

Manx Folk-Songs

from

A.W. Moore's
"Manx Ballads and Music"
(1896)

chiollagh books
mannin

CHIOLLAGH BOOKS

Manx Folk-Songs



MANNIN

CHIOLLAGH BOOKS

MANX FOLKWAYS

- [1] William Cashen, *William Cashen's 'Manx Folk-Lore'* (1993) ISBN 1-898613-00-1
- [2] Thomas H. Kinrade, *Life at the Lhen, Kirk Andreas: Notes on the Lhane Mooar and Largagh Districts of Kirk Andreas'* (1993) ISBN 1-898613-01-X
- [3] Charles Roeder, *Skeelaln Cheeil-Chiolee—Manx Folk-Tales* (1993) ISBN 1-898613-02-8
- [4] W.W. Gill, *Customs and Traditions, Cures and Charms, Fairies and Phantoms* (1993) ISBN 1-898613-07-9

PRINT-ON-DEMAND SERIES

MANX FOLKWAYS

- [1] A.W. Moore, *Manx Folk-Songs* (1994) ISBN 1-898613-04-3
- [2] Mona Douglas, *Manx Folk-Song, Folk Dance, Folklore—Collected Writings* (1994) ISBN 1-898613-05-2
- [3] A.M. Crellin, *Manx Folklore—Fairy Legends, Customs and Superstitions* (1994) ISBN 1-898613-06-0

AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD ISLAND BOOKSHOPS

Manx Folk-Songs

from

A.W. Moore's
Manx Ballads and Music

(1896)

Compiled
by
Stephen Miller

Chiollagh Books
Isle of Mann

'Print-on-Demand'

Titles in this series are prepared with the same editorial care and attention as with all titles from Chiollagh Books. However, they are produced in a much smaller number than other titles. As a result it is only economically feasible to reproduce them in a 'copy-shop' format. The down-grade in quality is unfortunate, but this is not in any way a reflection upon the worth or value of the material published in this format.

This edition first published in 1994 by

Chiollagh Books
26 Central Drive
Onchan
Isle of Mann
British Isles
IM3 IEU

This Edition © 1994 by Chiollagh Books

Introduction & Other Editorial Matter © 1994 by Stephen Miller

All Rights Reserved

ISBN 1-898613-04-4

British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

introduction

INTRODUCTION

Arthur William Moore's *Manx Ballads and Music* was first published in 1896. Since that date it has remained out of print (a facsimile edition was issued in the USA in 1984 but that not targeted at the Manx market). The work is only now available on the antiquarian market for those willing to pay a considerable price for a copy.

In 1896, Moore wrote of his decision to include already published texts of Manx folk-songs that "as they are scattered in books that are now out of print, they could only have been accessible to the very few." (1896: xiv) The wheel in a sense has turned full circle with Moore's own *Manx Ballads and Music* now being available to only those very few with original copies of his own work.

At a time when interest in the Manx language (and with it, folk-song and folk dance) has never been greater, never has so much material been inaccessible. One must note here however, the great effort made by Colin Jerry in his various publications to re-popularise traditional Manx song.

The Manx texts, and the attendant English translations, are reproduced exactly as found in the original edition; corrections from the errata sheet have been incorporated and minor typographic errors silently corrected.

This publication is not in any sense a scholarly edition of the texts from Moore. The original collection of texts is now lost and so one can only deal with the texts as published. Moore standardized the spelling of the texts on the orthography of the Bible, and together with W.J. Cain provided a 'literal' line-by-line translation. This reads today as stilted but the effort of a more idiomatic translation would considerably delay the project of re-issuing these song texts.

For his texts, Moore drew on all possible sources, printed, manuscript, and oral. These last two provided a total of 40 texts and these are the texts published here in alphabetical order.

Stephen Miller
30 JANUARY 1994

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A.W. Moore (1896). *Manx Ballads & Music*. Douglas, G. & R. Johnson.

See, 'Preface,' ix–xiii by T.E. Brown, 'Introduction,' xiv–xxx, 'Introduction to Music,' xxxi–xxxvi, by A.W. Moore.

A.W. Moore (1984). *Manx Ballads & Music*. New York, AMS Press.

Facsimile edition of Moore (1896).

For a bibliography of Moore's writings on Manx folkways see:

Stephen Miller, "A.W. Moore: An Interim Checklist of Writings on Manx Folkways." *Manx Notes–Folkways and Language*, No 10 (1993).

- Arrane ny Mummeryn* (V)
Arrane Oie Vie (V)
Arrane ny Paitchyn (RG)
Arrane Queeyl Nieuee (WC)
- Berry Dhone* (RG)
Yn Bollan Bane (JC)
- Yn Dooinney Boght* (RG)
- Ec ny Fiddleryn* (TK)
Yn Eirey Cronk yn Ollee (WC)
Eisht as Nish (W)
Er Genny Thombaghey (RG)
- Fer Dy Clein Click* (RG)
Yn Folder-Gastey (V)
- Graih my Chree* (TC)
Yn Graihder Jouylagh (WC)
- Helg yn Dreain* (V)
Hi, Haʷ, Hum (WC)
Hop-tu-naa (V)
Hudgeon y Fidder (JR)
- Inneen jeh'n Bochilley* (CR)
Irree Seose (RG)
Isabel Foalsey (RG)
- Juan-y-Jaggad Keear!* (WC)
- Lhigey, Lhigey* (G)
- Yn Maarliagh Mooar* (JR)
Madgyn y Jiass (WC)
Marish ny Fiddleryn (RG)
Moir as Inneen (RG)
Mraane Kilkenny (WC)
My Callin Veg Dhone (TC)
My Henn Ghooinney Mie (RG)
My Vannaght er Shiu (WC)
- Nancy Sooil-Ghoo* (RG)
Nelly Veen (RG)
- Quoifyn Lieen Vooar* (RG)
- Yn Shenn Laair* (WC)
Skeeylley Breeshey (RG)
Yn Sterrym ec Port-le-Moirrey (WC)
- Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey* (RG)
- Ushtey Millish 'sy Garee* (WC)

Key to sources of texts: In manuscript from the collections of †Robert Gawne (RG), Charles Roeder (CR). Orally collected either by or from John Cain (JC), William Cashen (WC), Thomas Crellin (TC), 'Miss Graves' (G), Thomas Kermode (TK), John Rhys (JR), 'From Various People' (V), 'Mr Wynter' (W).

ARRANE NY MUMMERYN

ARRANE NY MUMMERYN

1st Text

Roie, ben Juan Timmie,
Roie, ben jeh'n eirey;
Roie, mraane phoosee, aeg as shenn,
Ny reddyn boiragh.
Hurrow the waddle,
Dim a dim a doddle,
Roie, mraane phoosee, aeg as shenn,
Dim a dim a doddle

2nd Text

Roie, ben jeh'n Timmie,
Roie, ben jeh'n eiragh;
Roie, ny phoosee beg as shenn,
Ny reddyn boiragh.
Harroo dthy woddle,
Dimma, dimma, doddle.

3rd Text

Ree, ben jeh'n Timmie,
Ree, ben jeh'n Ira;
Ree, yn spudda veg as shedyn,
Redyn builyn boiragh,
Ho ro the waddle,
Dim a dim a doddle,
Ree, yn spudda veg as shedyn,
Dim a dim a doddle.

4th Text

Ree, ben sheen Tammy;
Ree, ben shen Era;
Ree, a spit a veg a,
Shuna reg as birra.
Ho ro the waddle,
Drim a drim a doddle,
Drim a drim a doddle,
Ree, as spit a veg a,
Drim a doddle, drim a drim a doddle.

THE MUMMER'S SONG

1st Text

Run, John Timmie's wife,
Run, the heir's wife,
Run, married women, young and old,
The noisy things.
Hurrow the waddle,
Dim a dim a doddle,
Run, married women, young and old,
Dim a dim a doddle.

Text One supplied by T.E. Brown, Two by Revd J.W. Kewley, Three by J.C. Cannell, and Four by Mrs Ferrier.

Arrane Oie Vie

ARRANE OIE VIE

My guillyn vie, te traa goll thie;
Ta'n stoyll ta foym greinnagh me roym;
Te signal dooin dy ghleasagh;
Te tayrn dys traa ny liabbagh.

My guillyn vie, te traa goll thie;
Ta'n dooid cheet er y chiollagh;
Te geginagh shin dy goll dy lhie;
Te bunnys traa dy graa oie vie.

GOOD NIGHT SONG

My good boys, it's time to go home;
The stool that's under me urges me to be off;
It signals us to move off;
It draws to time of going to bed.

My good boys, it's time to go home;
The darkness comes upon the hearth;
It forces to go to bed;
It's nearly time to say good night.

ARRANE NY PAITCHYN

ARRANE NY PAITCHYN

Ta ooilley dy mie,
Sharro as sie,
Soorey er Joannee.

Dooble my-hene,
Ooilley ny v'ayn,
Soorey er Joannee.

Ta ooilley dy mie,
Son Illiam fer-thie,
Soorey er Joannee.

CHILDREN'S SONG

All is well,
Bitter and bad.
Courting Judith.

Double myself,
All that was in,
Courting Judith.

All is well,
For William the master,
Courting Judith.

Arrane Queeyl-Nieuee

ARRANE QUEEYL-NIEUEE

Snieu, wheeyl, snieu;
Dy chooilley vangan er y villey
Snieu er-my-skyn.
Lesh y ree yn ollan,
As lesh my-hene y snaih;
Son shenn Trit Trot cha vou ish dy braa.

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG

Spin, wheel, spin;
May every branch on the tree
Spin overhead.
With the king the wool,
And with myself the thread;
For old Trit Trot she never will get.

Berrey Dhone

BERREY DHONE

Vel oo sthie Berrey Dhone,
C'raad t'ou shooyl,
Mannagh vel oo ayns immyr glass,
Lhiattaghey Barule?

Hem-mayd roin gys y clieau,
Dy hroggal y voain,
As dy yeeaghyn jig Berrey Dhone,
Thie er yn oie.

Hooyl me Karraghyn,
As hooyl mee Sniaul,
Agh va Berrey cooyl dorrys,
As y lhiack er e kione.

Hooyl mee Karraghyn,
As hooyl mee Clieau Beg,
Va Berrey cooyl dorrys,
Cha shickyk as creg.

Hooyl mee Penny-Phot,
As hooyl mee y Clieau Ouyr,
Va Berrey cooyl dorrys,
Eddyk carkyl y stoyr.

Va'n dooinney boght shooyl
Lesh fliaghey as chirrym,
Agh caillagh braddagh y thack
Ren y ghow y fanney.

Va'n dooinney boght shooyl
Lesh fliaghey as kay,
Agh caillagh braddagh y thack
D'ee yn dow lesh y mea.

Margad-y-stomachee
Va beaghey Cornay;
Va breechyn as jirkin ec
Cour y yurnaa.

Va breechyn as jirkin ec,
As oanrey brave bwee,
Va breechyn as jirkin ec,
Cour shooyl ny hoie.

Va breechyn as jirkin ec,
As oanrey brave glass,
Va breechyn as jirkin ec
Cour y goll magh.

BERREY BROWN

Art thou in, Berry Brown,
Where walks't thou,
If thour't not on the grassy glades,
Down beside Barule?

We will to the mountain go,
To uplift the turf,
And to see if Berrey will
Come home at night.

I walked o'er Karraghyn,
And I walked o'er Sniaul,
But Berrey was behind the door,
And the slate on his head.

I walked o'er Karraghyn,
And I walked o'er the Slieau Beg,
Berrey was behind the door,
As sure as a rock.

I walked o'er Penny-Phot,
And I walked o'er the Slieau Ouyr,
Berrey was behind the door,
'Tween the hoops of the store.

The poor man was walking
In the wet and the dry
But the old thief with the sack,
She had then flayed the ox.

The poor man was walking
In wet and in mist,
But the old thief with the sack
Ate the ox with the fat.

Marg'ret-the-stomacher,
She lived at Cornay;
She had breeches and jackets
For the journey.

She had breeches and jackets,
And brave yellow skirts,
She had breeches and jackets
For walking at night.

She had breeches and jackets,
And brave greenish skirts,
She had breeches and jackets
For going out.

Tra va ny sleih ayns thie
Ec nyn jinnair,
Va skell bwee ayns y glione
Roie lesh y cheh.

Tra va ny sleih ayns thie
Ec nyn shibbyr,
Va Margad-y-stomachee
Scummal y jyst.

Nagh re magh er yn oie
D'aase ny mraane paa,
Hie kerroo jeh Berrey Dhone
Derrey Rumsaa?

Hie lieh jeh yn aane,
As lieh jeh yn cree,
Dys my Hiarn as my Ven-seyr
Jeh Balla-youghey.

Hie ish er chur gys y chriy,
Agh whooar ee wooie foayr,
Haink ee raad y Mullagh Ouyr,
As greim ee er goayr.

When the folk were at home
At their dinner,
There was a yellow glimpse
Running with the hide.

When the folk were at home
At their supper,
Marg'ret-the-stomacher was
Skimming the dish.

Was it not late when the
Women grew thirsty,
A quarter of Berrey Brown
Went to Ramsey?

Half of the liver,
And half of the heart,
Went to my Lord and Lady
Of Balla-youghey.

She was sent to the gallows.
But she got favour,
She came home by Mullagh Ouyr,
And picked up a goat.

Yn Bollan Bane

YN BOLLAN BANE

Loayrt:

Moghrey jesarn, yn chied moghrey jeh'n vlein; va moghrey mooar sniaghtey ayn. Hie me seose gys y clieau mooar dy chur shilley beg er ny chirree. Roie yn moddey three cheayrtyn mygeayrt y clieau mooar, agh daase yn moddey skee. Gow mee yn lhangeid keyraght, as hug mee er ny chiare cassyn echey. Ceau mee er my ghreeym eh, as haink mee roym thie. Va mee cheet sheese yn laaghagh, tra cheayl mee feiy, as deaisht mee. V'ad (ny ferishyn) cur lesh er y vhow mooar:

Kiaulley:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum

Loayrt:

Ceau mee yn moddey er my ghreeym reesht, as rosh me choud as Slieau Churn. Eisht ceau mee yn moddey jeh my ghreeym sheese, as hie mee dy phrowal yn arrane. Ah-treih! V'eh jarroodit aym. Cheu chooylloo lhiam reesht. V'ad chur lesh er y vhow moar:

Kiaulley:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum

Loayrt:

Ceau mee yn moddey er myg ghreeym, as haink mee roym thie. Va mee cheet sheese yn faaie jeh Cooyrt yn Aspick. Ve moghrey Jy-doonee, v'an ghrian soilshean, as hie mee dy phrowal yn arrane.

Kiaulley:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum

THE WHITE WORT

Spoken:

Saturday morning, the first morning of the year; it was a very snowy morning. I went up to the big mountain to put a little sight on the sheep. The dog ran three times round the big mountain, but the dog grew tired. I took the sheep lanket, and I put it on his four feet. I threw him on my back, and I came away home. I was coming down the miry meadow, when I heard a noise, and I listened. They (the fairies) were carrying on on the big bow (fiddle):

Sung:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum

Spoken:

I threw the dog on my back again, and I got as far as Slieau Churn. Then I threw the dog down off my back, and I went to prove the song. Alas! I had forgotten it. Back with me again. They were carrying on on the big bow:

Sung:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum

Spoken:

I threw the dog on my back, and I came away home. I was coming down the Bishop's Court flat. It was the Sunday morning, the sun was shining and I went to prove the song.

Sung:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum

Loayrt:

Rosh mee thie, ceau mee yn moddey fo yn voayrd, as hoie mee sheese ayns y stoyl-drommey vooar. Hie mee dy phrowal yn arrane, tra dirree Mall as dooyrt ee, "Paddy boght, nee moghrey Jy-doonee t'ayd?" "Fow royd dy lhie, Mall," dooyrt mee, "ny verym yn ghrian soilshean trooid ny hasnaghyn ayd gollrish oashyr ribbit."

Kiaulley:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum
Bollan bane, diddle dum

Spoken:

I reached home, I threw the dog under the table, and I sat down in the big arm chair. I went to prove the song, when Moll got up and she said, "Poor Paddy, is it Sunday morning that thou'st got?" "Away to bed with thee Moll," said I, "or I will make the sun shine through thy ribs like a ribbed stocking."

Sung:

Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
Ry do diddle diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum
White wort, diddle dum

Yn Dooínney Boght

YN DOOINNEY BOGHT

Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih;

As ee kiebbey er e geaylin,
As ee kiebbey er e geaylin,
As ee kiebbey er e geaylin,
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.

Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey,
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih;

As haare yn annag doo eh,
As haare yn annag doo eh,
As haare yn annag doo eh,
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.

THE POOR MAN

The poor man was digging,
The poor man was digging,
The poor man was digging,
To and fro, to and fro;

And his spade on his shoulder,
And his spade on his shoulder,
And his spade on his shoulder,
To and fro, to and fro.

The poor man was digging,
The poor man was digging,
The poor man was digging,
To and fro, to and fro;

And he caught the black crow,
And he caught the black crow,
And he caught the black crow,
To and fro, to and fro.

Ec ny Fiddleryn

EC NY FIDDLERYN

Ec ny fiddleryn ayns yn Ollick
Va'n chield boayl veelit mee graih my chree;
Dy graihagh hoie shin sheese cooidjagh,
As hug shin toshiaght dy hooree.

Voish yn oor shen gys kione shiaght bleeaney,
Va my graih as mish mennick meeiteil;
As giall ee dooys lesh ee chengey foalsey
Nagh jinnagh ee mee dy bragh hreigeil.

Fastyr Jy-doonee roish Laa-yynynd
Hie mee dy yeeaghyn yn graih my chree;
Hug ee ny daa laue ayns my ghaa laue
Nagh poosagh ee fer elley agh mee.

Haink mee roym thie my chree dy gennal,
Nhee erbee cha row jannoo seaghyn dooys;
Yn chield skeeayl cluinn mee moghrey
Laa-yynynd
Dy row my graih rish fer elley phoost.

My drogh veilley er y doodee foalsey,
As mee sooree urree rish ymmoddee laa;
Na honnick ee nagh row graih eck orrym,
Oddagh ee ve yn obbal ayns traa.

Cha jeanynd noi ee drogh loo ny gweeagyn,
Cha wizym drogh fortune dy heet ee raad,
Agh dy jean ee booiys gys ee chaarjyn,
Ga dy vel ee jannoo jeems agh craid.

Yn billey walnut cha ren rieu taggloo,
Feanishyn elley cha row aym;
Nish ta my graih er prowal dy foalsey,
As ta mee faagit my lomarcán.

Hem's roym er yn 'Eaill Pherick,
Dresym my-hene myr scollag aeg erbee;
Hem's shaghey my graih ayns meayn y vargey,
Cha lhiggym orrym dy vel mee fakín ee.

Beem's dy hassoo 'sy kione y vargey,
Goym's my reih jeh 'nane ny ghaa;
Agh ee t'ec poost rish ee molteyr foalsey,
Cha vod ee cooney ny caghlaa.

Yn raad mooar liauyr v'aym dy hooyl er,
As yn ughtagh jeeragh dy jannoo mee skeep;
Cha voddym soie sheese dy goaill my aash,
Nagh beem kinjagh smooínaght er graih my chree

AMONG THE FIDDLERS

Among the fiddlers at Christmas time
Was where I first met my heart's love;
Lovingly we sat down together,
And made a start of our courtship.

From that hour to the end of seven years
My love and I did often meet;
And she promised me with her false tongue
That she would never forsake me.

Sunday evening before Ash-Wednesday
I went to visit my heart's love;
She put her two hands in my two hands
(Saying) she'd marry none but me.

I went back home with a cheerful heart,
Nothing at all was troubling me;
The first news I heard Ash-Wednesday morn

Was that my love was to another wed.

On the false damsel be my worst curse,
And I courting her for so long;
When she saw she had no love for me,
She might have refused me in time.

I would not curse or swear against her,
Nor wish bad luck to come her way,
But that she may give her friends pleasure,
Although she makes but mock of me.

The walnut tree that ne'er word uttered,
Other witnesses I had none;
Now my love has proved to be so false,
And I'm deserted, all alone.

I will go my way to Patrick's Feast,
I'll dress myself like any other lad;
I'll pass my love by in the fair's midst,
I'll not let on that I see her.

I will stand at the end of the fair,
I'll take my choice of many a one;
But she that's wed to her deceiver,
She can't get either help or change.

The big long road I had to walk on,
And the steep hill to make me tired;
I could not sit down to take my rest,
Without oft thinking of my heart's love.

O! dy jinnagh yn geay mooar sheidey,
Dy voddym chlashtyn voish my graih;
As ee cheet hym harrish ny ard sleityn
Veeitagh shin dagh elley er-cheu yn traie.

'S gennal, 's gennal, hem roym dy veeiteil ee,
My fys v'aym dy veagh my graih ayns shen;
'S gennal, 's gennal, yinnym soie sheese lioree,
My roih son pillow eck fo ee kione.

O! dy jinnagh yn keayn mooar hirmagh
Raad dy jannoo dy voddym goll trooid;
Sniaghtey Greenlyn nee gaase jiarg myr roseyn,
Roish mee foddym my graih jarrood.

Oh ! that the mighty wind would blow,
That I might hear from my own love;
And her coming to me o'er the high hills,
We'd meet each other beside the shore.

Gladly, gladly, would I go to meet her,
If I knew that my love would be there;
Gladly, gladly, would I sit down by her,
My arm for pillow beneath her head.

Oh! that the mighty sea would dry up
To make a road that I could go though;
Greenland's snow will grow red as roses,
Before I can my own love forget.

Yn Eírey Cronk Yn Ollee

YN EIREY CRONK YN OLLEE

Ta mish eírey Cronk Yn Ollee Beg,
She shoh t'ad ooilley gra;
As ver Bella lane yn caart dou,
Dy chooilley traa t'ayms paagh.

THE HEIR OF CATTLE HILL

I am the heir of the Cattle Hill,
That is what they all say;
And Bella will fill the quart for me,
Whenever I am thirsty.

Eisht as Nish

EISHT AS NISH

Keayrt va mee aeg,
As mish ta mee shenn;
Keayrt va daa sweetheart aym,
Agh nish cha vel nane.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

Son ta graih mie ayn,
Agh ta foast graih sie.
Keayrt hug mee graih da ben aeg,
As ve'h graih rouyr vie.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

Va billey beg gaase
Ayns garey my ayrey;
V'eh skeaylley ny banglaneyn
Eckey foddey as lhean.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

V'eh goll-rish ben aeg shen,
V'eck rouyr deiney-soorey;
Cha row fys eck ayns ee keeayll
Er quoi jeu dy reih.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

Dy beigns er ve maree,
Walkal ayns y garey.
O! dy beigns er ve maree
Ny hoie ec y thie.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

Jeeaghyn ny pinkyn,
As roseyn as daisyn,
Va mee seiaghey ayns shen,
Marish my graih veen.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

Tra va shin paitchyn,
Va shin dy mennick cloie,
As fo yn billey banglanagh
Va shin kinjagh soie.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

Agh tra daase de seose,
Yn ben aeg foalsey,
Hie ee magh fud ny sleih,
As yeigh mee mooie.
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
Hurranse liorish mraane!

THEN AND NOW

Once I was young,
And now I am old;
Once I had two sweethearts, but
Now there is not one.
How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

For there is good love.
But there's also bad love.
Once I loved a young woman,
And 'twas too good love.
How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

A little tree grew
In my father's garden,
It was spreading its branches
Out both far and wide.
How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

'Twas like a young woman,
Who'd too many lovers;
She had no sort of idea
Which of them to choose.
How young striplings suffer
The wiles of women!

Would I had been with her,
Walking in the garden,
O! would that I had been with her,
Sitting in the house.
How young striplings suffer by
By the wiles of women!

Looking at the pinks,
And roses and daisies,
I was sitting down there,
With my dear love.
How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

When we were children,
We were often playing,
And under the branching tree
Were often sitting.
How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

But when she grew up,
The false young damsel,
She went into the world,
And deserted me.
How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

Er Genney Hombaghey

ER GENNEY HOMBAGHEY

O sleih my chree, cre nee mayd nish?
Er-son thombaghey ta shin brisht;
Son lhiaght y cleeau ta goaill ny geay;
Cha rou shin rieu ayns stayd cha treih.

Pootch y thombaghey ta goit son sporran,
As pingyn ruy ta caignit myr arran,
Cha vel yn spolg 'sy chraccan-raun;
Cha der yn eairk un soar dy yoan.

Eairkyn vees yeealt dys vees ad brisht,
As boxyn screebit as scryst,
Ny-yeih vou shoh cha vow mayd couyr
Veih voayl ny maidjey, skynn, ny sthowyr.

Yn stroin ta gaccan son e cair,
As y bine jeeigyn er e baare;
Sthill gearree son un soar dy yoan;
Va cha gerjoilagh gys y chione.

Yn phoib va roee goll gys my ghob,
Te nish fo sooie neear cooyl y hob;
Cre'n viljid as yn eunys v'ayn,
Tra v'an jaagh cassey mysh my chione.

Puff dy jaagh ragh sheer fud-thie,
Cha nuiragh un charchuillag 'sthie;
Ny doo-ollee chea er-son nyn mioys,
Goaill dooyrt lesh jaagh dy beagh ad roast.

Mygeayrt my chione ve coodagh rea,
Myr slieau combaasit runt leesh kay;
Va'n phoib myr lilee ayns e v'laa,
As gaih gyn-loght cur shaghey'n traa.

Cre nee mayd nish er-son y duillag,
Agh slane vondeish goaill jeh'n vullag?
Dy yannoo shen, as ceau yn traa,
Dy yarrood luss jiarg Virginia.

ON DEARTH OF TOBACCO

O dear folk, what shall we do now ?
Because for tobacco we are broke;
For the seat of the breast takes wind;
We ne'er were in such a sad state.

The tobacco pouch is ta'en for a purse,
And the brown pennies are chewed up like bread,
There is not a pinch in the sealskin;
E'en the horn gives no smell of dust.

Horns will be hammered till broken,
And tin boxes be scraped and peeled,
E'en from these things there's no relief
From place of the stick, knife, or staff.

The nose doth complain for its right,
And the drop shining on its tip;
Still seeking for one smell of dust;
'Twas so comforting to the head.

The pipe that once went in my mouth,
Is now 'neath soot behind the hole;
What sweetness and joy there was,
When the smoke curled around my head.

A smoke puff would go through the house,
A fly would not stay there with it;
The spiders fleeing for their lives,
Fearing that they would be roasted.

'Bout my head 'twas often hov'ring,
Like a hill surrounded with mist;
The pipe was like a lily in its bloom,
And a faultless toy passing the time.

What shall we do without the leaf,
But take advantage of the barrel?
Just to do that, and pass the time,
To forget Virginia's red weed.

Fer dy Clien Clíck

FER DY CLIEN CLICK

Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin,
Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin,
Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin,
Soorey er my naunt Joannee.

Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin,
Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin,
Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin,
Soorey er my naunt Joannee.

Fer dy clien Cluck haink neear ass Nherin,
Fer dy clien Cluck haink neear ass Nherin,
Fer dy clien Cluck haink neear ass Nherin,
Soorey er my naunt Joannee.

ONE NAMED CLICK

One named Click came west from Ireland,
One named Click came west from Ireland,
One named Click came west from Ireland,
Courting my aunt Judith.

One named Clock came west from Ireland,
One named Clock came west from Ireiand,
One named Clock came west from Ireland,
Courting my aunt Judith.

One named Cluck came west from Ireland,
One named Cluck came west from Ireland,
One named Cluck came west from Ireland,
Courting my aunt Judith.

Yn Folder Gasteŷ

YN FOLDER GASTEY

Yn Fenoderee hie da'n lheenane,
Dy hroggal druight y vadran glass,
Luss-y-voidyn as luss-yn-ollee,
V'eh stampey fo e ghaa chass.

V'eh sheeyney magh er laare yn lheenane;

Cheau yn faiyr er y cheu chiare,
Hug eh yindys orrin nuirree,
As t'eh myleeaney foddey share.

V'eh sheeyney magh er laare yn lheenane,
Ghiarey ny lussyn ayns y vlaa,
Lubber-lub ayns y curragh shuinagh,
Myr v'eh goll va ooilley craa.

Yn yiarn echey va ghiarey ooilley,
Scryssey yn lheenane rish y foaidyn,
As, my va ribbag faagit shassoo,
V'eh cur stampey lesh e voyn.

THE NIMBLE MOWER

The Fenoderee went to the meadow,
To lift the dew at the grey dawn,
The maiden-hair and the cattle-herb,
He was stamping under his feet.

He was stretching out on the ground
of the meadow;

He threw the grass on the left hand,
He caused us to wonder last year,
And this year he is far better.

He was stretching out on the ground of the meadow,
Cutting the herbs in bloom,
The bog-bean in the rushy curragh
As he went it was all shaking.

The scythe he had was cutting everything,
Skinning the meadow to the sods,
And, if a wisp were left standing,
He stamped it with his heel.

Graih my Chree

GRAIH MY CHREE

O! graih my chree, O! vel oo marym?
O! graih my chree, O! vel uss dooisht?
As mannagh noym yn graih my chree marym,
Sheign dou eisht geddyn baase fegooish.

LOVE OF MY HEART

Love of my heart, oh! art thou with me?
Love of my heart, art thou awake?
And if I'll not get my own heart's love with me,
Then I must die bereft of her.

Yn Graihder Jouylagh

YN GRAIHDRER JOUYLAGH

Trooid marym nish, trooid marym nish,
Trooid marym, graih my chree,
As inshyns dhyts cre haink orrym,
Er bankyn Italy.

T'an lhong aym nish lhie ayns y phurt,
Lughtit lesh airh ta buigh,
Shen ooilley neem's bestowal ort:
Trooid marym, graih my chree.

Neem's coamrey oo lesh sheeidey bwaagh,
Sheeidey bwaagh foddee eh ve,
My hig uss marym, graih my chree,
Dys bankyn Italy.

As braagyn berchagh veryms dhyts,
Braagyn jeh airh ta buigh,
My hig uss marym, graih my chree,
Dys bankyn Italy.

Myr v'ee ny-hoie sheese er y deck,
Geaistagh rish yn chiaulleeaght v'ayn,
Huitt ee er cheayne as dobberan
Er son y lhiannoo Juan.

"My lhiannoo Juan t'eh faagit noght,
Gyn ayr ny moir erbee;
T'eh faagit noght gyn kemmyrk, boght,
Faagit fo myghin Jee."

"O soie uss rish my lhiattee nish,
Soie liorym, graih my chree,
As inshyms dhyts cre hig orrin
Er bankyn Italy."

THE DEMON LOVER

Come with me now, come with me now,
Come with me, my heart's love,
And I'll tell thee what came on me,
On the banks of Italy

My ship now lies within the port,
Loaded with yellow gold,
All this I will bestow on thee:
Come with me, my heart's love.

I will clothe thee with beauteous silk,
Silk beauteous as can be,
If thou'lt come with me, my heart's love,
To the banks of Italy.

And costly shoes I'll give to thee?
Shoes made of yellow gold,
If thou'lt come with me, my heart's love,
To the banks of Italy.

As she was sitting on the deck?
List'ning to their sweet melody,
She was weeping and lamenting
For the infant Juan.

"My infant Juan is left to-night,
Without father or mother;
He's left to-night helpless, poor thing,
Left under God's mercy."

"O sit thee now close by my side,
Sit with me, my heart's love,
And I'll tell thee what came on us,
On the banks of Italy."

Helg yn Dreaín

HELG YN DREAIN

“Hemmayd gys y keyll,” dooyrt Robbin y Vobbin;
“Hemmayd gys y keyll,” dooyrt Richard y Robbin;
“Hemmayd gys y keyll,” dooyrt Juan y Thalloo;
“Hemmayd gys y keyll,” dooyrt ooilley unnane.

“Cre nee mayd ayns shen?” dooyrt ... &c

“Helg mayd yn dreaín,” dooyrt ... &c

“C’raad t’eshyn? C’raad t’eshyn?” dooyrt ... &c

“Sy crouw glass ayns-shid,” dooyrt ... &c

“Ta mee fackin eshyn,” dooyrt ... &c

“Cre’n aght yíow mayd sheese eh?” dooyrt ... &c

“Lesh maidjyn as claghyn,” dooyrt ... &c

“T’eh marroo, t’eh marroo,” dooyrt ... &c

“Cre’n aght yíow mayd thie eh?” dooyrt ... &c

“Nee mayd cairt failley,” dooyrt ... &c

“Quoi lesh vees y cairt?” dooyrt ... &c

“Juan Illiam y Fell,” dooyrt ... &c

“Quoi vees immanagh?” dooyrt ... &c

“Filley ’n Tweet,” dooyrt ... &c

“T’eh ec y thie,” dooyrt ... &c

“Cre’n aght yíow mayd broit eh?” dooyrt ... &c

“Ayns y phann thie-imlee,” dooyrt ... &c

“Cre’n aght yíow mayd ayn eh?” dooyrt ... &c

“Lesh barryn yiarn as tiedd,” dooyrt ... &c

“T’eshyn ayn, t’eshyn ayn,” dooyrt ... &c

“T’eshyn broit, t’eshyn broit,” dooyrt ... &c

“Cre’n aght yíow mayd magh eh?” dooyrt ... &c

“Lesh gollage mie liauyr,” dooyrt ... &c

“T’eh goit magh, t’eh goit magh,” dooyrt ... &c

HUNT THE WREN

“We’ll away to the wood,” says Robin the Bobbin,
“We’ll away to the wood,” says Richard the Robin,
“We’ll away to the wood,” says Jack of the Land,
“We’ll away to the wood,” says every one,

“What shall do there?” says ... &c

“We will hunt the wren,” says ... &c

“Where is he? where is he?” says ... &c

“In yonder green bush,” says ... &c

“I see him, I see him,” says ... &c

“How shall we get him down?” says ... &c

“With sticks and stones,” says ... &c

“He is dead, he is dead,” says ... &c

“How shall we get him home?” says ... &c

“We’ll hire a cart,” says ... &c

“Whose cart shall we hire?” says ... &c

“Johnny Bill Fell’s,” says ... &c

“Who will stand driver?” says ... &c

“Filley the Tweet,” says ... &c

“He’s home, he’s home,” says ... &c

“How shall we get him boiled?” says ... &c

“In the brewery pan,” says ... &c

“How shall we get him in?” says ... &c

“With iron bars and a rope,” says ... &c

“He is in, he is in,” says ... &c

“He is boiled, he is boiled,” says ... &c

“How shall we get him out?” says ... &c

“With a long pitchfork,” says ... &c

“He is out, he is out,” says ... &c

“Quoi vees ec y yinnair?” dooyrt ... &c

“Yn ree as ven-rein,” dooyrt ... &c

“Cre’n aght y iow mayd eeit eh?” dooyrt ... &c

“Lesh skinn as aall,” dooyrt ... &c

“T’eh eeit, t’eh eeit,” dooyrt ... &c

“Sooillyn son ny doail,” dooyrt ... &c

“Lurgyn son ny croobee,” dooyrt ... &c

“Scrobban son ny moght,” dooyrt ... &c

“Crauyyn son ny moddee,” dooyrt ... &c

“Yn dreain, yn dreain, ree eeanllee ooilley,
Ta shin er tairtyn, Laa’l Steoain, ’sy connee;
Ga t’eh beg, ta e cleinney ymmoddee,
Ta mee guee oo, ven vie, chur bine dooin dy iu.”

“Who will be at the dinner?” says ... &c

“The King and the Queen,” says ... &c

“How shall we get him eaten?” says ... &c

“With knives and forks,” says ... &c

“He is eat, he is eat,” says ... &c

“The eyes for the blind,” says ... &c

“The legs for the lame,” says ... &c

“The pluck for the poor,” says ... &c

“The bones for the dogs,” says ... &c

“The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
We have caught, Stephen’s Feast-Day, in the furze;
Although he is little, his family’s great,
I pray you, good dame, do give us a drink.”

Hi, Haw, Hum

HI, HAW, HUM

Hi, Haw, Hum;
Ta my ven olk rhym.
Baillym dy beagh ee creckit,
As yn feeagh eck aym ayns lune;
Son woailley orrym riy,
As woailley orrym jiu,
As va shen yn builley boght.
Hi, Haw, Hum.

HI, HAW, HUM

Hi, Haw, Hum;
My wife is bad to me.
I would that she were sold,
And I had her value in ale;
For she struck me yesterday,
And she struck me to-day,
And that was a poor blow.
Hi, Haw, Hum.

Hop-tu-naa

HOP-TU-NAA

Shoh sheen oie Houiney;
Hop-tu-naa

T'an eayst soilshean;
Trol-la-laa

Kellagh ny kiarkyn;
Hop-tu-naa

Shibber ny gauin;
Trol-la-laa

Cre'n gauin marr ayd?
Hop-tu-naa

Yn gauin veg vreac;
Trol-la-laa

Yn chione kerroo,
Hop-tu-naa

Ver mayd 'sy phot diu;
Trol-la-laa

Yn kerroo veg cooyl,
Hop-tu-naa

Cur dooin, cur dooin.
Trol-la-laa

Hayst mee yn anvroie,
Hop-tu-naa

Scoald mee my hengey,
Trol-la-laa

Roie mee gys y chibber,
Hop-tu-naa

As diu mee my haie,
Trol-la-laa

Er my raad thie,
Hop-tu-naa

Veeit mee kayt-vuitsh;
Trol-la-laa

Va yn chayt-scrysey,
Hop-tu-naa

HOP-TU-NAA

This is Old Hollantide night;
Hop-tu-naa

The moon shines bright;
Trol-la-laa

Cock of the hens;
Hop-tu-naa

Supper of the heifer;
Trol-la-laa

Which heifer shall we kill?
Hop-tu-naa

The little speckled heifer;
Trol-la-laa

The fore-quarter,
Hop-tu-naa

We'll put in the pot for you;
Trol-la-laa

The little hind quarter,
Hop-tu-naa

Give to us, give to us.
Trol-la-laa

I tasted the broth,
Hop-tu-naa

I scalded my tongue,
Trol-la-laa

I ran to the well,
Hop-tu-naa

And drank my fill,
Trol-la-laa

On my way back,
Hop-tu-naa

I met a witch-cat;
Trol-la-laa

The cat began to grin,
Hop-tu-naa

As ren mee roie ersooyl.
Trol-la-laa

Cre'n raad ren oo roie?
Hop-tu-naa

Roie mee gys Albin.
Trol-la-laa

Cred v'ad jannoo ayns shen?
Hop-tu-naa

Fuinney bonnagyn as rostey sthaigyn.
Trol-la-laa

Hop-tu-naa,
Trol-la-laa.

Loayrt:
My ta shiu goll dy chur red erbee dooin,
 cur dooin tappee eh,
Ny vees mayd ersooyl liorish soilshey yn eayst.

Hop-tu-naa,
Trol-la-laa.

And I ran away.
Trol-la-laa

Where did you run to?
Hop-tu-naa

I ran to Scotland.
Trol-la-laa

What were they doing there?
Hop-tu-naa

Baking bannocks and roasting collops.
Trol-la-laa

Hop-tu-naa,
Trol-la-laa.

Spoken:
If you are going to give us anything,
 give it us soon,
Or we'll be away by the light of the moon.

Hop-tu-naa,
Trol-la-laa.

Hudgeon y Fídder

HUDGEON Y FIDDER

V'eh goll seose ec y Creg Dhoo,
Cha row eh wheesh as troggal e kione.
Son va daa veill er Hudgeon,
Kiert wheesh as my daa ghoayrn,
As va daa rolley dy hombaga
Ayns mean er e vart conney.

HUDGEON THE WEAVER

He was going up at the Black Rock,
He was not as much as lifting his head.
For there were two lips on Hudgeon,
Just as big as my two fists,
And there were two rolls of tobacco
In the middle of his load of gorse.

Inneen Jeh'n Bochilley

INNEEN JEH'N BOCHILLEY

She 'neen jeh'n bochilley boght,
T'ayns lhiattee y chlieau shid hoal;
She dooinney aeg v'er ghoaill y raad,
Hug eh tastey mie j'ee tra shooyl.

Eisht ghow eh greim j'ee er e vean,
As lhiegg eh ee gys thaloo;
Ghow eh chooilleeney-aigney j'ee,
Eisht hrog eh ee dy shassoo.

Hug eh e daa chass ayns y streip,
As vark eh seose dy tappee,
Hug ee e eaddagh mysh e vean,
As shooyll ee rish yn cabbyl.

V'ad jannoo er y thaloo kiart,
V'ad jannoo er dy braew,
Gys haink ad hugghey ushtey down,
Tra hug ish sheese dy naaue.

Hrog eh ee eisht er y cabbyl glass,
As vark eh-hene bock elley,
Yn chield ard-valley haink ad rish,
Chionnee eh j'ee fainey.

Vark ad voish shen gys cooyrt y ree,
As shen va markiagh meeley;
Agh vark eh eisht cheu-sthie jeh'n yiat,
As jeigh eh ee er y cheu-mooie.

Eisht gow ee clagh veg ayns e doarn,
As woaill ee eh er yn ring.
Quoi ren osley yn dorrys j'ee,
Agh yn ree mooar eh-hene.

"O! moghrey dhyt," dooyrt y ven-aeg,
"O! moghrey," dooyrt y ree,
"Ta fer cheusthie ny giattyn ayd,
As t'eh er spooilley mee."

"Nee spooillit t'ou jeh dty argid glass,
Ny jeh dty airh ta bwee?"
"T'eh er spooilley mee j'eh my voidynys,
Red sniessey da my chree.

Cre heill mee v'ayns shen agh dooinney-seyr,
Ceau bugglyn ayns e vraaghyn;
Cre v'ayns shen agh dooinney boght,
Yn callin echey lane gaihaghyn."

"My she shenn-ghuilley eh," dooyrt y ree,
"Yiow uss eh dy phoosey,
My she yn dooinney jeh ven elley,
Yiow croggit eh rish yn Coortey."

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER

'Tis the daughter of the poor shepherd,
That's on the side of yonder hill;
A young man going on the road,
Took good heed of her when walking.

Then did he grip her by her waist,
And he threw her to the ground;
And he gratified himself with her,
Then he lifted her upright.

He put his feet in the stirrup,
And he quickly rode upwards,
She put her clothes about her waist,
And walked along with the horse.

They were going on the level ground,
They were going famously,
Until they came to a deep stream,
When she got her down to swim.

He lifted her then on his grey horse,
And he rode another steed,
At the first city they came to,
He purchased a ring for her.

They rode from thence to the king's court,
And that was a pleasant ride;
But then he rode within the gate,
And shut her on the outside.

She took a small stone in her hand,
And struck it on the ring.
Who did open the door to her,
But the great king himself.

"Good morning to thee," said the girl,
"Good morning," said the king,
"There is a man within thy gates,
And he has robbed me."

"Art thou robbed of thy white money,
Or of thy yellow gold?"
"He has robbed me of my maidenhood,
The thing nearest my heart.

I thought he was a gentleman,
He wore buckles in his shoes;
But he was only a poor man,
His body decked with gewgaws."

"If he's a bachelor," said the king,
"He shall be thy husband,
But if he is another's spouse,
By the Court he shall be hung."

Irree Seose

IRREE SEOSE

Chorus:

Irree seose, irree seose,
My guilley beg dooie,
Son t'an polt nish er ve er y laare,
Irree seose, irree seose,
My guilley beg dooie,
Son t'an polt nish er ve er y laare.

T'an grian er hroggal gennal seose,
Ta'n faiyr laal giarey ayns y close.

Irree seose ... (Repeat as above)

Chorus:

Nagh vel mee, nagh vel mee,
My guilley beg dooie,
Er-my-chosh cha moghey as y laa?
Nagh vel mee, nagh vel mee,
My guilley beg dooie,
Er-my-chosh cha moghey as y laa?

Thie ollee glennit magh ayns traa,
As lurg shen gobbragh creoi fey laa.

Nagh vel mee ... (Repeat as above)

Chorus:

Lurg traa lhie, lurg traa lhie,
Myr Manninagh dooie,
Lurg oie vie venainster as fer-thie,
Lurg traa lhie, lurg traa lhie,
Myr Manninagh dooie,
Lurg oie vie venainster as fer-thie,

Ayns sooree graihagh ceau my hraa,
As roshtyn thie ec brishey yn laa.

Lurg traa lhie ... (Repeat as above)

Chorus:

Ga moghey, ga moghey,
My guilley beg dooie,
Yiow yn polt, yiow yn polt er y laare,
Ga moghey, ga moghey,
My guilley beg dooie,
Yiow yn polt, yiow yn polt er y laare.

She shilley verrym er my ghraih,
Ooraghyn liauyr lioree soie.

Ga moghey ... (Repeat as above)

ARISE UP

Chorus:

Arise up, arise up,
My own little boy true,
For the knock has now been on the floor,
Arise up, arise up,
My own little boy true,
For the knock has now been on the floor.

The cheerful sun has risen up,
The grass wants cutting in the close.

Arise up ... (Repeat as above)

Chorus:

Am I not, am I not,
My own little boy true,
On my foot as early as the day?
Am I not, am I not,
My own little boy true,
On my foot as early as the day?

The cow-house cleaned out in good time,
And then I work hard all the day.

Am I not ... (Repeat as above)

Chorus:

After bed-time, after bed-time,
Like a Manxman true,
After good-night to mistress and master, After bed-
time, after bed-time,
Like a Manxman true,
After good-night to mistress and master,

In love's courtship spending the time,
And reaching home at the break of day.

After bed-time ... (Repeat as above)

Chorus:

Though early, though early,
My own little boy true,
Thou'lt get the knock, the knock on the floor,
Though early, though early,
My own little boy true
Thou'lt get the knock, the knock on the floor.

I must have a look at my love,
For long hours sitting by her.

Though early ... (Repeat as above)

Isabel Foalsey

ISABEL FOALSEY

Yn Isabel foalsey, t'ee boirey mee hene,
As kyndagh r'ee ta mee gaase flogit as creen;
Lesh sooree as breagey as ginsh reddyn bwaagh,
As gialdyn nagh jin ee chooilleeney dy bragh.

Ny cheartyn t'ee gearey as jannoo jeem sporte,
As eisht cheartyn elley dy graihagh rhym loayrt,
Myr shoh ta shin dellal, cur shaghey yn traa,
Veih traa lie ayns yn oie dys peesh veg dy laa.

Ny cheartyn goym danys as geddyn veih kiss,
As eisht nee ee gra rhym "tou maarliagh gyn-yss."
Nee shoh shin dys focklyn, as eisht gow mayd cooish;
Veagh tassane dy cowag ain reiltagh shin dooisht.

Tammylt ny lurg shen cheet feiyr mygeart thie,
Veagh slioar ny aglagh ny sleie ny lhie;
Beem oolee as craa, ny hole heer ec yn aile,
Eer ec sooie ta cloie cooyl yn grainle.

Hig polt er yn dorrays, ny chrank er yn gless,
My chree lheim myr ushagh cheusthie ayns my vress,
Goaill aggle dy dorragh yn skeealeyder stiagh,
Dy beagh eh dy aarloo dy woailley myr jaagh.

Nagh treih yn red sooree, as goll magh 'syn oie,
Fud lane dangeyr moddee, as drogh aigney sleih;
Dy beagh oo fud jiargan uddagh oo chea,
Ayns shoh beign dhyt caggey, ny ve coyrt sheese rea.

Tra vees eh er ny goll er peesh veg dy laa,
Beem ceaut er son focklyn, cha bee veg aym dy gra;
Irree aym dy lhiastey heer ayns y corneil,
As eisht lesh y dorrays beem snauee myr snail.

Goll trooid chiu as thanney, v'eh brishey my chree,

Goll thie myr ragh maarliagh veagh geid fud ny hoie,
Goaill aggle as nearey as chea ass y raad;
Cha booiagh v'eh marroo na ve oc son craid.

Dy smooïnaght er sooree, t'eh cur orrym craa,
Dy ve dooisht fud ny hoie as skee fey ny laa;
Nagh baare dou ve laccal ben choud as veem bio,
Ny ve boirit as eiyrit as heaghnit myr shoh.

Agh nish ta mee fakin yn seaghyn va aym,
Ta mee booiagh ginsh eh magh da dagh unnane,
Dy vod ayd goaill tastey as voish sooree chea,
Ayns aght ennagh seasal dy leeideil nyn mea.

FALSE ISABEL

The false Isabel, she bothers me so,
And owing to her I grow withered and sear,
With flirting, deceiving, saying pretty things,
And promising that which she ne'er would fulfil.

Sometimes she is laughing and makes sport of me,
And at other times she speaks fondly to me,
In this way we wanton, just passing the time,
From lying time at night until break of day.

Sometimes I get bold and steal from her a kiss,
And then she'll say to me "thou art a sly thief."
This would bring us to words, then we'd have a chat;
A loud whispering would keep us both awake.

A short while after comes a noise 'bout the house,
T'would suffice to alarm the people in bed;
I'd be guilty and quake, sitting o'er by the fire,
E'en at the soot playing behind the grid-iron.

Comes a knock at the door, or tap on the glass,
My heart, like a bird, leaps up within my breast,
Fearing lest there should come some tale-bearer in,
Who would then be ready to quarrel like smoke.

How wretched is courting, going out at night,
'Mid great danger of dogs, and ill-will of men;
If thou went 'mid vermin thou couldst't run away,
But here thou must struggle, or be laid down flat.

When there shall have arrived a wee bit of day,
For words I would be spent, I'd nought to say;
I would slowly get up o'er in the corner,
And then towards the door I'd creep like a snail.

Going through thick and thin,
'twas breaking my heart,
Going home like a thief who'd steal all the night,
Afraid and ashamed and running from the road;
I'd rather be dead than be held up to scorn.

Just to think of courting, it makes me shiver,
To be awake all the night and tired all the day;
'Twere better to be lacking a wife all my life,
Than be bothered and driv'n and worried like this.

But now that I perceive the trouble I had,
I'm willing to tell it out to everyone,
That they may take warning and from courting flee,
In some easier fashion to spend their life time.

Juan-y-Jaggad Keear

JUAN-Y-JAGGARD KEEAR

Lhig eh bullad veih yn sheear,
As woailh eh Juan y jaggad keear;
Ren eh howlley goll-rish creear;
As Juan y Quirk va keayney.
As Juan y Quirk va keayney.
As Juan y Quirk va keayney.
Ren eh howlley goll-rish creear;
As Juan y Quirk va keayney.

JOHN OF THE GREY JACKET

He sent a bullet from the west,
And it struck Johnny of the grey jacket;
Like a sieve it bored him through;
Johnny Quirk was mourning.
Johnny Quirk was mourning.
Johnny Quirk was mourning.
Like a sieve it bored him through;
And Johnny Quirk was mourning.

JUAN-Y-JAGGARD KEEAR (2nd text)

Cock a gun as lhig eh sheear,
Howll eh yn jaggad goll-rish creear;
As Caley boght va keayney.
As Caley boght va keayney.
As Caley boght va keayney.
Howll eh yn jaggad goll-rish creear;
As Caley boght va keayney.

JOHN OF THE GREY JACKET (2nd text)

He cocked the gun and fired it west,
It bored the jacket like a sieve;
And poor Caley was mourning.
And poor Caley was mourning.
And poor Caley was mourning.
It bored the jacket like a sieve;
And poor Caley was mourning.

Lhígey, Lhígey

LHIGÉY, LHIGÉY

Lhígey, lhígey dys yn vargey,
Soorey er ny inneenyn
Marish ny oanraghyn jiaragey,
Lhígey, lhígey fey-ny-laa.

Lhígey, lhígey dys yn vargey,
Soorey er ny inneenyn
Marish ny oanraghyn vreckey,
Lhígey, lhígey fey-ny-laa.

GALLOP, GALLOP

Gallop, gallop to the fair,
Courting the girls
With the red petticoats,
Gallop, gallop all the day.

Gallop, gallop to the fair,
Courting the girls
With the speckled petticoats,
Gallop, gallop all the day.

Yn Maarliagh Mooar

YN MAARLIAGH MOOAR

Yn Maarliagh Mooar,
V'eh harrish y chlieau,
Yaragh ayd rish Mac Regyl.
Hug eh e vac
Dy hooyl ny dhieyn
Roish v'eh abyrl.
Hug yn poagey er e geaylin,
As y lurg 'sy laue.
Hug eh sheese yn glione 'syn oie,
As hooar eh yn raad dy braaue.

THE BIG ROBBER

The big robber,
He was over the hill,
They called him Mac Regyl.
He put his son
To walk the houses
Before he was able.
He put the bag on his shoulder,
And the stick in his hand.
He put him down the glen at night,
And he found the way bravely.

Madgyn y Jiass

MADGYN Y JIASS

My sailliu geaistagh
Gys my arrane,
Singyms diu dy meeley:
Va mraane y Jiass,
Bunnys roit ass,
As cha der ad bee da ny deiney.

Moghrey Jyluain,
Va'd cheet veih y thie,
My saillish daue cheet voish Ronnag,
As wheesh my goarn
Jeh arran oarn,
Ayns derrey corneil jeh'n wallad.

Moghrey Jymayrt,
Tra va'd ayns phurt,
Dy vroie un warp jeh skeddan;
Va Madge boght roie,
Choud's va'n phot cloie,
As chionnee feeagh ping dy arran.

T'eh feer drogh chliaght
Ta ec "Weedyn" y Jiass
Barrail yn cosney'n season;
Ny feedjyn jeh
Ta adsyn coyrt
Son turnipyn as cakyn.

Ny keayrtyr yn yoghe shiu voue
Jyst veg phraase,
Keayrtyr elley peesh dy hoddag;
Agh ny 'smennick foddey
Yiow shiu eh voue,
Lesh maidjey'n phot 'sy vollag.

Yn blein shoh cheet,
My vees y chirrym as fit,
Un peesh vees ayns nyn phoggad;
Bee'n wallad liauyr
Ocsyn nyn gour
Dy chur lesh thie ny aanyngobbag.

Ec yn 'Eaill-Vaayl,
Bee ad cheet dys Pheel,
Gra "Vel baatyn eu dy hoiagh?"
As my ver shiu
Ny baatyn daue,
Cha yiow shiu ping son juys ny darragh.

MADGES OF THE SOUTH

If you will listen
Unto my song,
Softly I'll sing to you:
The Southern wives,
They were run out,
And would give no meat to the men.

On Monday morning,
They were leaving home,
Should it please them to come from Ronnag,
My fistful of
Barley bread
In each corner of the wallet.

On Tuesday morning,
When they were in port,
To boil one warp of herring;
A poor Madge ran,
While the pot boiled,
And bought a pennyworth of bread.

'Tis a bad custom
Of the Southern "Weeds"
To spend the season's profits;
The scores of it
They were giving
For turnips and for cakes.

Sometimes you'dst get from them
A small dish of praties,
At others a piece of bannock;
But far oftener
You'll get it from them
With the pot stick upon the head.

This coming year,
If 'tis dry and fit,
There'll be one piece in their pocket;
There'll be the long
Wallet for them
To bring home the gobbags livers.

On Michael's Feast Eve,
They will come to Peel,
Saying "Have you boats to hire out?"
And if you give
The boats to them,
You'll not get paid for fir or oak.

Marish ny Fiddleryn

MARISH NY FIDDLERYN

Marish ny fiddleryn, ayns yn traa Nollick
Va hosiaght veeit mee graih my chree,
As hoie shin sheese graihagh cooidjagh,
Gow shin yn tosiaght jeh nyn hooree.

V'ee doodee aeg, bwoiee as aalin,
Va mee kiarail dy phoosee ee.
Ta mee yn eirinagh, mooar as berchagh,
Ayns lhiatteeny glassey jeh'n shenn Renwee.

Voish yn oie shen gys kione three bleeaney,
Dy-mennick va mish as my graih meeiteil,
Yn ghlare v'ec foalsey, as chengey veeley,
Nagh jinnagh ee mish dy bragh 'aagail.

My chree va gennal goll dys yn valley,
Cha row nhee erbee yinnagh seaghyn dooys;
Yn chied skeeal cluinn mee moghrey Laa-yynyd,
Dy row my graih rish fer elley phoost.

WITH THE FIDDLERS

Among the fiddlers, at the Christmas time,
I first my own heart's love did meet,
And we sat down together loving,
Making beginning of our courtship.

She was a young girl, fair and lovely,
I did incline to marry her.
I am a farmer, big and wealthy,
Upon the green sides of old Renwee.

From that ev'ning till three years were ended,
Full often did I and my own love meet,
False was her language, and her tongue ran smooth,
Declaring that she would ne'er me forsake.

My heart was happy going to the town,
There was not a thing that would give me pain;
The first news I heard on Ash-Wednesday morn,
Was that my love had another wed.

Moir as Inneen

MOIR AS INNEEN

Moir as inneen eck shinney,
Cheayll mee taggloo yn laa;
Va'n cowag oc ny s'chenney,
Ny oddyms nish y gra.
Nagh row adsyn resooney,
As v'ad cur shaghey yn tra,
Va'd taggloo foast jeh poosey;
As shoh va adsyn gra:

Inneen:

"Vummig, cuin hems dy phoosey?
Son foddey liauyr y tra,
Dy gheddin dou hene cooney,
Fendeilagh oie as laa;
Son lheid y heshey fuirriagh,
Veagh cooie dys my stayd.
Son ta mee foast miandagh,
Choud as ta mee reagh as aeg."

"Er-lhiam dy vel mee gennaghtyn,
Yearrey myr shen dy ve;
My chree ta huggedy griennaghey,
Nagh vel fys aym kys ta.
Ta ny guillyn cha gammanagh,
As aalin gys my hooill,
My aigney t'ad dy violagh,
As geid my chree ersooyl."

Moir:

"Vuddee, ny gow dy phoosey,
Son sleaie dhyts hig y tra,
Ga guillyn ny dy strugey,
As y violagh cheayrt ny gha.
T'ou aalin nish ayns coamrey,
As bwaagh er dys y hooill;
Yn cheayrt dy jean oo poosey,
Nee dty aalid lheid ersooyl."

"Son dhyts dy gholl dy phoosey,
Ga te cha mie as lhiass.
Nee oo caghlaa ayns dty eddin,
As dty lieckan nee gaase glass;
Bee oo seaghnit moghey as anmagh,
Kiarraill son jough as bee,
As chennidyn as aggle
Nee hrimshey da dty chree."

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Mother and eldest daughter,
I heard talking one day,
Their chatter was much faster,
Than I can now tell it.
For thus they were reasoning,
As they were passing the time,
Still talking of marriage;
And this was what they said:

Daughter:

"When shall I be wed, mother?
The time is very long,
To get myself a helper,
And defender night and day;
For such a faithful partner
Would be suitable to my state.
For I still have a craving,
While I am young and gay."

"I think that I am conscious,
That such desires exist;
My heart is stirred by him,
I know not why it is.
For the boys are so sportive,
And pretty to my eye,
My inclination they tempt,
And steal my heart away."

Mother:

"Girl, do not go to marry,
Soon the time will come to thee,
Though the young men may fondle,
And tempt thee many a time.
Thou'rt handsome now in dress,
And comely to the eye;
The time that thou wilt marry,
Thy beauty'll fade away."

"If thou'lt go to marry, though
It's the best match that can be,
Thou wilt change in thy countenance,
And thy cheek will grow pale;
Early and late thou wilt be vexed,
Providing meat and drink,
And distresses and terror
Will bring grief to thy heart."

“Ta cliaghtey ec ny deiney
Ve hroiddey rish nyn mraane;
Ny paitchyn beggey keayney,
As myr shen doostey argane,
Lesh focklyn geyre as corree.
Agh shoh ny ta mish gra:
‘O ven aeg, bee uss wary,
As gow kiarail ’sy traa.”

Inneen:

“Cum uss dty hengey, vummig,
T’ou er my yannoo skee,
Er-son dty discoursyn
Cha vel ad pleasal mee.
Son dooinney sheign dou gheddin,
Cha voym dy bragh ny share,
Son hig eh dou ny sniessey,
Ny mummig, shuyr, ny vraar.”

“Dussan dy vleeaney elley
Dy cummal orrym-pene,
Veign faagit my-lomarcán,
As veign my henn inneen.
Veign faagit er dty laueyn,
Dy slane ve my hreigeil;
Veign coontit myr shen vraagyn,
Veagh hilgit ayns corneil.”

Moir:

“Myr oo va mee dy jarroo
Miandagh dy ve brisht,
Just goll-rish magher arroo
Gyn veg y cleiy ve mysh;
Gyn carrey as gyn kemmyrk,
Gyn sheshey cooie erbee;
My veign er ve spooillit,
Quoi veagh er hirrys mee?”

Inneen:

“Shen yinnagh trimshy dooys,
Ny guillyn er dagh cheu
Dy jinnagh ad goll shaghey
Gyn fenaght wheesh ‘kys t’ou?’
She shen myr veigns ve faagit,
My corrag ayns my veeal,
Smooïnaght er laghyn my aegid,
As er my veggan cheeayll.”

“Tis a custom with the men
To be scolding their wives;
The little children crying,
And thus stirring up strife,
With sharp words and with anger.
But this is what I say:
‘O young woman, be wary,
And take good heed in time.”

Daughter:

“Hold thy tongue, O mother,
For thou hast wearied me,
Because thy discourses
Are not pleasing to me,
For a man I must get me,
I’ll never get better,
For he’ll come far nearer me,
Than mother, sister, brother.”

“What a dozen more long years
To live on by myself,
I shall be left all alone,
And become an old maid.
For I’ll be left on thy hands,
Entirely forsaken;
Like old shoes I’ll be counted,
That are thrown in a corner.”

Mother:

“Like thee I was verily
Craving to be undone,
Just like unto a corn-field,
With no fence about it;
Without a friend, without help,
With no fit companion;
If I had been plundered,
Who would have sought for me?”

Daughter:

“T’would be very sad for me,
That the lads on each side
Should pass by without asking,
So much as ‘How art thou?’
That is how I would be left,
My finger in my mouth,
Thinking of my youthful days,
And of my want of sense.”

Mraane Kilkenny

NY MRAANE KILKENNY

Ny mraane Kilkenny hie ad dy Ghoolish,
Hie ad dy Ghoolish lesh y vainney-geyre;
Agh cre-er-bee aggle haink er y cabbyl,
Va jeeyl mooar jeant er y vainney-geyre.

Ren ny mucyn chaglym as ren ad scryssey,
Mygeayrt y dubbey ren ad chloie Tig,
Cha jinnagh 'nane iu jeh yn vainney,
Agh daa vuc starvet lesh Kinleigh Beg.

THE KILKENNY WOMEN

The Kilkenny women went to Douglas,
They went to Douglas with the butter-milk;
But what e'er the fear that came on the horse,
There was great waste of the butter-milk.

The pigs they gathered there and scratched about,
All around the pool they played at Tig,
But none of them would drink of the milk,
Except two starved pigs of Kinley Beg's.

My Caillin Veg Dhone

MY CAILLIN VEG DHONE

“Cre-raad t’ou goll, my caillin veg dhone?
As cre-raad t’ou goll, my caillin veg aeg?
Cre-raad t’ou goll, my aalin, my eayn?”
“Ta mee goll dys y bwoaillee,” dooyrt ee.

“Cre’n fa t’ou goll shen, my caillin veg dhone?
Cre’n fa t’ou goll shen, my caillin veg aeg?
Cre’n fa t’ou goll shen, my aalin, my eayn?”
“Ta mee goll shen, dy vlieaun,” dooyrt ee.

“No’m kied goll mayrt, my caillin veg dhone?
No’m kied goll mayrt, my caillin veg aeg?
No’m kied goll mayrt, my aalin, my eayn?”
“Tar marym, eisht, O dooinney,” dooyrt ee.

MY LITTLE BROWN GIRL

“Where goest thou, my little brown girl?
And where goest thou, my little girlie?
Where goest thou, my beauty, my lamb?”
“I am going to the fold,” said she.

“Why goest thou there, my little brown girl?
Why goest thou there, my little girlie?
Why goest thou there, my beauty, my lamb?”
“I am going there to milk,” said she.

“May I go with thee, my little brown girl?
May I go with thee, my little girlie?
May I go with thee, my beauty, my lamb?”
“Come with me, then, O man,” said she.

My Henn Ghooiney Mie

MY HENN GHOOINEY MIE

Henn Caillin:

“Cre vel oo goll, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre vel oo goll, ta mee gra rhyt reesht?
Cre vel oo goil, my henn ghooiney mie?
She oo yn ghooiney s’ finey fo ’n ghrian.”

“Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, ta mee gra rhyt reesht?
Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, my henn ghooiney mie?
Son she oo yn ghooiney s’ finey fo ’n ghrian.”

Henn Ghooiney:

“Bee oohyn aym, my henn caillin mie.” [loayrt]

Henn Caillin:

“Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
She oo yn ghooiney s’ finey fo ’n ghrian.”

Henn Ghooiney:

“Bee shiaght dussan aym, my henn caillin mie.” [loayrt]

Henn Caillin:

“As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooiney mie?
As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooiney mie?
As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooiney mie?
Son she oo yn ghooiney s’ finey fo ’n ghrian.”

Henn Ghooiney:

“Bee eeym aym, my henn caillin mie.” [loayrt]

Henn Caillin:

“As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
She oo yn ghooiney s’ finey fo ’n ghrian.”

Henn Ghooiney:

“Bee whilleen punt as whilleen dussan,
my henn caillin mie.” [loayrt]

Henn Caillin:

“Cre my yiow baase, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre my yiow baase, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre my yiow baase, my henn ghooiney mie?
She oo yn ghooiney s’ finey fo ’n ghrian.”

Henn Ghooiney:

“Jean oo mee y oanlucky, my henn caillin mie?” [loayrt]

Henn Caillin:

“As c’raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooiney mie?
As c’raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooiney mie?
As c’raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooiney mie?
Son she oo yn ghooiney s’ finey fo ’n ghrian.”

Henn Ghooiney:

“Ayns y towl-yaagh, my henn caillin mie.” [loayrt]

MY GOOD OLD MAN

Old Woman:

“Where art thou going, my good old man?
Where art thou going, I say to thee again?
Where art thou going, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.”

“What wilt thou for thy supper, my good old man?
What wilt thou for thy supper, I say to thee again?
What wilt thou for thy supper, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.”

Old Man:

“I will have eggs, my good old woman.” [spoken]

Old Woman:

“How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man?
How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man?
How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.”

Old Man:

“I will have seven dozen, my good old woman.” [spoken]

Old Woman:

“And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man?
And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man?
And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.”

Old Man:

“I will have butter, my good old woman.” [spoken]

Old Woman:

“How much butter wilt thou, my good old man,
How much butter wilt thou, my good old man,
How much butter wilt thou, my good old man,
For thou art the finest old man under the sun.”

Old Man:

“I will have so many pounds and so many dozen,
my good old woman.” [spoken]

Old Woman:

“What if thou should’st die, my good old man?
What if thou should’st die, my good old man?
What if thou should’st die, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.”

Old Man:

“Wilt thou bury me, my good old woman?” [spoken]

Old Woman:

“And where shall I bury thee, my good old man?
And where shall I bury thee, my good old man?
And where shall I bury thee, my good old man?
For thou art the finest old man under the sun.”

Old Man:

“In the smoke hole, my good old woman.” [spoken]

My Vannaght er Shiu

MY VANNAGHT ER SHIU

My vannaght er shiu paitchyn veggey,
Honnick shiu daunsin jiu;
Trooid uss er my glioon, Kirree,
As veryms daunsin diu.

Shooyl uss voyms, Kirree veg,
As ghauns er-mooïn y laare;
As trooid uss hym, Jennie veg,
Oo-hene y lhianno share.

MY BLESSING ON YOU

My blessing on you, little children,
I saw you dance to-day;
Come on my knee, little Katie,
And I'll give you a dance.

Walk out from me, little Katie,
And dance upon the floor;
Come to me, little Jennie,
Thou art the better child.

Nancy Sooill-Ghoo

NANCY SOOILL-GHOO

Eaisht shiu rhym, my chaarjin,
As striuym dy insh diu,
Mychione piyr aeg va sooree
Nyn lheid scoan cheayll shiu rieau.

Rish foddey v'ad er hooree
Jeeagh shiu kys haink yn jerrey;
Phrow yn scollag aeg shoh foalsey,
As phoost eh ven-aeg elley.

Tra cheayll yn ven-aeg, dy row
Ee graih meen ec v'eh phoost,
V'ee scaait ayns ee aigney,
'Syn oie v'eh freeill ee dooisht.

Ayns boayllyn fadane ooilley,
Va taitnys ayns ee chree,
Shirrey ooilley grogh heshaght,
Agh chea veih aitt as cloie.

T'ee shooyl ayns boayllyn dorraghey,
Goll ass raad ny deiney;
V'ee trimshey as v'ee dobberan,
As shoh ny goan v'ee gra:

"Aigh creoi t'orrym phrownal,
Cha n'oddym gymmyrkey,
My chree ta brisht gyn couyr;
As vees er son dy bragh."

Myr hooyll mish magh 'syn astyr
Er y raad kione-my-lhei,
Nagh cheayll mish jees pleadail,
As shoh myr v'adsyn gra:

"Fow voym er-y-chooyl fer 'oalsey,
Cha ghredjym oo ny smoo,
Son argid daag oo Nancy,
Ny sooillyn ec ta doo."

Graih my chree, my kenjallys
Nagh beg fys ayds kys ve,
Yn traa ta er n'gholl shaghey,
Nagh smooar my arrys eh.

Graih my chree, vel oo leih dou,
Ga dy ren mee brishey 'n leigh?
Te cair yn olk y leih as yarood,
Ta shin 'sy Scriptyr lhaih.

BLACK-EYED NANCY

Listen to me, my friends, and I
Will strive to tell to you,
Of a young pair that courting went,
In an unheard of style.

For a long time they had courted,
Mark you how came the end;
This young man, he unfaithful proved,
And wed another lass.

And when the maiden heard the news,
That her dear love was wed,
Her mind became deranged, so that
She could not sleep at night.

To be in lonely places was
The sole joy of her heart,
Seeking bad company, shunning
All games and merriment.

So she was walking in dark places,
Out of the way of men;
She was lamenting and mourning,
And these the words she spake:

"Upon me now ill fortune frowns,
I cannot support it,
My heart is broke, there is no cure,
And so for aye will be."

As I walked out one evening
On the road down the hill,
I heard two persons talking, and
These were the words they said:

"Away from me, thou false one, I
Will thee no longer trust,
For money thou hast deserted
Nancy with eyes so black."

Oh! my heart's love, my kindliness,
How little did'st thou know,
The time that now has passed away,
How much I repent it.

My heart's love, dost thou me forgive,
Though I have broken trust?
To forgive and forget is right,
As we in Scripture read.

Cha vel foddey er dty henney neagh,
As she my wooishal's ve,
Dy ghoaill boggey ayns dty heshaght,
Ny-yeih cha b'loys ghoaill eh.

Ghoaill aggle roish ny phrownyn,
My gerjagh meen dy'n theill,
Captan lhong fegooish cree mie
Cha jean dy bragh speideil,"

Ren ee jiargagh ayns y eddin,
Goll-rish yn boggoge ruy,
Eisht ren ee huitt er keayney,
As loayrt ny focklyn shoh:

"My she aigh creoi va roie dou,
She mish vees dty ven-poost,
Son ooilley'n oyryn hrimshey,
T'ou hannah er coyrt dooys."

'Tis not long since that time was sped,
And it was e'er my wish,
To have joy in thy company,
But I did not dare have it.

Being afraid of the world's frowns,
My little comforter,
A ship's captain without good heart
Will never gain success."

Then o'er her face a rosy blush
Spread, like the red hedge-rose,
Then into tears at once she burst,
And uttered words like these:

"If my fortune was hard before,
Yet will I be thy wife,
Spite of the causes of sorrow,
Thou'st ere now on me brought."

Nelly Veen

NELLY VEEN

Dooinney-Aeg:

“Nelly veen as Nelly graihagh,
Cur graih dooys lesh ooilley dty chree,
As she my ghaa laue veryms dhtys,
Dy jem-mayd dy phoosey traa erbee.”

Ven-Aeg:

“Uss vitchoor oalsey fou ass my hilley,
Son er-chee my violagh as my volley t’ou;
Lesh dy hengey oalsey as dty veillyn brynnerragh,
Tou dy-liooar dy violagh ushag jeh’n crouw.”

Dooinney-Aeg:

“O Nelly veen, nagh bee orryms groamagh,
Son neems kiart cha mie as dooinney erbee,
Agh ta mee laadit as myrgeeddin grouid;
Insh dou nish dty aigney, ta mee guee.”

Ven-Aeg:

“Fys jeh my aigney cha vod oo geddyn,
Dy gholl dy phoosey ta mee ro aeg,
As ta mee jeeaghyn orrym-pene,
Dy vell mee maynrey myr ven-aeg.”

Foast ve cheet gys thie yn ven-aeg shoh,
Cha dug e shee jee oie ny laa,
Fey-yerrey hooar e lurg aigney hene ee,
Eisht daag e ee son fyt dy hraa.

Shuish vraane aegey, gou shiu tasteey;
Va’n ven-aeg faagit ayns trimshey wheesh,
Tra honnick ee nagh row eh cordail rish
yialdyn,
Hug ee fys er ee graih millish.

Haink e dy foalsey myr ve cliaghtey:

“Cre ta er daghyrt dyts graih my chree,
Fow uss aarloo dy goll maryms,
As fod mayd phoosey traa erbee.”

Hooar ish aarloo dy goll marish,
As hie ad rhymboo ec yn oie,
Voll eh ee d’aagail ee chaarjin,
Dy goll gys boayl feayn cour ee stroie.
Tra va’n ven-aeg toollit as skee,
Lesh osney hrome ren ee y gra:
“Er lhiam my vioys y ghoaill voym’s tou,
Son ta my chree myr shoh gimraa.”

NELLY DEAR

Young Man:

“Nelly dear and Nelly loving,
Give me thy love with all thy heart,
And I will give thee both my hands,
That we may shortly rmarried be.”

Young Woman:

“Thou false rogue, get out of my sight,
For thou would’st me tempt and deceive;
With thy false tongue and flattering lips,
Thou could’st tempt a bird off a bush.”

Young Man:

“O Nelly dear, frown not on me,
For I’ll be good as any man,
But I am sore oppressed and sad;
Tell me now thy mind, I pray.”

Young Woman:

“Thou cans’t not get to know my mind,
To be married, I am too young,
And I think myself to be,
For a young woman, most content.”

Still he kept coming to her home,
No peace he gave her night nor day,
Until he got her to his mind,
And then he left her for a while.

Ye young women, now take good heed;
The girl was left in great sorrow,
When she found that he did not keep

His word, she sent for her sweetheart.

Falsely, as was his wont, he came,
Saying, “What ails thee my heart’s love,
Go and prepare to come with me,
We can marry at any time.”

She got ready to go with him,
And in the night they went away,
He induced her to leave her friends,
To go where he might destroy her.
When the poor girl was faint and tired,
Heaving a heavy sigh she said:
“I know that thou wilt take my life
Away, for my heart tells me so.”

Dooinney-Aeg:

"Tou uss nish er loayrt yn irrin,
Erson ny sodjey cha vees oo bio,
Er-chee dty vioys y ghoail void,
Shen va my eilkin y raad shoh."

Ven-Aeg:

"Oh Johnny, Johnny, my graih meen,
Ny chur dy laueyn ayns dty uill hene,
Sparail my vioys, rny graih meen,
As gou chymmey jeh dty oikan hene."

Dooinney-Aeg:

"Nagh bee uss taggloo rhymms ommidjys,"
As gys y villey chiangle eh ee,
Nagh re kebbey v'echey marish,
As ren eh toshiaght yannoo yn oaie.

Hrog ee seose ee roihagyn gys niau,
As gow ee padjer gys yn Ayr:
"Yn peccah eajee shoh ren mee yannoo,
O! cur uss kerraghey rnyr ta cair."

Hrog ee seose ee roihaghyn gys niau,
As gys yn Ayr veen ren ee guee,
Dy yannoo aarloo cour ee annym,
Yn traa nagh goghe eh chymmey j'ee.

Va'n dunver shoh eisht cha eulyssagh,
Er derrey va eshyn ooilley craa;
Tra gow eh greim j'ee dy cur 'syn oaie,
Chelleeragh cheayll eh coraa.

Hie eh er raipay fud ny cheylljin,
As moddey-oaldey ren eh stroie;
Shen y raad hur eshyn y baase piantagh.
Erson nagh goghe eh chymmey j'ee.

Haink ish dy valley gys ee charjin,
As boggey mooar ren ad ghoail j'ee.
Shenn as aeg hug ee lesh maree,
Dy heet dy yeeaghyn er yn oaie.

Young Man:

"Thou hast now spoken what is true,
Because thou shalt no longer live,
My errand on this road was with
Intent to take away thy life."

Young Woman:

"Oh! Johnny, Johnny, my dear love,
Steep not thy harids in thine own blood,
Spare my life, Johnny, my dear love,
And have compassion on thy child."

Young Man:

"Don't speak such foolishness to me,"
He said, and tied her to a tree.
He had a spade with him, and so
He there began to dig the grave.

She lifted up her arms to heav'n,
And said a prayer to the Father:
"For this foul sin that I have done
Oh! do Thou punish as is right."

She lifted up her arms to heav'n,
The loving Father she besought,
To make ready to take her soul,
When he'd not have pity on her.

This murd'rer then was so angry,
Till he was all shaking; when he
Gripped her to thrust her in the grave,
Immediately he heard a voice.

He went tearing off through the woods,
And a wolf destroyed him; that's where
He suffered a painful death,
Because he would not pity her.

She came to the town to her friends,
And great joy they did take of her.
Both old and young she took with her,
To come and look upon the grave.

Quoifyn Lieen Vooar

QUOIFYN LIEEN VOOAR

Ooille ny vraane aegey
Nagh n'aase dy bragh mooar,
Ceau gownyn jeh sheeidey,
As quoifyn lieen vooar.
Lesh rufflyn er nyn mwann'lyn,
As mantlyn giare doo,
Dy violagh ny guillyn,
Eiyrt orroo ny smoo.

My horragh ny noidjyn,
Voish yn cheu heear,
Veagh dagh ven aeg bwaagh
Goit son grenadier;
Veagh ny noidjyn agglit,
Nagh bioune ad nyn phooar,
Veagh ad ooiloo agglit,
Lesh ny quoifyn lieen vooar.

BIG FLAX CAPS

All the young women that
Will never grow big,
Wearing gowns made of silk,
And big caps of flax.
With ruffles on their necks,
And short black mantles,
To induce the young men,
To follow them more.

If the en'mies should come,
From the western side,
Each pretty girl would be
Ta'en for a grenadier;
The foes would be frightened,
They'd not know their power,
They would be all frightened,
By the big flax caps.

Yn Shenn Laair

YN SHENN LAAIR

Va couple beaghey ayns skeeyll Andrase,
V'ad cheau nyn draa ayns corree,
Va yn ennym echeysyn "Tayrn dy Rea,"
As vee ish "Mary Willy."

Cha row ec y "Tayrn" braag ny carrane,
Dy cur er baare y coshey;
Tra ve cheet thie dys Mary vie;
Va eh yeealley ee myr moddey.

Va "Tayrn" ny lhie 'sy lhiabee dhunt,
As Mary ayns y cuillee;
Robin y Christeen shooyl mygeayrt,
Booishal dy geddyn maree.

Hie ben y "Tayrn" dys y vargey-beg,
Er y chied laa jeh'n tourey;
Raad chionnee shenn laair, as v'ee geddyn daill,
Dys Laa Andrase 'sy geurey

V'ee tayrn dy rea as bliass y-vea,
Derrey v'ee er ny villey;
V'ee fit dy violaght ben erbee,
Tra heeagh ee yn chied shilley.

V'ee cretoor boght, v'ee cretoor annoon,
V'ee cretoor meen as imlee;
Gow Mary ee dys vargey Calmane,
Agh fail ee ec Cronk Sharree.

V'ee gleck dy piantagh noi dagh broogh,
Cheet niar er slyst ny marrey;
Dy chooilley peiagh v'ad meeiteil
Gra, nagh yinnagh ad phurt ny valley,

Moghrey Laa Andrase va "Tayrn" troiddey
Mysh argid y shenn laair-a,
Gra, "row nearey ort dy chionnagh lheid
Y trustyr breinn as donney."

THE OLD MARE

A couple lived in Andreas parish,
They spent their time in anger,
The nickname he had was "Draw Smoothly,"
And she was "Mary Willy."

"Draw" had not either shoe or carrane
His foot's top to put upon;
When he came home to good Mary,
Like a dog he her chastised.

In the folded bed "Draw" was lying,
And Mary in the bedroom;
Robin Christian was walking about,
Desiring to get with her.

"Draw's" wife unto the fair did go
On the first day of the summer;
Where she bought an old mare, getting credit,
Till Andrew's day in winter.

She drew as smoothly as could be,
Until she had been spoiled;
She was fit to tempt any woman,
When she saw her the first time.

She was a poor and feeble creature,
A creature meek and humble;
Mary took her to Columb's fair,
But she failed at Cronk Sharree.

Painfully she struggled 'gainst each hill,
Coming east on the sea coast;
Every person they encountered said
That they'd not make port or home.

Andrew's day morn, "Draw" was scolding
'Bout the price of the old mare,
Saying "art not ashamed to buy
Such a foul, foolish creature."

Skeeylley Breeshey

SKEEYLLEY BRESSEY

Hie ad rish Skeeylley Breeshey,
As hie ad rish Skeeyll Andrase,
Agh ayns Yurby va yn daunse,
As ayns-shen haink ad lurg-ooilloo.

Charles Moore, Ballaradcliffe,
As Kerry Clugaash marish,
Arther beg Moldera,
As Harry Clark voish Doolish.

BRIDE PARISH

They went to Kirk Bride,
And they went to Kirk Andreas,
But in Jurby was the dance,
And there they came at last.

Charles Moore, Ballaradcliffe,
And Kate Clucas with him,
Little Arthur Mylrea,
And Harry Clark from Douglas.

Yn Sterrym ec Port-le-Moirrey

YN STERRYM EC PORT LE MOIRREY

O! my guillyn vie,
Ta shin nish ec y thie,
Cha jig mayd dys yn 'aarkey ny sodjey;
Cha jean mayd jarrood
Yn sterrym haik shin trooid,
Ec aker ayns y vaie Port-le-Moirrey.

Dooyrt Neddy Hom Ruy,
"T'eh sheidey feer creoi,
As dy baare dhooïn ny caableyn y yiarey."
"Cha jean," dooyrt Chalse Beg,
"Bee mayd stiagh er y creg,
As caillit ayns tonnyn ny marrey."

Yn "Good Intent"
Va baatey vie jeant,
Vie plankit voish toshiaght dys jerrey.
She sheshaght feer voal
Va er y "Midsummer Doal,"
Agh Neddy Hom Feg va yn fer 'smessey.

THE STORM AT PORT ST MARY

Oh! my good boys,
Now that we are at home,
We'll not go to the sea any longer;
We will not forget
The storm we went through,
Anchored in the bay of Port St. Mary.

Said Neddy Tom the Red
"Tis blowing very hard,
And 'tis better to cut the two cables."
"Don't," said Little Charles,
"We'll be in on the rock
And lost in the waves of the ocean."

The "Good Intent"
Was a well-built boat,
From the stem to the stern well planked.
A very poor crew
Had the "Blind Midsummer,"
But Neddy Tom Peg was the worst of them.

Ny Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey

NY THREE EEASTEYRYN BOGHTEY

Eaisht shiu rhym, my charjin,
As goyms shiu nish arrane,
Mychione three eeasteyryn boghtey,
Va ayns Skeeylley Stondane.
Tom Cowle, lesh Juan y Karaghey,
As Illiam y Christeen.
Hie ad voish y thie ayns y voghrey;
Va yn seihll kiune as meen.

Tra hie ad voish nyn dieyn,
S'beg oie vo'c er y vaase.
Yn baatey beg shoh va ocsyn
Va lesh Captain Clugaash.
Cha row oc helym dy stiurey,
Cha row oc croan ny shiaull,
Agh bleeayst dy vaatey eddrym,
As cha row ee agh yawl.

Yn fastyr shoh va dorragey,
Lesh sterrym as sheean,
As y gheay ren ee sheidey,
As gatt eh y cheayn.
Va ny three eeasteyryn boghtey
Gleck shirrey dy goll thie;
Cha row eh dauesyn agh fardail,
Cha ren eh veg y vie.

Choud as ta'n seihll kiune as meen,
Yn muir moar te rea,
Agh te cur er eddin elley,
Tra heidys y gheay.
Te myr lion garveigagh,
As niartal ta coraa;
Son gatt eh seose as brishey,
As kinjagh seiy dy braa.

Daag ad shoh mraane as cloan,
Kiarail dy heet reesht thie;
Adsyn ta goll gys y cheayn,
Dy-mennick ayns gaue roie.
Son ta ny gauelyn dangeyragh
Oc combaasal dagh cheu,
As ayns bleeayst v'ad ayns aggle,
V'an diunid vooar fo.

THE THREE POOR FISHERMEN

Listen to me, my friends, and I
Will sing to you a song,
About three poor fishermen,
Who were in Kirk Santon.
Tom Cowle, with Juan Faragher,
And William Christian.
They left their homes one morning, when
The earth was calm and quiet.

When they went away from their homes,
Small thought had they of death.
This little boat they had belonged
Unto Captain Clucas.
No helm to steer with they possessed,
No mast, no sail had they,
But only a shell of a boat,
And she was but a yawl.

That evening was dark and gloomy,
With storm and with uproar,
And the wind it blew lustily,
And it swelled up the sea.
The three poor fishermen were then
Struggling to get back home;
But their efforts were all in vain
For no headway at all they made.

Long as the earth is calm and quiet,
The mighty sea is smooth,
But it puts on another face,
When the wind blows a gale.
It is like a lion roaring,
And powerful is its voice,
For it swells up and is breaking,
And is ever moving.

Their wives and children these men left,
Meaning to return home;
But those who go unto the sea,
Oft run into danger.
For dangerous perils compass them
Around on every side,
And in their shell they were afraid,
The great deep was beneath.

Cheayll shuish jeh Noo Paul vooar,
As jeh dagh dangeyr as gaue
Hie eh trooid ec cheayn, myr
Ve shiaulley gys y Raue;
Lesh dewillys ny marrey lhean,
Immanit noon as noal,
Ve hene as ooilley heshaght vie,
Laik nyn mioys y choayl.

Juan y Kissaag voish Doolish,
Myr ve shiaulley dy meen,
Haink raad yn baatey shoh va lhie,
V'aynjee Cowle as Christeen;
Eisht hug eh lesh ad dy Ghoolish;
Hug nyn chaarjyn lesh ad thie,
Ayns dobberan as trimshey
Dy row ad er ve mooie.

You have heard of the great St. Paul,
And of each danger and peril
That he went through by the sea, as
He was sailing to Rome;
By the fierceness of the broad sea,
Driv'n hither and thither,
Himself and all his company,
Likely to lose their lives.

Juan Kissack from Douglas, as
He sailed quietly along,
Passed by the place where this boat lay,
In her Cowle and Christian;
He brought them with him to Douglas;
Their friends then took them home,
In sorrow and trouble that they
Had been parted from them.

Ushtey Millish 'sy Garee

USHTEY MILLISH 'SY GAREE

Va ayns shen Illiam y Close,
As Quilliam Glione Meay,
Shooyl ayns ny raadjyn mooarey,
Gagglagh ooilley my sleih,
Goll gys Ballacashtal,
Cheet thie morrey brishey 'n laa,
Singal "Ushtey millish 'sy garee,
Cha gaill mayd eh dy-braa."

Cha rou ayns yn Ving Liauyr
Agh three deiney ass dagh skeerey,
Dy shirrey magh coorse-ushtey
Son ard mwyllin Greebey,
Paayrt jeu er yn laue yesh,
As paayrt er yn laue chiare,
As roie ad coorse yn ushtey,
Ayns boayl nagh row cair.

Va'n coorse yn ushtey heear,
Agh va'n ushtey roie hiar,
Son va shen ooilley kyndagh
Jeh argid as jeh airh.
Ny cabbil ain va giu jeh,
As ny ollagh tra v'ad paa,
As ushtey millish 'sy garee,
Cha gaill mayd eh dy braa.

SWEET WATER IN THE COMMON

There was William of the Close,
And Quilliam Glen Meay,
Walking upon the high-road,
Fright'ning all the people,
Going to Castletown,
Coming home at break of day,
Singing "Sweet water in the common,
We will never lose it."

In the Long Jury there were
But three men from each parish,
To seek out the water course
For the chief mill at Greeba.
Part of them on the right hand,
And part on the left hand,
And they ran the water-course,
Where it had no right to be.

The water-course was west,
But the water ran east,
That was all on account of
The silver and the gold.
Our horses they drank of it,
And the cattle when thirsty,
And sweet water in the common,
We will never lose it.

