerick.

*p* = *Pend.* 10 inches.

*Allegro.*

*f*

*p* *cres.*

*p*

*f* *p*

I find, however, that I was in error in supposing that “The Smith's Song” was one appropriated to the occupation of this most ancient and useful trade, which is one of too noisy a nature to permit, conveniently, the habitual indulgence of song as a lightener of toil. The smith may love music; but, while at his work, he can but occasionally administer to that love. “The Smith's Song” has, however, very evidently been suggested—like Handel's “Harmonious Blacksmith”—by the measured time and varied tones of his hammers striking upon the anvil; and its melody is therefore, in my mind, one of much interest as an ancient example of imitative music. Nor is it, perhaps, less worthy of remark, that it is to this amusing imitative characteristic that it most probably owes—despite of the somewhat unfit words connected with it—its general adoption by the Munster women as a nur-

sery song to amuse a cross or crying infant; for such has been the fact, as Mr. Curry states in the following interesting notice, with which he has favoured me, of this old melody and the songs which, in his youth, he had heard sung to it:—

“The song and tune of ‘*Ding dong didilium, Buail seo, seid seo,*’ must be one of great antiquity. I scarcely ever heard it sung but to pacify a crying or *cross* infant; and then the woman sang it with a slow swinging motion of her body backwards and forwards, and to either side, with the child in her arms, with no intention, however, to put it to sleep. Sometimes there was no swing of the body; but then the foot went down on the heel and toe alternately, but in such a measure of time as resembled, in some way, the striking of the iron on the smith’s anvil, where he himself gave two blows with his *lamh-ord*, or hand-hammer, for every one blow that the sledge gave with his *ord mor*, or big sledge. The following is the old song which I have most commonly heard sung to it, and of which my recollection has been recently revived and aided from hearing it sung by the poor blind Limerick woman, Mary Madden.

“Ding dong didilium,  
buail seo, seid seo;  
Ding dong didilium,  
buail seo, seid seo;  
Ding dong didilium,  
buail seo, seid seo;  
‘Oiméig mo bean  
Leip an tairidh aérad.  
Ní maí a éim péin  
Tuag na coppán;  
Ní maí a éim péin  
Rathán ná pleagán,  
Ó oiméig uam  
Mo puaire mná,  
Le gaige epuaig,  
Gan buair gan pporán.  
Ding dong didilium, &c.

Ding dong didilium,  
Strike this, blow this;  
Ding dong didilium,  
Strike this, blow this;  
Ding dong didilium,  
Strike this, blow this;  
My wife has gone  
With the *airy* tailor.  
Not well can I see  
A hatchet or reaping-hook;  
Not well can I see  
A spade or a sleaghan [a turf-spade],  
Since from me hath gone  
My stately wife,  
With a miserable *gag*,  
Without cattle or purse.  
Ding dong didilium, &c.

“Ding dong didilium,  
buail seo, seid seo;  
Ding dong didilium,  
buail seo, seid seo;  
Ding dong didilium,  
buail seo, seid seo;  
‘Oiméig mo bean  
Leip an tairidh aérad.  
A bean úo díor  
An bpollaig gléigil,  
‘D’pearr buic pillead  
Ír na builg do jéve,  
Ná do gaba maí péin  
Gó bpáé a épsigenn,  
Ír epiall pír an tairidh  
Ar puair na h-Éipenn.  
Ding dong didilium, &c.

Ding dong didilium,  
Strike this, blow this;  
Ding dong didilium,  
Strike this, blow this;  
Ding dong didilium,  
Strike this, blow this;  
My wife has gone  
With the *airy* tailor.  
Thou stray-going woman  
With the snow-white bosom,  
It were better for you return  
And blow the bellows,  
Than your own good smith  
For ever to abandon,  
And be off with the tailor  
All over Erinn.  
Ding dong didilium, &c.

"Ding dong dibilium,  
 buail peo, réio peo;  
 Ding dong dibilium,  
 buail peo, réio peo;  
 Ding dong dibilium,  
 buail peo, réio peo;  
 'Oiméig mo bean  
 Leir an tairiúr aéra.  
 Ca b-puil mo buacall ?  
 buail peo, réio peo,  
 Ca b-puil mo neart,  
 Ip rnar mo céirpe?  
 Ca b-puil mo padap?  
 Cé'n adape ar m'éaban  
 Ó b'éalaig mo bean  
 Leir an tairiúr aéra.  
 Ding dong dibilium,  
 buail peo, réio peo;  
 Ding dong dibilium,  
 buail peo, réio peo;  
 'Oiméig mo bean  
 Leir an tairiúr aéra;  
 'Ip ní éabappa mo éopa me  
 Ap pobap pad céioe.

Ding dong didilium,  
 Strike this, blow this;  
 Ding dong didilium,  
 Strike this, blow this;  
 Ding dong didilium,  
 Strike this, blow this;  
 My wife has gone  
 With the *airy* tailor.  
 Where is my apprentice?  
 Strike this, blow this;  
 Where is my strength,  
 And the perfection of my trade?  
 Where is my sight?  
 The horn is on my brow  
 Since my wife has eloped  
 With the *airy* tailor.  
 Ding dong didilium,  
 Strike this, blow this;  
 Ding dong didilium,  
 Strike this, blow this;  
 My wife has gone off  
 With the *airy* tailor;  
 And my legs would not carry me  
 Trotting a rope's length.

"It may be objected that the words *ding dong*, in the burden of this song, are modern; but such is not the fact; for where the 'Annals of the Four Masters' record, at the year 1015, the death of Mac Liag, poet and secretary to Brian Boru, they also record the following verse, which it would appear was the last verse the poet composed while on his death-bed, and which contains the very words in question.

"A éluic atá i mbó m'adair,  
 Dóe fup ní teccat capait;  
 Dé do ní tú do ding, dang,  
 Ip víc pcentep an palann.

O bell, which art at my pillow's head,  
 To visit thee no friends come;  
 Though thou makest thy 'ding dang,'  
 It is by thee the salt is measured.

"I have also heard the following verse sung to the same melody, at a rude play which was carried on in the winter evenings, both by men and boys. A man sat in a chair, and another man, or boy, came and laid his head in the seated man's lap, face downwards, and his hand, palm opened and turned up, across his own back. The individuals around were then named after the various implements in a smith's forge. The man in the chair sang this verse, and at the end of it one of the bystanders gave the palm of the hand on the back a slap with his own palm, as hard as he himself could bear. The man in the chair then asked the stricken man who it was that struck him. He answered, 'Big Sledge,' 'Hand-sledge,' 'Hammer,' or whatever else he pleased; and the striking continued—often by the same person—until the guesser named the right person at last. Then the striker knelt down, and went through the same course; and so on all round.

"buail peo, 'Sedam Gobha,  
 Íreal ip éadrom;  
 buaileam go léir é,  
 Cip na céile:

Strike this, Shane Gobha,  
 Lowly and lightly;  
 Let us all strike it  
 Through each other:

2 Y

buaileam apís é,  
 Ip buaileam le céile;  
 'S buailimb cuapb air,  
 Go luat ip go h-éaragá.

Let us strike it again,  
 And let us strike together;  
 And let us strike all round,  
 Both quickly and smartly."

To these remarks of Mr. Curry I have only to add, that a melody called "The Smith's Song" was sung by the late Mr. Horncastle, at his excellent Irish musical entertainments; but as he has not given it a place in the published collection of airs so sung, I am unable to speak with any certainty as to its identity with the air here printed. I well remember, however, that it was a tune of perfectly similar construction and rhythmical accent, and have but little doubt that it was at least a version of this melody.

*The Nobleman's Wedding.*

THE following simple ballad air, independently of any intrinsic merit it may be thought to possess, has interested me, as I have no doubt it will, also, the majority of my readers, from having been a favourite with the late J. Philpot Curran, partly, no doubt, from his admiration of the ballad words connected with it. The setting of the melody, as sung by Mr. Curran, was kindly communicated to me by his son, Mr. Wm. H. Curran, together with the facts connected with it, as above stated. But, unfortunately, the latter gentleman can only now remember, and that but imperfectly, one stanza of the ballad, the fifth, according to the version which I shall presently lay before the reader. Subsequently, however, I became possessed, from other sources, of three copies of the ballad, and three other settings of the melody, all—as usual in such cases of tunes and words preserved only traditionally—differing widely from each other. Of these, both tune and words, the first were obtained from Mr. Joyce, by whom they were taken down from the singing of his brother, Mr. Michael Joyce, of Glenasheen, in the county of Limerick; the second from my own daughters, who had learnt them, in their childhood, from a nursery-maid, at that period belonging to my family; and the third from Mary Madden, the poor blind Limerick woman of whom I have so often had occasion to make mention. Of the settings of the melody—being indisposed to express any opinion as to which should be considered the most authentic form of versions so different from each other—I have considered it proper to give the three settings which follow, namely, Mr. Curran's, my daughters', and Mr. Joyce's. With respect, however, to the equally differing copies of the ballad, they are all so rude and imperfect as to be unworthy of publication. But, instead of them, I give insertion to a version of the ballad composed by my friend William Allingham, from these various imperfect

versions, with as much fidelity to their general meaning and simplicity of language as was consistent with a due attention to more correct rhythm and metre.

I once was a guest at a Nobleman's wedding ;  
Fair was the Bride, but she scarce had been kind ;  
And now, in our mirth, she had tears nigh the shedding ;  
Her former true lover still runs in her mind.

Clothed like a minstrel, her former true lover  
Has taken his harp up, and tuned all the strings ;  
There, among strangers, his grief to discover,  
A fair maiden's falsehood he bitterly sings.

" Oh! here is the token of gold that was broken ;  
Through seven long years it was kept for your sake ;  
You gave it to me as a true-lover's token ;  
No longer I'll wear it, asleep or awake."

She sat in her place at the head of the table ;  
The words of his ditty she marked them right well ;  
To sit any longer this Bride was not able,  
So down at the feet of the Bridegroom she fell.

" Oh! one, one request, my lord—one, and no other—  
Oh! this one request will you grant it to me?  
To lie for this night in the arms of my mother,  
And ever, ever after to lie with thee."

Her one, one request it was granted her fairly ;  
Pale were her cheeks as she went up to bed ;  
And the very next morning, early, early,  
They rose, and they found this young Bride was dead.

The bridegroom ran quickly ; he held her, he kiss'd her ;  
He spoke loud and low, and he hearken'd full fain ;  
He call'd on her waiting-maids round to assist her ;  
But nothing could bring the lost breath back again.

Oh! carry her softly, the grave is made ready ;  
At head and at foot plant a laurel-bush green ;  
For she was a young and a sweet noble lady ;  
The fairest young bride that I ever have seen.

With regard to the settings of the air which follow, I should not fail, perhaps, to remark upon the strongly marked discrepancies which they present, and to which I have already alluded, as furnishing an addition to the many heretofore given, of the changes to which airs only preserved by tradition are so frequently subjected. In these settings, as will be perceived, the strong features, or outlines, of the air only are preserved in common, and even these not perfectly, while their less essential colourings exhibit but little agreement.

♩ = Pend. 12 inches.

*Andante. mf*

*dim. cres.*

*pp*

♩ = Pend. 12 inches.

*Second Setting.*

*Andante.*

*f dim. cres. p*

♩ = Pend. 12 inches.

*Third Setting.*

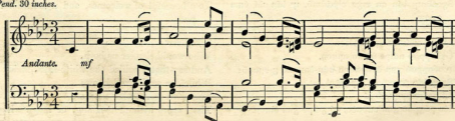
*Andante.*

*cres. f dim. p*

péarla an cúil éraobair.

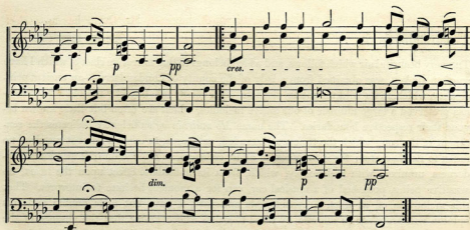
The Pearl of the Flowing Tresses.

It was not till after the preceding melody, with the song and notice connected with it, had been in the compositor's hands, and even corrected for press, that I discovered in my collection another and a finer melody, which, under the name above given, had been sung to the same Irish song: and as this air, having a second strain, or part, which the other wants, is much better adapted to that song, and is much more likely to be the tune to which it had been written, I have deemed it desirable to give it a place in immediate connexion with the former. The setting of this melody was given me by Mr. P. Joyce, who had learnt it from the singing of his father, at Glenasheen, in the county of Limerick; and its correctness has been verified by a notation of the air which I made myself from the singing of the poor blind woman, Mary Madden, from the same county.

♩ = *Poud.* 30 inches.

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## As a Sailor and a Soldier were walking one day.

IN the selection of the following air as a fitting close to this volume of the "Ancient Music of Ireland," I have been less influenced by the character of the melody—manly and flowing as it is—than by that of the Anglo-Irish ballad song which has been sung to it, and which is remarkable not only for an expression of loyalty very rarely found in such compositions, but also for the homely avowal of sentiments which—by a curious coincidence—will, at the present time, find a very general echo amongst all classes in the empire. This ballad song runs as follows:—

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As a sailor and a soldier were walking one day,  
Says the sailor to the soldier, "I'm just going to pray :  
I am just going to pray for the good of our Queen,  
And whatever, ever, I do pray for, you must answer—"Amen!"

"The first thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for our Queen,  
That she may live happy, and enjoy a long reign :  
And where she has one man, I wish she had ten ;  
We should never want to stand to arms, boys." Says the soldier—"Amen!"

"The next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for good cheer,  
That we all may live happy, and have plenty strong beer :  
And where we have one quart, I wish we had ten ;  
We should never want for plenty strong beer." Cries the soldier—"Amen!"

With respect to the time of the composition of this song,—from the references which it contains to the government of a Queen, I should, with but little hesitation, ascribe it to the reign of the last Queen, Anne: it could hardly, I think, be ascribed to an earlier age. And with respect to the age of the melody—which has rather an Anglo-Irish character—I should ascribe it, in its present form, to the same period. This melody, however, as I shall hereafter show, is but one of many existing modifications of an air far more ancient, and which is perfectly Irish in its construction and general character.

I have only to add that, for both air and words, I am indebted to Mr. Patrick Joyce, by whom they had been learnt, many years since, in his native county of Limerick.

♩ = *Pend.* 10 inches.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system is marked "Andante. mf". The second system has "cres." and "dim." markings. The third system has "f", "dim.", "p", and "pp" markings. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line in the bass clef. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.