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BROAD-SHEET BALLADS

BEING A COLLECTION OF IRISH POPULAR SONGS WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY PADRAIC COLUM

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BROAD-SHEET BALLADS

BY THE SAME WRITER

WILD EARTH. A Book of Poems

THE LAND AND THE FIDDLER'S HOUSE.
Two Plays.

THOMAS MUSKERRY. A Play in three Acts

MY IRISH YEAR

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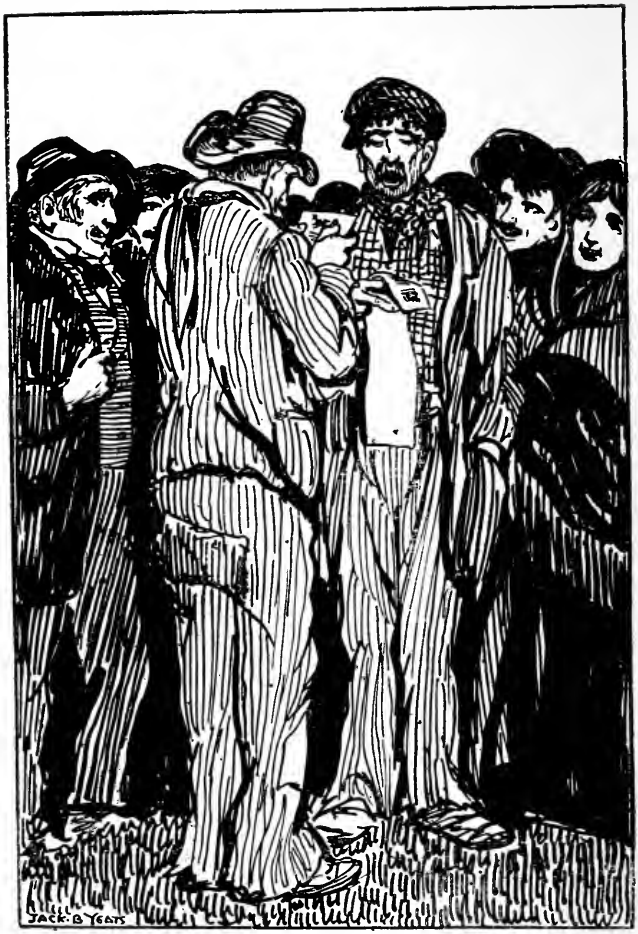

SINGING A POLITICAL BALLAD

Reduced from a drawing by Jack B. Yeats, in "Life in the West of Ireland."

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MAUNSEL & COMPANY, LIMITED,
DUBLIN AND LONDON

NOTE

"The Boys of Wexford" and "The Drinaun Donn" have been published in "Ballads of Irish Chivalry," by Robert Dwyer Joyce and "Patrick Sheehan" in "Charles Kickham, Patriot, Poet and Novelist." Acknowledgments are made to Mr. P. W. Joyce, the editor of one volume, and to Messrs. James Duffy & Co., Ltd., the publishers of the other.

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CONTENTS

The following pieces are not anonymous:

"The Drinaun Donn," Robert Dwyer Joyce (1830-1883).
"The Rising of the Moon," John Keegan Casey (1846-1870).
"The Boys of Wexford," Robert Dwyer Joyce.
"No Surrender," Mrs. Tonna (1790-1846).
"Drimin Donn Dilis," John Walsh (1835-1881).
"Patrick Sheehan," Charles Kickham (1828-1882).
"God Save Ireland," T. D. Sullivan.

TRANSLATIONS.

"Pastheen Finn," Sir Samue Ferguson (1810-1886).
"The Convict of Clonmel," Jeremiah Joseph Callanan (1795-1829).

INTRODUCTION

THERE is a difference that is easily perceived between the street song and the song of the country-side. The second may contain some lonely thought, some personal emotion, but the first deals only with such passion, such humour, or such sentiment as the moving crowd can appreciate. It is easy to recall an example of either kind. Here is a song of the countryside :

I'm a stranger to this countrie :
From Amerikay I came ;
There's few here that knows me,
But they can't tell my name.

Some say I'm foolish,
And more say I'm wise,
And some say I'm guilty
Fair maids to beguile.

But we'll make them all liars
If you'll come with me,
To the Lands of Amerikay,
My darling to be.

In the middle of the Ocean
May there grow a willow tree
On the day I prove false
To the lass that loves me.

That the moon it may darken
And show me no light
The time I prove false
To my own heart's delight

And here is a stanza from a song still sung in the streets of Dublin :

O list to the strains of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strings of his old withered hand,
Remember his fingers could once move more sharper
To raise up the strains of his dear native land.
'Twas long before the shamrock, our green Isle's loved emblem,
Was crushed in its beauty 'neath the Saxon lion's paw,
I was called by the colleens around me assembled,
The Bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

We know why the person in the second song should represent himself as a poor Irish harper, and why he should refer to the Shamrock, to the Green Isle, to the Saxon lion's paw. But we don't know why the hero of the first song should have come from the lands of Amerikay, nor why he should be suspected of beguiling damsels. The maker of the street-song must put together words that can carry across the street and hold the moving crowd and be plain to all. One would think that imagination would be excluded from pieces composed under such circumstances. And yet imagination has come into some of the street-songs—dramatic imagination. "Willie Reilly" and "The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds" are dramatic romances, and the dramatic situation is present in "The Croppy Boy," "The Boys of Wexford," "Johnny I hardly knew ye," "The Night before Larry was Stretched." This dramatic imagination distinguishes the street-songs from the songs of the countryside, which, in Ireland, are narrative, coming out of reverie and not out of a dramatic confrontation :

Once I was at a Nobleman's wedding,
'Twas of a girl that proved unkind ;
But now she begins to think of her losses ;
Her former true lover comes into her mind.

The girl's "former true lover" appears at the wedding feast, but the maker of this typical countryside song makes

so little of his presence that the singers of to-day forget to mention his appearance. If "The Nobleman's Wedding" had been made for the street the dramatic confrontation of the lover and the bridegroom would have been dwelt upon. The maker of the street-song is like the dramatist—he writes for an audience. But his audience is always casual, and cannot be prepared by his art for anything imaginative. Only an event can prepare the crowd and it is an event that the street-song always celebrates.

Our popular songs in English begin with translations from the Gaelic. The people before the Famine had music as part of their lives, and they were constantly singing the songs out of their great traditional stock. When English began to be used familiarly in a district the songs most often sung at the celidh, the dance and the wake were translated. The words that took the place of the Gaelic words kept the rhythm of the music. One might describe the process of translation as a gradual transference from one language to another with the music remaining to keep the mould. Sometimes the song was left with alternative stanzas in Gaelic and English, and sometimes Gaelic words were left as a refrain. Originals and translations remained side by side, and one was only a little more or a little less familiar than the other. The mother of Carleton the novelist preferred to sing her songs in Gaelic, saying that the English words with the Irish tunes were like a quarrelling husband and wife, always at variance. The gradual transference left certain typical forms in Anglo-Irish popular song. For instance, there is in many of the pieces given on the ballad-sheets a rhythm that comes from an association with Irish music:

On the blood-crimsoned plain the Irish Brigade nobly stood,
They fought at Orleans till the streams they ran with their blood,
Far away from their homes in the arms of death they repose,
For they fought for poor France and they fell by the hands of her foes.

And everyone who has listened to the ballad-singers will remember that internal as well as terminal correspondence is sought :

> I speak in *candour,* one night in *slumber*
> My mind did *wander* near to Athlone,
> The centre *station* of the Irish *nation*
> When a *congregation* unto me was shown.

The writer of such a ballad was more familiar with the Gaelic than with the English way of making verse. Sometimes one finds a song in which the resemblance to a Gaelic original is more complete, as in the one from which this stanza is taken, in which all the correspondences, internal as well as terminal, are based upon a single vowel-sound :

> On a *Monday* morning *early,* as my wandering steps did *lade* me
> Down by a farmer's *station* and the meadows and green *lawns,*
> I heard great *lamentation* the small birds they were *making,*
> *Saying,* "We'll have no more *engagements* with the boys of *Mullabaun.*"

These Anglo-Irish songs would not give one the impression that there was a beautiful and subtle folk-poetry behind them. And yet many of the beautiful pieces given in "The Love Songs of Connacht," "The Religious Songs of Connacht," "Amhrain Chlainne Gaedheal," the "Ceol Sidhe" booklets, and occasionally with Petrie's music, were known in the districts where the Anglo-Irish songs were being made. Were none of the fine Gaelic songs then translated into English by the people? I have found "Shaun O'Dwyer a Glanna" and "The Red-Haired Man's Wife" on the broad-sheets but in versions so corrupt as to be unintelligible. Other songs may have been translated into English, but so poorly that the versions have now been forgotten. It may be, too, that in the districts where it

was necessary to make translations, the Gaelic tradition was already in its decadence and the best songs were no longer remembered. "The Convict of Clonmel," translated by Callanan, and "Pastheen Finn," by Ferguson, went back to the people, for they are to be found on the broad-sheets.

At the time when the peasants of the east, the north and the south were turning to English, Dublin was a centre for ballad-making and ballad-singing. Petrie, referring to the beginning of the nineteenth century, writes: "Forty years ago their calling (the ballad-singers) was not only lawful and permitted, but even a somewhat respectable and lucrative one." In the years referred to Charles Lever, then a young student of Trinity College, dressed himself as a ballad-singer and sang in the streets. His gains for the day, according to a tradition which his friends have left, were thirty shillings. The printers of the broad-sheets could afford to pay men of fair wits, for according to the legend they gave Oliver Goldsmith, in his Trinity College days, five shillings a piece for street-songs, and that sum was nearly equivalent to our half guinea. The street-songs current in Dublin were nearly always written to Irish music,—"melodies," writes Petrie, "that travelled from the provinces to the metropolis to do duty for a while and then be forgotten." These Dublin songs began with flouts at the Teagues and Darbys, but Swift, during the controversy over the Drapier Letters, put into them some of the patriotism of the Pale. The journalists in the United Irish movement left some patriotic songs on the street and on the roads around Belfast and Dublin. But we need not look to these for the origin of the famous Irish street-songs. The Irish countryside had long been filled with secret agrarian combinations, and the men in the societies had put dangerous words to the old Irish march tunes. Petrie (in 1855) recorded many of the tunes, but he found only a few of the words that

recently went with them. "Their preservation," he wrote, "would not be without value to the historian; but unfortunately they are now most difficult to be procured, and particularly those which are most worthy of preservation, namely, the ballads in the Irish language which were never committed to print and rarely even to manuscript, so that they can only be sought in the dim and nearly forgotten traditions of the people." Perhaps Rafferty's "Amhrán na mBuachailli Bán" is the best made of the songs of the secret combinations. Petrie gives fragments of two of these songs, one in Irish and the other in English. The song in English refers to the secret society known as "The Carders"*:

Last Saturday night as I lay in my bed,
The neighbours came to me and this 'twas they said—
"Are you Captain Lusty?" I answered them "No";
"Are you Captain Carder?" "Indeed I am so."

"Get up Captain Carder and look through your glass,
And see all your merry men just as they pass,
The clothing they wear 'tis rare to be seen
With their Liberty Jackets bound over with green."

The song in Irish refers to the French attempt at Bantry:

I have had news from the West and the South
That Cork was burnt twice by the mob,
General Hoche with his gold-hilted sword
And he clearing the way for Bonaparte
And oh, woman of the house, is it not pleasant?

It is through such secret songs that we come to "The Wearin' o' the Green," "The Shan Van Vocht," "The Peeler and the Goat," and other political ballads that have made a stir in Ireland.

The professional ballad-singer's stock was miscellaneous, from the first being made up of street-songs proper, familiar

* Their punitive measures consisted in drawing over naked bodies the combs used for carding wool.

country songs, ancient ballads taken out of collections, pieces out of periodicals. The popular tradition was still living in England when the ballad-singer came to our English-speaking towns; and it furnished him with songs that would appeal to soldiers and sailors and wandering men, to housemaids and nurses, and to all who carried on the ballad-singing tradition. In the middle of the eighteenth century Goldsmith heard "Barbara Allen," and "Johnny Armstrong's Good Night" sung in the Irish midlands. Such English songs, according to Dr. Joyce, were sung to Irish airs and were modified by the music. The broad-sheets that the ballad-singer carried round with him were not merely memoranda; they were—and they are still—popular anthologies and were bought, kept and studied as we buy, keep and study books of poetry. One finds on them pieces that it would be impossible to sing—the ballad of Chevy Chase and other pieces as lengthy on the Passion of our Lord, or on the controversies between the Catholic and Protestant Churches. About the middle of the nineteenth century little four-leaved song-books were published in the provincial towns and hawked about by ballad-singers and peddlars. They were less crudely printed, and had a more careful selection than the broad-sheets. The popular literary pieces of the day appear on them—songs by Moore, Campbell and Burns, with street-songs and traditional country-side songs. I am inclined to think that the literary Scots' song had an influence upon some of the anonymous songs that appear on these "Garlands," such as "The Willow Tree," and "My Love Johnny." These are not narrative pieces like the Anglo-Irish songs, but lyrical pieces like the Scots' song, and they have no trace of Gaelic idiom. Also they happen to come from the North of Ireland with "I Know where I'm Going," and "The Lambs on the Green Hills."

In the present collection street-songs and the songs of the

countryside are mixed together as on the broad-sheets. The ballad-singer stands in the market-place between the country and the city and he draws from both traditions. I have not put the songs in the political section into an historical sequence. But the reader who knows the later Irish history can see the event that went to make each piece. Anglo-Irish literary history begins, I suppose, after the surrender of Limerick, and after the unworthy "Lillibulero," the first political song one meets is the manly and fervent "Boyne Water." We have, too, some of the songs of the defeated Gael; "The Blackbird" is a Jacobite song, and so is "I planted a Garden." The most famous Gaelic songs of the period were: "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield" and "Shaun O'Dwyer a Glanna." I do not think the first has been translated into English by the people. The French Revolution and the hope of French aid for an insurrection was to bring a spirit of hopefulness into the political songs of the people, and "The Shan Van Vocht," is full of revolutionary ardour. "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus" and "The Boys of Wexford," though they sing a new defeat, are still brave. The national idea remains in the songs, but it is the agrarian ferment that gives them passion. "An Drimin Donn Deelish," by John Walsh, has the bitterness of the evicted people and so has the anti-British "Patrick Sheehan." In the anonymous "Boys of Mullabaun" there is a plea for some young men who have been transported for belonging to an agrarian combination. The tyranny of the countryside meets a more deadly attack in the splendid satire of "The Peeler and the Goat." Some of the songs in this collection are by known writers—by John Casey, John Walsh, Charles Kickham, T. D. Sullivan and Robert Dwyer Joyce. But "The Risin' o' the Moon," "Patrick Sheehan," "The Drinaun Donn," "The Boys of Wexford," and "God Save Ireland," are popular songs; their makers wrote out of the same tradition and

with the same intention as the men whose songs have come down to us without a name and they have been sung in the street and in the field, at the celidh and at the wake. Some of the translations from the Irish are by literary men also—"The Convict of Clonmel," by Callanan; and "An Pastheen Finn," by Sir Samuel Ferguson. They, too, went from the journal to the broad-sheet. After all, it is only a failure in our information that prevents our naming the maker of every popular song. There is an idea that popular poetry is an impersonal thing, an emanation from the multitude, but I think this is an illusion. The multitude may change or may interpolate, may coarsen or may improve, but the song has been made by an individual. The songs given in this collection do not represent a fine ballad poetry. A few of them, "The Wearin' o' the Green," "The Risin' o' the Moon," "The Shan Van Vocht," "By Memory Inspired," "The Peeler and the Goat," are good political songs, and some of the others, "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye," and "The Night before Larry was Stretched," belong to literature because they contain some national temper; they have the harsh zest of life of people who are below decorum.

The songs in this collection are selected from those that have been popular in the English-speaking parts of Ireland for the past hundred years. A few of the pieces have not, as far as I am aware, appeared upon broad-sheets—"The Lambs on the Green Hills, "The Nobleman's Wedding," "My love is like the Sun," "I know where I'm Going," "An Allulu mo Wauleen." They are from the stock of traditional songs, and the printers of the broadsheets, had they come across them, would have printed each as "An Old Admired Song." Something must be said about the printing of the Irish words in "Shule Agra" and "The Cruskeen Lawn." They are in a spelling that does not represent the real sound, and that must look offensive to

anyone who reads Irish. But I thought it was only right to reproduce the rude phonetics of the broad-sheet.

The ballad-singers of Ireland have come to an unnoted decline. Ballad-making and ballad-singing have their great epoch during the national or political excitement of a people who are hardly literate. Our present ballad-singers are the survivals of those who established themselves with "The Wearin' o' the Green" and "The Peeler and the Goat." The period of political excitement is now over, and when it comes again the ballad-singer's audience will have departed. The crowd in the country town is now quite literate, and the people read the newspapers instead of listening to the ballad-singer. Observe that he appeared amongst them, not as the minstrel but as the chorus in the drama of daily happenings. He uttered the appropriate sentiment on the execution of a murderer, and he had the proper comment on the sinking of a ship or the measures of a statesman. But now the leader-writer, the newspaper reporter and the camera-man of the picture-paper have displaced him as the recorder and the commentator. We may see the last of the ballad-singers being brought up to Dublin as the shanachie or the traditional singer is brought up to the Oireachtas or the Feis Ceoil.

LOVE SONGS

THE LAMBS ON THE GREEN HILLS STOOD GAZING ON ME

The lambs on the green hills stood gazing on me,
And many strawberries grew round the salt sea,
And many strawberries grew round the salt sea,
And many a ship sailed the ocean.

The bride and bride's party to church they did go,
The bride she rode foremost, she bears the best show,
But I followed after with my heart full of woe,
To see my love wed to another.

The first place I saw her 'twas in the church stand,
Gold rings on her finger and love by the hand,
Says I, "My wee lassie, I will be the man
Although you are wed to another."

The next place I seen her was on the way home,
I ran on before her, not knowing where to roam,
Says I, "My wee lassie, I'll be by your side
Although you are wed to another."

The next place I seen her 'twas laid in bride's bed,
I jumped in beside her and did kiss the bride ;
"Stop, stop," said the groomsman, "till I speak a word,
Will you venture your life on the point of my sword ?
For courting so slowly you've lost this fair maid,
So begone, for you'll never enjoy her."

Oh, make my grave then both large, wide and deep,
And sprinkle it over with flowers so sweet,
And lay me down in it to take my last sleep,
For that's the best way to forget her.

THE NOBLEMAN'S WEDDING

Once I was at a nobleman's wedding—
'Twas of a girl that proved unkind,
But now she begins to think of her losses
Her former true lover still runs in her mind.

"Here is the token of gold that was broken,
Seven long years, love, I have kept it for your sake ;
You gave it to me as a true lover's token,
No longer with me, love, it shall remain."

The bride she sat at the head of the table,
The words he said she marked them right well ;
To sit any longer she was not able,
And down at the bridegroom's feet she fell.

"One request I do make of you
And I hope you will grant it to me,
To lie this night in the arms of my mother,
And ever, ever after to lie with thee."

No sooner asked than it was granted,
With tears in her eyes she went to bed,
And early, early, the very next morning,
He rose and found that this young bride was dead.

He took her up in his arms so softly,
And carried her to the meadow so green,
And covered her over with green leaves and laurels,
Thinking she might come to life again.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE SUN

The winter is past,
And the summer's come at last
And the blackbirds sing on every tree ;
The hearts of these are glad
But my poor heart is sad,
Since my true love is absent from me.

The rose upon the briar
By the water running clear
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee ;
Their little hearts are blest
But mine is not at rest,
While my true love is absent from me.

A livery I'll wear
And I'll comb out my hair,
And in velvet so green I'll appear,
And straight I will repair
To the Curragh of Kildare
For it's there I'll find tidings of my dear.

I'll wear a cap of black
With a frill around my neck,
Gold rings on my fingers I'll wear :
All this I'll undertake
For my true lover's sake,
He resides at the Curragh of Kildare.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE SUN

I would not think it strange
Thus the world for to range,
If I only get tidings of my dear ;
But here in Cupid's chain
If I'm bound to remain,
I would spend my whole life in despair.

My love is like the sun
That in the firmament does run,
And always proves constant and true ;
But he is like the moon
That wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All ye that are in love
And cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure ;
For experience lets me know
That your hearts are full of woe,
And a woe that no mortal can cure.

THE WILLOW TREE

Oh, take me to your arms, love, for keen the wind doth blow,
Oh, take me to your arms, love, so bitter is my woe :
She hears me not, she cares not, nor will she list to me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

My love has wealth and beauty—the rich attend her door,
My love has wealth and beauty, and I, alas, am poor,
This ribbon fair that bound her hair, is all that's left to me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver and I thought them without end,
I once had gold and silver, and I thought I had a friend ;
My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my love is stole from me,
While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow tree.

JOHNNY'S THE LAD I LOVE

As I roved out on a May morning,
Being in the youthful spring,
I leaned my back close to a garden wall,
To hear the small birds sing.

And to hear two lovers talk, my dear,
To know what they would say,
That I might know a little of her mind
Before I would go away.

"Come sit you down, my heart," he says,
"All on this pleasant green,
It's full three quarters of a year and more
Since together you and I have been."

"I will not sit on the grass," she said,
"Now nor any other time,
For I hear you're engaged with another maid,
And your heart is no more of mine.

"Oh, I'll not believe what an old man says,
For his days are well nigh done.
Nor will I believe what a young man says.
For he's fair to many a one.

"But I will climb a high, high tree,
And rob a wild bird's nest,
And I'll bring back whatever I do find
To the arms I love the best," she said,
"To the arms I love the best."

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

I know where I'm going,
I know who's going with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

I'll have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair
And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft,
Painted rooms are bonny;
But I'd leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.

Some say he's dark,
I say he's bonny,
He's the flower of them all
My handsome, coaxing Johnny.

I know where I'm going,
I know who's going with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

THE DRINAUN DONN

By road and by river the wild birds sing ;
Over mountains and valleys the daisy leaves spring ;
The gay leaves are shining, gilt o'er by the sun,
And how sweet smell the blossoms of the Drinaun Donn.

The rath of the fairy, the ruin hoar,
With white silver splendour it decks them all o'er ;
And down in the valleys where the merry streams run,
How sweet smell the blossoms of the Drinaun Donn.

Ah ! well I remember the soft Spring's day
I sat by my love 'neath the sweet-scented spray ;
The day that she told me her heart I had won,
Beneath the sweet blossoms of the Drinaun Donn.

The trees they were singing their gladsome song,
The soft winds were blowing the wild woods among,
The mountains shone bright in the red setting sun,
As we sat 'neath the blossoms of the Drinaun Donn.

It's my dream in the morning and my dream through the night,
For to sit there again with my own heart's delight ;
Her blue eyes of gladness and her hair like the sun,
And her sweet melting kisses by the Drinaun Donn.

SHUILE AGRA

As I roved through my new garden bowers,
To gaze upon the fast fading flowers,
And think upon the happiest hours
That fled in Summer's bloom.

Shuile, shuile, shuile agra,
Time alone can ease my woe ;
Since the lad of my heart from me did go
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

'Tis often I sat on my true-love's knee
And many a fond story he told me.
He told me things that ne'er should be.
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
When flax is spun I'll sell my wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel.
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
That all my friends should wish me dead.
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

SHUILE AGRA

I wish I were on Brandon Hill
'Tis there I'll sit and cry my fill,
That every tear would turn a mill
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, shuile, etc.

No more am I that blooming maid,
That used to rove the valley shade,
My youth and bloom are all decayed,
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

Shuile, Shuile, Shuile agra,
Time alone can ease my woe;
Since the lad of my heart from me did go
Gotheen mavourneen slaun.

PASTHEEN FINN

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright,
Like the apple-blossom her bosom white,
And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!

Then, Oro, come with me! Come with me! Come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And oh! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, brown girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
Her cheeks are red as the rose's sheen,
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen.

Then, Oro, etc.

Were I in the town, where's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'Tis I would drink to her pleasantly!

Then, Oro, etc.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again,
But whistle and call were all in vain.

Then, Oro, etc.

I'll leave my people, both friend and foe ;
From all the girls in the world I'll go ;
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never ! oh no !
Till I lie in the coffin, stretched cold and low.

Then, Oro, come with me ! Come with me ! Come
with me !
Oro, come with me ! brown girl, sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, brown girl, sweet.

THE MAID OF THE SWEET BROWN KNOWE.

Come all ye lads and lassies and listen to me awhile,
And I'll sing for you a verse or two will cause you all to smile ;
It's all about a young man, and I'm going to tell you now,
How he lately came a-courting of the Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe.

Said he, "My pretty fair maid, will you come along with me,
We'll both go off together, and married we will be ;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands, I'm speaking to you now,
And I'll do my best endeavour for the Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

This fair and fickle young thing, she knew not what to say,
Her eyes did shine like silver bright and merrily did play ;
She said, "Young man, your love subdue, for I am not ready now,
And I'll spend another season at the foot of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

Said he, "My pretty fair maid how can you say so,
Look down in yonder valley where my crops do gently grow,
Look down in yonder valley where my horses and my plough
Are at their daily labour for the Maid of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

"If they're at their daily labour, kind sir, it's not for me,
For I've heard of your behaviour, I have, indeed," said she ;
"There is an Inn where you call in, I have heard the people say,
Where you rap and call and pay for all, and go home at the break of day."

"If I rap and call and pay for all, the money is all my own,
And I'll never spend your fortune, for I hear you have got none.
You thought you had my poor heart broke in talking with me now,
But I'll leave you where I found you, at the foot of the Sweet Brown Knowe."

MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS

WILLIE REILLY

"Oh! rise up, Willie Reilly, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land;"
And away goes Willie Reilly and his dear Coolen Ban.

They go by hills and mountains and by yon lonesome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys all danger to refrain;
But her father followed after with a well-armed band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Coolen Ban.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound;
Poor Reilly all in Sligo gaol lay on the stony ground.
Till at the bar of justice, before the Judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Coolen Ban.

"Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound,
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground.
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear Coolen Ban."

The Gaoler's son to Reilly goes and thus to him did say,
"Oh, get up, Willie Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
I'm afeard you'll suffer sorely for your dear Coolen Ban.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear:
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear."
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear Coolen Ban."

Now Willie's dressed from top to toe all in a suit of green;
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He's tall and straight and comely as any could be found;
He 's fit for Foillard's daughter, were she heiress to a crown.

The Judge he said: "This lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth,"
Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did stand,
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear
Coolen Ban."

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned;
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me;
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me;
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox at the table he stood by:
"Oh, gentlemen, consider on this extremity;
To hang a man for love is a murder you may see:
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred
pounds,
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good my Lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove;
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're
in foreign land."

Then out spoke noble Fox: "You may let the prisoner go;
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the jury all may know.
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name;
May her honour bright gain high estate and her offspring
rise to fame!"

THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS

My name it is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest parents ;
Near Cavan I was born, as plainly you may see ;
By the loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,*
My life has been betrayed ; she's a dear maid to me.

The country was bewailing my doleful situation,
But still I'd expectation this maid would set me free ;
But, oh ! she was ungrateful, her parents proved deceitful,
And though I loved her faithful, she's a dear maid to me.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you'll pray for me ;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
In the grave I must lie cold ; she's a dear maid to me.

For now my glass is run, and my hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty :
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents ; but she's a dear maid to me.

Adieu, my loving father, and you, my tender mother,
Farewell, my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me ;
With irons I'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded ; she's a dear maid to me.

* "She's a dear maid to me" translates a Gaelic idiom equivalent to "she costs me dearly."

Now, I can say no more ; to the Law-board I must go,
There to take the last farewell of my friends and counterie ;
May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
And convey me into Heaven to the blessed Trinity.

THE CONVICT OF CLONMEL

How hard is my fortune,
And vain my repining!
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining.
My strength is departed,
My cheek sunk and sallow,
While I languish in chains
In the gaol of Clonmala.

No boy in the village
Was ever yet milder;
I'd play with a child
And my sport would be wilder;
I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying,
My hurl-bat is lying;
Through the boys of the village
My goal-ball is flying;
My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected may fallow,
While I pine in my chains
In the gaol of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the pattern
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping;
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
Shall be cold in Clonmala.

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE

While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! hurroo !
While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! hurroo !
While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry :
" Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !

With drums and guns, and guns and drum
The enemy nearly slew ye ;
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !

" Where are your eyes that looked so mild ?
Hurroo ! hurroo !
Where are your eyes that looked so mild ?
Hurroo ! hurroo !
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,
When my poor heart you first beguiled ?
Why did you run from me and the child ?
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !
With drums, etc.

" Where are the legs with which you run ?
Hurroo ! hurroo !
Where are the legs with which you run ?
Hurroo ! hurroo !

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE

Where are the legs with which you run
When first you went to carry a gun?
Indeed, your dancing days are done!
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Hurroo! hurroo!
It grieved my heart to see you sail,
Though from my heart you took leg-bail;
Like a cod you're doubled up head and tail,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
Hurroo! hurroo!
You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg;
You'll have to be put with a bowl to beg:
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!
I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo! hurroo!
I'm happy for to see you home,
All from the Island of Sulloon;
So low in flesh, so high in bone;
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
With drums, etc.

"But sad it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad it is to see you so,
Hurroo! hurroo!
But sad it is to see you so,
And to think of you now as an object of woe,
Your Peggy 'll still keep ye on as her beau;
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

With drums and guns, and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye;
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!"

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED

The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit ;
A bait in their sacks, too, they fetched ;
They sweated their duds till they riz it :
For Larry was ever the lad,
When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,
Would fence all the duds that he had
To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
And warm his gob 'fore he died.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew all their stools round about him,
Six glims round his trap-case were placed,
He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
When one of us asked could he die
Without having duly repented,
Says Larry, " That's all in my eye ;
And first by the clargy invented,
To get a fat bit for themselves."

" I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I,
" To see you in this situation ;
And, blister my limbs if I lie,
I'd as lieve it had been my own station."
" Ochone ! it's all over," says he,
" For the neck-cloth I'll be forced to put on,
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton,
Because, why, his courage was good.

"And I'll be cut up like a pie,
And my nob from my body be parted."
"You're in the wrong box, then," says I,
"For blast me if they're so hard-hearted;
A chalk on the back of your neck
Is all that Jack Ketch dares to give you;
Then mind not such trifles a feck,
For why should the likes of them grieve you?
And now, boys, come tip us the deck."

The cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
A dart at his napper he made
(The boy being easily heated);
"Oh, by the hokey, you thief,
I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle!
You cheat me because I'm in grief,
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
And leave you your claret to drink."

Then the clergy came in with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the devil;
Then sighing, he threw back his head,
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing, he said:
"Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
And choke my poor wind-pipe to death.

"Though sure it's the best way to die,
Oh, the devil a better a-living!
For, sure when the gallows is high
Your journey is shorter to heaven:

But what harasses Larry the most,
And makes his poor soul melancholy,
Is to think on the time when his ghost
Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly—
Oh, sure it will kill her alive !"

So moving these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower ;
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watched him next day,
Oh, the throttler ! I thought I could kill him ;
But Larry not one word did say,
Nor changed till he came to "King William"—
Then, musha ! his colour grew white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty,
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,
And he died with his face to the City ;
He kicked, too—but that was all pride,
But soon you might see 'twas all over ;
Soon after the noose was untied,
And at darky we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

AN ALLALU MO WAULEEN

(The Beggar's Address to his Bag)

Good neighbours, dear, be cautious,
And covet no man's pounds or pence.
Ambition's greedy maw shun,
And tread the path of innocence!
Dread crooked ways and cheating,
And be not like those hounds of Hell,
Like prowling wolves awaiting,
Which once upon my footsteps fell.

An allalu mo wauleen,
My little bag I treasured it;
'Twas stuffed from string to sauleen,
A thousand times I measured it!

Should you ever reach Dungarvan,
That wretched hole of dole and sin,
Be on your sharpest guard, man,
Or the eyes out of your head they'll pin.
Since I left sweet Tipperary,
They eased me of my cherished load,
And left me light and airy,
A poor dark man upon the road!

An allalu mo wauleen!
No hole, no stitch, no rent in it,
'Twas stuffed from string to sauleen,
My half-year's rent was pent in it!

A gay gold ring unbroken,
A token to a fair young maid,
Which told of love unspoken,
To one whose hopes were long delayed,
A pair of woollen hoseen,
Close-knitted, without rib or seam,
And a pound of weed well-chosen,
Such as smokers taste in dream !

An allalu mo wauleen,
Such a store I had in it;
'Twas stuffed from string to sauleen,
And nothing mean or bad in it !

Full oft in cosy corner
We'd sit beside a winter fire,
Nor envied prince or lord, or
To kingly rank did we aspire.
But twice they overhauled us,
The dark police of aspect dire,
Because they feared *Mo Chairdeas*,
You held the dreaded Fenian fire !

An allalu mo wauleen,
My bag and me they sundered us,
'Twas stuffed from string to sauleen,
My bag of bags they sundered us !

Yourself and I, mo storeen,
At every hour of night and day,
Through road and lane and bohereen
Without complaint we made our way,

Till one sore day a carman
In pity took us from the road,
And faced us towards Dungarvan
Where mortal sin hath firm abode.

An allalu mo wauleen,
Without a hole or rent in it,
'Twas stuffed from string to sauleen,
My half-year's rent was pent in it!

My curse attend Dungarvan,
Her boats, her borough, and her fish,
May every woe that mars man
Come dancing down upon her dish!
For all the rogues behind you,
From Slaney's bank to Shannon's tide,
Are but poor scholars, mind you,
To the rogues you'd meet in Abbeyside!

An allalu mo wauleen,
My little bag I treasured it,
'Twas stuffed from string to sauleen,
A thousand times I measured it!

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn ;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
My charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Gra ma chree, ma cruiskeen,
Slanta gal ma vourneen,
Is gra ma chree a coolen bawn.
Gra ma chree, ma cruiskeen—
Slanta gal ma vourneen,
Is gra ma chree, a coolen bawn, bawn, bawn,
Is gra ma chree a coolen bawn.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son ;
In hope that you'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

Gra ma chree ma cruiskeen, etc.

And when grim death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run ;

I'll say, Begone you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me lave
To take another cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn
Another little cruiskeen lawn.

Gra ma chree ma cruiskeen, etc.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips a-dry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn ;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again
To fill another cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,
To fill another cruiskeen lawn.

Gra ma chree, ma cruiskeen,
Slanta gal ma vourneen,
Is gra ma chree a coolen bawn.
Gra ma chree, ma cruiskeen—
Slanta gal ma vourneen,
Is gra ma chree, a coolen bawn, bawn, bawn,
Is gra ma chree a coolen bawn.

POLITICAL SONGS

THE BOYNE WATER

July the First, of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare—of thousands he had thirty—
To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water;
He little feared, though two to one, their multitude to scatter.

King William called his officers, saying: "Gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valour here be shown before this Irish nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play as you go over the water."

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he crossed over the water.
When that King William did observe the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He reined his horse with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys—see yonder men retreating?
Our enemies encouraged are, and English drums are beating."
He says, "My boys feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,
For God shall be our King this day, and I'll be general under."

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they desired ;
For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in
their saddle :
Others turned up their forked ends, which we call *coup de ladle.*

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand
advanced
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced ;
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did
scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the
Boyne Water.

Both men and horse lay on the ground, and many there
lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day—but, sure, there was sharp
shearing.
Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven's and
earth's Creator,
For the deliverance he sent our enemies to scatter.
The Church's foes will pine away, like churlish hearted Nabal.
For our deliverer came this day like the great Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
But had the Papists gained the day, there would have been
open murder.
Although King James and many more were ne'er that way
inclined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.

I PLANTED A GARDEN

I planted a garden of the laurel so fine,
In hopes to preserve it for a true love of mine ;
By some treason or storm the roots did decay,
And I'm left here forlorn by my darling's delay.

This garden's gone wild for the want of good seed ;
There's naught growing in it but the outlandish weed,
Some nettles and briars and shrubs of each kind ;
Search this garden all over, not a true plant you'll find.

In one of these gardens a violet doth spring,
'Tis preserved by a Goddess for the crown of a King ;
It blooms in all seasons, and 'tis hard to be seen ;
There's none fit to wear it but a Prince or a Queen.

I'll send for a gardener to France or to Spain,
That will cultivate these gardens and sow the true grain,
That will banish these nettles and wild weeds away ;
Bring a total destruction on them night and day.

This garden's invaded this many a year,
By hundreds and thousands of the outlandish deer,
With their horns extending they have overgrown ;
They thought to make Ireland for ever their own.

I'll send for a huntsman that soon will arrive,
With a stout pack of beagles to hunt and to drive,
Over highlands and lowlands, through cold frost and snow,
No shelter to shield them wherever they go.

Now to conclude and to finish my song,
Nay the Lord send some hayro, and that before long ;
May the Lord send some hayro of fame and renown ;
We'll send George to Hanover and O'Connell we'll crown.

THE BLACKBIRD.

On a fair summer morning of soft recreation
I heard a fair lady a-making a moan,
With sighing and sobbing and loud lamentation,
A-saying "My Blackbird most royal is flown.
My thoughts do deceive me,
Reflections do grieve me,
And I am overwhelmed with sad misery.
Yet if Death should bind me,
As true love inclines me,
My Blackbird I'll seek out wherever he be.

"Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,
He was the chief flower that in it did spring,
Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
Because that he was the true son of a King.
But this false fortune,
Which still is uncertain,
Has caused the parting between him and me.
His name I'll advance
In Spain and in France,
And I'll seek out my Blackbird wherever he'll be.

"In England my Blackbird and I were together
When he was still noble and generous of heart,
And woe to the time when he first went from hither.
Alas! he was forced from thence to depart,
In Scotland he's deemed,
And highly esteemed,
In England he seemed a stranger to be.

Yet his name shall remain
In France and in Spain,
All bliss to my Blackbird wherever he be.

"It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
For though like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
I may still meet with friendship from one that's a stranger,
Much more than from one that in England was born.
Oh, Heaven so spacious
To Britain be gracious,
Though some there be odious to him and to me.
Yet joy and renown,
And laurel shall crown
My Blackbird with honour wherever he be."

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT

Oh! the French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here by break of day
And the Orange will decay
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
To the Curragh of Kildare
The boys they will repair
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;

What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?
What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What colour will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What colour should be seen
Where their fathers' homes have been
But their own immortal green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

"Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall,
Tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush, *ma bouchal*, hush and listen";
And his cheeks were all a-glow:
"I bear orders from the Captain—
Get you ready quick and soon;
For the pikes must be together
At the Rising of the Moon."

"Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall
Where the gathering is to be?"
"In the oul' spot by the river
Right well known to you and me;
One word more—for signal token
Whistle up the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder,
At the Rising of the Moon."

Out from many a mud-walled cabin
Eyes were watching through that night:
Many a manly chest was throbbing
For the blessed warning light;
Murmurs passed along the valley
Like the Banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing
At the Rising of the Moon.

There, beside the singing river,
That dark mass of men were seen—
Far above the shining weapons
Hung their own beloved green.

"Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! strike the marching tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom!
'Tis the Rising of the Moon."

Well they fought for poor Old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate;
(Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of Ninety-Eight!)
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the Rising of the Moon.

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

Oh, Paddy dear! and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow in Irish ground!
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep; his colour can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the Wearin' o' the Green!

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
"She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they're hanging men and women there for the Wearin' o' the Green."

An' if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod,
An' never fear, 'twill take root there, though under foot 'tis trod

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
An' when the leaves in summer time their colour dare not show,
Then I will change the colour too I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, plaise God, I'll stick to the Wearin' o' the Green.

THE CROPPY BOY

It was early, early, in the spring,
When the small birds tune and the thrushes sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree.
And the song they sung was Old Ireland free.

It was early, early on Tuesday night
When the yeoman cavalry gave me a fright,
To my misfortune and sad downfall
I was taken prisoner by Lord Cornwall.

It was to his guard-house I was led,
And in his parlour I was tried,
My sentence passed and my courage low
To new Geneva I was forced to go.

As I was going by my father's door
My brother William stood on the floor,
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was going through Wexford Street,
My own first cousin I there did meet,
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one guinea swore my life away.

As I was going up Croppy Hill
Who could blame me if I cried my fill?
I looked behind and I looked before
My tender mother I could see no more.

THE CROPPY BOY

My sister Mary heard the express
She ran downstairs in her morning dress,
One hundred guineas she would lay down
To see me liberated in Wexford town.

I choose the black and I choose the blue,
I forsook the red and orange too,
I did forsake them and did them deny,
And I'll wear the green like a Croppy Boy.

Farewell, father and mother, too,
And sister Mary, I have none but you,
And for my brother, he's all alone
He's pointing pikes on the grinding stone.

It was in Geneva this young man died
And in Geneva his body lies,
All good Christians now standing by
Pray the Lord have mercy on the Croppy Boy.

BILLY BYRNE OF BALLYMANUS

Billy Byrne of Ballymanus was a man of high renown,
He was tried and hanged in Wicklow as a traitor to the Crown ;
He was taken in Dublin City and brought to Wicklow jail,
And, to our great misfortune, for him they'd take no bail.

Now when they had him taken they home against him swore
That he a captain's title upon Mount Pleasant bore.
That he King George's army before all did subdue
And with one piece of cannon marched on to Carrigrua.

It would make your bosoms bleed how the traitors did explain
That Byrne well the cannon worked upon Arklow's bloody plain.
They swore he led the pikemen on with hearty right good will,
And on his retreat to Gorey three loyal men did kill.

God rest him, Billy Byrne ! May his fame for ever shine
Through Holland, France and Flanders, and all along the Rhine !
The Lord have mercy on his soul and all such men as he
Who stand up straight for Ireland's cause and fight for Liberty.

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD

In comes the captain's daughter, the captain of the yeos,
Saying "Brave United Men, we'll ne'er again be foes:
A thousand pounds I'll give you and fly from home with thee;
I'll dress myself in man's attire and fight for liberty.
We are the Boys of Wexford who fought with heart and hand.
To burst in twain the galling chain and free our native land.

And when we left our cabins, boys, we left with right good will,
To join our friends and neighbours encamped on Vinegar Hill;
A young man from our ranks a cannon he let go;
He slapped it into Lord Mountjoy—a tyrant he laid low.
We are the Boys of Wexford who fought with heart and hand,
To burst in twain the galling chain, and free our native land.

At Three Rocks and Tubberneering how well we won the day,
Depending on the long bright pike, and well it worked its way:
At Wexford and at Oulart we made them quake with fear;
For every man could do his part like Forth and Shelmaliere.
We are the Boys of Wexford who fought with heart and hand.
To burst in twain the galling chain, and free our native land.

My curse upon all drinking—'twas that that brought us down ;
It lost us Ross and Wexford, and many another town.
And if for want of leaders we lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight and love our country still.
We are the Boys of Wexford who fought with heart and hand.
To burst in twain the galling chain, and free our native land.

NO SURRENDER

Behold the crimson banners float,
O'er yonder turrets hoary,
They tell of deeds of mighty note,
And Derry's dauntless glory;
When her brave sons undaunted stood
Embattled to defend her
Indignant stemmed oppression's flood,
And sung out "No Surrender."

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,
Well fenced in every quarter—
Each frowning bastion, grim along,
With culverin and mortar:
But Derry had a surer guard
Than all that art would lend her
Her 'prentice hearts the gates who barred,
And sung out "No Surrender!"

On came the foe in bright attire,
And fierce the assault was given;
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,
Her fated roofs were riven.
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,
And vain his hopes to bend her,
For still, 'mid famine, fire and death,
She sung out "No Surrender!"

Again when treasons maddened round,
And rebel hordes were swarming
Were Derry's sons the foremost found
For King and Country arming;

Forth, forth, they rush at Honour's call
From age to boyhood tender,
Again to man their virgin wall
And sing out " No Surrender ! "

Long may the crimson banner wave,
A meteor streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave,
Who man the walls of Derry.
And Derry's sons alike defy
Pope, Traitor, or Pretender ;
And peal to Heaven their 'prentice cry
Their patriot—" No Surrender ! "

THE BOYS OF MULLABAUN

On a Monday morning early as my wandering steps did lead me,
Down by a farmer's station through the meadows and green lawns,
I heard great lamentations, the small birds they were making,
Saying, "We'll have no more engagements with the boys of Mullabaun."

Squire Jackson he is raging for honour and for fame,
He never turned traitor nor betrayed the rights of man,
But now we are in danger, for a vile deceiving stranger
Has ordered transportation for the Boys of Mullabaun.

I beg your pardon, ladies, I ask it as a favour,
I hope there is no treason in what I'm going to say,
I'm condoling late and early, my very heart is breaking
For a noble esquire's lady that lives near Mullabaun.

To end my lamentation I am in consternation;
No one can roam for recreation until the day do dawn;
Without a hesitation we're charged with combination
And sent for transportation with the Boys of Mullabaun.

THE PEELER AND THE GOAT

A Bansha Peeler wint wan night
On duty and pathrollin' O,
An' met a goat upon the road,
And tuck her for a sthroller O.
Wud bay'net fixed he sallied forth,
An' caught her by the wizzen O,
An' then he swore a mighty oath,
"I'll send you off to prison O."

GOAT

"Oh, mercy, sir!" the goat replied,
"Pray let me tell my story O!
I am no Rogue, no Ribbonman,
No Croppy, Whig, or Tory O;
I'm guilty not of any crime
Of petty or high thraison O,
I'm sadly wanted at this time,
For this is the milkin' saison O."

PEELER

"It is in vain for to complain
Or give your tongue such bridle O,
You're absent from your dwellin'-place,
Disorderly and idle O.
Your hoary locks will not prevail,
Nor your sublime oration O,
You'll be thransported by Peel's Act,
Upon my information O."

THE PEELER AND THE GOAT

GOAT

"No penal law did I transgress
By deeds or combination O,
I have no certain place to rest,
No home or habitation O.
But Bansha is my dwelling-place,
Where I was bred and born O,
Descended from an honest race,
That's all the trade I've learned O."

PEELER

"I will chastise your insolince
And violent behaviour O;
Well bound to Cashel you'll be sint,
Where you will gain no favour O.
The magistrates will all consint
To sign your condemnation O;
From there to Cork you will be sint
For speedy thransportation O."

GOAT

"This parish an' this neighbourhood
Are paiceable and thranquil O;
There's no disturbance here, thank God!
An' long may it continue so.
I don't regard your oath a pin,
Or sign for my committal O,
My jury will be gintlemin
And grant me my acquittal O."

PEELER

"The consequince be what it will,
A peeler's power I'll let you know,
I'll handcuff you, at all events,
And march you off to Bridewell O.

An' sure, you rogue, you can't deny
Before the judge or jury O,
Intimidation with your horns,
An' threatening me with fury O."

GOAT

"I make no doubt but you are dhrunk,
Wud whiskey, rum, or brandy O,
Or you wouldn't have such gallant spunk
To be so bould or manly O.
You readily would let me pass
If I had money handy O,
To thrate you to a potheen glass—
Oh! it's then I'd be the dandy O."

DRIMIN DONN DILIS

Oh! *drimin donn dilis!* the landlord has come,
Like a foul blast of death has he swept o'er our home;
He has withered our roof-tree—beneath the cold sky,
Poor, houseless, and homeless, to-night we must lie.

My heart it is cold as the white winter's snow;
My brain is on fire, and my blood's in a glow.
Oh! *drimin donn dilis*, 'tis hard to forgive
When a robber denies us the right we should live.

With my health and my strength, with hard labour and toil,
I dried the wet marsh and I tilled the harsh soil;
I moiled the long day through, from morn until even,
And I thought in my heart I'd a foretaste of heaven.

The summer shone round us above and below,
The beautiful summer that makes the flowers blow:
Oh! 'tis hard to forget it, and think I must bear
That strangers shall reap the reward of my care.

Your limbs they were plump then—your coat it was silk,
And never was wanted the mether of milk;
For freely it came in the calm summer's noon,
While you munched to the time of the old milking croon.

How often you left the green side of the hill,
To stretch in the shade and to drink of the rill!
And often I freed you before the grey dawn
From your snug little pen at the edge of the bawn.

But they racked and they ground me with tax and with rent,
Till my heart it was sore and my life-blood was spent :
To-day they have finished, and on the wide world
With the mocking of fiends from my home I was hurled.

I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared, and the words were not there;
Oh! wild were the thoughts through my dizzy head came,
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame.

I bid you, old comrade, a long last farewell ;
For the gaunt hand of famine has clutched us too well ;
It severed the master and you, my good cow,
With a blight on his life and a brand on his brow.

PATRICK SHEEHAN

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
My years are thirty-four ;
Tipperary is my native place,
Not far from Galtymore ;
I came of honest parents,
But now they're lying low ;
And many a pleasant day I spent
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died ; I closed his eyes
Outside our cabin door ;
The landlord and the sheriff, too,
Were there the day before ;
And then my loving mother,
And sisters three also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts,
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months in search of work
I wandered far and near ;
I went then to the poorhouse,
For to see my mother dear.
The news I heard nigh broke my heart ;
But still, in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin,
With plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin,
And slept upon the ground ;

But cruel as my lot was,
I ne'er did hardship know
Till I joined the English Army,
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the corporal,
"You lazy Hirish hound;
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,
The call 'to arms' sound?"
Alas, I had been dreaming
Of days long, long ago;
I woke before Sebastopol,
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—
How dark I thought the night!
O blessed God, it was not dark,
It was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was blind,
My tears began to flow;
I longed for even a pauper's grave
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O Blessed Virgin Mary,
Mine is a mournful tale;
A poor blind prisoner here I am,
In Dublin's dreary gaol;
Struck blind within the trenches,
Where I never feared the foe;
And now I'll never see again
My own sweet Aherlow!

A poor neglected mendicant,
I wander through the street;
My nine months' pension now being out,
I beg from all I meet:

As I joined my country's tyrants,
My face I'll never show
Among the kind old neighbours
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Then Irish youths, dear countrymen,
Take heed of what I say ;
For if you join the English ranks,
You'll surely rue the day ;
And whenever you are tempted
A soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan
Of the Glen of Aherlow.

GOD SAVE IRELAND

High upon the gallows-tree,
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom ;
But they met him face to face,
With the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland," said the heroes.
"God save Ireland," said they all ;
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall !"

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near !
Of the millions true and brave,
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.
"God save Ireland," said they proudly,
"God save Ireland," said they all ;
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall !"

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rang their voices out in prayer,
Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows-tree,
Kissed the brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

"God save Ireland," prayed they loudly,
"God save Ireland," said they all ;
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall !"

BY MEMORY INSPIRED

By memory inspired
And love of country fired,
The deeds of MEN I love to dwell upon ;
And the patriotic glow
Of my spirit must bestow
A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys—gone.
Here's a memory to the friends that are gone !

In October Ninety-Seven—
May his soul find rest in Heaven !—
William Orr to execution was led on :
The jury, drunk, agreed
That IRISH was his creed :
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys—on.
Here's the memory of John Mitchel that is gone !

In Ninety-Eight—the month July—
The informer's pay was high ;
When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann ;
But MacCann was Reynold's first—
One could not allay his thirst ;
So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys—gone.
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone !

We saw a nation's tears
Shed for John and Henry Shears ;
Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong ;
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The poisoning of Maguire that is gone, boys—gone :
Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone !

How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man without a sigh!
But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
But Sirr, with steel-clad breast
And a coward heart at best,
Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys—
gone.
Here's the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-Three,
Closed this cruel history,
When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.
Oh, had their spirits been wise,
They might then realize
Their freedom—but we drink to Mitchel that is gone, boys—
gone.
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

NOTES

NOTES.

"The Nobleman's Wedding."—After the first there should be a stanza introducing the bride's "former true lover." In the restoration which he made for Petrie, Wm. Allingham introduced him in the guise of a minstrel :

> "Clothed like a minstrel, her former true lover
> Has taken his harp up, and tuned all the strings ;
> There, among strangers, his grief to discover,
> A fair maiden's falsehood he bitterly sings."

Then :

> "O here is the token of love that was broken," etc.

In Allingham's restoration it is the bridegroom who lays her in the grave.

"Hugh Reynolds." It should be remembered that "She's a dear maid to me" translates a Gaelic idiom equivalent to "She cost me dearly."

"The Night before Larry was Stretched."—This is the most celebrated of the slang songs that were popular in Ireland in the eighteenth century. According to the author of "Ireland Ninety Years Ago," such songs had for their subject life in a gaol and the business of an execution. We are told that the coffin was usually sent into the condemned cell "that the sight might suggest the immediate prospect of death and excite corresponding feelings of solemn reflection and preparation for the awful event." The friends of the condemned were allowed to be with him during the space before execution, and the coffin was generally used as a card-table. The author of "The Night before Larry was Stretched," it used to be written ("De Nite afore Larry was Stretched"), is unknown, but the piece has been attributed to Curran, Lysaght and "Father Prout." A good many songs on the same subject in the same form and idiom were current in the eighteenth

century. Compare the last stanza of "Luke Gaffney's Kilmainham Minit" with the last of "The Night before Larry was Stretched":

> "We tipped him a snig, as he said,
> In the juggler, oh there where the mark is,
> And when that we found him quite dead,
> In the dust-case we bundled his carcase
> For a Protestant lease of the sod."

"A Protestant lease" is a grim allusion to the Penal law which prohibited a Catholic from acquiring a long title.

"An Allalu Mo Wauleen."—I was given this song by Father Power, of Waterford. I do not know if it has an Irish original, but the number of Gaelic words suggest that it is a translation. The title would signify "Hail my little bag." "Wauleen" is the "little heel," or end of the bag. "Mo Chairdeas" is "my dear friend." "A dark man" is, of course, a blind man.

"I Planted a Garden" and "The Blackbird" are both Jacobite songs. "The Gardener," "The Huntsman" is the Stuart Prince who will come from over sea, and "The Blackbird" is the same personage. The last stanza in "I Planted a Garden" is, I think, an interpolation.

"The Boyne Water."—This is not Colonel Blacker's, but an older song. It belongs to the period of the Battle of the Boyne, and it is set to a fine Irish air.

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