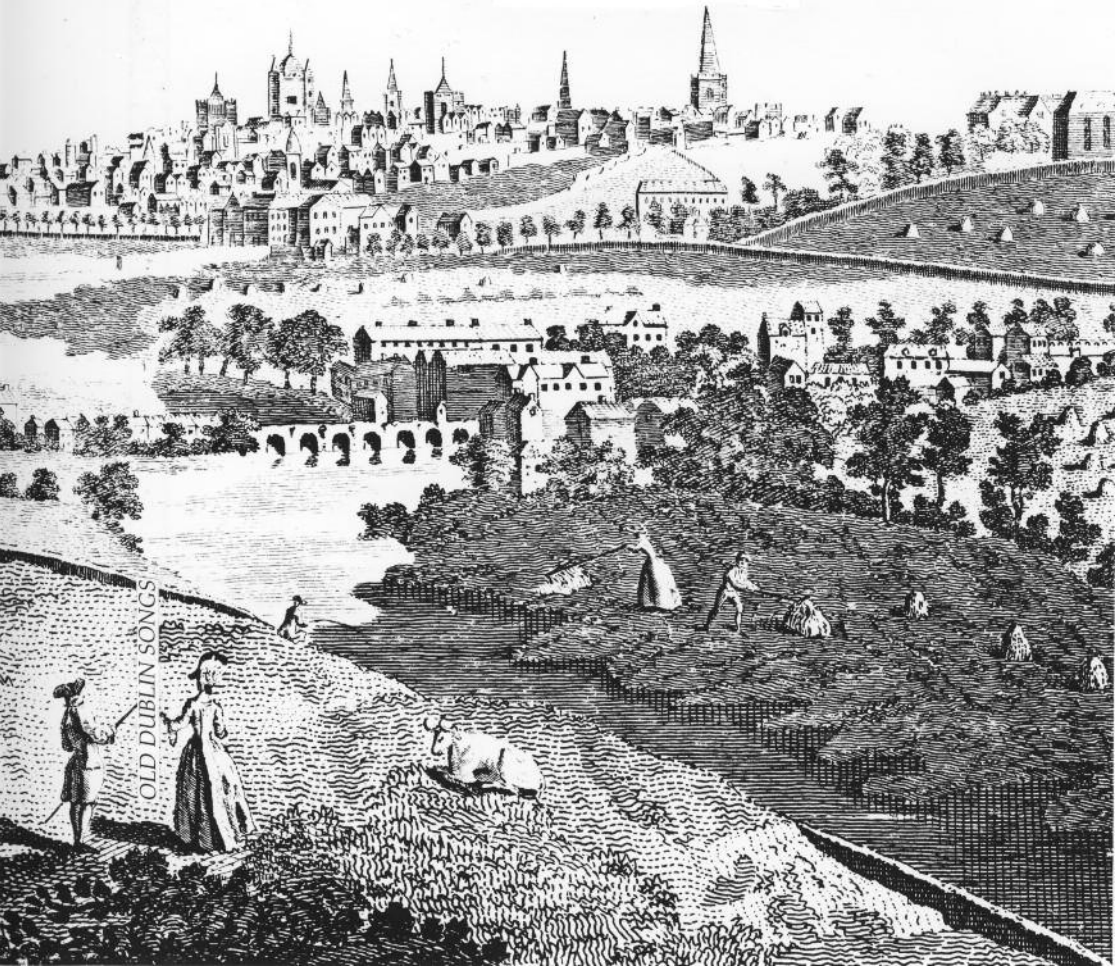


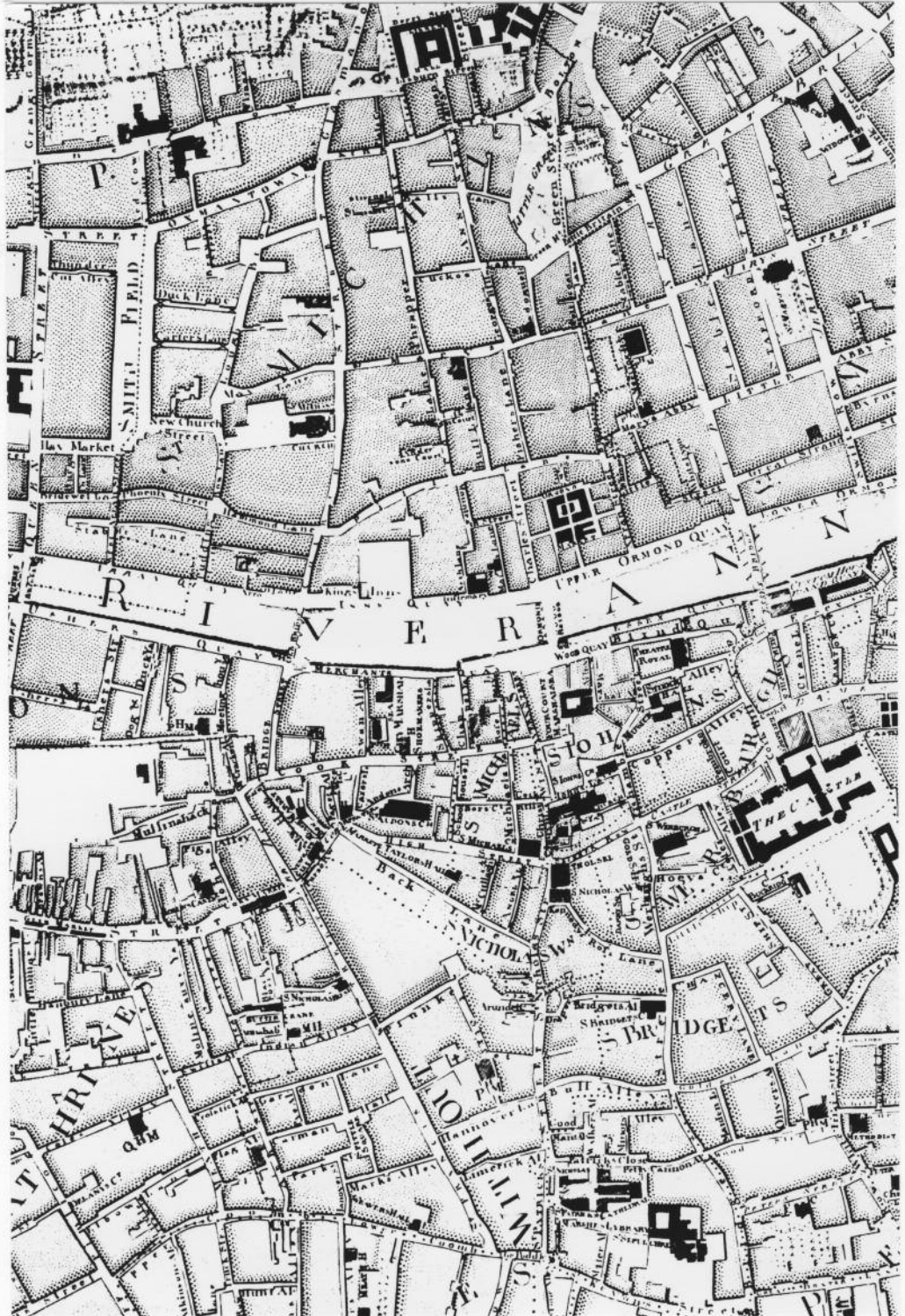
Hugh Shields

OLD DUBLIN SONGS

edited by Hugh Shields



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Folk Music Society of Ireland/Cumann Cheol Tíre Éireann

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Published by the Folk Music Society of Ireland
Grant-aided by the Arts Council
Printed by Tony Moreau, Dublin
ISBN 0 905733 04 5

**The Folk Music Society of Ireland
Cumann Cheol Tíre Éireann**

was founded in 1971 to encourage interest and promote research in the traditional music of Ireland. Enquiries about membership should be directed to the

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INTRODUCTION

If you bother to browse in the old song chapbooks and ballad sheets which must generally be looked for in big libraries, you will be struck by the sheer abundance of poetic effort they record. Sometimes the effort has produced mere prosy jingles; but you can also find songs which are inspired, well-made, witty, prompt you to try and sing them, and seem scarcely dated. Dublin was a notorious place of song; in days when the chapbooks and sheets were new, the city fermented with ballads that might be carried through the Irish nation and around the world. That abundance of song topics could not all persist in the minds of successive generations. And much of it today deserves to be revived.

This selection invites revival of 'Dublin' songs taken from two centuries—out of the city's ten—which not only produced but recorded ballads most actively: the eighteenth and nineteenth. The songs themselves—though not the tailpieces that follow some of them—are arranged in roughly chronological order. Certain ones actually *have* persisted in oral tradition down to the present: but a greater place is given to slumbering ones that wait to be aroused. Their 'Dublin' quality varies from item to item. Four of them seem to adapt songs from England to local use, while two more that show signs of having been written in Dublin make no allusion that absolutely confirms the fact. The rest are plainly shown as local compositions by their allusions to the city or to its neighbourhood, if not by their language or the events they describe.

Apart from a few 'celebratory' songs actually about Dublin or its civic institutions or amenities, the majority are narrative. Simple stories are provided ready-made by such events as a horse race at the Curragh or a fox chase that traverses much of what is now built-up modern suburbia of the South city. More complex stories reflect older ballads: a lover returns from the dead, a girl bets that she can resist a well-known seducer, a goodwife is discomfited by a sea crab, with the crab's sentence. The last of these is *fabliau* humour which might belong to town or country in any nation. Specifically urban are the themes of the countryman taken in by a predatory female, or joining up and regretting it. Rivalry between the Smithfield and Liberty boys is the subject of the 'May Bush', a slang song in the manner of the 'Night before Larry was stretched': seasonal and savoury, this seems more typical of Dublin, but it is doubtful whether such slang songs were much sung in tradition. Many of the songs are serious, if not tragic. The 'Dublin Tragedy' is a long 'garland' ballad of a faithless lover; in 'Catherine Skelly' a mother drowns her baby and the song is her touching lament. In two others, girls and their lovers are parted by the Crimean war. 'Miss King' jostles modern taste with a strangely jaunty account of a rape. In these songs, Dublin is often pictured more nearly like a village than we can imagine it today: yet all have some sort of urban flavour. Two

more, though in English like the rest, bring rural Gaelic tradition to the city walls with their amorously rhetorical word-preening and their elaborate airs: Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth, resists all male advances, while the unnamed 'Phoenix of Fingal' requites her suitor with as much verbal ingenuity as he has used to win her.

A particular pleasure of local compositions is their familiarity. But often their allusions are obscure except to their immediate public. Was it the printer's compositor who inserted the word 'durty' before 'Cook St' on the ballad sheet of the 'Dublin Jack of All Trades'? He might well have worked there previously, for Cook St was the address of another ballad printer, John Nugent, and was soon to be that of the compositor's own employer, Peter Brereton. Such questions are full of human interest, even if the answers taught us nothing special about the songs.

What is topical or local may be too detailed to be fully explained. The Notes (p.68) try to include the major features of interest. They also give the sources of each song—words and music—and indicate any parts of the original texts which I have changed, for whatever reason, down to the smallest printers' errors. I have generally kept older spellings, but modernized the use of capitals and punctuation. The information that can be given about musical performance varies a lot because of the variety of sources used: written, printed and oral. Where music is slightly adapted to fit the words given below it, the original notation is included as small-head notes on the same staff. The reason why such music *can* be given is indicated, when necessary, in the Notes. For texts without music, a fairly well-known air is, when possible, suggested.

I cannot drop my slender quill without thanking people who have given me help (though they are blameworthy neither for the choices nor for any errors I have made): Lisa Shields, Nicholas Carolan, Tom Munnely, James Porter, Mary Pollard, Paddy Tunney, Graeme Kirkham and Alf Mac Lochlainn; the singers or providers of oral versions Dan Dowd, Paddy Ward, 'Mr X', together with some no longer living, Eddie Butcher, Charlie Somers, Dennis Healey, Paul Ryan. I cordially thank especially the staffs and governing bodies of the libraries from which texts were obtained (as indicated in the Notes): the National Library, Royal Irish Academy, Dublin Public Library (Gilbert Collection), the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Library of Cambridge University—both for permission to publish texts and for valuable assistance I am much in their debt.

Hugh Shields

And I must say this of Dick... 'that he is a witty and ingenious man, makes the best coffee in Dublin, and is very civil and obliging to all his customers; of an open and generous nature; has a peculiar knack at bantering, and will make rhymes to any thing.'—Dunton, pp.327-28

THE WEAVERS' LAMENTATION

You tradesmen all, I pray, draw near, that lives in Dublin town,
A doleful story you shall hear since the weaving is pull'd down;
I am a weaver by my trade in Dublin, it is known full well,
Which makes my very heart for to bleed for to think of their downfall.

- 2 And as for our Irish quality, no Irish silks they will wear,
No Irish stuffs nor callamancoes: which starves the poor, you hear;
But for Indian silks and calicoes our gold and silver goes:
Which makes our very hearts for to bleed to think poor Ireland's served so.
- 3 Our Irish Lords and noble peers no Irish cloaths they will wear,
No Irish druggets nor sarginems: which starves the poor, you hear;
But for English cloths and Indian silks our gold and silver does go:
Which makes my very heart to bleed since the weaving is come so low.
- 4 Sheermen and dyers, I do protest, their bread depends them on,
Stock carders, Dutch spinners and doublers, besides all other tradesmen,
Combers and spinners as well as the rest, their living depends therein—
They may all thieve and rob for bread since the waving trade is pull'd down.
- 5 In the year seventeen hundred and thirteen in the reign of late queen Anne
The weavers they did flourish amain and so did all other trades mend;
But since the gold it is cry'd down and the silver drain'd also
And copper days does hasten on: which is Ireland's overthrow.
- 6 O Ireland's unfortunate day when good queen Anne did die:
Which made the tradesmen all to mourn, and the weavers thus do cry,
'O if she longer had but lived rare golden days we would see,
But now you're increasing every day destruction and misery.'
- 7 God bless dean Swift both day and night and send to him long life,
When he heard of the lowering of the gold many ways he did contrive;
He ordered a black flagg to be hung up and the bells to ring also
That all the world may plainly see it is Ireland's overthrow.
- 8 You weavers all, be not so sad nor do not so lament
For the rever'nd Dean will you relieve at the next parliament—
The Indian silks and calicoes from coming over the main—
And then, brave boys, you need not fear but the trade will flourish
again.

- 9 God bless our masters and shopkeepers all that dwells in Dublin town
That always does the poor relieve, those tradesmen of renown,
God grant that the trade may flourish again and weaving may increase
And the callicoes to be pull'd down: we will all see golden days.

—Dublin: Printed at the Rein-Deer in Monrath-Street the Corner
House turning into Pil-Lane, where Printing Work is done at
Reasonable Rates.

'She was from the country... somehow she never throve here, though she lingered with me for eight years, poor girl! She'd smile and shake her head when they called this 'the Liberty'. She had some notion, when I told her I lived in the Liberty of the city of Dublin, that it was a fresh, country sort of place; she had more innocent turns in her head than her own child. Why she'd burst out crying at a handful of daisies...'

We observed that the frame of his loom was stuck over in many places with ballads; indeed we have seldom entered a weaver's room without perceiving a similar display; and the songs so fixed are generally pretty sure indexes to the opinions of the owners. In Dublin such scraps were chiefly political. — Hall's *Ireland*, 1842 (II 329)



The price of these was five shillings each, and all that he wrote found a ready sale at a shop known as the sign of the Reindeer in Mounrath Street. None of the names of these verses were recollected at the time Mr Beatty related the fact to his friends, but popular occurrences commonly supplied the subjects. Poor as they may be supposed to have been in character, from the remuneration received and the class for whom intended, he is said to have exhibited for his offspring all the partiality of a parent, by strolling the streets at night to hear them sung and marking the degree of applause which each received from the auditors.—Prior *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, I 75

THE KILRUDDERY HUNT



Hark hark, jol-ly sports-men, a while to my tale,
It's of lads and of hor - ses and hounds that ne'er tire



To claim your at - ten - tion I'm sure it can't fail,
O'er stone walls or hed - ges, thro' dales, bogs or brier.



A pack — of such hounds or a set of such men



It's a shrewd chance if ev - er you meet such a - gain;



Had Nim - rod the migh - tiest of hun - ters been there



'Fore Gad he'd have shook like an as - pin for fear.

Hark, hark, jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale,
To claim your attention I'm sure it can't fail;
It's of lads and of horses and hounds that ne'er tire
O'er stone walls or hedges, through dales, bogs or briar;
A pack of such hounds or a set of such men—
It's a shrewd chance if ever you meet such again;
Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters been there,
'Fore Gad, he'd have shook like an aspin for fear.

- 2 In seventeen hundred forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning by most of the clocks
We rode to Kilruddy in search of a fox;
The Leighlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And Johny Adair too was with us that day,
Jo Deeble, Hall Preston, those huntsmen so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others: and so we set out.
- 3 We cast off our hounds for an hour or more
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar;
'Hark Wanton' says Jo, and the rest were not slack
For Wanton's no babler, esteem'd by the pack;
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in
And the rest of the pack join'd the musical dinn;
Had Diana been there she'd been pleased to the life
And one of the lads had a goddess to wife.
- 4 Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day
When Rynard broke cover and he ran this way
As strong from Killegar as if he could fear none
And so he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan;
To Carrickmines there and Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he clim'd and to Ballymaglin;
Bray Common he pass'd, leap't lord Anglesea's wall
And seem'd to say, 'Little I value you all.'
- 5 He ran Bush's groves to Carbury Byrn's,
Jo Deeble, Hall Preston kept leading by turns;
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout
Tho' he might have got in yet he chose to keep out;
To Malpas' high hills was the next way he flew,
At Dalkey's Town Common we had him in view;
He ran on by Bulloch thro' Shrub Glannygery
And soon to Mountown where Larry grew weary.
- 6 Thro' Rochestown wood like an arrow he pass'd
And came to the steep hill of Dalkey at last
Where he gallantly plung'd himself into the sea
And said in his heart, 'Sure none dare follow me.'
But soon to his cost he perceived that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of our staunch-mettled hounds;
His pollicy here did not serve him a rush:
Five couple of tarters were close at his brush.

- 7 To recover the shore then again was his drift
 But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift
 He, being of speed and cunning quite slack,
 Was worried and kill'd by the rest of the pack;
 At his death there was present the lads I have sung
 Save Larry, who riding a garron was flung;
 Thus ended at length a most delicate chace
 Which lasted five hours and ten minutes space.
- 8 We return'd to Kilruddy's plentiful board
 Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord;
 We talk'd of the chase and toasted an health
 To the man that ne'er married for paultry wealth.
 'Owen Bray baulkt a leap' says Hall Preston, 'adad.'
 'Twas shamefull' says Jack 'by the great m---y G-d!'
 Says Hall Preston, 'I hollow'd you "Get on tho' you fall
 Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.'"
- 9 Each glass was adopted to freedom and sport
 For party affairs were consigned to the court;
 Thus we ended at length the day and the night
 In down-flowing bumpers and social delight;
 Untill the next meeting bid farewell each brother
 For some they went one way and some went another;
 As Phœbus, my friend, led us early to roam
 So Luna took care in conducting us home.

It is not the fashion at Carton to play at cards. The ladies sit and work, and gentlemen lollop about and go to sleep—at least the Duke does... I forgot to tell you the part you would like best—French horns playing at breakfast and dinner. There are all sorts of amusements; the gentlemen are out hunting and shooting all the mornings.—Lady Caroline Dawson, 1778, quoted in Bielenberg, p.120

...There is many a country booby...who by reading some pretty new garland might very easily be put in mind to give a green gown to the first ruddy lass came his way. And I dare say, the young squire who fell in love with beautiful Nancy and preferr'd her to a rich heiress his parents had provided for him has cost more maidenheads among chambermaids and farmers' daughters than cou'd be gained by the most elaborate defence of whoring any licentious wit of the age is capable of producing. —'Hibernicus', *Dublin weekly journal* 17 July 1725

A NEW LOVE SONG

- I am a damsel that is left alone
In grief and sorrow to make my moan
Since Cupid's arrow my heart betray'd
By loving of a bonny maid.
- 2 Upon the banks of pinks and flowers
Whilst flowing tears doth fall in showers
Lamenting for my dearest honey
That has prov'd false to his constant Molly.
- 3 You know, my love, I can card and spin,
You know, my love, I can wash and ring—
Keep him in clothes both neat and fine,
How can I go and leave him behind?
- 4 Your curly locks are so inviting,
Which makes the pretty maids delight on,
Your ruby lips are as sweet as honey—
For she is always brisk and bonny.
- 5 What a foolish girl am I
To fall in love with an Irish boy
For altho' he spoke good English to me
The thoughts of my love doth undo me.
- 6 As I walk'd up thro' Thomas Street
My true-love's letter I chanc'd to meet;
Upon the back those lines were written:
'Seldom seen are soon forgotten.'

SKEWBALL



Come— all you no-ble gen-tle-men, I— pray lis-ten on



To I sing the prais - es of— no-ble Skew — ball,



He is late - ly - (a) come— ov - er, as we un - der - stand,



He's the great heart— — of mar-ble— and the pearl of the land.

- Come all you noble gentlemen, I pray listen all
To I sing the praises of noble Skewball;
He is lately come over as we understand,
He's the great heart of marble and the pearl of the land.
- 2 His valours and actions we have heard of before
But now he is challenged by young Mrs Gore
For to run with Miss Grizzel, the handsome grey mare,
For ten thousand guineas on the plains of Kildare.
- 3 'Oh, sir Arthur' in his stable to his master did say
'Noble master, dear master, be you not afraid,
For if it's some thousands upon your side hold
I will rig in your castle to the topmast in gold.'
- 4 The gentlemen from England from East, North and South
They all came there the cattle to view
And in viewing the cattle just as they came there
They all bet their money upon the grey mare.

- 5 The money was paid down in good ready count
 When the riders got orders that moment to mount,
 When the word of spectator was to clear the way
 For the hour is approaching, no longer can stay.
- 6 By the word of command then away they did fly,
 Skewball like an arrow the grey mare passed by
 And if you had a-been there to have seen them going round
 You'd have thought in your heart their feet ne'er touched the ground.
- 7 When that they came to the middle of the course
 Skewball to the rider began to discourse,
 'Noble rider, dear rider, can you tell to me,
 How far is the grey mare this moment from me?'
- 8 Says the rider to Skewball, 'You ran in great style
 For the grey mare's behind you one English half-mile
 And if you stand your running I vow and I'll swear
 That you ne'er will be beat by their Monaghan grey mare.'
- 9 Oh, when that they came to the last winning post
 Skewball to the rider will drink a long toast:
 Drink a health to Miss Grizzel, the handsome grey mare,
 For she emptied their purses on the plains of Kildare.

...Buy sax quire of ballads, aw ald yens, as the 'Babs in the Wood', 'Chevy Chase'—but see the last lines be 'The English steed'— 'The Blackamoor', 'Montross's Lines', 'Oft have I vow'd to loove, nor dar loove', 'Regard my Grief', 'Mineful Melpomeny', 'Young Filander', 'Macaferson', and sindry other ald songs; sax confessions of faith at 7d per piece, ballads at 6d. a quire, ald loove songs and others, as ye think fit, no question books for they will no sell here. Buy sax psalm books at 6s or 4s.6d. the dizen wee cleen print, twa dizen of Fortune books and twa dizen of story books or sma histories. Ye will get the little books at Mrs. Lawrence near the Ald Brigg...

Ye must enquire in Dublin of a printer that will sell the ballads at 6d. the quire, for Mrs. Lawrence will not sell them se cheap...—John Ray, New York, to Peter Ennis of Coleraine, pedlar and intending emigrant, *American weekly Mercury* 5-12 October 1738

A COMBAT BETWEEN AN ALE-WIFE
AND A SEA CRAB

Tune, 'Gentlemen's Frolic'



I pray now at - tend to this dit - ty Which I here in brief will un - fold,



You'll find it is won - dr - ous prit - ty And true too as ev - er was told.

I pray now attend to this ditty
Which I here in brief will unfold,
You'll find it is wondrous pritty,
And true too as ever was told.

- 2 There was a young beautifull woman
In the town of Dublin does dwell,
And as it is frequent and common
A cup of good ale she did sell.
- 3 Her husband he being a saylor
Young seamen the house did frequent
Who never in kindness would fail her
Because she did give them content.
- 4 A seaman went to the salt water
And there he did straitway contrive
To catch a sea crab, which he brought her,
It being both large and alive.
- 5 This delicate sea crab now being
The largest that ever was known,
Her husband and she strait agreeing
That they wou'd not eat it alone,
- 6 And therefore their friends they invited
To taste of their delicate cheer
Who was (I must tell you) afrighted
When they a sad outcry did hear.

- 7 The goodwife said to her maid Dolly
 'Come hither, thou dragle-tail'd drab,
This night we'll be merry and jolly
 And therefore go boyl the sea crab.'
- 8 Now Dolly did presently take it
 And she being busie, poor soul,
Immediately then did forsake it
 And laid it in a wooden bowl.
- 9 The maid then was call'd by her master
 To know when the crab would be drest;
The meanwhile fell out a disaster
 Which is the whole cream of the jest.
- 10 The mistress immediately after
 Went where the poor crabfish did stand;
Having a great need to make water
 She took the same bowl in her hand.
- 11 Her flood-gates were open and running
 As if it had been a full tide;
The sea crab as if then a-sunning
 Immediately turned on one side.
- 12 Now as the warm water was working
 The sea crab did struggle the more
And caught her fast hold by her merking,
 At which she did bitterly roar.
- 13 Now Dolly a flagon was filling
 When her dame received this wound,
Who roar'd out like one that was killing
 And frighted the neighbours all round.
- 14 As soon as the seamen did hear her,
 Good lack, they came running with speed,
But she would let no one come near her
 But her loving husband indeed.
- 15 The old man he loved her dearly,
 He pittied her case, never doubt,
And that he might see the more clearly
 He pull'd his best spectecles out.

- 16 And Dolly did then hold the candle,
Mean while up her cloaths he did peep;
But O, how the sea crab did handle
Her husband and cause him to weep.
- 17 His wife's sad misfortune he pity'd
And kept his head under her cloaths;
At length by the crab he was fitted,
Who took him fast hold by the nose.
- 18 And thus they were coupl'd together
That night for an hour or two;
Said they, 'Call the neighbours in hither,
This pain we can never go thro'.
- 19 The sea crab lay griping and goring
And with his claws held them both fast
And there they stood crying and roaring,
The neighbours came all in at last.
- 20 The maiden she there held the candle
While the neighbours the claws did unfix
And now they are resolved to handle
This crab for his impudent tricks.

There is to be sold by John Hicks in Smoke Alley all sorts of the newest song books and ballads, where country chapmen and others may be furnished with the aforesaid goods at reasonable rates.—*Dublin flying post*, 6 July 1708

And on Monday last Mr Fitzgerrald, who keeps a printing-house in Mountrath Street, was bound over to appear at the Quarter-Sessions of this city, the third of next month, for printing and selling a seditious ballad for which two men for singing them with roguish additions are now in Newgate.—*Whalley's Newsletter*, 14 March 1721/22

THE TRYAL AND CONDEMNATION OF THE SEA CRAB

- 21 The crab that had caus'd this confusion
And did their choice supper prevent,
The old woman said in conclusion,
Deserved most just punishment.
- 22 It was but according to reason—
Since he had done this with his claw—
That night he should lye in a prison
And suffer according to law.
- 23 Next morning a court was erected
And old Mother Widgeon was there
Whom all the old women respected:
She sat in the principle chair.
- 24 The old woman spoke in a fury
In order to punish this deed,
'I'd have you impanel a jury
That we may to justice proceed.
- 25 The crab being brought to his tryal
And held up his claw at the bar,
His charge being read by the loyal
Concerning a wound and a scar:
- 26 A scar he had given the woman
And wounded the nose of the man,
'These crimes they are very uncommon,
Make the best defence you can.'
- 27 The old women's tongues they run nimble
And streight for a verdict did call,
The sea crab did stand there and tremble
And made them no answer at all.
- 28 The jury came to Mother Widgeon
And brought in their verdict at last,
And guilty he was, they alledging,
And thus the poor sea crab was cast.

- 29 But ho, the vast court of old women
At first was not all of a mind
For some was for pulling and limbing
And others for beating him blind,
- 30 Because he presum'd to peep under
And fasten his claw on the place
And catch'd the man's nose to a wonder
Creating both shame and disgrace.
- 31 They in their judgment was confounded
But yet at the length they agree,
Which was: that the crab should be drowned—
And streight he was thrown into the sea.

I set forward (1st May 1725) and in five days arrived from the western extremity of Ireland at a village called Rings-end that lies on the Bay of Dublin. Three days I rested there and at the Conniving House, and then got my horses on board a ship that was ready to sail and bound for the land I was born in, I mean Old England...

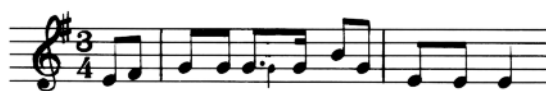
The Conniving House (as the gentlemen of Trinity called it in my time and long after) was a little public house kept by Jack Macklean about a quarter of a mile beyond Rings-end, on the top of the beach within a few yards of the sea. Here we used to have the finest fish at all times, and in the season green peas and all the most excellent vegetables. The ale here was always extraordinary, and everything the best, which, with its delightful situation, rendered it a delightful place of a summer's evening. Many a delightful evening have I passed in this pretty thatched house with the famous Larry Grogan, who played on the bagpipes extreme well, dear Jack Lattin, matchless on the fiddle and the most agreeable of companions... and many other delightful fellows who went in the days of their youth to the shades of eternity. When I think of them and their evening songs—'We will go to Johnny Macklean's to try if his ale be good or not' &c.—and that years and infirmities begin to oppress me, what is life!—John Bunclie, quoted by W. St J. Joyce, pp.18-19

THE DUBLIN PRIVATEER

Come all ye jolly sailors
And unto me draw near
Till you hear of this bonny ship,
A lovely privateer;
The 'Dublin' she is called
And still will bear that name,
Commanded by Captain Harding,
That valiant man of fame.

- 2 When first I came to Dublin
I heard the people say
There was a very noble sight
For to be seen that day;
The 'Dublin' she was to be launched,
Come boys then, haste away,
For we will see that noble ship
Going out unto the sea.
- 3 When I came to the King's dock
This famous ship to see
There she was drest upon the stocks
As fine as fine might be.
In all my life I ne'er beheld
So finely rigged a ship,
And all her jovial lads on board
A-tossing off their flip.
- 4 The music sweetly played
To pleasure those on shore
As to the sea she took her way
The cannons loud did roar
Denouncing vengeance on Monsieurs
Ecchoed with shouts from voluntiers,
The tars they gave three hearty cheers
To the Dublin Privateer.

THE DUBLIN BAKER



In - Dub - lin si - ty I was bred and born,



In - Steph - en's Green I - died in scorn;



I - served my time to the ba - king trade



And was al - ways coun - ted a rov - ing blade.


In Dublin sity I was bred and born,
In Stephen's Green I died in scorn;
I served my time to the baking trade
And was always counted a roving blade.

- 2 At the age of seventeen I took a wife,
I lov'd her dear as I lov'd my life;
For to maintain her rich and gay
Lords, dukes and earls I made them pay.
- 3 But when my money was growing low
To the highway I was forc'd to go;
I robb'd lords and rich ladies bright
And gave the gold to my heart's delight.
- 4 I robb'd lord Mansfield, I do declare,
And lady Williamson of Crosshowden Square;
I shut up the coach and bade them goodnight
And went to the play with my heart's delight.


- 5 Thro' Covent Garden we took our way
With my heart's delight to see the play;
Fielding and Cunning did us pursue
And taken I was by the bloody crew.
- 6 I was brought to trial and condemn'd to die
And many a fair maid for me did cry,
But all their crying will not help me
Nor save me from the gallows tree.
- 7 My father cries, 'I am undone!'
My mother cries, 'My darling son!'
My heart's delight she tore her hair
Saying, 'Alas, I am in despair!'
- 8 When I am dead and laid in my grave
A superb funeral pray let me have;
Let none but robbers carry me,
Give them broad swords and their liberty.
- 9 Let six fair maidens bear up my pall,
Give them white gloves and pink ribbons all
That they may swear and declare the truth:
That they bear a bold and undanted youth.

Come all you roving blades that ramble thro the city
Kissing pretty maids, listen to my ditty;
Our time is coming on when we will be merry,
Kitty, Poll and Nan will give us sack and sherry,
Hey for Bobbin' Joan, hey for Stonybatter,
Keep your wife at home or else I will be at her...
—'The Rakes of Stonybatter'

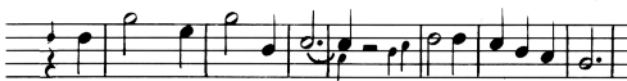
THE DUBLIN TRAGEDY
or
THE UNFORTUNATE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, &c.




Ye lov - ers far and near, — un - to me lend — an ear,



Whilst I re - late a dole - ful tra - ge - dy;



'Twill make your hearts to bleed when I do — pro - ceed,



It's known full well to be no fal - si - ty.

Ye lovers far and near, unto me lend an ear,
Whilst I relate a doleful tragedy,
'Twill make your hearts to bleed when I do proceed,
It's known full well to be no falsity.

- 2 In Belfast as we hear a merchant lived there,
Posses'd of wealth in riches did abound,
He had a daughter fair who was his only care,
Her fortune it was full two thousand pounds.
- 3 She was a beauty bright, lovely in each sight,
And courted was by men of high degree;
But none of them could move her tender heart to love,
Their suit she still refus'd with modesty.

THE
Dublin Tragedy,
Or the Unfortunate
MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER,
IN TWO PARTS.

PART. I. Setting forth a brief and authentic account of a rich Merchant's Daughter in the town of Belfast, who was deluded by an Ensign in the army, and for love of him, dressed herself in man's apparel, and sailed with him to England, and were married at Stratford.

PART. II. How she bought a Lieutenant's Commission for him and became an Ensign herself and soon after went to America; also giving an account of their hardships whilst in an American Prison, shewing how after their return to Ireland, she was slighted by her false lover, and afterwards poisoned herself for his sake.

- 4 At th' age of seventeen young Cupid sly and keen
His winged arrow did with speed prepare
And by a subtle dart shortly she felt the smart:
A young ensign soon did her heart ensnare.
- 5 Once upon a day this young man he did say,
'Fairest of creatures, will you marry me?
If you my suit deny, sweet angel' he did cry,
'Grim Death my sad physician soon will be.'
- 6 'My father, sir' said she, 'might use severity
If I should yield to be your wedded wife;
On that account therefore, I pray, persist no more,
I'm rather young to join a married life.'
- 7 Said he, 'Sweet lady fair, ah, be not too severe,
I earnestly implore you'll pity me;
If you are not my wife this blade shall end my life'—
At which he drew his sword immediately.
- 8 This sad and doleful sight the lady did affright,
Her trembling arms around his neck she threw
Saying, 'My dearest dear, I will not be severe,
My love no longer I'll conceal from you.'

- 9 But now, my love' said she, 'how will this matter be
When that my father he does come to know?
If you disloyal be or inconstant to me
My tender heart will break with grief and woe.'
- 10 'If I prove false' said he 'or inconstant to thee
May cruel Fortune on me still attend
And may I never thrive or prosper while alive
But make my exit by a shameful end.'
- 11 They liv'd in sweet content, but now observe at length:
His regiment got orders for to sail
Over to old England, as we understand,
Which made this charming lady to bewail.
- 12 But they contrived it so that she with him might go,
For to disguise herself a way she did invent;
Dress'd in man's array upon that very day
As passenger on board with him she went.
- 13 Rich jewels and gold rings with other costly things
She brought besides the sum of two thousand pounds;
Then quickly they sail'd o'er bound to the English shore
And soon arriv'd in fair Plymouth Sound.
- 14 As soon as they did land they march'd out of hand,
Then to wed this couple did prepare
And without more delay he and his lady gay
In Stratford town they quickly married were.
- 15 Then with what gold they brought they both commissions bought,
She was an ensign, he a lieutenant;
Not long they did remain, they sail'd again,
Straight to America the regiment went.

PART TWO

- 16 In nine long weeks or more they reach'd the bloody shore,
Where hostile danger raged on every side;
Nothing but smoke and fire seen thro' wood and mire,
But Providence for them still did provide.

- 17 Thro' winter's frost and snow she with her love did go
And for his sake all dangers did defy;
She oftentimes did yield to lie in open fields
With nothing for her covering but the sky.
- 18 At Fort Montgomery she acted gallantly,
Likewise at Saratoga bore command,
And there at length, we find, was taken with Burgoyne
Tho' like a valiant soldier she did stand.
- 19 Then they were march'd along and put in prison strong,
Hunger and hardships there they did endure;
Dark walls did 'em surround, no help could be found,
For their distress, alas! there was no cure.
- 20 When they releas'd were to England they did steer,
Where he and she agreed for to sell out,
And there this lieutenant a scheme did soon invent
To rob his loyal comrade without doubt.
- 21 One morning he arose and putting on his clothes
He took her watch and money, as we're told,
Then left her to bewail and speedily did set sail
For Ireland with all her store of gold.
- 22 In Dublin city he married speedily
And kept a grocer's shop, it is well known,
Whilst his poor comrade in England, it is said,
Was forced to beg her bread from town to town.
- 23 She ventur'd home once more to her native shore
And in short time arrived in Dublin town;
By searching here and there from place to place, we hear,
In Nassau Street there her love she found.
- 24 With heart opprest with woe she unto him did go
Expecting he would give her some relief,
But for to ease her mind no comfort she could find:
This savage man only encreas'd her grief.
- 25 'Pray who are you?' said he 'that seems to make so free,
I never saw you in my life before;
Don't come to trouble me, begone immediately
And never let me see your face once more.'

- 26 'Perfidious man' said she, 'when you deluded me
I might have had a match of high degree,
Yet for the love of you much hardships I went thro'—
Thus I'm rewarded for my loyalty.'
- 27 Then from his door she went in doleful discontent,
In floods of tears she wept most bitterly
Crying, 'Oh, perjured man, I'll do the worst I can,
Alive or dead revenged on you I'll be.'
- 28 Some halfpence she had got with which she poison bought,
Then to a cellar went most speedily
Where in a pint of beer which she purchas'd there
She drank the woeful draught immediately.
- 29 When she had done the same she did go back again
Vowing revenge unto him for the deed;
Her cruel lover then straight for the watch did send,
To St Anne's Watchhouse she was sent with speed.
- 30 And there she did relate all their misfortunes great,
At length her body it began to swell;
Then with a hollow tone she gave a deadly groan
And to this sinful world bid farewell.
- 31 Young men of each degree and maids where'er ye be,
By this example here a warning take;
Still to your vows be true, a blessing will ensue,
So ne'er disdain your love for riches' sake.



MISS KING OF DUBLIN



Cof-fee and tea will— not go down— With some qua- li- ty of— the town,



A-bout Miss— King— and — young squire Brown, How- beas- tly— he— did— use her.

Coffee and tea will not go down
With some quality of the town—
About miss King and young squire Brown,
How beastly he did use her.
When he came to court miss King
He gave to her her christened name,
Said he, 'My heart is in a flame,
Miss King, if you would but love me.'

- 2 'How could I think your suit to engage
That is but a girl of fifteen years of age;
It would be enough my parents to enrage,
Therefore, squire Brown, don't tease me.'
For help, for help miss King did cry
But oh alas! no help was nigh,
But oh alas! no help was nigh,
And so miss King was ruined.
- 3 It was at the corner of St James's Street
Where young squire Brown and miss King did meet,
He rolled her in his arms sweet
And to a hotel he took her.
He threw her down upon a bed,
Her hoop and petticoats flew over her head,
Said she, 'Squire Brown, are you drunk or mad
Or how do you mean to use me?'

- 4 'My Lord, my God!' miss King did cry
But her false waiting-maid stood listening by,
But her false waiting-maid stood listening by
For with tempting gold he bribed her.
Early next morning miss King arose
And to the Lord Mayor instantly she goes,
A rape against squire Brown there she swore
For she was young and tender.
- 5 For gold he wanted not plenty in store
And he employed two bawdy-house women who swore
That for three quarters of a year and more
A bawdy house she had frequented.
'My Lord, my God! miss King did cry
'Am I proved a whore in my infancy?
With just vengeance I shall him destroy,
I am wronged, I declare I am innocent.'
- 6 In the dead of the night when all were asleep
Out of the window miss King did creep
And to the Liffy which ran so deep
Straightway she took her way.
Said she, 'I am aware it is a great sin
But oh alas! it must be done.'
So into the Liffy her fair body she flung
And so poor miss King was drowned.
- 7 The watchmen heard her make her sad moan,
With lighted lamps and long staves they instantly come,
But oh alas! they were too long
For poor miss King was drowned.
They searched that part of the river through and through,
At length one of them espied the heel of her shoe;
When they espied the heel of her shoe
To the edge they brought her.
- 8 The gaurds of the town they all ran down
And amongst the rest ran young squire Brown
And amongst the rest ran young squire Brown:
The rogue he was her undoing.
The Lord Mayor he did give command
That on the corpse he should put his hand,
That on the corpse he should put his hand,
Which he was compelled to do.

- 9 At length he touched her temple fair,
The blood out on him did besmier:
'Oh murder, oh murder!' cried all that were there,
So young squire Brown was taken.
'Oh hang me, oh hang me!' squire Brown did say
'Without judge or jury I am willing to die,
Without judge or jury I am willing to die,
I own I was her undoing.'



DUBLIN :

Printed for the Booksellers

On Essex Bridge she strained her throat
And 'six-a-penny' was her note,

THE COUNTRY RECRUIT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE MILITARY



I came in - to Dub - lin to view the fine place,



I went to Green - col - lege be - fore I did cease;



I looked all ar - ound me to see what I could see:



An - y man in the wor - ld make a sol - dier of me,



Ker - ry i ah! Fol - lol - de - rol lol - de - rol



Ker - ry i ah! Fol - lol - de - rol - lay!

I came into Dublin to view the fine place,
I went to Greencollege before I did cease;
I looked all round me to see what I could see,
Any man on the world make a soldier of me.

- 2 The first thing I espy'd was a man on horseback
With a suit of red cloaths and three cocks on his hat;
I took off my hat and I made a low stoop,
'Arah, captain, I'll list in your Majestie's troop.

- 3 Captain agra, will you help me to list
Or lend me a loan of your hand on my fist?
I'm going to Dublin, is this the straight way?
I left home but last night to be there yesterday.'
- 4 'Yes, my brave fellow, if you'll entertain
Luck shall be your bounty in his Majesty's name,
Two ruffled shirts every week you shall wear,
Your bed shall be green and the curtains the air.'
- 5 The first thing he gave me it was a white horse
With saddle and bridle and two legs across;
My horse would not stir till I gave her the steel,
Then the stiff-necked garsan she'd run to the de'il.
- 6 The next thing he gave me it was a red coat
With a black strap of leather made of the same cloath,
A scabbard by my side and a knife stuck in it:
For to face the wars indeed I was fit.
- 7 The next thing he gave me it was a long gun
And under the trigger I settled my thumb;
As soon as I stricked her my gun she did spoke
And gave my poor shoulder a damnable stroke.
- 8 'Captain aghra, will you help me to tie her?
My gun she goes mad, you see she spit fire;
I wonder a man of so big understand
Wou'd put such a damnable thing in my hand.
- 9 Captain aghra, I must know something else:
Does my gun go to Meeting or will she keep Lent?'
'Lent' says the captain 'Your gun she denies.'
'Upon my own shoulder I'm well satisfied.'
- 10 The next thing he gave me it was a buck goat
Tied fast on my back with the hands of my coat;
It's but one year old and if it does thrive
'Twill be as big as Sleygullen before it is five.
- 11 De'il take you, Dublin, I ne'er saw the like,
A man can't get a place to set himself right;
But if it was in Leitrim among the green bushes
I could throw myself down on a heap of green rushes.

A NEW SONG ON THE POLICE GUARDS

- It's all you good people, come listen to me,
A caution I'll give you, for your good you will see:
I pray, keep good hours, don't meet with disgrace
To be taken at night by a guard of police.
- 2 You know the Commissioners ordered the same,
To take up all vagrants and girls of game;
We have taken all conspicuous seen,
We're the stout-hearted horsemen rides round Stephen's Green.
- 3 We pray to all powers and that frequently
To meet with the robbers wherever they be,
We search for the covey in every place,
We're the stout-hearted horsemen they call the Police.
- 4 Now from the Rotunda unto the Workhouse
The streets are all silent as meek as a mouse,
The same may be said of the Barrack and Green:
A more silent city sure never was seen.
- 5 We disturb the robbers by day and by night
And to take them prisoners is all our delight;
We will do our duty to such a degree
Not a whore nor a robber in town you shall see.
- 6 It's said in rotation that every ward
Three men they must send to the Tholsel guard;
The duty is too hard, I vow and declare,
Not a moment by night or by day we can spare.
- 7 We have Morgan O'Hara, both active and handy,
Who fought many years with the marquis of Granby;
There is none in this city with him can compare,
He is a stout hero, I vow and declare.
- 8 Come six noted robbers, the stoutest who dare,
I will face you with Edmonds, O'Hara, Gotare (?)
And if all the robbers in your corps would join
I soon would subdue you with Walsh and Burgoyne.

- 9 We pray for our captain to prosper and thrive,
Likewise the Commissioners while they are alive;
They are true to their country and to his Majesty—
Success to the Police wherever they be.

‘Brass buttons, blue coat,
Couldn’t catch a nanny-goat.’—Kildare St, 1964

‘Policeman, policeman, don’t take me
For I’m the only child in the family.’
‘How many children have you got?’
‘Twenty-four.’ ‘That’s a lot.’
One, two, three, four, five...—Dundrum 1966



THE MAY BUSH

De night before de first of May,
Riggy dee di di dum tum de
To cut a brave bush we all did agree;
Riggy dee di dum de
We being all in a fighting mood
We straight set out for Santry Wood
To fetch home a bush or spill de last drop of our blood.
Ri diggy dee di dum de.

- 2 Bill Durham he being the stoutest about
He search'd till he found a clever bush out;
Wid our saws and our hatchets we all did prepare
And we cut de brave bush wedout dread or fear
And wid pipers and fiders we home it did bear.
- 3 But when we came to old Loughboy
De girls and boys all jump'd for joy;
But when to Smithfield we drew near
De boys of the market all met us there,
Dey pull'd off their mitres and gave us three cheers.
- 4 As soon as we got this clever bush up
We splic'd all our makes till we ris a sup;
De girls of Stoney all came down
Wid daisies and buttercups to deck the bush round,
Den dous'd all their sieves till dey ris a crown.
- 5 De next day being Monday we all did agree
For to go to Stoney de May-maids to see;
But bad chance to de Liberty, when dey did hear
Dat we went to Stoney widout dread or fear
Wid swords, sticks and falchions to Smithfield did steer.
- 6 Bill Durham who was up the whole night before, etc.
Was now in his quarry lying taking a snore,
And hearing the noise go by his door, etc.
Den out of his flea-park he straight flew
And over his shoulders his skin-bag he threw
And from out of the chimney his falchion he drew, etc.

- 7 Wid his hat in his hand by the way of a shield
He never cried 'Stop' till he came to Smithfield;
But finding none of the boys at home,
'Oh, Gog's blood!' says Bill Durham 'am I left all alone?
Oh, be de hoky, the glory of Smithfield is gone!'
- 8 For the loss of our bush revenge we must get,
In slaughtering season we'll tip dem a fret,
We'll wallop a m.s.y round Meath Street in tune
And we won't leave a weaver alive on the Coombe
But we'll rip up deir paunches and burn their looms.

FINIS

May 1st. This is May-day, but Dublin has exhibited few of those festivities which used to mark the occasion and which are still kept up in many parts of England. The most that I have seen out of the common course is the grotesque appearance of the chimney-sweeps. This is a holiday to them, and well it would be for the sake of humanity if they had the first day of every month. They deck themselves on the present occasion with figured paper caps and ornaments, and patrol the sidewalks soliciting season-pence from every passenger. Usquebaugh, perhaps, has flowed rather more copiously than usual, and Pat accordingly has been in his element. Passing near several tap-rooms, my ear was regaled by the melody of that lyre of all nations, the fiddle, whilst Teague was keeping time to the chorus with a 'nate little bit of tidre-i'.
—Andrew Bigelow of Massachusetts, 1824, p.139

'I'm going down to Donnybrook.' 'And so am I' says she,
'In yonder there's a jaunting-car and on it we'll go down.'
No one could be more happier, 'twas by her I sat down,
I was admiring all the beauty of lovely Ellen Brown.

THE HUMOURS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR
Air, 'Ballinafad'



To Don-ny-brook steer, all you sons of Par-nas-sus,



Poor pain-ters, poor po-ets, poor news-men and knaves,



To see what the fun is that all fun sur-pas-ses,



The sor-row and sad-ness of Er-in's green slaves.



Oh Don-ny-brook jewel, full of mirth is your quiv-er



Where all flock from Dub-lin to gape and to stare



At two el-e-gant brid-ges with-out e'er a riv-er,



So suc-cess to the hum-ours of Don-ny-brook Fair.

To Donnybrook steer, all you sons of Parnassus,
Poor painters, poor poets, poor newsmen, and knaves
To see what the fun is that all fun surpasses,
The sorrow and sadness of green Erin's slaves.
Oh Donnybrook jewel, full of mirth is your quiver,
Where all flock from Dublin to gape and to stare
At two elegant bridges without e'er a river,
So success to the humours of Donnybrook Fair!

- 2 O you lads that are witty from famed Dublin city
And you that in pastime take any delight,
To Donnybrook fly for the time's drawing nigh
When fat pigs are hunted and lean cobblers fight,
When maidens so swift run for a new shift,
Men muffled in sacks for a shirt they run there,
There jockeys well booted and horses sure-footed
All keep up the humours of Donnybrook Fair.
- 3 The mason does come with his line and his plumb,
The sawyer and carpenter, brothers in chips;
There are carvers and gilders and all sorts of builders
With soldiers from barracks and sailors from ships.
There confectioners, cooks and printers of books,
There stampers of linen and weavers repair,
There widows and maids and all sorts of trades
Go join in the humours of Donnybrook Fair.
- 4 There tinkers and nailers and beggars and tailors
And singers of ballads and girls of the sieve
With Barrack Street rangers, the known ones and strangers,
And many that no one can tell how they live,
There horsemen and walkers and likewise fruit-hawkers
And swindlers the devil himself that would dare
With pipers and fiddlers and dandies and diddlers
All meet in the humours of Donnybrook Fair.
- 5 'Tis there are dogs dancing and wild beasts a-prancing
With neat bits of painting in red, yellow and gold,
Toss-players and scramblers and showmen and gamblers,
Pickpockets in plenty, both of young and of old;
There are brewers and bakers and jolly shoemakers
With butchers and porters and men that cut hair,
There are mountebanks grinning while others are sinning
To keep up the humours of Donnybrook Fair.

- 6 Brisk lads and young lasses can there fill their glasses
With whisky and send a full bumper around,
Jig it off in a tent till their money's all spent
And spin like a top till they rest on the ground.
Oh Donnybrook capers to sweet catgut scrapers
They bother the vapours and drive away care,
And what is more glorious, there's naught more uproarious!
Huzza for the humours of Donnybrook Fair!

I rode out again today for the first time to see the fair at Donnybrook, near Dublin, which is a kind of popular festival. Nothing indeed can be more national. The poverty, the dirt and the wild tumult were as great as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight, which forced me to turn my head quickly away, to remain master of my disgust. Heat and dust, crowd and stench (*il faut le dire*) made it impossible to stay long; but these do not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents, all ragged like the people and adorned with tawdry rags instead of flags; many contented themselves with a cross on a hoop; one had hoisted a dead and half-putrid cat as a sign. The lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages of planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay, or rather rolled, about drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted and fought. The women rode about, sitting two or three upon an ass, pushing their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight and coquetted with their sweethearts...

As I left the fair a pair of lovers, excessively drunk, took the same road. It was a rich treat to watch their behaviour. Both were horribly ugly, but treated each other with the greatest tenderness and the most delicate attention. The lover especially displayed a sort of chivalrous politeness. Nothing could be more gallant and, at the same time, more respectful, than his repeated efforts to preserve his fair one from falling, although he had no little difficulty in keeping his own balance. From his ingratiating demeanour and her delighted smiles, I could also perceive that he was using every endeavour to entertain her agreeably, and that her answers, notwithstanding her *exalté* state, were given with a coquetry, and an air of affectionate intimacy, which would have been exquisitely becoming and attractive in a pretty woman.—Prince Pückler Muskau, 29 August 1828, quoted by Croker, pp.184-6



SPIDER KELLY

To the air of "Patsy Fagan"

I.

'Tis 15 years ago my boys, he stood inside the Ring,
"When Irish eyes are smiling" all the crowd began to sing
'Twas the senior Spider Kelly that all boxing fans admire
Benny Caplan he out-pointed for the "British and Empire",
And now to-day his son has come to take his father's stand,
And keep the bonfires burning in the north of Paddy's Land
His fight with Sam McCarthy shall go down in History
When he brought the title home again to the Kelly Family.

II.

And now he's rated high in ranks to win the European
All roads will to Dublin for there he can be seen
The twenty-seventh day of May is fixed to be the date
When he battles with the Frenchman for the European Featherweight
His lefts and rights are accurate and his weaving makes them miss
This Featherweight from Derry is a born Pugilist
Sure Ray Famechon the holder will never shake a leg
If he gets himself entangled in the Spider Kelly's web.

III.

So hurrah for both the Kelly's and for James McCafferty
The bonfires up in Derry may they blaze in victory
To give a hearty welcome to the champion coming home
A credit to old Ireland and her friends across the Foam
They say that Sandy Saddler is a harder nut to crack
But it's all the same to Spider whether they be white or black
For when the fight is over and the Ref. holds up his hands
And "Irish eyes are smiling" will ring out in Yankee Land.

IV.

So the best of luck to Spider when he steps inside the ring
We hope that this great honour to old Ireland he may bring
And join all in the chorus as the "Irish Eyes" are sung
Amid the many thousands in the American Stadium
And those of us who stay at home and can't afford to go
Will brave those hours ahead of us beside our Radio
To hear that great announcement from that far-off Yankee State
That Spider is the winner of the Worlds' Featherweight.

Composed by Charlie McCoy,
Glendalough.

Words Copyright

Price 6d. each

HANNAH HEALY THE PRIDE OF HOWTH
Air, 'Ligelaw'



You match-less ni - ne, to my aid in - cli - ne,



As - sist my ge - nius whilst — I de - clare



My love - sick pa - in for a beau-teous da - me



Whose kil - ling char - ms did - me en - snare;



Sly - litt - le Cu - pid has knocked me stu - pid,



In - grief I mou - rn, u - pon my oath,



My — frame's de - cli - ning, I'm so re - pi - ning



For Han - nah Hea - ly, the — pride of Howth.

You matchless nine, to my aid incline,
Assist my genius whilst I declare
My lovesick pain for a beauteous dame
Whose killing charms did me ensnare;
Sly little Cupid has knocked me stupid,
In grief I mourn upon my oath,
My frame's declining, I'm so repining
For Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

2 She's tall and slender, both young and tender,
She's modest, mild, and she's all sublime,
For education in Erin's nation
There's none to equal this nymph divine;
I'd wish to gain her but can't obtain her,
I'd fondly court her but still I'm loath
Lest I should tease her or once displease her,
Sweet Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

3 At seventeen this maid serene
My heart attracted, I must allow,
I thought her surely a goddess purely
Or some bright angel, in truth I vow;
Since that I languish my mind's in anguish,
A deep decline it has curbed my growth,
None can relieve me, then you may believe me,
But Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

4 In all Olympus I'm sure no nymph is
To equal her that I do admire,
Her lovely features surpasses nature,
Alas! they set my poor heart on fire;
She exceeds Flora or bright Aurora
Or beauteous Venus from the briny froth,
I'm captivated, I do repeat it,
By Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

5 Each lovely morning young men keep swarming
To view this charmer taking the air,
She's so enchanting they all are panting
To gain her favour, I do declare;
But still they're fearful and no way cheerful,
The greatest hero you'll find him loath,
None dare entreat her or supplicate her
So bright an angel is the pride of Howth.



BEAN AN FÍR RUARÓ.

Tá ríao v'á ríao
 Fup tú páitín focair i mbóig
 Tá ríao v'á ríao
 Fup tú béitín tana na b'póg.
 Tá ríao v'á ríao
 A míle gnáó go dtug tú óam cáil,
 Cró go bfuil fear le fáil
 'S leir an cáiliúr Bean an FíR Ruaró.

Óo tugar naoi mí
 I bhpiorán, ceangailte cuaró,
 Doltaró ar mo caolair
 Agus míle glar ar fáil ruar,
 Cadappainn-ge ríde
 Mar cadapparó eala coir cuain,
 Le fonn do beic rince
 Síor le bean an FíR Ruaró.

Saol míre a céud-fearc
 Go mberó' don tigeir toir mé 'r tú
 Saol mé 'na déig-rin
 Go mbreuzpá mo leand ar do gláin.
 Mallaéc RíS Neme
 Ar an té rin dain óiom-ra mo éú,
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luéc breige cuir toir mé 'r tú.

Tá crann ann ran ngáirvín
 Air a b'páran duilleabon a'r blác buíde,
 An uair leagaim mo lám air
 'r látoir nac mburpeann mo éroide;
 'Sé rólár go báp
 A'r é v'fáil ó fláitear anuar
 Don bóigín amáin,
 A'r é v'fáil ó Bean an FíR Ruaró.

Áéc go dtig lá an t'pógail
 'Na feud-ar enuc agus cuain,
 Ciocearó r'máit ar an ngrém
 'S béir na neulita com dub leir an ngual
 Déró an fáirge t'pim
 A'r ciocearó na b'pónta 'r na t'puaig'
 'S béir an cáiliúr ag r'neadac
 An lá rin faoi Bean an FíR Ruaró.

Gheobhaidh tu duisein coip de'n amhrain seo shuas acht dha stampa pingne do chur 'uig Runaire na Comhairle Naisiunta, 6 Sraid Fhear-chair i mBaile-Atha Cliath.

- 6 I'll drop my writing and my enditing,
I see it's useless for me to fret,
One pound of trouble or sorrow double
Will ne'er atone for one ounce of debt.
I'll resign courting and all like sporting,
Cupid and Hymen I'll shun them both
And rise my mind from all female kind,
So edieu, sweet Hannah, the pride of Howth.

THE PHENIX OF FINGAL

- One day for recreation and silent meditation
Near to a sweet plantation I carelessly did stray
Where Flora's decoration enriched each situation:
A rural habitation that lay along the way.
Being wrapt in contemplation on viewing the creation
Its grand illustrations I thought for to extol
When to my admiration I saw a constellation
Whose proper appellation is the Phenix of Fingal.
- 2 Being quite captivated and so infatuated
I then prognosticated my sad forlorn case,
But quickly ruminated: suppose I was defeated,
I'd not be implicated or treated with disgrace.
So therefore I awaited, my spirits elevated,
No more I ponderated yet what would me befall,
But then to her repeated how Cupid had me treated
And then expostulated with the Phenix of Fingal.
- 3 Without more hesitation she made a declaration
Of her determination to lead a single life,
Saying, 'Sorrow and vexation and many alterations
Attend the humble station of what is called a wife.
Without equivocation or mental reservation
Unto your application I will not yield at all;
Your wild insinuations can make no penetration
So drop such speculations' said the Phenix of Fingal.



One— day for re-cre- a - tion and- sil - ent me - di - ta - tion



Near to a sweet plan-ta - tion I - care - less - ly did stray -



Where - Flor - a's de-cor - a - tion en-riched each si-tu - a - tion,



A rur - al ha-bi-ta - tion that lay al-ong the way.



Being - rapt in con-tem-pla-tion on view-ing the cre - a - tion,



Its grand - il - lus - tra - tions I thought for - to ex - tol -



When - to my ad-mir - a - tion I saw a con - stel - la - tion



Whose pro - per ap-pel-la-tion is the Phœn-ix - of Fin - gal.

- 4 My mind being irritated and sadly aggravated
In grief I supplicated this most enchanting fair
To see her slave prostrated, likewise humiliated
That nothing perpetrated but loving her sincere,
I straightway palliated to be commiserated,
Not animated 'til death he would me call,
But to be liberated, likewise emancipated,
I earnestly entreated the Phenix of Fingal.
- 5 Then in a consternation she gave an explanation
How that her inclination had changed the other way,
Said she, 'Dissimulation is an abomination,
This is a recantation of what I first did say.
My parents' approbation and land in cultivation,
Besides a large donation of money at your call—
Because your reputation stands high in estimation
I'll make you a relation to the Phenix of Fingal.'
- 6 My wish is now completed and sorrow quite defeated,
I'm sure I've compensated for all my former pain,
From grief I'm extricated, my joys they are repleted,
My foes annihilated who hold me in disdain.
Tho' long my foes I bleated hard fortune sure I cheated,
In comfort I am seated, have servants great and small,
The truth to explicate it: to her I'm obligated
Whose fame is propagated thro' that place called sweet Fingal.

The frolicsome Dublin boys used to sing about the streets to the old tune of 'Over the Hills and far Away':

Tenducci was a piper's son
And he was in love when he was young
And all the tunes that he could play
Was 'Water parted from the *Say*'.

—O'Keeffe *Recollections* 1826, I 139

CATHERINE SKELLY

For the drowning of her child, at Leeson St Bridge
on Saturday the 8th instant

Good people all, I pray attend
To those few verses here I've pen'd,
Another murder you shall hear,
Was done upon this present year.

2 Catherine Skelly is my name,
I brought myself to grief and shame
By the drowning of my baby dear,
Was there ever a mother proved so severe?

3 A false young man he courted me
And promised that we would married be;
His love for me it did fast decay
And from my presence he went away.

4 Then I being tempted by wicked thoughts
My child unto the water brought,
My lovely child I then threw in,
Which plunged me into mortal sin.

5 My infant shortly disappeared,
My trembling body all quaked with fear;
Then to my lodgings I did repair,
They asked me where was my baby dear.

6 I strove some false excuse to find
But none would satisfy their mind;
They said my baby I had slain,
Then I confessed the fact in plain.

7 The police was sent for without delay
And to Clarendon Street they brought me strait way
Where I was charged for this wicked crime
For it lay heavy on my troubled mind.

8 It's before the magistrate I was quickly brought
Who charged me with this dreadful fault;
But I am now committed my trial to stand
For the crime I done with my guilty hands.

- 9 As a female now in the prime of youth
I suffer much now, I'll tell the truth;
For the murder of my child so dear
Before judge and jury I now must appear.
- 10 It was cursed Satan led me astray,
It was Satan tempted me on that day,
It was Satan tempted my guilty mind
To drown my infant both meek and mild.
- 11 Now to conclude these few feeling lines,
Let all take warning by this wicked crime —
And my lovely baby I plunged in the deep
To take a long and a silent sleep.

Lord forgive you, Mr Mangan! You might be rollin' in your coach if you'd only keep from liquor and make ballads for Mr Nugent in Cook Street. —Father Meehan's servant to James Clarence Mangan, *Dublin Historical Record* V II 147.

WILLY O

♩ = c.60 molto rubato

Oh — come, ye mai-dens, both— fair and hand—some—,
Whilst in—(a) vain— your— tears—(a) may — — flow,
For my true lov— er I am — dai — ly wee — ping,
For the loss of — my — lov — er Wil — — ly, O.

O come, ye maidens, both fair and handsome,
Whilst in vain your tears may flow,
For my true lover I am daily weeping,
For the loss of my lover Willy, O.

- 2 As Mary lay sleeping her true lover came creeping
To her bedchamber door so slow
Saying, 'Rise up, rise up, my sweetheart Mary,
For I am your true lover Willy, O.'
- 3 Mary arose, she put on her clothing
Unto her bedchamber door to go;
It was there she espied her true lover Willy
And his face it was white as snow.
- 4 'Och, Willy my darling, where are the blushes
That were in your cheeks long years ago?'
'Mary my sweetheart, the cold clay has changed them
For I am the ghost of your Willy, O.'

- 5 They spent that night in deep discussion
 Concerning their courtship of years ago,
 They then shook hands and sadly parted
 Just as the cock began to crow.
- 6 'My heart it is buried in the West Indies
 But my ghost it will guide you so;
 Farewell, farewell, my sweetheart Mary,
 My ghost will guide you where'er you go.'
- 7 'O, had I the gold of the West Indies
 Or had I the silver of Mexico
 I would lend it all to the queen of England
 If she'd let me have back Willy, O.'

Any resident of Dublin over thirty-five years of age may recall the memory of a tall, attenuated, blind man dressed in a heavy, coarse, long-tailed coat and a very much worn hat which, with strong shoes, constituted the entire visible costume of ZOZIMUS, save indeed his indispensable talisman, guide and protector, a stout blackthorn stick, secured to his wrist by a leather thong and finished by an iron ferrule. His face upturned displayed his sightless eyes; his peculiarly formed mouth and strongly marked facial muscles gave decision to his aspect. His voice was so remarkable as to draw the attention of mimics, being deeply guttural, accompanied by a peculiar lisp on certain words. His *side remarks* to the crowd, which were highly secular in their style, created much amusement, as they contrasted remarkably with the sacred character of his recitations, which were of a poetic order, evidently in some cases the production of a muse which condescended to inspire the untaught genius who uttered them. On any weekday evening about dusk, but on Saturdays especially, he commenced his tour through the principal humble streets of Dublin, making Essex Bridge his grand centre, from thence progressing in slow and measured steps, halting every five or eight minutes to receive the contributions of such 'good Christians' as might be edified by his efforts; or perchance to give those annoying wasps, the jackeen boys, a reminder of his anger with the end of his iron-clad stick.—'Gulielmus', 1871, p.40



The Seducer Outwitted !

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 125 \text{ rubato}$

Oh, a gen-tle-man and serv-ing maid lived ne - ar - by this town,

With her mas-ter and her mis-tress she bet the sum of fif-ty pound

That she could walk with this young man through lone-some woods and plains

And she nev-er told her - wa-ger till she would re-tur-n a - gain.

It's of a young gentleman in this country did dwell,
For seducing pretty fair maids there's few could him excel
For there never came a fair one unto this young man's place,
Oh, that ever would return without coming to disgrace.

- 2 Oh, a gentleman and servant maid lived nearby this town,
With her master and her mistress she bet the sum of fifty pound
That she could walk with this young man through lonesome
woods and plains
And she never told her wager till she would return again.
- 3 Oh, it being early the next morning this fair maid she arose
To seek for recreation, oh, as she put on her clothes;
With a rake upon her shoulder away then she has gone
And the one that went to watch her it was her master's son.

- 4 'Oh, good morning to you, fair maid' the gentleman did say,
'This morning it looks misty, it might make a pleasant day,
But it's through these lonesome mountains together let us stray,
I should find myself quite happy, oh, if with you making hay.'
- 5 'Oh, let go my hand, kind sir' she said 'and stop your making fun,
Perhaps that you are married and you have your harvest won.'
'Indeed I am not married, believe me, it is true,
For I'll never wed with anyone unless it is with you.
- 6 It is your beauteous sparkling eyes that has my heart ensnared
And if you don't give consent, oh, I will die in despair:
If you grant to me your wishes, oh, I'll give you fifty pound
And I'll marry you next Sunday when the clergy comes to town.'
- 7 'If I grant to you my wishes, oh, it would myself confound,
But before I do, kind sir' she said, 'just pay the money down.'
Oh, he paid her down the money as he thought it was but lent,
Ay, and for a safe recovery it was this maid's intent.
- 8 For when she got the money she carefully put it by,
And putting it in her pocket small-clothes he chanced to spy;
He stood all in amazement, it put him to a stand
For to see that a young girl had turned out to be a man.
- 9 'Oh, come pay to me my trifling, come pay to me my wealth,
It's aren't you a man?' he says 'You do the same yourself.'
'Indeed I am a man' said she, 'for you I am too keen,
You're so much afraid of shooting you will never serve the queen.'
- 10 Oh, the argument being all in vain she quickly left the spot,
She went down to the river and she jumped into a cot;
She quickly rowed the little boat unto the other side,
Ay, and smiled, 'Indeed, young man' she says, 'you wish to have a bride:
- 11 You may go home, young man' said she, 'go home, you silly clown,
And I'll marry you next Sunday when the clergy comes to town;
You may go home, young man' said she, 'and mourn for your loss,
Oh, while I will sport my figure on your easy earned purse.'

- 5 'Oh Sally, lovely Sally' young Johnny then did say
 'The regiment it has got the rout, you know I must obey;
 There are thousands more young Irishmen has joined as well as me
 That maun either fly, conquer or die before their enemy.'
- 6 'Oh Johnny, lovely Johnny, when once you part from me
 Sure I can't tell but the Russians they may gain the victory;
 Oh, you don't know but by the foe, my dear, you might be slain
 And left stretched amongst the heaps of dead there on the battle plain.'
- 7 'Oh Sally, lovely Sally, cheer up and banish woe
 For Irishmen they're always brave wherever that they go;
 At Copenhagen, Trafalgar, the Nile and Waterloo
 And upon the plains of India they showed what they could do.
- 8 'Oh Johnny, lovely Johnny' young Sally did reply
 'Oh let me go along with you, let me either live or die,
 For fear that by the Russians you might receive a ball,
 And to bandage up your bleeding wounds, love, I would be at your call.'
- 9 'Oh Sally, lovely Sally, you cannot go with me
 For hardships in a foreign land with you would not agree,
 But I hope to soon return again with lots of gold in store
 And the Lord will bless our union when all the wars are o'er.'
- 10 Then just as they were parting down her cheeks the tears did flow
 And they embraced each other with their hearts oppressed with woe;
 She says 'May Fortune favour you and victory crown your joy,
 That is my fervent prayer for your welfare, my gay young soldier boy.'

On Friday morning twenty-seven poor haymakers attending at the Pigeonhouse in order to be put on board ship for England, were seized by a press-gang and put on board a tender, the commander of the press-gang telling them at the same time that if they were able to mow hay they could have no objection to mow the enemies of their country, and they should have passage, diet &c. gratis.—*Dublin chronicle*, 3 Aug. 1790

TIED MY TOES TO THE BED

$\text{♩} = 40$



When I first went to — Dub — lin to — view Bar — rack Street,
 Smart — han — dy young fel — low and light on my feet,
 Where — I met a dam — sel called Bet — sy Mc Lean
 And she brought me to lodge up in sweet Dir — ty Lane,
 Rad — dy, Fol de rid — dle er — il tad — dle er — il ay aye.

When I first went to Dublin to view Barrack Street—
 Smart handy young fellow and light on my feet—
 Where I met a damsel called Betsy McLean
 And she brought me to lodge up in sweet Dirty Lane, *Raddy*
Fol de riddle eril taddle eril ay aye.

- 2 I had two hundred pounds, I'd a new suit of clothes,
 And to tell you the truth I'd a new pair of brogues,
 I'd a lovely felt hat and my waistcoat was red,
 Ah, but Betsy McLean tied my toes to the bed.
- 3 When I woke the next morning young Betsy was gone,
 There were four drunken women a-fighting began:
 Cut skulls, broken noses till the blood ran in streams,
 'Faith' says I to myself 'This'll soon end my days.'

- 4 Now I jumped out of bed and demanded my clothes,
They told me my wife took them off they supposed;
'Terenages!' said I 'Was I married last night?'
And they told me I was to a red-headed wife.
- 5 Now they gave me an old pair dragged on in a fright,
Sent me up the street for to look for my wife;
So one of those girls the police did call
And she swore that I stole her brogues that she left by the wall.
- 6 They brought me to the barracks and they locked me up tight
Without sheet or blanket the length of the night,
No sheet or blanket was there to be found
But I wandered about like a bull in a pound.
- 7 They brought me to trial upon the next day,
They brought me to trial my reckoning to pay,
And the old judge he swore that I'd hang till I'm dead
But he laughed at my wife tying my toes to the bed.
- 8 So when Jack got loose sure he made no delay,
He soon hurried back to the town of Roscrea
Where the people all wondered when they heard Jack was wed
And they laughed at his wife tying his toes to the bed.

King Billy is a gentleman,
He wears a watch and chain,
But the Pope he is a beggarman,
He lives on Indian meal...

The Pope he is a gentleman,
He wears a watch and chain,
But king Billy is a beggarman
And he lives in Dirty Lane.—Daiken, p.17

THE DUBLIN JACK OF ALL TRADES

I am a roving sporting black, they call me Jack of All Trades,
I always placed my chief delight in courting pretty fair maids,
So when in Dublin I arriv'd to try for a situation
I always heard them say it was the pride of all the nations,

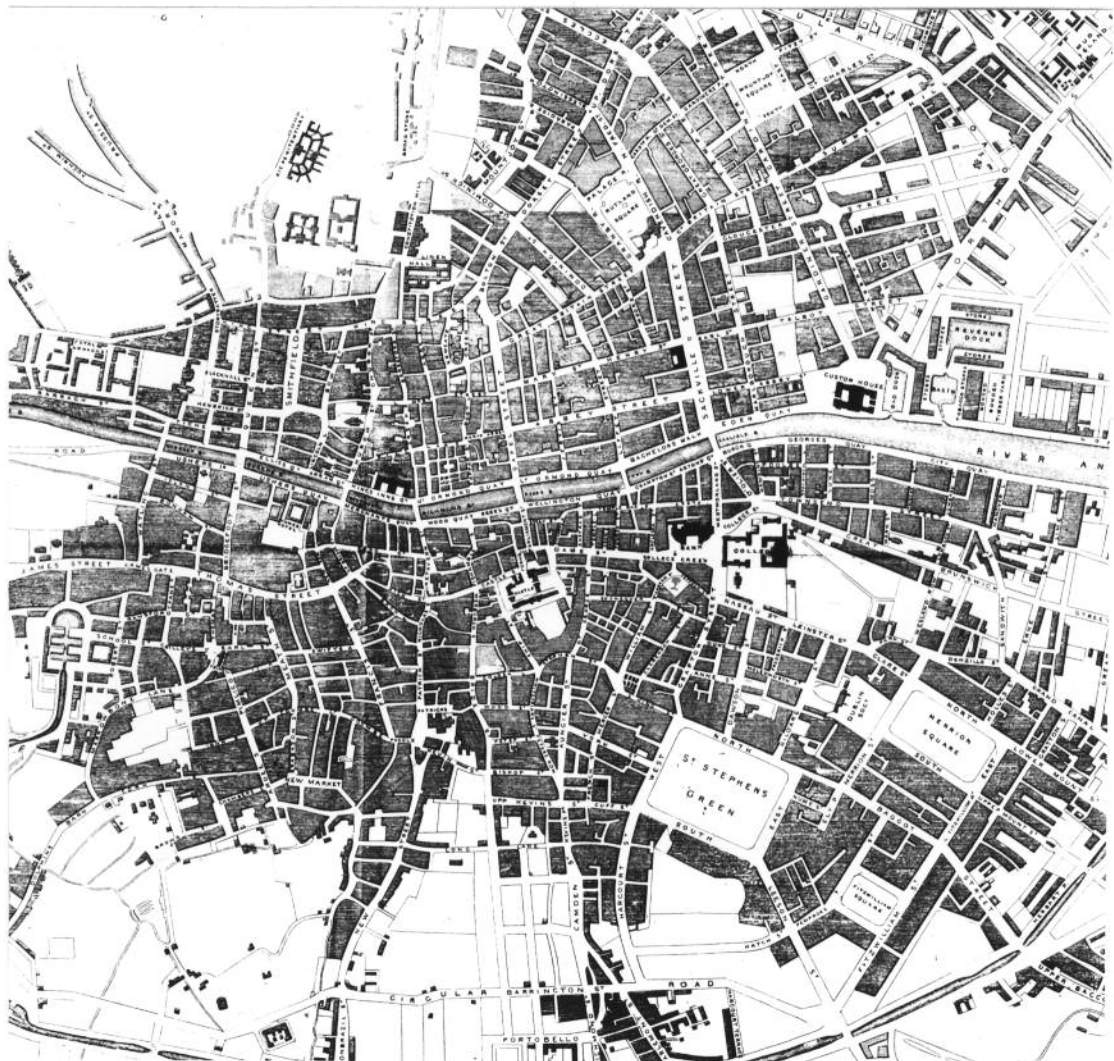
CHORUS

*I'm roving Jack of all trades, of every trade, of all trades,
And if you wish to know my name they call me Jack of All Trades.*

- 2 On George's Quay I first began where I became a porter,
Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter—
In Sackville Street a pastry cook, in James's Street a baker,
In dirty Cook Street I did coffins make—in Eustace Street a preacher.
- 3 In Baggot Street I drove a cab and there was well requited,
In Francis Street had lodging beds to entertain all strangers,
For Dublin is of high renown or I am much mistaken—
In Kevin Street, I do declare, sold butter, eggs and bacon.
- 4 In Golden Lane I sold old shoes, in Meath Street I was a grinder,
In Barrack Street I lost my wife, I'm glad I ne'er could find her;
In Mary's Lane I've died old clothes of which I've often bosted,
In that noted place Exchequer Street sold mutton ready roasted.
- 5 In Temple Bar I dressed old hats, in Thomas Street a sawyer,
In Pill Lane I sold the plats—in Green Street an honest lawyer;
In Plunkett Street I sold cast clothes—in Bride's Alley a broker,
In Charles Street I had a shop, sold shovels, tongs and pokers.
- 6 In College Green a banker was, in Smithfield a drover,
In Britain Street a waiter, in George's Street a glover;
On Ormond Quay I sold old books—in King Street a nailor,
In Townsend Street a carpenter and in Ringsend a sailor,
- 7 In Cole's Lane a job butcher, in Dame Street a tailor,
In Moor Street a clerk and on the Coombe a weaver;
In Church Street I sold old ropes—on Redmond's Hill a draper,
In Mary Street sold 'baca pipes—in Bishop Street a Quaker.
- 8 In Peter Street I was a quack, in Green Street a grazier,
On the harbour I did carry sacks—in Werburgh Street a glazier;
In Mud Iland was a dairy boy, where I became a scooper,
In Capel Street a barber's clerk, in Abbey Street a cooper.

9 In Liffey Street had furniture, with fleas and bugs I sold it,
And at the Bank a big placard I often stood to hold it;
In New Street I sold hay and straw and in Spitalfields made bacon,
In Fishamble Street was at the old trade of basket making.

10 In Summerhill a coachmaker, in Denzille Street a gilder,
In Cork Street a tanner—Brunswick Street a builder,
In High Street I sold hosiery, in Patrick's Street sold all blades,
So if you wish to know my name they call me Jack of All Trades.



THE TRUE-LOVERS' TRIP TO THE STRAWBERRY BEDS

On the Strawberry banks all so pleasant and gay
There blessed with true love I spent a short day
Where the sun shed his rays thro' the mulberry tree
And the streams formed a mirror for my true-love and me.

2 On a spot of clover we sat ourselves down
Not envying the greatest of monarchs that's crowned;
My name in the sand with his finger he drew
And he swore by the stream he would ever prove true.

3 When I beheld the gay face of my fair
It pleased me while he curled my hair;
He might not have told his love with a sigh
As he pulled the fair flowers and sat down with me.

4 Ofttimes he told me the stories of love,
He would sing a song my affections to move;
My lips were solicited, my hand gently pressed
On the banks of the Liffey where young Jessy was blessed.

5 Whenever we leave this enchanting retreat
With blushes she says, 'Where next shall we meet?'
'Next Sunday' he says 'if the weather proves clear
On the banks of the Liffey I'll meet you, my dear.'

6 Now all these innocent pleasures are o'er,
The murmuring river can please me no more
Since the Strawberry Beds have lost all their charms
And the soldiers have torn my dear from my arms.

7 But should ever I clasp him again to my heart
No more shall my true-love and I ever part;
We'll be seen in the Park for to spend the long day
With our children a-walking so pleasant and gay.

The Strawberry Beds was a much more popular resort in former years than at the present day, and on fine Sundays in summer was visited by large numbers from the city. Cars used to ply between Carlisle (now O'Connell) Bridge and 'the Beds' at 3d. a seat, and were so well patronised that it was not an infrequent sight to see a procession of these vehicles, amid blinding clouds of dust, extending the whole way from Parkgate Street to Knockmaroon. The outside cars, too, were longer in those days and carried three passengers on each side without any undue compression—not to speak of two or three in the well. The strawberry vendors, pipers, fiddlers and publicans reaped a rich harvest, the sounds of revelry filled the air, and when the shades of night had fallen numerous involuntary dismounts were made from the cars on the homeward journey.—W. St J. Joyce, 1912, p.357



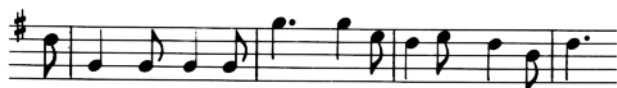
THE NEW TRAMWAY



Ri - ding on — the tram - way, that's the game for me,



Ri - ding on — the tram - way so hap - py I would be;



A nob - le sum of three - pence is all we have to pay



For — to do the lur — dy gur — dy on the new — tram — way.

*Riding on the tramway, that's the game for me,
Riding on the tramway so happy I would be;
A noble sum of threepence is all we have to pay
For to do the lurdy-gurdy on the new tramway.*

- 2 I cocked up my finger and the car quickly stopped,
I had not long been standing there when inside I did pop;
I scarcely had got time when I heard the lady say
That it's jolly to be riding on the new tramway, *etc.*
- 3 Up in the mountains that's the place to be
Listening to the jackdaw singing on the tree;
As long as I remember I never will forget,
Shove up your umberella when it's coming down wet, *etc.*

THE HERRING



As — we — strolled down — by Mal — a — hide



A bloo — dy big fish came up with the tide;



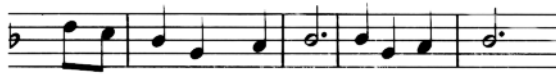
It was fif — ty feet long and twen — ty feet wide



And that was the fish — that came with the tide.

As we strolled down by Malahide
A bloody big fish came up with the tide,
It was fifty feet long and twenty feet wide
And that was the fish that came with the tide.

- 2 And what do you think we made out of his head?
The finest oven that ever made bread.
Herring and head,
Ovenmade bread,
*'Take it away,
Don't delay,
Throw your leg over me, Johnny' says she.*
- 3 And what do you think we made out of his eyes?
The finest pair of blue butterflies.
Herring and eyes,
Blue butterflies,



...There was her-ring and head, ov-en-baked bread,



Take them a - way, don't del - ay,



One your leg, two your leg, three your leg,



'Throw your leg ov - er me John - ny' says she.

*Herring and head,
Ovenmade bread,
'Take them away,
Don't delay,
Throw your leg over me, Johnny' says she.*

- 4 And what do you think we made out of his fins?
The finest pins, needles and pins, etc.
- 5 And what do you think we made out of his gills?
The finest pills to cure all ills.
- 6 And what do you think we made out of his back?
The finest boy, we christened him Jack.
- 7 And what do you think we made out of his belly?
The finest girl, we called her Nelly.
- 8 And what do you think we made out of his tail?
The finest ship that ever set sail.
- 9 And what do you think we made out of the whole?
The finest scuttle that ever held coal.

Herring and whole,
Scuttle of coal,
Herring and tail,
Ship that set sail,
Herring and belly,
Little girl Nelly,
Herring and back,
Little boy Jack,
Herring and gills,
Cure all ills,
Herring and fins,
Needles and pins,
Herring and eyes,
Blue butterflies,
Herring and head,
Ovenmade bread,
'Take them away,
Don't delay,
Throw your leg over me, Johnny' says she.

?

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.

?

NOTES

(Chapbooks and broadsides are without indication of place or date except when these are shown. Rejected readings, if any, are given at the end of the note)

Weavers' Lamentation p.10

NL Ir.6551 n.d. Dublin, chapbook, At the Rein Deer, Monrath St, Dublin. Air: unknown, try 'The Rocks of Bawn'. 2.2 *callamancoes* 'Flemish woollen cloth'; 3.2 *sarginems*?—presumably serge; a fairly extravagant conjecture would be *serge de Nîmes*; *druggets* 'woollen cloth for garments'; 6.2 perhaps 'thus to cry'; 8.3 '[will prevent] the Indian silks...'

8.2 *Relief*

Kilruddery Hunt p.12

MS written by P. Wolfe, Forenaghts, co. Kildare, on end-papers after p.336 of a copy of Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table miscellany* (see References). Air: Thumoth, p.32 'Chiling Oguiry' ('Sîle Ó Gadhra'), in 3/4 metre. Words by Thomas Mozeen, see W. St J. Joyce, pp.86-90. 7.6 *garron*, Ir. 'gelding'.

1.4 *deales* 1.7 *mightist* 2.7 variant *Joe Debill* 4.3 *Killegan* 5.1 *Bushes* 5.8 *wary* 6.3 *Where gallantly* 7.2 *to of* 7.7 *end* 8.2 *hospitally* 8.3 *talk* 9.1 *Gass as* 9.7 *lead*

Below: 'Hibernicus' was James Arbuckle, evidently an Irish Presbyterian.

New Love Song p.15

Gil. no 6, chapbook, B. Corcoran, Inn's Quay, Dublin, early 1800s? Air: unknown, try 'The Lisburn Lass'.

4.4 r. *For he?*

Skewball p.16

Sung by Eddie Butcher, Magilligan, co. Derry, Aug. 1961, tape HS 6105, actual final low C. Laws Q22.

Combat between an Ale-Wife and a Sea Crab p.18

Gil. no 4, trag. chapbook. Air:

Simpson, p.597 (original final C, in 6/4, altered by Simpson to 9/4) for which one of the titles is 'The Gentleman's Frolic'. The slip jig 'Moll Roe' is related and its first part—often used for comic Irish songs—may be preferred: see *Breathnach* II 51, 169-70.

This is a rather long-winded adaptation of the 'Sea Crab', for an Irish version of which see the cassette and its notes *Songs of the Irish travellers* ed. Tom Munnely.

2.3 *frequet* 4.3 *bromght* 6.3 *I (must tell you) a.* 13.3 *killitg* 14.2 *God* 15.3 *nd* 16.3 *ut O* 16.4 *er*

Trial and Condemnation of the Sea Crab p.21

Ibid. This second part of the preceding, not adapted from the 'Sea Crab', has a separate title. 28.4 *cast* 'condemned'.

25.3 *Loyal* r. 'lawyer'? 25.4 *Scare* 27.4 *at tall* 30.3 *catc'd* 31.2 *Bur—Lenght*

Dublin Privateer p.23

Gil no 7, chapbook, B. Corcoran, Inn's Quay near the Cloisters [Dublin, early 1800s?] Air: unknown, try 'The Leaving of Liverpool'.

2.5 *she ws* 3.7 *lad*

Dublin Baker p.24

Br. I iv, broadside. Air: Ó Súilleabháin & O'Sullivan, pp.100-101, where Bunting's words and air of this song are given. The song is Laws L12 'The Rambling Boy', the air a version of the one used by 'Carroll Malone' for his 'Croppoy Boy'—Bunting's final B flat. 5.3: the novelist Henry Fielding (†1754) or his stepbrother John (†1780).

1.1 *Dubllin* 4.3 *shut r. shof?* 4.4
with heart's deligot 6.2 *Aud* 8.2
superd

'Rakes of Stonybatter': a broadside is in Cambridge University Library, Madden collection VI no 1607, printed by Holloway & Black, p.223.

Dublin Tragedy p.26

TCD 66 u 165 no 3, chapbook, [R. Grace], Mary St, Cheapside, Dublin, [c.1820]. Air: unknown. The rather unusual metre corresponds to 'Up in London fair', an English female-sailor ballad not found by Laws, and the air is taken from a co. Antrim version of this sung by Arthur Coulter, Carnaughliss, 1968, tape HS 6803 (actual final C). 18.3: Burgoyne surrendered on 17 Oct. 1777.

Title, *unfortunate* 12.4 *on board she went* 13.3 *quickly sail'd o'er* 31.2 *example her*

Miss King of Dublin p.31

NL MS 490, pp.66-8 (complete text after a fresh start, with frag. on p.65), written in N. co.Down c.1845 by John Hume, see Shields 1971, pp.6,16. Air: P. W. Joyce, p.26 (no musical repeat indicated); Joyce gives 4 lines of words only, but recognizably belonging to this song. Though not conspicuously traditional in style, it nevertheless uses a striking traditional motif when the criminal is called on to touch the girl's corpse.

1.1 *dow* 1.3 *young* inserted in the same hand 2.5, 3.3-4 *For assistance Miss — Into his arms he coveyed her sweet To an Inn which he had provided* (in these lines I have adopted the text of p.65) 3.7 *Brown or you* 5.1 *For lack of gold* 7.3 *to long* 7.5 *The searched* 7.7 *the espied*. In one index at the end of the MS the title is overwritten 'Short the last verse', probably by the writer's brother.

Country Recruit's Description of the Military p.34

RIA 12 B' 17 no 1, chapbook, B. Corcoran, [Dublin] 1802. This song is

evidently a prototype of the 'Kerry Recruit' (Laws J8), still sung today. Air: E. Æ. Somerville, p.31 (original final F); but since the refrain of this air mentions Kerry, a geographically neutral refrain from co.Derry may be preferred, 'Taddy hi ho! Taddy hi ho! Wack fol de diddle singing taddy hi ho!' 1.2 *Greencollege*, facetious for 'College Green'; 5.4 *garran*, Ir. 'gelding'; 9.2 that is, 'Is she a (non-conformist) Protestant or a Catholic?'

2.2 *h Hat* 2.4 *Majesties* 3.2 *alone* 4.2 *Luke — nam* 5.3-4 *stee... to the de...* (tight bound) 5.4 *garsan* 6.3 *gabbard* 8.4 *danmable* 11.1 *De'll*

New Song on the Police Guards

p. 36

Gil. no 17, chapbook, W. Jones, 4 (formerly 18) Green St, Dublin. Air: unknown, try the 'Old Orange Flute'. A regular Dublin police force was set up by an act of 8 May 1786; a workhouse (James's Street) was opened on 8 Nov. 1773; the new lying-in hospital (1751-7) was known as the Rotunda from 1767; 4. 3 refers to the Royal Barracks near Parkgate and to St Stephen's Green; 6.2 to the 17th-century municipal building near Christ Church which was demolished c.1806. The districts mentioned in v.4 were the urban sectors used by police administration.

2.4 *Stephen's reen* 8.2 *Gotat?* illegible.

'Brass Buttons': noted by HS.

'Policeman': noted by Lisa Shields.

May Bush p.38

TCD 66 u 165 no 4, chapbook, [R. Grace], 3 Mary St, Dublin. Air: unknown. On 30 April the Smithfield butcher boys went to Santry wood in N. co.Dublin and brought home a May Bush which was decorated for May day by the girls of Stonybatter. During their absence next day the Liberty weaver boys stole it. Bill Durham—or the author—'vows revenge... by driv-

ing one of the bulls of Ormond Market among his adversaries'—Walsh, p.101, cf. pp.98-100. 2.2 *clever* 'nicely proportioned'; 4.2 *splie'd all our makes* 'collected our halfpence'; 4.5 *dous'd* 'pawned'; 5.5, 6.6 *falchions* 'hooks' or 'knives'; 6.2 *quarry* 'home'? 6.5 *skin-bag* 'shirt' 8.2 *tip dem a fret*? Walsh, p.101, has 'sweat'; 8.3 *mosey* 'bull'?

Below: 'Lovely Ellen Brown', Munnely, cassette and booklet p.17.

Humours of Donnybrook Fair

p.40

Crocker, pp.187-9. Air: Goodman's jig 'Humours of Ballinacfad' (III 90, final A) suits Crocker's specification and his words, for which Crocker gives no source. Donnybrook fair—established in 1204—was last held on 21-26 Aug. 1854.

Hannah Healy the Pride of Howth

p.44

TCD 66 u 165 no 47, chapbook, W. Kelly, Waterford. Air: The Wicklow song 'Luggela', though now hardly known, was sung in its day to interesting and varied airs. The one given was probably noted in Dublin and is from Petrie's MSS: Deasy II no 639 (final E flat).

2.2 *she modest* 5.7 *Nor dare*

Phoenix of Fingal

p.47

TCD CC m 77, chapbook, W. Kelly, Waterford. Air: Deasy, II no 1090, 'Bessy of Dromore' (final F), from co. Derry—here adapted from a four to an eight-line structure, with the original musical line shown by small-head notes in lines 1-2 and 5-6. 1.5 that is, 'rapt'; 6.5 *bleated* 'blighted'?

2.8 *Phenix Fingal* 3.7 *insinuations can make penetration* 6.6 *I'm seated* 6.7 *obligated*

Catherine Skelly

p.50

Br. VI 258, broadside. Air: unknown, try 'Carroll Malone's' 'Croppie Boy'—see the 'Dublin Baker'—or Laws K12, 'The Sailor

Boy' ('Father, father, build me a boat').

1.3 *here* 2.3 *drowning* 2.4 *severe* 4.1 *I been tempted* 7.4 *heavey* 8.1 *brough*

Willy O

p.52

Sung by 'Mr X', Malinbeg, co.Donegal, Sept. 1968, *Folk Ballads from Donegal and Derry* ed. H. Shields, Leader LEA 4055, London 1972, 12 in. LP (actual final F). Several broadsides dating from c.1850 survive: all seem to be Irish, perhaps all printed in Dublin.

6.2 not distinct, perhaps *my ghost ship will*

Seducer Outwitted

p.54

Sung by Charlie Somers, Bellarena, co.Derry, July 1969, Shields 1981, pp.100-101,170 (actual final F). 2.4 *told* 'revealed'? 3.4 presumably to see that the wager is properly fulfilled; 6.3, 7.1 broadside texts have *my wishes... your wishes*, but Charlie evidently took *wishes* in the sense of 'favours'; 10.2 *cot*, Ir.'small boat'. The few surviving broadside texts seem to be all from Dublin.

Sally and Johnny

p.56

Sung by Eddie Butcher, Magilligan, co.Derry, Aug. 1961, tape HS 6105 (actual final B flat). Laws O31, common on Irish broadsides of the Crimean period and after. 5.2 *the rout* 'marching orders'.

1.2 *Glentarth* 7.3 *Trafalgar, Attile and*

Below: news item quoted by W. St J. Joyce, p.9.

Tied my Toes to the Bed

p.58

Sung by Dennis Healey, Glenmacnass (vv.1,2,4,3,6-8) and Paul Ryan, Glendasan (v.5), both co.Wicklow, Sept.1960—*Ceol* I iv (1964) 12-14; the air is Dennis's. Extant broadsides seem to be all from Dublin. 1.1 That is, at the Royal—now Collins—Barracks near Phoenix Park; 1.4 *Dirty Lane* (Thomas St district),

Dennis also sang variously *in a street called Coleraine and up in Back Alley Lane*.

Dublin Jack of All Trades p.60

Br. I iv, broadside, P.Brereton, 1 Lr Exchange St, Dublin (mid-60s). Air: unknown; O Lochlainn, I 80, has adapted an air to it with quite good results.

1.1 *black?*—illegible, r. *blade?*
Refrain, *trads* — *trads* 2.1 *Ou Georges* 2.2 *e & my* 2.4 *cffins*
4.1 *Ghlden* 5.2 *plats* — *Gren-st*
10.2 *brunswic*

True-Lovers' Trip to the Strawberry Beds p.62

Br.III 161, broadside. Air: unknown, try the 'Lowlands of Holland'. Broadside is of the Crimean period.

1.2 *ture-love* 4.1 *oftimes* 6.1 *are e'er* 6.3 *Bed have*

New Tramway p.64

Sung by Paul Ryan, Glendasan, co.Wicklow, Sept. 1960—*Ceol* no 22 (1986) 31. The new horse tram began running from College Green to Rathmines on 1 Feb. 1872. Its novelty did not exclude traditional erotic imagery: in broadside texts the lady and the poet are expecting 'fresh conductors'—Healy, pp.334-5.

2.2 is supplied from Healy's text.

Herring p.65

Ceol III i (1967) 21-2, text from the Marrowbone Lane district, communicated by Dan Dowd, Dublin; air from Paddy Ward who heard it in Ringsend (final D). A song of English provenance and indeterminate date.

'What's yer name?'

'Butter an' crame.'

'All the way from Dirty Lane.'—Daiken, p.37

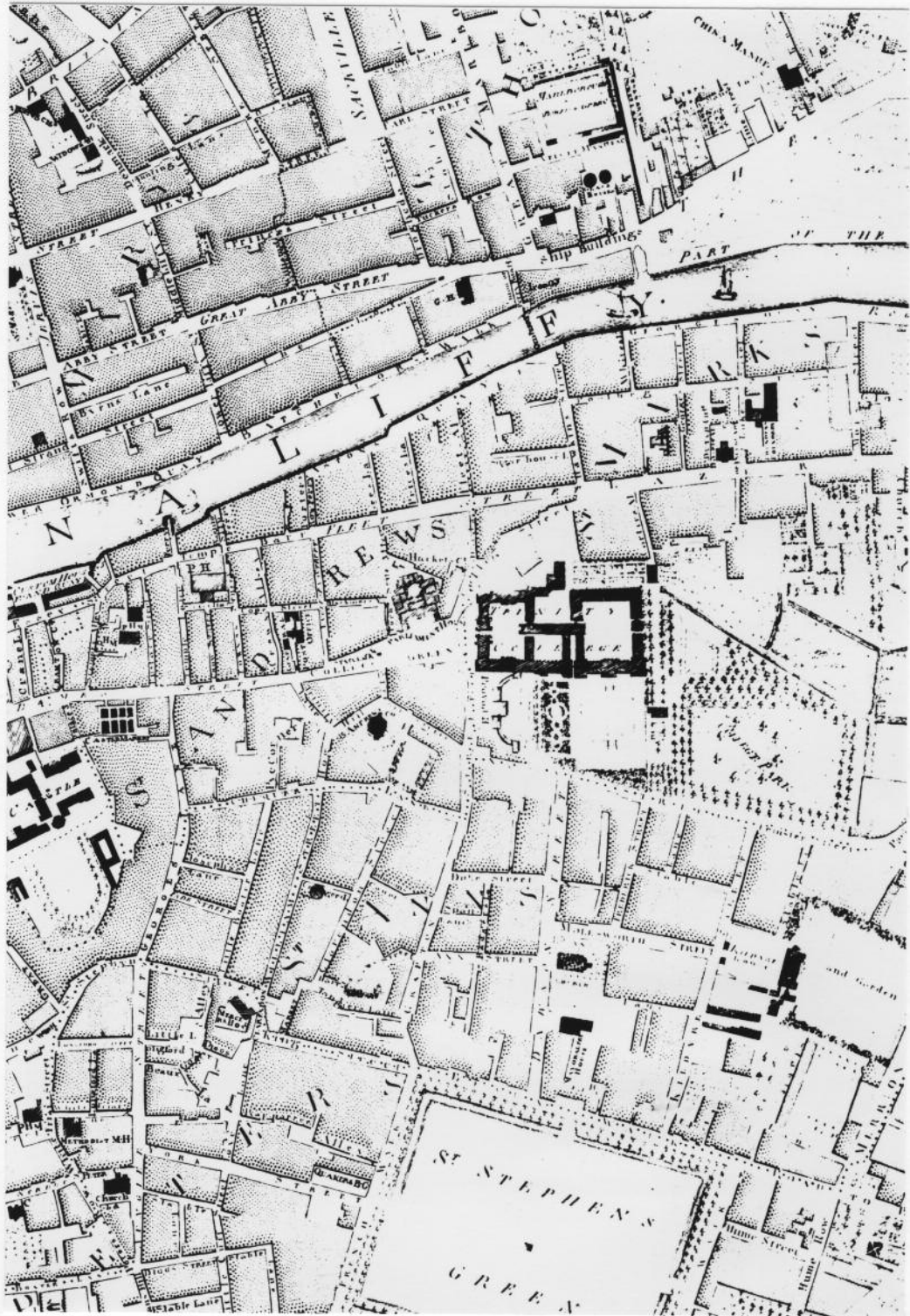
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Sources of illustrations:

- page 27 'The Dublin Tragedy', TCD 66 u 165, no 3 (title-page)
- " 30 Broadside, TCD 189 t 3 no 5
- " 33 Woman and children selling ballads, TCD CC m 77, no 22
- " 37 Broadside woodcut 'Johnny Golicher', c.1850—NL broadsides, 'Golicher'
- " 43 Broadside printed in Dublin c.1960 (original in green and orange ink on white paper)
- " 46 'Revival' broadside publ. July 1913, see *Ceol Tíre* no 8 (Dec. 1976) 10 - 11
- " 54 Broadside woodcut and title, TCD Gall. R 15 34
- " 61 Folding map, *Post Office directory*, Dublin 1833
- cover View of Dublin from Phœnix Park, copy of J. Tudor (attrib.) *Six Vœues de Dublin* c.1753 in [Thos.] Bankes's *New complete system of geography* (London c.1790)
- inside cover Map of Dublin by John Rocque, 1756





Dublin, like any big city, means different things to different people, and these songs could not possibly be labelled as a single 'Dublin' genre. But one thing they have in common is that they are mostly about people's lives: what they were like or how they might have been. Sometimes they celebrate the crowd-attracting activities of the city, its environs, its municipal improvements. More often they enter the personal universe of certain of its citizens, real or imagined, and tell a story about them.

In these songs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries different traditions have flowed together — English, Gaelic, European—and vulgarity consorts with elegance, frivolity with personal grief. This is how the songs appear jumbled together in the old surviving chapbook and ballad collections from which many of them are taken. Music is added where possible. But some are still sung today and have been recorded from their traditional singers. Many early references to traditional singing are given in their original text, and these, with illustrations and notes, provide a context for the songs

ISBN 0 905733 04 5

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