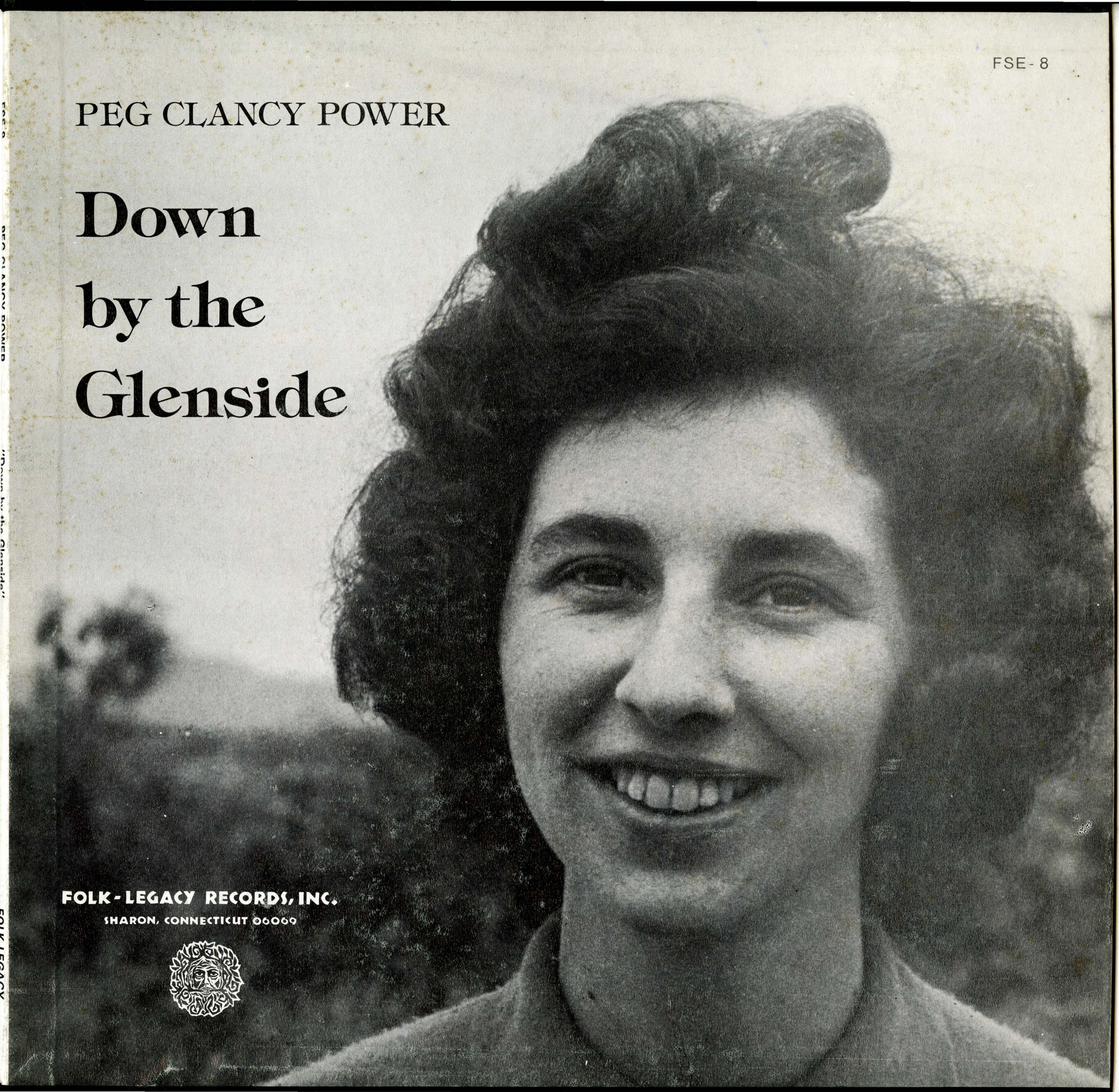
FSE-8

PEG CLANCY POWER

Down by the Glenside



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

PEG CLANCY POWER "Down by the Glenside" FOLK-LEGACY

FOLK-LEGACY FSE-8

PEG CLANCY POWER

Down by the Glenside

Peg Clancy Power, sister of the well known Clancy Brothers, lives with her husband, Tom, and their three boys in Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, Eire. The youngest in the Clancy family, she has a long tradition of singing grandmothers, mother, father, sisters and brothers behind and around her. Many of the songs she sings came from her family, while others she learned at school or from friends.

Slim and lively, Peg is also warm-hearted and full of understanding. She sings with great ease and no fuss. In fact, she is one of the easiest people I have ever recorded. Even though she is very critical of herself, she is always adaptable and cooperative. This flexibility, added to her traditional background, is strongly characteristic of her singing style. Although Peg is not a native speaker, she learned Irish in school and sings many songs in the Irish language.

D. H.

Side 1

She Moved Through the Fair
Dilly No Douse
The Factory Girl
The Tri-Coloured Ribbon
Lord Gregory (Child 76)
Sean O Duir an Ghleanna
The Lowlands of Holland

Side 2

My Boy Willie
I Wish I Had the Shepherd's Lamb
Shule Agra
An Leanbh Sidhe
Down By the Glenside
I Know My Love
Mrs. McGrath
I Know Who Is Sick

Photograph by Diane Hamilton

PEG CLANCY POWER

of Carrick-on-Suir

County Tipperary, Eire

Recorded by Diane Hamilton

Notes by Sean O Boyle

Produced by Sandy Paton

and Lee B. Haggerty

FSE-8

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

PEG CLANCY POWER

Late this afternoon, I stopped in to see Peg Power and her family. For awhile, Peg and I sat by the fire and talked about songs and collecting. Then her husband, Tom, came in from his work in the tannery and the conversation turned to bullocks and wheat. After tea, while Tom and I continued talking, Peg started to get the children washed and off to bed, so they would be ready for Sunday Mass the next morning. Young Owen (age three), who looks very much like his mother with large, dark eyes, black hair, and a gay smile, was put up onto the table to have his hair cut. This required a great deal of tact and persuasion, as every time Peg touched Owen's neck with the cold scissors he giggled and squirmed. In the end, she warmed the scissors at the fire and told him stories to keep him quiet while she snipped a piece here and there. Next, Kevin (age ten) came bursting into the room, all aglow over the first hurling match which his team had won. All this time, Bobby (age eight) was cutting "forts" out of a karge sheet of brown paper. "Who's going to take the first bath?" Peg asked. In the end, they had "to toss" to decide which could "stay out 'til last."

Peg is a sister of the well known Clancy Brothers. She and her husband live with their three boys in Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, Eire. The youngest in the Clancy family, Peg has a long tradition of singing grandmothers, mother, father, sisters and brothers behind and around her. Many of the songs she sings come from her family, while others were learned at school or from friends.

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Peg recently recorded for Connisseur Records, singing with her brother, Bobby, and is often heard on Radio Eireann. Last summer she sang with her brothers and Tommy Makem at the Edinburgh Festival in Scotland. As well known for her acting as for her singing, she has appeared in many Carrick-on-Suir Drama Club plays. In 1961, she won the Cork Drama Prize for the "best actress" of the year.

Diane Hamilton

Side I, Band 1. SHE MOVED THROUGH THE FAIR

On the shores of Lough Neagh, in the Ballinderry district of County Antrim, they still sing an old song beginning with the words:

I'm in deep love with my love,
What will I do?
For the more that I loved her
The prouder she grew;
The more that I loved her
I found no relief
As she went thro' the fair
With her gear and her geese.

This old song has been largely re-written by Padraic Colum (1884 ----), an Irish poet who has for many years been living in America. He collaborated with the Irish musician, Herbert Hughes, who first published "She Moved Thro' the Fair" in Irish Country Songs (Boosey & Co.). This sophisticated version of the older County Antrim folk-song has been made popular throughout the English-speaking world by Sidney McEwan, tenor. It is sung here by Peg Clancy Power, because in her part of the world, the words written by Padraic Colum have superseded the original folk-song version. Those interested in Folk-poetry will recognize the touch of the "improver" in the lines:

And then she went homeward, with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

My young love said to me,
"My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kyne."
Then she went away from me
And this did she say:
"It will not be long, love,
Till our wedding day."

She stepped away from me;
She moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there.
And then she went homeward
With one star away,
As the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me;
My dead love came in.
So softly she came
That her feet made no din.
She laid her hand on me
And this she did say:
"It will not be long, love,
Till our wedding day."

Side I, Band 2. DILLY NO DOUSE (Dilin O Deamhas)

This is a little dandling song in Gaelic. It is one of the many light-hearted songs recently popularized by those interested in the Gaelic revival and just as recently absorbed into the folk repertoire. The words are to be found in An Coisir Ceoil (The Singing Group), published by An Claisceadal, Dublin. The melody is Sol Mode, Hexatonic, and the words may be fairly translated thus:

Dilleen O douse O douse
Dilleen O douse O dee
Dilleen O douse O douse
O Dilleen O douse O dee.

I'll put my darling to sleep,
I'll put my darling to sleep;
I'll put my darling to quiet sleep
With dilleen O douse O dee.

Dilleen O douse, etc.

I will lift her up, up;
I will lift my baby up.
I will lift her up, up, up,
And she'll come down tomorrow.

Dilleen O douse, etc.

Here is how Peg sings it in Gaelic:

Dilly no douse O douse
Dilly no douse O dee
Dilly no douse O douse
O dilly no douse O dee.

Cuirid mo ruan cun suain
Cuirid mo ruan ina lui
Cuirid mo ruan cun suain go cruin
Le dilly no douse O dee.

Dilly no douse, etc.

Caithig me suas is suas i
Caithig me suas an paista
Caithig me suas is suas is suas
Is tuicig sí anuas i marac.

Dilly no douse, etc.

Side I, Band 3. THE FACTORY GIRL

Long before the establishment of factories for the manufacture of linen in Ulster, the people of the countryside were expert in the arts of home-spinning and home-weaving. With the coming of the Industrial Revolution, these people moved into the towns and cities and readily adapted their skills to the service of the machines. Their mental attitudes, however, were still those of country folk, their traditions of song-writing and story-telling and communal activities were still strongly rural and fundamentally Gaelic. Hence the appearance in our folk-repertoire of such a song as "The Factory Girl". In form and expression, it is a nineteenth century version of the Gaelic "Aisling", or Vision Poem — the industrial setting is new, but the events are stereotyped and traditional.

Notice the early morning walk of the poet and the sudden appearance of the Vision. The maiden is fairer than Venus. Her cheeks are like the roses and her skin like the lily. She is seen as a hard-working factory girl, who, when approached by the poet, reveals (in Peg Power's version) that she has gold and silver of her own and will never again need to answer the factory bell.

In the Ulster version of this song, as sung by Sarah Makem of Keady, County Armagh, the traditional links with the Gaelic "Aisling" appear most clearly and the communal spirit of the urbanized country folk is reflected in the last verse:

As I went a-walking one fine summer's morning,
The birds on the branches they sweetly did sing;
The lads and the lassies together were sporting,
Going down to yon factory their work to begin.

I spied a wee damsel more fairer than Venus;
Her skin, like a lily, not one could excel;
Her cheeks like the red rose that grew in yon valley;
She's my one only Goddess, she's a sweet factory girl.

I stepped it up to her — it was for to view her —
When on me she cast a bright look of disdain;
"Stand off me, stand off me and do not insult me
For, although I'm a poor girl, I think it no shame."

"I don't mean to harm you, I'm sure I would scorn it,
But grant me one favour, pray: where do you dwell?"
"I am a poor girl without home or relations
And, besides, I'm a hard-working factory girl."

Well, now to conclude and to finish these verses,
This couple got married and both are doing well.
So, lads, fill your glasses and drink to the lasses,
Till we hear the dumb sound of the sweet factory bell.

Peg's version of the song is as follows:

As I went out walking one fine summer morning,
The birds on the bushes did whistle and sing;
The lads and the lassies in couples were sporting,
Going back to the factory their work to begin.

He spied one amongst them, she was fairer than any;
Her cheeks like the roses that bloom in the spring,
Her hair like the lily that grows in yon valley.
She was only a hard working factory girl.

He stepped up beside her, more closely to view her.
She said, "My young man, don't steal my soul.
I have gold in my pocket and silver as well;
No more will I answer the factory call."

Side I, Band 4. THE TRI-COLOURED RIBBON

This song sprang out of the Irish Revolutionary Movement (1916 - 1922). Though of such recent origin, its appeal to the country singer is really founded on its use of a very ancient folk-theme. In Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, we find "The Willow Tree, A Pastoral Dialogue" which begins:

WILLY

How now shepherde, what meanes that?
Why that willowe in thy hat?
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
Turned to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY

They are changed, and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die;
Phillis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me weare the willow-tree.

In time, this theme took many shapes and finally crystallized into: "All 'round my hat, I wear the green willow." One of the best of Ireland's Revolutionary versifiers, a Dublin house painter called Peadar Kearney (1890 - 1940), took the English

folk-song as his model, replaced the green willow with the green-white-and-yellow ribbon, and made this song.

I had a true love, if ever a girl had one;
I had a true love, a brave lad was he.
One fine Easter Monday, with his gallant comrades,
He started away for to set Ireland free.

Chorus:

All 'round my hat I wear the tri-coloured ribbon, O,
All 'round my hat until death comes to me,
And if anybody's asking me why do I wear it,
It's all for my true love I ne'er more shall see.

His bandolier around him, his bright bayonet shining,
His short service rifle a beauty to see,
There was joy in his eyes, though he left me behind him,
And started away for to set Ireland free.

All 'round my hat, etc.

The struggle was ended, they brought me the story:
The last whispered message he sent went to me —
"I was true to my land, love, I fought for her glory,
And gave up my life for to make Ireland free."

All 'round my hat, etc.

Side I, Band 5. LORD GREGORY (Child 76)

This old Scots ballad owes its present popularity in Munster to the singing of Mrs. Elizabeth Cronin of County Cork, who recorded it for Seamus Ennis. The air used by Mrs. Cronin, and now sung by Peg Power, is an Irish one generally associated with the ballad "Young Molly Bawn" or "The Shooting of his Dear" (Irish Street Ballads, p. 58).

The full story of Lord Gregory does not emerge from Peg's singing, but it can be found in Child's The English and Scottish Popular Ballads, under the title of "The Lass of Roch Royal". In Gavin Greig's Last Leaves of Aberdeenshire Ballads (Aberdeen, 1925), the ballad is properly titled "Lord Gregory" and two versions of both words and music are there given. Each version has twenty-eight verses, of which these few may serve to tell the story:

O wha will lace my shoes sae small
An' wha will glove my hand?
Or wha will lace my middle sae jimp
With my new made linen band?

Your brother will trim your yellow hair
With a new made siller kame;
An' the king o' heaven will father your son
Till Lord Gregory comes hame.

But I will get a bonny boat
An' I will sail the sea,
For I maun gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me.

She's taen her young son in her airms
An' to the door she's gane,
An' lang she knocked and sair she ca'ed,
But answer she got nane.

"O, open the door, Lord Gregory,
O, open an' lat me in,
For the wind blaws through my yellow hair,
An' I'm shivering to the chin.

"O, dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
When ye sat at the wine,
Ye changed the rings fae our fingers?
An' I can show you thine."

"Awa, awa, ye wile woman,
For here ye sinna win in;
Gae drown ye in the ragin' sea,
Or hang on the gallows pin."

When the cock did craw an' the day did daw,
An' the sun began to peep,
Then up did rise Lord Gregory,
An' sair, sair did he weep.

He's gane down to yon sea shore
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in her boat,
An' the wind it tossed her sair.

The wind blew loud, an' the sea grew rough,
An' the boat was dashed on the shore;
Fair Annie floats upon the sea,
But her young son rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
An' made a heavy moan;
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
But his bonnie young son was gone.

Mrs. Cronin's text, as sung by Peg Power, follows:

I am a king's daughter
That strayed from Cappoquin
In search of Lord Gregory;
Pray God, I'll find him in.

Leave now these windows
And likewise this hall,
For 'tis deep in the ocean
You will find your downfall.

Who'll shoe my baby's little feet,
Who'll put gloves on her hands?
Who'll tie my baby's middle
With a long and green band?

I'll shoe your baby's little feet;
I'll put gloves on her hands.
I'll tie your baby's middle
With a long and green band.

But leave now these windows
And likewise this hall,
For 'tis deep in the ocean
You will find your downfall.

Do you remember, Lord Gregory,
That night in Cappoquin?
We both changed pocket handkerchiefs
And that against my will.

Yours was fine linen, love,
And mine but coarse cloth;
Yours cost one guinea, love,
And mine but one groat.

Leave now these windows
And likewise this hall,
For 'tis deep in the ocean
You will find your downfall.

Do you remember, Lord Gregory,
That night in my father's hall?
We changed rings on our fingers
And that against my will.

Yours was pure gold, love,
And mine but blocked tin;
But you stole my fond heart away
And that was worse than all.

Leave now these windows
And likewise this hall,
For 'tis deep in the ocean
You will find your downfall.

Lord Gregory is not home now
And henceforth can't be seen,
For he has gone to bonnie Scotland
To bring home his new queen.

So, leave now these windows
And likewise this hall,
For 'tis deep in the ocean
You will find your downfall.

Side I, Band 6. SEAN O DUIR AN GHLEANNA
("John O Dwyer of the Glen")

Colonel John O Dwyer, a seventeenth century Irish soldier, of Glynn, County Waterford, was known to his followers as Sean O Duir an Ghleanna — John O Dwyer of the Glen. After the defeat of the Irish in Waterford and Tipperary in 1651, he sailed for Spain with five hundred of his men. The song laments his departure and makes special reference to the English military policy of that day, i.e., the cutting down of Irish forests to expose native troops. This reckless destruction of Irish woods was such a feature of the seventeenth century that a French traveller could later write:

"(Ireland) is now almost destitute of trees; and when, on a fine day in spring, it appears, though bare, full of sap and youth, it seems like a lovely girl deprived of her hair."

A contemporary Irish ballad (Cill Cais) also asks:

"What shall we do for timber? The last of the woods is laid low."

"Sean O Duir an Ghleanna" is as much a lament for this wanton denudation as it is for the departure of the gallant Colonel.

A m'eirghe dhom ar maidin
Grian a tsamhraidh 'taitneamh
Chuala 'n uaill da casa
'Gus ceol binn na n-ean
Bruic is miolta gearra
Creabhair na ngoba fada
Fuaim ag a'macalla
'Guas lamhach gunnai trean
An sionnach rua ar a'gcarraig
Mile liu ag marcaigh
Is bean go duch sa mbealach
Ag aireamh a ge
Anois ta n choill da gearra
Treallfaimid thar cala
Sa Sheain Ui Dhuir, a Ghleanna
Chaill tu do cheim.

Taid fearainn ghleanna n ts rota
Gan cheann na teann ar locthaibh
I sraid na 'gcuach ni molfar
A slainte na a saol
Mo loma luain gan fosga
O Chluain go stuarc na gcolum
'S an gearrfhia ar bruach an rosa
Ar fan le na re
Cad i an ruaig so ar thoraibh
Buala buan a mbona
An smoilin binn san londubh
Gan sar ghuth or gheig
Sgur mor an tuar cun cogaidh
Cleir go buartha 's pobail
Da seola gcuantaibh loma
I lar ghleanna 'n tsle.

Translation: (by George Sigerson)

When I rose in the morning
And the sun was shining,
I heard the (huntsman's) cry being raised
And the sweet song of birds;
I heard badgers and hares and the long-billed
woodcocks,
The sound of the echo and the shots of loud guns,
The red fox on the rocks, the horsemen hallooing,
And a woman by the roadside sadly counting geese.
But now the wood is being cut down,
We shall go across the seas.
Ol John O'Dwyer of the Glen,
You have lost your lordship.

The pleasant riverside country
Has now no chief or ruler for its peoples.
In the village where the goblets are
Their health and life will no longer be proposed.
Also, there is now no shelter
From Clonmel to Stuaic for the pigeons,
The hare wanders all his life on the threshold of Ross.
What is this attack on bushes,
This constant striking at their roots?
No more will the song thrush and the blackbird whistle
on the bough.
And 'tis a sad presage of war
When the harassed clergy and congregations are driven
out
To sheltered places in the deep valleys and mountains.

Side I, Band 7. THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

This song of the Press Gang is a Scots song naturalized in Ireland. Hence, being an Irish singer, Peg Power naturally sings of "Galway" where the original text speaks of "Galloway".

The Holland in the song is, of course, New Holland of the East Indies:

> Where the sugar cane is plentiful
> And the tea grows on each tree.

Versions of "The Lowlands of Holland" are to be found in every part of Britain and Ireland where folk-singers still remain. Texts with various tunes have been published in Folk Songs from Somerset (No. 44), Herbert Hughes' Irish Country Songs (Vol. II, 70) and Joyce's Old Irish Folk Music and Songs (p. 214). Cecil Sharp collected a fragmentary version of it at Nash, Virginia, and published it in English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Vol. I (p. 200).

The beautiful air used here comes from the Donegal-Fermanagh border and was first recorded by Paddy Tunney, Ireland's "Man of Songs" (Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. has recently issued a solo album of Paddy Tunney — FSE-1).

> The night that I was married
> And lay in marriage bed,
> Up came a bold sea captain
> And stood at my bed head,
> Saying, "Rise, arise, new wedded man,
> And come along with me
> To the Lowlands of Holland,
> For to face your enemy."
>
> Now Holland is a lovely land
> And in it grows fine grain.
> It is a place of residence
> For soldiers to remain,
> Where the sugar cane is plentiful
> And the tea grows on each tree.
> I never had but the one sweetheart
> And he's far away from me.
>
> For the stormy winds began to blow
> And the seas did loudly roar,
> And the captain or his gallant ship
> Was never seen no more.
>
> Says the mother to the daughter,
> "Leave off your sore lament;
> There's men enough in Galway
> For to be your heart's content."
> There's men enough in Galway,
> But, alas, there's none for me,
> Since the high winds and rolling seas
> Parted my love and me.

I'll wear no stays about my waist,
No combs all in my hair,
No handkerchief about my neck
For to hide my beauty rare,
And neither will I marry, love,
Until the day I die,
Since the high winds and rolling seas
Parted my love and I.

For the stormy winds began to blow
And the seas did loudly roar,
And the captain or his gallant ship
Was never seen no more.

Side II, Band 1. MY BOY WILLIE

Known also as "The Sailor Boy", this song is sung all over the English-speaking world with many variants of words and music. Its first line: "Early, early all in the spring", is the opening phrase of numerous other ballads, notably "Died for Love" and, in Ireland, "The Croppy Boy". Along the Mississippi, it is known as "The Pinery Boy".

The air sung by Peg Power was published, without words, as long ago as 1840, under the title of "Charlie Reilly" or "The Robber", by Edward Bunting in his famous collection — Ancient Irish Music. The most recent printing of words and music is in Colm O Lochlainn's Irish Street Ballads (Three Candles Press, Dublin).

T'was early, early all in the Spring
That my boy, Willie, went to serve the King;
The night was dark and the wind blew high;
It was there I lost my dear sailor boy.

The night is long and I can find no rest,
The thought of Willie runs in my breast;
I'll search the green woods and village wide,
Still hoping my true love to find.

"Oh, father, father, give me a boat,
Out on the ocean that I may float,
To watch the big boats as they pass by,
That I might enquire for my sailor boy."

She was not long out upon the deep,
When a man-o'-war vessel she chanced to meet,
Saying, "Captain, captain, now tell me true,
If my boy Willie is on board with you."

"What sort of boy is your Willie dear,
Or what sort of suit does your Willie wear?"
"He wears a suit all of the royal blue,
And you'll easy know him for his heart is true."

"Oh, then your boy Willie, I am sorry to say,
Has just been drownded the other day;
On yon green island that we pass by,
T'was there we laid your poor sailor boy."

She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,
And she sobbed and sighed in her despair.
With every sob she let fall a tear,
And every sigh was for Willie dear.

"Oh, make my grave both wide and deep,
With a fine tombstone at my head and feet,
And in the middle a turtle dove
That the world may know I died of love.

"Come all you sailors who sail along
And all you boatmen who follow on;
From cabin-boy to the mainmast high,
Ye must mourn in black for my sailor boy."

Side II, Band 2. I WISH I HAD THE SHEPHERD'S LAMB

To counter-balance the Gaelic version of "The Angel's Whisper" (see "An Leanbh Sidhe", Side II, Band 4) by Lover, Peg here sings an old, popular free translation of a playful little Gaelic song called "Is trua gan peata'n Mhaoir agam". In Old Irish Folk Music and Song (p. 238), Joyce gives three verses with the Gaelic chorus written phonetically. The chorus as sung here may be translated:

I call on you, I call on you,
Love of my heart without deceit!
I call on you, I call on you,
You are your mother's little pet.

Peg sings the following text:

I wish I had the shepherd's lamb,
I wish I had the shepherd's lamb,
I wish I had the shepherd's lamb
And Katey coming after.

Chorus: Is o goirim, goirim thu
Is gra mo chroi gan cheilig thu
Is o goirim, goirim thu
'S tu peata beag do mhathar.

I wish I had the yellow cow,
I wish I had the yellow cow,
I wish I had the yellow cow
And welcome from my darling.

I wish I had a herd of kine,
I wish I had a herd of kine,
I wish I had a herd of kine
And Katey from her father.

Side II, Band 3. SHULE AGRA

This beautiful song has reference to the period following the Williamite wars at the end of the seventeenth century. It speaks of the grief of a young girl whose sweetheart has left Ireland with the remnants of the defeated Irish army, after the signing of the Treaty of Limerick (1691). It is also called "Shule Aroon" and is so named by Joyce in Old Irish Folk Music and Song (p. 236).

The chorus, which has all the appearance of having belonged to an earlier Gaelic "elopement song", can be translated:

Come, come, come my dear;
Gently come and softly, dear.
Come to the door and make off with me
And may thy journey go well with thee.

This song, on the lips of Irish exiles in America, has finally taken the form of "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier". In this connection, it is interesting to compare the sounds of the Gaelic chorus in "Shule Aroon" with the nonsensical jingle-chorus of the American song (see Burl Ives' Song Book). The last two verses of Peg's version are additions to the original ballad from the pen of Alfred Perceval Graves (1846-1931), father of the modern poet, Robert Graves. (See Irish Song Book, by A. P. Graves)

I would I were on yonder hill,
Where I could sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

Chorus: Shule, shule, shule a gra
Shule go succir agus shule go cuin
Shule cun durrus agus eligh lom
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And 'round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents wish me dead,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

And now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance;
If he'll e'er come back, 'tis but a chance,
Is go de tu mo murnin slan.

Side II, Band 4. AN LEANBH SIDHE
("The Fairy Child")

Samuel Lover (1797 - 1868) was one of the most popular song-writers of nineteenth century Ireland. His songs were all written in English and the most of them he adapted to genuine Irish airs. At leadt one of them, "The Angel's Whisper", has been utilized in translation for the spread of the Irish language. Peg learned it at school and sings it here.

Thainig bhean go sruth coish leasa
Le h-eiri an lae ag gol sa caoi
Seo mar duirt si a buala a bas
'Sag glaodac go hard ar ri na shee
Cad far mheall tu leat mo leanbh
Cur fe dhracideact le cealg suiri
Taim-se nois sa t-saol gan taineam.

Ac monuar ni tugtar aire
Ar mo chaoi na ar mo gearan
Leis an slug ag scleys sa gaire
Sea bheas fasta mo leanan
Slan go deo leat 'nois im aonar
Mar taim id diad gan aon t-solas
Ac beimid fos aron go seanmar
i Bhlaiteas de le conam a gras.

(translation)

A woman came to a stream by a fairy lios
With the dawn, crying and weeping,
She spoke thus, clapping her hands,
Calling loudly on the king of fairies:
"Why did you coax my child with you,
Putting him under a spell?
I am now in the world without consolation.
Why did you steal the darling of my heart?

"But, alas, they do not heed
My crying or my complaint,
With the crowd laughing and playing.
Will my child be gone forever?
Goodbye forever! I am now alone;
I am left behind you, without comfort.
But we will both be happy yet
In the kingdom of God, by His grace.

There is a dance hall in Maradyke
And it's there my love goes every night
And takes a strange one upon his knee
And, don't you know now, that vexes me.

If my love knew I could wash and wring,
If my love knew I could weave and spin,
I'd make a suit of the finest kind;
But the want of money leaves me behind.

I know my love is an arrant rover
And I know my love roams the wide world over.
In some foreign town he may chance to tarry;
Some foreign maid he will surely marry.

Side II, Band 7. MRS. McGRATH

Speaking of this song, as published in Irish Street Ballads (p. 192), Colm O Lochlainn says it is "known to every true born citizen of Dublin. In the years 1913 — 16, it was the most popular marching song of the Irish Volunteers." The tune to which the Volunteers marched is here replaced by a much superior traditional air from Munster. The general theme of the ballad should be compared with that of "Johnny, I Hardly Knew You".

Mrs. McGrath lived near the seashore
For the space of seven long years or more.
She spied a ship coming over the sea;
"This is my son, Ted; di' ye clear the way!"

Wisha ring dong da, ring a dong a da,
Ring dong daddy, wisha ring dong da.

When Teddy landed without any legs
And in their place there were two wooden pegs.
And when she'd kissed him a dozen or two,
"Arra blood, now Ted, can this be you?"

"Oh, Ted a gra, were ye drunk nor blind
When you left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it coming across the sea,
You threw your two fine legs away?"

"Oh no, I was not drunk or blind
When I left my two fine legs behind,
But a cannon-ball, on the fourth of May,
Swept me two fine legs away."

"Oh, Ted a gra, why weren't you cute,
And run away from the Frenchman's shoot?
Tisn't my son Ted, isn't it atall,
Because he'd run from a cannon-ball."

"Oh, foreign wars, I do proclaim,
Between Don Juan and the king of Spain;
By herrings, I'll make them rue the time
They swept the legs from a child of mine!"

Side II, Band 8. I KNOW WHO IS SICK

Except for verbal variations in the first verse, we have here the folk-song generally known as:

I know where I'm goin'
And I know who's goin' wi' me;
A wee lad of my own
And they call him Freestone Jimmy.

(from my mother)

Herbert Hughes has a setting of this song in Irish Country Songs, Vol. I, and the words are printed without music in The Book of Irish Ballads by O Keefe. The attractive air sung by Peg Power has not hitherto been recorded.

I know who is sick,
I know who is sorry;
I know who I'll kiss,
Ah, but God knows who I'll marry.

Fal da dal the dee,
Oh, rax fal tooral laddy Oh.

I've a gown of silk,
Shoes of finest leather,
Combs all in my hair
And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft,
Painted rooms are bonny;
I would give them all
To go with my love Johnny.

Some say he's black;
I say he's bonny.
He's the fairest of them all;
Oh, the broth of a boy is Johnny.

I know who is sick,
I know who is sorry;
I know who I'll kiss,
Ah, but God knows who I'll marry.

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