

A decorative border of Celtic knotwork in shades of gold, brown, and teal surrounds the text.

IRISH TRADITIONAL SONGS
CIRCLE & WORKSHOP

Rainy Camp 2021

Host: Heather L. Preston

Maid on the Shore (Stan Rogers vers. of a 19th C. forebitter/ orig. Irish; close to ITMA's Fran(cis) McPhail sung version. Irish version **emphasizes** the magical singing of the maid.)

There is a young maiden, she lives all
alone,
She lives all alone on the shore O;
There is nothing she can find to comfort
her mind,
But to roam all alone on the shore, shore,
shore,
But to roam all alone on the shore.

'Twas of the young captain who sailed
the salt sea,
That the winds blow high, blow low O;
I will die, I will die, the young captain
did cry,
If I don't have that maid on the shore,
shore, shore,
If I don't have that maid on the shore.

Well, I have much of silver, I have much
of gold,
I have much of costly ware O;
I'll divide, I'll divide with my jolly
ship's crew,
If they row me that maid on the shore,
shore, shore,
If they row me that maid on the shore.

After much persuasion, they got her
aboard,
Let the wind blow high, blow low O;
They replaced her away in his cabin
below,
Here's adieu to all sorrow and care, care,
care,
Here's adieu to all sorrow and care.

They replaced her away in his cabin
below,
Let the wind blow high, blow low O;
She's so pretty and neat, she's so sweet
and complete,
She sung captain and sailors to sleep,
sleep, sleep,
She sung captain and sailors to sleep.

Then she robbed him of silver, she
robbed him of gold,
She robbed him of costly ware O;
Then took his broad sword instead of an
oar,
And paddled away to the shore, shore,
shore,
And paddled away to the shore.

Well, me men must be crazy, me men
must be mad,
Me men must be deep in despair O;
For to let you away from my cabin so
gay,
And to paddle your way to the shore,
shore, shore,
And to paddle your way to the shore.

Well, your men were not crazy, your men
were not mad,
Your men were not deep in despair O;
I deluded your sailors as well as yourself,
I'm a maiden again on the shore, shore,
shore,
I'm a maiden again on the shore.

-- first verse again --

Month of January (most pop. In Ireland but sung throughout the Br. Isles)

(Lyrics: Frankie Armstrong ver. w/ a Sarah Makem corr.)

It was in the month of January, the hills all clad in snow,
When over hills and valleys my true love he did go.
It was there I met a pretty fair maid, a salt tear in her eye,
She had a baby in her arms and bitter she did cry.

“Oh, cruel was my father that barred the door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that dreadful sight to see.
And cruel was my own true love to change his mind for gold,
And cruel was that winter’s night that pierced my heart with cold.”

For the taller that the palm tree grows, the sweeter is the bark,
And the fairer that a young man speaks, oh, the falser is his heart.
He will woo you and embrace you till he thinks he has you won;
Then he’ll go away and leave you all for some other one.

So come all you pretty fair young maids, a warning take by me,
And do not try to build your nest at the top of a high tree,
For the leaves they all will wither and the branches will decay
And the beauty of a fine young man will all soon fade away.

[Roud 175 ; Laws P20 ; G/D 6:1176 ; Ballad Index LP20 ; trad.]

Paddie Bell sang *It Was in the Month of January* in 1965 on her LP **Paddie—Herself**. Paddy Tunney sang *The Month of January* on his 1966 Topic album recorded by Bill Leader, **The Irish Edge**. This track was also included in 1998 on the Topic anthology **Tonight I’ll Make You My Bride** (The Voice of the People Series Volume 6).

Sarah Makem sang *It Was in the Month of January* at home in Keady, Co. Armagh, in 1967 in a recording made by Bill Leader. This recording was published a year later on her Topic LP **Ulster Ballad Singer**. Another 1967 recording, made by Peter Kennedy and Sean Boyle was included in 2012 on Sarah Makem’s Topic anthology **The Heart Is True** (The Voice of the People Series Volume 24).

Frankie Armstrong sang *The Month of January* on her 1976 Topic LP **Songs and Ballads**. Tom Lenihan sang this song as *A Wintry Evening* on his 1978 Topic album of songs traditional in West Clare, Paddy’s Panacea. Sara Grey and Ellie Ellis sang this song as *Wintry Winds* on their 1982 Fellside album of songs and tunes from North America, **A Breath of Fresh Air**.

June Tabor sang *The Month of January* on her 1983 Topic LP **Abyssinians** and on her 1993 compilation **Anthology**. She cites Sarah Makem as her source. Bob Fox sang *In the Month of January* in 2000 on his CD **Dreams Never Leave You**. Tim Radford sang *The Month of January* on his 2005 CD **Home from Home**. Niamh Boadle sang *The Month of January* in 2010 on her CD **Wild Rose**. Jon Boden sang *In the Month of January* as the 10 January 2011 entry of his project **A Folk Song a Day**. Josienne Clarke sang *The Month of January* in 2012 on her and Ben Walker’s CD **Fire and Fortune**. Siobhan Miller sang *The Month of January* on her 2017 album **Strata**.

The Boys of Barr na Sráide

Author: Sigerson Clifford (1913-1985)

*Dreólin is the Gaeilge word for wren. Barr na Sráide: BAHR nuh ShrEYE-thuh

Oh, the town, it climbs the mountains and looks upon the sea
At sleeping time or waking time, it's there I'd like to be.
To walk again those kindly streets, the place where life began,
With the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

With cudgels stout they roamed about to hunt for the dreólin*
We searched for birds in every furze from Litir to Dooneen.
We danced for joy beneath the sky, life held no print nor plan
When the Boys of Barr na Sráide went hunting for the wren.

And when the hills were bleedin' and the rifles were aflame
To the rebel homes of Kerry the Saxon strangers came,
But the men who dared the Auxies and fought the Black-and-Tan
Were the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

But now they toil in foreign soil where they have made their way
Deep in the heart of London or over on Broadway,
And I am left to sing their deeds and praise them while I can
Those Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

And here's a health to them tonight wherever they may be.
By the groves of Carham river or the slope of Bean 'a Tí
John Daly and Batt Andy and the Sheehans, Con and Dan,
And the Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

When the wheel of life runs out and peace come over me
Just take me back to that old town between the hills and sea.
I'll take my rest in those green fields, the place where life began,
With those Boys of Barr na Sráide who hunted for the wren.

From Christy Moore (whose 1977 recording of this song is pretty definitive):

I was enthralled when I heard Michael Hipkiss sing this in The Skillet Pot, Birmingham in 1968. I was living on the road and betimes, when well nurtured with ale, I could engage in maudlin meanderings about the pain of exile. I subsequently recorded the song in 1977's Live in Dublin album (recorded with Donal Lunny, Jimmy Faulkner by Nicky Ryan). Barr na Sráide means "top of the street" in Gaeilge.

Colcannon (AKA The Little Skillet Pot)

(Traditional – as recorded by the Black Family in 1986)

Well did you ever have colcannon, made with lovely pickled cream
With the greens & scallions mingled like a picture in a dream
Did you ever make a hole on top to hold the meltin' flake
Of the creamy flavored butter that our mothers used to make?

Chorus:

Oh you did, so you did, so did he and so did I
And the more I think about it, sure the nearer I'm to cry
Oh weren't them the happy days, when troubles we knew not
And our mothers made colcannon in the little skillet pot?

Well, did you ever take potato cake and boxty to the school
Tucked underneath your oxtér* with your books, your slate and rule
And when teacher wasn't lookin', sure a great big bite you'd take
Of the creamy flavored soft and meltin' sweet potato cake

[Chorus]

Well did you ever go a-courtin' boys when the evenin' sun went down
And the moon began a-peepin' from behind the Hill O' Down
And you wandered down the boreen* where the clúrachán* was seen
And you whispered lovin' praises to your own dear sweet cáilín

[Chorus x 2]

=====

*WORDS:

Colcannon - (Cookery) a dish, originating in Ireland, of potatoes and cabbage or other greens boiled and mashed together [from Irish Gaelic cáil ceannann, literally: white-headed cabbage]

Boxty is a potato cake or scone, made from mashed potato and flour and baked in an oven or on a griddle. Eaten hot, usually with lots of butter and salt. The original versions were very time-consuming to make and mostly are not pursued anymore. There's a beautiful description of boxty, its making, and its meaning in Henry Glassie's big book "Passing the Time in Ballymenone" – maybe the greatest book about Ireland.

oxter - arm, armpit, from same OE root as axle.

boreen is bóithrín - a rough lane, usually unpaved

clúrachán (CLOR-A-CON) - one of the Little People – HLP

Two Sisters (Child 10, Roud 8)

There were two sisters side by side
Sing I-dum, sing I-day
There were two sisters side by side
The boys are born for me
There were two sisters side by side
The eldest for young Johnny cried
I'll be true unto my love if he'll be true
to me ← [*this line ends each verse*]

**Johnny bought the youngest a gay-gold
ring**
Sing I-dum, sing I-day
[repeat line 1]
The boys are born for me
[repeat line 1]
**He never bought the eldest a single
thing**

**Johnny bought the youngest a beaver
hat**
[etc. as above]
The eldest didn't think much of that

**As they were a-walking by the foamy
brim**
[etc. as above]
The eldest pushed the youngest in

Sister, oh sister, give me thy hand
[etc. as above]
**And you can have Johnny and all his
land**

Oh sister, I'll not give you my hand
[etc. as above]
And I'll have Johnny and all his land

So away she sank and away she swam
[etc. as above]
Until she came to the miller's dam

The miller, he took her gay-gold ring
[etc. as above]
And then he pushed her in again

**The miller, he was hanged on the
mountain head**
[etc. as above]
The eldest sister was boiled-in lead

Oh, love is a fire that burns so bright
Sing I-dum, sing I-day
love is a fire that burns so bright
The boys were born for me
love is a fire that burns so bright
**The shadows it casts can be dark as
night**
I'll be true unto my love if he'll be true
to me!

[last verse added by HLP for the moral.
Other versions of this song are far, far
longer]

Siúil a Rún — Clannad version

I wish I was on yonder hill
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill
And every tear would turn a mill
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

Anglo phonetics

← [eehz go zhe tu mavoorneen sla-in]

Chorus

Siúil, siúil, siúil a rún
Siúil go socair agus siúil go ciúin
Siúil go doras agus éalaigh liom
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

← [shool, shool, shool a ruin]
[shool go suckir ahgus shool go cuin]
[shool go doras ahgus elley lum]
[eehz go zhe tu mavoorneen sla-in]

I'll sell my [rock](#), I'll sell my [reel](#)
I'll sell my only spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red
And round the world I'll beg my bread
Until my parents shall wish me dead
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
I wish I had my heart again
And vainly think I'd not complain
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

But now my love has gone to France
to try his fortune to advance
If he e'er comes back 'tis but a chance
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán

Translation of the Irish chorus:

[HLP from various sources, because you should always know what your sung words mean!]

*Go, go, go my secret [love],
Walk quietly and walk peacefully
Walk to the door and flee with me!
And may you go, my darling, safely.*

Sweet Kingwilliamstown (Daniel Buckley – as sung by Nick Moloney)

My bonnie barque floats light and free
Across the surging foam
It bears me far from Innisfail
To seek a foreign home
A lonely exile driven far
By misfortune's cruel frown
From my own home and cherished friends
In dear Kingwilliamstown

Whilst here upon the deck I stand
And watch the surging foam
Fresh thoughts arise within in my mind
Of friends I'll ne'er see more
Of moonlight deeds and happy hours
While fast the tears roll down
Still thinking of my friends so dear
In sweet Kingwilliamstown

Shall I no more gaze on your shore
Or roam your mountains high
Or stray along Black Water's banks
Where I roamed when just a boy
Or watch the sun over Knocknaboul
Light up the heather brown
Before she flings her farewell gleams
O'er sweet Kingwilliamstown

I know not yet but I fondly hope
Where e'er my footsteps roam
For cherished greatly in my mind
Are thoughts of love and home
Though fair is the land where I stand
As night falls gently down
May God be with you Motherland
Farewell Kingwilliamstown

Daniel Buckley was a *Titanic* survivor who was reportedly the last American soldier to die on the last day of World War I. Kingwilliamstown in County Cork is now called Ballydesmond.

Do You Love An Apple? (as sung by Janet Russell & Christine Kidd)

Do you love an apple, do you love a pear?
Do you love a laddie with curly brown hair?
Yes, I love him, can't deny him
I will be with him wherever he goes

Before I got married I wore a black shawl
Now that I'm married I wear bugger-all
Still, I love him, can't deny him
I will be with him wherever he goes

He works at the pier for nine bob a week
Come Saturday night he comes rolling home drunk
Still, I love him, can't deny him
I will be with him wherever he goes

He stands at the corner, a fag in his mouth
Hands in his pockets, he whistles me out
Still, I love him, can't deny him
I will be with him wherever he goes

Before I got married I'd sport and I'd play
Now, the cradle it gets in me way
Still, I love him, can't deny him
I will be with him wherever he goes

Do you love an apple, do you love a pear?
Do you love a laddie with curly brown hair?
Yes, I love him, can't deny him
I'll go with him wherever he goes

The Parting Glass

Oh of all the money that e'er I spent,
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm that e'er I've done
alas it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass,
Goodnight and joy be with you all,

Oh all the comrades that e'er I had
Are sorry for my going away.
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Would wish me one more day to stay.
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise, and you should not.
I'll gently rise, and I'll softly call
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile.
There is a fair lad in this town,
That sorely has my heart beguiled.
His rosy cheeks and manly lips,
I own he has my heart in thrall.
Then fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.

Verse 3, Men's version:

If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit awhile.
There is a fair maid in this town,
That sorely has my heart beguiled.
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart in thrall.
Then fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.

Health to the Company

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
Come lift up your voices, all grief to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here again!

CH:

So here's a health to the company and one to my lass
Let's drink and be merry all out of one glass
Let's drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here again

Here's a health to the wee lass that I love so well
For style and for beauty there's none can excel
There's a smile on her countenance as she sits on my knee
There is no man in this wide world as happy as me

CH

Our ship lies at anchor, she is ready to dock
I wish her safe landing without any shock
And if ever we should meet again, by land or by sea
I will always remember your kindness to me

CH

Alternative (earlier, more sensible?) last verse:

Oh, my ship lies in harbor, she's ready to sail,
God grant her safe voyage without any gale;
And if ever we should meet again, by land or by sea,
I will always remember your kindness to me.

Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann Recommended Repertoire in Traditional Singing in English

At the recent seminar on Traditional Singing and Amhránaíocht ar an Sean-Nós, participants were asked to compile lists of songs suitable for beginner, intermediate and advanced singers. They were also asked for their thoughts on what made these particular songs good beginner/improver songs. One of the first points to be made was that a beginner singer should not be considered in terms of age; people are drawn to the art form at various points in their lives and therefore, repertoire, and in particular the content of songs, may vary according to age and life experience.

However, there was a general consensus on traits that make songs more suitable for a beginner. In no particular order, these traits include:

- simple in structure, short lines, short verses and a small number of verses overall
- catchy: a lively tune, possibly with a chorus
- a simple story: a song of place, a local hero, a love song
- limited expression needed to convey story of song
- easy to break into steps to teach, repetition in the melody, repetition in phrases
- obvious long notes to allow for the introduction of ornamentation when appropriate
- easy phrases, limited breath control necessary and limited vocal range.

Following on from the beginner songs, the intermediate songs should:

- have a stronger storyline, including historical/political references
- be longer in length overall, with longer lines and phrases throughout, necessitating an improvement in breath control from beginner level
- require greater vocal range
- have a more complicated verse structure, such as an A part and a B part
- contain limited repetition in melody/phrases
- require a deeper level of understanding and expression to convey the story to the listener.

The advanced songs are another step up from the intermediate lists as they require a more experienced understanding of all the techniques involved in the performance of a traditional song. The story once again is key and understanding of what is being sung. Phrasing should reflect the flow of the phrases, with breath control being used to great effectiveness. Variations in melody, phrasing and ornamentation should be used throughout, though sparingly, so as not to overpower the song itself. At this level, singers should be picking songs that suit their voice, their vocal range and their ability. This level of confidence and understanding of self comes with experience.

However, while all the technique and ‘bells and whistles’ are important, there is no doubt that what makes a good traditional singer is acquiring a traditional style of singing. This can only be developed by listening to singers singing in a traditional style. A discussion document compiled by Séamus Mac Mathúna and Coiste Ceoil CCÉ of the styles of singing in the English language, is available on request from Cultúrlann na hÉireann; eolas@comhaltas.ie. Exposure to different traditional styles will help develop a sense of the style that the singer is attracted to. This may be what the singer hears in their particular area/province, but for the Diaspora it is important to be exposed to the many different styles

from across Ireland, in order to figure out the style that they are drawn to, especially if they haven't access to a teacher or a chance to hear traditional singers from around their area. The initial development of a traditional style will take the form of copying what they are exposed to. With more experience, the singer will begin to develop and nurture their own style.

Note: The following lists of songs are suggestions only, and not definitive lists of Traditional songs.

Repertoire in Traditional Singing

BEGINNER REPERTOIRE FOR TRADITIONAL SINGERS

SLOW

Hills of Tyrone
Shores of Lough Bran
Lough Sheelin Side
Home I left Behind
Erin Grá mo Chroí
Rocks of Bawn
The Mulcair River
My Blue Eyed Mountain

Queen

Banks of the Lee
Once I loved
The Praties They Grow
Small

May Morning Dew

Sweet Kingwilliamstown

Carraig River

The Hare

The Dear Little Isle

The Wild Rapparee

Banna Strand

The Boys of Barr na Sráide

The Ballyboy Song

Molly Bán

A Stór mo Chroí

The Parting Glass

The Maid of Coolmore

The Maid on the Shore

The Quiet Land of Erin

The Month of January

Bunclody

Dear Old Newport Town

Eileen McMahan

The Banks of the Callan

The Croppy Boy

Brian Óg and Molly Bán

The Green Fields Around

Ferbane

The Ballyboy Macra na

Feirme Ball

Rodge Deegan's Combine

Machine

Barnagh Hill

The Banks of the Moy

Down Erin's Lovely Lee

Willie the Ploughboy

Pádraig Óg mo Chroí

My Old Home Far Away

Keady Town

LIVELY

When I was Young

Brian O'Lynn

Siúl a Rún

P stands for Paddy

Rory Óg McRory

Pat Came Over the Hill

(The Whistling Thief)

Thousands are Sailing

to America

The Jobber from Clare

Do You Love an Apple?

Health to the Company

My Father's Cabin Small

Old Maid in the Garret

The Road to Claudy

The Sean Bhean Bhocht

Four and Nine

Shiny-O

The Drunken Sailor

Still I Love Him

The Two Sisters

The Maid of the Sweet

Brown Knowe

ABC song

A Cobbler's Daughter

Blackbirds and Thrushes

Great Big Roaming Ass

Patsy Fagan

Going to Mass Last Sunday

Wee Paddy Molloy

Johnny Lovely Johnny

Paddy and the Whale

Ballyconnell Fair

Colcannon

The Song of the Cheese

The Row in the Kitchen

The Piper (Ms Gilhooley's

Party)

The Bodhrán Song

Come with me Over

the Mountain

The Jug of Punch

Blackwater Side

Paddy O'Brien's Trip

Fair of Cappamore

The Magherafelt Fair Day

FOLLOW ON REPERTOIRE FOR TRADITIONAL SINGERS

SLOW

Caoch O'Leary
 The Constant Farmer's Son
Sweet Kingwilliamstown
 Brocagh Brae
 The Streams of Bunclody
 The Banks of the Moy
 The Flower of Magherally O
 The Lady of Loughrea
 Pádraig Óg mo Chroí
 The May Morning Dew
 Iniscarra
 Where is our James
 Connolly?
 The Blooming Maid of
 Sweet Killeigh
 The Maid of Ballygow
The Boys of Barr na Sráide
 Craigie Hill
The Green Fields of France
 The Factory Girl
 A Stór Mo Chroí
 Ye Lovers All
 The Groves of Kiltreevan
 McCormack Brothers
 The Wounded Huzzar
 Kilnamartyra Exile
 Ar Éirinn Ní nEosfainn Cé hÍ
 Daybreak O'er Rathea
 Lonely Banna Strand
 Fare Thee Well Lovely Mary
 Farewell to Miltown Malbay
 Clare v Cork Munster
 Hurling Championship
 1914
 Boating on Lough Ree
 The Home I Left Behind
 Dónal Óg
 John Mitchell
 The Rocks of Bawn
 Misses Limerick, Kerry
 and Clare
 The Bonny Bunch of
 Roses O

The Night we Rode
 with Sarsfield
 The Rambling Boys
 of Pleasure
 Griffinstown Hill
 The Green Fields of
 America
 The Green Fields of Canada
 Ballyneety's Walls
 Ballyseedy Cross
 Moorlough Mary
 Easter Snow
 Old Ardboe
 Adieu to Lovely Garrison
 The Banks of the Nile
 The Lady of Loughrea
 The Flower of Gortade
 Lough Erne Shore
 The Banks of the Clyde
 The Boys of Mullaghbawn
 The Hills Above Drumquin
 Lovely Ann
 Buachaillín Donn
 Ballyshannon Lane
 St Helena's Shore
Four Green Fields
 The Shady Woods
 of Truagh
 Shanagolden
 Land of the Gael
 Dear Old Newport Town
 The Kerry Hills
 Mac and Shanahan
 Erin's Green Shore
 Between the Mountains
 and the Sea
 Summer is Coming
 Bridget O'Malley
 The Mall of Lismore
 The Valley of Knockanure
 Gráinne Mhaol
 Dark Slender Boy
 Willie Rambler
 Once I Loved
 Matt Hyland

The Wee Croppy Tailor
 The Muttonburn Stream
The Trees they be High
 The Banks of the Bann
 Dobbin's Flowery Vale
 My Bonny Blue Eyed Lassie
 Sweet Lurgy Streams
 The Rose of Ardee
The Jolly Roving Tar
 Ballad of O'Carolan Country
 It's of my Rambles
 The Dear Little Isle
 Sweet Omagh Town
 The Verdant Braes of Screen
 The Maid of Culmore
 Sweet Portadown
 Alone at Twilight
 Meet me Tonight on
 the Shore
 The Lily of Meene
 The Banks of Sullane
 The Wild Raparee
 The Blackbird of Sweet
 Avondale
 Kerry Candlelight
 Cabin With The Roses
 Round the Door
 Hills of Coore
 The Banks of Blaine
 Slieve Gallion Braes
 The Mulcair River
 My Blue-Eyed Mountain
 Queen
The Leaving of Limerick
 The Evelyn Marie
 The Green Hills of Clare
 Sean Ó Duibhir a' Ghleanna
 The Cratloe Woods
LIVELY
 The Making of the Cheese
 The Yorkshire Pigs
 The Bodhrán
 The Bold Tenant Farmer
 My Father's Cabin Small
 Tandragee

Come with me Over the
Mountain
The Irish Tinker
Murphy's wife
Is your Wife Gone Away?
Bellagh Fair
Pol and Nancy Hogan
The Caherciveen Races
The Binder Twine
Song of the Dawn
Mary Ann
Ten Minutes Too Late
Maid of the Sweet Brown
Knowe
The Bullock Fair Day
Murphy's Running Dog
Whiskey me Boys
Going to Mass Last Sunday
Nell Flaherty's Drake
Hymn to St Finbarr
Dick Mooney's Daughter,
Battle on the Field
The Hill of Campile
The Rusty Mare
Tom Dolan's Attempt
to get Married
Limerick Rake
Cloughamon Mill
Making Babies By Steam
The Youth that Strayed
from Miltown
Spancil Hill
The Kilmacthomas Girl
Wearing of the Britches
Pleasant and Delightful
The High Walls of Derry
Eileen O'Neill
Pat Came Over the Hill
Roger the Miller
The Fleadh Down in Ennis
Heather Down the Moor
The Mice are at it Again
Me Bit of a Stick
The Inside Car
Sean Bhean Bhocht
The Yorkshire Pigs

Bunclody on Fair Day
Seven Years Since I Ate
an Egg
The Creggan White Hare
The Hare's Lament
Thousands are Leaving
for America
Horo Johnny
The Cocks are Crowing