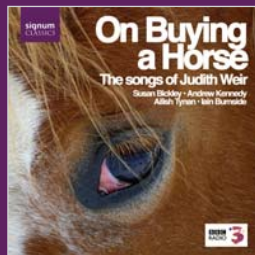
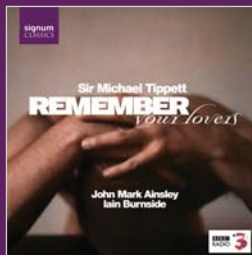


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A Purse of Gold

Irish Songs by Herbert Hughes

Ailish Tynan
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A PURSE OF GOLD

IRISH SONGS BY HERBERT HUGHES (1882-1937)

1. Reynardine	[1.50]	16. The Bard of Armagh	[3.56]
2. The Fanaid Grove	[3.06]	17. The old turf fire	[1.23]
3. The Leprehaun	[1.40]	18. O father, father build me a boat	[5.03]
4. When through life unblest we rove	[3.09]	19. B for Barney	[0.35]
5. Oh, breathe not his name	[1.56]	20. She lived beside the Anner	[3.55]
6. I'm a decent good Irish body	[1.06]	21. The stuttering lovers	[1.36]
7. She weeps over Ragoon	[3.25]	22. I know where I'm goin'	[2.01]
8. The Magpie's nest	[0.46]	23. A young maid stood in her father's garden	[3.35]
9. Johnny Doyle	[5.29]	24. The Spanish Lady	[2.19]
10. Cruckhaun Finn	[5.23]	25. Tigaree torum orum	[3.01]
11. Johnny I hardly knew ye	[2.26]		
12. The Gartan Mother's Lullaby	[2.37]		
13. You couldn't stop a lover	[0.43]	Total time	[66.02]
14. I will walk with my love	[1.47]		
15. She moved thro' the fair	[3.00]		

AILISH TYNAN SOPRANO
IAIN BURNSIDE PIANO

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Those stuttering lovers have a lot to answer for. For decades Herbert Hughes has languished in Encoreland, the same handful of his songs rounding off recital programmes either w-w-wittily (and to 21st century ears rather d-d-dodgily) or poignantly. From Kathleen Ferrier onwards many singers have known where they're going. And who's going with them. Yet look up Hughes in *Grove's Dictionary*, and you will draw a blank: he merits only a namecheck as father of the writer and jazz musician Patrick Cairns Hughes.

His music surely deserves more. My own moment of epiphany came in a Wigmore Hall audience, moist-eyed as Ann Murray broke my heart in *I will walk with my love*. Just two pages with, at the top, Hughes's marking: *County Dublin. A Fragment*. Yet those two pages could have come from a Chekhov short story, such is the richness of the situation, the understated beauty of the language. And how deft is Hughes's arrangement, with its beautifully spaced chords and gentle harmonic twists.

Is arrangement, though, the right word? At what point do they become compositions? This CD clearly has examples of both, together with many delicious hybrids. As Philip Lancaster points out below, *She weeps over Ragoon* stands out as the one unambiguous artsong, holding its head high

in *The Joyce Book*. How revealing that when he lined up alongside Bliss, Bax, Ireland and Moeran, Herbert Hughes should have withdrawn into his most translucent, less-is-more style. *Ragoon* is a masterpiece of economy. Paradoxically it is deep in his folksong collections that Hughes is at his most experimental, flexing his muscles in *Cruckhaun Finn*, with its extended structure, heroic rhetoric and harmonic daring.

Together the songs we have chosen form a sort of Irish Songbook, exploring twists and turns of daily life in the manner of Hugo Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch*. The contrasts are there for all to see: the cheeky with the sad; expansive narratives with thumbnail snapshots; Thomas Moore's exquisite turns of phrase cheek by jowl with children's pavement songs. Opposite harmless bits of fun like *The Leprehaun* comes the enigmatic, open-ended magic of *Reynardine*.

We go all over Ireland, too. And while the only borders Hughes recognises are musical, tensions simmer below the surface. 'I go to Meeting and my true love goes to Mass,' the girl sings in *Johnny Doyle*, and we know immediately there will be no happy ending. Unhappy endings, indeed, come thick and fast. Hughes's Ireland, Ireland at the turn of the 20th century, is at heart a sad, hard

place, where babies die and ships sail away. Look over the hills of Encoreland and you will find dark valleys, hidden glens.

Iain Burnside

During the second half of the nineteenth century the political movements towards Irish independence -the 'Home Rule' bills proposed by the Liberal government in England, and the nationalist movements that were to bring the Irish question to a head with the declaration of an independent Irish Republic at the Easter Rising of 1916-were being reinforced by the development of an Irish cultural identity. In 1893, the year of the second proposed 'Home Rule' bill, Douglas Hyde and Eoin MacNeill founded the Connradh na Gaelige-the Gaelic League-a body devoted to restoring the Irish language which was on the verge of dying out. Later in the 1890s Lady Gregory and William Butler Yeats spearheaded an Irish Literary Revival, from which emerged a significant line of authors, poets and playwrights, some of whose work drew extensively on Irish folklore.

By the time of these nationalist revivals, work on another part of that cultural identity had already been underway for some time, but was coming to

a head at the end of the nineteenth century: the revival of Ireland's native music.

The musicologist Edward Bunting (1773-1843) is said to have been the first person to transcribe tunes and songs 'in the field', publishing his first collection in 1797. This publication sparked Thomas Moore's interest in folk-song which resulted in ten volumes of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, published between 1807 and 1834 and issued as a single volume in 1846. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, as in the slightly later folk-song revival in England, 'classical' composers began to publish arrangements of these songs. Charles Stanford-the Irish patriarch of the English musical renaissance-published his first volume of arrangements, *Songs of Old Ireland*, in 1882, and further collections followed in 1892, 1893 and 1907, as well producing a volume of new arrangements of Moore's *Irish Melodies* in 1895. Between 1902 and 1905 Stanford also produced the first complete edition of George Petrie's major collection of 1,582 Irish melodies, only 140 of which had been published by Petrie in 1855. In 1897 Charles Wood-like Stanford an important figure in English music, teaching in Cambridge and at the Royal College of Music, published a volume of twenty-five *Irish Folk-songs*, which was followed by two volumes of *Irish Country-side*

Songs in 1914 and, posthumously, in 1927. Stanford, like Vaughan Williams, also wove some of the folk-song material into his original compositions, notably in the six *Irish Rhapsodies*; as in the work of Vaughan Williams, their integration perhaps attempted to engender a national musical style, albeit one that thrived with the Celtic movement amongst English composers.

Herbert Hughes became one of the successors to this work in promoting folk song, affirming Ireland's national identity through the promotion of its cultural heritage.

Born in Belfast in 1882, it appears that Hughes was immersed in his native folk song from a very young age through his childhood nurse, Ellen Boylan, from whom he later transcribed a number of songs. Whilst still a boy Hughes was appointed organist of St. Peter's Church in Belfast. He won a place at the Royal College of Music in London, completing his studies there in 1901. He was taught at the College by a fellow Belfast man, Charles Wood, who may have encouraged Hughes's interest in Irish folk song, for in 1904 both Hughes and Wood became two of the founder members of the Irish Folk Song Society of London, the purpose of which was to collect and publish traditional Irish airs. Hughes declared that 'it requires the

eloquence of no professional essayist to point out the deep human feeling, the simple pathos, the wise humour of some of these ballads, for their wonderful qualities are self-evident. Most ballads are human (if not historical) documents'.

Although Hughes had a significant career as a critic for the *Daily Telegraph*, latterly becoming the paper's chief critic, and also composed a number of original works-chamber music and the score for the 1934 film, *Norah O'Neale* amongst other works -it is for his arrangements of some of the 1,000 folk songs he collected that he is principally known, notably for the four volumes of *Irish Country Songs* published between 1909 and 1936, the year before Hughes's death. It is from these that most of the songs on this disc are taken.

In a lecture to the Royal Dublin Society in 1933, Herbert Hughes spoke of the act of arranging folk songs and the relationship between the original song, as sung by 'the peasant who is giving voice to an ancient tradition' and the same song as put into print with a piano accompaniment. In the introduction to volume III of his *Irish Country Songs*, he expands on this, stating that by the very fact that it has been brought to print, through its harmonisation, and in the strait-jacketing of the tunes into the ecclesiastical modes and the

constraints of the tempered scale, the folk-song at once becomes an art-song. As a result the song immediately becomes 'a period affair', subject to the whim of fashions whereas the original tune may survive for generations unaffected by fashion, its origin lying in 'the remotest antiquity'.

Hughes's ethic dictated that, of those tunes that he himself collected, he arranged only those whose melodies were closely allied to the tempered scale; and the accompaniments were written in a quasi-improvisatory manner so as to avoid imposing formal harmonic modes on the tunes. By these means he hoped to attain a universality that would reduce the possibility of the arrangements becoming period pieces. Likewise, where Hughes had only been able to collect unpolished fragments of songs, such as in the case of *Reynardine* (a part of the Donegal version of an Ulster Ballad that developed out of a tale of an Irish faery that turns into the shape of a fox), *I will walk with my love*, and the Belfast street song, *B for Barney*, he generally tried to present them as originally heard, without padding them out or cleaning them up. However, in a few cases he did cut verses from some of the longer songs, such as in *The Fanaid Grove*, a song collected in County Donegal in which he pieced together two incomplete verses, added a missing line to

another, and reduced the original five or six verses to just three.

In one of his prefatory notes, Hughes rues the loss of the original Gaelic words to many of the songs, lost through centuries of oppression under the English. The English language was apparently enforced and so the 'rhapsodic beauty' of the original songs were 'shorn and trimmed into a neat Anglicisation', often producing verses described by Hughes as 'words of appalling banality'. Hughes claims that only occasionally will one find in a song just a few lines 'of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence ... the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.' In the nineteenth century revival some of those working in the field thought only to gather either the words or the music of songs rather than transcribing both, perhaps due to the limitations of language or musical skill. A number of the arrangements are therefore given a greater degree of artifice, reinforcing the transformation from traditional to art song, in that they either bring together previously unassociated traditional words and melodies or are supplied with an entirely new text. *The Spanish Lady* and *The Gartan Mother's Lullaby*, for instance, are given texts by Seosamh

MacCathmhaoil-the Gaelic name of the Belfast poet Joseph Campbell (1879-1944). The latter of these comes from Hughes's first published arrangements, *Songs from Uladh* [viz. Ulster] (1904), for which Hughes adopted an Irish pseudonym, Padraig mac Aodh o Neill. Campbell was himself active in collecting folk songs in County Antrim, and his collaborations with Herbert Hughes, providing sympathetic verses to extant melodies, prove that the act of Ballad making was still very much a living tradition. Hughes also collaborated with Padraic Colum (1881-1972), notably in the set of nine *Songs from Connacht*, who provided an adapted version of *She moved thro' the fair* and wrote two verses of the County Derry ballad *Cruckhaun Finn*-a song collected from Hughes's nurse, of which she could presumably only recall the last verse.

In the case of *The Leprehaun*, Hughes took the song from a collection of songs published by Patrick Weston Joyce in 1872. Joyce had collected the air from a ballad singer in Limerick in 1853. However, when it came to publication Joyce could only remember one line of the ballad and so provided the rest of the words himself. In Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* (1901) he writes: 'It may be necessary to state, for the information of those who are not acquainted with Irish fairies, that the

leprehaun is a very tricky little fellow, usually dressed in a green coat, red cap and knee breeches, and silver shoe buckles, whom you may sometimes see in the shades of evening, or by moonlight under a bush, and he is generally making or mending a shoe ... If you catch hold of him, he will, after a little threatening, shew you where treasure is hid, or give you a purse in which you will always find money. But if you once take your eyes off him, he is gone in an instant; and he is very ingenious in devising tricks to induce you to look round ... Every Irishman understands well the terms *cruiskeen* and *mountain dew* ... but for the benefit of the rest of the world I think it better to state that *cruiskeen* is a small jar and that *mountain dew* is potteen or illicit whisky.'

Although the origins of many traditional songs are unknown, the closeness and common tongues of Ireland, England and Scotland and its borders, means that some of the songs have a shared ancestry. Three of the songs on this disc, for instance-*Oh father, father build me a boat*, *A young maid stood in her father's garden* and *Tigaree torum orum*-were collected by Hughes in County Kerry, but he asserts that they 'must have come to us from England generations ago in spite of the Irish tang'. Hughes goes into the uncertain history of another of the songs at some length: the

antiwar song, *Johnny I hardly knew ye*. Hughes initially traces it back to the time of the American Civil War, but after further research he conjectures that it probably dates from shortly after the 1802 Treaty of Amiens 'when Irish regiments were extensively recruited for the East India Service.'

Another of the songs heard here is also traceable to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Hughes attributes the text of *Oh, breathe not his name* to Thomas Moore, having taken it from volume one of Moore's *Irish Melodies* where it is indicated that it is to be sung to the air 'The Brown Maid'. In his preface to a later edition of the volume, Thomas Moore states that it had sometimes been supposed that the song alluded to the revolutionary aristocrat, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but tells us that 'this is a mistake; the song having been suggested by the well-known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech, "Let no man write my epitaph ... let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory".' This 'dying speech', which is echoed in Moore's opening lines, was made by Emmet from the dock after he had been tried sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered for directing the failed 1803 rising in Dublin, thus securing his place as a martyr to the Irish nationalist cause.

There is one entirely original song on this recording: the setting of James Joyce's *She weeps over Ragoon*, written in 1933 for *The Joyce Book*: an anthology of settings of the poems from Joyce's 1927 collection of *Pomes Penyeach* (*viz.* poems a penny each; the volume sold for twelve-pence, but Joyce follows the custom of Irish tradesmen in giving customers a little extra-a tuilleadh, or tilly -the equivalent of the English baker's dozen).

Joyce, one of the successors to the Irish Literary Revival, came to notoriety with the publication of his novel, *Ulysses*. The novel had begun to be serialised in 1918 but encountered censorship difficulties, and although it was published in its complete form in 1922, the book was banned in America until 1933. The composer Charles Wilfred Orr summed up the book's reception in an amusing poetic account of the conception of *The Joyce Book*, to which he was also a contributor: 'James Joyce ... Once wrote a book that brought him fame as well as notoriety; Its name was *Ulysses* ... The plot was mixed in equal parts of bawdy and profanity, And certain lurid portions seemed produced by sheer insanity; Each chapter was a masterpiece of unashamed impurity ... And sure enough the powers that be pronounced the book libidinous, And *Ulysses* was put upon the list of things forbidden us.'

Orr's poem goes on to tell us of Joyce's poverty as a result of the censored novel, and states that the idea to produce *The Joyce Book* came about when a number of his friends wanted to find a way of restoring his name and his finances. Orr writes:

Then up rose Herbert Hughes and said:
'Me bhoys, I've got a notion here,
And by St Patrick and the Saints, 'twill
cause no small commotion here;
Ye'll admit, begorrah, that our James has
got a poor look out;
Well, what say ye if we begin and get a
fine new Joyce Book out?'

Hughes, who co-ordinated the tribute to Joyce, wrote in the introduction to *The Joyce Book* that the idea for the collaboration of a number of artists 'in producing the book arose during a conversation he had with Arthur Bliss whilst in Paris. He wrote that 'the subjective association of chamber music-that is, of intimate music-with the poetry of Joyce was to us like the association of wind and wave, of light and heat'. Hughes's description is that of a casual, amiable beginning to *The Joyce Book*, perhaps conflicting with the more purposeful origin as described by Orr. Joyce certainly received little, if any revenue from the publication of the book, and the volume, which

was only issued in a limited edition, is now a great rarity.

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TEXTS

1. Reynardine

If by chance you look for me,
Perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll be in my castle,
Enquire for Reynardine.

Sun and dark I followed him,
His eyes did brightly shine;
He took me o'er the mountains,
Did my sweet Reynardine.

Fragment from an Ulster ballad, Co. Donegal version

2. The Fanaid Grove

'Twas on a winter's ev'ning,
When first came down the snow,
O'er hills and lofty mountains
The stormy winds did blow;

A damsel she came tripping down
All in a drift of snow,
With a baby in her snow white arms
She knew not where to go.

“Hard hearted was my father
That shut the door on me,
And more so was my mother
For plainly she did see”

“That dark and stormy was the night,
It pierced my heart with cold.
And cruel was that false young man
That sold his love for gold.”

Unto a quiet grove she went
And there did she kneel down,
Turning her eyes to heaven,
In sorrow she made moan.

She kissed her baby's cold, cold lips
And laid it by her side,
And in that silent Fanaid grove
In lonely grief she died.

Old ballad, Co. Donegal

3. The Leprehaun

In a shady nook one moonlit night
A leprehaun I spied,
With scarlet cap and coat of green,
A cruis-keen by his side.
‘Twas tick tack tick, his hammer went,
Upon a weeny shoe,
And I laughed to think of a purse of gold;
But the fairy was laughing too!

With tip-toe step and beating heart,
Quite softly I drew nigh:
There was mischief in his merry face,
A twinkle in his eye.
He hammered and sang with tiny voice
And drank his mountain dew,
And I laughed to think he was caught at last;
But the fairy was laughing too!

As quick as thought I seized the elf,
“Your fairy purse.” I cried,
“The purse,” he said, “ ‘tis in her hand,
That lady at your side.”
I turned to look; the elf was off!
Then what was I to do?
O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;
And the fairy was laughing too!

Transcribed by Patrick Western Joyce in 1853 from a ballad-singer
in Limerick, Air

4. When through life unblest we rove

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Music, oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

5. Oh, Breathe Not His Name

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and honoured his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Air, in memory of Dennis MacSweeney

6. I'm a decent good Irish body

I'm a decent good Irish body
And I come from the County Tyrone,
I can do with a rale glass of toddy
And my name it is Mollie Malone.

I can whistle and sing like a starling
By the youngsters I couldn't be bet.
Whisper I'll tell you my darling,
I'm as good as they're making them yet.

7. She weeps over Ragoon

Rain on Ragoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear though
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,

Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

James Joyce

8. The Magpie's Nest

If I were a king I would make you my queen
And I'd rowl you in my arums as the meadows they
are green,
I'd rowl you in my arums and sit you down to rest,
And it's there I'd lay you down in the magpie's nest.

A fragment, Dublin

9. Johnny Doyle

There's one thing between us that I do confess,
That I go to meeting and my true love goes to Mass.
But for to go to Mass with him I'd count it no great toil,
And the world I would wander with you, Johnny Doyle.

A horse and saddle did my father provide;
He thought to get me married and to be another's bride.

A horse and saddle my father did prepare
With six noble footmen to wait on me there.

We rode all along until we came to Belfast town,
Our horses being stabled and the footmen seated down.
While they were at their merriment, I had my own toil
For my heart is on the ocean with you, Johnny Doyle.

It was in my dear brother's arms that I was carried
home, My mother she conducted me into my own
bedroom, My own bed being the softest, my head I did
lay down, For to seek consoling sorrow, my body it
was found.

"I'll send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own darling
child,
I'll send for Johnny Doyle for you, my own heart's
delight."
"You'll send for Johnny Doyle, mother, but I fear it
is too late
For death it is coming and sad is my fate."

"Now death you are coming, you are welcome to me,
From the pains of true love I'm sure you'll set me free.
There is more trouble in my mind than my poor
tongue can tell,
And my heart is on the ocean with you, Johnny Doyle."

10. Cruckhaun Finn

"Tonight you see my face.
Maybe never more you'll gaze
On the man that left you for his friends and kin,
For by the hard command of the Lord that rules
the land
On a ship I'll be borne from Cruckhaun Finn."

"You know your beauty bright
Has made him think delight
More than from any fair one he will gain.
You know that all his will strains and strives around
you till
As the hawk upon his hand you are as tame."

She then to him replied,
"I'll no longer you deny,
And I'll let you have the pleasure of my charms.
It's now I'll be your bride, let whatever will betide,
And it's we will lie in one another's arms."

Padraick Colum, Co. Derry

11. Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

When going the road to sweet Athy, Hurroo! Hurroo!
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
"Johnny I hardly knew ye."

"With your drums and guns and guns and drums,
Hurroo! Hurroo!
The enemy nearly slew ye,
Oh darling dear, you look so queer,
Faith, Johnny I hardly knew ye."

"Where are your eyes that looked so mild, Hurroo!
Hurroo!
When my heart you so beguil'd?
Why did you skedaddle from me and the child?
Why Johnny, I hardly knew ye!"

"Where are the legs with which you run, Hurroo!
Hurroo!
When you went for to carry a gun?
Indeed, your dancing days are done,
Faith, Johnny I hardly know ye!"

"I'm happy for to see you home, Hurroo! Hurroo!
All from the Island of Ceylon,
So low in flesh, so high in bone,
Faith, Johnny I hardly know ye!"

12. The Gartan Mother's Lullaby

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums
The silent twilight's fall.
Eval from the Grey Rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall.

A lyan van o, my child, my joy,
My love and heart's desire,
The crickets sing you lullaby
Beside the dying fire.

Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man's thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog,
Sheevra sails his boat till morn
Upon the starry bog.
A lyan van o, the paly moon
Hath brimm'd her cusp in dew
And weeps to hear the sad sleep tune I sing,
O love to you.

[Aoibheall is queen of the northern fairies; Siabhra is queen of the southern fairies; leanbhan is a little child]
Seasamh MacCathmhaoil, Co. Donegal

13. You couldn't stop a lover

You might well cause an eagle to come down from
his nest,
But you couldn't stop a lover for he'll come night
and day.
He'll come night and day, and he'll come night and day,
Oh you couldn't stop a lover for he'll come back again.

A Fragment. Co. Donegal.

14. I will walk with my love

I once loved a boy, and a bold Irish boy
Who would come and would go at my request.
And this bold Irish boy was my pride and joy
And I built him a bower in my breast.

But this girl who has taken my bonny, bonny boy,
Let her make of him all that she can.
And whether he loves me or loves me not,
I will walk with my love now and then.

A Fragment. Co. Dublin

15. She moved thro' the fair

My young love said to me "My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind,"
And she stepp'd away from me and this she did say,
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the fair,
And fondly I watch'd her move here and move there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in,
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,

"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

Text by Padraick Colum, adapted from an old ballad, Co. Donegal

16. The Bard of Armagh

O list' to the strains of a poor Irish harper,
And scorn not the strings from his poor wither'd hand,
Remember his fingers could once move more sharper
To raise up the mem'ry of his dear native land.

"At fair or at wake I could twist my Shilleleagh
Or trip thro' the jig with my brogues bound with straw,
And all the pretty maids in the village and valley
Lov'd their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh."

"And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms shall
embrace me,
Lo' lull me to sleep with sweet "Eringobragh",
By the side of my Kathleen, my young wife, O place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh."

Trad. Co. Tyrone

17. The old turf fire

Oh, the old turf fire and the hearth swept clean,
There is no-one half so happy as myself and Paddy
Keane.

With the baby in the cradle you could hear the
mammy say,
Wouldn't you go to sleep, alana, till I wet your
daddy's tay.

Oh the man that I work for is a richer man than me,
But somehow in this world, feth, we never can agree;
He has big tow'ring mansions and castles over all,
But sure I wouldn't exchange with him my little
marble hall.

I have got a little house and a tidy bit of land,
You would never see a better on the side of
Knocknacran.

I've no piano in the corner and no pictures on the wall,
But I'm somehow quite contented in my little
marble hall."

18. Oh father, father build me a boat

It was early, early in the month of May
Down by the green fields I chanced to stray
I heard a female to sigh and say,
The lad she loved was gone far away.
"Oh father, father build me a boat
For it's o'er the ocean I long to float
To watch the big ships as they pass by
And to enquire of my sailor boy."

She was not long floating on the deep
When three large vessels she chanc'd to meet
Saying "Captain, Captain come tell me true

Was my love Willie on board with you?"
"What colour was your true love's hair?"
"His hair was light and his eyes were blue
And he wore a coat of the navy blue."

"Oh no, no, maiden he is not here,
He's swamp'd and drown'd I dreadly fear.
It was Greenisland as we passed by
We lost more and your sailor boy."
She wrung her hands and she tore her hair
Like any fair maid in deep despair.
She dashed her small boat against the rocks
Saying "What will I do now my love is lost?"

"Now I'll sit down and I'll write a song,
And if I write it, I'll write it long;
For every line I'll shed a tear
And for every verse I'll cry, Willie dear.
Oh dig my grave and dig it deep,
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,
And in the middle put a turtle dove
To let the world all know that I died of love."

19. B for Barney

B for Barney, C for Cross,
R for my love, Barney Ross!
All the world will never, never know
The love I have for my Barney O.

A Belfast street song

20. She lived beside the Anner

She lived beside the Anner at the foot of Slievenaman,
A gentle pleasant girl with mild eyes like the dawn.
Her lips were dewy rose buds, her teeth of pearls rare,
And a snowdrift 'neath a beechen bough
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant was to meet her on Sunday when
the bell
Was filling with its mellow tones lone wood and
grassy dell,
And when at eve young maidens strayed the river
bank along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter was loveliest
of the throng.

Ah cold and well-nigh callous this weary heart
has grown
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland, and for sorrows
of my own;
Yet a tear in my eye will moisten when by Anner
side I stray
For the lily of the mountain foot that withered far away.

Charles Joseph Kickham

21. The stuttering lovers

A wee bit over the lea, my lads,
A wee bit over the green,
The birds went into the poor man's corn,
I fear they'll never be seen, my lads,
I fear they'll never be seen.

So out comes the bonny wee lass,
And she was one so fair,
And she went into the poor man's corn
To see if the birds were there, my lads,
To see if the birds were there.

So out comes the bonny wee lad,
And he was a fisherman's son,
And he went into the poor man's corn
To see if the lass was there, my lads,
To see if the lass was there.

He put his arms around her waist
And kiss'd her cheek and chin,
Out spoke the bonny wee lass,
"I fear it is a sin, my lad,
I fear it is a sin."

He kissed her once and he kissed her twice,
He kissed her ten times o'er,
Oh it's nice to be kissing the bonny wee lass

That's never been kissed before, my lads,
That's never been kissed before.
Then out comes the poor old man
And he was tattered and torn,
"If that's the way you're minding the birds,
I'll mind them myself in the morn my lads,
I'll mind them myself in the morn."

Old Irish air, Trad. words

22. I know where I'm goin'

I know where I'm goin',
And I know who's goin' with me,
I know who I love
But the dear knows who I'll marry!

I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for every finger.

Some say he's black,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all,
My handsome, winsome Johnny.

Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,

But I would leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.

Old song, Co. Antrim

23. A young maid stood in her father's garden

A young maid stood in her father's garden,
Plucking roses all cover'd with dew;
A stranger came and gazed upon her
And said "Fair lady, will you wed with me?"
"It's seven years since I had a sweetheart
And seven more since I did him see,
And seven more I'll wait upon him
And if he's alive he'll come home to me."

"Seven years it is since you had a sweetheart,
And seven more since you did him see;
And seven more you will wait upon him
And perhaps that young man you ne'er will see."
"If he is sick I wish him better,
If he is dead I wish him rest,
But if he's alive I will wait for him,
For he's the young man I love the best."

He put a hand into his pocket,
His sinewy hands they were slim and small,
And up between them he pulled a gold ring,
And when she saw it she down did fall

He took her up and gave her sweet kisses
And he embraced her so tenderly
Saying, "I am your true and loving sailor
That came from the sea to wed with you."

24. The Spanish Lady

I walked down thro' Dublin city
At the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady,
Washing her feet by candlelight.

First she washed them,
Then she dried them,
O'er a fire of amber coal;
All my life I ne'er did see
A maid so neat about the sole.

Whack for the toora loora lady
Whack for the toora loora lee
Whack for the toora loora lady
Whack for the toora loora lee

As I came back thro' Dublin city
At the hour of half-past eight,
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady
Brushing her hair in broad day light.

First she tossed it,
Then she brushed it,
On her lap was a silver comb;
In all my life I ne'er did see
So fair a maid since I did roam.

As I went down thro' Dublin city
When the sun began to set,
Who should I see but a Spanish lady
Catching a moth in a golden net;

When she saw me
Then she fled me,
Lifting her petticoat over the knee;
In all my life I ne'er did spy
A maid so blithe as the Spanish lady!

Dedicated Hugh Campbell Stracathro, old song

25. Tigaree torum orum

There was a wise old woman and her story I will tell,
She loved her husband dearly and another man
just as well.
With my tigaree torum orum and my torum orum me
And my tigaree torum orum and the blind man he
can see

Now she went into the doctor's shop some
medicine for to buy,
She asked the doctor kindly what would close her
old man's eye.
Now get for him some marrow bones and make
him suck them all
And when he has the last one sucked, he cannot
see you at all.

Now the doctor sent for this old man and told him
what she spoke,
He thanked the doctor kindly and he said he'd play
the joke.

Now she got for him the marrow bones and she
made him suck them all
And when he had the last one sucked, he couldn't
see her at all.

"In this world I have no comfort and it's here I
can't remain,
Sure I'll go out and drown myself if I could see
the stream."

"In this world you have no comfort and it's here
you can't remain
And if you like to drown yourself I'll show you to
the stream."

“Let you stand on the river bank and I’ll run up the hill.”

“Then push me in with all your might,” he says.

“My love, I will.”

Now he stood on the river bank and she ran up the hill

And when she ran down he slipped aside and let her tumble in.

She sank down to the bottom and she floated to the top,

He put a wattle to her side and he shoved her further off.

“Yirra, Johnny, dearest Johnny, are you leaving me behind?”

“Yirra, Nancy, dearest Nancy, sure you thought you had me blind!”

BIOGRAPHIES

AILISH TYNAN

Ailish Tynan was born in Mullingar, Ireland, and studied at Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy of Music in Dublin and the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, London. In 2003 Ailish represented Ireland in the BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, winning the BBC Singer of the World Rosenblatt Recital Prize. Other awards include the Maggie Teyte Competition / Miriam Licette Award and the RTE Millennium Singer of the Future.

Whilst a member of the former Vilar Young Artist Programme at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Ailish performed Papagena in *Die Zauberflöte*, First Niece in *Peter Grimes*, Xenia in *Boris Godunov* and Second Wood Nymph in *Rusalka*. Roles elsewhere include Valencienne in *The Merry Widow* and Susanna in *Le nozze di Figaro* for Welsh National Opera, Euridice in *Orfeo ed Euridice* and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* for Opera Ireland, Flora in *The Knot Garden* with the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Andrew Davis, Aenchen in *Der Freischütz* at the Edinburgh



International Festival conducted by Sir Charles Mackerras and Marzelline in *Fidelio* with the National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland in Dublin.

Highlights on the concert platform include a televised programme of music by Mozart with the Scottish Chamber Orchestra conducted by Sir Roger Norrington at the 2006 BBC Proms, *Carmina Burana* with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

conducted by Daniel Gatti, Barber's *Knoxville Summer of 1915* with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, Mahler's Symphony No 4 with the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Martyn Brabbins at the Cheltenham Music Festival, Canteloube's *Songs of the Auvergne* with the Ulster Orchestra and Ravel's *Scheherazade* with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra.

As a recitalist, Ailish has collaborated with distinguished accompanists including Malcolm Martineau, Graham Johnston, Julius Drake, Iain Burnside and Barry Douglas, giving recitals at the Edinburgh International Festival, City of London Festival, Cheltenham Music Festival, West Cork Music Festival, Wigmore Hall and St John's Smith Square, London.

As a former BBC New Generation Artist, Ailish is a regular contributor on BBC Radio 3. Her recording of songs of Judith Weir was released recently on the Signum Classics label.

In the 2006/7 season Ailish made her US debut as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni* for the Seattle Opera and returned to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden to perform Marzelline in *Fidelio*. On the concert platform Ailish joined the Nash Ensemble on a concert tour of Sweden and gave recitals in Tokyo, Barcelona, and Valloires Festival, France. Future

plans include her European debut as Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier* for the Royal Swedish Opera, Woodbird in *Siegfried* for Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and Héro in *Béatrice et Bénédicte* for Houston Grand Opera.

IAIN BURNSIDE

Iain Burnside enjoys a unique reputation as pianist and broadcaster. As a performer he is best known for his commitment to the song repertoire, forged through collaborations with leading international singers, including Dame Margaret Price, Susan Chilcott, Galina Gorchakova, Yvonne Kenny, Susan Bickley, David Daniels, John Mark Ainsley and Bryn Terfel. Iain also works with some outstanding younger singers: Lisa Milne, Sally Matthews, Sophie Daneman, Sarah Connolly, Christopher Maltman, William Dazeley, Roderick Williams and Jonathan Lemalu.

Iain's broadcasting career covers both Radio and TV. As a presenter on BBC Radio 3, he has recently been honoured with a Sony Radio Award. He further combined roles as pianist and presenter in *The Music Party* for BBC World Service. Other Radio 3 work has featured special celebrations of Dame Janet Baker, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Maria



Callas and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. His television involvement includes Cardiff Singer of the World, Leeds International Piano Competition and BBC Young Musician of the Year.

Current recording projects include a series co-produced between BBC's *Voices* and Signum, following their acclaimed first release of Tippett with John Mark Ainsley, Judith Weir songs with Susan Bickley, Andrew Kennedy and Ailish Tynan,

and songs of FG Scott with Lisa Milne and Roderick Williams. *Black box* recorded Iain in Schoenberg with Sarah Connolly and Williams; Debussy with Lisa Milne and Susan Bickley; and Copland with Susan Chilcott.

A number of organisations have invited Iain to programme concert series: *Musique et Poésie*, Brussels; the Bath Festival; the International Song

Recital Series at London's South Bank Centre; *Leeds Lieder+*; and the Finzi Friends' triennial festival of English Song in Ludlow.

His main educational commitment is with singers and pianists at London's Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Other masterclasses include the Juilliard School, New York, and the Banff Centre, Canada. He is a Director of Grange Park Opera.

Heinz Liebrecht M.B.E. (1908-2005) provided a prestigious platform for young artists of outstanding talent and sought to revive and ensure the performance of unjustly neglected repertoire. This recording which reflects both these aims is dedicated to his memory.

Recorded at St Paul's, Deptford, UK, March 5 - 7 2007

Producer - Alexander van Ingen

Engineer - Mike Hatch

Assistant - Declan Zapala

Editors - Dave Rowell & Alexander van Ingen

Front cover image - February's poor grazing & Mary chasing

curious cattle on my work site 2006 © Melita Denaro

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