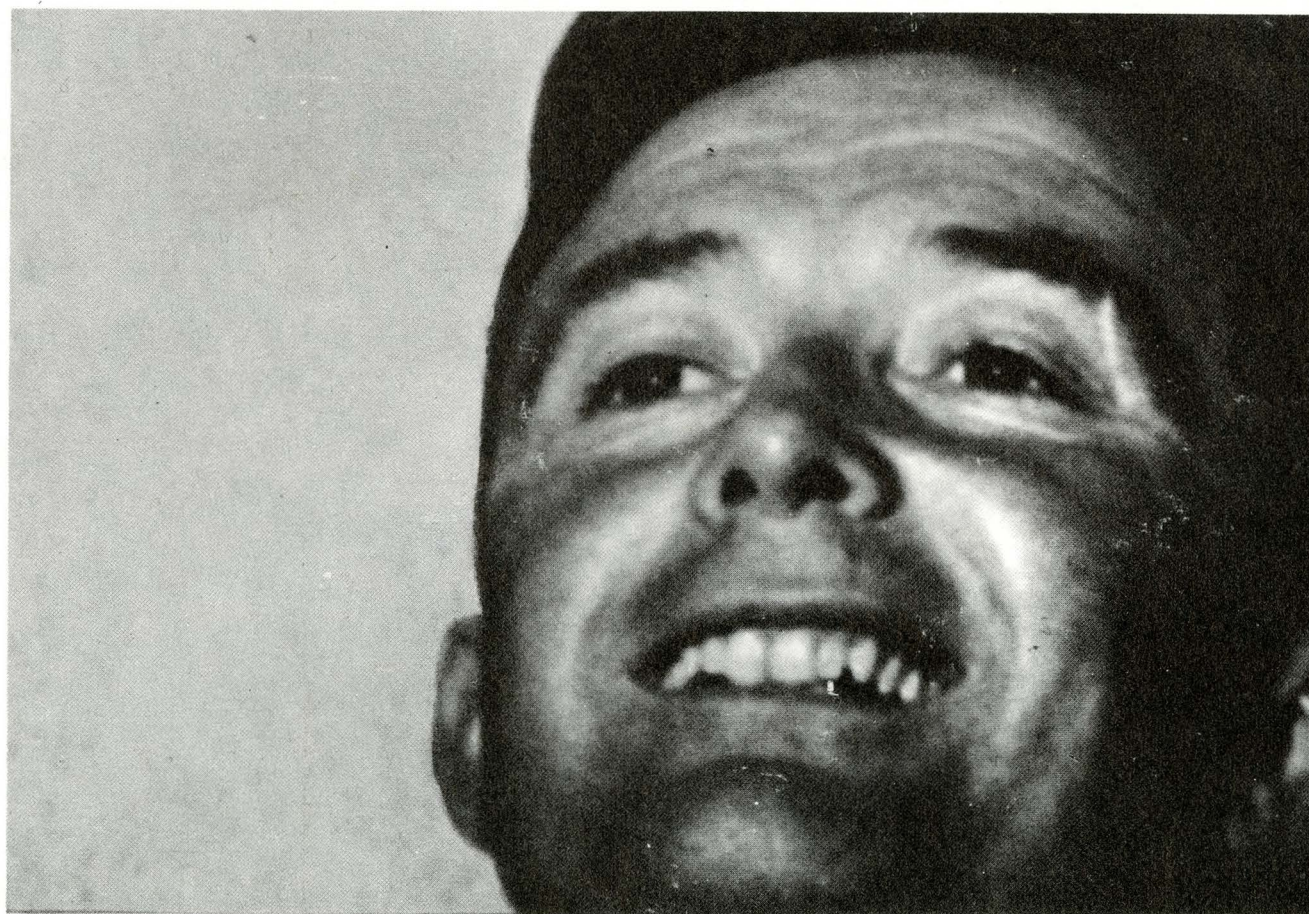


FSE-7

"The Man of Songs"

PADDY TUNNEY

of Letterkenny,
Donegal, Eire.



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC. SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069



"The Man of Songs"

PADDY TUNNEY

Recorded by Diane Hamilton

Notes by Miss Hamilton and Sean O Boyle

Produced by Sandy Paton

PADDY TUNNEY is, first and foremost, a great traditional singer. The eminent Irish folklorist, Sean O Boyle, says: *"Paddy's singing always reminds me of the expert playing of our best traditional fiddlers – runs, graces, stops, glides and all. It contains the essence of traditional Gaelic singing."*

Paddy started singing as a child. His mother was a fine singer who still has hundreds of wonderful songs. As Paddy grew up, he became increasingly interested in traditional songs and music. He has collected songs from all over Ireland to add to the wealth of songs in his own family tradition. A prize-winning lilter, he is often called upon to adjudicate singing at local festivals. He has performed for both Radio Eiranne and the BBC.

Side 1:

The Hills of Glenswilly
Moorlough Mary
Lough Erne Shore
Paddy Molloy
As I Roved Out
The Greenfields of Canada
The Buachall Roe

Side 2:

The Mountain Streams
Where the Moorcocks Crow
Drahaareen-O Mochree
What Put the Blood on Your
Right Shoulder, Son (Child 13)
Lilting
Roisin Dubh
Lovely Willie

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PADDY TUNNEY

"The Man of Songs"

Paddy Tunney was born of Irish parents in Glasgow, Scotland, on January 28, 1921 (the year the Black and Tan war was ended). When he was one month old, his parents returned with him to County Donegal, Ireland. Although Paddy's father is from Donegal and his mother is from Fermanagh, the boundaries of the two families' farms met at the border between the two counties. Paddy lived in Donegal until he was five years old, at which time the family moved back to the old farmstead in County Fermanagh. There on the farm, in a spotless, white-washed house with a thatched roof, among the fields and close to the peat bogs, he grew up hearing the music and the songs that had been in his family for generations. Paddy's own words tell of his family and its traditions:

"My mother, Mrs. Brigid Tunney, was a fine traditional singer. Though still alive, her voice is failing. She taught me to lilt and sing. Her maiden name was Gallagher, of Rusheen, Templecarron, Pettigo P. O., County Donegal. Her father, Michael Gallagher, was a fine singer and story teller. I remember him taking me on his knee and singing to me. Michael Gallagher was a tall, fair-haired man with a flowing red beard. He had a ruddy complexion and a proud, haughty bearing. He knew both Gaelic and English and had a fine repertoire of folk tales and classical ballads. He could make good 'potéen' (mountain dew) and knew all the journeymen, tinsmiths, tailors, cobblers, weavers, spinners, etc., who travelled around the country when he was a young man. He disliked small, dark men, unless they had the gift of song or poetry. Every year he went to the Station Island of Lough Derg (Diocese of Clogher), County Donegal, on pilgrimage, travelling barefoot all the way, as was the custom then. The memory of this poet-grandfather who died when I was four years old has haunted me for 37 years.

"My father, Patrick Tunney, is a quiet, tall, darkish man at 77. He knows when to speak and when to remain silent. His appearance now is statuesque and he has a quiet pride all his own. In his youth he was a good footballer and a beautiful reel dancer. Liling, fiddling and melodeon playing were then the only ways of making music."

Paddy went to school in Derryhollow, County Fermanagh, and later to the technical school in Ballyshannon, Donegal. His first job was as a forester, working for the Ministry of Agriculture in Northern Ireland. That was in 1941, the same year in which he became an active member of the Irish Republican Army. Paddy can tell many adventurous tales about this period of his life -- of giving extended order drill in dark fields at night and of teaching Irish history while sitting on a creel in a cold, deserted house, with only a candle for light. In June, 1942, he took on the job of road-roller flagman and, at the same

time, became a part of the counter-espionage force of the I.R.A. During the next year, he successfully transported 100 pounds weight of gelignite (a high explosive) sixty-four miles from County Caven to Fermanagh on a bicycle.

In 1943, while carrying 17 pounds of gelignite on a bus, with his bicycle strapped on top of the vehicle, he was stopped at the Beleek border. The gelignite was found, wrapped up in his overalls. Paddy immediately admitted responsibility for the gelignite and also claimed ownership of some "seditious documents" which were actually being carried by another man. He was arrested and removed to Derry Gaol. He was tried on May 1st in a Petty Sessions Court at Inniskillen and then put back in jail. Later that summer he was tried by an Orange Jury and found guilty of "possession of explosives with intent to endanger life or damage property". Paddy remained silent throughout the proceedings and was said by the court to be "mute of malice". He was sentenced to seven years penal servitude in H.M. Prison and was removed to the Belfast Gaol where he remained for four and one half years.

While he was in prison he worked in the bootshop, learned Irish (Gaelic) and wrote poetry. He participated in several hunger strikes, protesting against the treatment of political prisoners. For relaxation, he says, he watched the rats running about in the prison yard and exchanged jigs and reels with the other prisoners by tapping on the water pipes in the cells. One August 12th he heard the skirl of pipes as a band of pipers passed up the street outside the prison. Paddy says that this was the only time he ever welcomed the sound of Orangemen. Upon his release from prison he was sent to hospital and, from there, he went home to Fermanagh. After awhile he went to work as a health inspector in Dublin, taking his training at University College. Later he was transferred -- first to Donegal, then to Kerry, and finally to Letterkenny, Donegal, where he has remained.

In the Letterkenny Health Office, Paddy met the district nurse, Sheila Bradley, who was called, according to Paddy, "Omar" Bradley, due to her "rousing efficiency". After a romantic courtship in the Donegal hills (among the ancient battle sites and near the seat of the crowning of the Kings of Tyrconnel) they were married in 1950. They now have six children and live in a newly decorated house on the outskirts of Letterkenny.

Paddy's job as health inspector includes inspection of housing, meat and food in general, drugs, general hygiene and environmental hygiene. He covers a large area and recently helped give small-pox inoculations to sailors landing on the Donegal coast. He says that he especially enjoyed this task when it involved stopping a ship from Norway. He describes the sailors as they rowed ashore in an ancient type of high-bowed boat, dressed much as their famous ancestors must have been when, centuries ago, they constantly invaded Ireland. Paddy says, "I suppose this was the first time a Norse ship was ever prevented from landing on the Donegal coast!"

Paddy started singing songs as a child. His mother was a great singer who still has hundreds of fine songs. As Paddy grew up, he became increasingly interested in traditional songs and music. He has collected songs from all over Ireland to add to the wealth of songs in his own family tradition. A prize-winning lilter, he is often called upon to adjudicate singing at local festivals. He has sung for Radio Eiranne and for the BBC. Paddy may also be heard on the Tradition record entitled "The Lark in the Morning" and is one of the many singers included in the Caedmon series, "The Folksongs of Britain."

Diane Hamilton

NOTES ON THE SONGS

Side I, Band 1. THE HILLS OF GLENSWILLY

Ever since the beginning of the great trek to America which followed the Famine of 1847, songs of exile have been common in the repertory of Irish folksingers. For the most part, they speak of oppression at home and of hopes for a bright future in America. During the late years of the nineteenth century they were in great part replaced by spurious sentimental and nostalgic effusions emanating from outside Ireland, and these in turn have affected the output of local countryside poets.

"The Hills of Glenswilly" is not unaffected by this sentimentality. It was composed, according to Paddy Tunney, by Michael and Brigid McGinley, brother and sister, of Glenswilly, County Donegal. Michael McGinley actually did emigrate to New Zealand, but he returned to spend his last days in Ireland.

Attention pay, my country men,
And hear my native news;
Although my song is sorrowful,
I hope you'll me excuse.
I left my peaceful residence
A foreign land to see;
I bid adieu to Donegal,
Likewise to Glenswilly.

Brave stalwart men around me stood,
My comrades loyal and true,
And as I grasped each well-known hand
To bid my last adieu,
I said, "My native countrymen,
I hope we'll soon be free,
And we'll raise the green flag proudly o'er
The hills of Glenswilly.

No more among the sycamore
I'll hear the blackbird sing;
No more for me the blythe cuckoo
Will welcome back the spring;
No more I'll till your fertile fields,

On a foreign soil I mean to toil
Far, far from Glenswilly.

Adieu to you, dark Donegal,
My own dear native land;
In dreams I often see your hills
And towering mountains grand.
Alas, ten thousand miles now lies
Between my hills and me,
A poor, forlorn exile cast
Far, far from Glenswilly.

May peace and plenty reign supreme
Along Lough Swilly shore;
May discord never enter
Our Irish homes no more
And may the time soon come around
When I'll return to thee
And live as my forefathers lived
And die in Glenswilly.

Side I, Band 2. MOORLOUGH MARY

The girl celebrated in this song belonged to the mountainy district of Moarlough near Strabane, on the way from Derry to Donnemana. The words were written by the poet Devine of the same district. Local tradition has it that, though they never married, he remained in love with her until they both were very old.

The versification shows how, even in the nineteenth century in Tyrone, the unsophisticated poets of the countryside had the ring of Gaelic metrics in their ears. The internal and final assonantal rhymes are placed so as to correspond exactly with the natural stresses of the melodic line, which the poet used as a rhythmic pattern. "I always write my poems to the lie of a good tune" was how a country poet once explained the process to myself. In the following verse, the stressed assonances are underscored:

Now I'll away to my situation
My recreation is all in vain;
On the River Mourne where the salmon's sporting,
The rocks reporting my plaintive strain;
Where the thrush and blackbird do join harmonious,
Their notes melodious on the river brae,
And the little song-birds will join in chorus:
"O Moarlough Mary, won't you come away?"

Paddy's version of the song is one of the most melodious of

many. The song spread all over the north of Ireland on Ballad Sheets and was sung to various tunes. Different words and tunes are to be found in the following publications: Irish Street Ballads (Sign of the Three Candles, Fleet Street, Dublin, Ireland); Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society, Vol. II, No. 21 and Vol. IX, No. 15.

The very first time I met my Moorlough Mary
'Twas in the market of sweet Strabane.
Her killing glances were so engaging
The hearts of young men she did trepan.
Her killing glances bereft my senses
Of peace and comfort either night or day,
And in silent slumbers I start and murmur,
"O Moorlough Mary, won't you come away?"

Were I a man of great education
Or Erin's Isle at my own command,
I would lay my head on your snowy bosom,
In wedlock bands, love, we'd join our hands.
I would entertain you both night and morning,
With robes I'd deck you both night and day,
And with kisses sweet, love, I would embrace you;
O Moorlough Mary, won't you come away?

On Moorlough's banks, now, no more I'll wander
Where heifers graze on yon pleasant soil,
Where lambkins sporting, fair maids resorting,
The timorous hare and blue heather bell;
I would press my cheese while my wool's a-teasing,
My ewes I'd milk by the break of day,
While the whirring moorcock and lark allures me,
O Moorlough Mary, won't you come away?

Now I'll away to my situation,
My recreation is all in vain;
On the River Mourne where the salmon's sporting,
The rocks re-echoing my plaintive strain;
Where the thrush and blackbird do join harmonious,
Their notes melodious on the river brae,
And the little song-birds will join in chorus:
"O Moorlough Mary, won't you come away?"

Now it's fare you well, my own charming Mary,
Ten thousand times I bid you adieu;
While life remains in my glowing bosom
I'll never cease, love, to think on you.
Now I'll away to some lonely valley
With tears bewailing both night and day
In some silent arbor when none can hear me,
Since, Moorlough Mary, you won't come away.

Side I, Band 3. LOUGH ERNE SHORE

This song, in subject, manner and expression has all the atmosphere of the Gaelic AISLING or Vision Poem. In the classical

Aisling, the poet represents himself as wandering alone, either at twilight or, more usually, in the early morning, when suddenly there appears in his sight a most beautiful maiden (an speir-bhean; the woman from heaven). Her physical characteristics are stereotyped -- long curling ringleted golden hair, skin white as snow, cheeks rosy red, etc. The poet generally questions her as to her origin, suggesting that she is one of the goddesses of Greek, Roman or Irish mythology, but she usually identifies herself as one of the Sidhe (Fairy Host) or as some personification of Ireland. When she has delivered herself of some apocalyptic message, she disappears from the poet's sight. A complete description of this type of Gaelic poetry, with an account of its principal exponents can be read in "The Hidden Ireland" by Daniel Corkery (Dublin, 1941).

"Lough Erne Shore" contains many of these poetic conventions, and is quite possibly the work of one of Fermanagh's hedge-school masters. These hedge-school masters, proscribed by the law forbidding the education of the Irish, were well versed in Latin, Greek and Irish, but knew English only imperfectly. They often composed songs in English -- always to Irish airs -- in which they made free use of Latin and Greek mythology. Note the reference in this song to the Greek Sun-god, Phoebus.

To the best of my knowledge, this song has never been published in ballad-sheet or any other form. I first heard it from Paddy Tunney.

Mode: Lah, Pentatonic.

One morning as I went a-fowling
Bright Phoebus adorned the plain;
'Twas down by the banks of Lough Erne
I met with this wonderful dame;
Her voice was so sweet and so pleasing,
These beautiful notes she did sing;
The innocent fowl of the forest
Their love unto her they did bring.

It being the first time I met her,
My heart it did leap with surprise;
I thought that she could be no mortal,
But an angel who fell from the skies.
Her hair it resembled gold tresses,
Her skin was as white as the snow
And her cheeks were as red as the roses
That bloom around Lough Erne Shore.

When I found that my love was eloping,
These words unto her I did say:
"O take me to your habitation,
For cupid has led me astray
And had I the lamp of great Alladin,
His rings and his jewels that's more,
I would part with them all for to gain you
And live upon Lough Erne Shore.

Side I, Band 4. PADDY MOLLOY

This is a song linked with the Fenian Rising of 1867. Many of the Fenians learned their soldiering in America during the Civil War and then returned to Ireland to fight their own battle. Apropos of this I might mention a song, not here recorded, but used extensively in America to recruit Fenians for service at home. It is called "Will Ye Come to the Bower?" (the Bower being Ireland) and it is to be found in "Irish Street Ballads" (Sign of the Three Candles, Fleet Street, Dublin).

It's up to Dublin I did go, so very neat and trim;
A man came over to me and I looked right up at him.
"Oh," he says, "You're from Amerikay." Says I, "You're
right, my boy,
Still, old Ireland is my country and my name's wee Paddy Molloy."

A man came over to me and he shook me by the hand.
"What brought you from Amerikay; was it the Fenian plan?"
"Oh, the ship that brought me over and Fenians did agree,
From sweet Athlone to Blarney Stone, old Ireland will be free."

When I went over to New York some happy days I spent;
I sent money to old Ireland to help to pay the rent.
Now my mother's in her rocking chair, in care and trouble free,
And sings a good old Irish song with young Pat on her knee/

And when I met my Molly, sure I kissed her o'er and o'er;
Sure she couldn't laugh from crying as I gave her gold afore,
Saying, "Now you have these shiners small and won't you take
myself?"

And she smiled and whispered, "Yes, dear Pat,
I'm yours, but not for pelf."

Right fal looral looral laddie um, etc.

Side I, Band 5. AS I ROVED OUT

Some of the most charming of ordinary Irish love-songs are in the form of the pastourelle, which has been called the aristocratic progenitor of the "As I roved out one morning" type of ballad. An interesting account of the distribution of this type of ballad in Ireland has been given by Sean O Tuama in a symposium called "Seven Centuries of Irish Learning" (Stationery Office, Dublin, 1961). The song here sung has been equated, rightly or wrongly, with the English ballad "The False Bride" (BBC Recorded Programmes Library), but to me it seems rather to be a mixture of two or three themes taken over from Provencal folk poetry, and one really Irish theme -- that of land-hunger. Easily recognizable in the verses are (1) the love debate, (2) chanson de jeune fille, and (3) a folk-memory of amour courtois.

The air, which is one of the most elusive in all Irish folk-song and has never been published, is written in the Soh Mode.

As I roved out on a bright May morning
To view the meadows and flowers gay,
Whom should I spy but my own true lover
And she sat under yon willow tree.

I took off my hat and I did salute her,
I did salute her most courageously,
When she turned around and the tears fell from her,
Saying, "False young man, you have deluded me."

"A diamond ring, sure, I only gave you,
A diamond ring to wear on your right hand."
"But the vows you made, love, you went and broke them
And married the lassie that had the land."

"If I married the lassie that had the land, my love,
'Tis that I rue till the day I die;
Where misfortune falls, sure, no one can shun it;
I was blindfolded I'll ne'er deny."

Now at night when I go to my bed of slumber
The thoughts of my true love run in my mind;
When I turn around to embrace my darling,
Instead of gold, sure 'tis brass I find.

And I wish the Queen would call home her army
From the West Indies, America and Spain
And every man to his wedded woman
In hopes that you and I would meet again.

Side I, Band 6. THE GREEN FIELDS OF CANADA

This is a genuine Irish Exile song and is to be compared in
manner, style and sentiment with "The Hills of Glenswilly".

Farewell to the groves of Shillelagh and shamrock,
Farewell to the girls of old Ireland all 'round.
May their hearts be as merry as ever I would wish them
When far away on the ocean I'm bound.
My mother is old and my father quite feeble;
To leave their own country, it grieves their hearts sore.
O, the tears down their cheeks in great drops they are rolling
To think they must die upon a foreign shore.
But what matter to me where my bones may be buried,
If in peace and contentment I can spend my life.
O, the green fields of Canada a-daily are blooming;
There I'll find an end to my misery and strife.
Then it's pack up your sisters, consider no longer;
Ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay,
With no taxes or tithes to devour up your wages
When you're on the green fields of Amerikay.

The sheep run unsheared and the land's gone to rushes;
The handyman's gone and the winders of creels.
Away 'cross the ocean go journeymen tailors

And fiddlers that flaked out the old mountain reels.
 But I mind the time when old Ireland was flourishing;
 When lots of her tradesmen did work for good pay.
 But since our manufacturies have crossed the Atlantic,
 Till now we must follow to Amerikay.
 And it's now to conclude and to finish my ditty;
 If ever friendless Irishman chances my way,
 With the best in the house I will greet him and welcome,
 At home on the green fields of Amerikay.
 So, it's pack up your sisters, consider no longer;
 Ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay,
 With no taxes or tithes to devour up your wages
 When you're on the green fields of Amerikay.

Side I, Band 7. THE BUACHAILL (BUACHALL) ROE
 "The Red Haired Boy"

This song, like "Lough Erne Shore", belongs to County Fermanagh, Paddy Tunney's native place. The theme is of constant occurrence in Irish tradition -- the praise of the Irishman who has chosen outlawry rather than submission to oppression.

Come all you loyal heroes and listen unto me
 And I'll sing you a verse or two of my love's destiny;
 For the lad I loved so dearly from my arms was forced to go.
 Still I own I loved him dearly; he's my charming Buachaill Roe.

O the gentle thrush forsakes the brush
 And the blackbird hovers low
 With a cry of desolation that bewails my Buachaill Roe.
 O the gentle thrush forsakes the brush
 And the blackbird hovers low;
 Still I own I loved him dearly; he's my charming
 Buachaill Roe.

He was a youth undaunted, his age was twenty-three,
 And for to search this nation 'round, his equal ne'er you'd see;
 With two bright eyes and rosy cheeks, his skin was white as snow
 And I own I loved him dearly; he's my charming Buachaill Roe.

He was a youth undaunted, of courage and noble blood,
 And for the cause of Ireland on the battlefield he stood.
 He never once retreated, though his wounds were deep and sore,
 And I own I loved him dearly; he's my charming Buachaill Roe.

Erin now is clouded by a heavy mist of rain
 And so is Inniskillen where my true love doth remain.
 I'll build my true love's castle on the banks of Lough Erne Shore
 And we'll plant the woods with honors for my charming Buachaill Roe.

Side II, Band 1. THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS WHERE THE MOORCOCKS CROW

Paddy Tunney considers this song the gem of his whole repertoire. It originated in southern Scotland and has been collected in Fermanagh, Tyrone and North Antrim which faces the Scots coast. It is a love-debate

beginning with an early morning meeting in the Aisling manner. There is a striking resemblance between the beginning of this song and that of "Lough Erne Shore". Apparently, in Paddy Tunney's phrase, the twin arts of hunting and love-making go together in the mind of the folk-singer.

The melody is an outstanding one with a huge range of an octave-and-a-half, making great demands on the breathing and the stamina of the singer. It is Lah Mode, Hexatonic.

With my dog and gun through the blooming heather
To seek for pastime I took my way,
Where I espied a lovely fair one,
Her charms invited me awhile to stay.
I said, "My darling, you will find I love you;
Tell me your dwelling and your name also."
"Excuse my name and you'll find my dwelling near
The mountain streams where the moorcocks crow."

I said, "My darling, if you'll wed a rover,
My former raking I will leave aside.
Here is my hand and I pledge my honor;
If you prove constant, I'll make you my bride."
"If my parents knew that I loved a rover,
Great affliction I would undergo.
I'll stop at home for another season near
The mountain streams where the moorcocks crow."

"Then farewell, darling, for another season;
I hope we'll meet in yon woodland vale.
And when we meet we'll embrace each other;
I'll pay attention to your lovesick tale.
It's hand in hand we will join together
And I'll escort you to yon valleys low
Where the linnet sings her sweet notes so pleasing near
The mountain streams where the moorcocks crow."

Side II, Band 2. DRAHAAREEN-O MOCHREE (Dreathairin O mo chroi)
"My dear little brother"

This is an unusual and tender little song from Munster -- unusual in that it expresses the very human love of a man for his younger brother who has gone to fight for England in Spain. It was commonly sung in Munster to the air of "Jimmy, mo Mhile Stor" ("Jimmy, my Thousand Treasures") and was published on ballad sheets at the latter end of the nineteenth century by "Haly, Printer, Cork". The words are printed without music in Joyce's "Old Irish Folk Music and Song", p. 212. Paddy sings it to a most beautiful air learned from his mother and never published. The air is Doh Mode, Pentatonic.

The womb's turned to earth that gave birth to my brother and me
And likewise my father has gone to eternity;
Like babes in the forest, the poor orphan children are we,
Which makes me lament for my Drahaareen-O Mochree.

When we were young, sure we did each other adore;
This little green island, we wandered it o'er and o'er.
We worked at our trades and our money we spent it quite free
Which makes me lament for my Drahaareen-o Mochree.

He went to the wars to fight against England for France;
His army was first in the rare battle ranks to advance.
But when night cast its gloom o'er that gory and life-wasting
field,
Pale, bleeding and cold lay my Drahaareen-o Mochree.

Now I'm alone like the desolate bird of the night;
The world and its beauties no longer afford me delight.
A dark, narrow grave is the only sad refuge for me
Since I lost my heart's darling, my Drahaareen-o Mochree.

Side II, Band 3. WHAT PUT THE BLOOD ON YOUR RIGHT SHOULDER, SON?
(Child 13)

This famous Classical Ballad needs no introduction to students of American folk-song. "English Songs from the Southern Appalachians", Vol. I, (Oxford University Press) contains ten versions of words and music collected in North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee. In "Ballads Migrant in New England" (Flanders and Olney, New York) it is published as sung in New Hampshire.

Paddy's version comes from Wexford whence it was transported by a tinker group to the North of Ireland. The air exists in three printed versions: Chappell's "Popular Music of Olden Time", p. 522, there called "The Willow Tree"; in Wood's "Songs of Scotland", III, 84, 85; and in Joyce's "Old Irish Folk Music and Song", p. 189, where it is set to a song called "The Gardner's Son". The traditional version sung by Paddy is in the Re Mode.

Where have you been a' the whole afternoon?
Son, come tell it unto me.
I was fishing and fowling the whole day long
All through Mother's treachery,
All through Mother's treachery.

What brought the blood on your right shoulder, son?
Son, come tell it unto me.
'Twas the killing of a hare that I killed today,
That I killed most manfully,
That I killed most manfully.

The blood of the old hare it could never be so red;
Son, come tell it unto me.
'Twas the killing of a boy that I killed today,
That I killed most manfully,
That I killed most manfully.

What come between yourself and the boy?

Son, come tell it unto me.

It was mostly the cutting of a rod

That would never come a tree, tree,

That would never come a tree.

What are you going to do when your daddy finds you out?

Son, come tell it unto me.

I will put my foot on board of a ship

And sail to a foreign country,

And sail to a foreign country.

What are you going to do with your lovely young wife?

Son, come tell it unto me.

She can put her foot on board of a ship

And sail there after me,

And sail there after me.

What are you going to do with your two fine young babes?

Son, come tell it unto me.

I'll give one to my father and the other to my mother

For to bear them company,

For to bear them company.

What are you going to do with your two fine race-horses?

Son, come tell it unto me.

I will take the leads from off their necks,

For they'll race no more for me,

For they'll race no more for me.

What are you going to do with your houses and your lands?

Son, come tell it unto me.

I will lay them bare to the birds of the air,

For there's no more welcome there for me,

For there's no more welcome there for me.

Side II, Band 4. LILTING

THE BIRD IN THE BUSH, a reel, danced in lively fashion, lilted in time with fiddlers, fluters and squeeze-box players.

THE SLIGO MAID is a lively tune for a step of a dance. It is hard to resist its rhythm, if you are musical at all. It was known as "Down the Broom" by the older players.

THE LONGFORD COLLECTOR is a tune made famous by Michael Coleman and other Sligo fiddlers. Today, Joe Dowd is perhaps the best exponent of the Sligo style.

THE SAILOR'S BONNET is a reel that is danced in circles. A riddle is spun in the middle of the floor around which the dancers move in ritual formation. As the music quickens, an old bonnet is thrown into the circle in an effort to stop the spinning riddle or sieve. The first man to succeed gets his choice of the best looking girl at the dance that night. That is to say he accompanies her home.

(Above notes on the lilted tunes are by Paddy Tunney)

In this patriotic song, Ireland is referred to allegorically as The Little Black Rose. The poetic habit of referring to Ireland by allegorical names stems from Gaelic-speaking times when it was a crime to make a patriotic song. Poets evaded the law by personifying Ireland under titles like "Silk of the Kine", "Dark Rosaleen", "Katy Dwyer" and "Kathleen Ni Houlihan". Yeats has immortalised the latter name in "Red Hanrahan's Song about Ireland", but numerous poets, including Mangan and Pearse, have preferred the title of "The Little Dark Rose". Mangan's song, "My Dark Rosaleen", expresses well the spirit of the composition:

O! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames fill hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die
My Dark Rosaleen,
My Own Rosaleen!
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

The Oxford Book of Irish Verse, 1958.

The Gaelic words with a German translation (Dunkles Roslein) are to be found in "Keltische Volkslieder" by Dr. Heinrich Moller (B. Schott's Sohne, Mainz, Leipzig, London).

There is a gloom on the mountains, on the hills there's mist
And heather manes the mountains, by the sweet air kissed.
The deep sea I'd empty with an egg shell small,
If I could only rid you of the hated Gall.

My bright love, be not fretting what your fate will be;
The Friars o'er the wave come on a sunlit sea.
There's wine from the Pope, too, and Spanish ale
And freedom from the College for your long travail.

If I tramped all Munster, on the topmost hills,
In hope to steal your secret, dear, the kernel of all joy,
O branch fragrant who told me your love was true;
You're most winsome and wholeaome, my wee, Dark Rose,
My Roisin Dubh.

Side II, Band 6. LOVELY WILLIE

This song tells its own story. A young girl laments the loss of her true love who was killed by the sword of her father. Paddy Tunney's comment on the killing, though hardly bearing the stamp of historicity, is worth recording: "Murder was the recognized way to dispatch an unpopular suitor some eighty years ago. It was a method very much favored by the so-called Gentry."

The words and air are to be found in "Irish Street Ballads", where the air is compared with that of "The Young Maid's Love" in the same

volume. Consult also the Journal of the English Folk Song Society, Vol. IV, No. 21, "The Inconstant Lover; Lovely Willie". Paddy's version of the melody is a mixture of Lah and Soh Modes.

It happened one evening at the playing of ball
When first I met Willie, both proper and tall;
He was neat, fair and handsome and straight in each limb;
There's a heart in my bosom lies breaking for him.

Oh, won't you come with me a small piece of the road
To see my father's dwelling and place of abode?
He knew by her looks and her languishing eye
That he was the young man she had cherished most high.

There's a spot in my father's garden, Lovely Willie, said she,
Where Lords, Dukes and Earls they wait upon me;
But when they are sleeping in a long silent rest,
I'll go with you, Lovely Willie, you're the boy I love best.

Her father being listening, in ambush he lay
To hear the fond words that these lovers did say;
And with a sharp rapier he pierced her love through
And the innocent blood of her lover he drew.

The grave was got ready; Lovely Willie laid in;
The Mass it was chanted to clear his soul of sin.
And it's, Oh, honored Father, you may say as you will,
But the innocent blood of my love you did spill.

And I will go off to some far country
Where I will know no one and no one knows me;
And it's there will I wander till I close my eyes in death,
For you, Lovely Willie, you're the boy I love best.

A NOTE ON PADDY TUNNEY'S SINGING STYLE:

In Ireland, as in most countries in Northern Europe, the development of music was primarily instrumental (Curt Sachs; "The Rise of Music in the Ancient World"). In Irish literary history, the recitation of poetry was invariably accompanied by the music of the harp. This was measured music and its main feature was the melodic and rhythmic development of the music from verse to verse. This development led to complicated variations of basic musical lines which, however, always synchronised with the poetic line or stanza. In my opinion, this practice of variation spread in time from instrumentalist to singer and when, with the destruction of the Gaelic Polity in 1601, instrumentation was gradually repressed (harpers and poets were criminals by law), the sole inheritors of the musical tradition were the singers, fiddlers and pipers. Those singers who clung to whatever remnants of the old music survived among the fiddlers and pipers, naturally continued to sing in the style which we today regard as highly decorative. It is slowly disappearing in the Gaelic-speaking areas where, as in a last redoubt, it survived even to the beginning of this century.

Donegal is one of the largest Gaelic-speaking districts in Ireland,

and Paddy's mother, the source of his tradition, hails from Donegal. Peter Kennedy once remarked to me that the singing of Mrs. Tunney reminded him of the playing of the Uilleann Pipe. This observation from an Englishman, unacquainted at that time with the Irish tradition, is surely most significant. Personally, I should say that Paddy's singing always reminds me of the expert playing of our best traditional fiddlers — runs, graces, stops, glides and all. It contains the essence of traditional Gaelic singing, and is in that respect quite distinct from any singing style now practised in Ireland by most English-speaking singers.

Sean O Boyle

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