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QUOCUNQUE JECERIS STABIT.

MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC
(1896)

WORKING GUIDE (10)

THE ORAL SONG TEXTS



CHIOLLAGH BOOKS
2017

Vers. 1.0

THE ORAL SONG TEXTS

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MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC

[I]

ARRANE NY MUMMERYN (THE MUMMER'S SONG)

Contributed by T.E. Brown (as Rev. T.E. Brown), Rev. John Kewley (as Rev. J.W. Kewley), J.C. Cannell, and Elizabeth Ferrier (as Mrs Ferrier) to *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx originals on 62 (4 texts), English translation of the first version facing on 63. Also titled by Moore as Roie Ben Shenn Tammy (MBM xxx).

(1)

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

TRANSLATION

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

(2)

- 1 Roie, ben jeh'n Timmie
Roie, ben jeh'n eiragh
Roie, ny phoosee beg as shenn
Ny reddyng boiragh
Harrow dthy woddle
5 Dimma, dimma, doddle.

(3)

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

(4)

I Ree, ben sheen Tammy
Ree, ben shen Era
Ree, a spit a veg a
Shuna reg as birra
5 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.

[2]

ARRANE OIE VIE

'From *Various People*'. ['Fragments have been picked up from too many different people to specify, and then pierced together'. (Fn. [4] on xxx)] *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 58, English translation facing on 59.

- 1 1 My guillyn vie, te traan goll thie
Ta'n stoyll ta foym greinnagh me roym
Te signal dooin dy ghleasagh
Te tayrn dys traan ny liabbagh.
- 2 5 My guillyn vie, te traan goll thie
Ta'n dooid cheet er y chiollagh
Te geginagh shin dy goll dy lhie
Te bunnys traan dy graa oie vie.

GOOD NIGHT SONG

- 1 1 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.
- 2 5 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.

[3]

ARRANE QUEEYL-NIEUEE

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 216,
English translation facing on 217.

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

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG

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

[4]
YN BOLLAN BANE

From John Caine in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 76, English translation facing on 77.

Loayrt:

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

Kiaulley:

Ry do diddle diddle dum (×3)
Bollan bane, diddle dum (×3)

Loayrt:

Ceau mee yn moddey er my ghreem reesht, as rosh me choud as Slieau Churn. Eisht ceau mee yn moddey jeh my ghreem 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 (×3)
Bollan bane, diddle dum (×3)

Loayrt:

Ceau mee yn moddey er myg ghreem, 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 (×3)
Bollan bane, diddle dum (×3)

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 (×3)
Bollan bane, diddle dum (×3)

THE WHITE HERB

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 (×3)
White wort, diddle dum (×3)

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 (×3)
White wort, diddle dum (×3)

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 (×3)
White wort, diddle dum (×3)

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 (×3)
White wort, diddle dum (×3)

DOOINNEY SEYR V'AYNS EXETER

Manx Ballads and Music (1896). Manx original on 114 & 116, English translation on 115 & 117. Reprints “Dooinney Seyr v’ayns Exeter’ (A Gentleman of Exeter),” *Manx Note Book* iii.2 (1887): 134–35. Fn. [3] on xxx reads: ‘Also Mr John Quayle, Glen Meay’. Composite text by Moore.

- 1 1 Va dooinney seyr ayns Exeter
Hrog eh inneen, aalin as *fair*
Shey bleeaney jeig cha d’haink urree
Dys *matchyn* mie va shirrey ee.
- 2 5 Chiarnyn as krinkyn va ec son reih
Agh capthan lhong ren taghyrt thie
(V’eh ny capthan as cre de ve)
As ren ee ghra cha dreigyms eh.
- 3 Hie’n capthan roish er e yurnah
10 As kiart three raighyn va jannoo da
Chaill eh e *lhuck* as chaill eh yn lhong
Trimshey va cheet er ec dagh kione.
- 4 Foast jerkal d’row e ghraih fyrrynagh da
Agh ec kione three vee ren ee chyndaa
15 Tra va’n capthan er y raad thie
Cheayll eh dy re lesh fer elley v’an graih.
- 5 Haink y capthan thie as eh cree lheie
Agh hug eh fys urree ny-yeih;
Haink ee ny whail lesh groam syn oai
20 Briaght cre’n geay va er heebey e thie.

Captan:

- 6 She shoh ny naightyn t’ad ginsh dooys
Dy vel oo mairagh reih ve poose.

Inneen:

- 7 My cheayll oo shen she’n irrin te
As cre te dhyt my ta lheid reih veh?

- 8 25 Hie yn capthan dy lhie yn oie shen
Dirree eh moghrey ayns jeiryne;
She *pen* as *ink* hooar eh dy bieau
As scrieunyn gys e ghraih y scrieu.
- 9 30 Ren trimshey as seaghyn lieeney e cree
As ny focklyn shoh screeu eshyn r'ee:
Ny mastey mraane ny 'sfoalsagh t'ou
Gow arrys son yn pheccagh eu.
- 10 35 Ghow ee ny scrieunyn lesh lane moyrn
As lhaih ee eh lesh craid as scorn;
Hug ee eh ayns ee poggaid sheese
Chyndaa ee gys y heshaght reesht.
- 11 40 'Sy morrey v'an ben phoost dy jarroo
Roish yn oie v'an capthan marroo;
Yn skeeyll jeh shoh haink ec yinnair
As ren eh ee garaghtee er.
- Inneen:*
- 12 Liorish dty kied ayd nish, fer-thie
T'eh ny cair aymshoshiaght goll dy lhie.
- Fer-Thie:*
- 13 Ayns dty lhiabbee hene, my dy aigney t'eh
Inshee yn sharvaant cre vel eh.
- 14 45 Tra v'ee ish aarloo as goll dy lhie
Quoi yn quaaltagh v'ec agh scaa yn chieid graih
My veelley ort, eisht ren e loo
Lesh groam sy'n oai, nish giaryms oo.
- 15 50 As deie ee magh lesh coraa gheyr
V'eh sheshaght eck three feed as kiare
Hymshree ad ooilley mygeayrt-y-mo'ee
Agh cha n'oddagh ad dy cooney jee.
- 16 Eisht er ny glooinyn huit ee sheese
Gra leih dou, leih dou graih millish.

Captan:

17 55 Scrieu mee rhyt jiu, loayr mee rhyt jea
Ta'n traa ro anmagh dy leih dhyt eh.

18 Cha firrinagh dhyt as ta d'ennym Jadin
Dy jig oo marym's gys grunt y keayn
Scrieu mee rhyt jiu loayr mee rhyt jea
60 Ta'n traa ro anmagh dy leih dhyt eh.

A GENTLEMEN IN EXETER

1 1 A Gentleman in Exeter
Reared a daughter, lovely and fair
Sixteen years had not come to her
When good proposals she received.

2 5 She had her choice of lords and knights
But a ship captain was at home
(He was indeed a captain true)
And she said, I will not leave him.

3 The captain went forth on his voyage
10 And just nine months he was away
He lost his luck and his ship too
Trouble came on him at each end.

4 He still hoped his love was true to him
But at the end of three months she changed
15 When the captain was on the road home
He heard she belonged to another.

5 The captain came home his heart melting
But he sent her word nevertheless
She met him with a frown on her face
20 Demanding what wind had blown him home.

Captain:
 6 This is the news they tell me, that
 Thou art to be wed to morrow.

Girl:
 7 If thou hast heard that it is true
 What's that to you if it be so?

8 25 The captain went to bed that night
 He rose in the morning in tears;
 He straightway obtained pen and ink
 And wrote a letter to his love.

9 30 Trouble and sorrow filled his heart
 And unto her he wrote these words:
 Of women thou art the falsest
 For thy transgression now repent.

10 She received the letter with pride
 And read it with contempt and scorn;
 35 She thrust it down in her pocket
 And turned to the party again.

11 In the morning the girl was wed
 The captain died before the night;
 The news of this came at dinner
 40 And it caused her much amusement.

Girl:
 12 By thy permission now, husband
 'Tis my right to go first to bed.

Husband:
 13 In thine own bed, if 'tis thy wish
 The servant will tell thee where it is.

14 45 When to retire she was ready
 The ghost of her first love met her
 Who swore with a frown on his brow
 Bad luck be on thee, I'll wound thee.

15 She called out with a bitter cry
50 Those with her numbered sixty-four
They all gathered round about her
But to help her were unable.

16 Then she fell right down on her knees
Saying forgive me, my sweet love.

Captain:

17 55 To-day I wrote, yesterday I spoke
'Tis too late to forgive thee now.

18 As surely as thy name is Jane
Thou shalt come with me below the sea
To-day I wrote, yesterday I spoke
60 'Tis too late to forgive thee now.

EC NY FIDDLERYN

From Thomas Kermodé in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 218 & 220, English translation on 219 & 221. Fn. [5] on xxii reads: 'This was first obtained from Thomas Kermodé, Bradda in 1883, by Professor J. Strachan and Father Henebry, and was published in phonetic Manx with a good translation in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, in March last. Mr W.J. Cain has since then seen Kermodé and has satisfied himself of the general accuracy of this version which he and I have translated'. See, John Strachan, "A Manx Folksong," *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie* i (1897): 54–58.

- 1 1 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.
- 2 5 Voish yn oor shen gys kione shiaght bleaney
 Va my graih as mish mennick meeiteil
 As giall ee dooys lesh ee chengey foalsey
 Nagh jinnagh ee mee dy bragh hreigeil.
- 3 Fastyr Jy-doonee roish Laa-ynnyd
 10 Hie mee dy yeeaghyn yn graih my chree
 Hug ee ny daa laue ayns my ghaa laue
 Nagh poosagh ee fer elley agh mee.
- 4 Haink mee roym thie my chree dy gennal
 Nhee erbee cha row jannoo seaghyn dooys
 15 Yn chield skeeayl cluinn mee moghrey
 Dy row my graih rish fer elley phoost.
- 5 My drogh veilley er y doodee foalsey
 As mee sooree urree rish ymmoddee laa
 Na honnick ee nagh row graih eck orrym
 20 Oddagh ee ve yn obbal ayns traa.
- 6 Cha jeanyyn noi ee drogh loo ny gweeagyn
 Cha wizym drogh fortune dy heet ee raad
 Agh dy jean ee booiys gys ee charjyn
 Ga dy vel ee jannoo jeems agh craid.

- 7 25 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.
- 8
 30 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 fakin ee.
- 9
 35 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 caghláa.
- 10
 40 Yn raad mooar liauyr v'aym dy hooyl er
 As yn ughtagh jeeragh dy jannoo mee skee
 Cha voddym soie sheese dy goaill my aash
 Nagh beem kinjagh smooínaght er.
- 11
 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.
- 12 45 '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.
- 13
 50 O! dy jinnagh yn keayn mooar hirmagh
 Raad dy jannoo dy voddym goll trooid
 Sniaghtey Greenlyn nee gaase
 Roish mee foddym my graih jarrood.

AMONG THE FIDDLERS

- 1 1 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.
- 2 5 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.
- 3 10 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.
- 4 15 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.
- 5 20 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.
- 6 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.
- 7 25 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.
- 8 30 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.

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

10 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
40 Without oft thinking of my heart's love.

11 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.

12 45 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.

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

[7]

YN EIREY CRONK YN OLLEE

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 216,
English translation facing on 217.

Ta mish eirey 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

From William Wynter. *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 106 & 108, English translation on 107 & 109.

- 1 1 Keayrt va mee aeg
 As mish ta mee shenn
 Keayrt va daa sweetheart aym
 Agh nish cha vel nane
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
 5 Hurranse liorish mraane!
- 2 Son ta graih mie ayn
 Agh ta foast graih sie
 Keayrt hug mee graih da ben aeg
 As ve'h graih rouyr vie
 10 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
 Hurranse liorish mraane!
- 3 Va billey beg gaase
 Ayns garey my ayrey
 V'eh skeaylley ny banglaneyn
 15 Eckey foddey as lhean
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
 Hurranse liorish mraane!
- 4 V'eh goll-rish ben aeg shen
 V'eck rouyr deiney-soorey
 20 Cha row fys eck ayns ee keeayll
 Er quoi jeu dy reih
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
 Hurranse liorish mraane!
- 5 Dy beigns er ve maree
 25 Walkal ayns y garey
 O! dy beigns er ve maree
 Ny hoie ec y thie
 Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
 Hurranse liorish mraane!

6 30 Jeeaghyn ny pinkyn
As roseyn as daisyn
Va mee seiaghey ayns shen
Marish my graih veen
Kys ta ny guillyn aegey
35 Hurranse liorish mraane!

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

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

THEN AND NOW

1 1 Once I was young
And now I am old
Once I had two sweethearts, but
Now there is not one
5 How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

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

3 A little tree grew
In my father's garden
15 It was spreading its branches
Out both far and wide

How young striplings suffer by
The wiles of women!

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

5 25 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
30 By the wiles of women!

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

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

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

YN FOLDER GASTEY

'From *Various People*'. ['Fragments have been picked up from too many different people to specify, and then pierced together'. (Fn. [4] on xxx)] *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 70, English translation facing 71. Fn. [5] on xxx reads 'Partly also in Manx Society's Publications'. This cannot be found. But see Moore from 1890: "'Yn foldyr gasteey'—'The Active Mower' ('Manx Society,' vol. xxi. Four verses, unpublished, are in possession of the writer), probably dates from about the same period; a fragment only has been preserved. It gives a curious account of the manoeuvres of the Phynnoderree, or hairy-legged Satyr" (III). "Manx Literature," *Yn Lioar Manninagh* i.7 (1890): 110–15. Moore seems to be carrying over this mistake into *Manx Ballads and Music*.

- 1 1 Yn Fenoderee hie da'n lheeannie
Dy hroggal druight y vadran glass
Luss-y-voidyn as luss-yn-ollee
V'eh stampey fo e ghaa chass.
- 2 5 V'eh sheeyney magh er laare yn lheeannie
Cheau yn faiyr er y cheu chiare
Hug eh yindys orrin nuirree
As t'eh myleeaney foddey share.
- 3 10 V'eh sheeyney magh er laare yn lheeannie
Ghiarey ny lussyn ayns y vlaa
Lubber-lub ayns y curragh shuinagh
Myr v'eh goll va ooilley craa.
- 4 15 Yn yiarn echey va ghiarey ooilley
Scryssey yn lheeannie rish y foaidyn
As, my va ribbag faagit shassoo
V'eh cur stampey lesh e voyn.

THE NIMBLE MOWER

- 1 1 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.

2 5 He was stretching out on the ground
 He threw the grass on the left hand
 He caused us to wonder last year
 And this year he is far better.

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

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

[10]

YN GRAIH MY CHREE

From Thomas Crellin in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 120,
English translation facing on 120.

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 GRAIHDRER JOUYLUGH

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 118, English translation facing on 119. Fn. [3] on xxx reads: 'Also Mr John Quayle, Glen Meay'. Composite text by Moore.

- 1 1 Trooid marym nish, trooid marym nish
Trooid marym, graih my chree
As inshyns dhyts cre haink orrym
Er bankyn Italy.
- 2 5 T'an lhong aym's nish lhie ayns y phurt
Lughtit lesh airh ta buigh
Shen ooilley neem's bestowal ort
Trooid marym, graih my chree.
- 3 10 Neem's coamrey oo lesh sheeidey bwaagh
Sheeidey bwaagh foddee eh ve
My hig uss marym, graih my chree
Dys bankyn Italy.
- 4 15 As braagyn berchagh veryms dhyts
Braagyn jeh airh ta buigh
My hig uss marym, graih my chree
Dys bankyn Italy.
- 5 20 Myr v'ee ny-hoie sheese er y deck
Geaistagh rish yn chiaulleeaght v'ayn
Huitt ee er cheayney as dobberan
Er son y lhiannoo Juan.
- 6 My lhiannoo Juan t'eh faagit noight
Gyn ayr ny moir erbee
T'eh faagit noight gyn kemmyrk, boght
Faagit fo myghin Jee.
- 7 25 O soie uss rish my lhiattee nish
Soie liorym, graih my chree
As inshyms dhyts cre hig orrin
Er bankyn Italy.

THE DEMON LOVER

1 1 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.

2 5 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.

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

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

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

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

7 25 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 DRAIN

'From *Various People*'. ['Fragments have been picked up from too many different people to specify, and then pierced together'. (Fn. [4] on xxx)] *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 64 & 66, English translation on 65 & 67.

- 1 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.
- 5 Cre nee mayd ayns shen? dooyrt ... &c
 [*Each line is repeated four times with dooyrt Robin y Vobbin, dooyrt Richard y Robbin, dooyrt Juan y Thalloo, dooyrt ooilley unnane, as in first verse.*]
 Helg mayd yn dreain, dooyrt ... &c
 C'raad t'eshyn? C'raad t'eshyn? dooyrt ... &c
 'Sy crow glass ayns-shid, dooyrt ... &c
 Ta mee fackin eshyn, dooyrt ... &c
- 10 Cre'n aght yiow mayd sheese eh? dooyrt ... &c
 Lesh maidjyn as claghyn, dooyrt ... &c
 T'eh marroo, t'eh marroo, dooyrt ... &c
 Cre'n aght yiow mayd thie eh? dooyrt ... &c
 Nee mayd cairt failley, dooyrt ... &c
- 15 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
- 20 Cre'n aght yiow mayd broit eh? dooyrt ... &c
 Ayns y phann thie-imlee, dooyrt ... &c
 Cre'n aght yiow mayd ayn eh? dooyrt ... &c
 Lesh barryn yiarn as tiedd, dooyrt ... &c
 T'eshyn ayn, t'eshyn ayn, dooyrt ... &c
- 25 T'eshyn broit, t'eshyn broit, dooyrt ... &c
 Cre'n aght yiow mayd magh eh? dooyrt ... &c
 Lesh gollage mie liauyr, dooyrt ... &c
 T'eh goit magh, t'eh goit magh, dooyrt ... &c
 Quoi vees ec y yinnair? dooyrt ... &c
- 30 Yn ree as ven-rein, dooyrt ... &c

Cre'n aght yiow 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
 35 Lurgyn son ny croobee, dooyrt ... &c
 Scrobban son ny moght, dooyrt ... &c
 Crauyn son ny moddee, dooyrt ... &c

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

HUNT THE WREN

1 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.

 5 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
 10 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
 15 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
 20 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
 25 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
Who will be at the dinner? says ... &c
30 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
35 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
40 Although he is little, his family's great
I pray you, good dame, do give us a drink.

[13]

HI, HAW, HUM

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 212,
English translation facing on 213.

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

HI, HAW, HUM

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

HOP-TU-NAA

'From *Various People*'. ['Fragments have been picked up from too many different people to specify, and then pierced together'. (Fn. [4] on xxx)] *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 68, English translation facing on 69.

1	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
5	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
10	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
15	Er my raad thie	Hop-tu-naa
	Veeit mee kayt-vuitsh	Trol-la-laa
	Va yn chayt-scryssey	Hop-tu-naa
	As ren mee roie ersooyl	Trol-la-laa
	Cre'n raad ren oo roie?	Hop-tu-naa
20	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
25	Ny vees mayd ersooyl liorish soilshey yn eayst
	Hop-tu-naa, Trol-la-laa

HOP-TU-NAA

- 1 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
- 5 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
- 10 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
- 15 On my way back, Hop-tu-naa
I met a witch-cat, Trol-la-laa
The cat began to grin, Hop-tu-naa
And I ran away, Trol-la-laa
Where did you run to? Hop-tu-naa
- 20 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
- 25 Or we'll be away by the light of the moon
Hop-tu-naa, Trol-la-laa

HUDGEON Y FIDDER

Contributed by John Rhys to *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 212, English translation facing on 213.

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

HUDGEON THE WEAVER

- 1 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,
 5 And there were two rolls of tobacco
 In the middle of his load of gorse.

INNEEN JEH'N BOCHILLEY

Contributed by Karl Roeder to *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 110 & 112, English translation facing on 111 & 113.

- 1 1 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.
- 2 5 Eisht ghow eh greim j'ee er e vean
 As lhiegg eh ee gys thalloo
 Ghow eh chooilleeney-aigney j'ee
 Eisht hrog eh ee dy shassoo.
- 3 Hug eh e daa chass ayns y streip
 10 As vark eh seose dy tappee
 Hug ee e eaddagh mysh e vean
 As shooyll ee rish yn cabbyl.
- 4 V'ad jannoo er y thalloo kiart
 V'ad jannoo er dy braew
 15 Gys haink ad huggey ushtey dowin
 Tra hug ish sheese dy naaue.
- 5 Hrog eh ee eisht er y cabbyl glass
 As vark eh-hene bock elley
 Yn chied ard-valley haink ad rish
 20 Chionnee eh j'ee fainey.
- 6 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.
- 7 25 Eisht gow ee clagh veg ayns e doarn
 As woaill ee eh er yn ring
 Quoi ren osley yn dorrays j'ee
 Agh yn ree mooar eh-hene.

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

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

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

11 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

1 1 '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.

2 5 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.

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

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

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

6 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.

7 25 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.

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

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

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

11 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.

[17]

JUAN-Y-JAGGARD KEEAR

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx originals (2 texts) on 46, English translations facing on 46. The second text has a note by Moore: 'Another and more corrupt version'.

Lhig eh bullad veih yn sheear
As woail eh Juan y jaggad keear
Ren eh howlley goll-rish creear
As Juan y Quirk va keayney (×3)
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
Like a sieve it bored him through
And Johnny Quirk was mourning.

JUAN-Y-JAGGARD KEEAR (2)

Cock a gun as lhig eh sheear
Howll eh yn jaggad goll-rish creear
As Caley boght va keayney (×3)
Howll eh yn jaggad goll-rish creear
As Caley boght va keayney.

JOHN OF THE GREY JACKET

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

[18]

LHIGEY, LHIGEY

Contributed by Elizabeth J. Graves to *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 216, English translation facing on 217.

- 1 1 Lhigey, lhigey dys yn vargey
Soorey er ny inneenyn
Marish ny oanraghyn jiargey
Lhigey, lhigey fey-ny-laa.
- 2 5 Lhigey, lhigey dys yn vargey
Soorey er ny inneenyn
Marish ny oanraghyn vreckey
Lhigey, lhigey fey-ny-laa.

GALLOP, GALLOP

- 1 1 Gallop, gallop to the fair
Courting the girls
With the red petticoats
Gallop, gallop all the day.
- 2 5 Gallop, gallop to the fair
Courting the girls
With the speckled petticoats
Gallop, gallop all the day.

MADGYN Y JIASS

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 180, 182, English translation on 181, 183.

- 1 1 My sailliu geaistagh
 Gys my arrane
 Singyms diu dy meeley
 Va mraane y Jiass
 Bunnys roit ass
 5 As cha der ad bee da ny deiney.
- 2 Moghrey Jyluain
 Va'd cheet veih y thie
 My saillish daue cheet voish Ronnag
 As wheesh my goarn
 10 Jeh arran oarn
 Ayns derrey corneil jeh'n wallad.
- 3 Moghrey Jymayrt
 Tra va'd ayns phurt
 Dy vroie un warp jeh skeddan
 15 Va Madge boght roie
 Choud's va'n phot cloie
 As chionnee feeagh ping dy arran.
- 4 T'eh feer drogh chliaght
 Ta ec *Weedyn* y Jiass
 20 Barrail yn cosney'n *season*
 Ny feedjyn jeh
 Ta adsyn coyrt
 Son *turnipyn* as *cakyn*.
- 5 Ny keayrtyrn yoghe shiu voue
 25 Jyst veg phraase
 Keayrtyrn elley peesh dy hoddag
 Agh ny 'smennick foddey
 Yiow shiu eh voue
 Lesh maidjey'n phot 'sy vollag.

6 30 Yn blein shoh cheet
My vees y chirrym as *fit*
Un peesh vees ayns nyn phoggad
Bee'n wallad liauyr
Ocsyn nyn gour
35 Dy chur lesh thie ny aanyn gobbag.

7 Ec yn 'Eaill-Vaayl
Bee ad cheet dys Pheel
Gra Vel baatyn eu dy hoiagh?
As my ver shiu
40 Ny baatyn daue
Cha yiw shiu ping son juys ny darrag.

MADGES OF THE SOUTH

1 1 If you will listen
Unto my song
Softly I'll sing to you
The Southern wives
5 They were run out
And would give no meat to the men.

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

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

4 'Tis a bad custom
20 Of the Southern Weeds
To spend the season's profits
The scores of it

They were giving
For turnips and for cakes.

5 25 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
30 With the pot stick upon the head.

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

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

YN MAARLIAGH MOOAR

Contributed by John Rhys to *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 214, English translation facing on 215.

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

THE BIG ROBBER

- 1 The big robber
 He was over the hill
 They called him Mac Regyl
 He put his son
 5 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
 10 And he found the way bravely.

NY MRAANE KILKENNY

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 212,
English translation facing on 213.

1 1 Ny mraane Kilkenny hie ad dy Ghoolish
Hie ad dy Ghoolish lesh yvainney-geyre
Agh cre-er-bee aggle haink er y cabbyl
Va jeeyl mooar jeant er y vainney-geyre.

2 5 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

1 1 The Kilkenny women went to Douglas
They went to Douglas with the buttermilk
But what e'er the fear that came on the horse
There was great waste of the buttermilk.

2 5 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

From Thomas Crellin in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 48,
English translation facing on 48.

- 1 1 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.
- 2 5 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.
- 3 No'm kied goll mayrt, my caillin veg dhone?
10 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

- 1 1 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.
- 2 5 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.
- 3 May I go with thee, my little brown girl?
10 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 VANNAGHT ER SHIU

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 218,
English translation facing on 219.

- 1 1 My vannaght er shiu paitchyn veggey
 Honnick shiu daunsin jiu
 Trooid uss er my glioon, Kirree
 As veryms daunsin diu.
- 2 Shooyl uss voyms, Kirree veg
 5 As ghauns er-mooiin y laare
 As trooid uss hymms, Jennie veg
 Oo-hene y lhianno share.

MY BLESSING ON YOU

- 1 1 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.
- 2 Walk out from me, little Katie
 5 And dance upon the floor
 Come to me, little Jennie
 Thou art the better child.

[24]

NY MRAANE-SEYREY BALLAWYLLIN

No name given. *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 218, English translation facing on 219.

Ny mraane-seyre Ballawyllin,
Striew mish y phot cowree
Ching, ching ayns yn arragh
Haglym blaaghyn ayns y thourey
Jeeassagh arroo ayns yn ouyr
Snieu, lieen ayns y geurey.

THE BALLAWYLLIN GENTLEWOMEN

The gentlewoman of Ballawyllin
Struggling round the cowrey pot
Sick, sick in the spring
Gathering flowers in the summer
Gleaning corn in the autumn
Spinning flax in the winter

YN SHENN LAAIR

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 210,
English translation facing on 211.

- 1 1 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.
- 2 5 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.
- 3 Va Tayrn ny lhie 'sy lhiabbee dhunt
10 As Mary ayns y cuillee
Robin y Christeen shooyl mygeayrt
Booishal dy geddyn maree.
- 4 Hie ben y Tayrn dys y vargey-beg
Er y chied laa jeh'n tourey
15 Raad chionnee shenn laair, as v'ee geddyn daill
Dys Laa Andrase 'sy geurey.
- 5 V'ee tayrn dy rea as bliass y-vea
Derrey v'ee er ny villey
V'ee *fit* dy violaght ben erbee
20 Tra heeagh ee yn chied shilley.
- 6 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.
- 7 25 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.

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

THE OLD MARE

1 1 A couple lived in Andreas parish
They spent their time in anger
The nickname he had was
And she was Mary Willy.

2 5 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.

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

4 Draw's wife unto the fair did go
On the first day of the summer
15 Where she bought an old mare
Till Andrew's day in winter.

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

6 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.

7 25 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.

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

YN STERRYM EC PORT LE MOIRREY

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 184,
English translation following under on 184.

- 1 1 O! my guillyn vie
Ta shin nish ec y thie
Cha jig mayd dys yn 'aarkey ny sodjey
Cha jean mayd jarrood
5 Yn sterrym haink shin trooid
Ec aker ayns y vaie Port-le-Moirrey.
- 2 Dooyrt Neddy Hom Ruy
T'eh sheidey feer creoi
As dy baare dhooïn ny caableyn y yiarey
10 Cha jean, dooyrt Chalse Beg
Bee mayd stiagh er y creg
As caillit ayns tonnyn ny marrey.
- 3 Yn Good Intent
Va baatey vie jeant
15 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

- 1 1 Oh! my good boys
Now that we are at home
We'll not go to the sea any longer
We will not forget
5 The storm we went through
Anchored in the bay of Port St Mary.
- 2 Said Neddy Tom the Red
'Tis blowing very hard
And 'tis better to cut the two cables
10 Don't, said Little Charles
We'll be in on the rock

And lost in the waves of the ocean.
3 The Good Intent
Was a well-built boat
15 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.

[27]

TA MEE NISH KEAYNEY

No name given. *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 120, English translation on 121.

Ta mee nish keayney er-y-hon oie as laa
Ta mee nish keayney erson my graih
T'ee er faagail mee ny lomarcan
As treih son-dy-braa
Ta mee nish keayney er-y-hon
Ta mee keayney oie as laa
Ta mee keayney er-y-hon oie as laa

I AM LAMENTING

Now I am lamenting for her night and day
Now I am lamenting for my love
She has gone and left me all alone
And wretched for ever
Now I am lamenting for her
I'm lamenting night and day
I am lamenting for her night and day

USHTEY MILLISH 'SY GAREE

From William Cashen in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Manx original on 56,
English translation facing on 56.

- 1 1 Va ayns shen Illiam y Close
 As Quilliam Glione Meay
 Shooyl ayns ny raadjyn mooarey
 Gagglagh ooilley my sleih
 5 Goll gys Ballacashtal
 Cheet thie morrey brishey 'n laa
 Singal Ushtey millish 'sy garee
 Cha gaill mayd eh dy-braa.
- 2 Cha rou ayns yn Ving Liauyr
 10 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
 15 As roie ad coorse yn ushtey
 Ayns boayl nagh row cair.
- 3 Va'n coorse yn ushtey heear
 Agh va'n ushtey roie hiar
 Son va shen ooilley kyndagh
 20 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

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

2 In the Long Jury there were
 10 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
 15 And they ran the water-course
 Where it had no right to be.

3 The water-course was west
 But the water ran east
 That was all on account of
 20 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.

[29]

YN VEN-AEG FOALSAGH

Missing from *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896).

