recorded in the north of Ireland by SAMUEL B. CHARTERS
The Orange Men of Ulster
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Side I
Drummers' Preparation and the Lambeg Drums
Portadown — Sam Allen, voice
Drummers of County Antrim
Cromie's Buck — David Harper, voice
Drummers of County Down
King Billy at the Boyne
— Sam Allen, voice
An Orange Procession — Beggar Drum
Fife, snare drum, two lambeg drums

Side II
The Drum — Ballymagarrett — The Late Brother David Kirk — Gone But Not Forgotten
The Buck Around the World
— David Harper, voice
Grumlin Hotel — Ernie Curran, voice
An Orange Procession — Easter Saturday
Fife, snare drums, two lambeg drums
Glover Hill — Joe Downs, voice
The Sash My Father Wore — A pub group

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THE ORANGEMEN OF ULSTER

Recorded in County Down, Ulster, by

Samuel B. Charters

Technical assistant, A. R. Danberg.

A most grateful acknowledgement is made to Mr. and Mrs. James McCully of Banbridge, County Down, for their generous assistance and hospitality in the course of this study.

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The music of the Orangemen of Ulster is an expression of the violence and emotion that has marked the history of Northern Ireland. These men are part of a minority Protestant group that has been maintained in Catholic Ireland by the military force of England, and the centuries of bloodshed have left deep scars on both groups. Ulster today is partitioned from the Irish Free State and has an independent government within the British commonwealth, but the partition has only been in existence since 1921. The Irish Rebellion of 1916 - 1921, which resulted in the Irish Free State, was regarded by many of the men of the Irish Republican Army as only partially successful because the six counties of Ulster remained under British Rule. There was a Civil War in the Free State itself, from 1921 to 1923, which attempted to force a decision over Ulster, and there has been sporadic violence by I. R. A. terrorists almost continuously since that time. The posts of the Ulster Constabulary near the partition line are surrounded by barbed wire and in some areas protected by heavy sandbag walls. There is even uncertainty and indecision within Ulster itself. Two of the six counties, Londonderry and Fermanagh, have a Catholic majority, and the Protestant majority is very slight in the other four counties. This has tended to leave the more militant Orange groups with an insecurity that has made it difficult for them to forget old differences. This is the background for their music and song.

THE ORANGEMEN OF ULSTER

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Even without the heads or the rims the drum looked very large. The shell was in the corner of the attic landing, pushed back against the wall. The owner of the drum, a pleasant, friendly man named Jim McCully, took the plastic cover off the shell and stood it upright.

"She'll run three feet, one inch across the head, thirty inches across the shell."

The drum looked even larger standing up. I asked him if it was exceptionally large. He shook his head.

"Some of the big ones go three feet, two. It's the skins that keep the size down, you know. We use goat skin, and you can't get a skin much bigger than that."

He reached into a corner and pulled out one of the drum heads.

"You can see how thin a head is. That's from a female goat. The skin from a male goat is too heavy; we can't get the tone from him."

I looked at the shell in the dim light. Two iron loops had been fastened side by side in the wood, a few inches apart. A belt was pulled through them and slung around the player's neck when the drum was being used. Beginning at the loops was a large painted decoration covering nearly half of the shell. When the drum was being played the decoration belled out towards anyone standing in front of it. A lion was in the center of the design, staring fiercely out of the painted background, its mane bristling with defiance. Orange and blue bunting had been painted around the scene, and under the curve of the shell was the motto, "Semper Paratus" - "Always Ready.

The painting had beautifully unsophisticated style and spontaneity. Jim lifted the shell a few inches off the floor, testing its weight.

"This is a new drum, you see. She's too heavy still to give a good tone. I'll leave her up here to dry a little."

The women, my wife and Jim's young wife Elsie, were downstairs getting tea. Elsie came to the foot of the stairs and called to us to come down. Jim began spreading the cover back over the gaudy shell. I asked him how long he'd have to leave the drum up in the attic.

"I'll leave her for three years; then she'll be ready to play."

There was a fire in the grate in the back sitting room. It was a gray, blustery autumn afternoon. The women sat across the table from us watching the McCully's daughter playing with a small, excited terrier. Jim nodded toward Elsie.
"She doesn't like the drums, you know."

Elsie frowned half seriously.

"I can't stand them at all. They're nothing but a lot of noise. If you grow up with them as Jim did then you can hear something, but they just hurt my ears."

Jim laughed indulgently.

"I first heard the drums when I was seven years old and I've been following them ever since. I could listen to the drums all day. I've got one now."

He started to finish the sentence; then he stopped and turned to look at his daughter. The drum in the attic was a "lambeg" drum, an instrument made by local craftsmen in the larger towns of Ulster. There was considerable confusion over the name, but nearly everyone agreed that the drum had no connection with the small village of Lambeg, south of Belfast. The drums seemed to have been brought into Ulster with the Protestant army of William of Orange, when he defeated the Irish supporters of James II at the Boyne in 1690. Most of the drummers thought that they had come in with Dutch mercenaries attached to the army.

Jim remarked,

"The main difference between the old style drum and the drum we have today is in the way the shell is turned. The old ones were in short pieces, turned around hoops fastened inside, and they were only two feet, six inches across the head. The new ones, you see, are all turned in one piece, or two pieces side by side. Hewitt, in Moira, turned the first big shell about 1870. The cane sticks came in about the same time. The man who made the sticks Tom Kerry, was from Broomedge, a place not too far from Moira. I think maybe he and Hewitt developed the lambeg together."

Jim was a short, light haired man, who had a successful electrical contracting business in a small town called Banbridge, about thirty miles south of Belfast in County Down. As he sat talking I could see the enthusiasm in his face. He was sitting on the edge of his chair, gesturing as he talked. His wife watched him fondly. I had come down to talk with him because he was making the arrangements for a drumming contest that was to be held in Banbridge over the next weekend. Within a few moments we had become friends. The lambeg drums were part of his life, and he was pleased to find an outsider who was interested in them. They are very much a local instrument, limited to four of the six counties of Ulster - Down, Antrim, Tyrone, and part of Derry.

I knew that they were used in the Orange processions of the 12th of July and that they were played only by Protestants, but Jim didn't feel that the drums had any religious significance.

"People seeing us play might say, 'Those are Protestant drums,' but all we're thinking about are the drums and the sound we can get out of them."

I tried to describe the size of the drum to my wife. Jim explained,

"Some fellows get in arguments over the best size of the drum. I never get into it myself. Some say 3 feet, some say 3 feet two inches. That's what they say has the best sound. I don't say anything myself, but the best sound is in a shell three feet and a quarter inches."

Banbridge is in hilly farm country thirty miles south of Belfast. The small fields are enclosed in ragged hedges, and the hills are dark with clumps of wet trees and brush. Cattle graze in most of the fields, and late in the afternoon boys from town drive them through the streets, the cows plodding awkwardly along, the boys riding behind them on bicycles, flicking at them with a freshly cut stick. The town itself
is on the main Belfast-Dublin road, and most of the small shops are on either side of the road. The road rises over a steep hill, and the crest of the hill has become the town’s center. The hill was considered too steep for stagecoaches and a cut had been made into the crest; so that the main motor road is below the shops in a double lane below the shop streets on either side of it. The hill in the town’s center makes it easy for people to give directions. Everything is either at the top of the hill, or part way up the hill, or just down at the other side.

Most of the skirmishing between the Ulster Constabulary and the dissident groups of I.R.A. men who have been raiding across the Border have taken place south of Banbridge, closer to the Eire line. The Constabulary station at Castlewellan, sixteen miles from Banbridge, is still surrounded with barbed wire, and stations further south are protected with walls of sandbags. At Banbridge, except for the pistols that were worn by the Constabulary and the signs outside the station offering rewards for information about I.R.A. activities, "... all sources to be held in strictest confidence," there was little sign of trouble. In a windswept square at the foot of the hill there was a stone statue of the town’s most important hero, a Captain Crozier, who had died on the Franklin Arctic expedition of 1849. Looking up at him from the four corners of the statue’s elaborate base were earnest stone polar bears. Around the corner from the statue was the town’s museum and public library. The museum seemed to be devoted to dark, dust covered cases holding a hazardous collection of stones and jars of pickled snakes. A stuffed crocodile was on top of one of the cases. A set of eighteen century prints depicting the various stages of linen manufacture hung in heavy frames in a darkened corner. A leather saddle of very unusual design completed the collection. Most people in Banbridge usually called it the “cowboy” saddle, but it was certainly different from any kind of saddle used in North America. The library upstairs was devoted to large locked glass cases filled with eighteenth century books and three or four tilted tables covered with newspapers and travel service magazines.

As the week passed, Jim watched the weather with more and more anxiety.

"It has to be dry, you know. We can’t get the drums up real good unless the day’s dry. This is the second time we’re trying to have the competition, and there won’t be another chance after this. It rained the first time. We’ve got three cups and money prizes as well."

The lambegs are different from other large drums in the quality of their tone. The thin heads are pulled tighter and tighter until the tone is bright and hard. Jim had already begun tightening up his drum at the beginning of the week, and every night he went out to the Orange Hall, where he kept his instrument, and tightened the head. There are no mechanical screws on the drums. The heads are held on with a wood rim and linen ropes. At first Jim simply held the drum up by the ropes and let the drum’s weight tighten the skin, but as it grew closer to the contest he took first one, then two, other men with him to help with the tightening. I was surprised, still thinking that the contest had something to do with the skill of the drummer.

Jim shook his head.

"A bad drummer can make a good drum sound off its tone, and a good drummer can make a drum sound a little better, but it’s the tone of the drum that decides it."

I touched one of the heads, listening to its sharp, full sound. He tapped it lightly with the end of the stick, a length of flexible rattan cane with a handle on one end.

"She’s not up yet. If we get a dry day she’ll be singing. It’s the tone we’re looking for -- tone, weight, jingle, and volume. And the volume, too. She’s got to have the volume." He began pulling on the ropes. "Some people see two drummers standing against each other and they think it’s just noise, but you’re really trying to make your drum overcome his. If you can feel the vibrations from his shell coming over you, then you’re in trouble. It’s when you can feel your drum overcoming his that you know you’re all right."

On Friday I stopped by the bank across the street from the small hotel that was to be used as the meeting place for the drummers. The bank manager, noticing my accent, chatted for a moment as I was leaving. When he asked what I was doing in Banbridge, I told him that my wife and I had come into town to hear the drum contest. He took a step back, his face turning a little paler.

"There’s to be a contest here, you say?"

I nodded.

"At the Imperial Hotel there, across the street?"

I nodded again.

He stared out the window, nervously drumming the counter. "I live upstairs, you see. I just don’t know what we can do. It’s the noise. My wife and I will have to go to her sister’s. You’re sure it’s tomorrow night?"

As I left the bank he was still anxiously staring across the street.
On Friday night there was singing in Bell's bar, a public house up on the other side of the hill from the Imperial Hotel. It was a small place, with the upstairs divided into two small rooms, and a smaller room behind the public bar downstairs. The foreman of a nearby linen mill, Sam Allen, from Donaghcloney, sang a number of Orange ballads, standing in the center of a small group in the back room, his coat open, his strong voice rising above the murmur of talk in the front of the bar. Other singers joined him, a painting contractor from Newcastle named David Harper, younger men, the whole group joining in. When they had finished singing I went outside, the sound of their voices still ringing in my ears.

Jim was getting into his car not far from the shop he kept to store his electrical supplies. We stood talking for a moment and he suddenly gestured for me to follow him. We went inside his shop and he turned on the light. In the back of the shop, behind some cable, I could see a drum. It was unpainted, a dark shape in the shadows, the shell crisscrossed with the tightening ropes. Jim lifted it out into the center of the shop, lowering it onto a piece of sacking. He looked over at me, nodding, secretively.

"I was keeping this one in here. She's a Bearn shell. That's what would be a Stradivarius as far as a drum goes. Bearn was over in Armagh eighty years ago. Every shell he made was turned out of a single piece of timber and if she wasn't a good drum he destroyed her. This was probably turned in 1880, but she's still got the tone."

The wood had darkened with age, but it was in perfect condition. Jim pointed to a little bag near the iron loops.

"You see what I did. I didn't know she was a Bearn when I bought her. I'd have paid much more for her if I'd known that. You can tell by the air holes."

He touched the two air holes on either side of the shell. "These are modern air holes, the way we do it today. Bearn just put one in the center, and somebody had covered it up. I put a finish on her, you see, and I put this over the hole in the center."

In the center of the shell was a small label, "Wm. Johnston and Sons, Drum Manufacturers." Jim laughed. "This way nobody can tell what she is until they hear her sing out."

As we went toward the street we both stopped, trying to look up into the night sky. Jim shrugged. "There's no telling what sort of a day we'll have."

The wind was high on Saturday morning, with a pall of grey clouds blowing across the hills. It was still a dry day, but toward the east, over the Irish Sea, there seemed to be a storm building up. Discouraged, my wife and I began walking away from the town on one of the side roads. The chestnut trees were beginning to turn, and a litter of golden leaves was swirling along the sidewalk in front of us. Stone walls lined the edges of the fields on either side of the road, and the cattle still grazing turned to watch the wind and weather. We asked him about the new drum. He finally decided to go test his drums again, and hurried back to his car. People were in from the farms to shop, and their cars and trucks lined the street. The rows of shops were full of customers. Across a narrow street from the Imperial Hotel, where the contest was to be held, the fruiterer had already turned on the lights inside. The old-fashioned show windows and the brown and yellow outside the building stood out at the end of a row of shops that sloped downhill from the top of the town. The hotel, a two story brick building, had opened the front doors of its public bar, and there was a steady stream of customers, going in and out.

There was a light sprinkle of rain; dampening the streets. As we stood outside the hotel staring into it, the first drum arrived. It was wrapped in canvas and tied to the top of a small, shiny car. Three men got out of the car and began to pull the drum off the top, putting it down on the narrow street between the fruiterer and the hotel. Two of them were wearing dark, heavy tweed jackets and cloth caps, but the third, who seemed to be directing the handling of the drum, was in shirt sleeves. He was a thin, light-haired man, his face and arms reddened by wind and weather. He seemed to be a farmer, and neither his clothes nor the car seemed to show any signs that his farming was prosperous.
"The Challenger of Ulster" photo by A. R. Danberg

Johnston’s Drum Shop, Belfast. Charters

photo by A. R. Danberg

A drummer arriving for the competition.

Sandy Row, the heart of Protestant Belfast. Danberg

William Hewitt’s Drum Shop, Belfast.
Within a few minutes other drums began arriving. The rain was falling again and the drums were hurled off their racks on the backs or against the trunks of the cars and carried to a large empty shed in back of the hotel. As it went back inside and there was soon a noisy crowd against the bar. Jim had said there was a bitter argument that had been splitting the followers of the drums into angry groups for years. There were two important drum makers in Belfast, the Johnston’s and the Hewitt’s, both of them with small shops on Sandy Row. The followers of these two makers were angrily antagonistic toward each other. Usually there were fist fights before a contest was over. Jim couldn’t get something as good as a Johnston drum, and the man who had first arrived was using a Johnston drum, but I noticed that a group from Hewitt’s shop was sitting alone in a back room. Their drum, “The Challenger of Ulster,” was set against the wall.

It was growing darker and the rain had become heavier. Jim finally came into the bar with his group of followers. He shook his head.

“I don’t think this is going to lift. We have to be outside for the competition and a rain like this would ruin the heads.”

I asked him what would happen.

“There’ll be a night drumming, but no competition.”

Jim’s drummer was a good looking young man named Jackie Hearn. He and Jim sat at one of the tables talking. Jackie was trying to buy an older drum from Jim. He couldn’t get something as good as a competition drum, but he wanted something to carry in the Orange processions. They were leaning over the table, their voices low. Jackie laughed at something Jim said, throwing his head back. There was a rising din in the bar. The television had been turned on and the latest soccer scores were being printed on a teletype machine on the screen.

Voices rose in pleased surprise or disappointment. Most of the men were dressed in rough work clothes, a few like Jim, in lighter shirts, or in elaborate tweed jackets and ties. The last of the scores was read from the screen and the television was turned off and the voices along the bar began to talk of the drums again.

While Jim was still sitting talking, there was a muffled roar from outside the building. I left him there, and my wife and I began walking along the street toward the shed. It was a narrow street, with a fish shop and a printing works behind the fruiters. Behind the printing works was a coal merchant, with his drawn blinds advertising “Artificial Mallee, Lime, and Potato Merchant.” There was a betting office just across the street from the shed, “Branch Office — Hugh Clarke, Head Office — Henry, Established 1904.” The building was shabby and run down, looking more like an old garage than a betting office. The shed itself was a long brick building, with two bulbs dangling from wires to light it. The hotel did occasional funeral services and the shed was used for their vehicles and spare coffins. The vehicles had been moved, but there were still two or three coffin lids lying behind some dusty tables against the wall. Over a dozen drums were already inside, their bright paintings gleaming in the glaring light. The noise in the shed was overwhelming. Two drummers were standing facing each other, their drums almost touching, their arms flailing as they played. To support the weight of the drums their bodies were slumped forward, their shoulders pulled back. Their legs were bent at the knee. Both of them were already perspiring, their eyes on each other’s face over the tops of the swaying drums. A crowd of men, all of them in wet, dark clothes, pushed against them, giving them just enough room to move the sticks. It was impossible to hear anything except the drumming. A number of drummers along their drums around their necks, stood facing each other, then began playing with devastating power. Some of the crowd began drifting over to listen to them.

The rhythm the men were playing was almost unvarying, a pattern of two beats in one hand against a single beat in the other, called “double time.” The crowd was listening to the drums, to their tone, and to the ring. Men walked from drum to drum, leaning closer to listen, then moving thoughtfully to the next. Unable to stand the pain in our ears, we went outside and crossed the street. Neither of us could hear anything. We stood on a doorstep trying to say something to each other until the woman for the house opened the door to see if we wanted her. Despite the din, after a few moments we found ourselves drawn again toward the sound of the drums. We found a nearly empty corner in the shed and stood at the back of the crowd. Four men were working to tighten up a drum called “Ballymagaret — The Late Brother David Kirk — Gone But Not Forgotten.” A portrait of the late Brother Kirk covered the front of the shell. Two of the men were standing up, leaning on the drum, and the other two were sitting in front of it, pulling the ropes in an intricate series of movements. They were wearing heavy cloaks and all four of them were breathing heavily from the exertion. The owner of the drum, a short, nervous looking man with red hair, carefully tapped the rims with a mallet; then he motioned toward one of the men who had been tightening the heads. He immediately took off his coat and pushed up the sleeves of his sweater. He was a young man, slim and pale, with dark hair falling down over his forehead. He looked almost too sensitive to touch the instrument. The drum was slung over his neck, the owner handed him a pair of sticks, and there was a sudden roar that rose above the thunderous din of the other drums in the shed. The red-haired man listened for a moment; then he nodded and gave him the stick. He immediately let the sticks drop. They worked with the drum for nearly fifteen minutes, touching first one side, then the other, with the mallet, trying to match the tone of the heads. Finally the drummer nodded and they carefully lifted the drum up onto one of the tables out of the way.

The drumming went on. Men stood crouched against each other, listening to the sound of the lambegs, trying to hear the vibrations from each shell. The drummers seemed to be tireless, playing without pause. I finally went to find Jim and his disappointment. Men were already in the Hearn shell in a storeroom back of the pub and they were sitting on boxes straining to bring it up still a little tighter. When they finished Jim leaned over it, trying to catch his breath. I asked him what was happening in the shed.

“They’re just loosening up the heads, now. It’s later that you’ll hear the real drumming.”

I still didn’t understand why they had to continue playing if they were only testing one drum against another.

“Some men will hear that their drum is not doing well, you know, and they’ll play harder to keep from losing, but if it goes on for a time then they can’t keep it up. I think we’re going to be playing just even. Some of those men are hard, though. Farm laborers and the like. They can drum like that for hours.”

We stood in the small room, surrounded with boxes of empty beer bottles, listening to the noise in the shed. I could make out the sound of drums being played in short bursts of heavier beats alternating with groups of lighter beats. Jim nodded.

“That’s County Antrim.”

The rain steadily grew worse and by eight thirty, the competition had been abandoned. There were eight drums playing a rhythm perhaps deterring larger and larger as the evening passed. Everyone was drinking heavily and there were sudden angry disputes over some of the drums. About nine o’clock the fife arrived from the nearby village of Warings­town. Like most of the Ulster fifers he was of Flemish descent. A number of French Huguenots had followed William’s army into Ireland, and the Flemish and English and Scottish Protestant groups had united into the Orange Societies. Jim went to find a man who had promised to play the small snare drum, or “rattles,” as the snare drum is usually called in Ulster. He wanted to have some of the
The drummer looked forward to hearing the sound of the Hearn shell was sounding clearer and clearer over the drum. The Hewitt men were around their drum, tapping at the rim with a mallet. The drummer looked at Jackie; then back at the drum. Jackie slowly lowered the drum to the floor.

"That's almost a thing of the past now, that kind of music."

The drummer was volleyed against the Hewitt drummer even looked to stand to tightness. The drumming seemed to become more intense. There was a sudden silence, as if the drummers were too wrapped up in their music to hear anything else. Then one of them started to break away from the group, trying to shake his arms loose. The other drummer watched him and held him until the fifer, the rattles, threw themselves on him and held him until the fifer, the rattles, player, and the two lambeg men had played their old fashioned procession music. Most of the men were determined to stay for a moment in the rainy, darkened alley. He seemed to be trying to give himself completely to hearing the sound of the drums around him.

The drum pressure against the Hewitt drum, Jackie and the drummer stared at each other over the shells, each of them trying to play with renewed strength. The better of two drummers is always easier to play; since it already has an advantage, but a strong drummer who is trying to help the contest to go for hours, despite his disadvantage. The Hewitt men were determined to stay with Jackie and the veins in his head were moving tirelessly. The crowd began to tighten around him. They stood listening until the other drummer finally broke and moved his drum away. Jackie pushed his way through the crowd, still playing, until he found himself facing his other drum. Jim was still standing back in the crowd, hardly watching the drummers now. He seemed to be trying to give himself completely to hearing the sound of the drummers around him.

The drummers were still trying to get some quiet for the procession. Two drummers behind Jackie reached forward with handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat off his face and neck. He stood with his head back, his eyes closed as hands reached out to him. Robert Johnston, the Belfast drum maker, gently wiped off his forehead. The Hewitt men were around their drum, tapping at the rim with a mallet. The drummer looked at Jackie; then back at the drum. Jackie slowly lowered the drum to the floor.

"The heads aren't right for her yet, but you can hear the ring she's got."

As we pushed our way back into the shed we could hear the Hearn shell singing over the din of the other drums. One of the men who was to have judged the contest stood listening to the drums; then he straightened, pointing to the Hearn drum and nodding. Jackie was drumming with his face expressionless, his arms moving tirelessly. The crowd began to tighten around him. They stood listening until the other drummer finally broke and moved his drum away. Jackie pushed his way through the crowd, still playing, until he found himself facing another drum. Jim was still standing back in the crowd, hardly watching the drums now. He seemed to be trying to give himself completely to hearing the sound of the drummers around him.

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He remembers learning CROMIE'S BUCK from a farmer who lived between Newcastle and the village of Castlewellan. "Cromie" is, of course, short for Oliver Cromwell, who wreaked havoc with Irish Catholicism during his short rule as head of the English Commonwealth. Mr. Harper was singing for the Saturday night crowd in an upstairs room of Bell's pub.

SIDE ONE, Band 5. Drummers of County Down. 35"
Details as for first example.

In the foreground are two drummers from County Down, playing with the steady, unvarying beat which is characteristic of the County.

SIDE ONE, Band 6. KING BILLY AT THE BOYNE 4'10"
Sam Allen, voice. Details as for earlier example.

This is another of the historical Orange ballads which are still sung at Orange gatherings. King Billy is William, Prince of Orange, who defeated the Old Pretender, James II, at the Boyne River in 1690. It was this defeat which left the Protestant groups free to develop their society in the north of Ireland. William returned to England as King William following his victory. The 12th of July celebrations held by Orange men everywhere in the world commemorate this battle.

SIDE ONE, Band 7. An Orange Procession - BEGGOR MAN 2'55"
Joseph Orr, fife; William Cusil, "rattlies" or snare drum; Alec Turkington and Tony Anderson, lambeg drums. Recorded at Banbridge, County Down, Ulster, October 1, 1960.

The most colorful part of the July 12 celebrations in Ulster are the large Orange processions of all the local lodges through the main streets of nearly every city. The Belfast procession lasts for most of the day, as the lodges pass through the streets with their elaborately painted banners and bands of music. As many of the Orange men are of Scottish background the Highland pipe band has become popular for the processions in recent years, and in Belfast there have been more and more conventional brass bands used. The older style of procession music centered around the fife, the "rattlies" as the old British Army marching drum is called, and the lambeg drums. This older music represented a fusion of the two main groups who are the heart of the Ulster Orange movement. The drummers were usually of Scottish background, and the fifers were usually of Flemish Huguenot background. The Flemish Protestant groups were centered the hills in Waringstown and Lurgan. The fifer on this recording, Joseph Orr, is from Waringstown. The music seems to have many of the characteristics of the older French marching traditions; although military marching music of the 18th Century became almost uniform throughout Europe. The alternation of instrumental sounds in this music first the fife and snare drum; then the sound of the lambegs, is still to be heard in much village music in France, even though the instruments themselves are different.

SIDE TWO, Band 1. The drum "Ballymagarrett - The Late Brother David Kirk - Gone But Not Forgotten" 4'00"
As for first examples.

Most lambeg drums are elaborately painted with slogans and portraits of important figures in Orange history or popular local figures. This drum was particularly loud and its tone rang out over the noise of four other drums in the shed. A man named Fred Bridgett of Belfast does most of the drum and banner painting in Ulster.

SIDE TWO, Band 2. THE BUCK AROUND THE WORLD 1'40"
Details as for first example by Mr. Harper.

During much of the 18th Century the Orange movement was closely associated with the Masonic Orders, and there are a number of songs whose meaning is bound up with Masonic ritual. Mr. Harper had learned the song from a neighbor and neither he or the man from whom he learned it could explain its meaning.

SIDE TWO, Band 3. CRUMLIN HOTEL 1'55"
Ernie Curran, voice, recorded at Banbridge, County Down, Ulster, October 1, 1960.

In any Orange gathering there will be songs sung of every kind, including humorous songs like this one. The "hotel" which Mr. Curran sings about is, of course, the Belfast city jail. Often the singer will leave the last words for the rest of the people in the pub to finish and Mr. Curran ends his song this way. As always this is greeted with considerable laughter.

SIDE TWO, Band 4. An Orange Procession - EASTER SATURDAY 4'20"
Details as for previous example.

SIDE TWO, Band 5. GLOVER HILL 3'30"
Joe Downs, voice. Recorded at Banbridge, County Down, Ulster, October 1, 1960.

The season for the lambeg drums lasts from the Monday after Easter to about the first of October. The drums are put away for the winter, and many of the men turn to hunting for their weekend recreation. The hunting is done with beagles, and the men and dogs straggle across the barren fields hunting for rabbits. As in England, there is a long tradition of local hunting ballads. GLOVER HILL is set far from Banbridge and the song is a local favorite. The localities mentioned are not far from Glover Hill and the dogs named are all known to the people in the audience. The ballad's most original touch is the rabbit's escape.

SIDE TWO, Band 6. THE SASH MY FATHER WORE 3'50"
A pub group, led by Joe Ulm. Recorded at Bell's pub, Banbridge, County Down, Ulster, October 1, 1960.

This is probably the best loved of the Orange songs and is usually sung toward the end of the evening, when everyone is feeling sentimental. This pub group, sitting in an upstairs room in an old fashioned pub, is typical of the Saturday night crowd in pubs everywhere in Ulster.