

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8762

# IRISH TRADITIONAL SONGS

Sung in Gaelic by DEIRDRE NI FHLIONN  
With Harp Accompaniment

Patrick Street, Cork

Ronald Clyne



M  
1744  
N577  
I68  
1958

MUSIC LP



# IRISH TRADITIONAL SONGS

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

DON DO SHUILE  
CLOSE YOUR EYES

AN MAIDRIN RUA  
THE FOX

MAIDEAN IM BE-ARRA  
A MORNING IN BEARA

TA AN COILEACH AG FOGAIRT AN LAE  
THE COCK ANNOUNCES DAY

SEOTHOLÓ THOIL  
HUSH A BYE MY DEAR

JIMMY MO MHILE STOR  
JIMMY MY THOUSAND TREASURES

IG CONNTAE CHLAIR  
FAIR DAY AT COUNTY CLARE

LAOI FINNUALA  
FINOLA'S LADY

MO THEAGHLACH  
MY HOUSE

NA CONNERYS  
THE CONNERYS

DA BHFAGHAINN MO ROGHA  
IF I HAVE MY CHOICE

SLAN LE MAIGH  
FAREWELL TO MAIGHE

GAN PEATA'S MHAOIR AGAM  
THE STEWARD'S DAUGHTER

CUAICHIN GLEANN 'NEIFIN  
THE CUCKOO OF GLEN NEIFIN

BRID OG NI MHAILLE  
YOUNG BREED O'MALLEY

AN HABIT SHIRT

FEIN MO LEANBH A' CHOLLADH  
PUT MY CHILD TO SLEEP

FAILL-IL-ORO

CARRAIG DONN

CEOL A' PHIOBAIRE  
THE PIPER'S MUSIC

FATH MO BHUARTHA  
THE CAUSE OF MY SORROW

RECORDED IN IRELAND BY DICK CAMERRON



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# TRADITIONAL SONGS FROM IRELAND

Sung with harp accompaniment by  
Deirdre ní Fhlionn



## NOTES

### SIDE I

#### BAND 1. Dún Do Shúile (Close Your Eyes).

"Close your eyes o treasure of my heart. Your Daddy will come from the mountain soon with pheasant. Close your eyes and you will get a faring tomorrow".

#### BAND 2. An Maidrín Rua (The Fox).

"An allegorical song composed to a hunting rhythm. The marauder insolently invites his victim to share the spoils with him. The victim refuses, "but I vow and swear you'll dearly pay for the fine fat goose you're eating".

#### BAND 3. Maidean i mBéarra (A Morning in Beara).

Beara is a seaside district in South-West Cork. The poet, choked and smothered in the street of the City sighs for the clean, healthy breezes of Beara by the sea, and longs to be there with his true love "in the fragrant spaces among the furze".

#### BAND 4. Tá an Coileach ag Fógairt an Lae (The Cock is Announcing the Day).

The cock is crowing and all nature is stirring to life. Finally "the women are already busy about their domestic duties and the men are thinking of getting up".

#### BAND 5. Seothol6 Thoil (Hush-a-by My Dear).

Red-haired Owen O'Sullivan, the peasant poet, fills this lullaby with all the imagery of ancient lore. His child, fitful from hunger, is lulled to sleep with quiet promise of all the magic treasures which its "kingly ancestors once owned".

#### BAND 6. Jimmy mo Mhíle Stór (Jimmy My Thousand Treasures).

"Tis just a year ago to-day since Jimmy left me. I gave him all the love of my heart but he went away on board ship from me. When he returns I shall smother him with endearments".

#### BAND 7. Beigh Aonach Amáireach i gConntae an Chláir (There will be a Fair Tomorrow in Co. Clare).

The young girl, sighing for all the fun of the fair, asks her mother's permission to go. However, she is only ten or eleven yet, and her mother tells her to wait until she is thirteen.

#### BAND 8. Laoi Finnúala (Finola's Lay).

Finola, one of the four children of Lir (who were changed into swans by a jealous step-mother) gathers her three brothers under her wings on the Rock of the Seals, after the storm on Sruth na Maoile. And she sings softly, "This life is bad, this night is cold, this snow is big, this wind is hard".

#### BAND 9. Mo Theaghlach (My House).

The poet sings gaily of domestic felicity. "My heart is merry when I wend my way homewards after my day's work".

#### BAND 10. Na Connerys (The Connerys).

One of the big songs of Ireland. The Connerys were three brothers sentenced to transportation for life on trumped-up charges, backed by perjured evidence. The last verse is an invocation to the Blessed Virgin and Her Son to bring them back again soon to Ireland.

#### BAND 11. Dá Bhfaghainn mo Rogha (If I got my Choice).

The young girl is in a dilemma. She has her eye on three young men, but she does not know which she will choose. She is as undecided at the end of the song as she was at the beginning.

### SIDE II

#### BAND 1. Slán le Máigh (Farewell to Maighe).

The Maighe is a river in Co. Limerick. The poet has been banished from that district, and far away from it he muses, in longing and nostalgia, on its quiet beauty and friendly picturesqueness.

#### BAND 2. Is Trua Gan Peata's Mhaoir Agam (A pity I haven't the Steward's Daughter).

A gay little love-song with an edge of wistfulness. There are many things the young man would like to have, but above all he would like to have "her mother's pet".

#### BAND 3. Guaíchín Gleann 'Neifin (The Cuckoo of Glen Neifin).

This is originally a Mayo song. The young man is about to leave at the "first ring of bright day" and he will not return until the cuckoo sings again. He envies the young man who will "marry my love. She is like the morning-star and like the dew of evening".

#### BAND 4. Bríd Óg Ní Mháille (Young Breed O'Malley).

Young Breed has pierced the young man's heart with the dart of love. But now, in sighing and sadness, he must be content to see her married to another.

#### BAND 5. An Habit Shirt (The Habit Shirt).

The Habit Shirt was a muslin blouse worn with a riding habit. The young girl in her Habit Shirt was so proud that she snubbed all her friends. But she was taught a salutary lesson.

#### BAND 6. Do Chuirfinnse Féin Mo Leanbh a' Cholladh (I would put my Child to Sleep).

"I would put my child to sleep, not as the wives of boors do, in rough blankets and coarse sheets, but in a golden cradle, rocked by the wind".



BAND 7. Faill-il-Oro (Faill-il-Oro).

A gently moving refrain, originally Scotch. "I saw my love in the wood - big brilliant eyes, slender straight body, cheeks red like strawberries, mouth perfect which never told lies".

BAND 8. Carraig Donn (Carrig Doun).

Carrig Donn is in Cork. The young girl sees the grass on the rock change from a verdant green to a burnt brown, and sighs for her dark-haired Donal who has not returned from France in all that time. But she will follow him and be true to him.

BAND 9. Ceol a' Phíobaire (The Piper's Music).

The Piper, in a quiet insinuating way, points out to the young girl all the disadvantages of marrying anyone else except himself. With him, she will have a happy, gay, contented life.

BAND 10. Fáth mo Bhúartha (The Cause of My Sorrow).

The young man is bemoaning the fact that he cannot now go on a visit to the lonely glen where his love lives. He once hoped, in vain, that she would learn to elope with him, because even from her youngest days she was his guiding star.

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Side I, Band 1: Dún do Shúile.

Dún do shúile, a rún mo chléibh,  
Mo chuid de'n tsaoghal 'sa grádh liom,  
Dún do shúile, a rún mo chléibh,  
Is gheobhair feirín amáireach.

1.  
Beigh do Dhaid ag tígheacht gan mhoill o'n genoc,  
Agus cearca fraoch 'na láimh leis,  
Codail go ciúin ag luíge sa chuid,  
Agus gheobhair féirín amáireach.

Chorus.

2.  
Ta an Samhradh 'teacht le grían is teas,  
Is duilleabhar glas ar phrátaí,  
Ta an ghaoth ag triall go fíal andeas  
Agus gheobhaimid breac i dTráighli.

Chorus.

Translation:

A mother sings her child to sleep with these words:  
"Close your eyes, love of my heart, my part of the world, and you'll get a present tomorrow.  
Your father will be coming without delay from the hill with a heather hen in his hand, so sleep quietly and you'll get a present tomorrow.  
The summer is coming with sun and heat, and green leaves on potatoes. The wind is coming hospitably from the South, and we'll get a trout in Tralee.

Side I, Band 2: An Maidrín Ruád.

1.  
Ar gabhailt a dtuaidh dhom thar Slíabh Luáchrá  
'Gus mise a cur túairisg mo ghéana,  
Ar mo chasadanuas 'seadh fúaireas a' dtuairiasg,  
Go raibh maidrín rúadh da n'aoraidheacht.

Chorus:

An Maidrín Ruád, Ruád, Ruád,  
An Maidrín Ruád 'tá gránha,  
An Maidrín Ruád 'na luíge sa luáchar,  
Is barr a dha cluas an airde.

2.  
"Good morrow fox," "good morrow Sir"  
"Pray what is that you're eating?"  
"A fine fat goose I stole from you  
And will you come and taste it?"  
"Oh, No, indeed, ní áil liom é  
Ní bhlaís fead pioc di ar aon cor,  
But I vow and swear you'll dearly pay  
For my fine fat goose you're eating."

Chorus.

Translation:

As I was travelling around the country past Siabha  
Luachra, I got the news that there was a little  
red fox plaguing us. Oh little red fox you are  
ugly, lying in the reeds and with the tops of your  
two ears sticking up.

"Good Morrow Fox, what are you eating?" "A fine  
fat goose I stole from you, and will you come and  
taste it?" "Oh no indeed, I will not taste it a  
bit of it; but I vow and swear that you'll pay  
dearly for that fine fat goose you are eating".

Side I, Band 3: Maidean i mBéarra.

1.  
I se mo caí, gan mise maiden aerach  
Amuigh i mBéarra, am sheasamh ar an dtráigh,  
Is guthna n-éan, am tharraing thar na sléibhtibh  
Cois na fairrge, to Céim an Aitinn,  
mar a mbionn mo grádh;  
Is obann aoibhinn aiteasac an t-aer ann,  
Do rithfinn saor o anabhroid an tsláis,  
Do thabharfainn druim le scamailibh an tsaoghal seo,  
Da bhfaighinn mo léir dhothain d'amharc ar mo  
caoihm shearc bhan.

2.  
Is e mo dhíth bheith ceangailte go faoin lag,  
Is neart mo chléibh da thectac annso sa tsráid,  
An fhad ta réim na h-abhann agus gaoth glan na fairrge  
Ag glaoch, 's ag gairm ar an gcroidhe seo'm lár;  
Is milis bríghmhar leathan bhog an t-aer ann,  
Is gile o'n ngréin go fairsing ar an mbán.  
Is ochon a Rí-bhean banamhail na gcraobh-fholt,  
Gan sinn araon i measac an aitinn mar do bhímís tráth.

Translation:

It is my sorrow that I am not standing on the strand  
at Bearra on a fine morning, with the song of the  
birds coming to me across the mountains beside the  
-sea, to Ceim an Aitinn where my love is. The air  
is light and lovely there, and I would run free from  
worry and turn my back on the clouds of this life,  
if I could see my gentle sweetheart.  
It is my loss that I am tied here lifelessly, with  
the strength of my body being smothered here in the  
city, while the sound of the river and clean wind  
of the sea is calling to this heart within me. The  
air is sweet there and the sun shines on the plain.  
Oh Queen of the curling hair, if only we were both  
there amongst the heather where we were long ago.



Side I, Band 4: Tá an coileach ag fógairt an lae.

1.  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an las (2)  
Tá an mhuc ag an ndoras  
A dtiarraidh e oscailt,  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae.

2. Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae (2)  
Tá an chearc is a hál  
Ina gcodhladh to sámh,  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae.

3.  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae (2)  
Ta an chaora 's na húain  
'Na dtoirchim suain,  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae.

4.  
Tá an coileach ag fógairt an lae (2)  
Tá bo na leagh-aidhairce  
'Tal bainne do'n teaghlach,  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae.

5.  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae (2)  
Tá na mna ina súidhe  
Is na fir ag eirighe,  
Tá'n coileach ag fógairt an lae.

Translation:

The sounds of morning in the country are told in this song: The cock is proclaiming the day;- the pig is at the door trying to open it, the hen and her brood are still sleeping, the sheep and lambs are still in a stupor; the cow with one horn is giving milk to her calf. The women are up and the men are rising - the cock is proclaiming the day.

Side I, Band 5: Seotho lo thoil.

Chorus:

Agus seotho lo thoil  
Seotho lo thoil  
Seotho lo thoil agus no goll go fóill.

1.  
Gheóbhair an capall, agus gheóbhair an sríán o,  
Gheóbhair an fhallaing agus gheóbhair an díallat,  
Is seotho lo thoil.

Chorus:

2.  
Ghéobhair gan dearmad taisce gach séod  
Do bhí ag do mhuinntir ríoga romhat,  
Agus seotho lo thoil.

Chorus:

Translation:

A mother sings to her child "Go to sleep, go to sleep and do not cry. You will get the horse and the reins, the mantle and the reins. You will get without doubt the store of every jewel that your kingly people had before you.  
Go to sleep; go to sleep, and do not cry."

Side I, Band 6: Jimmy mo Mhile Stor.

1.  
Blíán an tacha so d'imthig uaim grádh mo chléibh,  
Ni thiochfaidh se abhaile go dtabharfaidh se  
                                cúrsai an tsaol,  
Nuair a thiochfaidh se rithfead le fuinneamh ró  
                                árd 'na chóir  
Agus clúdfohad le mil e, 'se Jimmy mo bhíle stor.

2. Bionn m'athair is mo mhathair ag barradh 'sa  
brugha liom féin,

Taim giobaithe piocaithe cíapaithe cráidte lem' saol,  
Thugas taitheamh don duine dób fhinne 's dób  
áilne snó,  
Ach cuaidh se ar bord luinge - 'se Jimmy mo  
mhíle stor.

Translation:

A young, lonely girl sings of her sweetheart who has gone away: Last year the love of my heart went away, and he will not return until he has seen the ways of the world. When he comes I will run to him joyously and kiss him sweetly, for Jimmy is my dearest love.

My mother and father are quarreling with me and I am tormented here. I gave my love to the person who is the fairest and most beautiful, but he went on a ship - Jimmy is my dearest love.

Side I, Band 7: Beigh Aonach Amaireach.

1.  
Ta Ingean agam agus ta si og (3)  
Agus ta si in ngradh le greasai brog.

Chorus:

'Sa Maithrin a' leigfaidh tu chun aonaigh me (3)  
A mhuirnin o, nar h-eilig me.

2.  
Beigh aonach amaireach i gConndae an Chlair (3)  
Ce'n mhath dhom e, ne bheigh me ann.

3.  
 Nil tu ach a de no a h-aon deag fos (3)  
 Nuair a bheigh tu tri deag, beigh to mor.

4.  
Taimse i ngradh le greasai brog (3)  
'S mara bhfuighidh me e, ni bheigh me beo.

Translation:

This song is an interchange between a mother and daughter:

Mother: "I have a young daughter who is in love with a shoemaker".

Daughter: "And little mother will you let me go to the fair. Please do not refuse me. There will be a fair tomorrow in County Clare, but what good will it be to me for I won't be there."

Mother: "You are only ten or eleven yet; when you are thirteen you'll be grown".

Daughter: "I am in love with a shoemaker, and if I do not have him I will die. And little mother will you let me go to the fair. Please do not refuse me".

Side I, Band 8: Laoi Fionnghuala.

1.  
Olc an bheatha-so,  
Fúacht na h-óiche-so,  
Méad an t-sneachta-so  
Crús na gaoithe.

2.  
Co chuir ar leasmhathair  
Sinn, an ceathrar-so,  
Anocht san Dochar-so,  
Is olc an bheatha-so.

Translation:

The Children of Lir were changed into Wild Swans by their cruel step-mother. During the long, cold night one of the swans sings of the cold of the night, the amount of the snow, and the hardness of the wind. She sings of their step-mother who put this misfortune on the children of Lir.



Side I, Band 9: Mo Theaghlach.

Chorus:

Seinn h-aidhraibh o h-úraibh, o h-ugaibh o hí,  
Suid agaibh an obair d'fhag meidhreach mo chroidhe,  
Nuair sheolaim mo chos chun mo theaghlach beag grínn,  
Ar chríochnu ar shaothar mo lae dhom.

1.  
Suid thall thar an easac mar a bhfásann gach craobh,  
An botháinín beag aoibhinn do gealadh le h-aol,  
Suid agaibh mo theaghlach is theaghlach mo gaoit'  
Mar a gcaithim mo shaoghal to sásta.

Chorus:

2.  
Ta nadur 'san áit úd 'gus eanlaith chun ceoil,  
Ta duilleabhar is sméar, 'san chéirseach, 'an smól;  
Ta scáth ann is fuarthan o bhrothal um neoin,  
A's Nóirín a' crónán do'n pháiste.

Chorus:

Translations:

This song is sung in pride by a man returning home in the evening. He says: "Look over at the thing that makes my heart light when I make my way to my small bright household at the end of the day. See over by the waterfall where every branch grows the small cottage that is brightened with lime. That is the home of my family where I spend my life so joyfully. There is kindness in that place and birds to sing; there are leaves and berries and the lark and blackbird. There is shelter there from the mid-day heat - and Maire humming to the children.

Side I, Band 10: Muinntir Chonaithre.

1.  
A Chuimhin mhallaighthe guighim-se deachair ort  
agus grain Mhic De  
Ar an ghasar'ud tha ceangailte to dluth led'  
thaobh,  
Is iad to dhearbhuig na leabhartha go h-umhal  
'sa mbreag,  
Do chuir na Connereys thar na fairrigibh to dti's  
na New South Wales.

2.  
Te bheadh 'na sheasamh ann is dheanfadh machtnamh  
ar ar gcuis da pleidh,  
O do sheasuig si o'na seacht ar maidin to dti tar  
eis a naoi,  
Do chruith an talamh fuinn le linn na leabhartha  
da dtabhairt 'sa mbreag,  
Mo greidhn an t-ainm bocht, ta se damanta ma's  
fior do'n chleir.

3.  
A Bhainrioghan Bheannuighthe 's a Ri na bhFlatheas  
geal, tabhair fúasailt orainn araon,  
Is ar an mbanartla tha sa mbaile go dubhach 'n  
ar ndeigh,  
Le linn an Áiferinn bichidh 'g agallamh 's ag  
guidhe chum De,  
Ar na Connereys a thabhairt abhaile chughainn o's  
na New South Wales.

Translation:

O cursed Cuimin I wish for hardship and the hatred  
-of God on you, and on the youth who was associated  
with you, who told the perjured oath that sent the  
Connereys across the seas to New South Wales, who  
stood there bringing trouble from seven in the  
morning until after nine. The ground shook under us  
with the lie that was told; the poor soul, he is  
damned if what the priests say is true.  
Oh Holy Mother, and King of Heaven save us, and the  
woman that is at home behind us. Pray to God during  
Mass to send the Connereys home to us from New  
South Wales.

Side I, Band 11: Dá bhfuighinn mo rogha de thrúir.

1.  
Dá bhfuighinn mo rogha de thrúir acu (3)  
Ni fheadar cioca a bhfearr liom.

Chorus:  
O mo mhíle gile thú,  
Grádh mo chriodhe forever thú  
O mo mhíle gile thú,  
'S ní ag magadh fút atá mé.

2.  
Ni phósfainn féin an táilluirin (3)  
Mar bíonn codhladh grifín o'n gclár air.

Chorus:

3.  
Ni phósfainn féin an gabha dubh, (3)  
Mar bíonn se dubh sa cheartain.

Chorus:

4.  
Ni phósfainn féin an t-íosgaire (3)  
Mar bíonn se fluic go bhasta.

Translation:

In this song a girl sings gaily of the fact that  
if she had her choice of three men, she does not  
know which she would marry.  
Not the tailor, because he has "pins and needles"  
from sewing; not the blacksmith, because he is  
black from being in the smithy, and not the fish-  
erman, because he is wet to the waist.

Side II, Band 1: Slán le Maíge.

1.  
O slán is cead o'n dtaobh seo úaim  
Cois Máighe na gcaor, na gcraobh, na gcruach,  
An stát na séad na saor na slúagh,  
Na ndán, na ndrénacht, na ndrénacht gan ghruaim.

Chorus:  
Och ochón is breoite mise  
Gan chuid gan choir gan chóip gan chiste,  
Gan sult gan seod gan sport gan spionnadh,  
O séoladh me chun uaignis.

2.  
O slán to h-éag dá saor-fhear suairc  
Da dháimh da chléir da h-éag 's da suadh,  
Dam cháirde cléibh, gan chlaon gan chluain,  
Gan chaimh, gan chaon, gan chraos, gan chruas.

Chorus:

Translation:

An Exile's Song: "Farewell to Maighe of the trees  
and hills, the estates, the jewels, the free people;  
of the poems and songs and contentions without ill-  
feeling. Goodbye until death to the cheerful free  
men, to poets, priests and philosophers, to the  
friends of my heart who are without prejudice or  
flattery, without stain or fault, cruelty or hardness.  
Oh I am sad here without justice, company or pleasure  
since I journeyed into loneliness."



Side II, Band 2: Is trúaigh gan Peata'n Mhaoir agam.

1.  
Is trúaigh gan peata'n mhaoir agam (3)  
's na caoirigh beaga bána.

Chorus:

Is o goirim goirim thú  
Is grádh mo chroidhe gan cheilg thú,  
Is o goirim goirim thú  
's tu peata beag go mháthar.

2.  
Is trúaigh gan maóilín bán agam (3)  
Is fáilte o mo ghrádh gheal.

Chorus:

3.  
Is trúaigh gan bolacht bainne agam (3)  
Is Cáitín o n-a máthair.

Chorus:

Translation:

The singer seems to show at least as much interest in his sweetheart's dowry, as he does in the girl herself: "It is a pity I haven't the steward's daughter and her small white sheep. It is a pity I haven't the little white calf and a welcome from my loved one. It is a pity I haven't a herd of milch cows and Caitin from her mother. You are the love of my heart without deception, and your mother's little pet.

Side II, Band 3: Cúichín Ghleann Neifin,

1.  
O eireoidh me amáireach le fáinne an lae ghlé-ghil,  
Agus déanfaidh mé mo dheagh-rás amuich fé na sléibhte,  
Agus fágfaidh mé mo bheannacht ag mna deasa an tsaoil seo,  
Agus deamhan an filleadh abhaile dhom go labhra an chúach i mbarr na gcrabha ann.

2.  
Ta mo ghrádh mar bhláth na n-áirne a bhios ag fás i dtús an tSamhraidh,  
No mar na noíníní bána bhios ag snámh ins na gleannata,  
No mar bheadh grían os cionn Earnáin ins an tsraid ag góil síos dom,  
Is mar suid a mbíonn mo grádh ban ag déanamh rámhailt' trím inntinn.

3.  
Nach aoibhinn don áilleir a mbíonn mo gradh geal ag goil air,  
Nach aoibhinn don talamh úd a suibhlann a bróg air,  
's nachró-aoibhinn don óigfhear a gheobhas mo stóirín le posadh,  
'si réalt-éolais na maidne i, agus drúcht an tráthnóna.

Translation:

I will rise tomorrow at dawning of the beautiful day, and make my way out to the mountains. I will leave my blessing with the lovely women of this world, and not come home until the cuckoo sings on top of the branch. My love is like the hawthorn blossoms that at the beginning of summer, or like white daisies that swim in the glens. She is like the sun over Earnan as I see it when walking down the street; it is thus that my white love roams through my mind. Is it not beautiful for the meadow that my bright love travels on? Is it not beautiful for that ground that her shoe walks on? Is it not beautiful for that ground that her shoe walks on? And is it not more beautiful for the young man who marries my love? She is the star of the morning, and dew of the evening.

Side II, Band 4: Bríghid Óg Ní Mháille.

1.  
Is a Bhríghid Óg ní Mháille, 's tú d'fhág mo croidhe cráidhte,  
's gur fhág tú arraing an bhais trí chéart-lar mo chléibh,  
Tá na mílte feara ngradh led' éadan cíuin náireach,  
's go dtug tú barr breaghtha o Thír Urradh má's fíor.

2.  
Nil nídh ar bith is áille ná an gealach os cionn an tsáile,  
Na bláth bán na n-áirne bhíos ag fás ar an droigheann,  
O is suid mar a mar a mbíonn mo ghrádhna le troillse is le breaghtacht,  
Béilín meala na páirce nach ndtearn aríamh gníom.

Translation:

And Brighid Og ní Mhaille you have left my heart tormented, and sent the pain of death through my body. Hundreds of men are in love with your quiet modest countenance. There is nothing as beautiful as the moon over the sea, or the white flowers of the sloe growing on the branch. It is thus that my love is in her beauty, - a honey-mouthed one from the fields that never did ill.

Side II, Band 5: An Habit Shirt.

1.  
Do chasadh cailín deas orm  
Bhí banamhail, maiseamhail, gléasta,  
Bhí peire gloves is hata uirthi,  
Is habit shirt to néata.  
Bhí stócaí lín go greanta uirthi,  
Agus fáinní ar a méaraibh,  
's nuair a thugas-sa "Good morrow" dí,  
'Se dúbhairt sí "Thugais t'éitheach".

2.  
'Se Dónal Cam an fàraire  
Is mo le rádh in Éirinn,  
Do thug an bhainríoghan taithnean do  
Is cuireadh do mar chéile;  
An bean dob'fhearr sa cruinne riamh,  
Nach bhfuair sí fear in Éirinn,  
Is feuch ná raibh aon hata uirthi,  
Na habit shirt ar aon cor!

3.  
O leig-se féin dod' chabaireacht  
A thoice bheag gan éifeacht,  
Na tabhair-se aghaidh ar fharaire  
'ta abhfad sa tír gan céile.  
O feuch-se cá raibh Hercules, Hector agus Caesar,  
'S na mná ná raibh aon hata ortha,  
Na habit shirt ar aon cor.

Translation:

I met a nice little girl who was womanly, graceful, and elegantly dressed. She wore a pair of gloves and a hat and a habit shirt. She had fine linen stockings on her and rings on her fingers, and when I said "Good morrow" to her she said "You are in error."  
Donal Cam is the best watcher in Ireland. The Queen loved him and invited him to marry her. Sure the best woman that was ever in the world found a husband in Ireland, and she did not have a hat on her or a habit shirt.  
Stop your nonsense you useless little creature. Do not turn towards the watcher who is a long time unmarried. Look at the case of Hector, Hercules and Caesar, and the famous woman who did not have any hats or habit shirt.  
Note: A habit shirt is a type of muslin blouse that used to be worn with a riding habit.



Side II, Band 6: Do chuirfinn-se féin mo leanbh a chodhladh.

1.  
Do chuirfinn-se féin mo leanbh a chodhladh,  
's ní mar do chuirfeadh mna na mbodach,  
's shúisín bhuidhe, ná i mbraithlín bhorraigh,  
Ach i gclíabhán óir, 's an ghaoth 'a bhogadh.

Chorus:

Seoithín seó, thúil leo leo,  
Seoithín seo, is tú mo leanbh,  
Seoithín seo thúil leo leo,  
Seoithín seo, is tú mo leanbh.

2.  
Do chuirfinn-se féin mo leanbh a chodhladh,  
Lá breagh gréine idir dhá Nodhlaig,  
I gclíabhán óir, ar úrlár shocair,  
Fair bharra na gcrabhbh 's an ghaoth a bhogadh.

Chorus:

3.  
Nodail a leinbh 's gur ba chodhladh slán duit,  
's as do chodhladh to dtugair to shláinte,  
's do smaointe do chroidhe nar cráidhtear,  
's nár ba bean gan mach do mháithair.

Chorus:

Translation:

A mother sings to her child:  
I will put my child to sleep, but not as the  
fishermen's wives do, in a yellow blanket, but in  
a golden cradle with the wind rocking it. I will put  
my child to sleep on a lovely sunny day between two  
Christmasses, in a golden cradle on smooth ground,  
underneath the branches, with the wind rocking it.  
Sleep safely, my child, because from your sleep you  
will get your health.

Side II, Band 7: Faill il óró.

Chorus:

Faill il óró, faill il ó,  
Hú il óró, Hu il o,  
Faill il óró, hú hóró,  
O sí rún mo céill abhann.

1.  
Lá do bhíos sa coill ud thall,  
Chonnachas grúgach nan rosc mall,  
Slatag 'na lámh 'si cúallac meanng,  
O sí rún mo céill abhann.

Chorus:

2.  
D'innsint dreach mo leanán duit,  
Dhá gruadh dearg comh dearg le subh,  
Béal gan locht nar innsint sgeal,  
O sí rún mo céill abhann.

Translation:

This is a gay love song, in which a young man  
tells us:  
"One day when I was in the wood yonder I saw  
a young girl full of gaiety, with a wand in her  
hand. She had two cheeks as red as jam, and a  
perfect mouth that would not lie."

Side II, Band 8: Carraig Donn.

1.  
Ar Charraig Donn is fionn an fraoch,  
's is dorcha an spéir os cionn Árd na Laogh,  
Is iomadh sruth ag síneadh síos  
Go h-uisce uaigneach na h-Abhna Buidhe;  
An gaoth an caonadh le chuadh caoin,  
I measc na gcoillte síghe,  
Is mise i bpéin inseo liom fhéin,  
's mo grádh ar siubhal uaim, Océon mo chroidhe.

2.  
Ba glas an fraoch ar Carraig Donn  
's ba geal an grían ar Árd na Laogh,  
Na crainn go léir ag crumadh síos,  
'S ag pogadh min-fhluich na h-Abhna Buidhe;  
's go deo ba mheura mo bheatha ann,  
Me fhéin 's mo Dhómhnall dílis,  
's gur dubhairt se liom nach scarfadh sinn  
Níos mo sa tsaoghal seo, Ochéon mo chroidhe.

3.

Ar Charraig Donn tá'n fraoch ag fás,  
'S an sceac ag scéithfeadh ar Árd na Laogh,  
An grían geal ag soillsiu síos  
Ar éaden soibhneach na h-Abhna Buidhe;  
Ach damhsa ní bhfuil ach buairt is brón,  
Gan radharc mo Dhómhnall dílis,  
Mo léun indiu gur imthigh thu,  
Mo mhúirnín dílis, a stór mo chroidhe.

Translation:

On Carraig Donn the heather is fair and the sky is  
-dark over Árd na Laoi. Many streams are stretching  
down to the lonely waters of Abhna Buidhe. The wind  
is wailing through the fairy woods, and I am alone  
here, for my love has through the fairy woods, and  
I am alone here, for my love has gone from me.  
The heather was green on Carraig Donn; the sun was  
bright on Árd na Laoi. All the trees were bending  
down to kiss the Abhna Buidhe. My life was to be  
happy here with Donal, for he said to me that we  
would never be parted again. The heather is growing  
and the bushes are flowering on Carraig Donn.  
The bright sun is shining down on the beautiful  
Abhna Buidhe. But in me there is nothing but sadness  
since the day you went from me, my dearest Donal.

Side II, Band 9: Ceol an Píobaire.

1.  
Ma phosann tú an sistealóir is tu bhéas ag caoineadh  
A mhúirnín dílis, is fhaoileann óg;  
Uch beidh tú i do thachtadh le barrach na tíre,  
A mhúirnín dílis is fhaoileann óg;  
Beigh tú i do shuidhe go mbeidh se ann meadhon-oidhche  
Ag síor-doghadh na gcoinneal 's ag sciobadh a lín do,  
Ach ba mhíle fearr duit mise agat, is ceol binn mo phíbe,  
A mbuúirnín dílis is fhaoileann óg.

2.  
Ma phosann tú an figheadóir is tú bhéas ag caoineadh  
A mhúirnín dílis is fhaoileann óg;  
Beigh cead luig laig ag an ughaim da scaoileadh,  
A mbuúirnín dílis is fhaoileann óg;  
Beigh tu i do shuidhe to mbeidh se ann meadhon-oidhche,  
Ag síor-doghadh na gcoinneal is ag crónán faníne,  
Ach ba mhíle fearr duit mise agat is ceol binn mo phíbe,  
A mhúirnín dílis is fhaoileann óg.

3.  
Má phosann tú an t-oibrighe is tú bhéas to h-aoibhinn  
A mhúirnín dílis, is fhaoileann óg;  
Gheobhfhaidh tu marchaigheacht chun na h-aontach,  
A mhúirnín dílis, is fhaoileann óg;  
Ní bheadh tú i do shuidhe go mbeadh se ann meadhon-oidhche,  
Beidh airgead in do phócaibh is ór buidhe 'na phíosaidhe,  
Ach ba mhíle fearr duit mise agat is ceol binn mo phíbe,  
A mhúirnín dílis is fhaoileann óg.

Translation:

A piper sings to the girl he loves:  
"If you marry the loomsman you'll be lamenting. You'll  
be smothered with flax. You'll still be up at midnight  
forever burning the candle and sorting the linen for him.  
And if you marry the weaver you'll be lamenting, my love.  
You'll have to listen to the sound of his shuttle being  
loosened, and you'll be up until midnight forever burning  
the candle. But if you marry the workman you'll get rides  
to the fairs; you will have silver and gold in your  
pockets. But it would be a thousand times better for you  
to marry me and hear the sweet music of my pipe."



1.

'Sé fath mo bhúadhartha nach bhfuighinn cead cúarta  
Do's ngleanntán uaigneach ina mbíonn mo grád,  
Bíonn mil ar luachar ann is im ar uachtar  
's go tús an Fhoghmar a bhios na crainn faoi bhláth.  
Níl gaoth aduaidh ann, níl sneachta cruaidh ann,  
Bíonn chaladh 's chúain ann ag luing is ag mhád,  
Is mar tuille buaidh ann, níl turas na cruaike ann,  
Do'n té dhéanfeadh súas le's mhúirnín bhán.

2.

O 'gus shíl me 'stóirín nuair bhí tu óg deas  
Go ndéanfhá eolas ar éalodh liom,  
Is nach mbíonn tráthnóna no maidean Fhoghmar  
Nach tú an réalt éolais a bhí dhul rómham.  
Ag siubhal na móinte 's na choillte chnómhar,  
Ni bhéadh orm brón na duibhtin chroidhe,  
Ach mé bheith póstadh le'm mhile stóirín,  
's mo lamh go bródamhail ar a brollach mín.

Translation:

It is my sorrow that I cannot go to that lonely glen  
where my love is. There is honey and butter there,  
and until the beginning of Autumn the trees are in  
flower. There is no North wind there or lasting rain,  
and there is shelter there for boats and ships. And  
there is not the journey of the Cross for the one  
who goes there with his white love.

And I thought, my love, since you were young and  
lovely that you would fly away with me. There is not  
an Autumn evening or morning that your image is not  
before me like a star of knowledge. I would never  
again be sorrowful or broken-hearted walking through  
the woods and the meadows if I was married to my  
dearest love with my hand proudly in hers.



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