

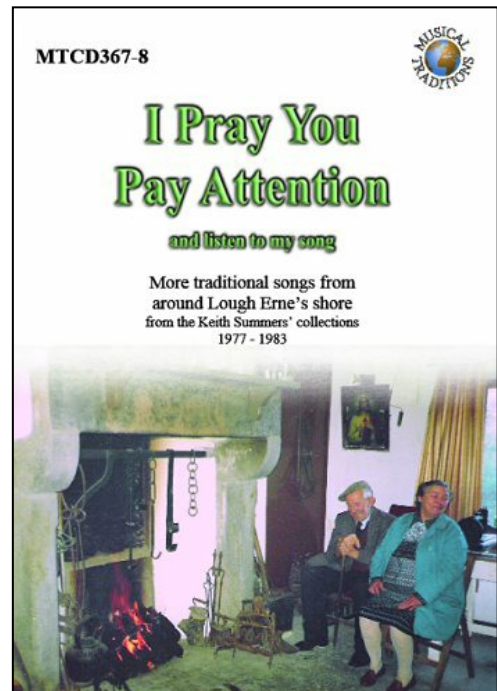
I Pray You Pay Attention

and listen to my song

(MTCD367-8)

CD One: 77:47

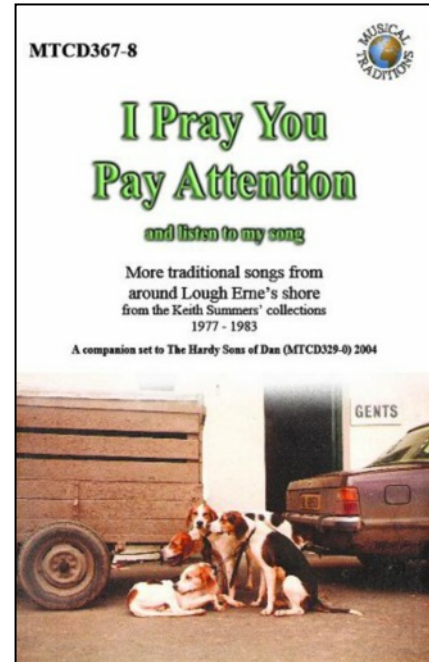
1	<i>I Pray You Pay Attention</i>	Packie Cunningham	2:30
2	<i>Beneath The Bright Silvery Light of the Moon</i>	Unidentified singer	2:08
3	<i>The Crockery Ware</i>	Maggie Murphy	2:14
4	<i>Bundoran</i>	Packie Cunningham	2:01
5	<i>From Sweet Tralee</i>	Francie Little	3:31
6	<i>Everyone's Done It But You</i>	Packie Cunningham	3:17
7	<i>My Love, he is a Miner</i>	Paddy & Jimmy Halpin	2:47
8	<i>Paddy and the Donkey</i>	Unidentified singer	2:11
9	<i>Gentle Mother</i>	Eugene Ward McElroy	3:11
10	<i>The Sprig of Irish Heather</i>	Packie Cunningham	3:20
11	<i>Caroline and Her Sailor Bold</i>	Maggie Murphy	3:16
12	<i>McCafferty</i>	Tommy Connelly	3:18
13	<i>The Heather where the Moorcock Crows</i>	Packie Cunningham	2:35
14	<i>The Irish Soldier</i>	Patsy Flynn	2:38
15	<i>The Hills above Drumquin</i>	Packie Cunningham	2:35
16	<i>My Tackle A Honie</i>	Eddie Coyle	1:59
17	<i>The White Hare of Golan</i>	Maggie Murphy	2:03
18	<i>Erin's Lovely Home</i>	Packie Cunningham	3:13
19	<i>The Bonny Labouring Boy</i>	Tommy Connelly	3:40
20	<i>The Tyrone Tailor</i>	Francie Little	3:50
21	<i>The Moon behind the Hill</i>	James McDermott	2:03
22	<i>The Galway Shawl</i>	Eugene Ward McElroy	2:59
23	<i>My Mother's Last Goodbye</i>	James McDermott	2:59
24	<i>The Little Old Mud Cabin</i>	James McDermott	3:12
25	<i>The Factory Girl</i>	Packie Cunningham	2:20
26	<i>The Lovely River Finn</i>	Jimmy Halpin	2:41
27	<i>That Little Thatched Cottage</i>	John Maguire	2:10



CD case cover

CD Two: 78:27

1	<i>Mr Bradley's Ball</i>	Maggie Murphy	3:45
2	<i>A Bonny Leitrim Boy</i>	Jimmy Halpin	3:16
3	<i>The Granemore Hare</i>	Francie Scott	3:24
4	<i>The Banks of the Silvery Tide</i>	Maggie Murphy	5:35
5	<i>The Piley Cock</i>	Jimmy Halpin	3:09
6	<i>The Killyfole Boasters</i>	Red Mick McDermott	3:29
7	<i>Harper the Pride of Tyrone</i>	Jack Hobson	4:03
8	<i>Matt Hyland</i>	Peggy MacDonagh	4:13
9	<i>My Charming Edward Boyle</i>	Francie Little	3:17
10	<i>Mr Macadam & Co</i>	Brian Tumilty	2:26
11	<i>Boys and Girls Courting</i>	Maggie Murphy	2:05
12	<i>The Kilmuckridge Hunt</i>	Brian Tumilty	1:42
13	<i>The Mourne Still</i>	Brian Tumilty	2:37
14	<i>Clinkin' o'er the lea</i>	Maggie Murphy	3:01
15	<i>Keady Town</i>	Francie Scott	3:07
16	<i>The Banks of the Lee</i>	Francie Scott	2:40
17	<i>The Titanic</i>	Tommy Tinneny	5:59
18	<i>The Roslea Hunt</i>	Jimmy Halpin	2:52
19	<i>Stock or Wall</i>	Maggie Murphy	3:03
20	<i>The Nobleman's Wedding</i>	James McDermott	2:31
21	<i>Spencil Hill</i>	Patsy Flynn	3:22
22	<i>Blow The Candle Out</i>	James McDermott	2:22
23	<i>Here's A Health to the Company</i>	James McDermott	4:03



CD booklet cover

50 tracks, 156 minutes

Keith Summers, MT's original editor, died on 30th March 2004, shortly after the release of *The Hardy Sons of Dan* (MTCD329-0), the double CD of his 1977-83 Co Fermanagh recordings. This present double CD may be seen as volumes 3 & 4 of that set, issued to mark the 10th anniversary of Keith's death.

Many of the same singers are here, plus a good number of others, giving a great selection of traditional songs, ditties, and hunting songs from around Lough Erne's shore - but no more football songs!

I Pray You Pay Attention and listen to my song

**More songs from County Fermanagh and its environs, recorded 1977-1983
by Keith Summers.**

These CDs are a companion set to *The Hardy Sons of Dan* (MTCD329-0) 2004. All the recordings were made on location in County Fermanagh and its environs between 1977-1983 by Keith Summers.

They have been issued to acknowledge the sad fact that it's 10 years since Keith died.

Keith Summers (1948-2004)

Keith's love of music began in his early teens in the late fifties. He developed an eclectic taste and enjoyed all genres. He particularly loved blues, old-time and traditional music and song.

In the late sixties he discovered the *Folksongs of Britain* series, just released by Topic Records. These LPs included recordings of English singers in *The Ship*, a pub in Blaxhall, Suffolk.

In 1969, he went to the National Folk Festival at Loughborough University. There was a Suffolk singer there called Percy Webb. Keith had just bought an antiquated portable reel-to-reel tape recorder to make recordings of the events he attended. After chatting to Percy, Keith made arrangements to visit him at his home in Tunstall to record his songs. Using public transport, this involved a 3 mile walk from Campsea Ashe to Percy's, and on the way Keith passed a signpost for Blaxhall.

Recognising this would be the home of *The Ship* pub, where those recordings were made, Keith took a diversion on the way back from Percy's. He walked the two miles to Blaxhall, arriving at the Ship at opening time. He was surprised to discover the tradition had not died out but was still very much alive.

Over the following eight years he met and befriended many local traditional singers and musicians in East Anglia, arranging for his friend, Tony Engle, of Topic Records, to go and record them on good equipment. Keith, who was spending weekends and his annual holidays in Suffolk, was finding so many singers that Tony eventually loaned him a Uher tape recorder with instructions on how to use it.

Keith always stressed that he was not a folk song collector, referring to himself as "a recorder of traditional music". He had little or no interest in different versions or origins of songs he'd recorded. He was interested in the singer, why they kept it going, how they kept it going - singing in pubs, and at home to their families.

His genuine interest, endless enthusiasm, easy manner and ability to chat on all levels, eased his acceptance into the tight-knit communities of East Suffolk and later, Co Fermanagh.

Although he was an enthusiastic amateur, his breadth of knowledge and ability to communicate what the music meant to him ensured he was respected by his peers and accepted by the academic establishment.

A qualified accountant, Keith worked at three companies around his home town of Southend-on-Sea. He was employed at one of them, Magnolia Mouldings, a Rochford company that made picture frame mouldings, for twenty years.

When the company opened a branch in Enniskillen, Co Fermanagh, Northern Ireland in the late seventies, Keith travelled back and forth over a four year period to set up the accounting side. He took advantage of this opportunity to search out, spend time with and record many traditional singers of the area.

During several visits spanning six years, Keith recorded 150 performances in the public houses and in the singers' homes, mostly in south-west Co Fermanagh and over the border in Belturbet, Co Cavan.

In doing so he documented a wealth of songs from the local tradition, including local hunting and cock-fighting songs. 37 songs from those recordings were issued on *The Hardy Sons of Dan* (MTCD329-0) in 2004.

Sadly Keith died of cancer 30th March 2004, aged just 55, a few weeks after *The Hardy Sons of Dan*, was issued.

There had been an all-out effort to get the CDs published while Keith was alive. This was accomplished with a couple of weeks to spare and Keith was delighted with the result.

Keith had asked me to write his obituary and I visited him on two occasions at his home in Southend-on-Sea to interview him.

Keith Summers talking to Paul Marsh 9.1.04

"I kept my recording going in Suffolk up until about 1978. I'd got this job in Fermanagh and it just wasn't the same when I came back from Ireland. The singers were dying. I probably did my last recording in Suffolk in about 1979. That piece of step-dancing with Charlie Whiting was 1979. That would appear to be the last time I did any proper recording in Suffolk.

It was gradually winding down because I was spending such a lot of time in Ireland. Which was different. I couldn't do any research in Ireland because I couldn't understand the dialect. No, I'm not joking. Fermanagh dialect is extremely difficult. Full of aspirations. People would-ha-talk to you-ha. How are-ha-you-ha?

And my main informant, a guy called Jimmy Halpin, had a terrific stutter. He didn't understand a word I was saying and I struggled big-time with him. So we just sort

of looked at each other, knowingly nodding. You wouldn't hear it when he was singing. When he was singing he was as perfect as pie.

I couldn't do any proper research because I didn't have a background in Irish music.

The key moment for me in Fermanagh was meeting father and son, James and Paddy Halpin, who were huntsmen, cock-fighters, football fans. Just about everything in the local culture they were into. They were very well known locally. They were very - famous isn't the right word - well known amongst their community as singers, and very popular. To meet them and record them opened up so many windows of opportunity in Fermanagh it's not true.

They were probably the third or fourth people I met. I'd met Maggie Murphy, who'd recorded in the fifties. Purely by chance I met her.

Then I'd found this pub. McGrath's pub, in Brookeborough. That's in Fermanagh. And the landlord and the landlady there introduced me to an English couple, Michael and Jenny Hicks, with a view primarily to act as a sort of interpreter, because I couldn't understand their Fermanagh accent and they couldn't understand my Essex drawl.

Jenny acted as a translator, but she also had a wide knowledge of the local singers because her husband, Michael, who was also - well I would say they were both upper-class English, farming people - was very highly regarded by the locals because of his knowledge of hunting and farming. Both of them are absolute diamond people.

Michael and Jenny had lived there for quite a while and they knew a lot about singing and they introduced me to countless singers.

They hadn't done any recording, as far as I knew. It's funny. When you're actually living in the community itself you don't feel the need to do it. It's always there. It's on tap almost. It's not until somebody dies that everybody wrings their hands and says "Oh God I wish I had a recording of so and so."

No, it was very loose and yet it was people like James Halpin and others that turned out to be the biggest help to me, in as much as they would introduce me to other singers that they knew. They could obviously talk one to one with them. Which I never could.

It was through their good offices that virtually everybody that I recorded in Fermanagh got recorded. If it hadn't been for them I certainly couldn't have done it on my own. That would have been way beyond my capabilities to have done it on my own.

Most of the pubs were very small. Probably at a squeeze you could seat two dozen people in most of them. They'd all be local. Everybody would know everybody else. But equally there were hotel bars where we recorded as well. There were a couple of big ones in Newtownbutler, which was the centre of the music and very often I'd end up staying the night in there.

I never ever had anybody refuse to sing for me in Fermanagh. They all approached it professionally with great dignity. They were over the moon. Never any problem. They were very often spurred on by their friends and relatives and the audience. The people that are listening are thoroughly enjoying it. It was usually a song that's very familiar to them. Well, alright, the audience did make some noise, but it was never intrusive and very often adds to the flavour of the recordings."

Background:

In a telephone conversation with Keith in 2001, he told me that he was delighted that the National Sound Archive had accepted his Suffolk recordings for their English Folk Music Collection, but was bemoaning the fact that at that time they were unable to take his Ulster recordings "because they were not English".

I rashly said to him, "Well, send them down and I'll have a listen to them". At that time he had forgotten what was on the tapes. A couple of tracks had been issued on Topic Records' Voice of the People series, a few years previously. But that was all he knew. I don't think he'd listened to them since he made the recordings in the late 70s early 80s.

A few weeks later a parcel of twenty six 5 inch tapes arrived. Some of the tape boxes had the singers listed on them but not the songs, locations, or dates. Others had locations and dates but no other information. So, unless I know otherwise, the titles to the songs on these CDs are my own.

Keith did explain to me that he'd moved house several times and things were still stored in boxes. Then he had a flood in his garage. Everything stored there had to be taken out of the boxes, dried out and put back.

Thankfully his Fermanagh tapes survived intact, but any paper work or track lists within them has been lost.

I told him I'd transfer them to CD-R and send them up to him. It was merely for him to have a listen to because he hadn't heard them for so long. But the reality was that, as I listened to the tapes, it quickly became apparent that the recordings were well worth issuing. Good singers and great songs, well recorded.

I sent Keith eight CD-Rs - all his Fermanagh recordings. He was surprised and pleased to discover just how good the recordings were. It is from those that he made his selections from for *The Hardy Sons of Dan*.

Once he'd heard the recordings, Keith had a clear vision of the songs he wanted to issue. He made his selections because he had an overall concept for the CDs and an awareness that this would be his last project. He didn't have room for, nor particularly want to use, the local ditties, funny songs and 'popular' songs that he recorded at the same time.

The *Hardy Sons of Dan* has been critically acclaimed and very well received everywhere

The songs I've chosen for these CDs are my personal choices, favourites, from the 'ones that got away'. I have included more comic songs and local songs. I think they are good songs well sung, but they wouldn't really have fitted in with Keith's vision for *The Hardy Sons of Dan*.

Keith had an ability to be in the midst of things. He was able to tap straight into the tradition, in the community or after a local hunt, without being in the way. Because of that he always got the best from the singers.

On some of the recordings you can hear the traffic going past in the background or the closing of the bar-room door. Which I think is another of the reasons why some of these weren't selected for *The Hardy Sons of Dan*.

Apart from anything else, on a technical note, the majority are great recordings. Keith didn't know how long the songs would be, what volume they would be sung at etc, but he still made some great recordings.

The other thing to bear in mind is that he had to make sure he had enough tape with him. 5 inch tapes would not have been that easy to come by, especially in the remoter parts of Fermanagh.

In his notes to the *Hardy Sons of Dan*, Keith had observed the lack of 'song ownership'. Several of the singers Keith recorded sang their own versions of songs well known and sung by others. Especially the local hunting songs.

The song tradition in Co Fermanagh, and the counties around its borders, is a rich and diverse blend of traditional songs, old ballads and locally composed songs about local characters, incidents or places. There is also a vibrant tradition of hunting songs. Generations of the same families have hunted with particular clubs and their legendary huntsmen, hounds and past glories have been celebrated in songs which are still sung with great pride by huntsmen today. The majority are specific to an event in a particular club's history and most of them date from the early 20th century.

Keith made recordings wherever he found the opportunity. He recorded in the cottages of the singers but many of his recordings were made in the sitting room of McGrath's bar in Brookeborough. The room was quiet and lent itself to making recordings when the homes of the singers - often full of children - did not.

He also recorded in pubs. One lively session was in Eugene Smith's bar in Maguiresbridge, August 1977. A Hound Show had been held at nearby Topped Mountain, Lisbellaw, which was organised by Michael Hicks and the Maguiresbridge Club. After the show Eugene Smith's bar was packed with huntsmen who had attended the show. Songs were breaking out with no warning. I got the impression from some of the recordings that people were almost fighting over the microphone. So one or two of the songs have microphone noise on them, but, in my opinion, the performances he captured are not spoiled by this.

Keith recorded three tapes in Eugene Smith's that night. About thirty or so songs. Songs like *The Boston Burglar*, *When Irish Eyes are Smiling*, *The Rose of Tralee*, popular songs you might expect, mixed with local hunting and comic songs.

I've since discovered that the huntsmen came from all over the North of Ireland (both sides of the border) to attend the Hound Show. Thanks to Dermot O'Reilly and Tommy Hobson, both huntsmen, most of the singers at that session have been identified. Sadly there are two singers from the Derrygonnelly session that remain unidentified.

Keith recorded sixteen songs from Jimmy, and six with Jimmy singing with his father Paddy. He had previously recorded some fifteen songs from them - solo and duets. He was particularly proud of the recordings he made of Paddy.

Unfortunately his tapes were lost when his car was stolen in London in 1978. Thankfully those recordings, and the recordings he made in Maguiresbridge, were not among them and he was able to re-record most of the other singers.

Jimmy, as many of these singers were, was a huntsman. He was right at the heart of the tradition and Jimmy had great hunting songs. Songs about cock fights and songs about the hunts.

Keith didn't normally ask for songs because he didn't know what he was asking for. He just let the singers sing whatever they wanted to sing. Although in the course of an evening, if he had recorded in a particularly noisy situation, he would sometimes ask for the song again.

There has been a lot of goodwill towards this release of a second set of Keith's recordings. People have fond memories of Keith and have done whatever they could to assist.

Jenny Hicks and Attracta McGrath have both been particularly helpful.

Jenny Hicks, with her late husband Michael, helped Keith to find singers in Fermanagh and he stayed with them on several occasions.

I have spoken with Jenny many times over the past few months.

Jenny Hicks talking to Paul Marsh 2013/2014

"When Keith came over, at least twice if not more, he stayed with us. Keith hadn't a car but Michael had, and I could legally drive it. Michael drove him sometimes and I drove him sometimes. Then I think finally he might have been in a position to hire a car. Peta Webb came with him at least once and she drove.

Once the idea of Keith recording got around, people accepted him quite happily. But you see since Michael died, six years ago, I have not really been in touch with these people. The ones we knew, and we regularly dropped in on, are also dead. Also our circle of contacts tended to be very much hunting or cock-fighting men.

I would think that some of those men from the hunt clubs probably don't sing anywhere except of course after hunting. In some cases it may be two generations back or more that they are singing about.

James McDermott would be dead by now. He had one or two lovely songs. We went to his home and we were going to record him there, Keith and I, but there were oodles of children, all of whom were shouting. 'Oh Da'. Don't produce those awful old songs. Can't you sing something more modern'. So we picked him up and we took him to McGrath's. His family were not kindly towards his songs.

Keith found it difficult to talk to singers to find out background information. You were in a crowded room and it wasn't easy to chat to people in conversation. Some of them he couldn't understand. Especially the Halpin tribe.

Jimmy Halpin, I used to get him on the phone wanting to enter two hounds in the hound show. I always knew it was Jimmy because there was this totally incoherent voice. What he really meant was would I enter his hounds for him because he wasn't too sure about writing. He had a wild speech impediment but he didn't have it when he was singing.

There was still a strong hunting tradition when we came. But there's not so much now. Some of the hunts will have disappeared because the younger chaps don't want to do anything that doesn't involve a car. There are still some hunting men but not as many as there were. Certainly not as many as there were twenty or forty years ago.

The huntsmen - there could be a dozen or so local men - would meet up at a designated place, usually around twelve or one o'clock, and then set off on foot. They would be out all day until about six. If there was an amenable pub nearby they would all go in. There might be a few songs but more often the hunt would be gone over and over in fine detail.

There is an old saying - 'A good hunt could be hunted once round the mountain and five times round the bar.'

It was rare to catch a hare. The interest was in how well the hounds followed the scent. Not in the kill, which rarely happened.

The men had all known each other all their lives. They had left school at 14 and many of them took over their father's farms so they had no need to read and write. If there was any to be done they would get the women to deal with it.

Sometimes at a Hound Show a cry would go up. 'We need a scholar.' They needed someone able to add up and write down the points given to the hounds or the terriers. And a member of the crowd always stepped forward.

There have been times in McGrath's when you got the odd old boy dancing. Suddenly someone would get up and do a three hand reel. Simply out of the blue and because they feel like it. But they were less likely to sing. Singing tends to come after hunting. Or after cock-fighting.

One of the experiences I had was Jimmy Halpin singing *The Piley Cock* in the bird house as he processed a cock for fighting, at six in the morning. And it sounded wonderful. I might say it didn't win.

I haven't seen this myself but I'm told. Once when there was a cock-fight going on - which they tend to have right bang on the border, so that they can be whichever side the Police aren't - A helicopter hovered and someone came down and wanted to put some money on the cock. I won't swear to that but I've heard it said.

The songs about cock-fights have been very much made up by the local men and you can bet it actually happened.

I remember one gathering in Eugene Smith's bar. We had the hounds tied to the table legs. After a day's hunting out on the mountain we were a scruffy lot but they always made us welcome. Not every landlord did.

Eugene Smith's is now known as Eugene's. They do a good ham sandwich and they don't mind if you bring 15 hounds in with you.

Pubs were very small and the regulars really local. Most of them knew each other. A stranger would have stood out, but everybody liked Keith so he was always welcomed.

The singers were very loathe to sing, or come out with any joke in mixed company, that might be dubious. The local IRA songs weren't sung when English people were present. Because it was considered extremely bad manners.

That's why, when we were recording Red Mick, and the young boys in the bar in Donagh started to get a bit raucous on the subject of the IRA, the old boys were livid. They said you don't do that when you've got visitors. Even the Hell's Angel, who was drinking at the bar, told them to shut up, which they did.

They felt it was just very bad manners when they had brought English visitors in and people started that sort of thing. Regardless of what the old boys' politics might have actually been."

Attracta McGrath, along with her late husband Bernard, ran McGrath's bar in Brookeborough. Keith made many of his recordings in the bar or their back room.

Attracta McGrath talking to Paul Marsh 16.1.14

"Keith was very nice and the people that he met that he wanted to record seemed to get on with him very well. He had a nice way with him.

Our house was a music house at that time. More so for musicians than singers. I'm talking about the public house in Brookeborough, where we lived at that time. It was mainly music we would have had.

The pub was called Healy's. That was my maiden name. It was known as McGrath's but the name above the door was Healy. My father ran it before me.

We were always musicians, and occasionally singers as well. We also had a lot of huntsmen would come in after the hunt. They would come in and have a drink, and an argument, and then they would sing songs about their hounds and that. Keith happened to be there on one of those evenings when some of the huntsmen were in and that sparked the interest.

Through them he heard about more singers which were up Newtownbutler way. That's where the Halpins came from. Old Paddy Halpin and the son. They're both dead. And there was McDermott. James MacDermott. James is dead and Red Mick would be bound to be dead because he was an older man. James would be the youngest of those but he's also passed on. And there was a Mrs Connelly, an aged lady. But those were Newtownbutler people and I wouldn't really know them.

We had an old man but he's also dead. Willie McElroy. Willie had a lot of very old songs. He was in his seventies when he made a record. It was on Outlet. When Willie made his record it was recorded in our house. In our kitchen. And if you listen to it, on one part you can hear the kettle boiling. The record was launched in the pub.

The well known folk singer Martin Carthy was a friend of Jenny's. He was over staying with Jenny, and he took a song or two of Willie's that he was very interested in. And then he sang them.

Willie used to sing one. *Here's a Health to the Company*. I did hear Martin sing that. Well that song came from Willie originally. I heard Martin singing it on the radio, on Folkweave, I think it was.

That's a lovely song. James used to sing it. He was a younger man and had a clearer voice. Willie was in his late seventies and his voice was muffled and some of his pronunciation wouldn't have been good.

Willie was a great storyteller and they used to dance. You know usually if you have a reel it's two people or four people or six people. But they had what was called a three-hand reel. Three men used to dance. It was very good but that would have died out now. I'm sure there would be no three hand reel anywhere now. But old Willie is a long time dead.

Up near the border, that's where the hunting and cock-fighting went on. It wasn't really in our area. But there were a few people from our area who went to the hunt and then they'd come back to our house and have a drink and a sandwich. Jenny and Michael Hicks were very involved in the hunt, as you know.

The hunts went out this time of the year. Winter. They didn't go in the summer. Boxing Day and from that on. On a Saturday or every second Saturday.

When they came back from the hunt the local men would gather in the pub, to drink and discuss and to argue about the hunt. Who had the best dog and the pedigree of the dog. Oh I used to laugh. They would talk about my dog was your dog's grandfather. He's a half brother. They'd go over all that. And then maybe fall out. But they didn't always sing. It would be more arguing and talking. There could be six or eight people. Occasionally, if they were in good humour and they'd had a good day, there would be a few songs.

It would have been the Halpin's would have come to our house. Jimmy Halpin and his father, and they would have been into the sitting room. And James McDermott would have come to our house to be recorded.

I'm not quite sure, but I don't think there was any huntsmen recorded in our place. Not singing. There may have been. Keith may have done it quietly. But these other ones were arranged and set up at certain times for him to come. He may have recorded huntsmen as well, but I don't recall that.

James had a large family so Jenny suggested that he come to us so that Keith could have quiet to record him.

I can remember, when I was a young girl, very young. I can remember James's father and his sisters - at that time there was no work - and his two sisters would have been working in Belfast.

The three of them would come in and they'd be waiting on the bus for the two daughters to go off to Belfast. There was a wee built-in seat. And I could see the three of them sitting there singing together in harmony.

The two girls, I can remember them singing a duet. Waiting for the bus. So there would have been a lot of music in that family.

James lived in Lisnaskea but he wasn't from Lisnaskea. He was from the Brookeborough parish, on up the mountain.

I remember James singing *He Went Bed with his Navy Boots On*. That was a funny one. *Blow the Candle Out*. That was another of James's.

James came from a very musical family. You know *The Enniskillen Fusiliers*? Fare thee well Enniskillen, Fare thee well for a while. Well, his father and his two sisters could sing that in harmony.

Francie Little was a huntsman. He was up the Knocks or Lisnaskea way. Oh yes, he was a huntsman. But he'd be passed away too."

There was another man, Eugene Ward. He's still living I believe. He could be Eugene Ward or Eugene Ward McElroy. I know him as Gene McElroy but he's also known as Eugene Ward or Gene Ward. Gene was a singer but he was a singer of the *Galway Shawl* and those kind of ballads. He's still about.

There were three brothers, Gene, John and Micky. I don't know if Gene was a huntsman but the other two would have been huntsmen. I'm nearly thirty years away from there so I don't really know if they still hunt with the dogs.

They're all connected and all related. Gene McElroy or Ward as you called him. He'd be related to James McDermott. John's wife Peggy was a McDermott.

They're a very close knit community. In those days, when the Troubles were at its height, they were very suspicious of English people coming. They always had it in their head if somebody came like that, that they were a spy or an SAS man.

If Keith had arrived on his own at that time they wouldn't have let him in. But because they knew Jenny and Michael were involved, and they knew them from the hunting, they had a wee bit of trust.

Unfortunately it's all gone now but it's good that Keith had at least some record of it.

But I'm away from that area now, and Brian has moved away. He was only young when Keith came over. Brian remembers the Halpins and that, but he was only a young lad. He was only twelve or thirteen at the time."

Brian used to play in the pub. He played the piano and he played the banjo. Well there was music sessions every weekend in our house. Always music but not always singing. That was in the pub but it ended up in the house maybe four o'clock in the morning.

There's a strange thing about traditional music. They like to be in a small place or a quiet place where there's not going to be a lot of people or a lot of noise. Just people who'll appreciate the music. They wouldn't go to a pub where there's darts or something else going on. They always looked for a quiet place where they can swap tunes and talk about them, argue about them and so on.

Brookeborough is just a wee small village. There were three pubs at that time. Now there's only two. That'll tell you how small a village it is.

Our place was never advertised. We never ever advertised but they came, musicians from all over Ireland. Even the famous Sean Maguire. He came and Brian accompanied him on the piano.

They came from all over but nothing was ever arranged. People would say "Is there going to be music tonight?" We would say "We're not sure, but there might be." And then somebody would arrive. It was a Friday night mostly. Friday or Saturday. It could be either.

The pub's still there now. Scott's is the name of it now, but they wouldn't have any music.

It's very small. In fact I was in it there not so long ago with my brother. I've a brother in France and he was home. And he said he'd like to go and see the pub. So we went. I was shocked when we went there, after all these years, that it was so tiny and so small. I didn't think it was that when I was there.

I think, a way way back, a very long time ago, it was called *The Railway Hotel*. I think it was a place for coaches to stop at at one time. There was a lot of old outbuildings and places you could tie up horses. There was more old buildings outside than there was the size of the pub itself.

Peta Webb remembers: 1983

Keith and I were standing in the bright fresh air at the top of a hill on a Saturday morning watching the drag hunt. The hounds were tearing up and down the hills at amazing speed, chasing not foxes or hares but a smelly trail. People were shouting encouragement, taking nips from bottles, exhilarated by the exciting sport (which is not a blood sport).

Later, back at *Donagh Bar and Grill* the drinks were stacked up, the singing started. Songs celebrating local places, songs of sport and hunting and drinking, much noisy appreciation, shouts of "Good man!" I was sitting at a low table with Keith and Maggie Murphy (and I think Michael & Jenny Hicks with whom we were staying), Maggie drinking red lemonade, never alcohol. Someone barged into the table and the drinks were all over the floor. No one seemed to bother: the singing continued, the table was restored, the drinks were replaced. We sat for the rest of the session, feet sticky with Guinness and red lemonade. Maggie sang *You will Love Londonderry on the Banks of the Foyle*. Shouts of, "Sing DERRY not Londonderry!" Shouts of "HUSH - let her SING!"

The session was wild, drunken, intense and hugely enjoyable ...

The hunting tradition and its songs:

After appealing for information for these notes in Musical Traditions, I was contacted by Dermot O'Reilly.

"Although I live in Dublin now, I was reared in Clones, Co Monaghan, in a family steeped in the hunting tradition of the area. Clones is 5 miles from Newtown and I would have known many of the singers on the first Hardy Sons of Dan CD, such as Big John Maguire, Jemmy Halpin and Red Mick McDermott at first hand.

Patsy Flynn who sang on the first CD was a neighbour at home and close family friend. Willie Clerkin who is mentioned in the sleeve notes was also a neighbour and close family friend. Unfortunately, Patsy and Willie have both passed away.

Francie Little and Eugene "Ward" McElroy both hunted with the Donagh/Knocks hunt club outside of Lisnaskea, County Fermanagh. The Donagh/Knocks club is still active. The Halpins were members of Newtownbutler, Red Mick McDermott was in the Donagh/Knocks club and Patsy Flynn was in the Lackey Club.

If you take in the area from Maguiresbridge in Fermanagh to Clones in Monaghan there were a number of hunt clubs, Maguiresbridge (the Bridge men), Donagh/Knocks (the Knocks men), Newtownbutler (the Newtown men), Maraghereveely and Lackey (the Clones men) my own club.

Each Sunday each club would hunt on their own, but throughout the season they would join with other clubs for a "Set Hunt". It was usually after these set hunts that a singing session would take place.

Back then each club could have had up to 30 members so the session would have been a big event for a pub. It would not have been unusual for members of other clubs to come to a set hunt to watch if their own club was not hunting that day and also to attend the session after. They would not bring their dogs to the hunt, but rather gather to watch how the dogs of the two clubs meeting for the set performed. Of course you could have a "big day" where a number of different clubs were asked to attend.

Nowadays the clubs are smaller and a lot have joined together, e.g. the Maraghereveely and Knocks club and my own club with another Clones club, the Ture Club. But we still have the odd decent session.

The hunting season lasts from the 1 October until the 17 March. Traditionally each club would hunt at least twice a week; once during the week on either a Wednesday/Thursday, and at the weekend on Saturday or Sunday.

While there is still a vibrant tradition of hunting in South Fermanagh/North Monaghan it would be nowhere near as widespread or popular as at the time the recordings took place back in the 1970's and 80's. There are a number of reasons for this: rural depopulation; a lot of the old hunting families simply dying out; changes in farming practices leading to farmers no longer wanting hunting on their land; busier roads leading to dead hounds; and simply young kids brought up on PlayStations, X-boxes etc., failing to see the attraction of crossing the country following hounds on a wet and windy day.

Now the clubs would be smaller, perhaps five or six lads keeping five or more hounds each to create a pack. The hounds are generally kept in kennels all the time and brought to the meet in specially made hound trailers. There would be a lot more effort and organisation in a day's hunting than back when the recordings were made.

Back then there was roughly a club in each half parish in the area. The clubs would have been made up of anything from a dozen up to maybe 25 members in the case of the larger clubs such as Newtownbutler or the Knocks. Most of the hunt club members would have kept just one or two hounds and, as well as the active members who attended the hunts, many other people in the area would have kept a hound for the club as a pet (pets with a purpose if you like).

In each club there would have been a few prominent members who would have led the hunt, decided on the meeting point, country to be hunted etc. They would not have been elected or formally appointed but would have over the years taken over from the older members. (For example Willie Clerkin, mentioned in the Hardy Sons of Dan booklet, led our club up until the '80s when Patsy Flynn would have taken over).

On the morning of the hunt the more active members of the hunt would walk to the arranged meeting point, usually a high hill or cross roads and call the hounds using either a hunting horn or by cheering.

Most of the hounds lived pretty much a free range existence and closed to the hunt of their own accord, or if they were kennelled they would be let out by their owners as soon as the first cheer or note was heard.

During the course of the morning the other club members would gather in to the hunt as soon as they had their chores done for the day. It was my job as a small boy to listen for Patsy's cheer on a Sunday morning and let the hounds out - I have to say I knew what Patsy sounded like long before I knew what he looked like. The meet would usually take place after early mass/service usually at 11 am and the hunt would go on until dark or even after it if not all dogs were gathered.

The sing songs would usually only take place on an occasion, say after a set-hunt, a hound show or a draghunt. Draghunts were run during the summer. At a draghunt the hounds are released to race over a pre-laid aniseed trail for a cup and some prize money and would see members of clubs from all over Ulster meet up to race.

The recordings made by Keith were made in Eugene Smith's Bar, Maguiresbridge after the West Ulster Hound Show held at nearby Topped Mountain. This was an annual event during the 70s and 80s.

We still sing a lot of the old Hunting Songs, but they are mostly local in nature, as they generally relate to a triumph over another local pack.

In the Clones area at a huntsmans gathering you will still hear Cavanagh Hill, The Killevan Hunt ("it's called the Roselea Hunt on a CD called Voice of the People-To Catch a Fine Buck was my Delight"), the Killyfole Boasters, The Kilnacran Hunt, all from the surrounding 10 miles or so.

The only hunting song that would be "inter-county" so to speak would be the Granemore Hare, but it would be very well known and even covered by a lot of the well known Irish folk singers, so is a sort of unique case. It is not part of our hunting tradition to allow the hounds to kill a hare, it is something that is drilled into you from when you start hunting as a child, you must give the hare

every chance and to do everything possible to leave her there for the next day. As soon as the hare shows signs of tiredness the hounds must be lifted and moved on if possible. I suppose it stems from a practical fact that as there were so many hunt clubs in Ulster, your country was limited, so if you killed all your hares you would have nothing to hunt and no where to go, but it is now seen as a moral duty of the huntsmen to save and protect the hare, the old huntsmen used to say that it was "unchristian" to kill a hare. I think this is why the *Granemore Hare* is so popular among huntsmen, as it is very sympathetic to the hare.

Dermot O'Reilly 2014.

Some of the singers on these recordings:

Packie Cunningham: We have been unable to find any information about Packie Cuning- ham. It's possible that he was originally from Donegal. He was a fine singer with a good repertoire of songs, a lot of locally composed comic songs and Felix Kearney songs.

Francie Little was born in Colnafillagh, Lisnaskea in 1906. After he married he ran a farm in Bunneill, Lisknaskea. Like many of the singers, Francie was a huntsman. He went out with both the Knocks and the Newtown hunt and knew Jimmy Halpin very well. He was a well known singer and made up a lot of his songs. He died in 1994 aged 88.

Maggie Murphy was born in 1924 in Tempo, Co Fermanagh, Northern Ireland and lived in and around that area all her life. She came from a musical family and many of her songs came from her mother. Her father was also a good singer. In later life she found new audiences for her songs and not only in her own locality; she was also invited to several singing weekends across Northern Ireland and she appeared on television. She died in 2006.

John Maguire - or 'Big John Maguire' as he was affectionately known, was born in 1914 in 'a neatly thatched cottage' on the shores of Lehinch Lake, two miles from the border town of Newtownbutler, Co Fermanagh. Big John was gifted with a great singing voice and had his own unique style of delivering a song. His strong crystal clear voice always commanded attention and shushed many a crowded gathering. 'Big' John was a huntsman and sang a number of hunting songs. He died in 2000 aged 85.

Patrick (Paddy) and James Patrick (Jimmy) Halpin were father and son. Paddy was born around 1895 in the coal-mining village of Blackridge, West Lothian. They moved back to the family home near Lisnaskea, Co Fermanagh, where Paddy hired out to a farmer for six months. In 1934 Jimmy was born and they moved to Lehinch, Newtownbutler, Co Fermanagh where Paddy worked in forestry for Lord Erne, and in the quarries. Paddy and Jimmy were both keen on hunting; they bred and kept hounds and they followed the hunt at weekends and enjoyed the social life in the pubs associated with it.

Eugene Ward McElroy or Eugene Ward as he was also known, lives with his wife and family 'this side of the mountain' north of Brookeborough' on a small farm.

Tommy Tinneny was in all ways the elder statesman of the Newtownbutler singing crew. He was well into his 90s when Keith recorded him. He died shortly after making these recordings.

Tommy Connolly - we have not been able to find out anything about Tommy. He sang two songs for Keith and both are on this release.

Patsy Flynn lived the majority of his life on his family's small farm in the border townland of Drumard, about 2 miles from Clones Town. He spent his life working in the building trade, but he was a true countryman and his two great passions in life were hunting and trout fishing. Patsy took over as huntsman of the Lackey Hunt Club from Willie Clerkin in the 1980s. Patsy was blessed with a fine singing voice and when called upon had a store of many fine songs. He passed away in 2009, at the early age of 63 following a dignified battle with illness.

James McDermott was born in 1923. He worked as a labourer, grave digger and turf cutter. He was married with ten children and lived Lisnaskea, Co Fermanagh. He was reputed to have been "a kind, quiet family man", who regularly helped others in the community. James learned songs from his family, particularly his mother. He was known as the "Quiet Man", but when the atmosphere was right he came out of his shell and held the floor with the best of them.

Red Mick McDermott was a diminutive little man with red hair, from Donagh. Keith described him as one of the most distinctive singers he recorded.

Peggy McDonagh - we have not been able to find any information on Peggy. She sang Keith two ballads.

Singers recorded in Eugene Smith's, Maguiresbridge, 1977

The singers that Keith recorded in the bar after the hound show were many and varied. Among them were **Jack Hobson** of Richill, Co. Armagh, **Francie Scott** of Ballinderry, Co Tyrone, **Eddie Coyle** from Dundonald, near Belfast but originally from Newtownbutler, **Brian Tumilty** from Bleary, near Lurgan, Co Armagh, all of whom feature on these CDs. They were all huntsmen and each kept one or two hounds which they had brought along to the show.

The songs:

In a few cases, singers use unusual words or unusual pronunciations: these are either ignored when they are obvious; explained by footnotes when we know the meanings, or left as sung but *italicised* when we don't.

Roud numbers quoted are from the databases, *The Folk Song Index* and *The Broadside Index*, continually updated, compiled by Steve Roud. Currently contain-

ing over 390,000 records between them, they are described by him as "extensive, but not yet exhaustive". Copies are held at: *The Vaughan Williams Memorial Library*, London; *Taisce Ceol Duchais Eireann*, Dublin; and the *School of Scottish Studies*, Edinburgh. *The Folk Song Index* is also accessible on-line at: <http://library.efdss.org>. They can also be purchased direct from Steve at Southwood, Maresfield Court, High Street, Maresfield, East Sussex, TN22 2EH, UK. E-mail: srout@btinternet.com

Child numbers, where quoted, refer to entries in *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* by Francis James Child, Boston, 1882-98. Laws numbers, where quoted, refer to entries in *American Balladry from British Broad-sides* by G Malcolm Laws Jr, Philadelphia, 1957.

In the noted 'Other recordings on CD' texts below, the Musical Traditions Records items are shown just by their MTCD numbers - as are Topic Records by their TSCD numbers, and Veteran by their VT numbers.

Unlike the situation when we were preparing *The Hardy Sons of Dan* CDs, Keith Summers is no longer with us to ascribe dates and locations to these recordings, and nor did many of his reel-to-reel tape boxes have such information written on them. Where it is clear that one of these recordings came from a session which featured on the previous CDs we have been able to use that information but, unfortunately, there are quite a number of recordings for which we have had to write 'place and date of recording unknown', and sometimes even 'Unidentified singer'. All the given locations are in Co Fermanagh unless otherwise noted.

1 - 1 I Pray You Pay Attention (Roud 22060)

Packie Cunningham

(Place and date of recording unknown.)

Well I pray you pay attention and listen to my song.
A line or two I'll sing to you, I'll not keep you very long.
I can dance an Irish reel, the best in Tara's Hall,
I've eleven sons and daughters and I'm daddy of them all.
There's little Tim and Tom, along with Fred and Jim,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and Paul and Rosanna,
Joanna she can thump the grand piana
And me little wife Rosanna says I'm daddy of them all.

We're going to hold a county meeting and I hope you'll all attend
To see if Ireland's getting worse, or if she's going to mend.
First we'll have a concert, afterwards a ball,
And my young wife she will be there with her sons and daughters all.
With little Tim and Tom, along with Fred and Jim,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and Paul and John and Rosanna,
Joanna she can thump the grand piana
And me little wife Rosanna says I'm daddy of them all.

We're going to learn our children to walk with their heads up straight
All the people will be silent when they see their pretty feet.
We'll struggle along together, to our friends we'll give a call
And we'll see our sons and daughters there getting drunk around the wall.
Like little Tim and Tom, along with Fred and Jim,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and Paul and Rosanna,
Joanna she can thump the grand piana
And me little wife Rosanna says I'm daddy of them all.

Nothing is known about this song. Packie could have made it up himself or perhaps it was composed by Willie McIlroy, a schoolmaster from Bundoran, who also composed *Bundoran* (1 - 4).

1 - 2 Beneath the Bright Silvery Light of the Moon (Roud 10363)

Unidentified singer

(Recorded in a hut outside a pub in Derrygonnelly, 6.4.79)

In the early month of May in the town of Killyleagh.
Where the nettles and the holly were in bloom.
This young girl she passed me by and she gave me the glad eye
Beneath the bright silvery light of the moon.

It was true love at first sight and for me a great delight.
So we soon began to step it up and down.

And that day in Killyleagh we were married right away.
Beneath the bright silvery light of the moon.

When she squandered all my dough to their home I had to go.
Such a place to spend a honeymoon.
With no fire in the grate you could see out through the slates.
Beneath the bright silvery light of the moon.

Then says she we'll go to bed I was in an awful dread,
For I knew that I was going far too soon.
For there upon a peg she hung up her wooden leg,
Beneath the bright silvery light of the moon.

There was worse in store for me for when she soon began to snore,
Sure she blew the blankets all around the room.
And there upon a chair lay her teeth, her golden hair,
Beneath the bright silvery light of the moon.

So it's young men take my advice always look at your girl twice
For they're always out to catch a soft groom

To make sure that she's all there pull her teeth, her leg, her hair,
Beneath the bright silvery light of the moon.

Keith also recorded this song from Francie Little. Roud has one reference. It was collected from Eddie Harkin in Donegal.

This sounds like one of that family of 'spare parts' songs, like *After the Ball* and *Side by Side*, with 'beneath the bright silvery light of the moon' - the final line of Packie Byrne's song, *Lament to the Moon* (Roud 906), grafted on to the end. Various commentaries on Roud 906 talk of a humorous send up, with no reference as to how close the parody text is to the original. This may be an example.

1 - 3 The Crockery Ware (Roud 1490)

Maggie Murphy

(Recorded in McGrath's pub, Brookeborough, 6.8.80.)

In Limerick Town there lived a maid,
There lived a maid that I knew right well,
For one request I asked of her
Was one sweet night with her to dwell.
To me lilly whack fol the deedle I gee o
Lilly whack fol the deedle I gee o

This young maid on her way home
Thinking of the trick she'd play
Behind the door she placed a chair
And on that chair some crockery ware
To me lilly whack ...

This young man came in the dark,
Searching for his own sweetheart
Where his toe it took the leg of the chair
And down came all the crockery ware
To me lilly whack ...

This old woman rose in the dark
Quickly called out for a light
Says I "Old woman now don't be cross
For I'm on my way and I'm at a loss.
For me toe it took the leg of your chair
And down came all the crockery ware."
To me lilly whack ...

Police came without delay
And sure enough I had to pay,
Four and six for an old broken chair
And £1 one for the crockery ware
To me lilly whack ...

Come all, come all you rambling sparks
That go out courting in the dark
Be wise, beware and on your guard
For be sorry you'll pay for the crockeryware
To me lilly whack ...

For a song that always goes down so well it's surprising that there are only 28 entries in Roud. In addition to Maggie's version (which also appears on the album *Linkin' o'er the Lea* - VT 134 CD) it was recorded from O J Abbott, and it was certainly part of Eddie Butcher's repertoire and collected by Hugh Shields in Shamrock, Rose and Thistle (Blackstaff Press; Belfast; 1981).

1 - 4 Bundoran (Roud 22059)

Packie Cunningham

(Place and date of recording unknown.)

I landed in Bundoran on an early morning train
I mean to have a good time while I'm there.
I was up before the summer, I thought I'd come again
Sure August is the best time of the year.

I started down to Doherty's, his stuff is always good,
His stout is always number one in prime.
After taking half a dozen I set out in search of food
And I found some there not wasting any time.

Then I patrolled the hobbies where I met a dark-haired Jane,
She told me I was looking far from well;
She told me she would fix me up and make me well again
If I'd only go and live with her a spell.

She took me out to many balls and dances, dances by the score
And she spent my money freely every day.
'Til one day I got so very weak as we sat by the shore
That I went to see the doctor right away.

The doctor looked me over and he shook his head in doubt
'Me boy', he said, "there's nothing I can do."
In fact he said he was surprised that I could walk about
After biting off much more than I could chew.

He said I'd never be the same but he would do his best,
Then fixed me up and put me on the train.
He told me I would need to take at least a year of rest

And never show me face back there again.

After he had sung the song, amid all the noise and hubbub of the pub, Packie can be heard saying that "He and the Schoolmaster sat on the beach one day and made it up. He said "it was made up by Walter McIlroy. It was a long while ago now. He was a lovely man who went away abroad and joined the North West Mounted Police". Packie may have been from the west Fermanagh/Donnegal area.

1 - 5 From Sweet Tralee (Roud 22110)
Francie Little
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

There's a dear little spot in old Ireland
And they call it Sweet Tralee.
It was there that I spent my childhood hours
Around yon fields and lea
Until poverty come over me,
Which I'm sorry for to relate,
And like many another young Irish lad
I was forced for to emigrate.

So we are sailing away from Ireland
And we're leaving the Shamrock Shore
We are crossing the foam from Irish homes,
The land that we all adore.
We have Irish hearts, we have willing hands
And we'll toil it both night and day,
But we'll never forget the old huntsmen we left
In old Ireland far away.

They say that in a foreign land
Oh there's money and wealth galore.
Well the darkest hour's before the dawn
Oh there's brighter days in store.
The weather being bad, our hearts felt sad
On that year the crops did fail,
And to better the lot, oh, we left our cots
In dear old Granuaile.

So we're sailing away from Ireland
And we're leaving the Shamrock Shore.
We are crossing the foam from our Irish homes
The land that we all adore
We have Irish hearts, and willing hands
We will toil it both night and day
But we'll never forget the huntsmen we left
In old Ireland far away.

And if ever we do return again
To that land of our honest toil
Old Barney Moore will play the pipes
As he did in the days of yore
And we will dance and we'll
Sing the whole night through
All on our cabin floor.

So we're sailing away from old Ireland
And we're leaving the Shamrock Shore
We are crossing the foam from Irish homes
The land that we all adore
We have Irish hearts, and willing hands
We'll toil it night and day
But we'll never forget the old huntsmen we left
In old Ireland far away.

Emigration is a very common theme in Irish songs. Unusually this one doesn't mention the destination, which was usually America. It has been adapted by Francie and refers to the old huntsmen being left behind.

1 - 6 Everyone's Done It But You (Roud 22109)
Packie Cunningham
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

... your lessons you never had right.
He laid on his cane, which caused me some pain
And he laid it down with all his might.
He gave me a sum that I hadn't done
I murmured "It's too hard to do"
Oh the silly old ass, you're the worst in the class
For everyone's done it but you.

Chorus:
Everyone's done it but you, my lad,
And everyone's done it but you
And you are to blame if you don't do the same
For everyone's done it but you.

I was fully bent for excitement I went
I went to a dance and a ball
And the ladies all there were so charming and fair
That I got acquainted by all.
I sat very close near the big mistletoe
Enjoying a wee kiss or two

When a lady named Grace looks into my face
Saying "Everyone's done it but you."
Chorus

The dance it being over I went towards the door
To accompany this fine little lass.
I made things alright for to see her next night
And she was not hard to persuade.
Her promise she kept and was glad to accept
And I've been her lover so true
She says "My dear lad, I'll explain to my dad
How everyone's done it but you."

Chorus:

Ten years have passed since first we were wed
And still there's no sign of an heir
And my sister Kate's got a family of eight
And my sister Jean's got a pair.
So now my dear John, we haven't got long
And I don't know what we will do
For the neighbours all say that there's something astray
For everyone's done it but you.

Now everyone's done it but you, my lad
And everyone's done it but you
And you are to blame if you don't do the same
For everyone's done it but me!

This song, like so many of the 17 songs Keith recorded from Packie, is both unusual and comical. Perhaps it was written to be performed in the Music Hall or by a local songsmith.

1 - 7 My Love He is a Miner (Roud 921)
Paddy & Jimmy Halpin
(Recorded in McGrath's pub, Brookeborough, 6.8.80.)

My love he is a miner and he works down underground.
For quiet and good behaviour his equal ne'er was found.
He had two blue eyes and curly hair, his cheeks were rosy red
But alas, alas, my miner lad lies numbered with the dead.

Last night I had a strange, strange, dream, my dream was certified.
The neighbours gathered round my home, "John's dead and killed" they cried.
"When he was at his work last night the roof upon him fell."
And oh the sorrow that sapped my heart God alone can only tell.

A light shone in my window, the moon was shining clear,
I raised a cry of "Murder" while dreaming of my dear.
He laid his head upon my breast saying "Mary, do not mourn.
My spirit's fled, I'm with the dead, I never will return."

The day was set, the ring was bought, when married we would be,
When me and my brave collier lad would go to Americay
Some will be glad while I am sad, with still a constant mind
So God protect each collier lad that works down in the mine.

There are just 8 Roud entries for this song, more usually known as *The Handsome Collier Lad*. All but one are from the north of Ireland. The singers cited are Sarah Morrow of Drumclow, Co. Antrim and John Maguire of Tonaydrummallard, Co Fermanagh who was recorded by Robin Morton in 1970, but the Leader LP on which it appeared, *Come Day Go Day* (LEE 4062) is no longer available. Peter Kennedy and Seán O'Boyle recorded John Doherty, the Donegal fiddler, singing a version in 1953, the lyrics of which are reproduced in AL Lloyd's *Come All Ye Bold Miners: Ballads and Songs of the Coalfield* (Laurence and Wishart; London; 1972). In Doherty's version the lost miner is named John Sneddon, as on the broadside copies.

My love he is a miner boy that works down under ground.
He's good and true, his eyes are blue, his equals can't be found.
While working at his work last night, sure, the roof all on him fell,
But alas, my handsome miner boy lies numbered with the dead.

The very night my love was lost I was lying on my bed.
I dreamed a voice came up to me, saying: 'John Sneddon he is dead.'
I dreamed his head lay on my breast as the tears came rolling down.
But I lost my handsome miner boy that his equals can't be found.

The ring was got and the day was set when married we should be.
My love and I was going to sail unto Amerikee.
My love and I was going to sail unto some foreign shore.
For the loss of my handsome miner boy I'm afraid I'll never see more.

The moon shows through my windowpane as the stars do brightly shine.
Summer it will come again when all nature does combine.
When every lass can sport and play, but I his death must mourn.
For the sake of my handsome miner boy; I'm afraid he'll never return.

1 - 8 Paddy and the Donkey (Roud 3078)
Unidentified singer
(Recorded in a hut outside a pub, Derrygonnelly, 6.4.79.)

Pat Molloy, an Irish boy, he left old County Clare.

He said he'd go to London for to see the wonders there.
He bade goodbye to all his friends, he kissed his colleen dear;
He did begob, he left the sod, he never shed a tear.

When Paddy went to London he was taken by surprise,
For the sights of that great city fairly dazzled Paddy's eyes.
Then walking on quite easy and thinking to himself,
When he met an English cockney and a donkey selling delft.

This ill-bred ragged cockney could not let Paddy pass.
He said "Speak to your brother" then pointing to the ass.
"I didn't think", says Paddy, "that I had me brother here,
But anyhow I'll go over and I'll whisper in his ear."

In the whispering to the donkey what did old Paddy do?
He dropped a chew of tabacny, he did begob, it's true
The ass went mad, upset the cart, broke all the delphenware
And this ill-bred ragged cockney went clever, clean and square.

He ran off for the police to get poor Pat on charge
He said "You Irish vagabond, you shouldn't be at large."

It was up before the magistrates next day Pat had to go,
And how for to defend himself he really did not know.
"Come, come now," said the magistrate, "we want no nonsense here,
And tell us every word you whispered in the donkey's ear."

"I told the ass," says Paddy, "we had got the wrong address.
Noble was old Ireland, no longer in distress.
We have got rid of all the magistrates in the country we have.
And when the donkey heard the news, bejapers he went mad."

The magistrates were laughing and they hung down their heads,
Sure they couldn't keep from laughing when they heard what Paddy said.
Then looking up at Paddy "What a clever chap you are,
And for your clever answer we dismiss you from the Bar".

In *The Stars of Ballymenone* Henry Glassie notes that this song was in the repertoire of Peter Flanagan.

Recorded by Tom Lenihan on *Paddy's Panacea*, Maggie Murphy on *Linkin' o'er the Lea*, and, probably originally, by James F Casey on a Columbia 78 (COL 33114-F).

1 - 9 **Gentle Mother** (Roud 22108)
Eugene Ward McElroy
(Recorded in McGrath's bar in Brookeborough, 6.8.80.)

By the side of a clear crystal fountain
Stands a lowly churchyard locally by
There's a tombstone decorated with red roses
In the memory of the one who's passed us by

Shall I e'er see you more, gentle mother,
In the fields where the wild flowers grow?
I am sorry for the loss I can't recover
Beneath thon willow lies my gentle mother low.

I remember the days of my childhood
When I toddled round my dear old mother's knee,
Plucking wild flowers as they grew along the wayside
And from sorrow and pain I was kept.

Shall I e'er see you more, gentle mother,
In the fields where the wild flowers grow?
I am sorry for the loss I can't recover
Beneath thon willow lies my gentle mother low.

Some children take a liking to their parents
While some others break their poor old heart with pain
But some day they'll be sorry for their sadness
And tears won't bring us together again.

Shall I e'er see you more, gentle mother,
In the fields where the wild flowers grow?
I am sorry for the loss we can't recover
Beneath thon willow lies my gentle mother low.

This song was popularised by Big Tom and The Mainliners in the 1960s. Foster and Allen, the popular duo, also sang and recorded it.

1 - 10 **Just A Sprig of Irish Heather** (Roud 22001)
Packie Cunningham
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

Well an Irish mother writing to her son so far away
Said she meant to send a shamrock to wear on Patrick's Day
But the shamrock is a tender plant, its beauty must have fled
It's a sprig of Irish heather I'm sending you instead

Chorus:
Just a sprig of Irish heather
That has seen all kinds of weather

It has passed the heat of summer
And survived the winter snow
I'm sending to remind you
Of the friends you left behind you
In Tyrone, among the bushes
In the days of long ago.

Do you remember Carradonough and the mass rock standing there
Where you knelt upon the heather and you'd left a childish prayer
Often times I wander back there in the evening shadow's gleam
And I plucked a shamrock from the soil where once you used to kneel

Chorus

Well the years from us are fleeting and you know we're growing old
While we sit around the fire, and the nights are long and cold
One smile from you would cheer me and make gladness out of gloom
Come back to me macushla, when the shamrock is in bloom.

Chorus

Well the years from us are fleeting and you know we're growing old
While we sit around the fire, and the nights are long and cold
One smile from you would cheer me and make gladness out of gloom
Come back to me macushla, when the shamrock is in bloom.

Chorus.

Roud has only 1 reference from Charlie McDonnell from County Antrim. *A Sprig of Irish Heather* was composed by the renowned Tyrone writer and poet, Felix Kearney.

1 - 11 **Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold** (Roud 553, Laws N17)
Maggie Murphy
(Recorded in the Ulster Bar, Belturbet, Co Cavan, 3.8.80.)

It's of a rich nobleman's daughter
Caroline was her name I am told
One day from her drawing room window
She admired a young sailor bold
His cheeks were as red as the roses
His eyes was as black as the jet
As Caroline watched his departure
Walked around and young William she met.

She says "I'm a rich nobleman's daughter
Possessed of great riches and gold
And I would forsake father and mother
To wed with my young sailor bold."
She said "I have no-one to persuade me
Nor yet one to alter my mind
So sell(?) up and I will be ready
For you never shall leave me behind."

She dressed herself up like a sailor
In her jacket and trousers so blue
Three years and a half on the ocean
Three years she proved constant and true.
Three times that her true love was shipwrecked,
He always proved constant and true
And her duty she done like a sailor
In her jacket and trousers so blue.

She went straightway home to her father
In her jacket and trousers so blue,
And he fell in a faint in a moment
When first she appeared in his view.
Saying "Father, dear Father, forgive me,
Deprive me of silver and gold,
But grant me one request of contentment
To wed with my young sailor bold."

Her father admired young William
And he dressed him in sweet unity
Saying "If I be spared on tomorrow,
It's married that couple shall be."
They were married on Caroline's fortune
For fifty five thousand in gold,
And now they live happily in England
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold sometimes hides under the title of *Young Sailor Bold*, which can be confusing as there are also completely different songs of that name. This one is a somewhat sentimental broadside reworking of the theme of a woman's dressing as a sailor in order to go to sea with her lover. In this case the pair return in triumph after being shipwrecked three times, and Caroline's rich father consents to their marriage. It's not a song much known in Ireland; Sarah Makem (MTCD353-5) and Joe Heaney being the only other Roud entries.

The Index includes 141 instances of the song, mainly from England, with a few examples from Ireland, Scotland and the USA. There are 33 sound recordings, again mainly from England.

Other recordings on CD: Walter Pardon (MTCD305-6); George Dunn (MTCD317-8); Gordon Hall (VTC5CD); Joe Heaney (TSCD518D) and Tony Harvey (VTC2CD).

1 - 12 McCafferty (Roud 1148)

Tommy Connolly
(Recorded in the Ulster Bar, Belturbet, Co Cavan, 3.8.80.)

When I was scarcely eighteen years of age
Into the army I did engage.
I left my home with a good intent
For to join the 42nd Regiment.

I was placed on duty on the barrack square
Where some soldiers' children came out to play.
From the captain's quarters my officer came,
And he ordered me for to take their names.

I took one name now instead of three;
For neglect of duty they then charged me.
I was placed behind bars with loss of pay
For doing my duty the opposite way.

A loaded rifle I did prepare
For to shoot my captain on the barrack square.
It was my captain I meant to kill
But I shot the colonel against my will.

At Liverpool Assizes my trial I stood,
I held my courage the best I could.
And the old judge said "Now, McCafferty,
Go prepare your soul for Eternity."

I have no father to take my part,
No loving mother to break her heart.
I have one friend, and a girl is she,
Who'd lay down her life for McCafferty.

So come all you officers take advice from me
Go treat your men with some decency
For 'tis is only life and tyranny
That has made a martyr of McCafferty.

There was a strongly held (but quite erroneous) belief that it was illegal to sing McCafferty in public. This may account for the fact that Roud has only 34 instances of a song which almost all singers used to know, in my experience. Despite its obviously Irish cultural roots, the great majority of the Index entries are from England; only 6 being from Ireland.

Other recordings on CD: Caroline Hughes (MTCD365-6); Danny Brazil (MTCD345-7); May Bradley (MTCD349); Bill Smith (MTCD351); Jimmy McBeath (Rounder CD1834).

1 - 13 On the Heather Where the Moorcock Crows (Roud 22113)

Packie Cunningham
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

Well one morning fair to take the air
I carelessly did roam;
The fields were decorated
In the merry month of May.
My heart was bent and my mind content
And a-rambling I did go
It was there I spied a charming maid
On the heather where the moorcock crows.

I boldly stepped up to this maid
And this to her did say
"Tell me did you wander far
Or how did you come this way?"
Modestly she answered me
"I have come from that shady grove
And it's here I intend to spend my time
On the heather where the moorcock crows."

This fair one's name I shall refrain,
Or where does she reside.
Her place of habitation
Lies near yon shady grove,
Where the landbird's gay and the hares do play
Young men a-hunting go,
And the blackbird sings melodiously
On the heather where the moorcock crows.

Well, they say she's going to leave me
And cross the raging main.
They say she's going to leave me
In sorrow and in pain.
And if that be so a-rambling I'll go
Where the gentle breezes blow,
And I'll long for her that I loved so well
On the heather where the moorcock crows.

Another Felix Kearney song. (see notes for *The Hills above Drumquin*) Track 1 - 15.

1 - 14 Your Irish Soldier Boy (Roud 22061)

Patsy Flynn
(Recorded in Tom Tinneney's home, Newtownbutler, 9.8.80.)

At a cottage door one winter's night as the snow lay on the ground
A gallant Irish soldier boy to the mountains he was bound.
His mother stood beside him saying "You'll win, me boy, don't fear",
With trembling arms around his waist she tied his bandolier.

"Goodbye, God bless you, Mother dear, I hope your heart won't pain,
But say a prayer to the God above your boy you'll see again.
For when I'm out in the battlefield it will be a source of joy
To know that you're remembering your Irish soldier boy."

Now when the battle it was o'er and the flag of truce was raised
Our leaders ordered the firing to cease, all Ireland stood amazed.
His comrades came to the cottage door with a note from her pride and joy
And an aching heart cried "God be good to my Irish soldier boy."

Goodbye, God bless you, Mother dear, I'm dying a death so grand,
From wounds received in action, trying to free my native land.
Please God we'll meet in the heavens above in the land beyond the sky.
Where you'll always be in the company of your Irish soldier boy.

Steve Roud suggests that this is probably based on the well-known *Faithful Sailor Boy* (Roud 376), but is sufficiently different to warrant its own number, so it's now 22061. The Index has 6 entries amongst the 77 given for Roud 376 with the word Irish in the title - yet only one of these is from Ireland; Sam Henry had it from Randal Hutchinson from Co Antrim, in 1936. Indeed, there are only 5 other entries from Ireland in the Index.

1 - 15 The Hills Above Drumquin (Roud 9320)

Packie Cunningham
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

Well the lovely hills of Donegal, I heard their praises sung
All days long gone, beyond recall, when I was very young.
I long and pray to see the day before life's course is run
That I could sing the praises of the hills above Drumquin.

Drumquin, you're not a city but you're all the world to me.
Your lot I never pity, though you'll never greater be.
I loved you since I knew you, when from school I used to run
On my homeward journey through you to the hills above Drumquin.

Well the whins across Drumbarley makes the hills a yellow blaze
And the heather turns to purple on our native Dressage braes
And the sandstone rock of Claraghmore lie glittering in the sun
There nature's at her grandest round the hills above Drumquin.

I've been to the Scottish highlands and their beauty's wild and grand.
I have travelled all the lowlands, it's a cold and heartless land.
But I seem to be contented when each hard day's work is done,
When I wander back at sunset to the hills above Drumquin.

Well this world is sad and dreary and the course of life is sore.
My feet are growing wearied, I might never wander more.
I would like to rest in Longfield when the course of life is run
On the sheltery side of Dooish on the hills above Drumquin.

There are only 4 Roud entries for this song, and all are from the North of Ireland. Peter Kennedy and Seán O'Boyle recorded Anna Boyle, from Markethill, Co Armagh, in 1952, and Hugh Shields recorded Robert Butcher (brother of Eddie), Magilligan, Co Derry, in 1969, while the Cushendall, Co Antrim singer Charlie McDonnell recorded the song on in 1994 on his album *The Town of Cushendall*.

The song is probably the most well-known of Felix Kearney's compositions. Paddy Tunney recounts the following tale in *When Songs Do Thunder: Travels in Traditional Song* (Appletree Press, Belfast; 1991; p. 70).

'Felix related a very good story of a night he spent being entertained by neighbours in a local pub shortly after he had composed this song. He had sung it for the umpteenth time and many of his neighbours had gone home. Two Edenderry [Co Fermanagh] cattle smugglers arrived and gained admission, even though it was past closing time. It was evident that they had been doing a pub crawl for they were already in merry mood.

'One of them started to sing *The Hills Above Drumquin*, but although he had all the words his singing voice was not of Caruso's calibre. When he finished, Felix added another verse he composed on the spur of the moment. It ran:

Drumquin, you're not a city; you're the town that God forgot
And the man who sang your praises was entitled to be shot
For the finest land in Longfield wouldn't grow a decent whin
And a goat would die with hunger on the hills above Drumquin.

The Ederney men were incensed with rage. They wouldn't stand idly by and listen to Felix Kearney being mocked. No! In soul they would not. One of them drew an ashplant and drove Felix into the clouds of the night.

"That'll teach him to have manners and stop insulting the Bard of Clanabogan!
Who is he anyway?"

"That's Felix Kearney", the barman told him.
"Go to hell!" he exclaimed, "You're codding me!"

"It's the God's truth," he was told.

Still he wasn't a bad devil, for he went the whole way to Kearney's next day to apologise and gave Felix a robbery for two wee stirks [young cattle] he had for sale.

1 - 16 **My Tackle a Honie** (Roud 3569)
Eddie Coyle
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, August 1977.)

Sure there's fashions coming out of late, I don't know what's the reason
They got so very numerous they're coming every season.
But there came one the other night, it came so sad and lonely
It is the lad in the swallow-tailed coat they call the tackle a honie
Right tittifalo tittifalo tittifalo a lidy
Right tittifalo tittifalo right fol a doodle ido.

As I went up the street the other night I made a sad disaster
I bought a pair of skating boots to be a skating master
As I went out upon the ice, the ice being rough and stony
The ice it bent and in I went and wet me tackle a honie
Right tittifalo ...

Sure as I being getting out of the water a maid was standing by, sir
She said "Young man come in and dry, you think you're in a passion."
As I was sitting by the fire the fire was burning slowly
The maiden blushed and she said "Sit back or you'll burn your tackle a honie
Right tittifalo ...

Sure it's all been over and past and gone, the maid and I went a-walking
Down by her father's garden gate, 'twas there we stood a-talking
The maid she had a little dog, she used to call it Tony
And the devil a time I kissed the girl but he bited me tackle a honie
Right tittifalo ...

And please God when I get rich next week I'll buy a trap and pony
I'll hire a lad to wash the trap and to brush(?) me tackle a honie.

Tackle a honie is a corruption of Taglioni, a short, braid-trimmed, men's overcoat, usually with a checked lining, fashionable in the late 19th century and named after a celebrated Italian family of professional dancers.

Roud has only three references to this. Collected as Tagglieownie from Paddy Tunney in Co Fermanagh, Taglioni from John Loughran in Co Tyrone and Tangaloni from Martin Reidy (MTCD331-2) in Co Clare.

1 - 17 **The White Hare of Golan** (Roud 9633)
Maggie Murphy
(Recorded in the singer's cottage, Tempo, 1982.)

In the lowlands of Golan there runs a white hare
She's as sweet as a swallow and flies through the air.
You may search the world over but none can compare
To the pride of all Golan, this bonny white hare.

One fine Sunday morning as you may suppose
As a grey autumn sun o'er the green fields arose
Michael Hicks he came there saying "This I declare,
Sure I'll soon put an end to your bonny white hare."

He searched through the mountains and down through the glen
And o'er the green bushes where the hare had her den,
But on his way home from his journey so bare,
From behind a big thistle jumped out the white hare.

Then the slips he let loose at that beautiful view
And out over Brookeborough the white hare she flew,
But the dogs soon came back, which made Michael sigh
For the sign of the white hare soon bade them goodbye.

There were some jolly sportsmen come down from Derrylin
From Newtown and Brookeborough, likewise Enniskillen.
With their pedigree hounds that they brought from afar
They landed in Golan in their fine motorcars.

They searched through the lowlands, light-hearted and gay,
Intending to murder a white hare that day,
But sad was their face and long may they rue
For they found the old white hare's in Golan to stay.

For now to conclude and to finish my song,
I hope in these few words I've said nothing wrong,
And if ever you're out in the mart or a fair,
Drink a jolly good health to the Golan white hare.

This is a version of *The Creggan White Hare* - which Kevin Mitchell sings so well on MTCD315-6 - and which had only been found twice before; from Vincent Donnelly of Castlecaulfield, Co Tyrone, in 1952, and from Paddy Tunney. What's particularly

interesting is that, here, the locations and participants names have been changed to suit local interest. Nothing unusual in that, except that the main protagonist has changed from Barney Conway to Michael Hicks - the same Michael and Jenny Hicks who were so helpful to Keith Summers in meeting these singers in the first place!

Golan is a townland east of Omagh, County Tyrone. But the more likely location for this song is an area that is near Newtownbutler, Co Fermanagh. Golan Road is next to Ballagh Cross Roads.

1 - 18 **Erin's Lovely Home** (Roud 1427)
Packie Cunningham
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

You fine bred sons of Erin's Isle come listen unto me
'Til I relate and communicate of a mournful tragedy
The land's too small to serve us all we're forced all to roam
And leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home

My father was a farming man reared to industry
He had two sons, grew up being big, and likewise daughters three
For the want of trade, there were thousands made across the seas to roam
And leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home

My father sold a second cow, and borrowed twenty pounds
'Twas early in the month of June we sailed from Derry town
There were thousands more around the shore was anxious for to roam
And leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home

We're scarcely three months sailing when a fever touched the crew
They were falling like the autumn leaves bidding friends and wives adieu
'Til they offered a prayer to heaven at last that never we did roam
And leave the land where we were reared called Erin's lovely home

Then my sister, she took ill, and life was taken away
It grieves me more to see her body thrown out into the sea
For the watery waves rolled o'er her grave, so far away from home
Friends may roam but you'll not come back to Erin's lovely home

So now we're in America where thousands like us roam
We have no friends to welcome us, like a fool from far from home
But workmen they get wages no matter where they roam
So I'll hope to meet my sister sweet in Erin's lovely home.

That's it.

In Article 34 on the Musical Traditions website Roly Brown has researched and written in depth about the sung versions of *Erin's Lovely Home*. There are at least thirty-seven known manuscript notations of either text or tune or both of *Erin's Lovely Home* in England although fewer than a dozen found their way into published form and only a handful could be said to be full versions - that is, containing all or most known elements of the story.

Roud has 163 entries; in Scotland there are a number of versions that have a similar pattern to those in England - but also new elements. In Ireland there are surprisingly few versions to consider.

Other versions available on CD: Mary Ann Haynes (MTCD320); 'Straighty' Flanagan (MTCD331-2); Sarah Makem (MTCD353-5).

1 - 19 **The Bonny Labouring Boy** (Roud 1162, Laws M14)
Tommy Connolly
(Recorded in the Ulster Bar, Belturbet, Co Cavan, 3.8.80.)

As I roved out one morning all in the blooming spring
I overheard a damsel fair most grievously did sing
Saying "Cruel were my parents, they did me so deny;
They would not let me tarry with my bonny labouring boy.

"For his cheeks are like the roses red, his eyes they are black as sloes.
He's neat in his behaviour wherever that he goes.
He is besides both neat and wise like a maiden chastity
If I had my will I would be still in my love's company."

Said the mother to her daughter "Why do you stoop so low,
To marry a poor labouring boy around the world to go?
Some noble lord might fancy you, with riches to enjoy;
So do not throw yourself away on a bonny labouring boy."

Said the daughter to her mother "Your talk is all in vain.
For knights and dukes and lords and earls their efforts I disdain.
I'd sooner live a humble life where time I would enjoy
Awaiting happy prospects with my bonny labouring boy."

"If I had all the riches now that great men have in store
It's freely I'd bestow them all on the lad that I adore.
His beauty so entices me, the same I'll never deny.
In the arms of my labouring boy I mean to live and die."

So we'll fill our glasses to the brim and let the toast go round
Here's a health to every labouring boy who ploughs or sows the ground
Who when his work is over it's home he'll go with joy
And happy is the girl who weds a bonny labouring boy.

Parental opposition to a young person's sweetheart has long been a mainstay of the broadside ballad industry and *The Bonny Labouring Boy* is a classic example of the genre. London printers Fortey, Such and Disley all issued the song on their respective 19th century sheets, while Dublin printers Birmingham and Nugent issued the song in Ireland. That said, it didn't find great popularity here, and only 7 other Irish singers appear amongst Roud's 133 entries.

It's interesting that, while all versions tell substantially the same story, the three Irish ones we know about have substantially different texts from the 'classic' one Harry Cox sings - although he said he learned his from an itinerant Irish farm worker. And both Rod and I like Tommy Connolly's performance here better than any we've heard.

Other recordings on CD: Bob Blake (MTCD333), Paddy Beades (TSCD655), Harry Cox (TSCD512D), Tony Harvey (VTC2CD).

1 - 20 **The Tyrone Tailor** (Roud 2488)

Francie Little

(Recorded in his daughter's home, Bunneill, Lisnaskea, 1980.)

I'm a jolly little tailor I was born down in Tyrone
I courted a wee lassie until I had her won.
She vowed that I should marry but to this I'd ne'er agree
So right handy to get rid of her I rambled to Ardee
Laddly fol lolteladdy laddly fol loltelee
Laddly fol lolteladdy she was able enough for me.

I wasn't long there working past a few months, two or three,
When me rousing little lassie she got there as well as me.
She ne'er showed her appearance when she heard I'd got a trade
But just hired with a lady for to be her waiting maid.
Laddly fol ...

Then I received a letter from some lady in the town
Saying if I would marry I'd be worth a thousand pounds.
When I read this letter sure me heart it jumped with joy,
Saying "It's better be a gentleman than be a 'prentice boy".
Laddly fol ...

Then I went to this lady's house, she took me by the hand
She kindly saluted me "Come in, you gentleman.
I hope that you'll be seated if you'll be my guiding spark,
But if that we are married sure it must be in the dark."
Laddly fol ...

Then a clergy come to marry us wore neither hat nor cloak,
The lady she stepped forward and she told him some joke.
When that we were married and the knot was tied so tight,
Sure I asked me rousing lady if she'd grant to me some light.
"Oh I hope you will excuse me" was the very words she said,
"but there will be no light granted until we're laid safe in bed."
Laddly fol ...

Oh I got off me clothing for get to bed in case,
Quite content you may be sure for I still hadn't seen her face.
When I turned round to embrace me love I knew and then at once,
Saying "Is this you rousing Molly? Och, and so it is just by chance."
"Sure you thought you were a gentleman, now you see you're known
For you naughty little tailor you were begging in Tyrone."
Laddly fol ...

Seamus Ennis recorded this song from Thomas Moran, of Eslinbridge, Co Leitrim, in 1954, and Robin Morton recorded it from John Maguire, of Tonaydrumallard, Co Fermanagh, in 1970. These are Roud's only entries, and no recordings remain available.

1 - 21 **The Moon Behind the Hill** (Roud V3704)

James McDermott

(Place and date of recording unknown.)

I watched last night the rising moon
Upon a foreign strand
Till mem'ries came like flowers in June
Of home and fatherland
I dreamt I was a child once more
Beside the rippling rill
When first I saw, in days of yore
The moon behind the hill

It brought me back the visions grand
Of popular boyhood dreams
Its youthful love, its happy land
As bright as morning beams
It brought me back my own true love
The castle and the mill
Until my eyes could see no more
The moon behind the hill

It brought me back a mother's love
when first in accents wild
I prayed her from her throne above
To guard her lonely child
It brought me back my own true love

The castle and the mill
Until my eyes could see no more
The moon behind the hill.

Roud has 28 references but none collected from the tradition.

The Moon Behind the Hill was composed by T Brigham Bishop (1835-1905), an American composer of the Civil War era and later; the song was published in 1858.

Interestingly, the air is not the same as the one used by some other singers. Without having sight of Bishop's sheet-music, it is impossible to say if the air James sings is the one Bishop composed or not.

1 - 22 **The Galway Shawl** (Roud 2737)

Eugene Ward McElroy

(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, August 1977.)

In Oranmore in the county Galway,
One pleasant evening in the month of May;
I spied a colleen, she was tall and handsome,
And she nearly stole my old heart away.

She wore no jewels, no costly diamonds,
No paint nor powder, nor none at all;
But she wore a bonnet with ribbons on it,
Around her shoulders hung the Galway shawl.

We kept on walking, we kept on talking,
Till her father's cottage came into view;
She said: "Come in, sir, and meet my father,
And play and teach him The Foggy Dew."

She set me down by a big turf fire,
A next her father, him being six foot tall;
And soon her mother had the kettle boiling,
But all I could think of was her Galway shawl.

She played The Black Bird, The Lads of Antrim,
Oh Rodney's Glory and The Foggy Dew;
She sang each note like an Irish linnet,
'Til the tears ran down her old Irish cheeks like dew.

It was early, early the very next morning,
I hit the road for old Donegal;
She cried, I kissed her, and then I left her
But she stole my old heart in her Galway shawl.

Roud has 20 references. *The Galway Shawl* is a traditional Irish folk song, concerning a rural courtship in the West of Ireland. The first known version was collected by Sam Henry from Bridget Kealey in Dungiven in 1936. (Sam Henry's Songs of the People, p.269.) And it was sung, famously, by Margaret Barry, and also by Sheila Stewart, and Win Ryan.

1 - 23 **My Mother's Last Goodbye** (Roud 9705)

James McDermott

(Recorded in McGrath's bar in Brookeborough, 6.8.80.)

When I was but a youngster lad I thought I'd like to roam
Like many another foolish lad I had no thought of home
The kind old friends around me saw far too much of me
So I left my dear old homestead and I went away to sea.

My father as I parted said "My lad where e'er you roam
Let no false pride let you forget the loving ones at home."
My mother she could hardly speak the day I went away
She threw her arms around my neck and this to me did say:

"Ah may God go with you Charlie lad wherever you may roam
Let no false pride make you forget the loving ones at home
Goodbye God bless you darling son" so sadly she did cry
Whilst I have life I'll not forget my mother's last goodbye.

I packed my bundle on my back and I sailed for home once more
And as the big ship bore me o'er across the sparkling foam
I thought on every day and hour it brought me near their home.

I landed but alas too late my parents they were dead
My gold it had no joy for me for all its joys were fled
For I'd love to see the old ones in that bright land far away
And oft times in my dreams I'd hear my good old mother say:

"Ah may God go with you Charlie lad wherever you may roam
Let no false pride make you forget the loving ones at home
Goodbye, God bless you darling son" so sadly she did cry
Whilst I have life I'll not forget my mother's last goodbye.

Roud has 1 reference; issued on *We've Received Orders To Sail*, Vol.12, TSCD 662 of Topic Records' Voice of the People Series.

1 - 24 **That Little Mud Cabin on the Hill** (Roud 9271)

James McDermott

(Recorded in McGrath's bar in Brookeborough, 6.8.80.)

"Go and sell your pig and cow 'a ghradh',
That will take you far away,
Your poor old parents you must leave behind.
Go seek your fortune, darling,
In the lands beyond the sea,
For in Paddy's land it's poverty you'll find."

These were the words my father spoke
When I left Ireland.
I bid farewell within my memory still.
I packed my bundle on my back,
And I left for ever more,
From that little old mud cabin on the hill.

The roof was thatched with straw,
And the walls as white as snow.
While the turf fire boils the pot, I see it still.
Old Ireland's craving at my heart,
It's the place where I was born,
In that little old mud cabin on the hill.

I think I see the turf fire,
It affects my father's gaze.
My good old mother sitting by its side,
His pipe is lit, the smoke ascends,
And he's thinking on the day
When he sent his darling boy beyond the tide.

The roof was thatched with straw,
And the walls as white as snow.
While the turf fire boils the pot, I see it still.
Old Ireland's craving at my heart,
It's the place where I was born,
In that little old mud cabin on the hill.

No more I'll dance the merry dance
I did in days of yore,
To the music of the bagpipes loud and shrill.
No more I'll see the pretty girls
That I saw when first a boy
In that little old mud cabin on the hill.

The roof was thatched with straw,
And the walls as white as snow,
While the turf fire boils the pot, I see it still.
Old Ireland's craving at my heart,
It's the place where I was born,
In that little old mud cabin on the hill.

Roud has 14 references.

Finbar Boyle comments 'I think he sings 'a ghrá', although he mispronounces it. In pre-standard Irish this would have been spelled 'a ghradh' and may have appeared as such in balladsheets. A person who didn't speak Irish would have pronounced the 'd'.

1 - 25 **The Factory Girl** (Roud 1659)
Packie Cunningham
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

Well as I went a-walking one fine summer's morning
The birds in the bushes did warble and sing,
Gay laddies and lasses in couples were sporting
Going down to factory their work to begin.

I spied one among them was fairer than any
Her cheeks like the red rose that none could excel,
Her skin like the lily that grows in yon valley,
And she was a hard working factory girl.

I stepped up beside her, more closely to view her
And on me she cast such a look of disdain,
Saying "Young man have manners and do not come near me,
Although I'm a poor girl, I think it no shame."

"I have land, I have houses adorned there with ivy.
I have gold in my pocket and silver as well.
And if you come with me, a lady I'll make you
No more need you heed on old factory bell."

"Loving sensation rules manys the nation
Go marry a lady and may you do well.
I'm only an orphan with ne'er a relation
And besides I'm a hollow* old factory girl."

With those words she turned and like that she had left me,
And all for her sake I'll go wander away.
In some lonesome valley where no-one will know me
I'll mourn for the loss of my factory girl.

* The usual lyrics are 'hard-working'. Packie uses the word hollow here as an adjective. For example: a hollow victory - meaning worthless, useless, etc.

The Industrial Revolution in Britain, and the consequent shift from the home based 'cottage' trades to the factories, gave rise to a number of songs extolling the virtues of one form of employment over the other. In *The Weaver In Love*, the home-based hand-loom weaver declares his love for the factory maid and says:

"And if I could but her favour win,
I'd stand beside her and weave by steam."

Frank Purslow, in his note to *The Factory Girl*, suggested that it dates from the end of the eighteenth century and claimed it to be of Northern Irish origin, and, while he did not say why he was of this opinion, it was certainly current there, having been found in Counties Armagh, Down, Tyrone and Fermanagh. It was also recorded from Elizabeth Cronin of Ballyvourney, Co Cork and from Traveller Margaret Barry. Roud has 82 entries.

Other recordings on CD: Sarah Makem (MTCD353-5); Bill Cassidy (MTCD325-6).

1 - 26 **The Lovely River Finn** (Roud 22114)
Jimmie Halpin
(Recorded in the singer's cottage, Newtownbutler, 7.8.80.)

Now I was born in the year of eight in a place called Ballyhoe
For underneath the old stone bridge the River Finn does flow
It wends its way through meadows green, 'cross Newtown and Lisnaskea
Where it joins the Erne, the winding Erne, and it flows on to the sea.

When I was young I went to school in a place they call Downrye
Where an Irish king lived well in hand in the days of long gone by
Each morning then on the stroke of ten our lessons would begin
Back home at four, I walked the shore of the lovely River Finn.

Our teacher was a master man, but a kindly man was he.
His assistant was a local girl called Miss McCaffery.
There was forty scholars on the roll and they kicked up quite a din
They were reared in homes convenient to the lovely River Finn.

And many's the happy hour I spent along that river shore
But me boyhood days they are passed and gone and they won't come back no more.
Where I fished for perch and I trawled for pike and I watched the spoon bait spin
When the wind was west the sport was best along the River Finn.

And now I'm getting old and grey, sure all men they must die.
In the green graveyard by Connon's church let my old bones gently lie
In Heaven above with the Lord I love a new life I'll begin
And never more will I walk the shore of the lovely River Finn.

Contrary to popular belief, I think the river referred to in this song is not the River Finn that runs through Donegal, but the local Finn river the source of which is not far from Esnadarra Co Fermanagh. It winds its way through Roslea under the N54 at Stone bridge Co Monaghan, hugging the border through Cumber then confluences with the Erne near Gortnacarrow.

1 - 27 **The Little Thatched Cabin** (Roud 8121)
John Maguire
(Recorded in the singer's home, Newtownbutler, 10.8.80.)

When I remember the neatly thatched cabin
Where I first saw the light on a bright early morn
It stands on the hillside in view of yon village
And under that same roof my father was born.

Now I care not for ever through life I may wander
I don't give one farthing for palace nor hall
No home to me is as dear as the old home
I have found it to be the best home of them all.

When I grew to manhood I started life's journey
In hopes that my fortune might rise and not fall
One thing I learned and I never forgot it
Was to love the thatched cabin, best home of them all.

Now my father he's gone and my mother is likewise,
They are both laid to slumber behind yon church wall.
But I'm left here alone without sister or brother
In that neatly thatched cabin, best home of them all.

Now I care not for ever through life I may wander
I don't give one farthing for palace nor hall
No home to me is as dear as the old home
I have found it to be the best home of them all.

There are just 4 Roud entries for this song: one is this recording (which also appears on Topic's *Voice of the People*, Vol 20 (TSCD 670); Willie McElroy, of Brookeborough, recorded by Bobby Hanvey in 1977; and Sam Henry had it from Mrs James Mullan, of Draperstown, Co Londonderry, in 1925. Geordie Hanna sings it on *The Fisher's Cot* CD.

CD2

2 - 1 **Mr Bradley's Ball** (Roud 9243)
Maggie Murphy
(Recorded in McGrath's pub, Brookeborough, date unknown.)

Oh come all you lads and lassies and listen to me a while.
I will sing to you a verse or two that cause you all to smile.
It's all about a wee farooas I hope caused no ill will
It was given by Mr Bradley in his lovely home Foxhill.

At nine o'clock that evening the ladies did arrive.
From Shankill Street to Scrabbie(?) and the Lisson dames likewise
Their dresses were so bright and gay and their ankles neat and small
But the little maid from Largy was the gamest of them all.

From Carronbraes like birds of prey the sweet Miss Chambers came
With ankle socks and curly locks and cheeks that knew no stain.
Their brother Ned, his little head was looking very small.
For someone said he was MC at Mr Bradley's ball.

The dance was given to entertain a soldier of the Crown.
While dancing with the sweet Miss Love which made this hero frown.
For she says "Dear Pat, you're looking fat, and your cheeks are nice and round.
Do you think I've got two left feet, or why are you looking down?"

When the dance was in full swing a knock came to the door.
And in steps Swanky Connors and he gave an awful roar.
"Leave room for fighting trainer black Kearney from the bar."
Each with her eyes shining like raindrops on the tar.

For the clan began near lost a man all on that fateful night.
Wee Paddy said it was fear the case what made his blood run white.
There was Lynch's lad with medals bright and a lovely shining bow
Tom Gilligan's wear was not more rare worn by the cad from Cobh.

The musicians were an awful lot, the music it was poor.
Jim Connolly's head got swallow-ed with the wine from through the door.
There was Crudden long and lanky with a neck just like a crane
And I hear they are hoping round Foxhill that these girls never play again!

Peter Kennedy recorded this from Maggie (Chambers, as she then was) on 18 July 1952, on BBC recording 18491. Although this is the only Roud entry for this song, there are many other songs in roughly the same vein - for example *Tommy Suet's Ball* from Bill Smith (MTCD351), which was also sung by George Fradley.

2 - 2 **The Bonny Leitrim Boy** (Roud 22057)
Jimmy Halpin
(Recorded in the singer's cottage, Newtownbutler, 8.8.80.)

Oh, it's once that I was courted by a bonny Leitrim boy;
He called me his jewel, his heart's delight and joy
He called me his jewel, his heart's delight and joy
And it's how can I forget the thoughts
Leitrim boy. of my bonny

It was in Dublin City, that city of noble fame
Where me and my bonny Leitrim boy acquainted first became.
His teeth they were like ivory and his eyes were as black as sloes;
He could win the heart of any girl, no matter where he goes.

In yon green fields and meadows all decked with flowers so gay,
Where me and my bonny Leitrim boy in childhood used to play,
Where the lambkins they do skip about, and the birds do sweetly sing,
Now it's of my bonny Leitrim boy sad news to you I bring.

I used to keep his company, still hoping to be his bride.
But now he has gone and left me to cross the raging tide;
Perhaps some other fair one does this young man enjoy,
And has left me here lamenting for my bonny Leitrim boy.

So it's now that I'll go, I'll pack up my clothes, in search of him I'll go.
I'll ramble o'er old Ireland trueas high as frost and snow.
And when I'm tired searching, I will sit down and cry,
And I'll die right broken-hearted for my bonny Leitrim boy.

And when I'm dead and gone to rest, there's one request I crave
It's to carry my bones to Leitrim and place them in a grave.
These words write on my tombstone for all who do pass by,
That I died right broken-hearted for my bonny Leitrim boy.

This is actually a version of *The Bonny Irish Boy* (Roud 565, Laws P26)

2 - 3 **The Granemore Hare** (Roud 2883)
Francie Scott
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, August 1977.)

One fine winter's morning our horns we did blow
To the green hills of Tassagh our sportsmen did go.
For to meet with them huntsmen around Keady Town
For none love the sport better than the boys from Maydown.

And as we arrived they were all waiting there
Then we took to the hills in search of a hare
We had not gone far when somebody gave cheer
Over high hills and valleys this puss she did steer.

And as they led on what a beautiful sight
There was dogs brown and yellow, there were some black and white

They packed well together, going over the hill
For they had themselves set this hare for to kill.

And as they went on on this big mountain hare
This sweet charming music it rang through the air
She's for the black bogs for to try them once more
But it was her last trip round the hills of Granemore.

She run through the heather to try them to shun
But these dogs never missed one inch where she run
Right up to the field where this wee puss lay down
Sure their sweet heavy tongues it was heard in Maydown.

And as they chased up to where wee puss did lie
She sprang to her feet for to bid them goodbye.
But their music did cease and her cry we could hear,
Saying "A curse on the man brought you Maydown dogs here.

"For only last night as I fed in the glens
It was little I cared of dogs or of men
But on my way home at the clear break of day
I could hear the long horn that Pat Toner did play

"And as it was early I'd rested a while
It was little I thought they were going to meet Coyle.
For if I'd have known I'd have lay near the town
And tried to stay clear of them dogs from Maydown.

"It's now that I'm dying this sport is all done
No more in the green hills of Keady I'll run
Or feed in the glen on a cold winter's night
Or go home to my den at the break of daylight.

"Sure I blame you MacMahon for bringing Coyle here
Sure you're at this old caper this many's a year
Every Saturday and Sunday you never give o'er
Bringing strange packs of dogs to the hills of Granemore."

A version of this by Patsy Flynn can be heard on HSoD.

Sam Henry published a version of this song - as *The Hare of Kilgrain* - in 1924, from the singing of William Sloan, from Dundooan, Co Donegal. Peter Kennedy recorded it for the BBC from Jimmy McKee, in Armagh, in 1952, as *The Grangemore Hare*, as did Robin Morton from Frank Mills, of Milltown, Co Tyrone. It would seem to be an Armagh song, given the mention of Keady, and Maydown is a townland in between Benburb in Tyrone and Armagh city.

Composed by Pat Toner of Tullyglis, Keady and Owen Mc Mahon of Tassagh, Co Armagh, fellow huntsmen in Keady & Milltown Hunt Club. The hunt took place during the 1933/34 season at Granemore Rock, Hayes Public House, and featured a black hare.

2 - 4 **The Banks of the Silvery Tide** (Roud 561, Laws O37)
Maggie Murphy
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

It was of a lovely fair maid dwelled down by yon seaside.
Her comely form and features she was called the village pride,
'Til at length a bold sea captain young Mary's heart did gain
But true she was to Henry while on the raging main.

In course of Henry's absence a noble lord there came
A-courting lovely Mary but she refused the same
"It's oh be gone you false young man and do not trouble me.
Therefore be gone, I have but one and he's on the silvery tide"

For to make a dispensation this noble lord did say
"To make a separation, your life I'll take away.
I'll watch for you late and early, and all alone" he cried
"And I'll send your body a-floating from the banks of the silvery tide."

This noble lord next morning went out to have fresh air
Down by the rolling ocean he met with Mary fair.
Now said this cruel villain "consent to be my bride,
Or you'll sink or swim far far from him that's on the silvery tide."

In trembling limbs cries Mary "My vows I ne'er shall break.
For I do love Henry dearly and I'll die for his sweet sake."
With a handkerchief fast he bound her and he threw o'er the side,
And it's ranging was young Mary all on the ocean wide.

It happened in a few days after her true love came from sea
Expecting to have his own sweetheart and appoint their wedding day.
"Your true love she is drowned" her old aged parents cried
"Or has proved her own destruction on the banks of the silvery tide."

As Henry on his pillow lay neither night nor day could rest;
The thoughts of lovely Mary disturbed his wounded breast.
He dreamt he saw his Mary walk on the ocean wide,
And that Mary's ghost appeared to him on the banks of the silvery tide.

In fright then he awoken and at moonlight bloom went he
To search the sandbanks over along the raging sea.
At daybreak in the morning young Mary's corpse he spied;

She was rolling to and fro along the banks of the silvery tide.

For well he knew it was Mary by his own ring she wore on her hand
And her hands was bound with a handkerchief which brought him to a stand
And the name of the base murderer in large letters there he spied
"So it's true he drowned Mary on the banks of the silvery tide."

This noble lord was taken and the gallows it was his doom
For drowning lovely Mary which was in her greatest bloom.
And Henry went distracted and he wandered 'til he died
And his dying word was "Mary", o'er the banks of yon silvery tide.

Despite having a respectable 134 Roud entries, most relate to broadside publications. Most of the 34 singers named came from England, yet it would appear that the song lost popularity there by the mid-20th century, since none of the 21 sound recordings are English. Only Maggie's 1952 recording (VT134CD) and the later one by Paddy Breen (TSCD660) remain available on CD.

2 - 5 The Piley Cock (Roud 22107)

Jimmy Halpin
(Recorded in the singer's cottage, Newtownbutler, 8.8.80.)

As noted of a Piley cock near Newtown he was walked
He used his steel and learned to fight by Mullan he was taught
We brought him down to Donegal last Easter Sunday morn
For to fight the powerful Leaper cock, our money we put on.

Young Mullan he walked forward and these words I heard him say,
"I want a pit for Halpin's cock, he'll have to get fair play."
These Tirconnell boys they laughed at him and loudly they did bawl,
Saying "He'll never need another pit when he leaves Donegal."

When Barney walked up to the pit with the Piley in his hand
He says to McNulty, "Come and kill him if you can.
Your Leaper is a swanky bird, he never has lay down,
But he'll never fight the Piley that was walked outside Newtown."

Out spoke the noble Piley to Leaper of great fame,
"It's a pleasure for to fight you, though you beat me on the scales.
With the best of oats and hard-boiled eggs they fed me with a will,
So in honour of old Newtown I fear your blood I'll spill."

These birds they stepped into the ring where they met and flew up high
'Twas here our darling Piley he took Leaper down to die.
For Leaper tried to gain his feet but that was all in vain
For back in came the Piley and he shuffled him again.

The Leaper cock lay on the ground, for mercy he did cry.
It was then our darling Piley he took Leaper's last goodbye.
Our wee Piley is as good a cock as ever fought a main,
Sure we'll bring him home to rest his bones and we'll fight him soon again.

Here's a health to Barney Mullan, for sportsmen he's the star
And the next year that we fight this cock 'twill be round Mullingar
And Barney you will hand him there, we said it one and all
When he killed a powerful leaper cock on the hills of Donegal.

Finbar Boyle tells us: "Birds are fought through the springtime, survivors are walked and well fed, and in the early summer 'mains' are held, mostly in fields that straddle the border, but sometimes in Kildare, Laois, Westmeath and Clare. The survivors of the 'heats' are matched; 13/7 wins the main, and big, big money changes hands.

I think that the Leitrim Piley was probably a Polish breed (Poley). Geordie Hanna asked me one time if I knew anyone that had a good Polish cockbird. I did, actually - but I didn't tell Geordie. The bird in question was a pet in a place I used to stay ..."

2 - 6 The Killyfole Boasters (Roud 12922)

'Red' Mick McDermott
(Recorded in the Donagh Bar and Grill 1980.)

Come all ye old fellows attend to my song
It's not my intention for to keep you too long
It's about a few verses that I did write down
Concerning a hunt that we held near Newtown.

Well that first hare we got her it was in Lisnacknock?
Where Timer and Smigger gave her the quare shock?
They went down o'er the river and again Cornavray.
"Away Brady's Captain" James Conlon did say.

"For if he's Brady's Captain, he has made the quare fight,
I know more yet knew Brady's Captain was white."
Sure the cheers of mad Bryce* it did echo the hill
"Away Murphy's Singer from sweet Roosky Mill."

They were cheering their Piper as they went the bog.
All by a big man and they called him Pat Og.
Well he mightn't have been cheering him going over yon field?
For his Piper he was chasing damn all but my heel

Now the Killyfole boasters their big dogs did bring
They came with their Comely for to take a great fling.

They came with their Comely on that morning to try,
And you couldn't beat Comely for telling a lie.

Now the cheering wee caddies came there one and all
And upon their big Dasher sure they did shout and bawl
When long Jimmy Foster to these caddies did say
"Sure the Cormonalea Royal he'll show you the way."

Now the last hare ran out and the sun it sank low.
For to show to them boasters what hounds that would go.
And the dogs that I'll mention that did them all try.
It was Chorus and Comber from sweet Loughnarye.

Long life to you Charters you never was slack.
You came with six couples for to furnish our pack.
When he was a-wanting he's the boy will not hide.
Long life to them heroes round the water's side.

Long life to big Reehil and long may he reign
and also old Tierney that lived in Drumrane
For we'll go now to Newtown, and we'll drink up our jar.
Stop at home with your colies** on the face of Drumma.

* It is usually 'auld Bryans' not 'mad Bryce' in most versions of the songs.

** The local pronunciation of the word Collie as in Border Collie, its pronounced by the old lads as "coalie". Its a term of abuse for any dog that is not a hound, similar to mongrel or cur. Basically the Killyfole men are being told to go back to hunt with their useless curs/ mongrels after been thrashed by the Newtown hounds.

This song is about a hunt in the early 20th century between the Newtownbutler Hunt Club and a pack based in the area around Killyfole Lough in the Parish of Aghadrumssee between Clones Co Monaghan and Roslea County Fermanagh. The hunt took place in the Newtownbutler area.

2 - 7 Harper, The Pride of Tyrone (Roud 22064)

Jack Hobson
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, Winter 1977.)

All you sportsmen from Navan, Armagh and The Grange.
Sure a set hunt with Harper we met to arrange.
For to stop his loud crowing and bring honours home.
And men, dogs and money down into Tyrone.

Well, the day had arrived and we gathered our hounds.
Sure the people they gathered for miles all around.
McCullough brought Charmer, his pride of a dog.
We had long Terry Mullan, Pat Hughes from the bog

We had Gillespie and Farley, they were not alone.
We had long Terry Mullan and the Captain McGlone.
There was the Andersons and the Georges and the Donnellys galore.
There was the Finnegans and Campbells all from Tulleymore.

Now when all had assembled we proudly did go
To across the Blackwater with hark tallyho.
Aye and in Derryoghill our horns loud did blow.
For to hunt against Harper, the pride of Tyrone.

In a field of wheat stubbles where pussy did lie
She started all frightened to hear our hounds cry
Saying "Farewell Derryoghill, I'll never come home
For these hounds were not reared in the County Tyrone.

"Well, they might be from Armagh for to judge by their sound,
Or else from the Navan where they've always good hounds.
But there's one thing for certain that they're not from Tyrone
For their barking and yelping I'd sooner had known."

Well, it's Crouner and Spanker they did all set to,
But Fair Miss and Duster still headed the view
The chase was delightful when crossing the hill
But before she could double they closed in to kill.

Well, it's Adams and Harper, your boasting is o'er.
For hares in Derryoghill, sure that day we killed four.
And they caused the gamekeeper that evening to bawl
Saying "Call off your dogs, boys, and don't kill them all."

Now here's to the Donnellys, the Georges, McGlones.
Aye and long may they live and good hounds may they own.
For to show their good hunting over valley and hill
Oh they made sure like sportsmen, their glasses to fill.

This hunting song from Co Armagh is very unusual as it seems to glory in the killing of the hares in Tyrone. It is not part of the hunting tradition to allow the hounds kill a hare. The hare must be given every chance and everything possible done to leave her there for the next time. The sport is in how well the hounds followed the scent. Arguments over whose hound did the best job are common and could be carried on in the bar after a hunt, or in some cases down generations. Derryoghill is in Co Tyrone. Its about half way between the Moy and Benburb, just inside the Tyrone border from Co Armagh and in the heart of the hunting country up around there.

2 - 8 **Matt Hyland** (Roud 2880)
Peggy MacDonagh
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

There was a lord lived in this town
Who had a handsome lovely daughter
She was courted by an apprentice boy
Who was a servant to her father
But when her parents came to know
They swore they'd make him leave this island
This lady knew her heart would break
If parting with her own Matt Hyland

The lord discoursed his dear wife fair
One night alone in her bedchamber
Saying, "Matt Hyland I will send afar;
I'm afraid our daughter stands in danger."
This lady gay in ambush lay
In grief oppressed was truly pining
Saying, "My father I will him deceive
I will protect my own Matt Hyland."

Oh straightway unto her love she went
And ordered him for to awaken
Saying, "Rise my dear and go your way
This very night you will be taken.
Last night I heard my father say
In spite of it he would transport you
So arise my dear and go your way
I wish to God I'd gone before you."

"How am I to go away?" he said
"How am I to go without my wages.
Without a penny in my purse
Just like some poor unfortunate stranger?"
"Here's fifty shillings in bright gold
And that's far more than my father owes you
So take it now and go your way
I wish to God I was with you."

The lord discoursed with his dear wife fair
One night alone in her bedchamber
Saying, "I will give her leave to bring him back
Since there is none she'll crown above him."
She wrote a letter then in haste
Saying for him her heart was truly pining.
So she brought him back to the church they went
And she made a lord of young Matt Hyland.

The Roud index has only 10 references for this ballad. It was collected from Sandy McConnell in Bellanaleek, Co Fermanagh by Robin Morton published in *Folksongs Sung in Ulster* (Cork: Mercier, 1970). It was also collected from Andy Cash (from Wexford) in London by Jim Carroll/Pat Mackenzie in 1973. But it can also be heard, sung by Liz Jefferies on TSCD656.

2 - 9 **My Charming Edward Boyle** (Roud 2906)
Francie Little
(Recorded in his daughter's home, Bunneill, Lisnaskea, 1980.)

Oh you tender hearted maidens of a high or a low degree
Likewise all wounded lovers, come sympathise with me
For its here I am left lamenting the young man I adore
He has now fled from my arms bound for Columbia's shore.

Sure its well I do remember, the lovely month of May
When Flora's flowery mantle did deck the meadows gay
Everything looked charming, all nature seemed to smile
For 'twas then I lost my own true love, my charming Edward Boyle

It being on a Monday morning his friends did him convey
To Belfast town of renown from that round to the Quay
With courage bold, he did set sail and he left the shamrock shore
All joy be with you Edward, will I ever see you more?

In the county of Fermanagh, in the Parish of Roslea
The townland of Brobrohan near the mountains of Sliabh Beagh
Brought up of honest parents and on St Patrick's soil
But it's now they are left lamenting for their darling Edward Boyle

Sure the meadow has got lonely since Edward went away
He was the pride of old college land and his flute right well could play
His friends and companions all set to leave the soil
That in hopes once more on Columbia's shore to meet with Edward Boyle.

Edward Boyle is a song about emigration from Roslea to America. Most likely dating from the 1840s, the time of the great famine in Ireland, when many young men were leaving Ireland to seek their fortunes on the "shores of America" then known as Columbia.

Roud has 3 references, all collected in Co Fermanagh, Northern Ireland; Paddy Tunney, John Maguire and Paddy McMahon - but we know that it was also sung by Cathal McConnell and Rosie Stewart, both also of Co Fermanagh.

2 - 10 **Macadam & Co** (Roud 3492)

Brian Tumilty
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, August 1977.)

I come over from Ireland a short while ago
Well the work it was bad and the wages was low
My heart it was likewise and so was my bob
So I started for Glasgow in search of a job.

Says I to meself "Pat Cornelius Burke,
Sure it's queer if you can't find a job of good work".
For at finding a job sure I never was slow
For I carried a hod for Macadam & Co.

When I landed in Glasgow I went to the place
And the foreman come up with a queer looking face
He looked at me, squirmed at me, roughly did speak,
And says he "I'll engage you at one pound a week."

"Ach away with your pound," says I, "what do you mean?
Because I'm from Ireland do you think that I'm green?
Keep your one pound a week, for I'll have you to know
I get two pound a fortnight with Macadam & Co."

First you lift up the hod, then you hold it up so,
Seize hold of the bricks, lay them all in a row.
Pull your shoulders back straight, then you lift the hod high
And you make for the ladder like a spider or fly.

Seize hold with your right hand, put your foot on the peg
When you've got a good footing, then you lift your left leg
You will always keep rising, and if you don't stop,
Sure, it's twenty to one that you'll get to the top.

When you get to the top then you lay the bricks down
And the next thing you do is you make for the ground.
What I'm telling to you is the truth, I'll be bound
You're longer going up than you are coming down.

A good 3/4d sure, that was the pay
For sporting yourself about 9 hours a day.
You can trot up the ladder, it's nothing at all
It's the man who's at work on the top does it all.

And I'm working for Mr Macadam & Co
My name it is Patrick Cornelius Burke.
With the bricks up the ladder I've only to go
It's the man up the top does the whole of the work.

Roud's only sighting of this song is in the book *Iron Man*, Dawney, (1974) pp.8-10, where one James Lyons sang it in Batley, Yorkshire.

2 - 11 **Boys and Girls Courting** (Roud 6898)
Maggie Murphy
(Recorded in the singer's cottage, Tempo, 6.4.79.)

As I went out walking one evening in June
To view the green fields and the meadows in bloom,
As the blackbirds sang merrily pulling strains on each side
And the boys and girls courting down by the roadside.

My mind bent on rambling as I passed through Ship Grove
Where me and my true love oft-times we did rove.
Oh had she been constant, I'd have been constant still
For it's many's a long evening we spent by the mill.

My love's tall and handsome, she lives behind the wall
For singing or dancing she equals them all
She gave me her arm saying "Married we'll be,
And in sweet Londonderry how happy we'll be."

And about six months after her father did say,
"Oh Mary, dear Mary, you must go away
To the bright lands of freedom where the stars brightly shine,
And to leave Londonderry and your true love behind."

When Mary heard this she fell into despair
To the wringing her hands and a-tearing her hair
Saying "Father, dear Father, it'd grieve my heart sore
For to leave Londonderry and the boy I adore."

On the ship called The Rover my love sailed away,
On a new bright May morning bound for Americay
With her flags and banners waving as she passed through Culmore
Bidding "Adieu Londonderry, will I e'er see you more?"

Sam Henry collected this in 1933, as *The Londonderry Love Song*, and there are two other sound recordings - both from Maggie.

2 - 12 **The Kilmuckridge Hunt** (Roud 22112)
Brian Tumilty
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, August 1977.)

Oh they started a hunt in Kilmuckridge

All the farmers they left down their plough
And they got every animal that had four legs -
Three donkeys, two dogs and a cow.

Ah, the first meet they had was on Sunday,
It was on the first day of May,
Having too much to drink, never stopping to think,
Sure they all mounted up the wrong way.

And if ever you go to Kilmuckridge
Do you think you could show them all how
For the Kilmuckridge Hunt they all ride back to front
On three donkeys, two dogs and a cow.

Ah the cow it belonged to Ned Potter
She was the finest old cow in the town
And she done seven miles to the gallon
And that's really not bad for a cow.

And they tried to get Mooney a bugle
To summon the hunt from their home
But when he's at his best he competes with the rest
With some strong tissue paper and comb.

So if ever you go to Kilmuckridge
Do you think you could show them all how?
For the Kilmuckridge hunt they all ride back to front
On three donkeys, two dogs and a cow.

Yet another song composed by a huntsman about a rival hunt. Seemingly a reference to The Island and Kilkenny Hunt in Wexford. The Island in the title is in Kilmuckridge, where the hunt was first established more than a century ago.

2 - 13 The Mourne Still (Roud 22061)
Brian Tumilty
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, August 1977.)

I'll sing a song for to cause no frown
It's about an old man from County Down
His hair was grey and his eyes were blue
And all his life he made mountain dew.

This old man's name I will not make known
But he lived away up in kindly Mourne.
He always sang and he drank his fill,
And in the Mourne Mountains he hid his still.

His barrels of uisce* from Kilkeel Quay
They were taken all across to Americay
Missing two lines

The President of the USA
He tried to sample this stuff one day
Then he said "Hold me, or I'll surely fall
For that Irish whiskey from Atticaul.

His barrels of uisce from the mountain rocks
They were only saw by a passing fox.
As the foxes cry on the Aughrim Hills
You could smell the poteen from his Mourne still.

But now I'm sorry I have this to say,
That old Mourne man he has passed away.
No more, no more will we drink our fill
Of that Irish poteen from his Mourne still.

* From Old Irish uisce. For thousands of years the Gaelic term "Fíor Uisce" (feer-ishka) meaning true water, was the name used for water sources of the highest purity.

There are a great many songs that sing the praises of poteen. Perhaps the best know is the *Rare Old Mountain Dew*. Distilling Poteen is an activity the origins of which are lost in the mists of time. It was only after the government realised that taxing it would be a valuable source of revenue, that the practice was driven underground, prior to that almost everyone in the country was engaged in the activity in one way or another. Francie Little was a well known poteen maker. The hunstmen took poteen with them to ward off the cold weather while they were out on the mountains.

2 - 14 Clinkin' o'er the Lea (Roud 119, Child 280)
Maggie Murphy
(Recorded in the singer's cottage, Tempo, 6.4.79.)

As I went clinkin' o'er the lea,
The finest wee lad I did see
Looking for his charity,
"Would you lodge a lame poor man?"
For the night being wet and it being cold
She took pity on a poor old soul
She took pity on a poor old soul
And she bade him for to sit down.
With his toura noura nontanee
Right tonouran folla dooadee

Right tonouran nouranee
With his toura noura nidoh.

But he got himself in the chimney nook
With all his bags behind the crook
All his bags behind the crook
Right merrily he did sing
With his toura ... etc.

'Twas at the fire they made the plot
To be ready at the crowing of the cock
To be ready at the crowing of the cock
And alongst with him she'd gang
With his toura ... etc.

For all the doors being locked quite tight
The old woman rose in the middle of the night
The old woman rose in the middle of the night
To find the old man gone.

For she run to the cupboard, likewise to the chest
All things there and nothing missed
Clapping her hands and the dear be blessed
Wasn't he the honest old man
With his toura ... etc.

When the breakfast was ready and the table laid
The old woman went to waken the maid
The bed was there and the maid was gone
She'd away with a lame poor man
With his toura ... etc.

For seven years passed and gone
And this old beggar came back again
Looking for his charity
"Would you lodge a lame poor man?"

"For I never lodged any but the one
And with him my one daughter did gang
And I choose you to be the very one
And I'll have you to be gone."
With your toura ... etc..

"If it's your one daughter you want to see
She has two bairns on her knee
She has two bairns on her knee
And a third one's coming on.

"For yonder she sits and yonder she stands
The fairest lady in all Scotland
She has servants at her command
Since she went with the lame poor man."
With his toura ... etc.

This is Maggie's version of the famous *Gaberlunzie Man*; a ballad almost entirely restricted to the Scottish repertoire - virtually all of Roud's 103 instances are from there. Indeed, Maggie Murphy/ Chambers is the Index's sole Irish entry.

Other recordings on CD: Lizzie Higgins (MTCD337-8), John Strachan (Rounder CD1835).

2 - 15 Keady Town (Roud 22111)
Francie Scott
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguiresbridge, August 1977.)

It being a bright calm day and we all were on our way
For a hunt to be held in Keady Town.
Sure we had a special bus and we raised an awful fuss
On the day that we went to Keady Town.

There was Charlie Rowe and me and we went on the spree
As soon as we landed in the town.
With Glendenning and Scott sure they began to trot
Down the street with them dogs from Keady Town.

Now we were not long there, 'til Scott he seen a hare
She was sitting in a field behind the town.
But wee Pussy wasn't slow, for she got up to go
When she heard them dogs from Keady Town.

Now there is this dog of fame and Pete it is his name
I'm sure yous all know the dog that I mean
He has such long and mournful tongue, you would think he was getting hung
When he's chasing the hare round Keady Town.

Now we hunted there 'til six, then we were in a fix
For we could not get our dogs back to the town.
But says Rowe "We'll have to go for I think it's going to snow
And we'll have to get a drink in Keady Town."

Sure, we walked three miles or more, and our feet were very sore
That night when we got back to the town
But we were not long in 'til we raised an awful din
In the Shannon Bell's pub in Keady Town.

Sure Big John he started to sing you'd have thought that he was Bing
And the people they gathered all outside the door.
There was whiskey galore: ten bottles, aye, or more,
For to finish up that day in Keady Town.

Now we all enjoyed our day I am very pleased to say
And the people there treated us so very kind
Sure I never will forget the true huntsmen that we met
On the day that we went to Keady Town.

Another local hunting song. Keady is in Co Armagh. The singer Francie Scott was a huntsman from Ballindery. Co Tyrone. Keith struck lucky that evening because huntsmen from all over the North of Ireland had gathered in the bar after the hunt for a song session.

2 - 16 The Banks of the Lee (Roud 6857)
Francie Scott
(Recorded in Eugene Smith's bar, Maguire's bridge, August 1977.)

When two lovers meet down beside yon clear fountain
When two lovers meet down beneath yon blue sea
And Mary, fond Mary, declared to her lover
"You have stolen my poor heart on the Banks of the Lee"

Chorus:
For I loved her very dearly, so true and sincerely
There's no one in this wide world I love more than she
Every bush, every bower, every sweet Irish flower
Reminds me of my Mary, on the banks of the Lee.

"Don't stay out late tonight love on the moorlands, my Mary
Don't stay out late tonight love on the moorlands for me"
For I had no notion when crossing o'er the ocean
We'd be parted forever on the Banks of the Lee

Chorus

Sure I'll pluck my love some roses, some blooming Irish roses
I'll pluck my love some roses, the fairest ever grew
And I'll place them on the graveside of my fond and loving Mary
For in that cold and silent churchyard she sleeps 'neath the dew.

Chorus

Although it is well known, Roud has but 8 references to this song, but they include many 'big names'; Elizabeth Cronin, Joe Heaney, Sheila Stewart, Mary Connors, Dolly McMahon, and a sound recording collected in 1973 from Mary Cash in London by Jim Carroll and Pat Mackenzie. Peta Webb sings the Mary Connors version on MTCD327-8.

2 - 17 The Titanic (Roud 6662)
Tom Tinnery
(Recorded in the singer's home, Newtownbutler, 9.8.80.)

You feeling-hearted Christians come listen to my tale
How our gallant ship Titanic for New York bound did sail.
She was lovely, grand, and the largest boat that ever had ploughed the waves
But, alas, she has struck an iceberg and has crashed all to her grave.

She was the pride of Belfast build, the glory of her crew.
She had every accommodation the art of man e'er knew.
A regular floating palace from stem to stern was she,
But she lies with sixteen hundred souls deep down in the Atlantic Sea.

On a beautiful April morning as she steamed from Southampton Quay
There were millionaires, as well as poor, bound for Americay.
There was joy and hope in every heart as she rushed the waters blue,
With a veteran captain on her bridge, nine hundred men her crew.

She stopped at Queenstown on her trip for our Irish girls and boys
Who were leaving dear old Ireland in a strange land to employ.
The last time these poor emigrants gazed on their native shore.
They nobly died, God rest their souls, we'll never see them more.

Sure, all went well 'til the fourteenth day of April it drew nigh,
'Twas in the middle of the night an iceberg floated by.
The Titanic she proudly bore along unmindful of her foe
When there came a crash and an awful splash, and cries from all below.

Brave Captain Smith he stood on the bridge, and he gave his orders clear.
The wireless operators sent their messages far and near,
"Save us, save us, we're sinking fast" it was an awful cry,
But it's sad to state that help came too late, sixteen hundred souls must die.

There was not much confusion for no-one thought this ship would fail
The band was playing sweet on board, there was no storm or gale
When suddenly the boats were launched, in rushed the waters wild,
The husbands torn from their wives, and the mother from her child.

Oh God, it was an awful sight, what horror must have been there,
To see the doomed ones rush on deck and hear them breathe a prayer.
Women and children at first were crewed, seven hundred, I'm told, were saved,
But the rest went down in the watery deep for to fill a martyr's grave.

Our brave old ship, The Carpathia, when she heard the wireless cry
Then putting all her steam ahead, to The Titanic fast did fly.
She saved all in the lifeboats, landed them safe in New York Bay,
But the ones that she left behind her now await their Judgement Day.

Let us raise our voices to Heaven above and join in a prayer of love,
That our Irish boys and girls on board will meet with God above.
May the faithful souls that perished on The Titanic have no dread
For their reward is Heaven above when the sea gives up its dead.

After he had sung it Keith asked Tommy where he learned the song. His reply was "it would be on one of the ballads" referring to the many broadside ballads that were penned and circulated widely after such a major disaster.

2 - 18 The Roslea Hunt (Roud 12935)
Jimmy Halpin
(Recorded in the singer's house, Newtownbutler, 6.8.80.)

On the eighth of November I well mind the day,
It fell on a Monday the fair of Roslea.
When Pat Dolan met Jack Holmes and these words he did say,
"You are boasting and bragging of your dogs all the way."

"So now to conclude and to just give it o'er.
I'll meet you next Friday just down at Annalore."
For the dogs that we gathered that very same morn
Were the best ever cometo the sound of a horn.

We had eight from Killevan and six from the Cross.*
And a hare never rose, me boys, that they couldn't toss,
Then next up to Coole and we all did prepare
'Twas to go around the ditches and search for a hare.

We went, and they told it they all knew were true,
Wee pussy hopped out, and they started to view.
For an hour or upwards the view it did stand
When McCarvill came in with the hare in his hand.

He says, "My brave Stone bridge, you may give it oe'r
For you'll find, my brave fellows, we have hunted before."
Then young Dolan made answer and told him in plain,
"You will find, my brave fellow, that our dogs are not lame."

For the dogs that was foremost, I hear all men say,
Was a dog from Killevan and a bitch from Roslea.
For wee Charmer and Lily I now must declare
They are two of the best ever followed a hare.

So now to conclude and to finish my song,
I am fond of hunting; who's the man says I'm wrong?
There's a dog of McCarvill's, I'll have you all to know,
That he'll warm up your jackets in the coming winter snow.

* The Cross referred to is Greenans Cross on the road from Newbliss Co Monaghan to Threemilehouse Co Monaghan

This song refers to a hunt between a pack kept in the area around Greenans Cross and Killevan, County Monaghan and another neighbouring pack kept in the area between Stonebridge, County Monaghan and Roslea, County Fermanagh. The hunt took place at Annalore Bridge, a bridge on the road between Clones and Newbliss, Co Monaghan, probably in the early 20th Century.

Keith also recorded this from Phil McDermott of Newtownbutler. Roud has 3 references.

Also known as *The Killevan Hunt*, this is another of the locally composed hunt songs. A recording of Phil McDermott singing it can be heard on 'To Catch a Fine Buck' Topic Records' *Voice of the People series*, Vol. 18. TSCD668. Phil called it *The Fair of Roslea*.

2 - 19 Stock or Wall (Roud 36, Child 46)
Maggie Murphy
(Place and date of recording unknown.)

As I went out a-walking down by yon yellow lane
I met with Captain Emerton, the keeper of the game.
Said he unto his servant maid "Would it be against the law
For you and I in one bed lie and you'll lie next the wall?"

"It's, oh, be gone you false young man and do not trouble me.
Before I'd lie one night with you you must get me dishes three;
Three dishes you must get for me and I shall eat them all
Before I'd lie one night with you at either stock or wall.

"It's for my breakfast you must get a bird without a bone
And for my dinner you must get a cherry without a stone
And for my supper you must get a bird without a gall
Before I'd lie one night with you at either stock or wall."

"For when the bird is in the shell it really has no bones,
And when the cherry is in full bloom it really has no stone.

The dove she is a gentle bird, she flies without a gall,
So you and I in one bed lie and you'll lie next the wall."

"It's, oh, be gone, you false young man and do not trouble me.
Before I'd lie one night with you you must answer me questions six.
Six questions you must answer me and I'll set forth them all
Before I'd lie one night with you at either stock or wall."

"Now what is rounder than the moon? What's higher than the tree?
And what is worse than women's tongues? Hell's deeper than the sea?
What tree buds first? What bird sings best? And where does the dew first fall?
Before I'd lie one night with you at either stock or wall."

"The globe is rounder than the moon, heaven's higher than the tree.
The devil's worse than women's tongues, Hell's deeper than the sea.
The heather buds first, the thrush sings best, on the ground the dew first falls
So you and I in one bed lie, lie over to the wall."

A very widely-known old ballad, usually called *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship*; indeed, the title *Stock or Wall* seems unique to Ireland. Like *Riddles Wisely Expounded* (Child 1) and *The Elfin Knight* (Child 2), Maggie's song concerns a would-be suitor who can only gain his love by performing certain tasks, in this case by answering riddles. Professor Child noted that such ideas were ancient and once widespread across eastern Europe and the Middle East.

As well as in this present form, it has been found in numerous guises: as a nursery rhyme (*Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie*); a straight-forward love song (*I Gave My Love a Cherry*); and in the South West United States as a cante-fable. A version from the Lower Labrador Coast entitled *The Devil and the Blessed Virgin Mary* introduced a religious aspect into the plot, but all other versions seem to have been secular.

Roud has 176 examples, mostly from North America, but with a fair number from Scotland and Ireland. The ballad appears to be almost unknown in England.

Other recordings on CD: Sarah Makem (MTCD353-5); Pat McNamara (MTCD331-2); Joe Rae (MTCD313); Joe Heaney (TSCD518D); Willie Clancy (TSCD651).

2 - 20 The Nobleman's Wedding (Roud 567, Laws P31)
James McDermott
(Recorded in McGrath's bar, Brookeborough, 6.8.80.)

Once I was invited to a nobleman's wedding,
It was all of a fair one that proved so unkind
So now she is wed and she thinks herself happy
For this charming true lover still rolls in my mind.

After the wedding the guests were all ready
Ah, each one was asked for to sing a love song
And the first one to sing was her charming true lover
And the song that he sang was of days long gone by.

Then sighing and sobbing she rose from the table.
At the foot of her true love she down then did fall
Saying "Give me this night in the arms of my lover
And the rest of them all I will spend them with you."
Then sighing and sobbing to her bed she did go.

And early next morning going in for to see her
He found that his true love was lying long dead.

"I knew, lovely Annie, you never did love me
For your love and my love could never agree
I knew, lovely Annie, you never did love me
For this charming true lover still rolls in my mind."

I separated the oak from the elm
I separated the bark from the tree
But I have separated two charming young lovers
And I hope there'll be no-one to separate me.

There are 171 instances of this old ballad in Roud. It has been widely found in Scotland, Ireland, England, Canada and the USA, and it has survived well into modern times - there are 42 known sound recordings, but only 11 of these are of Irish singers. It is found under the title *The Orange and Blue* and the one used here - but it is most widely known, albeit in a far simpler form, as *All Around My Hat*.

Other available recordings: include Daisy Chapman (MTCD308), Paddy Doherty (Inishowen Trad Singers ITSC001), Joe Heaney (Folktracks FSB015), Eddie Butcher (TSCD656) and Belle Stewart (Folktracks FSA182). Cathie Stewart also used to sing it memorably, and her sister Sheila has included it on her Topic CD *From the Heart of the Tradition* (TSCD515).

2 - 21 Spancil Hill (Roud 22062)
Patsy Flynn
(Recorded in Tommy Tinneney's home, Newtownbutler, 9.8.80.)

Last night as I lay dreaming
Of happy days gone by,
My mind being bent on rambling,
To Ireland I did fly.
I stepped on board a vision
And I travelled with a will.

Ah, the first place that I anchored was
At the cross at Spancil Hill.

It being the twenty-third of June,
The day before the fair,
When Ireland's sons and daughters
They all assemble there,
The young, the old, the brave and the bold,
Their duties to fulfil,
At the parish church of Looney
One mile from Spancil Hill.

I visited my neighbours
To see if they were well;
The young ones are all dead and gone,
The young ones turning grey.
I met the tailor Quigley,
He's as bold as ever still.
Sure, he used to make my britches
When I lived on Spancil Hill.

I paid a flying visit
To my first and only love.
She's as fair as any jewel,
And as gentle as a dove.
She threw her arms around me
Saying "Johnny, I love you still."
Ah, she's Ned the farmer's daughter,
And the pride of Spancil Hill.

I kissed her and caressed her
As I did in days of yore.
"Ah, Johnny, you're only joking,
As many's a time before."
The cock he crew in the morning,
He crew both loud and shrill.
I awoke in California,
Far far from Spancil Hill.

Spancil Hill is a song written in a traditional Irish folk style by Michael Considine. It bemoans the plight of the Irish immigrants who so longed for home from their new lives in America, many of whom went to California with the Gold Rush. This song is sung by a man who longs for his home in Spancil Hill, his friends and the love he left there. All the characters and places in this song are real. (Spancil Hill is on the road between Ennis and Tulla.)

Considine was born around 1850 and emigrated to the USA from Spancil Hill at around 1870. He stayed in Boston for two years or so before moving to California. At the age of 23, he suffered from ill health for a long time and, knowing he hadn't long to live, he wrote the poem "Spancil Hill" to be sent home in remembrance of his love.

2 - 22 Blow the Candle Out (Roud 368, Laws P17)
James McDermott
(Recorded location unknown, 8.8.80.)

Around a young apprentice who went to meet his dear,
The moon was shining brightly and the stars were viewing clear.
She came to his love's window and she called him by her name
She soon arose and let him in and went back to bed again

Saying "Willie, dearest Willie, tonight will be your doom.
Strip off unto your nightshirt and bear one night within,
The streets they are too lonely for you to walk about
So come roll me in your arms, love, and we'll blow the candle out."

"My father and my mother next bedroom they do lie
Kissing and embracing, and why not you and I?
Kissing and embracing without a word of doubt
So come roll me in your arms, love, and we'll blow the candle out."

Was early next morning young Willie he arose
Whistling and singing and hurrying on his clothes
He never said a word within nor yet a word without
And he never said when he'd come back for to blow the candle out.

Come all my sporting young men warning take by me
Never court a young man that ploughs the angry sea
For some day or another when walking out about
He will do to you what he done to me when he blew the candle out.

Blow the Candle Out, or *The London Apprentice* as it is sometimes called, has turned up all over these islands (Greig/Duncan 788 - six versions), probably due to its wide broadside popularity; these make up half of Roud's 103 entries. Only two other Irish singers appear in the Index.

Other recordings on CD: Jumbo Brightwell (MTCD339-0), Jimmy Gilhane (Rounder CD1778).

2 - 23 Here's a Health to the Company (Roud 1801)
James McDermott
(Recorded location unknown, 8.8.80.)

Kind friends and companions once more let us join
Come raise up your glasses in a chorus with mine

Come fill up your glasses, all griefs to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here again.

Chorus:
Here's a health to the company, and one to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass
Let us drink and be merry all griefs to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here again.

And here's to the wee lass that I love so well
For her style and for beauty there's none can excel
She smiles on her countenance, as she sits on my knee.
For there's no-one in this wide world half so happy as me.

Chorus

The big ship in harbour, I see her at dock,
And I wish her safe over without any shock,
And when she is sailing to the land of the free
I will always remember her kind words to me.

Chorus

I have read the old proverb, I have read it all through,
For love is more dearer than the bright morning dew.
I have read the old proverb, I have read it all through,
Kind friends and companions we'll now bid adieu.

Chorus.

Roud has 41 references, mostly from Scotland.

Here's a Health to the Company is an Irish traditional song, based in the long history of emigration from Scotland and Ireland. Its strong tune has also been used for other Irish traditional songs and for the American anthem, *The Liberty Song*. The song might be of Ulster origin, perhaps derived from a Scottish original. Robin Morton lists it in *Folksongs sung in Ulster*, [1] and Paddy Tunney learned the song from North Antrim singer Joe Holmes. It is markedly similar to the Aberdeenshire song known as *The Emigrant's Farewell To Donside*.

Credits:

Dedicated to the memory of Keith Summers 1948-2004

This pair of CDs have been jointly produced by Paul Marsh (of Forest Tracks Records) and Rod Stradling, in order to have them ready to mark the tenth anniversary of the death of Keith Summers, who made all these recordings. Our sincere thanks to all those who have so willingly contributed their time and expertise:

Paul Marsh - for sound transfers, digital editing and noise reduction, song transcriptions, locating and interviewing people and writing the majority of the notes.

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Booklet: introductory section,
interviews and song notes
CD: sound restoration, formatting
by Paul Marsh

Booklet: editing, DTP, printing
CD: production
by Rod Stradling

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Jimmy Halpin



Members of the Newtownbutler Hunt Club, Drumcraw Bridge, 1980.



Paddy Halpin



Tommy Tinneny



Maggie Murphy



Big John Maguire



Patsy Flynn (2nd left) at West Ulster Hound Show, 1980



Jack Hobson



Francie Little
(Photo courtesy of Mary McNamee.)



Red Mick McDermott
(Photo courtesy of Kathleen Bradshaw.)



James McDermott
(Photo courtesy of Ciaran McDermott.)



The Keady & Dobbin Hunt Club, at the start of their weekly hunt, 1974.
(left to right: Frank Gordon, Pat Loughran, Jim Duffy, Pat McDonald, Jack Hobson, Owen Cullen, Tommy Hobson, "Tailor" McDonald, Tommy Dillon, "Peatie" Mee and Joe McKeever.)



Scott's Bar in Brookeborough.
This was formerly McGrath's. (Photo Google Earth 2009.)



Eugene's, Main Street, Maguire'sbridge.
Formerly known as Eugene Smith's.
(Photo by permission of Kenneth Allen.)