

# Dusty Bluebells

Songs and rhymes for children  
taken from oral tradition in Ireland  
1961–1975



Hugh Shields

# D U S T Y B L U E B E L L S

Songs and rhymes for children  
taken from oral tradition in Ireland  
by Hugh Shields



Field recordings made by Hugh Shields in 1961–1975  
from informants aged from four to eighty-seven

With pen-and-ink drawings by Lisa Shields

Visit the Dusty Bluebells online exhibition at  
The Irish Traditional Music Archive  
(ITMA)

[itma.ie/dustybluebells](http://itma.ie/dustybluebells)

The exhibition includes sound files for nearly all the items in this collection

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This little book is meant for children *and* parents. Its contents should not be just read, but sung, chanted or recited as loudly as the neighbours will allow.

#### FOR PARENTS TO READ

(Children need not read this)

Nowadays it is common knowledge that children have for generations preserved a legacy of music and poetry that owes nothing to teacher or parent. This oral legacy derives much from a former oral tradition of adult society, part myth, part ritual, part history, a tradition which had dwindled and largely disappeared from the adult world itself. But the children's tradition has also its own characteristics and a creative force proper to the child's own environment. As I write this, young voices are floating up from the street:

Traffic lights, traffic lights, run for the colour:

Navy blue... White... Russet brown...

And the ones wearing the colour run. In these chants and rhymes and songs the present-day and the primeval worlds jostle one another.

This collection is a musical and textual one. It does not dwell on the functional aspect of children's verses. Many of them, of course, are normally the servants of game, gesture and everyday encounter in the child's life. But change of function is not uncommon and verses are moreover often detached from their functional environment and used independently. The social functions of children's lore have often been described and some of the books and collections on this subject are referred to in the notes (pages 99–106). The main purpose of these notes is, however, to describe exactly the sources from which they were obtained. They include references to the tape recordings from which I have transcribed many of the items.

Adults may contemplate these juvenilia with pleasure and affection; in lullabies and suchlike they may participate more actively; but as well as 'functional' songs I have included a number of 'straight' ones. These are a good meeting-ground for child and adult. Some are of juvenile inspiration; others are meant by adults for children; others still are 'adult' songs which have a particular appeal for children because of their direct narrative or concrete imagery. In the same way, the acting of mumming plays is an occupation which was traditionally reserved for 'stout, strong men': but our Fermanagh mumming play and its songs are particularly accessible to the young. My own four children have been the main critics concerning my choice of 'adult' songs. Certainly I would not have dared to include so long a ballad as John Barbour (no 123) without the delighted and persistent approbation of a four-year-old.

Some of these rhymes and songs are local versions of old favourites, while others are little known, perhaps never published. I hope that readers, or better, singers, will agree that they do not deserve to be forgotten. For my part, I wish to express my warmest thanks to the people who gave them to me. Their names appear on pages 97–98 \*\*\*.

Hugh Shields, Dublin, 1971

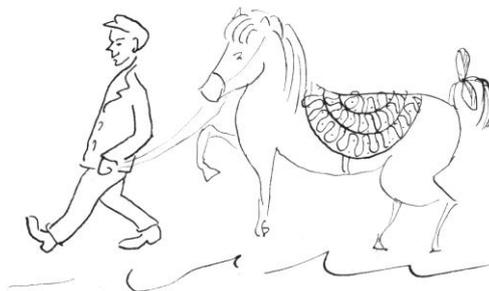
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## FOR CHILDREN TO READ

Once upon a time there was a man who knew lots of songs. People used to learn songs from him. But they could never sing them without changing the words and music. Sometimes they changed them so much that the man was hardly able to tell what songs they were when he heard them again.

‘My good song murdered!’ he would say. ‘It’s just like the man and his mare!’

There was a man one time and he had an old mare he wanted rid of. She was no good to him, and he thought he would take her to the fair. And he took her to the fair. And when he went there, he had a notion of selling her and buying another one: a better one than her, for he thought that she was done. But when he went to the fair the dealers gathered round him. And they bought this mare off him anyway. They took this mare away and cleaned her up and gingered her, and brought her back into the fair again a while after. And he was looking for a good one. And he saw she was a good one. And bought her. And he took her home.



And whenever he went into the yard, the wife says to him, says she “Heavens! Have you your own mare back with you again?”

“Not at all” says he, “that’s the one I bought” says he. “Man, that’s a good one!”

“Take the bridle off her” says his wife, she says, “till we see where she goes.”

The man took off the bridle. And the mare goes back into the stable and straight into her own stall”.

The man knew his own mare then all right.’

Very likely *you* know rhymes and songs like the ones in this book. And very likely the words and tunes you know are not just the same. Well, if some of the things in the book sound a bit like your own things ‘cleaned up and gingered’ don’t bother with them. Try the others. Try out the riddles on your aunts and uncles.

Most grown-ups learned songs and rhymes when they were children playing: but they are not very good at remembering them. They may even have forgotten *all about them*. You could probably sing and recite some of your own ones to your mother and father. This would help them to remember the ones they used to have, and encourage them to sing you some of the other songs in this book. Grown-ups like to be reminded of these things, and it is fun for children too.

\*\*\*\*\*

## I

## COUNTING AND SKIPPING

Any rhyme with a good beat can be used for skipping, but some of these ones have been specially invented for that purpose. Usually skipping rhymes end with a number series (which may go on indefinitely). Counting plays a big part in children's verses, and many of their games require counting-out rhymes. But numbers are not essential for counting out. Not even sense is necessary, and the metre of the verse is all that really matters. So we get in English, such pleasant nonsense as *Ahrah chickapa*, and in Irish the same sort of thing in *Lúra beag*, used for a fireside counting game.



## 1. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

One, two three—, four— A - na - sta - sia at the door—  
Kiss - ing Gabb - ie at the gate,— Five, six, se - ven, eight.

One, two three, four  
Anastasia at the door  
Kissing Gabbie at the gate,  
Five, six, seven, eight.

## 2. ONE, TWO

One, two,  
Buckle my shoe;  
Three, four,  
Let a roar;  
Five, six,  
Knap sticks;  
Seven, eight,  
A guinea weight;  
Nine, ten,  
A guinea-hen;  
Eleven, twelve,  
Go and delve.

## 3. THREE, SIX, NINE

Three, six, nine,  
The goose drank wine,  
The monkey chewed tobacco  
In the street, Caroline.  
The line broke,  
The monkey got choked  
And they all went to heaven  
In a little row boat.

## 4. A BOTTLE OF INK

A bottle of ink  
Fell down the sink.  
How many inches did it fall?  
One, two, three...

## 5. HAVE A CIGARETTE, SIR

'Have a cigarette, sir'.  
 'No, sir.' 'Why, sir:'  
 'Because I have a cough, sir.'  
 'Cough then'

[*He coughs.*]

'Very bad cough, sir,  
 You'd better go to bed, sir.  
 How many blankets will you have?'  
 'Eight.'

['One, two, three... eight']

## 6. I HAD A LITTLE DOLLY

I had a little dolly all dressed in green.  
 I put her in a matchbox and gave her to the queen.  
 The queen didn't like her, I gave her to the king;  
 The king said, 'Close your eyes and count sixteen'  
 One, two, three... sixteen

## 7. TWENTY, EIGHTEEN

$\text{♩} = 192$   
 Twen·ty, eight·een, six·teen, four·teen, twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none,  
 Nine·teen, sev·en·teen, fif·teen & thir·teen, el·ev·en, nine, sev·en, five, three & one.

Twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen,  
 Twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none,  
 Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen and thirteen,  
 Eleven, nine, seven, five, three and one.

## 8. ARITHMETIC

(sung while *skipping*)

Teacher, teacher with a stick:  
 'What did you get for arithmetic?'  
 'Five, ten, fifteen, twenty... a hundred!'

## 9. I SAW TEACHER

I saw teacher  
 Sitting on a window  
 And she said:  
 'All in together  
 For the cows are in the meadow.  
 When I count six  
 You must do tricks:           Two, four, six.'

## 10. ALL IN TOGETHER

All in together, girls,  
 [In] this fine weather, girls,  
 When I count twenty  
 The rope must be empty  
       Five, ten, fifteen, twenty

## 11. CINDERELLA

(chanted to *skipping*)  
 Cinderella, dressed in yella  
 Went upstairs to kiss her fella.  
 How many kisses did she give him?  
       One, two, three, four...

## 12. TILLY ON THE TELEPHONE

Tilly on the telephone,  
 Miss-the-rope is out.  
 If *you* do what *I* do  
 You won't be out.

## 13. THE RIPPO, THE RAPPO

The musical notation for 'The Rippo, the Rappo' consists of three staves of music in treble clef. The first staff begins with a tempo marking of quarter note = 90. The music is in common time (C) and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and includes a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The third staff continues the melody and includes a time signature change to 6/4. The lyrics are: 'The rip - po, the rap - po, the sail - or's on the sea, Me oh, my oh, they're af - ter me. Are you com - ing to the fair? I went, she went, there's no fair there. I must not miss a loop - ie-oh.'

The rip - po, the rap - po, the sail - or's on the sea,  
 Me oh, my oh, they're af - ter me. Are you com - ing to the fair?  
 I went, she went, there's no fair there. I must not miss a loop - ie-oh.

The rippo, the rappo, the sailor's on the sea,  
 Me oh, my oh, they're after me.  
 Are you coming to the fair?  
 I went, she went, there's no fair there.  
       I must not miss a loopie-oh.

## 14. LITTLE MINNIE

Little Minnie  
Tore her pinnie  
Inside out.

## 15. JELLY ON THE PLATE

Jelly on the plate, jelly on the plate,  
Wiggly wraggly, wiggly wraggly  
Jelly on the plate.

Sausage on the pan, sausage on the pan,  
Turn it over, turn it over,  
Sausage on the pan.

Penny on the floor, penny on the floor,  
Pick it up, pick it up,  
Penny on the floor.

Policeman's at the door, policeman's at the door,  
Call him in, call him in,  
Policeman's at the door.

Burglar's in the house, burglar's in the house,  
Kick him out, kick him out,  
Burglar's in the house.

## 16. AS I WAS IN THE KITCHEN

As I was in the kitchen  
Doing a bit of stitching  
In came a nanny-goat  
And out ran I.

## 17. SHAKY, SHAKY

As I was going to Kentucky, going to the fair,  
I met a señorita with flowers in her hair.  
She was shaky, shaky, shaky,  
Shaky as can be.

## 18. BLUEBELLS



Blue -bells, cock -le shells, Eev -er, iv -er, ov-er.

Bluebells, cockle-shells,  
Eever, iver, over.

## 19. I HAD A LITTLE MOTOR CAR

(chanted to *skipping*)

I had a little motor car in 1964.  
 I washed it, I dried it, I put it into gear  
 And I rode around the cor - - - ner  
 And then I pulled the brakes,  
 Just - like - this!

## 20. POLICEMAN, POLICEMAN

'Policeman, policeman,  
 Don't take me,  
 For I have a wife  
 And a family'  
 'How many children have you got?'  
 'Twenty-four' 'That's a lot!'  
 One, two, three, four... twenty-four.  
 The ma's getting married to the man next door.

## 21. SKIP TO MALOO

$\text{♩} = 120$

Skip, skip, skip to ma - loo

Skip, skip, skip to ma - loo

Skip, skip, skip to ma - loo

Skip to ma - loo, my dar - ling.

Skip, skip, skip to maloo,  
 Skip, skip, skip to maloo,  
 Skip, skip, skip to maloo,  
 Skip to maloo, my darling.

## 22. EENA MEENA

Eena meena macka rocka  
 Rer, rer, domi knocka  
 Chicka pocka lalla bocka  
 You're not it!

## 23. AH RAH CHICKAPA

Ah rah chickapa  
 Onee ponee  
 Ink pink na  
 Cadda cadda westie  
 Rickapa chickapa  
 Chinese chu.

## 24. EETLE ATTLE

Eetle attle blue-bottle,  
 Eetle attle out.  
 If you'd a-been where I'd a-been  
 You wouldn't have been put out.

## 25. LÚRA BEAG

Lúra beag, lara beag, nóinín buí,  
 Súilín suicín, suicín 's eile,  
 Pór na gceile  
 Dhá chos loma, loma leaca,  
 Steá placa.

## 26. MY NAME IS L - I - L - I

*♩* = 80



My name is L - I - L - I Chick - a-lie, chic - ka-lie,  
 Wa - lla wall - er wink - er, Chin - ese chop - sticks, In - di-an chief.

(sung to *skipping*)

My name is L - I - L - I  
 Chickalie, chickalie,  
 Walla waller winker,  
 Chinese chopsticks,  
 Indian chief.

## 27. FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN

Flowers in the garden,  
 Fishes in the sea.  
 If you want to pick one  
 Please pick me.



**More of *COUNTING AND SKIPPING* (Appendix 1)**

**A1. JELLY ON THE PLATE**

Jelly on the plate, jelly on the plate,  
Wibbly wobbly, wibbly wobbly  
Jelly on the plate.

Money on the floor, money on the floor,  
Pick it up, pick it up  
Money on the floor.

Sausages on the pan, sausages on the pan,  
Turn them over, turn them over  
Sausages on the pan.

Robbers in the house, robbers in the house,  
Kick them out, kick them out  
Robbers in the house

Milk in the cup, milk in the cup,  
Drink it up, drink it up  
Milk in the cup.

**A2. WEE WILLIE LOST HIS MARLEY**

*(The air is one commonly used for the song 'In and out the windows'.)*

Wee Willie lost his marley,  
Wee Willie lost his marley  
Wee Willie lost his marley  
Down by the Antrim Road.

*(All verses except v. 11 sung similarly).*

He lost it down the grating.....

Then he got his wee dog.....

And he rammed it down the grating.....

But he didn't get his marley.....

Then he got his big stick.....

And he tied it to his wee dog.....

And he rammed it down the grating.....

But he didn't get his marley.....

Then he got some dynamite.....

And he rammed it down the grating

And he rammed it down the grating

And he rammed it down the grating

And blew up Antrim Road.

But he didn't get his marley.....

It was in his blazer pocket.....

## A3. BLUEBELLS

(sung to her sister's *skipping*)

Bluebells,  
Cockleshells,  
Eerie eyrie overhead.

Father is a butcher, mother cuts the meat,  
How many hours does the baby sleep?  
Five, ten, fifteen, twenty ... a hundred.

## A4. ONE, TWO, THREE

One, two, three.  
My granny had a flea;  
She salted it and peppered it  
And ate it for her tea.

## A5. MAMMY IN THE KITCHEN

Mammy in the kitchen  
Doing a bit of stitching,  
In comes a burgler  
and out goes she.

## A6. GRANNY IN THE KITCHEN

(sung to *skipping*)

Granny in the kitchen  
Doing a bit of stitching,  
In comes a bogey man  
‘Woo - oo - oo - ooh!’

Out goes she.

## A7. A SAILOR WENT TO SEA

A sailor went to *sea, sea, sea*  
To see what he could *see, see, see,*  
But all that he could *see, see, see,*  
Was the bottom of the deep blue *sea, sea, sea.*

(sung to hand-clapping. In successive repeats, the words in italics are replaced by *chop, chop, chop* – *knee, knee, knee* – *toe, toe, toe*, and the singer claps appropriate parts of the body.)

## A8. TEDDY BEAR

(sung to *skipping*)

Teddy bear, teddy bear, go upstairs,  
Teddy bear, teddy bear, say your prayers,  
Teddy bear, teddy bear, put off the light,  
Teddy bear, teddy bear, say ‘Goodnight, goodnight’.

## II

## ROUND AND ROUND

## UP AND DOWN

## OUT AND IN

All these rhymes are usually performed in the course of games which require the children to form rings or chains, or when they are playing ball (*Alely* and *Queenie-i-o*) or 'Fivestones', called 'Jacks' (*Sonsy Ann*). The ring and chain games nearly always have their music; they are sung to simple tunes which often repeat themselves, varying however just as the texts do. Sometimes the game is a proper drama. There is good use of mime when 'Old Roger' rises from the dead to defend his apples. A dialogue of interpellation and retort makes up the whole text of *Jenny Jones* and *Three gipsies riding*.



## 28. IN AND OUT GOES THE DUSTY BLUEBELLS

$\text{♩} = 160$

In and out goes the dus-ty blue-bells, In and out goes the dus-ty blue-bells,  
 In and out goes the dus - ty blue - bells, You are the mas - ter.  
 Tapp-er-ra-pper ra-pper on your shoul-ders, Tapp-er-ra-pper ra-pper on your shoul-ders,  
 Tapp-er-ra-pper ra - pper on your shoul - ders, You are the master.

In and out goes the dusty bluebells,  
 In and out goes the dusty bluebells,  
 In and out goes the dusty bluebells,  
 You are the master.

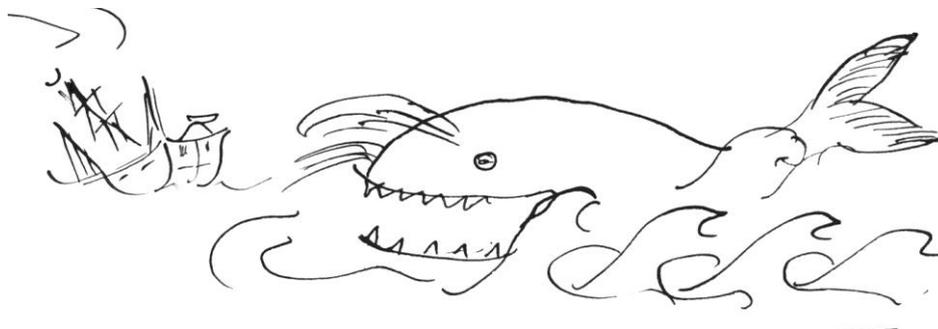
Tapper-rapper-rapper on your shoulders,  
 Tapper-rapper-rapper on your shoulders,  
 Tapper-rapper-rapper on your shoulders,  
 You are the master.

## 29. THE GILLY GILLY SHIP

*Chanted*

Round and round goes the gilly gilly ship  
 And round and round goes she,  
 The very last time that she goes round  
 She sinks to the bottom of the sea.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy,  
 eighty, ninety, a hundred.



Sweep the house to the maid comes in,  
 Sweep the house to the maid comes in,  
 Sweep the house to the maid comes in,  
 Y - O - U

*This verse is repeated*

*Sung to the music of Three gipsies riding (no 39)*

Ten guineas to know her name,  
 Know her name, know her name,  
 Ten guineas to know her name,  
 Her name is Olive M\*\*\*\*\*.

Ten guineas to know his name,  
 Know his name, know his name,  
 Ten guineas to know his name,  
 His name is Brian \*\*\*\*\*.

### 30. THE ILLY ALLY OH

$\text{♩} = 90$

A big ship sails to the il - ly al - ly oh,  
 The il - ly al - ly oh, the i - ly al - ly oh,  
 A big ship sails to the il - ly al - ly oh,  
 On the last day of Sep - tem - ber.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff is in C major and 2/4 time, with a tempo marking of quarter note = 90. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody with a key signature change to one sharp (F#). The third and fourth staves return to C major. The lyrics are: 'A big ship sails to the il - ly al - ly oh, The il - ly al - ly oh, the i - ly al - ly oh, A big ship sails to the il - ly al - ly oh, On the last day of Sep - tem - ber.'



A big ship sails to the illy ally oh,  
 The illy ally oh, the illy ally oh,  
 A big ship sails to the illy ally oh,  
 On the last day of September.

## 31. WALLFLOWERS

♩ = 100

Wall - flow - ers, wall - flow - ers, grow - ing up so high,  
 E - speci - ally Ma - rie S\*\*\*\*,— she is the young - est child.  
 Oh fie, for shame, oh fie, for shame, Turn your back a - gainst the game.

Wallflowers, wallflowers, growing up so high,  
 Especially Marie S\*\*\*\*, she is the youngest child.  
 Oh fie, for shame, oh fie, for shame,  
 Turn your back against the game.

Wallflowers, wallflowers, growing up so high,  
 Especially Deborah C\*\*\*\*\*, she is the youngest child.  
 Oh fie, for shame, oh fie, for shame,  
 Turn your back against the game, etc.



## 32. DRAWING BUCKETS OF WATER

Drawing buckets of water,  
 For a lady's daughter,  
 One in a rush,  
 Two in a rush  
 Please, little lady, come under my bush.  
 My bush is too high,  
 My bush is too low,  
 Please, little lady, come under my bow.

## 33. A LITTLE THING

$\text{♩} = 60$

A lit - tle thing goes wand-d'ring a - bout

Be - hind her backs and un - der her tracks.

A lit - tle thing goes wand-d'ring a - bout

Be - hind her backs and un - der her tracks.

See, I have got it, See, I have got it,

Tra-la, la - la, la - la.

A little thing goes wandering about  
 Behind her backs and under her tracks.  
 See, I have got it,  
 See, I have got it,  
 Tra-la, la-la, la-la.

## 34. THART FÁ DTAOBH DEN BHAILE

Thart fá dtaobh den bhail - e, Thart fá dtaobh den bhail - e,  
Thart fá dtaobh den bhail - e, Mar rinn - ea - mar fa - dó.

Thart fá dtaobh den bhaile,  
Thart fá dtaobh den bhaile,  
Thart fá dtaobh den bhaile,  
Mar rinneamar fadó.

Amach 's isteach ar fhuinneog,  
Amach 's isteach ar fhuinneog,  
Amach 's isteach ar fhuinneog,  
Mar rinneamar fadó.

## 35. GREEN GRAVEL

Green gra - vel green gra - vel, the— grass is so green  
And her face is the fair - est that— ev - er was seen.  
I'll wash her in but - ter milk and I'll dress her in silk  
And I'll write her a lett - er with a gold pen and ink.

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green  
And her face is the fairest that ever was seen.  
I'll wash her in buttermilk and I'll dress her in silk  
And I'll write her a letter with a gold pen and ink.

## 36. OLD ROGER

♩ = 70

Old Ro-ger is dead & he lies in his grave, Lies in his grave, lies in his grave,

Old Ro-ger is dead and he lies in his grave, Y, O, U.

Old Roger is dead and he lies in his grave,  
Lies in his grave, lies in his grave,  
Old Roger is dead and he lies in his grave,  
Y - O - U.

There grew an old apple tree over his head,  
Over his head, over his head,  
There grew an old apple tree over his head,  
Y - O - U.

The apples got ripe and they all fell off ...  
There came an old woman picking them up...  
Old Roger got up and he hit her a kick...  
Then the old woman went hippety-hop...  
Old Roger got up and he helped her to walk,  
Helped her to walk, helped her to walk,  
Old Roger got up and he helped her to walk,



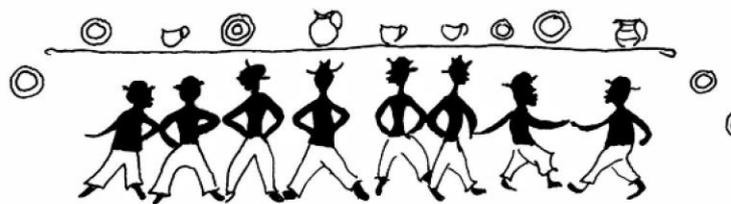
Y - O - U.

## 37. SALLY WAN

Sally Wan, Sally Wan sat in the sand  
 Mourning and weeping and can't get a man.  
 'Rise up, Sally, dry your tears,  
 Choose to the East and choose to the West  
 And choose to the very one you love best.'

These two couples are married in joy,  
 First a girl and then a boy;  
 Seven years past and seven years gone,  
 'Kiss your couple and then you're gone.'

## 38. CUPS AND SAUCERS



$\text{♩} = 70$

Cups and sau - cers, plates and di - shes,  
 Litt - le black men in cal - i - co bri - tches,  
 O - pen your gates and let me through.

Cups and saucers, plates and dishes,  
 Little black men in calico britches.  
 Open your gates and let me through.

## 39. THREE GIPSIES RIDING

$\text{♩} = 112$

There came three gi-psies ri-ding, Ri-ding, ri-ding,  
There came three gi-psies ri-ding, Y - O - U.

There came three gipsies riding,  
Riding, riding,  
There came three gipsies riding,  
Y - O - U.

'What are you riding here for,  
Here for, here for?  
What are you riding here for?'  
Y - O - U.

'We're riding here to marry one of you boys...'

'Who would marry you boys?...'

'We're just as good as you boys...'

'Your knees are stiff as pokers...'

'We can bend our knees as well as you boys...'

'Where will your mother sleep?...'

'Her mother will sleep in her father's bed...'

'Where will your father sleep? ...'

'Her father will sleep in the maid's bed...'

'Where will the maid sleep? ...'

'The maid will sleep in the pig-sty...'

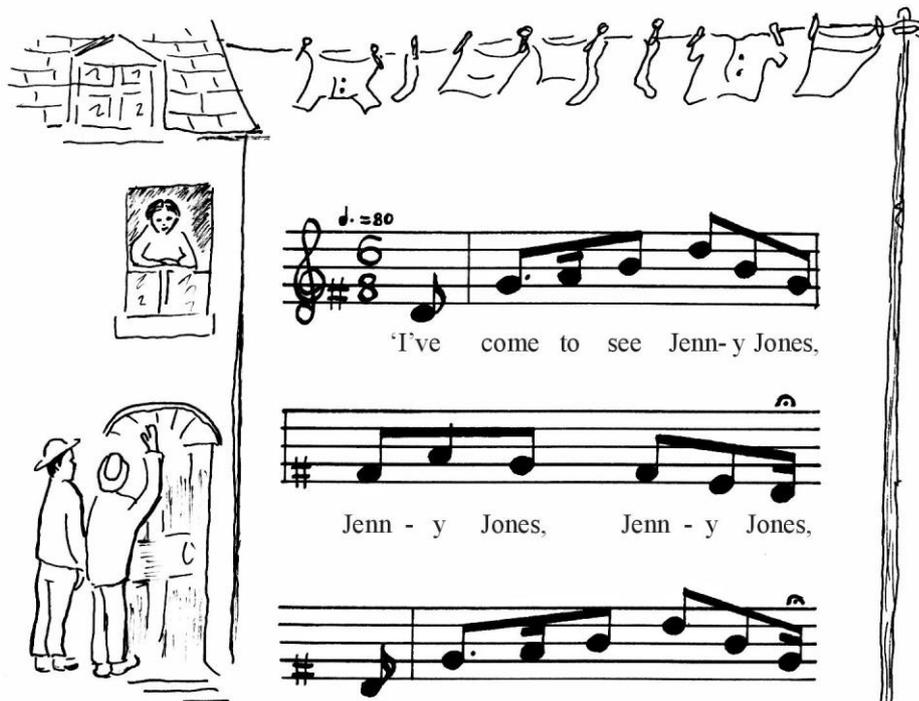
'Where will the pig sleep? ...'

'The pig will sleep at the riverside...'

'Where will you wash your clothes? ...'



40 . JENNY JONES



*♩ = 80*

'I've come to see Jenn-y Jones,

Jenn - y Jones, Jenn - y Jones,

'I've come to see Jenn - y Jones.'

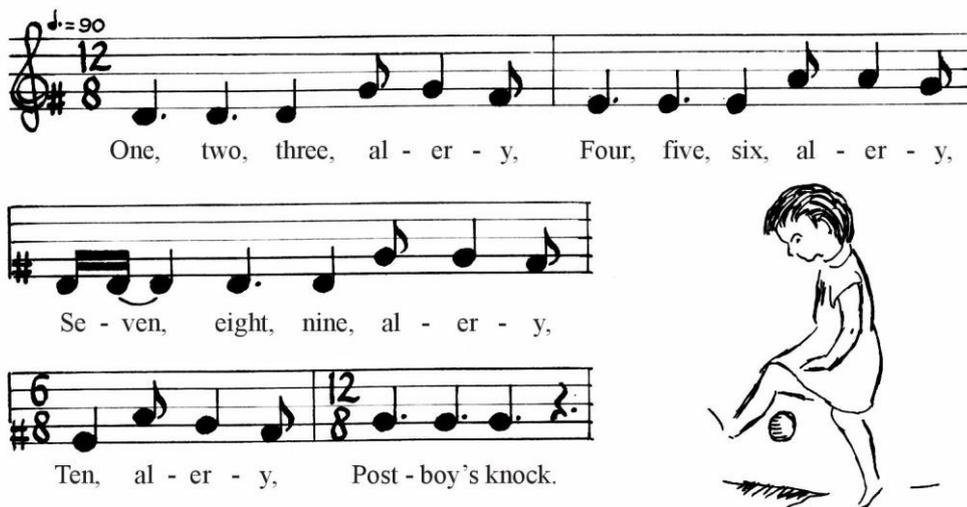
'You can't see her to - day.'



'I've come to see Jenny Jones,  
 Jenny Jones, Jenny Jones,  
 I've come to see Jenny Jones.'  
 'You can't see her today.  
 For Jenny Jones' washing clothes...  
 You can't see her today.'  
 'I've come to see Jenny Jones...'  
 'You can't see her today.  
 For Jenny Jones' smoothing clothes...  
 You can't see her today.'  
 'We've come to see Jenny Jones...'  
 'You can't see her today.  
 For Jenny Jones' mending clothes...  
 You can't see her today.'  
 'We've come to see Jenny Jones...'  
 'You can't see her today.  
 For Jenny Jones' ill in bed...  
 You can't see her today.'  
 'We've come to see Jenny Jones...'  
 'You can't see her today.  
 For Jenny Jones' dead and gone...  
 You can't see her today.'

## 41. ALERY (Belfast)

♩ = 90



One, two, three, al - er - y, Four, five, six, al - er - y,  
Se - ven, eight, nine, al - er - y,  
Ten, al - er - y, Post - boy's knock.

*Skipping over a ball*

One, two three, alery,  
Four, five, six, alery,  
Seven, eight, nine, alery,  
Ten, alery,  
Post-boy's knock.

## O'LEARY (Co Monaghan)

*Wall-bouncing one ball*

One, two, three, O'Leary,  
Four, five, six, O'Leary,  
Seven, eight, nine, O'Leary,  
Ten, O'Leary,  
Catch the balls again.

*Wall-bouncing two balls*

One, two, three and uppy,  
Four, five, six and uppy,  
Seven, eight, nine and uppy,  
Ten and uppy,  
Catch the balls again.

*Skipping over a ball*

One, two, three and undy...

*Bouncing a ball on the ground*

One, two, three and bouncy...



## 45. HALLY-GO-LEE



$\text{♩} = 128$

Hall - y go - lee go - lee,

Hall - y go - lee go - lo,

Hall - y go - lee go - lee,

U - pon a summ-er's day, Yoh!

Hally go-lee go lee,  
 Hally go-lo go-lo,  
 Hally go-lee go lee,  
 Upon a summer's day, Yoh! *Repeated*

Here we go round the ring,  
 Hally go-lee go-lo,  
 Hally go-lee go lee,  
 Upon a summer's day.

More of *ROUND AND ROUND, UP AND DOWN, IN AND OUT* (Appendix 2)

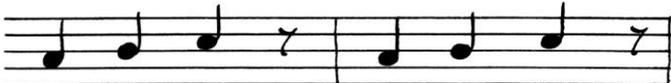
## A9. I SEARCHED HIGH, HIGH, HIGH

I searched high, high, high,  
 I searched low, low, low,  
 Wondering why, why, why  
 Did she go, go, go.  
 But if I, I, I  
 Didn't find my lover so  
 I would die, die die.

## A10. HERE ARE THE ROBBERS



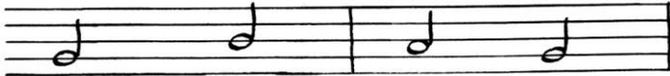

Here are the robbers coming through,



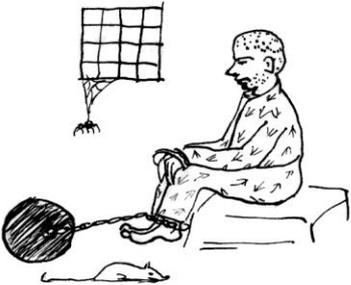
Coming through, coming through,



Here are the robbers coming through,



M y f a i r l a d - y .



Here are the robbers coming through,  
 Coming through, coming through,  
 Here are the robbers coming through,  
 My fair lady.

What did the robbers do on you,  
 Do on you, do on you?  
 What did the robbers do on you  
 My fair lady?

They stole my watch and broke my chain,  
 Broke my chain, broke my chain;  
 They stole my watch and broke my chain,  
 My fair lady.

Up to jail you must go,  
 You must go, you must go;  
 Up to jail you must go,  
 My fair lady.

## A11. IN AND OUT THE WINDOWS

Musical notation for 'In and out the windows' in 4/4 time, tempo 93. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: In and out the win-dows, In and out the win-dows, In and out the win-dows, As you have done be-fore.

In and out the windows,  
 In and out the windows,  
 In and out the windows,  
 As you have done before.

Stand and face your partner, etc.  
 As you have done before.

[Turn and kiss your partner, etc.  
 As you have done before.]

## A12. GREEN GRAVEL

Musical notation for 'Green Gravel' in 3/4 time, tempo 115. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: Green gra - vel, green gra - vel, The grass is so green  
 And her face is the fair-est That ev - er was seen.  
 I'll wash her in butt-er-milk And I'll dress her in silk  
 And I'll write her a lett-er With a gold pen and ink.

Green gravel, green gravel,  
 Your grass is so green  
 You're the fairest young damsel  
 That ever I've seen.

I washed her, I dressed her,  
 I robed her in silk  
 And I wrote down her name  
 With a glass pen and ink.

Dear Eileen, dear Eileen,  
 Your true love is dead  
 And I sent you a letter  
 To turn back your head.

## A13. THE LITTLE DUTCH GIRL

*I'm a little Dutch girl*

Oh I'm a little Dutch girl a Dutch girl a Dutch girl

Oh I'm a little Dutch girl from ov. er the sea. \* Value approximate

Oh I'm a little Dutch girl,  
 A Dutch girl, a Dutch girl,  
 Oh I'm a little Dutch girl  
 From over the sea.

Oh, I'm a little Dutch boy,  
 A Dutch boy, a Dutch boy,  
 Oh, I'm a little Dutch boy  
 From over the sea.

Oh, go 'way, I hate you,  
 I hate you, I hate you,  
 Oh, go 'way, I hate you,  
 From over the sea.

Oh why do you hate me,  
 Hate me, hate me?  
 Oh why do you hate me  
 From over the sea?

Because you hit my sister,  
 My sister, my sister,  
 Because you hit my sister  
 From over the sea.

Oh please will you forgive me,  
 Forgive me, forgive me?  
 Oh please will you forgive me  
 From over the sea?

Oh yes, I will forgive you,  
 Forgive you, forgive you,  
 Oh yes, I will forgive you,  
 From over the sea

Oh now we are together,  
 Together, together,  
 Oh now we are together  
 From over the sea

Oh now we are married,  
 Married, married,  
 Oh now we're getting married  
 From over the sea.

## A14. THREE GIPSIES RIDING

There came three gipsies riding,  
 Riding, riding,  
 There came three gipsies riding,  
 Y - O - U.

‘What are you riding here for,  
 Here for, here for?  
 What are you riding here for?’  
 Y - O - U.

‘We’re riding here to marry ...’  
 ‘Marry one of us, sir ...’  
 ‘Who would marry you boys ...’  
 ‘You’re all so black and dirty ...’  
 ‘We’re just as clean as you, sir ...’

## A15. ARCHIBALD

(sung to *clapping on a wall*)

Archibald, bald, bald, King of the Jews, Jews, Jews  
 Sold his wife, wife, wife for a pair o shoes, shoes, shoes.

When the shoes, shoes, shoes began to wear, wear, wear,  
 Archibald, bald, bald began to swear, swear, swear.

When the swear, swear, swear began to stop, stop, stop  
 Archibald, bald, bald bought a shop, shop, shop.

When the shop, shop, shop began to sell, sell, sell  
 Archibald, bald, bald bought a bell, bell, bell.

When the bell, bell, bell began to ring, ring, ring  
 Archibald, bald, bald began to sing, sing, sing.

## A16. ON THE HILLSIDE STANDS A LADY

(sung to *skipping*)

On the hillside stands a lady,  
Who she is I do not know.  
All she loves is gold and silver,  
All she wants is a nice young man.

Lady, lady, touch the ground,  
Lady, lady, turn right round,  
Lady, lady, show your shoe.  
Lady, lady, run right through.

## A17. ON A MOUNTAIN STANDS A LADY

On a mountain stands a lady,  
Who she is I do not know.  
She has lost her gold and silver,  
All she wants is somebody else.

Call in my Ruby oh, my Ruby oh, my Ruby oh,  
Call in my Ruby oh,  
Till I get out to play. . .

## A18. BAINN NA CNÓ

Tá Máire bheag ag baint na cnó,  
Ag baint na cnó, baint na cnó,  
Tá Máire bheag ag baint na cnó,  
Ar maidin deas an tsamhraidh.

Cé bhí léi ag baint na cnó?, etc.

Bhí Seán Mac Giolla Easpuic ag baint na cnó, etc.

Cé bhí leis-sean ag baint na cnó? etc.

Bhí Áine Nic Giolla Easpuic ag baint na cnó, etc.

## A19. UNDER THE BAN BUSHES

(song for *hand-clapping*)

Under the ban bushes, over the sea,  
Boom, boom, boom,  
I met my true lover and she met me;  
Now we're married and have a family  
For we're under the shade of the old oak tree,  
Boom, boom, boom!

## A20. ONE, TWO, THREE A PLAINSY

(sung to *ball-bouncing*)

One, two, three a plainsy,  
Four, five, six a plainsy,  
Seven, eight, nine a plainsy  
Ten a plainsy, overhead.

One, two, three a di-roopsy, etc.

One, two, three a dashy, etc.

One, two, three and under, etc.

## A21. UNDER THE BAN BUSHES

(singing while hand-clapping with her sister. See A19.)

## III

‘ Y A H B O O !

The heroes of epic stories—for adults—in days gone by often taunted their enemies after they had knocked them off their horses on to the ground. Taunts, threats and gibes can be expressed in very satisfying poetry. All the rhymes here show a certain feeling of superiority over someone: just as the song at the end of them does. They include rhymes which are meant to be shouted or chanted at (or sometimes just *about*) show-offs, liars, tell-tales, sissies, simpletons, teachers and policemen.

## 46. JOHNNY OVER THE WATER

Johnny over the water, Johnny over the sea,  
 Johnny broke a window and blamed it on to me.  
 I told ma.  
 Ma told pa.  
 Johnny got a whipping, Ha, ha, ha !

## 47. DENIS THE MENACE

$\text{♩} = 120$

De - nis the me - nace he had a rub - ber doll,  
 He washed it, he scrubbed it,— Then he let it fall.  
 He brought it to the doc - tor, the doc - tor was - n't there;  
 He was out in the bar - ber's, cut - ting off his hair.

Denis the menace he had a rubber doll,  
 He washed it, he scrubbed it, then he let it fall.  
 He brought it to the doctor, the doctor wasn't there;  
 He was out in the barber's, cutting off his hair.

## 48. AH'M TO THE DIRT

Ah'm! Ah'm!  
 Ah'm to the dirt, ah'm!  
 My mama's a lady  
 And my dadda's a king  
 And I'm a little princess  
 And you're a dirty thing!  
 Ah'm! Ah'm!  
 Ah'm to the dirt, ah'm!

## 49. A-WANTING

*(One girl to another, ruder)*

Betty bum, horse dung,  
 Cow's clap, a penny bap,  
 Betty, your a - waa - aa - nting!

## 50. POUNDS, SHILLINGS AND PENCE

Pounds, shillings and pence,  
 Teacher jumped over the fence.  
 She caught her tail  
 On a rusty nail.  
 Pounds, shillings and pence.

## 51. BRASS BUTTONS

*(To a policeman)*

Brass buttons,  
 Blue coat,  
 Couldn't catch  
 A nanny goat!

## 52. I MADE YOU LOOK

*(After attracting attention to nothing in particular)*

I made you look! I made you stare!  
 I made the barber cut your hair!  
 He cut it long, he cut it short,  
 He cut it with a knife and fork!

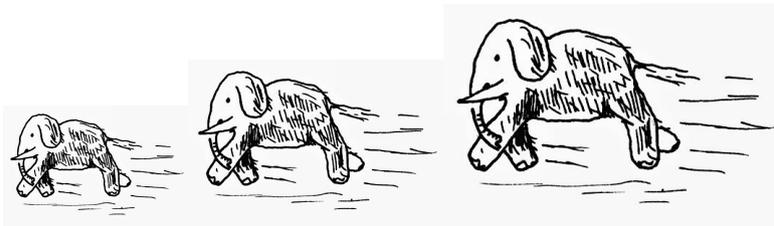
## 53. THE HAIRY ELEPHANT

$\text{♩} = 96$

Chase, chase, chase the hair - y el - e-phant

Who - ev - er told a lie on bal - dy D\* - b\*r\*h!

That was on bal - dy K\* - tt\*



*(sung to skipping)*

Chase, chase, chase the hairy elephant,  
 Whoever told a lie on baldy Deborah!  
 That was on baldy Kitty...

## 54. I'M TELLING ON YOU

I'm telling on you  
'Cause you stole my shoe.  
You put it in a letter-box  
At half past two!

## 55. TELL-TALE-TATTLE

Tell-tale tattle!  
Buy a penny rattle!

## 56. LIAR! LIAR!

Liar! Liar!  
Your pants are on fire!  
Your tongue is as long  
As a telephone wire!

## 57. SHILLY WITH THE WEE GIRLS

*(To a boy who plays with girls)*  
Shilly with the wee girls,  
Qua! Qua! Qua!

## 58. MY AUNT BIDDY

My aunt Biddy had a boil on her diddy  
And she rubbed it up and down;  
She sould pig's feet in the middle of the street  
To the bobbies knocked her down

## 59. SEE THAT FINGER?

*(To frighten little boys away)*  
See that finger?  
See that thumb?  
See that fist?  
You'd better run!

## 60. SOMEONE'S UNDER THE BED

Someone's under the bed, who can it be?  
Call in Bernadette, Bernadette, come to me!  
Bernadette lit the candles, Bernadette blew them out,  
'Get out, you fool, get out, you fool!  
There's no one under the bed!'

## 61. THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM

$\text{♩} = 128$

Oh, the poor man lived out-side the walls of Jer-u - sa-lem,  
 Glor - y, Hall - e - lu - jah, hi - oh jerr - um.  
 The rich man lived in-side the walls of Jer - u - sa - lem,  
 Glor - y, Hall - e - lu - jah, hi - oh jerr - um.  
 Hi - oh jerr - um, hi - oh jerr - um.  
 Skidd - le a mink a doo - dle um,  
 Skidd - le a mink a doo - dle um,  
 Glor - y, Hall - e - lu - jah, hi - oh jerr - um.

Oh, the poor man lived outside the walls of Jerusalem,

Glory, Hallelujah, hi-oh jerrum.

The rich man lived inside the walls of Jerusalem,

Glory, Hallelujah, hi-oh jerrum.

The poor man went to the rich man's door-ium, Glory...

The poor man asked for a breadie and a cheese-ium, Glory...

The rich man said 'I'll call the police-ium'. Glory...

*Hi-oh jerrum, hi-oh jerrum*

*Skiddle a mink a doodle um, skiddle a mink a doodle um,*

*Glory, Hallelujah, hi-oh jerrum.*

Now the poor man died and he went straight to heaven-ium...

He was fooling with the angels at a quarter past eleven-ium...

*Hi-oh jerrum...*

Now the rich man died and he didn't fare so well-ium...

He couldn't go to heaven, so he had to go to hell-ium...

Now the rich man asked for a whiskey and a sod-ium...

The devil only shouted, 'Shovel on the coal-ium.' ...

*Hi-oh jerrum...*

Now the moral of my story is, the richie and the poor-ium...

We're all stony broke, so we'll all go to heaven-ium...

*Hi-oh jerrum...*

**More of *YAH BOO* (Appendix 3)**

## A22. HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Happy birthday to you,  
You come from the zoo,  
You look like a monkey  
And you smell like one too.

## A23. HEY, HANDSOME

'Hey handsome!'  
'Yes?'  
'Not you, fishface.'

## IV

## RIDDLES AND MORE RHYMES



All these rhymes are usually performed. The rhymes included here are ones which mostly have no other function than to amuse. The riddles, catches and sayings, as well as many of the rhymes, belong to the countryside rather than the town. Answers to the riddles are usually things that can be seen on a farm. In no 93 hired farm workers say what they think of the breakfasts they get—or used to get—from farmers who hired them.

*Answers to the riddles and catches are in the Notes.*

## R I D D L E S

62

What goes over the water and under the water  
and never touches the water?

63

What goes round the house and round the house  
And its guts trailing after it?

64

What goes through the wood and through the wood  
And leaves a rag on every bush?

65

What goes round the house and round the house  
And its father's big coat on it?

## R H Y M E S   A B O U T   P E O P L E

## 66. A NAUGHTY GIRL

My mo - ther told me If I was good - ie  
That she would buy me A rubb - er doll - ie.

The image shows two staves of musical notation in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

My mother told me  
If I was goodie  
That she would buy me  
A rubber dollie.  
  
My auntie told her  
I kissed a soldier  
(spoken) And now she won't buy me  
A rubber dollie.

## 67. MAMMY, DADDY, UNCLE TOM

Mammy, daddy, uncle Tom  
Went to London on a bomb.  
The bomb burst.  
Mammy cursed.  
Daddy went to heaven first.

## 68. A DRUNKARD'S WIFE

Before I was married I used to wear a hat,  
 Now since I'm married I have to scrape the pot.  
 Oh what a weary, a weary weary life!  
 I'd rather die a maiden than be a drunkard's wife.

## 69. A LITTLE MAN

There was a little man  
 And he had a little gun  
 And up the mountains he did run.  
 With a big tall hat  
 And a belly full of fat  
 And a pancake stuck to his bum, bum, bum.

## 70. THE WEE FALOORIE MAN

*sung to the tune of Three gipsies riding (no 39)*



I'm the wee faloorie man,  
 Faloorie man, faloorie man,  
 I'm the wee faloorie man,  
 Come catch me if you can. Bw – w – w!

## 71. DAN, DAN

Dan, Dan, the funny wee man,  
 He washed the hair in the frying-pan.  
 He brushed his hair by the leg of a chair,  
 Dan, Dan, the funny wee man.

## 72. PADDY

Paddy on the railway picking up stones,  
 Here came the engine and broke Paddy's bones.  
 'Oh,' said Paddy, 'that's not fair!'  
 'Oh,' said the engine, 'I don't care!'

## 73. JACK SMITH

'Jack Smith, a fellow fine,  
 Can you shoe this horse of mine?'  
 'Yes indeed, and that I can,  
 Just as well as any man.  
 Here's a nail and there's a prod,  
*Ta tu millen tod,*  
 Jump, Jack, your horse is shod.!'

## MORE RIDDLES

74 .

Riddle me, riddle me, randy-bo,  
 My father gave me seed to sow.  
 The seed was black and the ground was white,  
 Riddle me that and I'll give you the pipe.

75.

Wee Jinny with the red nose,  
 The longer she sits, the shorter she grows.

76

As white as snow and snow I'm not,  
 As green as grass and grass I'm not,  
 As red as blood and blood I'm not,  
 As black as ink and ink I'm not.

## RIDDLES IN IRISH

77

Teachtaire beag ó theach go teach  
 Agus bíonn sé amuigh san oíche.

78

Tá bean bheag amuigh ansin, tá sí ro-fhranncach,  
 Gúna beag *buff* uirthi, bearad is plaincéid.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

79. ON A TREE

Paschale and Alan were sitting on a tree,  
 K - I - S - S - I - N - G.  
 First comes love, then comes marriage,  
 Then comes baby in a carriage.

They go into the garden, sits her on his knee,  
 Says 'Now, Paschale, will you marry me?'  
 'Yes love, yes love, at half-past three,  
 Jam cakes and ice cakes all for tea,  
 And we're going to have a wedding at half-past three.'

## 80. ON A WALL

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
Eating ten bananas.  
Where do you think he put the skins?  
Down the king's pyjamas.

## 81.. UNDER A BUSH

Now Barry and Joan were under a bush.  
Says Barry to Joan, 'You're *my* honey bush.  
I'm only a boy, but I'll soon be a man  
And I'll make your Mrs \*\*\*\*\* as soon as I can'.

## 82. OFF THE GRASS

Please keep off the grass, sir,  
To let the ladies pass, sir.  
Ladies before gents, sir,  
You ought to know that by now, sir.

## 83. IN THE ALLEY

$\text{♩} = 140$

Down in the all - ey where the green grass grows  
See Ray - mond C\*\*\* - l\*\* wash - ing his clothes.  
He sings, he sings, he sings so sweet,  
He calls for Ann F\*\* - l\*\*\* down the street.

The image shows four staves of musical notation in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 140. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are some asterisks in the original text, likely representing missing or obscured characters.

Down in the alley where the green grass grows  
See Raymond \*\*\*\*\* washing his clothes.  
He sings, he sings, he sings so sweet,  
He calls for Ann \*\*\*\*\* down the street.

'Ann, Ann, will you marry me?'  
'Yes, dear, yes, dear, at half past three.  
Ice cakes, jam cakes, all for tea  
And we'll have a jolly wedding at half past three.'

## TONGUE TWISTERS

84

Three grey geese in a green field grazing;  
Grey were the geese and green was the grazing.

85

A creel of peats, a creel of clods,  
a creel of wee black peat clods.

## CATCHES

86

There was a fiddler in Dublin had a brother a fiddler in Cork.  
But the fiddler in Cork had no brother a fiddler in Dublin. Why?

87

How many feet has forty sheep, a shepherd and his dog?

88

If there were twenty-six sheep going through a slap and one of them died,  
how many would be left?

89

If a fella met a fella  
In a field of beans,  
From a fella to a fella  
What a fella means.  
How many Fs are in that?

## PEOPLE AND FOOD

## 90. MY AUNT JANE

$\text{♩} = 170$

My aunt Jane she called me in,  
 She made me tea in her wee tin,  
 A pen - ny bap, Sug - ar on the top,  
 Three black balls out of her wee shop.



My aunt Jane she called me in,  
 She made me tea in her wee tin,  
 A penny bap,  
 Sugar on the top,  
 Three black balls out of her wee shop.

My aunt Jane she called me in,  
 She made me tea in her black tin.  
 She called me back, I wouldn't go,  
 She shut the door on my wee toe.

## 91. JELLY

Mrs Kelly  
 Broke her belly  
 Sliding down a lump of jelly.

## 92. TOAST

Mrs White  
 Got a fright  
 In the middle of the night.  
 She saw a ghost  
 Eating toast  
 Sliding up the lamp post.

## 93. FARM BREAKFASTS

*Chanted by farm hands while they worked keeping time with the words.*

[After a bad breakfast, slowly:]

Porridge and whey,  
Hungry all day.

[After a good breakfast, quickly:]

Bacon and eggs  
To carry your legs...

## 94. CHEWING GUM



Chew-ing gum a penn-y a pack-et First you chew it, then you crack it,  
Then you stick it to your jack-et, Chew-ing gum a penn-y a pack-et.

Chewing-gum a penny a packet,  
First you chew it, then you crack it,  
Then you stick it to your jacket,  
Chewing-gum a penny a packet.

## 95. SOAP AND WATER

I had a little monkey, I called him Jim,  
I put him in the water to see if he could swim.  
He drank all the water, he ate all the soap  
And he died the next morning with a bubble in his throat.

## MORE RIDDLES

96

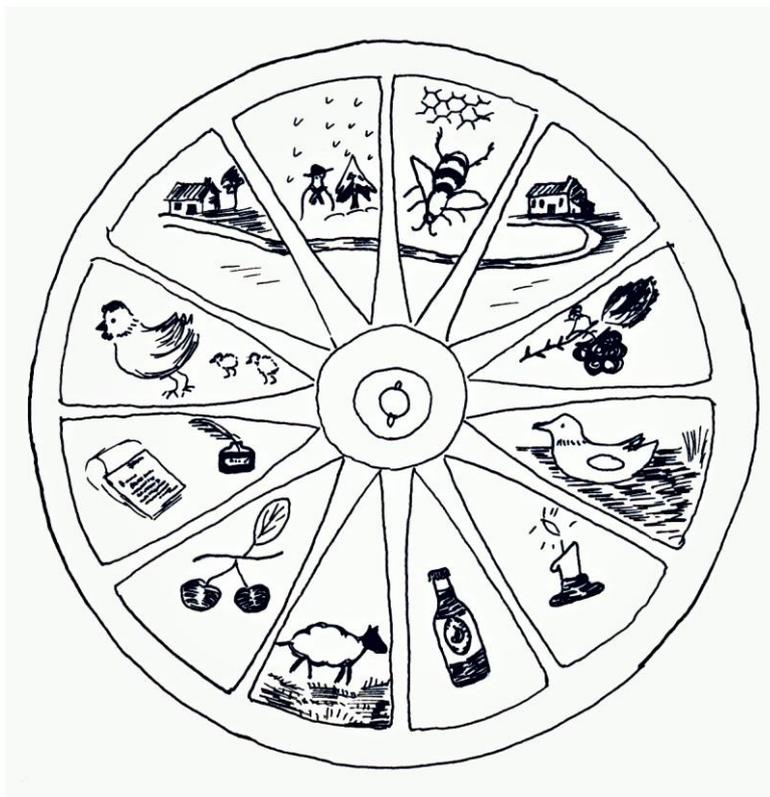
As I went through yon guttery gap  
I met my uncle Davy.  
I took off his cap and drunk his blood  
And left him lying aisy.

97

As I went up a slithery gap  
I met a wee fellow with a red cap,  
Stick in hand, stone in belly:  
If you riddle me right I'll give you a penny.

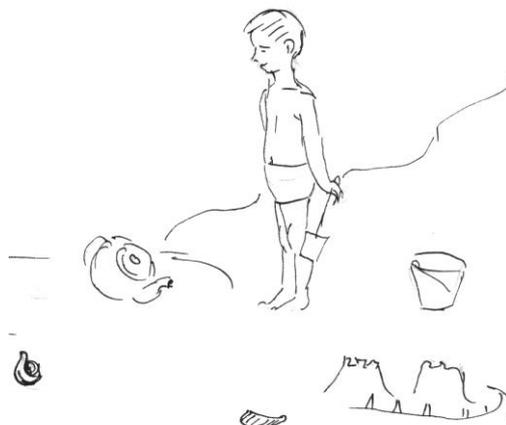
As I went over Corny Hill  
 Corny Hill was creaking,  
 I spied four and twenty wee things  
 All coming naked.

They were ricket, they were ticket,  
 They were all yellow-backit,  
 And the hindmost was foremost  
 And they were all stone blind.



Clues in this picture to the riddles and catches. See the Notes for the answers.

**EVEN MORE RHYMES AND RIDDLES (Appendix 4)**



**A24. TEAPOT**

Teapot, teapot,  
Sitting on the strand;  
It's a sign of no good weather  
When the teapot comes to land.

**A25. C - E - L - T - I - C**

C - e - l - t - i - c, Celtic,  
Celtic on the ball!

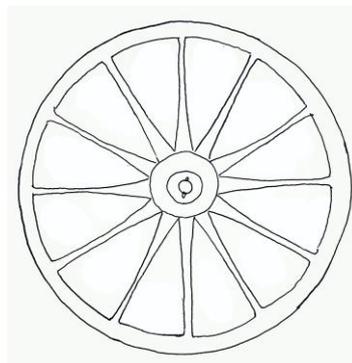
**A26. TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT**

Two, four, six, eight,  
Who do we appreciate?  
W - y - c - k - h - a - m, Wyckham!

**A27. CARNEARNEY HILL**

(riddle)

As I went ower Carnearney hill Carnearney hill was creaking,  
Four and twenty wee things all standing naked;  
The hindmost was foremost and the foremost was hindmost  
And they were all stone blind but the foremost one.



## V

## MAY QUEENS AND MUMMERY

There is no special reason to put mumming and May queens together except that it sounds nice and both are seasonal activities.

The May Queen songs belong to Belfast. Rivalry among the chosen queens and their subjects used to be common and the city children eagerly maintained the cause of their own Queen against the Queens of neighbouring streets.

The mummers, the wren boys and the 'wisp carriers' came out at Christmas and the New Year. Our mumming play was acted from house to house in the West of Co Fermanagh during the weeks before Christmas. The actors were of course men as they usually were in mumming plays. But children are natural actors, and many of the children's games already included in part 1 are dramatic. *Grandma Gray* is another acting game and *Rhubarb* is a piece of absurd dialogue. *Bang bang the dishes* is a play of improvised dialogue about a situation children understand.



## 99 (i). OUR QUEEN UP THE RIVER

$\text{♩} = 100$

Our Queen up the riv - er With your yah! yah! yah!

Our Queen up the riv - er With your yah! yah! yah!

Our Queen up the riv - er And she'll be up there for ev - er

With your yah! yah! yah! yah! yah!

Detailed description: The image shows four staves of musical notation in treble clef, 2/4 time. The first staff starts with a tempo marking of quarter note = 100. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The fourth staff ends with a sharp sign on the key signature line, indicating a key change.

Our Queen up the river  
 With your yah! yah! yah!  
 Our Queen up the river  
 With your yah! yah! yah!  
 Our Queen up the river  
 And she'll be up there for ever  
 With your yah! yah!  
 Yah! yah! yah!

=====

## 99 (ii). OUR QUEEN WON THE MEDAL

*(sung to the same tune)*

Our Queen won the medal  
 With your yah! yah! yah!  
 Our Queen won the medal  
 With your yah! yah! yah!  
 Our Queen won the medal  
 And we'll keep her up for ever  
 With your yah! yah!  
 Yah! yah! yah!

100. OUR QUEEN CAN BURL HER LEG

$\text{♩} = 128$

Our Queen can burl her leg, Burl her leg, burl her leg,  
Our Queen can burl her leg, Burl her leg.

Our Queen can burl her leg,  
Burl her leg, burl her leg,  
Our Queen can burl her leg,  
Our Queen can burl her leg,  
Burl her leg.

101. OUR QUEEN WON



$\text{♩} = 165$

Our Queen won, our Queen won,  
Yee - oh, bra - vo, our Queen won.

The oth - er had to run, the oth er had to run,  
Yee - oh, bra - vo, our Queen won.



Our Queen won, our Queen won,  
Yee-oh, bravo, our Queen won.  
The other had to run, the other had to run,  
Yee-oh, bravo, our Queen won.

## 102. RADDY ADDY

$\text{♩} = 62$

Rad - dy ad - dy and we're not beat yet,

Rad - dy ad - dy and we're not beat yet,

Rad - dy ad - dy and we're not beat yet,

We're not beat yet and we're hard - ly.

Raddy addy and we're not beat yet,  
 Raddy addy and we're not beat yet,  
 Raddy addy and we're not beat yet,  
 We're not beat yet and we're hardly.



## 103. HERE SHE SITS

$\text{♩} = 140$

Here she sits a l - ovel - y crea - ture Who she is I can - not tell;  
 I will court her for her beau - ty All I want's a nice young girl  
 To be the Queen of May, To be the Queen of May,  
 The dark - ie says he'll marr - y her He'll marr - y her, He'll marr - y her,  
 The dark - ie says he'll marr - y her Be - cause she is a Queen,  
 Be - cause she is a Queen, Be - cause she is a Queen,  
 The dark - ie says he'll marr - y her He'll marr - y her, He'll marr - y her,  
 The dark - ie says he'll marr - y her Be - cause she is a Queen,

Here she sits a lovely creature,  
 Who she is I cannot tell;  
 I will court her for her beauty,  
 All I want's a nice young girl,

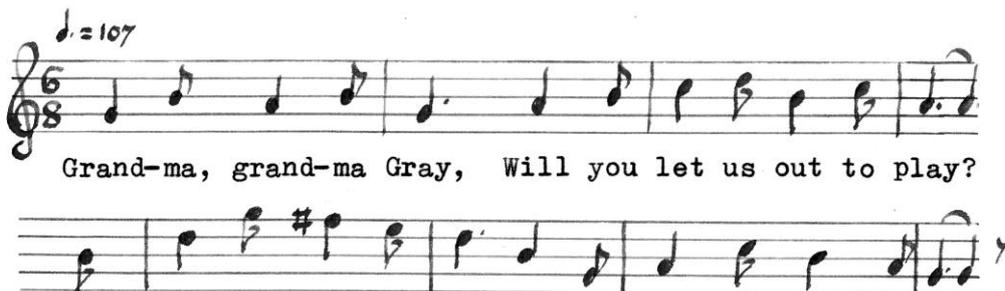
To be the Queen of May,  
 To be the Queen of May,  
 The darkie says he'll marry her,  
 He'll marry her, he'll marry her  
 The darkie says he'll marry her,  
 Because she is a Queen.  
 Because she is a Queen,  
 Because she is a Queen,  
 The darkie says he'll marry her  
 He'll marry her, he'll marry her,  
 The darkie says he'll marry her  
 Because she is a Queen.

## 104. RHUBARB

‘Where are you going, Bob?’  
 ‘Down the road, Bob.’  
 ‘For what, Bob?’  
 ‘For rhubarb.’  
 ‘Can I go, Bob?’  
 ‘No, Bob’  
 ‘Why, Bob?’  
 ‘Because you don’t like rhubarb!’

## 105. GRANDMA GRAY

*♩ = 107*



Grand-ma, grand-ma Gray, Will you let us out to play?  
 We'll not go near the wa-ter To chase the ducks a-way.

[The air was noted from childhood memory as sung by my mother. The sound recording and the text below are from my father with his four-year-old grandson.]

‘Grandma, grandma Gray,  
 Will you let us out to play?  
 We’ll not go near the water  
 To chase the ducks away.’

*Spoken*

‘No, dear children, it’s a very wet day.’

*Sung*

‘Grandma, grandma Gray,  
 Will you let us out to play?  
 We’ll not go near the water  
 To chase the ducks away.’

*Spoken*

‘Yes, dear children, it’s a very fine day.’



## 106. BANG, BANG THE DISHES

*A play*

MOTHER Right! You must go to sleep, and I'm going out to the town and I'll give you your food when I come back again.

*The children snore and the mother goes out.*

CHILDREN *loudly* BANG, BANG THE DISHES! BANG, BANG THE DISHES! BANG,  
BANG THE DISHES! BANG, BANG THE DISHES!

MOTHER *returning* Oh! my little children are asleep!

CHILDREN Mammy, can we have a cup of tea?

MOTHER Oh yes, you may. Oh! my good gracious! Who broke all my dishes?

ONE CHILD Oh, mammy a big man came to the door and took all the oranges and broke all the delph.

MOTHER Oh, I must find out and see if this is true. *Ringing up* Nine, nine, nine? Um – police station? Did you see anyone walking out the Castlerock road today, or any little children there, round that place?

POLICEMAN I saw a little girl with a green pinafore and a white blouse, and a girl with a blue tee-shirt and blue shorts, and lots of others.

MOTHER Well, um – did you hear any rattling or anything?

POLICEMAN Yes, but I thought the mother was in and I didn't go in, because I was afraid to go in and – let –

MOTHER Thank you. *She hangs up. To the children:* Right, I've a little story to tell you: the policeman said that there was – all the clothes that you have on you –that, um, he mentioned all, and they were the exact same colours. And he said that it was yours. Right! You can need a good smacking for that. *She smacks them. They roar and yell.*

## 107. HERE'S YOUR WISP

*Children carrying a wisp of straw collected money with this rhyme at the New Year.*

Here's your wisp  
And a happy New Year!  
A pocket full of money  
And a barrel full of beer!

## 108. THE WREN

'The wren boys come the day after Christmas day and they play music and sing songs. And they have a wren in a box and if you don't give them some pennies to bury the wren, they say they'll bury the wren outside, and you're supposed to have not any luck till St. Stephen's day again.'

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
St Stephen's day was caught in the furze,  
Saying, Up with the kettle and down with the pan  
And give us some money to bury the wren.

## 109. THE MUMMERS' DOCTOR (Co Wexford)

Pray, Doctor, tell me what can you do?  
 I can cure what I think fit,  
 The cunningest I can outwit,  
 All hotin'-dotin' hippish creatures,  
 Headaches, heartaches, collygrubs and grabbers,  
 The colly-gabe, the lame, the blind,  
 The deaf, the dumb and the pain of mind,  
 The pox, the palsy and the gout  
 And if the devil was at dinner I'd rout him out.  
 I can also cure a jealous wife,  
 Make her lead a quiet and sober life;  
 If she's deaf or dumb on either lip or tongue  
 I'll make her as sound as any drum.  
 Me granny's brains I once took out:  
 I washed them clean all at a spout.  
 What wasn't good, I left them there  
 And I stuffed the space with graineog's hair...

## 110. A CHRISTMAS MUMMERS' PLAY (Co Fermanagh)

(Whole play: speech and two songs)

*Actors*

*'ROOM' presents the others; THE CAPTAIN leads them; OLIVER CROMWELL wants a fight; THE GREEN KNIGHT kills him; THE DOCTOR brings him back to life; DIVIL DOUT asks for money; JACK STRAW talks nonsense; 'THE WREN' asks for food; LADY BROWN dances with the Captain.*

*ROOM knocks on a house door and shouts: Mummers! Mummers! Inside the house he begins his rhyme:*

Room, room, my gallant Room,  
 Give me room to rhyme: I'll show you some activity  
 About this Christmas time.  
 The acts in which we now engage  
 Were never acted on a stage  
 And if you don't believe these words I say  
 Enter in the Captain and he'll clear the way.

CAPTAIN

Here comes I, the Captain  
 Captain of this noble crew:  
 Many great deeds I will relate to you.  
 And if you don't believe these words I say  
 Enter in Oliver Cromwell and he'll clear the way.

OLIVER CROMWELL

Here comes I, Oliver Cromwell  
 with my long copper nose.  
 I've conquered many nations  
 As you may suppose:  
 I've conquered in France  
 And I've conquered in Spain  
 And I'm back to old Ireland  
 To conquer again.  
 And if you don't believe these words I say  
 Enter in Green Knight and he'll clear the way.

## GREEN KNIGHT

Here comes I, Green Knight,  
Willing for to fight.  
I say, Oliver Cromwell, you lie, sir.  
Take out your sword and try, sir.

*They fight.*

I drive your sword right through your heart  
And cause you for to die, sir

*Oliver Cromwell falls down.*

## CAPTAIN

Oh, doctor, doctor,  
Five pound for a doctor.

## DOCTOR

Yes, yes, I'm coming.  
Here comes I, Doctor Brown,  
The very best doctor in the town.

## CAPTAIN

What can you cure, doctor?

## DOCTOR

I can cure the plague within,  
The plague without,  
The ague, the palsy and the gout.

## CAPTAIN

How do you cure, doctor?

## DOCTOR

I've a wee bottle in my inside waistcoat pocket called  
Hokerus pokerus,  
Elegant pain.  
Get up, dead man and fight again.

*He gives Oliver Cromwell a drink from his bottle. Oliver Cromwell comes to life and stands up.*

All sing:

110 (i). WE'LL JOIN OUR HANDS TOGETHER

The musical score is written in 12/8 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 96. It consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are: We'll join our hands to - ge - ther And ne - ver fight no more, We'll be as gall - ant com - rades As we have been be - fore, We'll bless the mas - ter of this house— And the mi - stress too And all the litt - le chil - dren That round the ta - ble grew. With our po - ckets full of mo - ney And our hearts all full of cheer We wish you a me - rry Chri - stmas And a bright New Year!

We'll join our hands together  
 And never fight no more,  
 We'll be as gallant comrades  
 As we have been before,  
 We'll bless the master of this house  
 And the mistress too  
 And all the little children  
 That round the table grew.  
 With our pockets full of money  
 And our hearts all full of cheer  
 We wish you a merry Christmas  
 And a bright New Year!

CAPTAIN

And if you don't believe these words we say  
 Enter in Divil Dout and he'll clear the way.

DIVIL DOUT

Here comes I, Divil Dout,  
 If I don't get money  
 I'll chase you all out.  
 Money I want  
 And money I crave  
 If I don't get money  
 I'll chase you all to the grave.  
 Five shillings, no less,  
 All silver, no brass.  
 And if you don't believe these words we say  
 Enter in Jack Straw and he'll clear the way.

## JACK STRAW

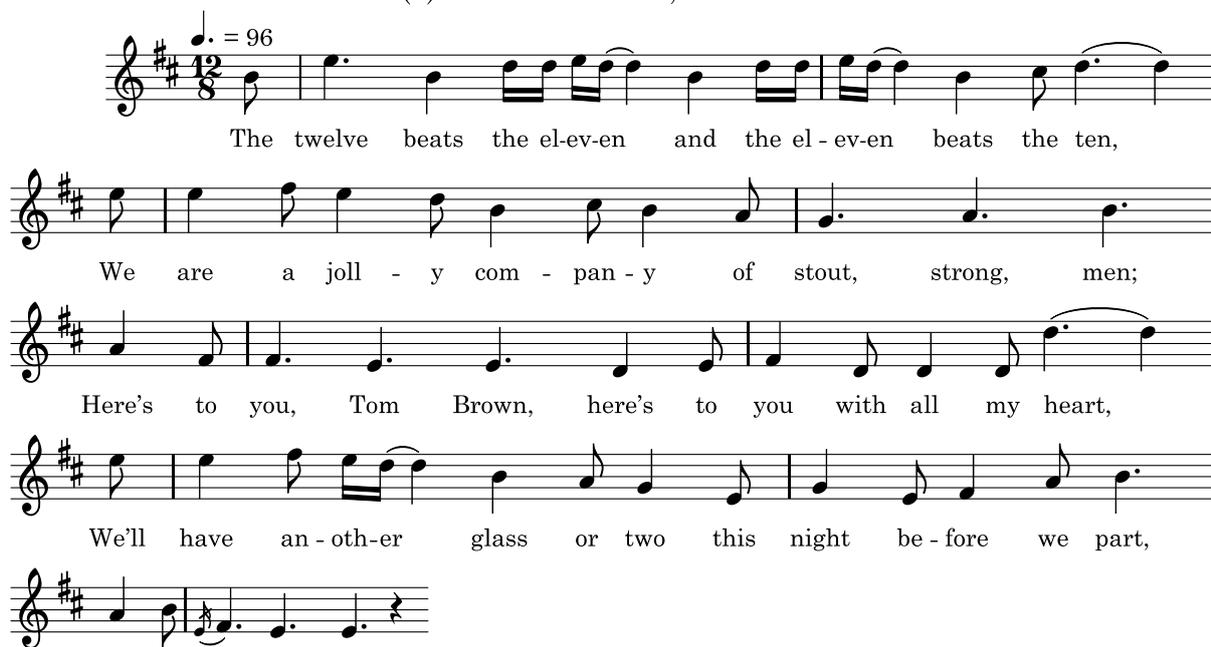
Here comes I, Jack Straw  
 Such a man you never saw,  
 Through a rock  
 And through a reel  
 Through an old spinning wheel  
 Through a bag of pepper  
 And an old mill hopper.  
 And if you don't believe these words we say  
 Enter in the Wren and he'll clear the way.

## WREN

Here comes I, the Wren, the Wren,  
 The king of all birds,  
 At Christmas time  
 I was found in the furze.  
 Although I am small  
 My family is great  
 Rise up, landlady  
 And give us a trate.  
 And if your trate is of the best  
 I hope your soul  
 In heaven will rest,  
 And if your trate is very small  
 It won't agree  
 With us at all.

*All sing:*

## 110 (ii). HERE'S TO YOU, TOM BROWN



The twelve beats the el-ev-en and the el - ev-en beats the ten,  
 We are a joll - y com - pan - y of stout, strong, men;  
 Here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you with all my heart,  
 We'll have an - oth-er glass or two this night be - fore we part,  
 Here's to you, Tom Brown.

The twelve beats the eleven and the eleven beats the ten,  
 We are a jolly company of stout, strong men;  
 Here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you with all my heart,  
 We'll have another glass or two this night before we part,  
 Here's to you, Tom Brown.

The ten beats the nine and the nine beats the eight,  
 We are a jolly company, we all walk straight;

Here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you with all my heart,  
 We'll have another glass or two this night before we part,  
 Here's to you, Tom Brown.

The nine beats the eight and the eight beats the seven,  
 We are a jolly company and we're going to heaven...

The seven beats the six and the six beats the five,  
 We are a jolly company, we are, man alive!...

The five beats the four and the four beats the three,  
 We are a jolly company and we're all free...

The three beats the two and the two beats the one,  
 We are a jolly company and now we're done;

Here's to you, Tom Brown, here's to you with all my heart,  
 We'll have another glass or two this night before we part,  
 Here's to you, Tom Brown.

#### CAPTAIN

And if you don't believe these words we say  
 Enter in the Lady and she'll clear the way.

LADY BROWN *A man disguised, speaks in a high squeaky voice:*  
 Here comes I, Lady Brown.

*The Lady and the Captain dance a reel, accompanied by a fiddle and a melodeon. Divil Dout takes what money the people of the house give him. The mummers bid farewell.*



ANOTHER MUMMING PLAY, FROM DONEGAL (Appendix 5)

A28. CHRISTMAS MUMMERS' RHYMES (Co Donegal)

Christmas rhymes and the mummers' book  
 And very pleasant we will look.  
 Room, room, gallant boys, give us room to rhyme  
 And we'll show you some activity about the Christmas time.  
 Christmas comes but once a year  
 And when it comes it brings good cheer,  
 The active young, the active age  
 But the likes of this was never acted on the stage.  
 And if you don't believe what I'll say  
 I'll enter in the Captain and he'll soon clear the way.

CAPTAIN

Here comes I, the Captain, the Captain of this play,  
 With my broad sword to clear the way;  
 With my broad sword in my right hand  
 I've all these men at my command,  
 And if you don't believe what I say  
 I'll enter in King Prince George, and he'll soon clear the way.

KING PRINCE GEORGE

Here comes I, King Prince George, from England I have sprung,  
 I have fought many brave deeds my valour to begin.  
 Seven long years in a cave I was kept,  
 From there I gave a tremendous leap,  
 From there I fell amongst a lump of stones;  
 I lay there for many days with the most piteous groans.  
 Many a giant I did subdue, I fought that fiery dragon through,  
 I fought the seaman: what can any other man undertake?  
 I fought them all courageously  
 But still I gained the victory;  
 And if you don't believe what I say  
 I'll enter in Turkish Champion and he'll soon clear the way.

TURKISH CHAMPION

Here comes I, Turkish Champion, from Turkish land I came  
 And I came to fight you, King Prince George by name.  
 I'll cut you and I'll slash you and I'll send you to the divil. I'll make lamb's poison (*read mince pies*) of you and after that you'll run away.

[KING PRINCE GEORGE]

I say you're a liar, sir!

[TURKISH CHAMPION]

Pull out your purse and pay.  
 I'll run my rapier down your guts and then you'll die away. *Then he fell on the ground*

[CAPTAIN]

Is there any doctor to be found  
 That can cure this man of his deep and mortal wounds?  
 Doctor! Doctor! I'll give ten pounds for a doctor! *Enters the Doctor*

[DOCTOR]

Here comes I, the Doctor sure and good,  
 With my broad sword to staunch the blood.

[CAPTAIN]

What can you cure, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Oh, I can cure the lame and the blind,  
I can dig the dead to life again,  
And moreover, a woman of seven score and ten  
With her toes in her nose an her nen [?]  
I could take out the knuckle bone of her big toe and place it in again  
And make her a young girl of ten.

[CAPTAIN]

What's your medicine, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Some of the roo, the foo, the fidgy foo,  
The rown down dandelion,  
The grey mare's legs, the brains of a hatchet, and the bones of an oul creepy-stool, soft and  
soople [?] till the divil runs through it, and three drops of vinegar placed on your lip. Rise now,  
Turkish Champion, and take to your feet again,  
And if yous don't believe what I say  
I'll enter in Oliver Cromwell and he'll soon clear the way.

OLIVER CROMWELL

Here comes I, Oliver Cromwell, as you may suppose,  
I have conquered many nations with my long copper nose.  
I made the French to tremble and the Spanish for to quake,  
For I beat the jolly Dutchmen and made them quite awake.  
And if you don't believe what I say  
I'll enter in Jack Straw and he'll soon clear the way.

JACK STRAW

Och well, here comes meself, Jack Straw,  
Such a man yous never saw  
Through a rock or through a reel  
or through an oul spinning wheel,  
Through a sheet of needles or through a sheet of pins,  
And if yous don't believe what I'll say  
Well, there's an oul uncle I have out there, Beelzebub,  
And I'll enter him in now and he'll soon clear the way.

BEELZEBUB

Oh, here comes I, Beelzebub,  
And over me shoulder I carry me club  
And in me hand a frying pan  
And I think meself a jolly good man,  
And if yous don't believe what I say  
I'll enter in the tax-gatherer, that's the buck'll clear yous all away.

JOHNNY FUNNY

Well now, here comes I, Johnny Funny,  
I'm the man that collects the money:  
All silver, no brass,  
Bad hapennies won't pass,  
An oul woman must rise up off –  
Well now, I'll leave that the way it is now until the morning.  
But I want the box filled anyhow.

*Spoken:* Mr X!

Sung:

God bless the mas-ter of this house and the land-lady al-so  
 And all the lit-tle chil-der-en a-round the ta-ble go  
 For we wish you a hap-py New Year Year Year  
 Aye we wish you a hap-py New Year

With our pockets full of money And your barrels full of beer  
 Well we wish you a... (music text below)

With our...  
 Well we...  
 Aye we...

God bless the master of this house  
 And the landlady also  
 And all the little children around the table go,  
 For we wish you a happy New Year, Year, Year,  
 Ay, we wish you a happy New Year.  
 With our pockets full of money  
 And your barrels full of beer  
 Well, we wish you a happy New Year, Year, Year,  
 Ay, we wish you a happy New Year.

## VI

## LULLING AND LILTING

Everyone knows what lullabies are for. Lilting is singing without words in the way the singers do in *Minnie Picken* and *Love, will you marry me*. Lilt can be used for dancing children on knees. The *Bangor boat* is chanted lullingy, almost sung.

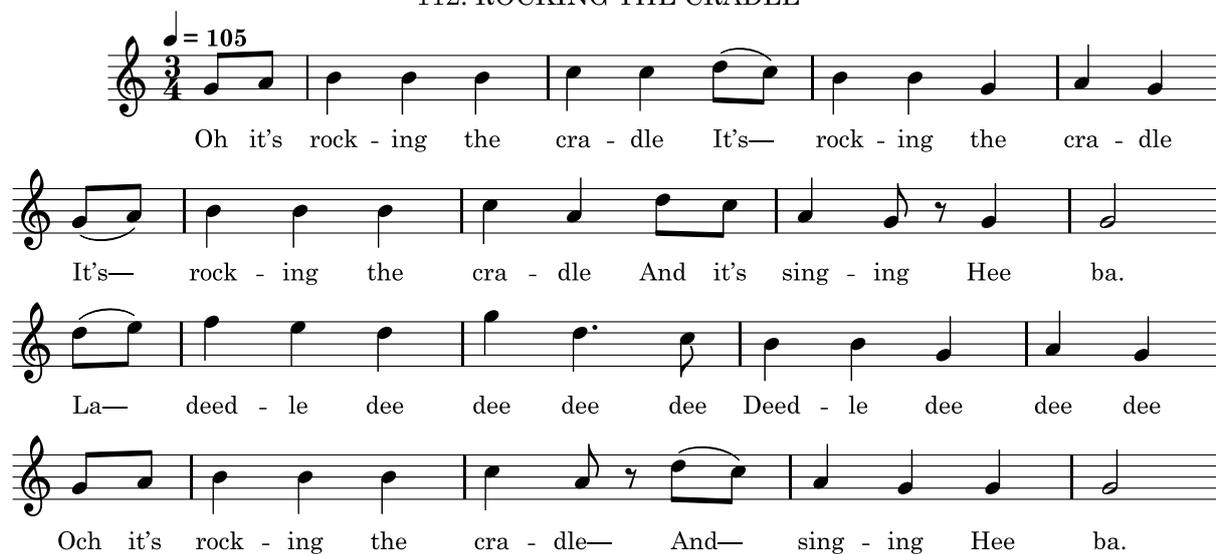


## 111. THE BANGOR BOAT

The Bangor boat's away,  
It hasn't time to stay.  
Hoosha,  
Hoosha,  
The Bangor boat's away.

## 112. ROCKING THE CRADLE

$\text{♩} = 105$



Oh it's rock - ing the cra - dle It's— rock - ing the cra - dle  
It's— rock - ing the cra - dle And it's sing - ing Hee ba.  
La— deed - le dee dee dee dee Deed - le dee dee dee  
Och it's rock - ing the cra - dle— And— sing - ing Hee ba.

Oh it's rocking the cradle,  
It's rocking the cradle,  
It's rocking the cradle  
And it's singing Hee ba.

La deedle dee dee dee dee  
Deedle dee dee dee  
Och it's rocking the cradle  
And singing Hee ba.



## THE SAME, IN IRISH

Seo ba, seo ba  
Seo ba, mo leanbh,  
Ba, mo leanbh,  
Agus codlaidh go ciúin.

## 113. YOU'RE A WEE BONNY WEAN

Musical notation for 'You're a wee bonny wean' in 9/8 time, tempo 51. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'You're a wee bonny wean, You're - a wee bonn - y wean, You're - a wee - - bonn-y wee wean, You're a wee bonn-y wee - wean.'

You're a wee bonny wean,  
 You're a wee bonny wean,  
 You're a wee bonny wee wean,  
 You're a wee bonny wee wean.

## 114. COUNTING FINGERS

There's the one that broke the barn  
 And there's the one that stole the corn.  
 There's the one that run away,  
 There's the one that told all  
 And poor wee Willie Winkle had to pay for all.

## 115. MINNIE PICKEN

Musical notation for 'Minnie Picken' in common time, tempo 128. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'Minn-ie Pick-en on the shore, Gath-er-ing win - kles off Cul-more, Turned a - round and give a roar: What the div - il ails ye? A - ring deed - le lil de dum, Dith - er - y um de deed - le um, Ring deed - le lil de dum, Dood - le lil de da dee.'

A-ring deedle lil de dum &c (*introductory lilt*)

Minnie Picken on the shore.  
 Gathering winkles off Culmore,  
 Turned around and give a roar:  
 - What the devil ails ye?  
     A-ring deedle lil de dum  
     Dithery dum de doodle um

Ring deedle lil de dum  
Doodle lil de da dee, etc.

Jane McNeill's in love with me  
And I'm as happy as I can be.  
How would you like if you were me?  
Fal de deedle di do.

*Sung to the first half of the tune:*

Jane she's neat and Jane she's fat,  
She wears her hair beneath her hat;  
What do you think about that?  
Ty reedle lil de dum, &c.

115(ii). MAGGIE PICKIE'S ON THE WALL  
(Donegal, father and son play the fiddle duet )

116. LOVE, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

*The tune is like MINNIE PICKEN (no. 115)*

*♩ = 128 approx.* Love, will you marry me?

Love will you

This is the way

*♩ = 175 approx.*

Dy deedle ood-le um, dithery aydle ood-le um Da rowdle dood-le deed Dood-le didd-le doo dum

Ta rowdle deed-le dum Doo-reed-le eed-le dum Ta vy-dle dood-le dees-le Dood-le didd-le doo dum.

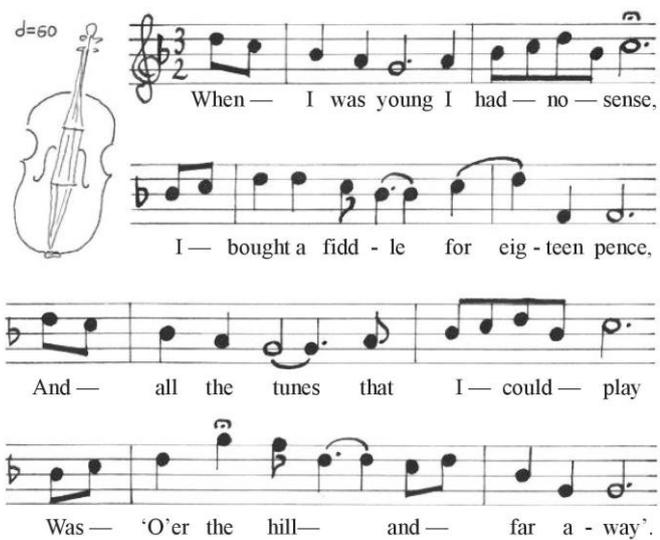
Love, will you marry me,  
Love, will you marry me,  
Marry me, marry me  
And take me out of danger?

This is the way the teacher stands,  
This is the way she holds her hands,  
This is the way she combs her hair  
And this is the way she dances.

Dy deedle oodle um  
Dithery aydle oodle um  
Da rowdle doodle dee,  
Doodle diddle doo dum, etc.

## 117. WHEN I WAS YOUNG

$\text{♩} = 60$



When — I was young I had — no — sense,  
 I — bought a fidd - le for eig - teen pence,  
 And — all the tunes that I — could — play  
 Was — 'O'er the hill — and — far a - way'.

When I was young I had no sense,  
 I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence  
 And all the tunes that I could play  
 Was 'O'er the hill and far away'.

## ANOTHER LILT (Appendix 6)

## A29. SÍ PIPER'S TUNE (lilted)

## VII

## SONGS, BALLADS AND SNATCHES

In this part can be found odd verses out of songs the singers have largely forgotten. People usually remember the best of something, so these snatches are interesting. Some of the other songs seem complete. The *bride stolen by fairies* is a scrap of an old ballad rounded off as a story. *John Barbour* is another old ballad telling its own story in fourteen verses. *B'fhearr liom réal beag* is an Irish version of *I love sixpence*. *Johnny Jow* is *The little red fox* worn down to one verse. And the last snatch, *Good-bye*, belongs to a song sung by the mill girls in a Belfast linen factory when a mistress they liked particularly was leaving their department.

Many of these songs could be learned as party pieces, or just for fireside amusement.



You - gods o gods o this di-vine come hand my - love a - - - er

Far more than fish-es likes to swim, far more than linn-ets likes to sing,

Far - better than the bee loves the flow'ry - - - vale I love my love far bett - - - er.

That give to me this mort-al world none could love her bett - - - er.

## 118. I LOVE MY LOVE FAR BETTER

$\text{♩} = 140$

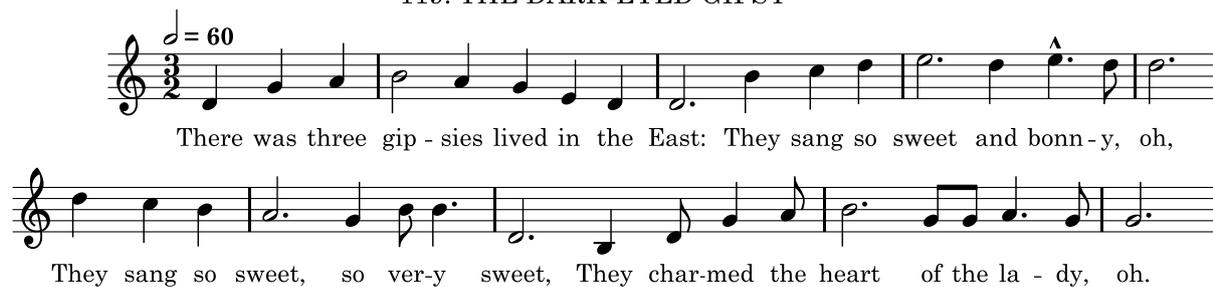
As I roved out one fine summ - er's night  
 For to look for— re - cre - a— tion  
 My— heart was light and free from care,  
 Quite ha - ppy— in my sta— -tion;  
 Down by a trans - par - ent riv - er clear  
 I met a— come - ly maid - en there  
 With a gar - land of flowers on her head she did wear  
 For to shade the— sun from her beau— ty.

As I roved out one fine summer's night  
 For to look for recreation  
 My heart was light and free from care,  
 Quite happy in my station;  
 Down by a transparent river clear  
 I met a comely maiden there  
 With a garland of flowers on her head she did wear  
 For to shade the sun from her beauty.

You gods, oh gods of this divine,  
 Come hand my love a letter,  
 That gave to me this mortal wound -  
 No one could love her better.  
 Far more than fishes likes to swim,  
 Far more than linnets likes to sing,  
 Far better than the bee loves the flowery vale  
 I love my love far better.

## 119. THE DARK-EYED GIPSY

$\text{♩} = 60$



There was three gip - sies lived in the East: They sang so sweet and bonn - y, oh,  
They sang so sweet, so ver - y sweet, They char - med the heart of the la - dy, oh.

There was three gipsies lived in the East:  
They sang so sweet and bonny, oh,  
They sang so sweet, so very sweet,  
They charmed the heart of the lady, oh.

When Charles he came home late at night  
Enquiring for his lady, oh,  
'She's gone, she's gone', said his own waiting-man,  
'She has followed the dark-eyed gipsy, oh.'

['Then saddle me my milk-white steed –  
The brown one's not so speedy, oh –  
That I may ride the whole length of the night  
Till I find out the dark-eyed gipsy, oh.']

Then he rode North and he rode South,  
He rode East and Westwards, oh,  
Until he met with his own wedded wife,  
And she following the dark-eyed gipsy, oh.

'Will you forsake your house and land?  
Will you forsake your children, oh?  
Will you forsake your own wedded lord  
And follow the dark-eyed gipsy, oh?'

'What do I care for house and land?  
What do I care for my children, oh?  
What do I care for my own wedded lord  
When I followed the dark-eyed gipsy, oh!'

She took the garment that she wore,  
She bound it as a head-dress, oh,  
Saying 'I'll eat the grass, I'll drink the dew  
And follow the dark-eyed gipsy, oh.'



## 120. THE MAID OF CULMORE

THE MAID OF CULMORE

$\text{♩} = 64$

From - fair - Lon- don- - de - rry to sweet - - Lon- - don town

There is no be-tter har-bour a - - round - can be found -

Where the young girl each eve-ning does - walk - round the shore -

And the - - joy- - bells were - ring- - ing the maid of - Cool-more.

From fair Londonderry to sweet London town  
 There is no better harbour around can be found,  
 Where the young girl each evening does walk round the shore  
 And the joy-bells were ringing the maid of Coolmore.

The first time I saw my love she passed me by  
 And the next time I saw her she bid me goodbye,  
 But the last time I saw her she grieved my heart sore  
 As she sailed down Lough Foyle and away from Coolmore.

## 121. RÉAL BEAG

B'fhearr liom réal beag, Réal beag deas,

B'fhearr liom réal beag Ná rud a bhíos sa domhan.



B'fhearr liom réal beag,  
 Réal beag deas.  
 B'fhearr liom réal beag  
 Ná rud a bhíos sa domhan.

Chaith mé réal beag,  
 Réal beag deas,  
 Agus thug mé réal  
 Abhaile chuig mo mhnaoi...

## 122. OBADIAH, OBADIAH

$\text{♩} = 128$

Says the one O-ba-di-ah to the toth-er O-ba-di-ah,

'O-ba-di-ah, O-ba-di-ah, I am dry!'

Says the toth-er O-ba-di-ah to the first O-ba-di-ah,

'O-ba-di-ah, O-ba-di-ah, so am I!'

Says the one Obadiah to the tother Obadiah,  
 'Obadiah, Obadiah, I am dry!'  
 Says the tother Obadiah to the first Obadiah,  
 'Obadiah, Obadiah, so am I!'

## 123. JOHN BARBOUR

$\text{♩} = 70$

There was a lord liv-ed in this - town,

He had on-ly one loved daugh - ter - - Jane;

And - as she - stood in her fa-ther's ca-stle walls

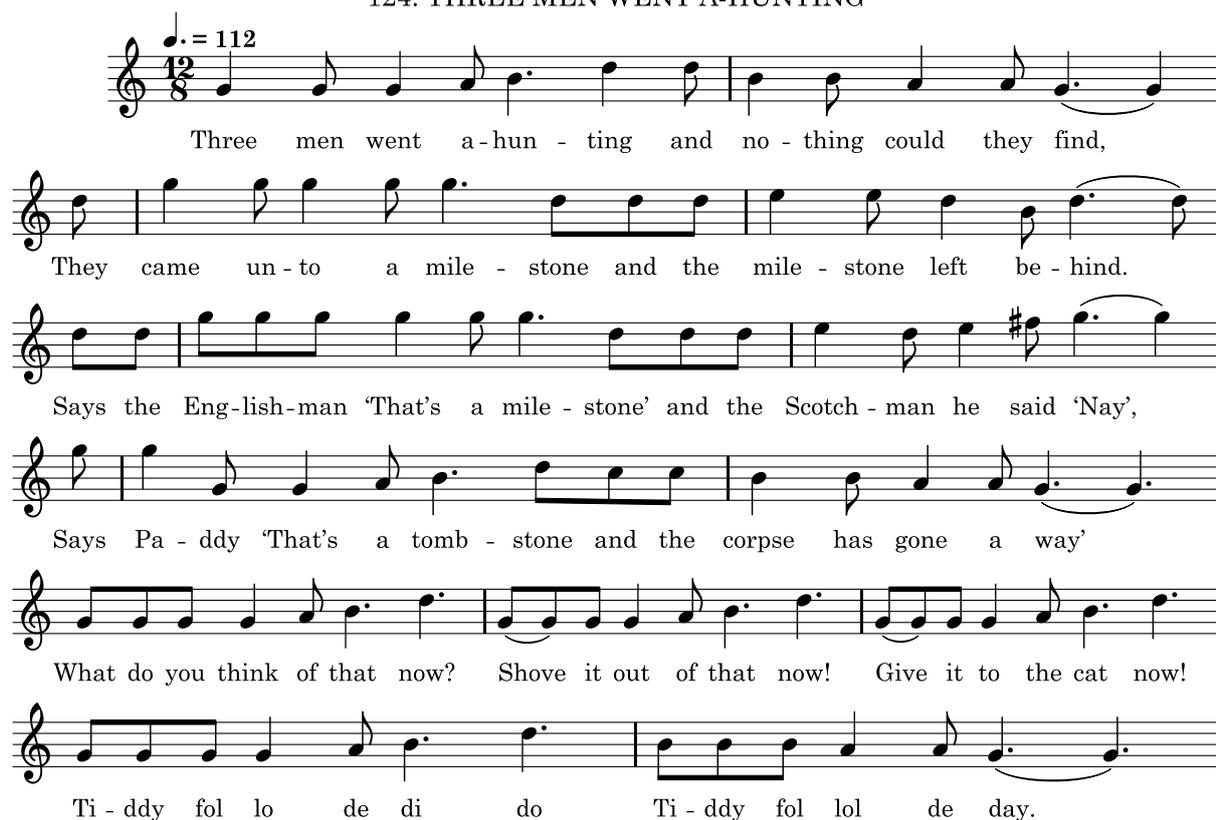
She was w-at-ching the ship sails on, on,

She was w-at - ching the ship - sails - on.

There was a lord lived in this town,  
 He had only one loved daughter Jane;  
 And as she stood in her father's castle walls  
 She was watching the ship sails on, on, ...  
 'What ails you, what ails you?' her father did say,  
 'You look so pale and wan;  
 Nor have you got some sore sickness,' he says,  
 'Nor deceived by some young man, man, ...'  
 'I have not got sore nor sickness', she says,  
 'Nor deceived by no young man,  
 But the truth unto you, my father, I will tell:  
 My true love stops too long, long, ...'  
 'Is your true love a knight nor a lord,' he says,  
 'Nor is he a man of fame,  
 Nor is he one of our seamen bold  
 That ploughs the raging main, main? ...'  
 'He is not a knight nor a lord,' she says,  
 'Nor he is not a man of fame  
 But he is one of our seamen bold:  
 John Barbour is his name, name, ...'  
 'If that is so, dear daughter', he says,  
 'That you fell in love with he,  
 But before eight o'clock on tomorrow morning  
 I will hang him to a tree, tree, ...'  
 'If you'll hang John Barbour, dear father,' she says  
 'And hang him to a tree,  
 But before eight o'clock on tomorrow morning  
 I will die as well as he, he, ...'  
 Then he called all his merry men in  
 By one, by two and by three,  
 And the very man that always used to come first  
 Was the very last man came he, he, ...  
 His stockings they were of the grass-green silk  
 And his coat of the navy blue  
 And his skin was as white as any milk  
 That ever your eyes had seen, seen, ...  
 'It's no wonder now, dear daughter,' he says  
 'That you fell in love with he  
 For if I was a woman nor though I am a man  
 My bedfellow he would be, be ...'  
 'Will you marry my daughter now,' he said  
 'With the faith of my own right hand?  
 She can eat and drink at my own table  
 And be heir of all my land, land, ...'  
 'I will marry your daughter now,' he said  
 'With the faith of my own right hand.  
 She can eat and drink at my own table  
 And a fig for all your land, land, ...  
 For now John Barbour it is my name  
 And a seaman to you I only stand,  
 For I've just got as good living as you –  
 I'm the mayor of all Creveland, ...'  
 He mounted his love on a milk-white steed  
 And they rode unto a bay  
 And they have as much land as you could walk round  
 For the length of (*spoken*) a long summer's day!

## 124. THREE MEN WENT A-HUNTING

$\text{♩} = 112$



Three men went a-hun - ting and no - thing could they find,  
 They came un - to a mile - stone and the mile - stone left be - hind.  
 Says the Eng - lish - man 'That's a mile - stone' and the Scotch - man he said 'Nay',  
 Says Pa - ddy 'That's a tomb - stone and the corpse has gone a way'  
 What do you think of that now? Shove it out of that now! Give it to the cat now!  
 Ti - ddy fol lo de di do Ti - ddy fol lol de day.

Three men went a-hunting and nothing could they find,  
 They came unto a milestone and the milestone left behind.  
 Says the Englishman, 'That's a milestone' and the Scotchman he said 'Nay!'  
 Says Paddy, 'That's a tombstone and corpse had gone away.'



What do you think of that now?  
 Shove it out of that now!  
 Give it to the cat now!  
 Tiddy fol lo de di do Tiddy fol lol de day.

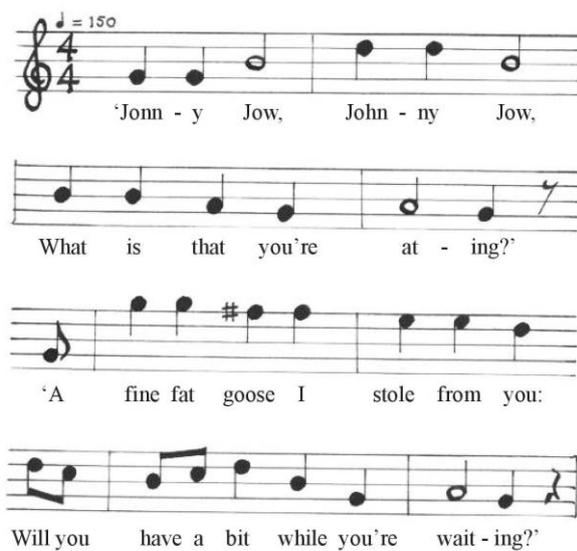
Three men went a-hunting and nothing could they find,  
 They came unto a cow-dung and the cow-dung left behind.  
 Says the Englishman 'That's a cow-dung' and the Scotchman he said 'Nay!'  
 Says Paddy, 'It's a barnbrack and the currants all picked away.'

Three men went a-hunting and nothing could they find,  
 They came unto a *pucán* and the *pucán* left behind.  
 Says the Englishman 'That's a *pucán*' and the Scotchman he said 'Nay!'  
 Says Paddy, 'It's the devil and his horns thrown away.'

Three men went a-hunting and nothing could they find,  
 They came unto old Ireland and old Ireland left behind.  
 Says the Englishman 'That's old Ireland' and the Scotchman he said 'Nay!'  
 Says Paddy, 'It's a home for me and you may hunt away.'

## 125. JOHNNY JOW

$\text{♩} = 150$



'Jonn - y Jow, John - ny Jow,  
 What is that you're at - ing?'  
 'A fine fat goose I stole from you:  
 Will you have a bit while you're wait - ing?'

'Johnny Jow, Johnny Jow,  
 What is that you're ating?'  
 'A fine fat goose I stole from you:  
 Will you have a bit while you're waiting?'



## 126. THE KERRY RECRUIT



When I was in Ire - land and dig - ging up land  
 With me brogues on me feet and me spade in me hand,  
 Oh, up came a ser - geant, said he, 'Would you list?'  
 'Ar - rah, *grá mo chroí* ser - geant, give me a hould of your fist',  
 Sing - ing Tadd - y hi ho,  
 Tadd - y hi ho, Wack fal de doo - dle, sing - ing, Tadd - y hi ho.

When I was in Ireland and digging up land  
 With me brogues on me feet and me spade in me hand,  
 Oh, up came a sergeant, said he, 'Would you list?'  
 'Arrah, *grá mo chroí*, sergeant, gi' me a hould of your fist',  
*Singing, Taddy hi ho, taddy hi ho,*  
*Wack fal de doodle, singing, Taddy hi ho.*

He gave me five bob, he said he'd give me more;  
 'Call up to headquarters, I'll pay off your score.'  
 'Headquarters, headquarters, headquarters,' says I,  
 If I'm going to be quartered, sir I'll bid you good-bye, ...

When I listed to sea I was sent  
 On board a big ship called the *Bonny Dundee*:  
 Three sticks in the middle all covered with a sheet  
 And she walked along the water without any feet! ...

And when I was listed to India I was sent,  
 With climbing up rocks my knees were all bent;  
 I listed for seven, thank God it's not ten:  
 I'll go home to old Ireland and I'll dig turf again, ...

## 127. THE WIND BLEW HIGH

$\text{♩} = 120$

The wind, the wind, the wind blew high,  
 The rain came tumb - ling from the sky. Ros - ie Kell - y says she'll die  
 If she does - n't get a boy with a rov - ing eye.  
 She is hand - some, she is prett - y, She is the girl from the Bel - fast ci - ty,  
 She is cour - ting, One, two, three, Please have a guess— who he'll be.

The wind, the wind, the wind blew high,  
 The rain came tumbling from the sky.  
 Rosie Kelly says she'll die  
 If she doesn't get a boy with a roving eye.

She is handsome, she is pretty,  
 She is the girl from the Belfast city,  
 She is courting, One, two, three,  
 Please have a guess who he'll be.

Micky Macken says he loves her,  
 All the world is fighting for her;  
 He raps at the knocker and he rings the bell:  
 'Please, Mrs Kelly, is your daughter in?'

'She's neither in, she's neither out,  
 She's in the back garden walking about.'

Up comes Rosie dressed in silk,  
 A rose in her breast and a can of milk.  
 'Oh,' says Micky, 'give me a kiss.'  
 'I will not indeed! Here's a sup of this.'

## 128. THE BRIDE STOLEN BY THE FAIRIES

*♩ = 96*

Sat-ur-day night is Hall-ow-eve night The qual-it-y's all to ride  
And he who has his bride to meet At the five-mile brig he'll bide.  
First you'll meet the black And sec-ond you'll meet the brown  
And catch the bay by the brid-le rein And pull the rid-er down.

“Well, this is a man got married. And the fairies stole his bride. And he didn’t know how to get her. He couldn’t get her no place, up nor down: searched every place. He went to this Queen of the Fairies. And she told him what to do. She told him:

‘Saturday night is Hallowe’en night,  
The quality’s all to ride  
And he who has his bride to meet  
At the Five-Mile Brig he’ll bide;  
First you’ll meet the black  
And second you’ll meet the brown  
And catch the bay by the bridle rein  
And pull the rider down.’

And then he got his wife back.”

## 129. GOODBYE

*♩ = 62*

Oh Mol-ly dear, are you go-ing a-way? Is it to-mor-row or it to-day?  
To leave us here with a bro-ken heart, Rad-dy,  
right-fal-la-a rad-dy right-fal-la, Rad-dy right-fal-la ra-ddy right fal-la.

‘Oh, Molly dear, are you going away?  
Is it tomorrow or it today?  
To leave us here with a broken heart,  
Raddy right-falla, raddy right-falla,  
Raddy right-falla, raddy right-falla.’

More of *SONGS, BALLADS AND SNATCHES* (Appendix 7)

## A30. MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE, OH

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a tempo marking of quarter note = 90. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "1 Oh, my love she's but a l.a.ssie oh, A la.ssie oh, a la.ssie oh,". The second staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: "I will let her stand a year or two And she'll not be half as sa.ssy oh." The third staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics: "For I kissed her once, she nev-er said N.o And then I kissed her twice me love to show". The fourth staff is a bass line with lyrics: "And she says, Your whi.sk-ers- tick-les me- so-e, Keep on doin'- it, San-dy, oh.".

Oh, my love she's but a lassie, oh,  
 A lassie, oh, a lassie, oh;  
 I will let her stand a year or two  
 And she'll not be half as saucy, oh.

For I kissed her once, she never said, No  
 And then I kissed her twice my love to show  
 And she says, Your whiskers tickles me so!  
 Keep on doing it, Sandy, oh!

## A31. THE CROCKERY WARE

*(To the same air as no A30)*

This young man all in the dark  
 Was looking for his own sweetheart  
 When his toe caught on the rail of the chair  
 And down came all the crockery ware.

– Oh madam dear, do me excuse,  
 For I was taken by surprise.  
 I lost my way and I caught in your chair  
 And I broke my shins on your crockery ware.

## A32. DID YOU EVER SEE THE DIVIL?

Did you ever see the devil?

$\text{♩} = 167$  1

Did you ev. er see the div. il<sup>1</sup> and his wood-en leg & shov-el Dig-ging tat. ies in the gard-en  
 2, with 2

and his tail cocked up tat. ies in the gard-en and his tail cocked up.

Da ridd-le dee didd-le da dith-ery doud-le owd-le dee Dith-ery doud-le owd-le eed-le didd-le dy deed-dee-um

Dith-ery doud-le owd-le deed-le ayd-le dith-ery dad-le doo-He led de da-dle doud-le lowd-le dee-dum-doo.

Did you ever see the devil and his wooden leg and shovel  
 Digging taties in the garden and his tail cocked up?

(followed by liltng)

## A33. SOME SAY THE DIVIL'S DEAD

Some say the devil's dead

$\text{♩} = 137$

Some saysthe devil's dead      Some says he's hardly      Length of dotted notes  
 Some saysthe devil's dead      And buried in Killarney.      varies but all sh. be  
 written ♩. (= ♩ - ♩.)

Some says the devil's dead,  
 Some says he's hardly.  
 Some says the devil's dead  
 And buried in Killarney.

## A34. MY AUNT JANE

My aunt Jane had a nice wee shop,  
 Lucky bags and language rock,  
 Cinnamon buds and yellow man  
 And brandy balls in a bright tin can.

My aunt Jane she took me in  
 She give me tea in her wee tin,  
 Half a bap and a wee snow-top,  
 Three black balls out of her wee shop.

## A35. THE WEE DOG BUFF

I have a wee dog and they called him Buff;  
 I sent him away for a ha'p'orth of snuff.  
 He broke the box and spilt the snuff  
 And that's the rear of the wee dog Buff.

## A36. WEE MAGEE

Wee Magee

Wee Mag-ee and a half a doz. en more



Were ly. ing on the saw. dust & the saw. dust on the floor



There was such a gath' ring crowd that we'd nev. er seen be. fore



Wee Mag. ee and a half a doz. en more

Wee Magee and a half-a-dozen more  
 Were lying on the sawdust and the sawdust on the floor  
 There was such a gathering crowd that we'd never seen before.  
 Wee Magee and a half-a-dozen more.

## A37. MY DADDY GOES TO MEETING

*My daddy goes to Meeting*

For my dadd-y goes to Meet-ing & my mumm-y goes to Mass\* & I take a ratt-le at the Cuck-oos Nest.

\* mes

For my daddy goes to Meeting  
 And my mammy goes to Mass  
 And I take a rattle  
 At the Cuckoo's nest.

## A38. THE TARRY TROUSERS

*My love wears the tarry trousers, My love wears the jacket blue,*

My love wears the tarry trousers, My love wears the jacket blue,  
 My love sails on a-noth-er o-cean - So, young man, a-way with you.

[Notated from the original 1964 recording. The sound file is of a later rendition by the singer]

My love wears the tarry trousers,  
 My love wears the jacket blue,  
 My love sails on another ocean,  
 So, young man, away with you.

Why do you die so much on beauty?  
 It's a flower that'll soon decay.  
 Like the rose that blooms in summer  
 When winter comes it dies away.

## A39. A HIGH, HIGH TREE

Musical score for 'A High, High Tree'. The score is in 4/4 time with a tempo of quarter note = 96. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: 'I'll climb - up a high, high - tree And I'll rob a rich - birds - nest And - I'll come down - with - out a - frown And I'll wed the one that I love best.'

I'll climb up a high, high tree  
 And I'll rob a rich bird's nest  
 And I'll come down without a frown  
 And I'll wed the one that I love best.

For T it stands for Tom, my dear,  
 And J for my love John  
 And W stands for sweet William  
 For he is the fairest one.

## A40. ON THE TOP OF YON HEATHERY MOUNTAIN

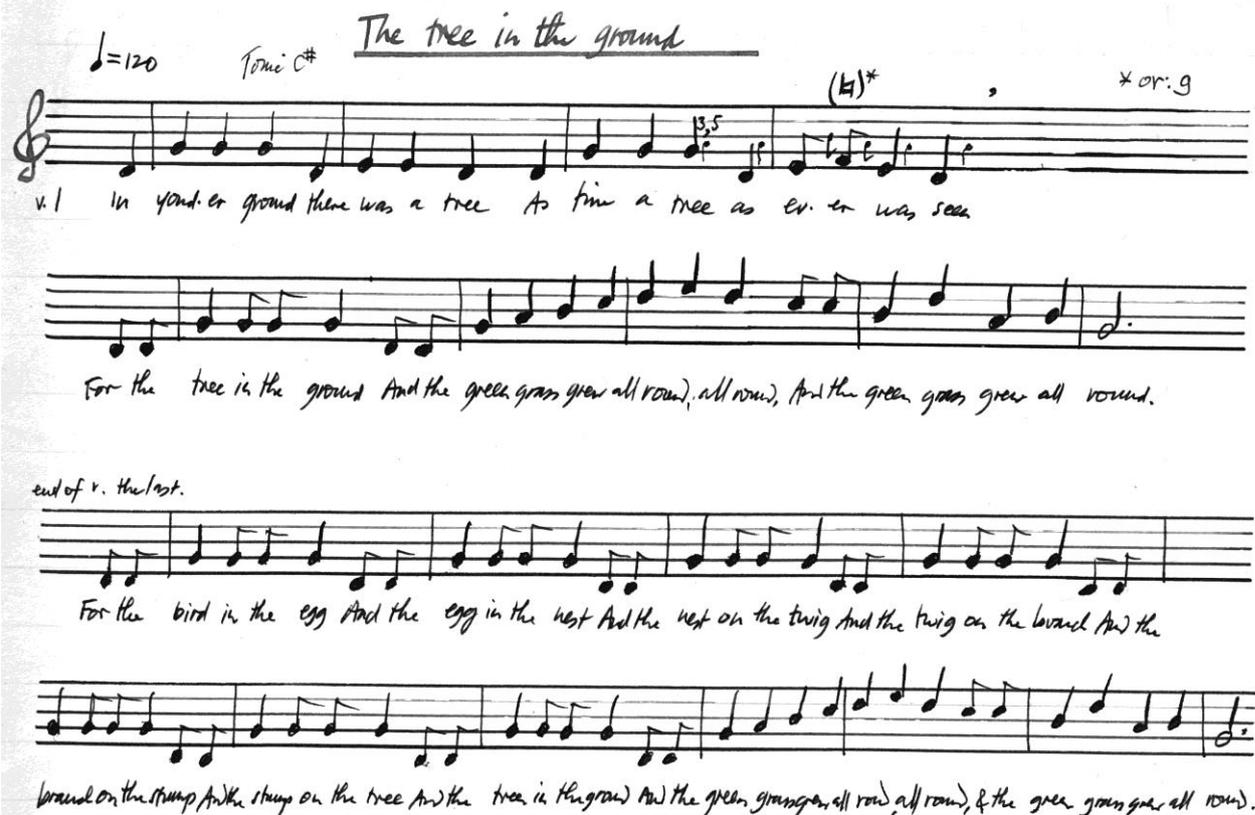
Musical score for 'On the top of yon heathery mountain'. The score is in 3/4 time with a tempo of quarter note = 144. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: 'On the top of yon heathery mountain I would rather be - with - you As - an - y duke or squi - re - or - lord of a high - de - gree.' The score includes performance instructions: 'partando-rubato & with pauses' and 'Tempo fairly strict'.

On the top of yon heathery mountain  
 I would rather be with you  
 As any duke or squire  
 Or lord of a high degree.

## A41.. THE TREE IN THE GROUND

*The tree in the ground*

$\text{♩} = 120$     *Tonic C#*    *(H)\**    *\* or: g*



v.1 In yonder ground there was a tree As fine a tree as ev. er was seen

For the tree is the ground And the green grass grew all round, all round, And the green grass grew all round.

end of v. the last.

For the bird in the egg And the egg in the nest And the nest on the twig And the twig on the branch And the branch on the stump And the stump on the tree And the tree in the ground And the green grass grew all round, all round, & the green grass grew all round.

In yonder ground there was a tree,  
 As fine a tree as ever was seen,  
 For the tree in the ground  
 And the green grass grew all round, all round,  
 And the green grass grew all round.

[And on that tree there was a stump, etc.]

And on that tree there was a branch,  
 As fine a branch as ever was seen,  
 For the branch on the tree,  
 And the tree in the ground, etc.

And on that branch there was a twig, etc,

And on that twig there was a nest, etc.

And in that nest there was an egg, etc.

And in that egg there was a bird,  
 As fine a bird as ever was seen,  
 For the bird in the egg,  
 And the egg in the nest,  
 And the nest on the twig,  
 And the twig on the branch,  
 And the branch on the stump,  
 And the stump on the tree,  
 And the tree in the ground,  
 And the green grass grew all round, etc.

## A42. IT'S OF A ROW

*It's of a row to you I'll show.*

♩ = 250. tonic C

It's of a row to you I'll show down in the kitchen here below To tell you the truth, what began the fray, The broom stood in the dishcloth's way,

It's of a row to you I'll show  
Down in the kitchen here below.

To tell you the truth what began the fray:  
The broom stood in the dishcloth's way.

The dishcloth said it was not fair  
And told the broom to not stand there.

The tongs got up by the fireside,  
Got on their long legs and cried.

And called to the broom to quieten down  
Or he would have to leave the room.

The dishcloth then began to wash  
And through the water it did splash.

## A43. TO MY GRIEF AND WOE

*To my grief and woe*

♩ = 83. Strict, with lengthening & pauses.

To my grief and woe - I'll let you know - that I'm a poor - land holder

And Nancy Margit's my wife's name She's a teas-er of a scold-er

I sung, Ay sure, ay sure, all diddle ay, To my right-shil-er ill ay-do.

To my grief and woe I'll let you know  
That I'm a poor land-holder  
And Nancy Margit's my wife's name:  
She's a teaser of a scolder.

I sung, Ay sure ay sure, all diddle ay,  
To my right shill er ill ay do.

I hadn't been long cutting ash in a wood  
Till I heard the roar of a donkey  
And looking round I was tight-l-y hugged

between two rank-tailed monkeys.

I sung, etc.

O they dragged me here and they dragged me there

And they dragged me to a river;

Between dooking and diving I got rid:

I think I done right clever.

I sung, etc.

#### A44. THE INNISKILLING DRAGOON

The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff is the melody in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of  $\text{♩} = 115-125$ . It features various ornaments and a triplet. The lyrics are: "There was a fair lady - lived in - - Mon - - agh'an town, A rich - mer-chant's daugh·n·ter of fame and re·nown; As she strayed - by the barr - acks this beau - ti·ful maid She watched from her carr·iage·e the dra·ha·goons on par·ade." The second and third staves are accompaniment in bass clef, and the fourth staff is a continuation of the melody.

There was a fair lady lived in Monaghan town,  
A rich merchant's daughter of fame and renown;  
As she strayed by the barracks this beautiful maid  
She watched from her carriage the dragoons on parade.

*Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare you well for a while  
And all around the borders of Erin's green isle  
And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom  
And we will all welcome home our Inniskilling dragoon.*

The dragoons they were dressed up like gentlemen's sons  
With their bright, shining swords and their carbine guns;  
Their silver-mounted pistols she observed them full soon  
All because that she loved her Inniskilling dragoon.

Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare you well for a while  
And all around the borders of Erin's green isle  
And when the war is over we'll return in full bloom  
And we'll all welcome home our Inniskilling dragoon.

– Oh mother, dear mother, for me do not weep;  
My mother's kind advice I am going for to keep.  
My parents brought me up from a boy unto a man  
And I'm going in defence of my own native land.

*Fare you well, Enniskillen, fare you well for a while, etc.*

## A45. GREEN GROW THE LAURELS

I had a sweetheart, but now I have none,  
 Now she has left me, she's left me and gone.  
 She's gone with another far better, you see;  
 Oh she now loves another far better than me.

Green grow the laurels and soft falls the dew,  
 Dark was the night, love, I parted with you;  
 Now that we're parted contented I'll be;  
 Ah, she now loves another far better than me.

I wrote her a letter in a neat fancy line;  
 She wrote me an answer all twisted and twined,  
 Saying, You keep your letters and I will write mine,  
 Ah, you write your own love and I will write mine.

I sometimes do wonder why women love men;  
 More times I wonder why they can love them;  
 But from my experience I'll have you all know  
 That [they] are deceivers [wherever they go].

Green grow the laurels and soft falls the dew,  
 Dark was the night, love, I parted with you;  
 Now that we're parted contented I'll be;  
 Ah, she now loves another far better than me.

## A46. 'T WAS PRETTY TO BE IN BALLINDERRY

*♩ = 54 approx. Rubato-parlando*

'Twas prett-y to be in Ball-in-derry, 'Twas prett-y to be in Agh-a-lee,  
 'Twas prett-y to be in litt-le Ram's is-land In trys-ting un-der the iv-y tree.  
 O - - - chone, O - - - chone, O - - - chone, O - chone.

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,  
 'Twas pretty to be in Aghalee,  
 'Twas pretty to be in little Ram's island  
 In trysing under the ivy tree.

*Ochone, ochone, ochone, ochone.*

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,  
 But now it's sad as sad can be,  
 For the ship that sailed with Phelim my lover  
 Is sunk forever beneath the sea.

*Ochone, ochone, ochone, ochone.*

And oh, that I wear the weeping willow  
 To wander alone by the lonesome billow  
 And cry to him over the cruel sea,  
 Oh Phelim, my lover, come back to me.

*Ochone, ochone, ochone, ochone.*

## A47. THE KNIGHT OF THE ROAD

– What brings you here so late?  
Said the knight of the road.  
– I go to meet my God,  
Said the child as he stood,  
    And he stood and he stood  
And ‘twas well that he stood;  
– I go to meet my God,  
Said the child as he stood.

– How will you go by sea?  
Said the knight of the road.  
With a strong boat under me  
Said the child as he stood,  
    And he stood and he stood, etc.

– How will you go by land?  
Said the knight of the road.  
With a stout staff in my hand,  
Said the child as he stood,  
    And he stood and he stood, etc.

– Methinks I hear a bell,  
Said the knight of the road.  
– And it’s ringing you to hell,  
Said the child as he stood,  
    And he stood and he stood, etc.

## A48. SEVEN LITTLE GIPSIES

There were seven little gipsies all in a row  
As we went down to Strabally  
And I wouldn’t give a kiss off a gipsy lassie’s lips  
For all old squire Cash’s money, oh.

Come saddle for me, my pretty fair maid,  
Saddle for me, my honey, oh,  
For I wouldn’t give a kiss off a gipsy lassie’s lips  
For all old squire Cash’s money, oh.

He rode East and she rode West  
Until I came to Strabally  
And who did I spy but my own wedded wife  
All alone with the raggle-taggle gipsies, oh.

Last night I lay on a cold barn floor  
With seven yellow gipsies to annoy me, oh,  
But tonight I will lie on my own feather bed  
With my own yellow gipsy all beside me, oh.



*(followed by lilting)*

## A48a. BRIAN O'LINN

Oh, Brian O'Linn had a daughter to wed,  
 She had neither an eye nor a tooth in her head,  
 She was hairy all over and scabs in the skin:  
 – She's a wonderful beauty, says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no coat for to wear,  
 He got an old sheepskin and he shaped it out fair  
 With the fleecy side out and the fleshy side in:  
 – 'Tis cosy and war-m, says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn. had no hat for to wear,  
 He go an old pot that was out in the shed  
 With the horny side out and the polished side in:  
 – Sure it suits me like heaven, says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no shoes for to wear,  
 He purchased a pair at a cobbler's stall;  
 The uppers were worn and the soles they were thin:  
 – Sure they'll do me for dancing, says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no watch for to wear,  
 He got an old turnip and he shaped it out fair;  
 He placed a live cricket right under its skin:  
 –And you'd swear she was ticking, says Brian O'Linn

Brian O'Linn and the wife and wife's mother  
 They all crossed over the bridge together;  
 The bridge went down and they all fell in:  
 – We'll go home by water, says Brian O'Linn'

Brian O'Linn and the wife and wife's mother  
 Sure they all jumped into the bed together;  
 The blankets were worn and the sheets they were thin:  
 – Lie close to the wall, says Brian O'Linn.

## A49. WOMAN AT THE CHURCHYARD GATE

Woman at the churchyard gate,  
 Oo - oo - ooh, aa - aa - aa - aah,  
 Very dark and very late,  
 Oo - oo - ooh, aa - aa - aa - aah. *all verses similarly*  
 Corpses three were carried in  
 Very tall and very thin  
 Woman to the corpses said,  
 'Will I be like that when I'm dead?'  
 Corpses to the woman said,  
 'Aa - aa - aa - aargh!'



## A50. THE TOWN OF ANTRIM

It was in the town of Antrim near to the river Bann,  
 It is as nice a (*pause*) river as flows through Ireland,  
 Oh, it is as nice a (*pause*) river as ever my eye did see  
 And I'll think on you when far away from Paddy's green country.

Farewell unto me comrade boys that do live at Drumshoo,  
 Likewise my friends and (*pause*) neighbours their sports for to renew.  
 I'll miss my comrades (*pause*) boys and girls and my comrades they'll  
 miss me,  
 But I'll think on them where'er I roam from Paddy's green country.

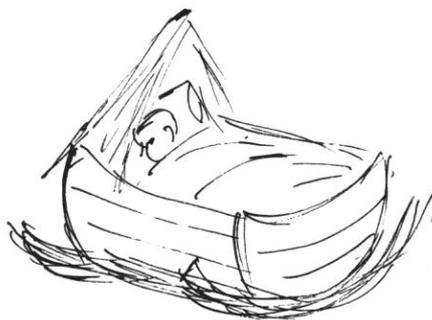
## A51. JOHNNY MY DARLING LAD

'Oh, when will we get married, oh, Johnny my darling lad?'  
 'We'll get married tomorrow, if that will suit you well.'  
 'Couldn't we be married sooner, Johnny my darling lad?'  
 'Do you want to be married this minute?'  
 Oh woman, I think you're mad!

'And who will we have at the wedding? ...'  
 'We'll have our fathers and mothers ...'  
 'Couldn't we have anyone better? ...'  
 'Do you want to have the whole congregation? ...'

'And what'll we have for the wedding? ...'  
 'We'll have praties and cabbage for the wedding ...'  
 'Couldn't we have anything better? ...'  
 'Do you want to have cabbage and bacon? ...'

'And what'll we have for the bed? ...'  
 'A sopeen of straw in the corner ...'  
 'Couldn't we have anything better? ...'  
 'Do you want to be rolling in feathers? ...'



'And when'll we have the babies? ...'  
 'When God will please to send them ...'  
 'Couldn't we have them any sooner? ...'  
 'Do you want to have'm this minute? ...'

## A52. DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

Oh, as I roved out one evening down by yon riverside  
 And looking all around me, sure, a nice wee girl I spied;  
 Red and rosy was her cheek, gold yellow was her hair,  
 Aye, and costly were the robes of gold my Irish girl did wear.

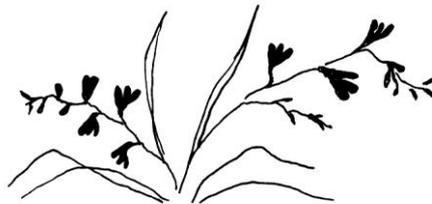
Oh, the sort of shoes that my love wore were of a Spanish brown,  
 The sort of shoes that my love wore were all bound round with span;  
 So saying, alas, what shall I do for the sake of stor machree,  
 Oh, or must I go and leave my love and slight my own Mary?

Now, the second time that I saw my love I was sick and very bad  
 And all the request I asked of her was 'Tie my weary head'.  
 'For I've seen one as bad as you and times will mend again,  
 Ah, for love it is a killing thing, did you ever feel the pain?'

Oh, I wished my love was a red red rose growing in yon garden fair  
 And I to be the gardener: of her I would take great care;  
 There's not a month throughout the year but my love I would renew,  
 I would garnish her with flowers fine, sweet william, thyme and rue.

Oh I wished I was a butterfly, I'd light on my love's breast,  
 Or if I was a nightingale I would sing my love to rest,  
 Or if I was a blue cuckoo I'd sing to the morning clear,  
 I would sit and sing for you, darling, because I love you dear.

I wished I was in Dublin just sitting on the grass  
 And in my hand a bottle of wine and on my knee a wee lass;  
 I'd call for liquor of the best and pay before I go,  
 I would sail along by Belfast quay, let the winds blow high or low.



## A53. BARBARA ALLEN

'Twas in the merry month of May,  
 When green leaves they were springing,  
 A young man on his sick-bed lay  
 For the love of Barbary Ellen.

He took sick and like to die,  
 So very bad was he  
 He sent his coach-man with full speed  
 To the place where she was dwelling.

So slowly, slowly she walked along  
 To the bedside where he was lying  
 And when she looked into his face  
 She said 'Young man, ye're dying'.

'I am not dying, my love,' says he,  
 'One kiss from you will cure me.'  
 'One kiss from me you never shall get  
 While my name 'tis Barbary Ellen.

He turned his head and gave a grunt,  
 Expression of his sorrow;  
 He willed to Barbary all his b'longings  
 And then he died the morrow.

As she was going down the street  
 She met his corpse a'coming:  
 'Set ye down my little brae boys,  
 And let I gaze upon him'

The more she gazed the more she laughed  
 The further she drew from him,  
 Till all her friends cried out, 'For shame!  
 Cruel-hearted Barbary Ellen'

He was buried in the old churchyard;  
 When she dies lay her beside him,  
 For in death she wished to be his bride  
 Though in life she couldn't abide him

## BARBARY ELLEN

COUNTY WICKLOW VERSION



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Dublin, ST SEPULCHRE'S PRESS, 1965

Price One Shilling

## INFORMANTS

Informants are shown by their initials in italics (lower-case letters for children).

The information below refers to the situation at the time of writing (1971 to 1975).

<i>ac</i>	Ann Clarke, Drogheda.
<i>AC</i>	Arthur Coulter, Carnaughlin, Co Antrim, retired farmer.
<i>AF</i>	Alec Foster, Belfast, retired teacher and headmaster.
<i>af</i>	Ann Fleming, Magilligan, Co Derry.
<i>ag</i>	Ann Gillespie, Co Donegal.
<i>am</i>	Alan Moody, Dublin.
<i>AR</i>	Mrs Anne Rowlands, Belfast. Niece of <i>EK</i> .
<i>BC</i>	Bill Carson, Belfast, born Armagh city, civil servant. My brother-in-law
<i>bc</i>	[Brian], Louth
<i>cc<sup>1</sup></i>	Clare Cuning, Magilligan, Co Derry.
<i>cc<sup>2</sup></i>	Carol Carson, Belfast. Daughter of <i>BC</i> .
<i>CMK</i>	Charles McKibben, Annalong, Co Down, retired seaman.
<i>ct</i>	Colette Treacy, Dublin.
<i>dc</i>	Deborah Crowley, Dublin.
<i>DH<sup>1</sup></i>	Daphne Hillis, Castleblayney, Co Monaghan, teacher.
<i>DH<sup>2</sup></i>	Dennis Healy, Laragh, Co Wicklow.
<i>DL</i>	Dermot Leahy, Dublin, civil servant.
<i>ds</i>	Denis Shields, Dublin. My son.
<i>dt</i>	David Tracey, Dublin.
<i>EB</i>	Eddie Butcher, Magilligan, Co Derry, now retired. He has a great fund of traditional songs learned locally.
<i>EC</i>	Edwin Campbell, Bangor, Co Down; died 1950. My grandfather.
<i>EK</i>	Mrs Eileen Keaney, Belfast. Mrs Keaney spent her childhood partly in Glenelly, Co Tyrone.
<i>EMG</i>	Eddie McGinley, Falcarragh, Co. Donegal.
<i>GB</i>	Mrs Grace Butcher, Magilligan, Co Derry. Wife of <i>EB</i> .
<i>HH</i>	Hazel Hornsby, Dublin, university librarian
<i>hmc</i>	Hilda McCloskey, Co Derry.
<i>ho</i>	Helen Osborne, Co Derry.
<i>JB<sup>1</sup></i>	John Byrne, Meenacross, Glencolumbkille, Co Donegal.
<i>JB<sup>2</sup></i>	James Byrne, Meenacross, Glencolumbkille, Co Donegal. Son of <i>JB<sup>1</sup></i> .
<i>JG</i>	Jack Golden, Co Wexford
<i>JMC</i>	Joe, McCafferty. Derryconor, Co Donegal, farmer.
<i>jmd</i>	Jacqueline McDaid, Magilligan, Co Derry.
<i>js</i>	Joan Smith, Dublin.
<i>JS</i>	John Shields, Belfast. My father.
<i>ks<sup>1</sup></i>	Kevin Smith, Dublin.
<i>ks<sup>2</sup></i>	Kitty Shields, Dublin. My daughter.
<i>lc</i>	Linda Carson, Belfast. Daughter of <i>BC</i> .

- LS* Lisa Shields. My wife.
- mc* Marion Cunning, Magilligan, Co Derry.
- MC* Mrs Mary Cassidy, Teelin, Co Donegal.
- MH<sup>1</sup>* Mrs Mary Heaney, Killead, Co Antrim. Daughter of AC.
- MJJ* Máire Johnny Johndy Ní Bheirne (Mary Byrne). Teelin, Co Donegal.
- MM* Mrs Mary Meenan, island of Tory, Co Donegal. Mrs. Meenan sings chiefly in Irish.
- mmd* Margaret McDaid, Magilligan, Co Derry.
- mo* Margaret Osborne, Co Derry.
- Mr X* Glencolumbkille, Co Donegal.
- MR* Mrs Margaret Reilly, Lough Gowna, Co Cavan
- MH<sup>2</sup>* Mrs Mary Hart Magilligan, Co Derry.
- ms<sup>1</sup>* Marie Smith, Dublin.
- ms<sup>2</sup>* Michael Shields, Dublin. My son.
- MW* Mary Wall, Glenawillen, Co Cork.
- NC* Mrs Nora Cooper, Aughavilla, Co Down, farmer's wife.
- NS* Mrs Nora Shields, Belfast. My mother.
- omd* Olive McDonnell, Magilligan, Co Derry.
- PH* Patrick Heekin, Garraros, Glencolumbkille, Co Donegal, weaver.
- PR* Paul Ryan, Glendassan, Co Wicklow. Died 1970.
- pc* Peter Church, Dublin
- ps* Philip Shields, Dublin. My son.
- PT* Paddy Tunney, Letterkenny, Co Donegal. Formerly of West Co Fermanagh. He belongs to a family of traditional singers.
- rc* Raymond Crowley, Dublin.
- rc<sup>2</sup>* Ruth Carson, Belfast. Daughter of BC.
- rs* Ruby Sweeney, Magilligan, Co Derry.
- sc* Sheila Cunning, Magilligan, Co Derry.
- TM* Mrs Tessie Molloy, Glencolumbkille, Co Donegal.
- uoh* Ursula O'Hara, Co Derry.
- wb* Wendy Beattie, Dublin.

## NOTES

Numbers are tune numbers, not page numbers.

Initials: see 'Informants'. (Children's initials are in lower-case letters).

The information refers to the situation at the time of writing (1971 or 1975).

Roud numbers and references to [Index](#) (see References for details) have now been added by LS.

## I. COUNTING AND SKIPPING (nos 1–27, A1–A8)

- 1 **One two three four** – Dublin: *dc, ms<sup>1</sup>, ks<sup>2</sup>* 1968. *Fou(e)r, doo(e)r* are in two syllables. Does this go back to a 'tetral' system of counting? See G.B. Adams in *UFL XI* (1965 (91–92. Children's rhymes use of course all sorts of numeration: see for example nos 3, Appendix A3–4. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 2 **One two, buckle my shoe** – Belfast: *EK* 1964. Roud 11284. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 3 **Three six nine** – Dublin: *dt* 1968. Roud 18987. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 4 **A bottle of ink** – Dublin: *dc* 1966, noted by LS.
- 5 **Have a cigarette, sir** – Dublin: *ms<sup>2</sup>* 1966. Roud 18189. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- 6 **I had a little dolly** – Dublin: *ct* 1970, noted by LS. Roud 20151.
- 7 **Twenty eighteen** – Derry: *EB* 1964. Broadwood p 91. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 8 **Arithmetic ('Teacher teacher with a stick...')** – Dublin: *js, dc, ks<sup>2</sup>* 1968. Roud 19417. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 9 **I saw teacher sitting on a window**– Louth: *ac* 11966. HS 6122 track A10 (ITMA 239944)
- 10 **All in together girls** – Dublin: *dc* 1968. Roud 19211. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 11 **Cinderella** – Derry: *af, jmd, mmd, omd, rs, sc* 1969. Noted also from a Dublin child. Roud 184100. HS 6918 (ITMA 55100)
- 12 **Tilly on the telephone** – Dublin: *dc, ms<sup>1</sup>, ks<sup>2</sup>* 1968. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 13 **The rippo the rappo** – Dublin: *dc, ms<sup>1</sup>, ks<sup>2</sup>* 1968. A skipping rhyme not noticed in collections. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 14 **Little Minnie** – Louth: *ac* 1966. HS 6122 track A5 (ITMA 239944)
- 15 **Jelly on the plate** – Derry: *ac<sup>2</sup>, cc<sup>1</sup>, hmc, mc* 1961. A skipping rhyme in general use; *The singing streets* (Glasgow). [See Appendix A1.] Roud 18014. HS 6105 (ITMA 55164)
- 16 **As I was in the kitchen** – Armagh: *BC* 1964. A skipping rhyme; <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 63, <sup>3</sup>Daiken p 33, Douglas p 37. Roud 19244. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 17 **Shakey shakey ('As I was going to Kentucky...')** – Dublin: *js, ct* 1970, noted by LS. Roud 19158.
- 18 **Bluebells** – Dublin: *dc* 1968. The opening is common. [Cf Appendix A3.] Roud 19213. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 19 **I had a little motor car** – Derry: *ho* and her friends, 1969. HS 6920 (ITMA 55102)
- 20 **Policeman policeman** – Dublin: *dc, ms<sup>1</sup>, ks<sup>2</sup>* 1968.] Very well known in Dublin as a skipping rhyme. <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 69, <sup>3</sup>Daiken p 27; cf Douglas p 29. Roud 19335. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 21 **Skip to malloo** – Derry: *uoh* 1969. Roud 3593. HS 6903 (ITMA 55086)
- 22 **Eena meena macka rocka** – Louth: *ac* 1968. Roud 19218. HS 6820 (ITMA 55070)
- 23 **Ara chickapa** – Belfast: *NS* 1964. HS (ITMA 55169)
- 24 **Eettle attle** – Belfast: *NS* 1964. *Attle:bottle* ('battle') is a Belfast rhyme. *A-been* is the old past participle. Roud 19991. HS 6106 (ITMA 55169)
- 25 **Lura beag** – Tyrone: *EK* 1964. Nonsense in Irish which was used for a fireside game of counting out. Mrs Keaney learned it from her grandfather in Co Tyrone, and I have noted variants in Tyrone and Donegal. Ó Fotharta, pp 16–19, 28, 78–80. Ó Súilleabháin pp 101–102, <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 191, *UFL III i* (1957) 45. HS 6804 (ITMA 55054)
- 26 **My name is L I L I** – Dublin: *dc, js, ks<sup>2</sup>* 1968. Roud 20093. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)

- 27 **Flowers in the garden** – Dublin: *rc* 1968. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- A1 **Jelly on the plate** – Dublin: *dc* and others 1968. Roud 18014. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- A2 **Wee Willie lost his marley** – Belfast: *rc*<sup>2</sup>, *lc* 1975. *Marley*: “marble”; *grating*: “drain.” Roud 8244. HS 7504 (ITMA 55150)
- A3 **Bluebells** – Belfast: *rc*<sup>2</sup>, 1975, skipping with *lc*. Roud 19213. HS 7504 (ITMA 55150)
- A4 **One, two, three, my granny had a flea** – Belfast: *lc* 1975. Most people’s grannies eat fleas, though sometimes ‘roasted and toasted’: Douglas p 52, <sup>3</sup>Daiken p 63, <sup>1</sup>Opie p 19, <sup>2</sup>Opie pp 37, 38, *So early in the morning*. Roud 19254. HS 7504 (ITMA 55150)
- A5 **Mammy in the kitchen** – Dublin: *dt* 1968. A skipping rhyme. Roud 19244. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- A6 **Granny in the kitchen** – Belfast: *rc*<sup>2</sup>, *lc* 1975, sung to skipping. Roud 19244. HS 7504 (ITMA 55150)
- A7 **A sailor went to sea** – Belfast: *lc* 1975, sung to hand-clapping. In successive repeats, the words in italics are replaced by *chop, chop, chop* – *knee, knee, knee* – *toe, toe, toe*, and the singer claps appropriate parts of the body. Roud 18338. HS 7506 (ITMA 55152)
- A8 **Teddy bear** – Belfast: *cc*<sup>2</sup>, 1975, skipping. Widely known, recorded also in cos. Louth, Dublin and Antrim. <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 64, <sup>2</sup>Ritchie pp 114, 137. Roud 19238. HS 7504 (ITMA 55150)

## II. ROUND AND ROUND, UP AND DOWN, OUT AND IN (nos 28–45, A9–A21)

- 28 **Dusty bluebells** – Derry: sung to play by *af, jmd, mmd, omd, rs, sc* 1969. ‘Dusky bluebells’ are probably in question. <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 154, <sup>2</sup>Ritchie p 164 (*The dusting bluebells*). [In 1972, David Hammond (BBC N. Ireland) adopted *Dusty bluebells* as the title of a TV film on street games in Belfast.] Roud 12306. HS 6918 (ITMA 55100)
- 29 **Gilly gilly ship** – Derry: chanted to play by the same girls, *af, jmd, mmd, omd, rs, sc*, 1969. Gomme II pp 422–23. Cf. Child V 150–1, *sweep the house to: ‘till’*. Roud 12973. HS 6906 (ITMA 55089)
- 30 **A big ship sails** – Dublin: *DH*<sup>1</sup> from Dublin children 1964. Roud 4827. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 31 **Wallflowers** – Dublin: *dc* and others 1968. Sung: *Oh fie for shay*. Gomme I 182–83, Gomme II 329–42, Newell p 68, Douglas p 41, <sup>1</sup>Daiken pp 109–110, 122, <sup>2</sup>Ritchie pp 59, 177; *So early in the morning, The singing streets*. Roud 6307. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 32 **Drawing buckets of water** – Derry: *EB* 1966. Gomme I pp 100–108. Track 25 [HS 6125 (ITMA 55165). Remastered copy on ITMA 22281-CD
- 33 **A little thing** – Derry: sung to play by *af, jmd, mmd, omd, rs, sc* 1969. HS 6906 (ITMA 55089)
- 34 **Thart fa dtaobh den bhaile** – Donegal: *TM* 1968. ‘Away round the town As we did long ago. Out and in the window As . . .’ Irish version of a game played in English, see Gomme II 122–43 and HS 6814 (ITMA 55064). Roud 734. HS 6832 (ITMA 55081)
- 35 **Green gravel** – Down: *NC* 1968. Gomme I 170–183. Roud 1368. HS 6805 (ITMA 55055)
- 36 **Old Roger** – Derry: sung to play by *af, jmd, mmd, omd, rs, sc* 1969. The last verse looks like an intrusion of adult morality. Gomme II pp 16–24. Roud 797. HS 6918 (ITMA 55100)
- 37 **Sally Wan** – Tyrone: from a six-year-old boy in Attagh, Drumlea, Co Tyrone, 1964. Gomme II pp 46–62; Jekyll p 190. Roud 4509 [Sally Water]. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 38 **Cups and saucers** – Down: *NC* 1968. A game rhyme, not noticed in collections. Roud 20353. HS 6805 (ITMA 55055)
- 39 **Three gipsies** – Derry: sung to play by *af, jmd, mmd, omd, rs, sc* 1969. [See Appendix A14.] Gomme I 376–388 and II 233–55; Broadwood p 77; Dean-Smith p 11. For a similar amalgamation of the rhymes of ‘*Three dukes*’ [Roud 730] and ‘*The milking pails*’ [Roud 3515]: Gomme I 388. ‘*Boys*’ may be men, boys, girls or women. [See Appendix A14.] Roud 2967. HS 6918 (ITMA 55100)
- 40 **Jenny Jones** – Belfast: *EK* 1964. Gomme I p 260. Roud 1047. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 41(i) **Alery** – Belfast: *NS* 1964. Roud 18310. HS 6106 (ITMA 55169)

- 41(ii) **O'Leary** – Monaghan: *DH'* 1964. <sup>1</sup>Opie p 108, 115; <sup>1</sup>Ritchie p 37; <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 33 and facing p 29. Roud 18310. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 42 **Queenie-i-o** – Dublin: *ks*<sup>2</sup> 1965. Roud 19631.
- 43 **Sonsy Ann** – Antrim: *AC* 1968. Gomme I 122–129. *Sonsy*: 'lucky' or 'fat'; *a-cheated*: an old past participle. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
- 44(i) **On the mountain stands a lady** – Derry: *mo, ho* 1969. A widely known ring game; Gomme I pp 320–23, Newell pp 55–56, Douglas p 49, <sup>1</sup>Daiken pp 74–75, <sup>2</sup>Ritchie pp 165–66, 174. [See Appendix A16.] Roud 2603. HS 6920 (ITMA 55102)
- 44(ii) **On the mountains, Caly Daly** – Louth: *ac* 1966 (Co Louth). Gomme I pp 320–23. Roud 2603. HS 6122 (ITMA 239944)
- 45 **Hally-go-lee** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. A Belfast ring game, of which a fuller text in <sup>1</sup>Daiken pp 155–56 makes clear that 'Hally go lee go lee' is phonetically equivalent to 'Here we go looby loo'. Gomme II pp 430–41, <sup>2</sup>Ritchie pp 160–61. Roud 5032. HS 6804 (ITMA 55054)
- A9 **I searched high, high, high**– Dublin: *ms*<sup>1</sup>, *dc*, *ks*<sup>2</sup> 1968. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- A10 **Here are the robbers coming through** – Belfast: *EK* 1964. Gomme I 192–199.. Roud 13172. HS 6106 (ITMA 55169)
- A11 **In and out the windows** – Derry: *GB* 1968. Gomme I 192–143. Roud 734. HS 6814 (ITMA 55064)
- A12 **Green gravel** –Belfast: *EK*, 1968. Roud 1368. HS 6807(ITMA 55057))
- A13 **The little Dutch girl** – Louth: *ac* 1966. HS 6122 (ITMA 239944)
- A14 **Three gipsies riding** – Derry: *mc*, spoken, *GB* sung 1964, with the last two verses transposed. 1964. The text is taken from *GB*'s singing. Gomme I pp 376–388, II pp 233–55, Broadwood p 77. Roud 2967. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- A15 **Archibald** – Belfast: *lc* 1975, sung to clapping on a wall. Roud 19065, Cf. 19250 'Nebuchadnezzar ..'. HS 7506 (ITMA 55152)
- A16 **On the hillside stands a lady** – Belfast: *rc*<sup>2</sup> 1975. Here the rhyme is adapted to skipping and Ruth is skipping with her sister. Roud 2603. HS 7504 (ITMA 55150)
- A17 **On a mountain stands a lady** – Derry: *mmd, omd, rs* 1969. Roud 2603. HS 6906 (ITMA 55089)
- A18 **Baint na cnó** – Donegal: *ag* 1968. 'Little Mary is picking nuts . . . On a nice summer's day. Who was with her picking nuts? . . . John Gillespie was picking nuts . . .' Children's rhymes are curiously rare in Irish, and this version of *Nuts in May* is of recent origin; for the English rhyme, Gomme I pp 424–33, Newell p 89, 236–37, <sup>1</sup>Daiken pp 72–73. Roud 6308. HS 6835 (ITMA 55084)
- A19 **Under the ban bushes** – Belfast: *lc* 1975. A song for hand-clapping in couples: see A 21. I do not know what 'ban bushes' are. Roud 18988. HS 7506 (ITMA 55152)
- A20 **One, two, three a plainsy** – Belfast: *rc*<sup>2</sup> 1975. A variant of the ball-bouncing game *One, two, three alery* (see note for main 1971 collection, no 41, But Ruth treated these as distinct games. Such games can go on for an amazing number of ball-bouncing variations. HS 7504(ITMA 55150)
- A21 **Under the ban bushes** – Belfast: *lc* 1975. See A 19; here she is singing while handclapping with her sister Ruth. Roud 18988. HS 7506 (ITMA 55152)

### III. YAH BOO (Nos 46–61, A22–A23)

- 46 **Johnny over the water** – Derry: *mc* 1964. Roud 19067?. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 47 **Denis the menace** – Dublin: *wb* 1966. Noted by *LS*. The hero is a well-known children's comic personality.
- 48 **AH'M to the dirt** –Belfast: *EK* 1968. Roud 19829. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
- 49 **A-wanting ('Betty bum...')** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. *Bum*: "boastful"; *cow's clap*: "cow-dung". HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)

- 50 **Pounds shillings and pence** – Dublin: *ms*<sup>2</sup> 1966. Cf. Roud 22189. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- 51 **Brass buttons** – Dublin: Dublin children dancing round a Civic Guard outside *Dáil Éireann*. Roud 21825.
- 52 **I made you look** – Dublin: *am* 1966. <sup>1</sup>Opie pp 62–63. [See Appendix A23.] Roud 20455.
- 53 **The hairy elephant** – Dublin: *dc, js, ks*<sup>2</sup> 1968. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 54 **I'm telling on you** – Dublin: *am* 1966.
- 55 **Tell tale tattle** – Dublin: *ks*<sup>2</sup> 1965. Roud 19162.
- 56 **Liar liar** – Dublin: *ks*<sup>2</sup> 1964. Cf Roud 19281.
- 57 **Shilly with the wee girls** – Belfast: *EK* 1964. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 58 **My aunt Biddy** – Derry: *EB* 1970, *EB* used to hear small boys singing this. HS 7010 (ITMA 55135)
- 59 **See that finger?** – Dublin: *am* 1966. <sup>1</sup>Opie p 196. Roud 19543.
- 60 **Someone's under the bed** – Derry: *uoh* 1969. Roud 19055. HS 6903 (ITMA 55086)
- 61 **The walls of Jerusalem** – Cork: *DL* 1968. Learnt from his father, who came from Cork. Whether this derives from the serious *Dives and Lazarus* (Child no 56 or direct from the Bible (Luke XVI), it is obviously modern and facetious. A snatch corresponding to lines 6–7 is on *So early in the morning*; a larger fragment was learnt by Gerald Durrell in childhood from a Greek doctor: Durrell p 140. [Index](#) 420. Roud 4571. HS 6810 (ITMA 55060)
- A22 **Happy birthday** – Dublin: *ds* 1975. (ITMA 240360)
- A23 **Hey, handsome** – Dublin: *ms*<sup>2</sup>, *ps* 1975. One of the 'I made you look' class of gibe. Cf. Roud 20455. (ITMA 240360)

#### IV. RIDDLES AND MORE RHYMES (nos 62–98, A24–A27)

- 62 **What goes over the water?** – Donegal: Answer: AN EGG IN A DUCK'S BELLY. *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 63 **What goes round the house** – Donegal: Answer: A HEN WITH HER CHICKENS. *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 64 **What goes through the wood?:** – Donegal: Answer: SNOW. *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 65 **What goes round the house** – Donegal: Answer: A SHEEP *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 66 **A naughty girl ('My mother told me...')** Dublin: *dc* 1968. Cf. School of Scottish Studies rec. SA 1960/135 B15. Roud 17597. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 67 **Mammy, Daddy, Uncle Tom** *pc* 1966. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 68 **A drunkard's wife** – Down: *NC* 1971. Learnt from Belfast war evacuees about 1942. *Hat:pot* ('pat'), a Belfast rhyme. Roud 894.
- 69 **A little man** – Monaghan: *DH*<sup>1</sup> 1964. Cf. Roud 13085. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 70 **The wee faloorie man** – Belfast: *NS* 1964. This elusive creature—available only on a technically poor recording—has been taken to be an itinerant chap-book seller (Irish *fear leabhar*): Quinn p 7. But this sounds like a wild guess. Roud 5106. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 71 **Dan, Dan, the funny wee man** – Louth: *ac, bc* 1966. Very common, usually recited; Douglas p 29, <sup>1</sup>Opie pp 13, 159, <sup>3</sup>Daiken p 32, <sup>1</sup>Ritchie p 107; recorded on *The singing streets* (Salford) and printed with a melody in *JIFS XIV* (1914) 36. Roud 19087. HS 6122 track A14 (ITMA 239944)
- 72 **Paddy on the railway** – Louth: *ac* 1966. Roud 13611. HS 6122 track A16 (ITMA 239944)
- 73 **Jack Smith, a fellow fine** – Derry: *EB* 1966. *Prod*: 'sharp instrument'. Line 6: a corruption of Irish, or the sound of a hammer? HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- 74 **Riddle me, riddle me, randy-bo** – Fermanagh: Answer: INK AND PAPER. *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 75 **Wee Jinny with the red nose** – Belfast: Answer: A CANDLE, *EK* 1964. Roud 20055. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)

- 76 **As white as snow** – Derry: Answer: A BLACKBERRY. *EB* 1964. <sup>1</sup>Opie p 76.
- 77 **Teachtaire beag ó theach go teach** – Donegal: Answer: A FOOTPATH (*Casán*). *PH* 1968. ‘A little messenger from house to house and he stays out at night’. HS 6825 (ITMA 55075)
- 78 **Tá bean beag amuigh ansin** – Donegal: Answer: A BEE (*Beachóg*). *PH* 1968. ‘There is a little woman out here, she is yellow with a little buff dress, a beret and a plaid’. HS 6825 (ITMA 55075)
- 79 **On a tree** (‘Paschale and Alan were sitting on a tree...’) – Dublin: *js* 1968. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 80 **Humpty Dumpty [On a wall]**– Dublin: *ds, ks<sup>2</sup>* 1968. The best use for the politer kind of nursery rhyme: burlesque. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 81 **Under a bush** (‘Now Barry and Joan were under a bush...’) – Dublin: *ks<sup>1</sup>* 1968. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 82 **Off the grass** (‘Please keep off the grass sir...’) – Dublin: *ms* 1968. Roud 19382. HS (ITMA 55068)
- 83 **Down in the alley** – Dublin: *ks<sup>1</sup>* 1968. A ring game; Gomme I pp 99–100, II pp 416–18, <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 81, <sup>2</sup>Ritchie pp 122–23, Douglas pp 32–33, 53; recorded on *The singing streets* (Dublin) and often by the School of Scottish Studies. This too has been burlesqued, and the last line runs: ‘The worst of it all, she’s (the teacher’s) got sweaty feet’ <sup>1</sup>Opie p 364. Roud 12967. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- 84 **Three grey geese** – Belfast: *NS* 1964.
- 85 **A creel of peats** – Derry: *EB* 1969. HS 6903 (ITMA 55086)
- 86 **There was a fiddler in Dublin** – Donegal: Answer: THE FIDDLER IN DUBLIN WAS A WOMAN. *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 87 **How many feet?**– Derry: Answer: ONLY TWO (sheep have hooves and dogs have paws). *EB* 1964. HS 6106 (ITMA 55169)
- 88 **If there were twenty-six sheep**– Derry: Answer: NINETEEN (the questioner tells the victim that what he really said was ‘twenty sick sheep’. *EB* 1964. *EB* 1964. HS 6106 (ITMA 55169)
- 89 **If a fella met a fella** – Derry: Answer: THERE ARE NO Fs IN THAT (T-H-A-T). *uoh* 1969. Spoken : *from a fella to a fella*; <sup>1</sup>Opie p 68. HS 6903 (ITMA 55086)
- 90 **Tea** (‘My aunt Jane she called me in...’) – Belfast: *EK* 1968. The best known Belfast children’s rhyme. Variant texts introduce lucky bags, language rock, cinnamon buds, yellow man, a wee snow-top, brandy balls. *Bap:top* (‘tap’):*shop* (‘shap’), a Belfast rhyme. Roud 18983. HS 6807 (copy on ITMA 240360).
- 91 **Jelly** (‘Mrs Kelly...’) – Dublin: *ms<sup>2</sup>* 1966. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- 92 **Toast** (‘Mrs White...’) – Dublin: *ms<sup>2</sup>* 1966. <sup>1</sup>Opie p 17. 1966. Roud 18998. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- 93 **Farm breakfasts** (‘Porridge and whey...’) –Belfast: *JS* 1970. Also learnt by me from *EC*. HS 7001 (ITMA 239372)
- 94 **Chewing gum** – Louth: *ac* 1968. <sup>1</sup>Ritchie p 34, <sup>2</sup>Ritchie p 143. Roud 19073. HS 6820 (ITMA 55070)
- 95 **Soap and water** (‘I had a little monkey...’) – Dublin: *ms<sup>2</sup>* 1970. Roud 4835.
- 96 **As I went through yon guttery gap** – Donegal: Answer: A BOTTLE OF STOUT. *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 97 **As I went up a slithery gap** –Belfast: Answer: A CHERRY. *EK* 1964. HS 6112 (ITMA 55168)
- 98 **As I went over Corny Hill** – Derry: Answer: THE SPOKES OF A CART’S WHEEL. *EB* 1964. A common Ulster riddle I first heard from my grandfather and have noted in Derry, Antrim and Belfast. [See Appendix A27 for an Antrim version from *AC*. HS 6106 (ITMA 55169)
- A24 **Teapot** – Belfast: *NS* 1966
- A25 **C-E-L-T-I-C** – Dublin: *rc<sup>1</sup>* and *dt* 1968. For similar slogans see <sup>1</sup>Opie pp 348–54. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- A26 **Two, four, six, eight** – Dublin: *rc<sup>1</sup>* and *dt*, 1968. Cf. <sup>1</sup>Opie p 350. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
- A27 **Carnearney hill (riddle)** – Antrim: *AC* 1968. ANSWER: ‘A cart-wheel . . . The foremost one was the horse; he was the only one that could see. And the four and twenty wee things were the spokes in the wheels. As the wheel went round the one behind was coming to the front every time.’ HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)

## V. MAY QUEENS AND MUMMERS (nos 99–110, A29)

- 99(i). **Our Queen up the river** – Belfast: *JS* 1970 (in this rendition ‘up’ was omitted in bar 6 with loss of half a beat, though included in a 1964 recording). The Belfast May queen songs are little known, and the custom now appears extinct; see J.T. Steele in *UFL* XVII (1971) 28. The ‘queens’ dressed up in crepe paper—sometimes called ‘queen’s paper’—or old finery and paraded the streets with their followers. The songs assert superiority over rival groups; lesser queens might be routed unceremoniously as no 101 below indicates. Roud 18990 & 19546. HS 7001 (ITMA 239372)
- 99(ii) **Our Queen won the medal** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
100. **Our Queen can burl her leg** – Belfast: *JS* 1970. *Burl*: ‘twirl’. Roud 19545. HS 7001 (ITMA reel 160 track A4 (ITMA 239372)
101. **Our Queen won** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. Roud 19544. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
102. **Raddy-addy** – Belfast: *EK*, sung continuous with no 99(ii). HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
103. **Here she sits** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. Gomme 1 pp 320–34; <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 75. <sup>3</sup>Daiken p 24 Cf Roud nos 18991, 19326. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
- 104 **Rhubarb (‘Where are you going, Bob?’)** – Dublin: *rc*<sup>1</sup> and *dt* 1968. HS 6818 (ITMA 55068)
105. **Grandma Gray** – Belfast: *JS*, *ps* 1970. Gomme 1 pp 390–96 Roud 19232. The air was noted from childhood memory as sung by my mother. Roud 19232. HS 7001 (ITMA reel 160 track 6 (ITMA 239372)
106. **Bang bang the dishes (a play)** – Derry: acted in a barn by *mo*, *ho* and friends, 1969. This curious play occurs in none of our collections but looks quite traditional. It is close to ‘*Mother, the cake is burning*’ (or *Gipsy*); Gomme I p 151, <sup>2</sup>Opie pp 317–29; in the mother’s absence the Gipsy must entice the children away one by one. One might also notice ‘*I’ll follow my mother to market*’, <sup>2</sup>Opie p 104; *Old man in the well*, ib. pp 305–307; *Old mother Grey*, ib. pp 307–310. HS 6920 (ITMA 55102)
107. **Here’s your wisp** – Down: *CMK* 1970. HS 7003 (ITMA 55131).
108. **The wren** – Cavan: *MR* 1965. *Pan* rhymes with *wren* (‘wran’). <sup>1</sup>Opie pp 288–89. Roud 19109.
- 109 **The mummers’ doctor** – Wexford: *JG* 1967. As a young man *JG* had the role of the doctor with the mummers. Parts of the text are mere nonsense. *Graineog*: ‘hedgehog’. HS 6132 (ITMA 55166)
- 110 **Mummers’ play and songs** – Fermanagh: *PT* 1965. The play includes the songs 110 (i) ‘We’ll join our hands together’ (Roud 1066) and 110 (ii) ‘The twelve beats the eleven [= Tom Brown / The card-players’ song] (Roud 884). *PT* contributed a differing text to Alan Gailey’s *Irish folk drama* (<sup>1</sup>Gailey) pp 58–59. See also *Christmas rhymers and mummers in Ireland* (<sup>2</sup>Gailey) pp 35–39. [See Appendix A28 for a Donegal version.] HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)

A28 **Christmas mummers’ rhymes** – Donegal: *Mr X* (who gave himself this pseudonym, wishing to be anonymous) 1968. The concluding song A28 (ii\*) ‘God bless the master of this house’ (Roud 1066) [see no 110 (i) above] appears both in mumming plays and independent of them; <sup>1</sup>Daiken p 201, <sup>1</sup>Ritchie p 114, <sup>1</sup>Opie p 233, Parry-Jones p 225, *UFL* X (1964) 84. *Index* 281. HS 6829 (ITMA 55078)

## VI. LULLING AND LILTING (nos 111–117, A29)

- 111 **The Bangor boat** – Belfast: *JS*, *ps* 1970. A chant for dandling, here used for its purpose. I have also heard my father say in line 3 ‘One in a bush, two in a bush’. Before the Second World War, an old steamer used to ply from Belfast to Bangor, Co Down, a distance of about twelve miles, for a shilling return. Roud 19300. HS 7001 (ITMA 239372) Edited copy on ITMA 240360
- 112(i) **Rocking the cradle** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. The best known Irish lullaby tune. <sup>2</sup>Daiken p 39, *JIFS* X (1912) 9, Henry no 630 (trad. air with new words); *Songs of Aran* ‘Antsín, antsín’ and ‘Seo thin seo theo’, *The lark in the morning*, sung to the song of English origin *Rocking the baby that’s none of my own*. Cf. Roud 357. *Index* 338. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
- 112(ii) **Seo ba** – Donegal: *MC* 1968. In Irish. ‘Lullaby (3), my child, lullaby, my child, and sleep softly’. See notes for (i) above. *Index* 355. HS 6834 (ITMA 55083)
- 113 **You’re a wee bonny wean** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. *Wean*: ‘little child’. Round 13719. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)

- 114 **Counting fingers ('There's the one that broke the barn...')** – Derry: *EB* 1966. Roud 20110. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- 115 **Minnie Picken** – Derry: *EB* 1968. A dance tune to which various loosely connected verses are sung round Ulster. The Scots Katie Beardie is apparently a congener, though the verse in <sup>1</sup>Ritchie p 56 is textually quite different. Culmore is near Derry city, in Donegal. [Index](#) nos 270 and 146. Roud 2960. HS 6814 (ITMA 55064)
- 115(ii) **Maggie Pickie's on the wall** –Donegal: *JB<sup>1</sup> JB<sup>2</sup>* on two fiddles, 1968. [Index](#) 146. HS (ITMA 55074)
- 116 **Love will you marry me?** – Donegal: *PT* 1965. HS 6107 (ITMA 55170)
- 117 **When I was young I had no sense** – Belfast: *EK* 1968. Air: The parting glass. <sup>1</sup>Opie p 107. Roud 18997. HS 6807 (ITMA 55057)
- A29 **Sí piper's tune** – Donegal: *MJJ* 1968. Stories of music learned from fairies (*sí*) are especially common in Donegal. [Index](#) 243. HS 6834 (ITMA 55083)

#### VII. SONGS, BALLADS AND SNATCHES (nos 118–130, A30–A53)

- 118 **I love my love far better** – Derry: *EB* 1968. Verse 2 should perhaps begin: *You gods, oh gods, oh list, divine*. Air: cf. *The minstrel boy*. [Index](#) no 193. Roud 000. HS 6813 (ITMA 55063)
- 119 **The dark-eyed gypsy** – Wicklow: *DH<sup>2</sup>* 1961. The ballad *The gipsy laddie*: Child IV pp 61–74. Cf. the rendition published in *Ceol* I iv (1964) 6–7. *charmed*: pronounced 'char-um'd'; *Charles*: in two syllables. [Index](#) 108. Roud 1. HS 6105 (ITMA 55164)
- 120 **The maid of Culmore** – Donegal: *MM* 1969. Culmore is a small place in Donegal near Derry city, well situated for the viewing of departing emigrant ships (until the 1930s). This is an uncommon song, known in N-W. Ulster, printed by Henry (no 687) from Co Antrim and recorded by me in Co Derry ([Index](#) 260). It has also turned up in Scotland: School of Scottish Studies rec. SA 55/82/A7. [Index](#) 260 Roud 2493. HS 6943 (ITMA 55121)
- 121 **Réal beag ('B'fhearr liom réal beag...')** – Donegal: *ag* 1968. 'I like better a little sixpence, A nice little sixpence . . . than anything in the world. I spent a little sixpence, A nice little sixpence And I took sixpence home to my wife'. Air, cf. no 128. Irish version of the English rhyme *I love sixpence*. Roud 1116. HS 6835 (ITMA 55084)
- 122 **Obadiah** – Down: *NC* 1968. A verse made by an adult to amuse children? Roud V24074. HS 6805 (ITMA 55055)
- 123 **John Barbour** – Donegal: *JMC* 1969. the ballad *Willie of Winsbury*: Child II pp 398–406. [Index](#) 220. Roud 64. HS 6931 (ITMA 239602 but item removed from this). Copy or original on ITMA 239602,).
- 124 **Three men went a-hunting** – Wicklow: *PR* 1960. Noted in MS. Roud 283.
- 125 **Johnny Jow** – Belfast: Learnt by me from a Belfast woman, 1954. Fragment deriving from *An maidrín rua* (The little red fox).
- 126 **The Kerry recruit** – Derry: *MH<sup>2</sup>* 1961. Roud 520. HS 6105 (ITMA 55164)
- 127 **The wind blew high** – Belfast: *AR* 1965. Gomme II pp 387–90. Roud 2649. [From a tape recorded by *AR*–'tape 17': not located].
- 128 **The bride stolen by the fairies ('Saturday night is Hallowe'en night...')** – Derry: *EB* 1968. The verse belongs to the ballad *Tam Lin*: Child I pp 335–58. Quality: 'the fairies'. [Index](#) 346. Roud 35. HS 6814 (ITMA 55064)
- 129 **Goodbye ('Oh Molly dear are you going away?...')** – Belfast: *JS, ps*, 1970. See the introductory page to this section. Fragment of Roud 2133. HS 7001 (ITMA 239372)
- A30 **My love she's but a lassie** – Derry: *EB* 1966. Air *The rose tree*. Roud 1490. [Index](#) 286. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- A31 **Crockery ware** – Derry: *EB* 1966. Sung continuous with A 30, to the same air. [Index](#) 95. Roud 1490. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- A32 **Did you ever see the devil** – Fermanagh: *PT* 1964. Roud 16319. HS 6104 track 37 (ITMA 239784)
- A33 **Some say the devil's dead** – Antrim: *MH<sup>1</sup>* 1968. [Index](#) 369. Roud 8904. HS 6803 (ITMA 55053)

- A34 **My aunt Jane had a nice wee shop** – Derry: *EB* 1964. Roud 18983. HS 6106 (ITMA 55169)
- A35 **The wee dog Buff** – Derry: *EB* 1968. Roud 20022. HS 6814 (ITMA 55064)
- A36 **Wee Magee and a half-a-dozen more** – Belfast: *JS* 1961. 6105 (ITMA 55164)
- A37 **For my daddy goes to Meeting** – Derry: *EB* 1968. [Index](#) 282. Roud 1506. HS 6816 (ITMA 55066)
- A38 **My love wears the tarry trousers** – Derry: *EB* 1967. Hugh Shields recorded this from Eddie Butcher in Magilligan in 1964 [ITMA CID 55168]. The sound file used here is taken from a RTÉ July 1967 broadcast (“Shamrock rose and thistle”, presented by Hugh Shields, the songs sung by Eddie Butcher). [Index](#) 393. Roud 542. HS 6125 (ITMA 55165)
- A39 **I’ll climb up a high high tree** – Derry: *EB* 1966. cf 6811 for a full version. [Index](#) 198. Roud 419. HS 6130 (ITMA 55171)
- A40 **On the top of yon heathery mountain** – Derry: *EB* 1968. [Index](#) 311. Roud 000. HS 6816 (ITMA 55066)
- A41 **The tree in the ground** – Derry: *EB* 1968. Broadwood p 174, Deane-Smith p 112, J. Reeves *The idiom of the people*, London 1961 (first ed. 1958) p 211. *EB* 1968. [Index](#) 413. Roud 129. HS 6817 (ITMA 55067)
- A42 **It’s of a row** – Derry: *EB* 1968. A further verse goes ‘The dishcloth then began to wash And threw [through?] the water it did splash’. [Index](#) 213. Roud V4955. HS 6815 (ITMA 55065)
- A43 **To my grief and woe I’ll let you know** – Derry: *EB* 1968. *Dooning*: ‘ducking’ [Index](#) 407. Roud 13823 HS 6816 (ITMA 55066)
- A44 **The Iniskilling dragoon** – Derry: *EB* 1966. [Index](#) 206. Roud 2185. HS 66S
- A45 **Green grows the laurels** – Wicklow: *DH*<sup>2</sup> 1961. In verse 4 *they* may be replaced my *men* or *women* (usually the latter). Roud 279. HS 6105 (ITMA 55164)
- A46 **’Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry** – [Antrim]: *PT* 1962, as sung by the late Robert Cinnamond, Glenavy, Co Antrim. Ballinderry and Aghalee are in S. Antrim; Ram’s island is in Lough Neagh. Roud 2983 HS 6104 track A36 (ITMA 239784)
- A47 **The knight of the road** – [Tyrone]: *PT* 1965, as sung by Peter Quinn, Lough Neagh, near Cookstown, Co Tyrone. Roud 20. HS 6108 track B15 (ITMA 239818)
- A48 **Seven little gipsies** – Fermanagh: *PT* 1962. Roud 1. HS 6104 track A7 (ITMA 239784)
- A48a **Brian O’Linn** – Donegal: *AMG* 1969. Dean-Smith, Henry 480. Roud 294. HS 6109 (ITMA 55111)
- A49 **Woman at the churchyard gate [Skin-and-Bone lady]** – Dublin: *ks*<sup>2</sup> 1975, with *ms*<sup>2</sup>, *ds* and *ps*. Widely known in Britain and America, often as the *Skin-and bone lady*. <sup>1</sup>Opie p 37, Cox pp 482–83, Halliwell pp 64–65. The lugubrious broadside *Death and the lady* was probably a source of inspiration. Roud 501. HS 7506 (ITMA 55152)
- A50 **The town of Antrim** – Belfast: *AF* 1968. Alec sang two verses, learnt from a Belfast actor who borrowed the curious phrasing as a joke from some traditional source. The fragment is in O Lochlainn pp 40, 206, 220 and Hayward p 25; [Index](#) 410. Roud 2746. HS 6819 (ITMA 55069)
- A51 **Johnny my darling lad** – Cork: *MW*, 1972. Verse 4 ii *sopeen* ‘small wisp’. The song is of English origin: Dean-Smith p 116 ‘When shall we get married?’ [Index](#) 226. Roud 313. HS 7207 (ITMA 55144)
- A52 **Down by yon riverside** – Antrim: *AC*, *MH*<sup>1</sup> 1968. The text follows Arthur in matters of detail. Verse 2 ii *span* is unexplained. 2 iii *stor machree* ‘my heart’s desire’. 4 i, 5 i, 6 i *wished*: a common form of Ulster dialect, probably originally subjunctive. On broadsides the song was usually entitled *The Irish girl*, cf. Dean-Smith p 78. A song in Irish, *Sráid an bhóithrín bhúí* (‘Bhí mé gan amhras ag siúl sráid an bhóithrín bhúí’, for which see [Index](#) 374, corresponds textually with vv. 3, 6, and perhaps 1. [Index](#) 120. Roud 308. HS 6802 (ITMA 55052)
- A53 **Barbara Allen** – Wicklow: *HH* 1965. Many straight versions of this common ballad are known in Ireland, as well as an apparent play-song variant: Shields pp 90–93; [Index](#) 35. The modern broadside was printed from Dr Hazel Hornsby’s singing and circulated locally: see Shields p 78. In verse 5 i, I think she sings ‘groan’. in 6 iii, ‘brae may represent ‘brave’, or perhaps ‘Bray’; the Hornsby’s lived in Bray, Co Wicklow. Roud 54. HS 6121 track B8 (ITMA 239938)

INTRODUCTION TO THE ALBUM *THE OLD GRINDING YOUNG*:  
generations of song play and word play in Ireland

[This material was submitted to Leader Records in 1975 for the makings of a long-playing record (LP). However, Leader closed down and the record was never produced. The recordings and typescript sleeve notes were eventually returned to Lisa Shields via ITMA by Reg Hall in December 2015. The contents have been amalgamated with the Appendix materials above.

‘The Old Grinding Young’ was the name of a Dublin pub until about 1960. The illustration is from a large broadside engraving by the Belfast printer Alexander Mayne, dating from about 1820 and preserved in the library of Queen’s University, Belfast. For a note on the motif of an rejuvenating mill see Alan Gailey in *Ulster folklife*, XVII (1971) 95.]



*Item nos referenced in brackets in this Introduction refer to the main 1971 Dusty Bluebells collection above [DB] and to the Appendix with further material from 1975 compilations, including this album [A].*

This record is meant, not for children *or* adults, but for both. Adults, no doubt, can get pleasure merely from recalling the traditional poetry of their childhood and the activities it accompanied. But if they are to share their enjoyment of such things with any children who happen to be around, some sort of cultural exchange between old and young is needed. So this is not simply a record of characteristic children’s verbal and musical lore. It also brings in several of the sort of adult folk songs which seem most likely to appeal to children, as well as interludes of adult music on fiddle or the vocables of mouth music. A father and son fiddling, a father and daughter singing, grandpa and the youngest child bouncing and chanting, a father-in-law tongue-twisting a daughter-in-law’s small sister who in turn riddles the collector: these are collaborating generations making explicit what in folk music has caused it to be called ‘traditional’.

But to be pedantic on this subject is no better than to grow maudlin, à la Sean O’Casey (a list of books etc. referred to by author’s name only is at the end of these notes); or, like some recent collections of children’s lore, to go ferreting for ‘naughty’ pieces. The songs and verses speak largely for themselves. They include no reconstructions or ‘improved’ versions, but were all taken from popular oral tradition, recorded between 1964 and 1975, performed at times with inconvenient indifference to recording apparatus. There are plenty of background happenings and eccentric noises: [.....] a parent telling a child that she has skipped ‘enough’ [A36], titters hardly less audible for being voiceless [A18]. There is the child who sings so out of tune as to have occasioned the query



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