

***Irish Literary and Musical Studies in Notebooks VI.B.2 and VI.B.11***

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For an introduction to this highly interesting and curious collection of essays, we refer to the passage devoted to this newfound source in ‘Two weeks in the life of James Joyce, as gleaned from his 1923 Notebook VI.B.2 Nativities (revised edition)’, in the *Genetic Joyce Studies*, Issue 14, Spring 2014.

**VI.B.2.fcv**

**(a) pub languished**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Edward Bunting’ 195-6: The band of enthusiastic folk song collectors was then divided, and the publication of Bunting’s second volume languished. When it ultimately appeared in 1809, Moore [195] and Stevenson at once proceeded to pillage airs from it, and the poet had a very easy task in excelling the poor translations from Irish originals that served for its lyrics.

VI.C.2.6(a)

**(c) I - boxes teacher’s ears**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Edward Bunting’ 192: Edward Bunting, but for whose collections of old Irish music Moore’s melodies would never have seen the light, was the son of an English mining engineer, settled in the north of Ireland in the last quarter of the 18th century. His mother was a descendant of one Patrick Gruana O’Quinn, who had fallen in the Great Irish Rising of 1642. Left unprovided for by his father, he received so good a musical education from his brother Anthony that we find him at the age of eleven acting as deputy to a Belfast organist, Mr. William Ware, and, indeed, so outshining him as a performer that his employer was glad to secure him as a permanent assistant, not only at the organ, but as a teacher of the pianoforte to his pupils throughout the neighbouring county. The zeal of the boy-teacher, reinforced by a caustic tongue, from which he suffered through life, were often productive of ludicrous scenes. As an instance, he afterwards reported to Dr. Petrie, that on one occasion a lady pupil was so astonished “at the audacity of his reproofs that she indignantly turned round upon him and well boxed his ears.”

VI.C.2.6(h)

**(d) long crooked nails >**

VI.C.2.6(i)

**(e) not left like behind**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Edward Bunting’ 192-3: Bunting was retained by Dr. MacDonnell to take down the airs played by the nine harpers who assembled on

the occasion. He was barely nineteen at the time, but the impression left upon him by that gathering never passed [192] from his mind, and nearly fifty years afterwards he could thus write of it:

“The meeting in Belfast was better attended than any that had yet taken place, and its effects were more permanent, for it kindled an enthusiasm throughout the North which still burns bright in some honest hearts. All the best of the old Irish harpers (a race of men then nearly extinct and now gone for ever), Denis Hempson, Arthur O’Neill, Charles Fanning and seven others, the least able of whom has not left his like behind, were present. Hempson, who realised the antique picture drawn by Cambrensis and Galilei, for he played with long crooked nails, and in his performance “the tinkling of the small wires under the deep tones of the bass” was peculiarly thrilling, took the attention of the editor with a degree of interest which he can never forget.”

VI.C.2.6(j)

**(f) moving spirit**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Edward Bunting’ 192: He lodged with and became fast friends of the McCrackens, whose love for Irish folk music as well as the influence of Dr. James MacDonnell, the moving spirit in the Belfast Harper’s Festival of 1792, drew him into that collection, study and arrangement of old Irish music which for the next fifty years absorbed all the time he had to spare from his duties as a professional musician.

VI.C.2.6(k)

**(h) early gapped instruments [RMV] >**

VI.C.2.6(m)

**(i) pentatonic [RMV] >**

VI.C.2.6(n)

**(j) plainchant to Irish [RMV]**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Edward Bunting’ 198-9: Lastly, do not the Irish Harp tunes stand, as a rule, quite apart from the airs of the Irish Folk songs, as the Welsh Harp tunes are proved to stand apart from the airs of the Welsh Folk songs? Is it not therefore reasonable to suppose that airs in pentatonic or other incomplete scales which still exist in Ireland and Wales side by side with diatonic tunes dating from the twelfth century, at any rate, take their origin in the main either from the use of early-gapped instruments, or from the secular use amongst the [198] Irish and Welsh Catholic peasantry of their Church’s earliest forms of plainsong? Can any direct connection be set up, as suggested by Petrie, between Persian and Indian lullabies and those of Ireland, and can such early Irish airs as the Plough tunes be proved to have a like connection with the East?

VI.C.2.6(o)

## **VI.B.2.077 upside down**

**(g) Bona Dea**

*?Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 97: His [Allingham’s] new *Bona Dea* is an address to Mother Nature—the Bride of God—his childhood’s rapture,

his manhood's guard against a despair, which, however, for a time broke through her embrace and his ultimate consoler and spiritualiser.

VI.C.2.66(k)

## VI.B.2.155

### (m) Friday - fattened

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Religious Songs of Connacht' 124: Much traffic prevailed between Ireland and the Continent. Her clergy were trained in its great Colleges, and brought home with them the thoughts, the spirit, and the literature of Roman Catholic Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This is shown by the numbers of books translated from the Italian, French, and Spanish into Irish. Yet Dr. Hyde maintains that, in spite of what they suffered, the Irish Roman Catholics were not unreasonably embittered against those of the old Gaelic families whom the Penal Laws converted to the new faith, though the bards gave many a blow to "Martin" or to "John," and to "the lot who fatten on Friday,"—that is to say, the people of the Bearla (the English language).

VI.C.2.104(l)

### (n) PP's corpus

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Religious Songs of Connacht' 125-6: These religious songs were chiefly composed by the friars, regulars, and the people themselves, not by the parish priests. [125] Indeed, the latter had to suffer from the satire of the former, as in the following example:

O priest of the hips that are strong and portly and fine,

Bring in my soul safe in the shade of that corpus of thine!

VI.C.2.104(m)

### (o) Verse – charms, satires,

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Religious Songs of Connacht' 126-7: The religious poems of blind Raftery, who also wrote satires on the Tithe War, the establishment of National Schools, and the Clare Election of 1828, closed the series of the genuine religious Irish poets; and to Raftery Dr. Hyde gives the palm amongst later writers on the score of taste, sweetness, and simplicity. This praise is borne out by extracts from several of his longer poems, including a very remarkable one on *The Cholera Morbus*, and another entitled *Raftery's Repentance*. It is only right, in conclusion, to call attention to the interesting series of prayers and invocations, not only of duty and observance, but also concerning such special acts as the covering up of the hearth fire, and even the smoking of tobacco. Dr. Hyde gives many charms against diseases and pains, such as whooping-cough, ague, and toothache. A comparison of these Irish charms with those in Alexander Carmichael's delightful *Carmina Gadelica* shows that not a few of these are common to Ireland [126] and the Western Isles, but Mr. Carmichael's collection is both stranger and more beautiful than Dr. Hyde's. It may be mentioned in conclusion that Dr. Hyde not only gives the Irish text of his collection on the left-hand pages of his book, and the English version on the right-hand pages, but also adds literal translations of the religious poems in the

footnotes below his metrical translations, thus enabling the Sassenach to compare the one with the other for critical purposes.

VI.C.2.104(n)

**(p) bless & curse**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Religious Songs of Connacht’ [Hyde’s preface] 122: “While collecting the poetry of the province of Connacht—a work which I began some twenty years ago—I found that those poems which touched upon piety or religion were very numerous. I found, moreover, that prayers put in a setting of poetry, melodious “paidirs” and short petitions composed in metre, were very numerous also. I found at the same time charms or “orthas” or “amhras,” I found pieces concerning the Church, I found pieces praising or dispraising people for their religion, I found stories about the Church or about the persecution of the Church, or about some saint or other, I found blessings, I found curses, and I put all these things down here with the rest. These things are all mixed together in this book. There is no special order or arrangement in them, and it is now in my reader’s power to form his own judgment—a thing which he could not have done if I had concealed from him anything that was coarse, bitter, foolish, half Pagan or otherwise unpleasing. . . . Very few indeed of these things have ever been put upon paper until now, and they will be becoming more scarce from day to day.”

VI.C.2.104(o)

**(q) Puca (Puck) >**

VI.C.2.105(a)

**(r) Maebh (Mab)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Celtic Nature Poetry’ 128-9: Shakespeare, he [Matthew Arnold] considers full of Celtic magic in his handling of Nature. Where did he come by this superlative gift? Was it at second hand through Edmund Spenser, or his friend Dowland the Lutenist, through whom he is said to have introduced our Irish Puca, as his Puck, and our Queen Meabh, as his Queen Mab, into his plays? Or was his mother, Mary Arden, who came from the Welsh border [128] and whose kin was connected with the Welsh Tudor court, of Cymric blood? However this may be, Matthew Arnold’s fine discrimination between Shakespeare’s Greek and Celtic Nature notes deserves careful weighing.

VI.C.2.105(b)

## **VI.B.2.156**

**(a) lakes sink, waters vanish >**

VI.C.2.106(f)

**(b) rain of blood (lake turns bloody)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Dr. Joyce’s Irish Wonder Book’ 168-9: The splitting of Mutton Island near Miltown Malbay into three is a natural wonder, not only recorded in all the principal Irish annals as having occurred on St. Patrick’s Eve in A.D. 804, but still vividly imprinted upon local tradition. Evidently this disruption was caused by a shock of earthquake, and to a similar cause may be attributed what

were regarded as the miraculous disappearances of lakes, Lee and Seeoran, in A.D. 848 and A.D. 1054 respectively.

The record in A.D. 864 on the turning of Loch Leane in West Meath to blood for nine days, and that of a shower of blood in A.D. 875, are easily explicable in the latter instance by the whirling up into the air, as Dr. Joyce points out, “of water, coloured deep red by millions of little scarlet fungi and its descent to earth in distant places, and in the former [168] case by a sudden growth and no less sudden disappearance of these minute scarlet fungi about Loch Leane.”

VI.C.2.106(g)-(h)

(c) **Kevin hands thro window >**

VI.C.2.106(i)

(d) **<b>prays, blackbird lays**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Dr. Joyce’s Irish Wonder Book’ 169-70: Giraldus also records this charming story, which all bird lovers would like to believe:

“On one occasion St. Kevin of Glendalough had his hands stretched out in prayer, palms up, through the little window of his cell, when a blackbird laid her eggs in one palm and sat on them. When the Saint [169] at last observed the bird, after his prayer, he remained motionless in pity; and in gentleness and patience he held on till the young ones were hatched and flew away.”

VI.C.2.106(j)

(e) **’Amen’ says the Lia Fail >**

MS 47482a-42v, ScrMT: Amen says the clerk! | *JJA* 60:138 | Oct-Nov 1925 | III§4B.\*0/4D.\*0 | *FW* 558.20

(f) **it has come (Stone)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Dr. Joyce’s Irish Wonder Book’ 172: The last wonder described by Dr. Joyce is the Lia Fail, or Coronation Stone of Tara, on which the ancient kings of Ireland were crowned and “which uttered a shout whenever a king of the true Scotie or Irish race stood or sat on it.”

VI.C.2.106(k)

(g) **felt dead in himself**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The English Spoken in Ireland’ 14: “The reflexive pronouns “myself,” “himself,” etc., have meanings borrowed from the Irish to be found in such phrases as “The birds are singing for themselves,” “I felt dead (dull) in myself.”

VI.C.2.106(l)

(h) **’the time >**

MS 47482-26v, ScrLPA: ^+the time we were in bed ^+full well so we recall in mind+^ with Parrish’s syrup & we shared affections+^ | *JJA* 57:054 | May 1924 | III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | *FW* 431.35

(i) **T Coady to leap her & she to fall**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The English Spoken in Ireland’ 15: The following are instances of adverbial peculiarities in Hiberno-English: The Irish *Is amhlaidh* (it is the way), meaning “thus” or “how” or “in order that,” is responsible for such expressions as these: “What do you want, James?” “‘Tis *the way*, ma’am, my mother sent me for the loan of the shovel.” “I brought an umbrella *the way* I wouldn’t get wet.” In colloquial Irish the words “even” and “itself” are expressed by *fein*, but the Anglo-Irish avoid the word “even” and incorrectly use “itself” in its place,—*i.e.*, “If I had that much itself,” meaning “If I had even that much.” The English “when” is expressed in Gaelic by *an uair*, the hour or the time; hence “The time you arrived I was away in town.”

Verbal peculiarities from the Irish are the use of the narrative infinitive, a construction common to the old Irish annals, and still fast-rooted in Irish folk speech,—*e.g.*, “How did the mare get that hurt?” “Oh! Tom Cody *to leap her* over the garden wall, and she *to fall* on her knees on the stones.”

VI.C.2.106(m)

**(j) married on**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The English Spoken in Ireland’ 16: The following sentences strung together in the narrative form from Dr. Joyce’s pages will show how Irish idioms abound in the English spoken in Ireland:

“That was well and good, but the lion let such a roar out of him that she had like to be killed with the fright, and she was no fool of a girl neither; when up comes along Dicky Diver, the boy she was to be married on, with his regulation rifle and it wasn’t long after that the lion got death from him. And if they didn’t live happy ever after, that we may!

The day was rising (clearing) when I called in on the Murphys. “Is himself within?” I axed the servant girl. “He is so and herself too!” says she. With that I went in through the half-door. The woman had a nose on her (was looking sour) and neither of the two axed me had I a mouth on me (would I like some refreshment). Then I drew down with them (introduced the subject) about the money.”

VI.C.2.106(n)

**(k) sphere = fair [RM] >**

VI.C.2.107(a)

**(l) race = Lucrece >**

VI.C.2.107(b)

**(m) sea = say**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The English Spoken in Ireland’ 17: Dr. Joyce points out that the correct English sound of the diphthongs *ea* and *ei*, and of long *a* was the same as long *a* in “fate” from Elizabethan to comparatively recent times. Thus Cowper rhymes “sea” with “way”; Tate and Brady rhyme “conceive” with “grave”; while Pope rhymes “race” with “Lucrece” and “sphere” with “fair.” On the other hand, the correct old English pronunciation of *ie* and *ee* has not changed in Ireland; therefore Irish people never say *praste* for priest, *belave* for believe, *indade* for indeed, or *kape* for keep, as writers of shoddy Anglo-Irish think they do.

VI.C.2.107(c)

## VI.B.2.157

(a) **Boat stopped by weir (F.H.) >**

VI.C.2.105(c)

(b) **Hib. forested**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Celtic Nature Poetry’ 136: As ancient Ireland was covered with forest its invaders were of necessity oversea people and maintained their position from points of vantage upon the shores, and more especially upon islands or peninsulas in the great estuaries, still keeping in touch with the sea and its suggestions. This is true even of the later invaders of Ireland, the Danes, who never moved far inland, penetrating no further than the waters of the great rivers and lakes would allow them. The early Irish and Irish-Danish Sagas are therefore permeated with the joys and terrors of the ocean.

VI.C.2.105(d)

(c) **elk, reindeer, boar, wolf**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Celtic Nature Poetry’ 137: “The extraordinary physical and mental vigour inherent in a race which had not so long ago faced the dangers of an uncharted ocean in primeval vessels, incited them to constant deeds of arms and a not less constant activity in the chase of the boar and elk and red deer and wolf, which were then indigenous in Ireland.

VI.C.2.105(e)

(d) **venison & fish & badger on dish**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Celtic Nature Poetry’ 138: “Deirdre’s Farewell to Scotland.” [...]

Glen Lay, O, Glen Lay, where we hunted all day,  
Or crouched under cliffs in the summer moon’s ray,  
Venison and fish, and badger on dish—  
That was our portion in lovely Glen Lay.[...]

VI.C.2.105(f)

(e) **’the wish of his mind**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Celtic Nature Poetry’ 139-40: “Columkille’s Farewell.”

Alas for the voyage, O high King of Heaven,  
Enjoined upon me.  
For that I on the red plain of bloody Cooldrevin  
Was present to see. [139]

How happy the son is of Dima; no sorrow  
For him is designed,  
He is having, this hour, round his own hill in Durrow  
The wish of his mind.[...]

MS 47471b-31v, ScrLPA: ^+the wish of his mind+^ | *JJA* 46:256 | Dec 1923 | I.5§2.\*0 | ‘The Revered Letter’ [>] MS 47488-122, ScrMT: Did speece permit the bad

example of setting before the military to the best of our belief in the earliest wish of the one in mind | *JJA* 63:187 | 1938 | IV§4.\*0 | *FW* 616.28

(f) **'Did space permit,**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Celtic Nature Poetry' 140: Space does not permit of our quoting more than a few fragments from these somewhat mystical and distinctly gnomic odes.

MS 47471b-32, ScrMT: I've heard it stated about the military but, did space permit, it is my belief I could show it was ^+the wish of his mind+^ to cure the king's evil | *JJA* 46:257 | Dec 1923 | I.5§2.\*0 | 'The Revered Letter' [ > ] MS 47488-122, ScrMT: Did speece permit the bad example of setting before the military to the best of our belief in the earliest wish of the one in mind | *JJA* 63:187 | 1938 | IV§4.\*0 | *FW* 616.27

(g) **tercets**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Celtic Nature Poetry' 140: The early Welsh poets, Aneurin, Taliesyn and Llywarch Hen, were warrior bards, yet possessed with a love of Nature so absorbing that they have left behind them entire poems devoted to Nature, some of them running to considerable length, such as Aneurin's *Months* and Llywarch Hen's *Tercets* and poem on *Winter*, while Taliesyn's *Song of the Wind* forms a considerable episode in one of his longer poems.

VI.C.2.105(g)

(h) **Rain falls in a sheet, the ocean lies drenched / By the whistling sleets the reedtops are wrenched / Feat after feat: but genius lies quenched**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Celtic Nature Poetry' 140-1: This is from the *Tercets* of Llywarch Hen, a sixth century Welsh bard, though the version of his [140] poem, from which the following is my translation, is in language of a much later date:

Set is the snare; the ash clusters glow,  
Ducks plash in the pools; breakers whiten below;  
More strong than a hundred is the heart's hidden woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

The brambles with berries of purple are dressed;  
In silence the brooding thrush clings to her nest,  
In silence the liar can never take rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rain is without, but the shelter is near;  
Yellow the furze, the cow-parsnip is sere,  
God in Heaven, how couldst Thou create cowards here!

Rain and still rain, dank these tresses of mine!  
The feeble complain of the cliff's steep incline;  
Wan is the main; sharp the breath of the brine.

Rain falls in a sheet; the Ocean is drenched;  
By the whistling sleet the reed-tops are wrenched;

Feat after feat; but Genius lies quenched.  
Partially transferred.  
VI.C.2.105(h)-(j)

**(i) 'I've heard it stated >**

MS 47471b-32, ScrMT: I've heard it stated about the military but, did space permit, it is my belief I could show it was <sup>^+the wish of his mind+^</sup> to cure the king's evil | *JJA* 46:257 | Dec 1923 | I.5§2.\*0 | 'The Revered Letter' [*FW* 000.00]

**(j) There's another of 7 wonders >**

VI.C.2.105(k)

**(k) Luna legit librum / Pernix ~~feei~~ <sup>^+facit+^</sup> bullas >**

VI.C.2.106(a)-(b)

**(l) redhot animals juicy apples >**

VI.C.2.106(c)

**(m) niggerfyed sheep >**

VI.C.2.106(d)

**(n) he recognized his / ancestors**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Dr. Joyce's Irish Wonder Book' 167-8: After such a wonder beyond Thule, how wanting in distinction are these instances of Welsh wonders which we have lately come across.

"I heard it stated yester morning that a ship of lead swam on the breakers, that a ship of copper sank to the bottom of the sea—that is one of the seven wonders. I've heard it stated that the sweet dove was on the sea keeping a public tavern, with her tiny cup to taste the liquor—that is another of the seven wonders."

Four other wonders of a similar type are described, and the Welsh folk-lorist then concludes:

"I've heard it stated that the swallow was in the sea, putting on a horseshoe with her hammer of gold and silver anvil, and there are the seven wonders for you."

What are these and pellet-making partridges and a self-acting sickle and a book-reading moon and even a cart-loading pig to an island of red-hot animals from whom Maeldune and his men snatched, not roasted chestnuts, but the juiciest of apples, or what are they to "An island which [167] dyed white and black," and from which the voyagers fled lest they should share the fate of the white sheep which turned black when flung across a hedge and become all niggeryfied on the spot.

Yet Dr. Joyce's New Wonders of Old Ireland will hold their own even against such marvels as these, though many of them are at the great disadvantage of being supposed to be true.

Here we have a new set of wonderful islands and in especial Inishglora, off the coast of Mayo, whose air and soil preserve dead bodies from decay. There they were left lying in the open air retaining their looks unchanged and growing their nails and hair

quite naturally, “so that a person was able to recognise not only his father and grandfather, but even his ancestors to a remote generation.” Such powers of recognition seem quite an Irish inspiration.

VI.C.2.106(e)

## VI.B.2.171

### (a) <sup>b</sup>judge time by beard

*Note:* For the source see (d) below.

MS 47472-255, TsMT and ScrTsILA: all differing as clocks from keys as nobody appeared to have the same time ^+of beard, some saying it was Sygstrygg’s to nine, more holding it was Dane to pfife.+^ | *JJA* 46:091 | Apr-May 1927 | I.4§1.5/2.5 | *FW* 077.12

### (b) It is told of Southey

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as an Artist and Man of Letters’ 207: In literary merit, indeed, they were anything but failures, as might be expected, when it is considered that besides the names of Otway, Petrie and O’Donovan, we have among the contributors to the second work mentioned those of O’Curry, Wills, Anster, Ferguson, Mangan, Aubrey de Vere and Carleton. It is told of Southey, that he used to say, when speaking of these volumes, that he prized them as among the most valuable of his library.

VI.C.2.114(a)

### (c) Is knew T meant [anders]

*?Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as an Artist and Man of Letters’ 200-1: One of the early recollections which Dr. Petrie has left on record was of a touching scene, of which when a boy he [200] was an unwilling spectator. His artist father had executed a commission for Sarah Curran, daughter to that distinguished orator and member of the Irish Bar, John Philpot Curran. She had been betrothed to Robert Emmet, whose life paid the penalty of his complicity in the rebellion of 1803; and knowing that Mr. James Petrie had painted Emmet, she requested that a portrait from memory, aided by his former studies of her lover, should be painted for her, and that when completed she might visit his studio alone. A day and hour were named by the artist; but his boy, unaware of the arrangement, was seated in a recess of the window, concealed by a curtain, when the lady, closely veiled, entered the room. She approached the easel, and gazed long and earnestly on the picture of her lover, then leaned her head against the wall and wept bitterly. The boy, attracted by her sobs, knew not how to act. She was quite unconscious of his presence, and before he could make up his mind what he ought to do, she recovered her self-control, drew down her veil, and left the room.

VI.C.2.114(b)

### (d) Araners

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as an Artist and Man of Letters’ 209: “Mr. O’Flaherty may be justly called the *pater patriæ* of the Araners. He is the reconciler in all differences, the judge in all disputes, the adviser in all enterprises, and the friend in all things. A sound understanding and the kindest of hearts make him

competent to be all those; and his decisions are never murmured against or his affection met by ingratitude. Of the love they bear him many instances might be adduced, but the following will be deemed sufficient, and too honourable both to them and him to be omitted.

VI.C.2.114(c)

(e) **'5 corners of I**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as an Artist and Man of Letters' 208: Quoting, with three notes of exclamation, Pinkerton's statement that the wild Irish are at this day known to be some of the veriest savages in the globe, Petrie proceeds to show that after visiting Aran out of a desire to meet the islanders who were reputed to be the most primitive people within the five corners of Ireland, he found them to be where uncontaminated, as in Aranmore and Innisheer, a brave and hardy race, industrious and enterprising, simple and innocent, but also thoughtful and intelligent; credulous, and in matters of faith what persons of a different creed would call superstitious, but, being out of the reach of religious animosity, still strangers to bigotry and intolerance.

MS 47471b-2, ScrBMA and ScrMT: throughout ^+the 5 corners of+^ the land of Ireland. | *JJA* 45:027 | Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | [FW 043.29]

(f) **Woman keens in / orage Monasterboice**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as an Artist and Man of Letters' 207-8: As a specimen of Petrie's literary powers at this period a passage from his account of Monasterboice in the *Irish Penny Journal* may be cited:

"In its present deserted and ruined state it is a scene of the deepest and most solemn interest; and the mind must indeed be dull and earthly in which it fails to awaken feelings of touching and permanent interest; silence and solitude the most profound are impressed on all its time-worn features; we are among the dead only; and we are forced, as it were, to converse with the men of other days. With all our frequent visits to these ruins, we never saw a single human being amongst them but once.

It was during a terrific thunderstorm, which obliged us to seek shelter behind one of the stone crosses for an hour. The rain poured down in impetuous torrents, and the clouds were so black as to [207] give the appearance of night. It was at such an awful hour, that a woman of middle age, finely formed, and of a noble countenance, entered the cemetery, and, regardless of the storm raging around, flung herself down upon a grave, and commenced singing an Irish lamentation in tones of heartrending and surpassing beauty. This wail she carried on as long as we remained; and her voice coming on the ear between the thunderpeals had an effect singularly wild and unearthly; it would be fruitless to attempt a description of it.

The reader, if he knows what an Irishwoman's song of sorrow is, must imagine the effect it would have at such a moment among those lightning shattered ruins, and chanted by such a living vocal monument of human woe and desolation."

VI.C.2.114(d)

(g) **say no more about it**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as an Artist and Man of Letters' 213: Father Frank is poor. The unglazed windows of his humble cottage and the threadbare

appearance of his antique garments bespeak a poverty beyond most that of his flock. He is, in fact, altogether destitute of the comforts that should belong to old age. This is not the fault of his parishioners, by whom he is ardently beloved; they would gladly lessen their own comforts to increase his, and have frequently tried to force on him a better provision, which he has as often refused. "What," said he on a late occasion to Mr. O'Flaherty, who was remonstrating with him on this refusal, "what does a priest want more than subsistence? And that I have. Could I take anything from these poor people to procure me comforts which they require so much more themselves? No, no, Pat, say no more about it."

MS 47485-20, ScrLMA: And his monomyth! Ah ho! ^+Say no more about it!+^ I'm sorry! | *JJA* 60:271 | Mar-Apr 1926 | III§4.\*2 | *FW* 581.24

**(h) Dr Tom nurses typhus >**

VI.C.2.114(e)

**(i) in stone house**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as an Artist and Man of Letters' 211-2: Tom, the tailor doctor, is really what many doctors are not, a clever fellow, he has a sharp and clear intellect, and a singularly retentive memory, stored with a variety of information, historical, traditional, genealogical, and topographical, relative to the West of Ireland. He has a romantic imagination, and is never happier, he says, than when wandering about ancient ruins and among lakes and mountains. He is a great talker, a great lover of tobacco, and a great drinker—not a great drunkard—for it would be very difficult to make him drunk, and a great humorist, qualities which are all very Irish. A pint of whiskey he considers a small daily allowance; and on a late occasion, while attending Mr. O'Flaherty in a typhus fever, he was limited to six glasses, he begged that the whisky might be given to him in three equal portions or drams, morning and evening, so that, as he expressed it, "he might feel the good of it." [...] But Tom O'Flaherty had other qualities of a better order. He was remarkable for humanity and active benevolence. In the spring of 1822 some very bad cases of typhus fever occurred in the island, one being that of a stranger lately settled there. The islanders who, like all the poor Irish, have a deep terror of this frightful disease, fled from him; he was without money or friends, and must have perished but for the courage and humanity of Tom O'Flaherty. Tom first removed him on his back from the infected house to a more airy situation, one of the old Irish stone houses which he had prepared for his reception. He then went to Mr. O'Flaherty and peremptorily demanded five shillings. "For what purpose, Tom? Is it a drink?" said the other. "No, trust me with it without asking any questions, I'll make no bad use of it." The money was obtained, and immediately sent off to Galway for the sick man. With this assistance, in addition to his own resources, he was enabled to bring the poor man successfully through the fever. [211] He visited him several times each day, sat with him, washed him, and performed all the duties of a humane and skilful nurse.

VI.C.2.114(f)

**(j) favourite place of sepulture**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as an Antiquary' 214-5: Looking around him in that great cemetery he was the first to recognise to what an extent it was

filled with [214] inscribed monuments, recording the names of distinguished persons who had been buried there in former times. It was a favourite place of sepulchre for kings and chiefs, for bishops and abbots, for men of piety and learning, from the sixth to the twelfth century. Applying himself first to the copying of these inscriptions, he made drawings of above three hundred of them. But as few of them had been previously noted or explained in any previous work, he was obliged to investigate for himself the histories of the persons whose names were thus preserved.

VI.C.2.114(g)

## **VI.B.2.172 [upside down]**

### **(a) pressed to name any sum**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as an Antiquary’ 218: “[...] Having had the good fortune under similar circumstances to become the possessor of the autograph copy of the second part of *The Annals of the Four Masters* he generously surrendered it to the Academy for the sum he had given for it, although, immediately on its becoming known in the sale room what the MS. was, he was offered, in the first instance, £100 over and above the purchase money, and was afterwards pressed to name any sum that would induce him to resign it. In acknowledgment of the generosity and zeal evinced on this occasion by Petrie, the Academy passed a resolution declaring him a member for life.”

VI.C.2.115(g)

### **(b) was now to show**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies*, ‘George Petrie as an Antiquary’ 217: Petrie was now to show his great capacity as an organiser of archaeology as well as an individual worker in its cult. He was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy and set to work at once in conjunction with other distinguished members to raise the Academy from that state of torpor in which it had remained for the previous quarter of a century.

VI.C.2.115(h)

### **(c) I can speak to his learning**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends’ 235: “[...] He was a keen archæologist, a true lover of his country. The tenderness of his nature and his brilliant wit and humour were only manifested on occasion, for his manner was often abstracted, but his domestic affection and his love for his chosen friends never failed. It was not everybody that could win his friendship,” as Petrie had done. And I can speak to a similar friendship between him and my own father, and between him and Lord Adare, afterwards the Earl of Dunraven, Sir Thomas Larcom, and of course Whitley and Margaret Stokes.

VI.C.2.115(i)

### **(d) ‘hooker’**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends’ 235-6: “In 1857,” writes Lady Ferguson, “the British Association met in Dublin, and the Ethnological section went on an excursion to Aran of the Saints. Stokes, Petrie, Burton, O’Curry were of the party, and [235] remained behind with Ferguson, who secured a roomy cottage and wrote to his wife to join him with their

nephews, a servant and a well-stocked hamper. Dr. Stokes wrote for his wife, son and daughter.

The combined party chartered a hooker with its crew and retained, as guide, the local antiquary," doubtless Tom O'Flaherty, whose portrait, drawn by Petrie, has already been presented.

"The friends, so congenial in their tastes, passed a few weeks of entire enjoyment.

They sailed from island to island, taking with them on board the hooker all the local singers of whom they could hear.

MS 47472-118v, ScrEM: ^+That hooker with the hammerfast vikings+^ | *JJA* 45:044 | Nov 1923 | I.2§3.\*1+ | *FW* 046.15

**(e) Dean Hercules Dickenson**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends' 237: Ferguson and his wife, absent on their vacation rambles in 1864, were joined in Sligo by their young English friends, Henry and William Winterbotham, afterwards Parliamentary Secretary for the Home Department and Member for Stroud, respectively. "I come to Ireland for the enjoyment of your society," wrote the elder brother; "and whenever you are pleased to delve I am ready to hold the hod," a reference to Sir Samuel Ferguson's antiquarian digging.

Here, too, came the Rev, Hercules Dickinson, later to become Dean of the Chapel Royal, Petrie, Dr. James Henthorn Todd, the famous scholar and antiquary, Dr. Stokes and his daughter Margaret.

VI.C.2.115(j)

**(f) wet root (spuds)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends' 237-8: "[...] When rallied by his [237] companion on the uniform treatment ordered for every complaint, 'My dear friend,' he would say, 'in whatever way these poor people describe their sensations, their ailments spring from the same cause—no change of diet, and their only food a wet root. The chops will do them good so long as they last. As for their rheumatism, it is slightly intensified by the wetness of this season—that is all.' He would discourse, as we made our way across meadows, bogs and streams, from one poor habitation to another, on the philosophy of health and disease, and extort the admiration and respect of his listener by the wide range of his knowledge and the depth of his sympathy for the suffering and sorrowful condition."

VI.C.2.115(k)

**(g) G. Petrie M. Jerome / (no epitaph)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends' 239: "He died," as his biographer writes, "as a Christian man should do, not in triumph, nor yet in gloom, but in calm resignation to the will of Him Who doeth all things well."

His remains were followed to the tomb by the members of the Royal Irish Academy; they rest in a grave without an epitaph in the cemetery of Mount Jerome.

VI.C.2.115(l)

**(h) R. Emmet**

*Note:* For the source see 171(c).

The Irish nationalist leader and insurgent Robert Emmet was caught in 1803 (in Harold's Cross, near Mount Jerome Cemetery) and executed. The location of his grave is unknown. His last words feature, in a mangled form ("let my epitaph be written: I have done") in *Ulysses*, at the end of the Sirens episode.

VI.C.2.115(m)

**(i) There was in him**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends' 240: "Petrie united qualities which are seldom possessed by the same individual; he had the enthusiasm and the imaginative power which are essential to the artist; he also possessed the sagacity and calmness of judgment which are commonly supposed to be characteristic of the man of science. There was in him a singular gracefulness, combined with masculine force. He was sensitive, without being morbid; he was playful, but never wayward; he was candid in criticism, but never gave a gratuitous wound to the feelings of an opponent.[...]"

VI.C.2.116(a)

**(j) De Danaan gods seek / aid of heroes in fights >**

VI.C.2.116(b)

**(k) deicidal >**

VI.C.2.116(c)

**(l) Cuch. loves Fand Mrs Manannan**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry' 144-5: The heroic warfare of the early Irish Gaelic warriors, their martial equipment and their mode of life ring true to the descriptions by Cæsar, Livy, and Tacitus of the Britons and Gauls with whom the Irish chieftains were contemporary, according to the traditional dates of these cycles of early Irish romance.

Yet while the Red Branch heroes claimed descent from the Tuatha De Danann gods, and the preternatural feats of Cuchulain and his companions were said to be due to this divine connection, their attitude towards these ancestral deities was too intimate to admit of acts of worship towards them. The relations between these gods and heroes resemble those that subsisted between the heroes of early Greece and their gods in the Trojan war, and not only do the gods take sides for or against Cuchulain, as the Greek gods did for or against Achilles, but we even find the De Danann divinities seeking the aid of the Irish heroes when engaged in conflicts with one another.

As suggested, the relation between the defeated De Danann gods, when they have passed into fairyland, and the Fenian heroes is of a still more intimate kind. These gods, turned fairies, engage the Fenian heroes in their wars with one another, spirit them off under a spell of magic mist into underground palaces, from which they are released by mortal brother warriors, befriend them when pursued by their enemies, or by the glamour of their fairy women draw them for a while into Tir n' Oge, the land of perpetual youth.

As Mr. Stopford Brooke writes in his fine introduction to his son-in-law, Mr. T. W. Rolleston's *High Deeds of Finn*:

“These were the invisible lands and peoples of the Irish imagination; and they live in and out of many of the stories. Cuchulain is lured into a fairy land, and lives for more than a year in love with Fand, Manannan’s wife. Into another fairy land, through zones of mist, Cormac, as is told here, was lured by Manannan, who now has left the sea [144] to play on the land. Oisín flies with Niam over the sea to the Island of Eternal Youth. Etain, out of the immortal land, is born into an Irish girl and reclaimed and carried back to her native shore by Midir, a prince of the Fairy Host. Ethne, whose story also is here, has lived for all her youth in the court of Angus, deep in the hill beside the rushing of the Boyne.”

V.I.C.2.116(d)

## **VI.B.2.173 [upside down]**

### **(a) Round Towers, phallic, druid / ecl. beacons, keeps**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as an Antiquary’ 219-20: The essay on the Irish Round Towers by which Petrie has made a world-wide reputation, calls for our interested attention. These remarkable towers had attracted the observation of all Irish antiquaries, but the most astonishing difference of opinion had been displayed in the views taken of them. They had been described as Danish or Phoenician in origin, and had been considered by some to be fire temples; by others, places from which the Druidical festivals were proclaimed; by others, again, they were supposed to be astronomical observatories or phallic emblems or Buddhist temples. Lastly, to come to supposed Christian uses, some theorists held them to be Anchorite towers; others insisted that they were penitential prisons.

The antiquaries who held these views belonged to the old deductive school. Petrie was an inductive archaeologist. No doubt, as my father writes:

“There is something romantic in the notion of their being monuments belonging to a race wholly lost in the mist of antiquity, and there is something imposing in the parade of Oriental authorities and the jingle of fanciful etymologies in which Vallancy and his disciples so freely dealt. But I have never yet met any intelligent man who has taken the pains to read through and understand Petrie’s essay and who has also gone out of his study and examined round towers with his own eyes, and compared their masonry and architectural details with those of the ancient ecclesiastical structures, beside which they often stand, who is not ready to give his frank assent, I am speaking of the most remarkable essay that was ever produced by an Irish antiquary. You will therefore permit me to remind you what those conclusions were: (I) that the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries; [219] (2) that they were designed to answer at least a two-fold use—namely, to serve as belfries and as keeps or places of strength in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics, to whom they belonged, could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack; (3) that they were probably also used when occasion required as beacons and watch towers.[...]”

V.I.C.2.114(i),(j)

### **(b) I verily believe >**

VI.C.2.114(k)

(c) **died early**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as an Antiquary’ 224: “[...] There was our venerable chief, with his ever-ready smile and gracious word ; then poor Clarence Mangan, with his queer puns and jokes and odd little cloak and wonderful hat, which exactly resembled those that broomstick-riding witches are usually represented with, his flax-coloured wig, and false teeth, and the inevitable bottle of tar-water, from which he would sip and sip all day—except when asleep, with a plain deal desk for a pillow. By-the-by, it was in that office Mangan penned his since famous ballad. The Woman of Three Cows, and I verily believe the composition did not occupy him half an hour. Mangan was a man of many peculiarities. In addition to the curious hat and little round cloak, he made himself conspicuous by wearing a huge pair of green spectacles, which had the effect of setting off his singularly wan and wax-like countenance with as much force as might be accomplished by the contrast of colour. Sometimes, even in the most settled weather, he might be seen parading the streets with a very voluminous umbrella under each arm.[...]”

Then there was O’Connor, the companion of O’Donovan in very many of his topographical expeditions, a man of kindly feeling, and possessed of a very considerable amount of information on Irish subjects. He died early, however, and without having given more than a promise of taking a high place amongst those who have made Irish history and antiquities their peculiar study.[...]”

VI.C.2.114(l)

(d) **’Luggelaw**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends’ 231: “[...] One day he and some young companions set out for a visit to Glendalough, then in its primitive state of solitude. While passing Luggelaw they heard a girl near at hand singing a beautiful air. Instantly out came paper and pencil, and Petrie took it down, and then played it on his little flute. His companions were charmed with it; and for the rest of the journey—every couple of miles when they sat down to rest, they cried, “Here, Petrie, out with your flute and give us that lovely tune.” That tune is now known as Luggelaw, and to it Thomas Moore, to whom Petrie gave it, wrote his words (as lovely as the music), *No, not more welcome*, referring to Grattan’s pleadings for his country.”

MS 47471b-76, ScrMT: ~~There was a holy hermit~~ ^+You know the glen+^ there near Luggelaw | *JJA* 48:007 | Feb 1924 | I.8§1A.\*0 | *FW* 203.17

(e) **Milking Song**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends’ 232: One volume of this collection, comprising, however, only about a tenth part of it, saw the light in 1857. A supplement contains thirty-six airs, some of which Dr. Stokes tells us were sent to Petrie by personal friends, such as Thomas Davis the patriot, William Allingham the poet, Frederick Burton the painter, and Patrick MacDowell the sculptor; “whilst physicians, students, parish priests, Irish scholars and college librarians all aided in the good work. But most of Petrie’s airs have been noted by himself from the singing of the people, the chanting of some poor ballad-singer, the

song of the emigrant—of peasant girls while milking their cows, or performing their daily round of household duty—from the playing of wandering musicians, or from the whistling of farmers and ploughmen.”

VI.C.2.114(m)

**(f) Irish Folk Songs / (Boosey) >**

VI.C.2.115(a)

**(g) — Songs & Ballads (Novello)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends’ 233-4: Some further airs drawn from the Petrie collection, after the publication of the volume of 1857, have appeared in the form of piano arrangements by Francis Hoffmann, and in vocal settings in *Songs of Old Ireland*, *Songs of Erin*, and *Irish Folk Songs*, published by Boosey and Co., and in *Irish Songs and Ballads*, published by Novello, Ewer and Co. Now, however, the entire collection of about 1,800 airs [234] in purely melodic form, exactly as they were noted down by Petrie—a vast treasure-house of folk song, has been published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., for our Irish Literary Society under the editorship of Sir Charles V. Stanford.

VI.C.2.115(b)

**(h) Humphrey (Lloyd) >**

VI.C.2.115(c)

**(i) Pim (1st rlwy man) >**

VI.C.2.115(d)

**(j) Apjohn (chemist) >**

VI.C.2.115(e)

**(k) writes Lady F —**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘George Petrie as a Musician and amongst his Friends’ 234: And now for Petrie among his friends.

Here is a sketch by one of them, Samuel, afterwards Sir Samuel Ferguson, showing him amongst his friends of the Royal Irish Academy at one of their meetings:

“The Provost of the University presides. His son, the distinguished Humphrey Lloyd, sits near him. That animated individual with the eager eye and broad forehead, who is reading the formula from the demonstrating board, is Sir William Hamilton, the illustrious mathematician and astronomer. This intelligent-looking personage, whose countenance combines so much gravity and liveliness, is the Archbishop of Dublin. There is Petrie—he with the Grecian brow, long hair, and dark complexion—the accomplished antiquary; and here is Pim, the introducer of railroads into Ireland. Here sits the scientific Portlock, with Apjohn, our leading chemist; and this is Stokes, the great physician of the lungs, . . . And who are these who have just entered—one with a light step, huge frame, sharp Irish features and columnar forehead; the other lower in stature, of a paler complexion, large featured, with the absent aspect of a man of learning? They are Carleton, author of the *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, and Anster, the translator of *Faust*.”

I may here say that on the only occasion on which I myself met Petrie, Dr. Anster was of the company, other men of note being Leopold von Ranke, the historian of the Popes (my father's brother-in-law), my father himself, Dr. Ingram, Dr. Mahaffy, and Dr. Dowden.

“In the choice of his friends,” writes Lady Ferguson, “he was uninfluenced by political considerations, or any narrow feeling of sectarianism, a quality which none but those who know Ireland can sufficiently admire or estimate. Loving his country and feeling for her wrongs, he was liberal in politics, though from angry passions he ever held aloof.[...]”

VI.C.2.115(f)

### **VI.B.2.174 [upside down]**

**(a) the Dagda's harp >**

VI.C.2.117(a)

**(b) Goltree weep >**

VI.C.2.117(b)

**(c) Gentree, laugh >**

VI.C.2.117(c)

**(d) Soontree, sleep**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 147: Lugh, the king of the Tuatha de Danann and the Daghdha, their great chief and Druid, and Ogma, their bravest champion, followed the Formorians and their leader from the battle-field of Moytura, because they had carried off the Daghdha's harper, Uaithne by name.

The pursuers reached the banquet house of the Fomorian chiefs and there found Breas, the son of Elathan, and Elathan, the son of Delbath, and also the Daghdha's harp hanging upon the wall. This was the harp in which its music was spellbound so that it would not answer when summoned until the Daghdha evoked it, when he said, “Come Durdabla, come Coircethaircuir (the two names of the harp) . . .” The harp came forth from the wall then and killed nine persons in its passage. And it came to the Daghdha, and he played for them the three musical feats which give distinction to a harper, namely, the *Goltree* which, from its melting plaintiveness, caused crying, the *Gentree*, which, from its merriment, caused laughter, and the *Soontree*, which, from its deep murmuring, caused sleep.

He played them the *Goltree*, till their women cried tears; he played them the *Gentree* until their women and youths burst into laughter; he played them the *Soontree* until the entire host fell asleep. It was through that sleep that they, the three champions, escaped from those Fomorians who were desirous to slay them[sic]

VI.C.2.117(d)

**(e) Fairy Abduction Club >**

*Note:* For the source see (i) below.

VI.C.2.117(e)

(f) **Ale, wine, whisky >**

*Note:* For the source see (i) below.

VI.C.2.117(f)

(g) **Candlemas Kerze >**

VI.C.2.117(g)

(h) **blackhafted knife >**

VI.C.2.117(h)

(i) **I watched her growing**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 148:

There is here my beautiful great house. Sho hoo lo!

Abundant is new ale there and old ale. Sho hoo lo!

Abundant is yellow honey and bee’s wax there. Sho hoo lo!

Many is the old man tightly bound there. Sho hoo lo! Sho been, etc.[...]

Say to my husband to come to-morrow. Sho hoo lo!

With the wax candle in the centre of his palm. Sho hoo lo!

And in his hand to bring a black-hafted knife. Sho hoo lo!

And beat the first horse out of the gap. Sho hoo lo! Sho-heen, etc.[...]

“The incident here clearly narrated,” writes O’Curry, “was believed at all times to be of frequent occurrence. It was for the last sixteen hundred years, at least, and is still, as firmly believed in as any fact in the history of this country—that the Tuatha de Danann, after their overthrow by the Milesians, had gone to reside in their hills and ancient forts, or in their dwellings on lakes and rivers—that they were in possession of a mortal immortality—and that they had the power to carry off from the visible world men and women in a living state, but sometimes under the semblance of death. [148]

“The persons taken off were generally beautiful infants, wanted for those in the hill who had no children, fine young women, before marriage and often on the day of marriage, for the young men of the hills who had been invisibly feasting on their growing beauties—perhaps from childhood; young men, in the same way, for the languishing damsels of fairyland; fresh, well-looking nurses for their nurseries. ...”[...]

This poem refers to all the classes of abducted persons—abducted young men now grown old, comely young men and maidens and married women, like the speaker, needed for nurses. She describes a period before wine and whiskey were in use, and therefore more than three hundred years past, in Irish of, at any rate, the fifteenth century. By her own account she was snatched from her palfrey, and must, therefore, have been a woman of consequence. She sees from within Lios-an-Chnocain, or the Fort of the Hillock, a neighbour, perhaps, washing clothes by the brink of the stream which runs past the fort, and, in the intervals of her hush-cries to her fairy nursling, she gives instructions to her friend how to secure her freedom.

The bit of wax candle which her husband was to carry in the centre of his palm would be, no doubt, a candle blessed on Candlemas Day, and the black-hafted knife was the only mortal weapon feared by the fairies.

Its use, as called for in the poem, was to strike the leading horse of the woman's fairy chariot when she left the fort the following day, and thus render her visible to her rescuing husband, who was then to possess himself of the herb that grew at the fort door, whose magical properties would guard her from recapture by the fairies.

*Note:* See reproduction. A line connects (*d*) to (*i*), or possibly parenthesizes the entries in between.

VI.C.2.117(i)

**(j) overleaved**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry' 151: [The Tryst after Death] [...]

Had they but lived, their valour bright  
To-night had well avenged their lord.  
And had not Death my purpose changed,  
I had avenged them with my sword.

Theirs was a lithe and blithesome force.  
Till man and horse lay on the mould.  
The great, green forest hath received  
And overleaved the champions bold. [...]

VI.C.2.117(j)

**(k) slays namesake >**

VI.C.2.117(k)

**(l) 2 SP**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry' 151: [The Tryst after Death] [...]

The three fierce Flanns, the Owens three.  
From sea to sea six outlaws famed—  
Each with his single hand slew four,  
No coward's portion thus they claimed.

Swift charged Cu-Domna, singling out,  
With gleesome shout, his name-sake dread.  
Down the Hill of Conflict rolled,  
Lies Flann, the Little, cold and dead.

*Note:* (*l*) probably a Joycean extension.

VI.C.2.117(l)

**(m) <sup>b</sup>piecebag (chess) >**

MS 47472-289, ScrTsILA: ^+with pawns and prelates and pookas in her piecebag,+^ | JJA 46:111 | Apr-May 1927 | I.4§1.5/2.5 | FW 102.16

**(n) wantwit**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry' 153: [The Tryst after Death] [...]

My draught-board, no mere treasure-stake.

Is thine to take without offence;  
Noble blood its bright rim dyes.  
Lady, it lies not far from hence.

While searching for that treasure prized,  
Be thou advised thy speech to spare.  
Earth never knew beneath the sun  
A gift more wonderfully fair.  
One half its pieces yellow gold.  
White bronze of mould are all the rest;  
Its woof of pearls a peerless frame  
By every smith of fame confessed. [152]

The piece-bag—'tis a tale of tales—  
Its rim with golden scales enwrought.  
Its maker left a lock on it  
Whose secret no want-wit hath caught.[...]

VI.C.2.117(m)

(o) **clasp = 7 bondwomen**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry' 153: [The Tryst after Death] [...]

Small is the casket and four-square,  
Of coils of rare red gold its face,  
The hundredth ounce of white bronze fine  
Was weighed to line that matchless case.

O'ersea the red gold coil firm-wrought  
Dinoll brought, a goldsmith nice;  
Of its all-glittering clasps one even  
Is fixed at seven bondwomen's price.

Tradition tells the treasure is  
A masterpiece of Turvey's skill;  
In the rich reign of Art the Good,  
His cattle would a cantred fill.

VI.C.2.117(n)

(p) **the ^+Red+^ Morrigan (femme qui / incite à hommes)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry' 153: [The Tryst after Death] [...]

No goldsmith at his glittering trade  
A wonder made of brighter worth;  
No royal jewel that outdid  
Its glory hath been hid in earth.

If thou appraise its price with skill,

Want shall thy children ne'er attack;  
If thou keep safe this gem of mine.  
No heir of thine shall ever lack.

There are around us everywhere  
Great spoils to share of famous luck;  
Yet horribly at entrails grim  
The Morrigan's dim fingers pluck.  
Upon a spear-edge sharp alit,  
With savage wit she urged us on.  
Many the spoils she washes; dread  
The laughter of Red Morrigan.

Her horrid mane abroad is flung,  
The heart's well strung that shrinks not back.  
Yet though to us she is so near,  
Let no weak fear thy heart attack.

VI.C.2.117(o)

### **VI.B.2.175 [upside down]**

(a) **Anann / Bauv / Macha } mastfood = skulls >**

VI.C.2.116(e)

(b) **Bauv = carrion crow**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry' 154-5: The relations between the phantom lover and his paramour are here very finely and delicately described. The Queen does not appear to be terrified by his appearance in the first instance, and is about to address him passionately, but, like Protesilaus, when permitted to appear to Laodamia, he gravely repels her affection, deplores the madness of their passion, and yet forgives her for her share in it. He proudly tells her of the details of the battle in which hero after hero fell, until he and her husband, King Alill of Munster, encountered one another and perished at each other's hands. Again growing considerate for her, he warns her of the dangers of the battlefield, and above all cautions her against the haunting spirit of the Morrigan, one of the Battle goddesses or demons of the Gael. Of these there were three weird sisters, Anann or Ana, Bove or Bauv, and Macha, all malignant beings. "In an ancient glossary [154] quoted by Stokes," writes Dr. Joyce in his *Social History of Ireland*, "Macha's mast-food is said to be the heads of men slain in battle." The accounts of these battle furies are somewhat confused, but they were all called Morrigan and Bauv. Morrigan means great queen; Bauv did not appear, as a rule, in queenly shape, but as a carrion crow fluttering over the heads of the combatants. Bauv was the war goddess among the ancient Gauls from whom her legend was brought to Ireland. Strangely enough, not many years ago, a small pillar stone was found in France with an interesting votive inscription upon it, addressed to this goddess under the name of Cathu (Irish Cath = battle) bodvae (the Irish Bauv).

VI.C.2.116(f)

(c) **he wd wet [LM] >**

Note: Mme Raphael transcribes units (b) and (c) on the same line, with unit (c) first.  
VI.C.2.116(f)

(d) **prayerhouse [LM]**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 158: [The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare] [...]

Youth’s summer sweet in which we were  
And autumn fair I too have spent;  
But winter’s overwhelming brow  
Is o’er me now in anger bent.

Amen! So be it! Woe is me!  
Each acorn from its tree takes flight;  
After the banquet’s joyful gleam.  
Can I esteem a prayer-house bright?

I had my day with kings indeed,  
Rich wine and mead would wet my lip,  
But all among the shrivelled hags  
Whey-water now in rags I sip. [...]  
VI.C.2.116(g)

(e) **<sup>b</sup>monkish gloss at <g> close**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 155: Fothad Canann goes on to tell the queen where his special accoutrements, weapons, and treasures of jewelry are to be found on the battlefield, and he enters into a curiously close description of his draught-board, a very masterpiece of art. He ends his conversation by promising that she shall be famous to all time for these ghostly *ranns* or verses addressed to her, if she will raise him a worthy tomb—a far-seeing monument, for the sake of her love to him. There follows a final Christian touch, not improbably one of those Monkish interpolations, introduced at the close of Pagan poems in order to justify their circulation, but contradicted by the phantom’s previous statement, that he was returning not to the fires of Purgatory, but to the companionship of the warrior band.

Not located in MS/FW.

(f) **<sup>r</sup>ah then**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 156: [The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare] [...]

At riches now girls' eyes grow bright,  
Not at the sight of heroes bold;  
But when we lived, ah then, ah then,  
We gave our love to men, not gold.

MS 47482b-19, ScrBMA: ^+Ah, then,+^ | JJA 57:039 | May 1924 |  
III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | FW 404.34

(g) **<sup>r</sup>let God’s Son**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 157: [The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare] [...]

My body bends its bitter load  
Towards the abode ordained for all,  
And when He deems my days are done,  
Then let God’s Son my soul recall.

My arms, if now their shape is seen,  
Are bony, lean, discoloured things;  
Yet once they fondled soft and warm,  
Form after form of gallant kings.

MS 47482b-25v, ScrLPA: ^+(let God’s son now be ~~good to~~ ^+looking down on+^ the poor fellow ^+preambler+^!)+^ | *JJA* 57:052 | May 1924 | III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | *FW* 429.03-04

**(h) <sup>b</sup>the old sea**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 157: [The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare] [...]

The Great Sea’s waters talk aloud,  
Winter arises proud and grey;  
Oh, Fermuid, mighty son of Mugh, †  
I shall not meet with you to-day.

MS 47481-21, ScrBMA: ^+all say oremus prayer for navigants et peregrinantibus ~~and~~ in all the old sea and+^ | *JJA* 56:055 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*2 | *FW* 398.16

**(i) Magmell / elysée [RM] >**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 159: “The mortals who went into Magh Mell, or the Irish pagan Elysium, did not go there by means of, or after death, they went as visitors, who could at will return again to earth. The distinction is essential. Until after the introduction of Christian teaching, the idea of a life after death seems to have been non-existent. It is quite different when we come to the late dialogues between Oisín and St. Patrick, which makes up a large portion of the Ossianic poetical literature. Though anti-Christian in tone, Oisín has so far adopted the standpoint of the Saint that he admits the continued existence of Fionn and his warriors after death, the point of contention between them being where and under what circumstances this existence is carried on. Such a line of argument would have been impossible in pre-Christian times, when the idea of a future existence had not yet been conceived of.”

*Note:* Mme Raphael transcribes units (i) and (j) on the same line.  
VI.C.2.116(h)

**(j) Lugh = Cuchulain >**

VI.C.2.116(i)

**(k) Angus = Diarmuid >**

VI.C.2.116(j)

**(l) lovespot**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 159: Undoubtedly there is much evidence in early Irish mythology of transmigration from form to form: thus the De Danann hero-god, Lugh, was re-born in Cuchulain, and Diarmuid is a reincarnation in Ossianic times of Angus the De Danann love-god, whose “love spot” or beauty fascinated all women.

*Note:* A line connects “Angus” to “lovespot”.

VI.C.2.116(k)

(m) **plain of Lir = Mare >>**

VI.C.2.116(l)

### **VI.B.2.176 [upside down]**

(a) **Land of Promise = Sorcha >**

VI.C.2.119(c)

(b) **Honey Plain Mell**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 159-60: Manannan Mac Lir, himself the son of a Celtic sea deity, after whom the ocean is sometimes called the Plain of Lir— [159] and who probably is the shadowy origin of Shakespeare’s King Lear—was the King of the Land of Promise of Sorcha (“clearness”), or Magh Mell the “Honey Plain.”

Partially transferred.

VI.C.2.119(d)

(c) **Silvercloud land**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 161: [The Isles of the Happy] [...]

And in its midst an Ancient Tree forth flowers,  
Whence to the Hours beauteous birds outchime;  
In harmony of song, with fluttering feather,  
They hail together each new birth of Time.

And through the Isle smile all glad shades of colour,  
No hue of dolour mars its beauty lone.  
'Tis Silver Cloud Land that we ever name it,  
And joy and music claim it for their own.

VI.C.2.119(e)

(d) **the 1000      1000's**

*?Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘The Preternatural in Early Irish Poetry’ 162: [The Isles of the Happy] [...]

Evna of many shapes, beside the waters,  
Thy thousand daughters many-hued to see—  
How far soe'er or near the circling spaces  
Of sea and sand to their bright faces be—

VI.C.2.119(f)

(i) **not to say**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 175: There seems to be a general impression that the folk songs of the British Isles have been already collected, and are all to be found within the covers of old song books or on the broadside ballad sheets published in London and the larger provincial towns. There could be no graver error. Hundreds, not to say thousands, of British and Irish folk songs remain uncollected, if we are to judge by the results obtained within the last few years under the auspices of the Folk Song Societies.

V.I.C.2.119(j)

(j) **<sup>b</sup>Northern Deemster**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 178: About nineteen years ago Mr. W. H. Gill, brother of the Northern Deemster, came to me with an inquiry as to the possible Irish origin of some Manx folk songs which he had collected. It turned out that, after failing to secure more than a dozen fresh folk songs in the Isle of Man, he had altered his methods of research, and had thus collected 250 airs, some of English, some of Scotch, some of Norse, and some of Irish origin, yet all domesticated in little Ellan Vannin. Besides these, Mr. Speaker Moore has got together a considerable body of hitherto unnoted Manx airs.

?MS 47480-200v, ScrTsLPA: ^+The droll delight of deemsterhood, a win from the wood to bond.+^ | *JJA* 55:348 | 1938 | II.3§6.4 | *FW* 362.21

(l) **Ellan Vannin**

*Note:* For the source see (j) above.

V.I.C.2.119(l)

(m) **<sup>r</sup>burr (accent) >**

MS 47471b-1, ScrTMA: ^+with a brave outlander’s burr+^ | *JJA* 45:025 | Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | *FW* 034.36

(n) **Mrs Kath Lee on waitress to / get folk airs from carters**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 179: He learnt, as he said, very many of these old songs and “ballets” from shoemakers, who were always singing at their work. Others he learnt from labourers, who often could not read. For many a day he tried to learn an old song from a certain carter, but the man was shy and would not sing it, because he thought Mr. Berstow wanted to laugh at his “burr” (Sussex for “accent”). At length Mr. Berstow laid a deep plot. A confederate lured the carter into an alehouse, where Mr. Berstow sat hidden in an inner parlour. Flattered by his treacherous boon companion, the carter presently burst forth into his favourite “ballet,” and Mr. Berstow listened, learnt and sang the song from that day forth.

The first secretary of the Folk Song Society, Mrs. Kate Lee, was emboldened to attempt an even more desperate enterprise. To get hold of some folk songs which she knew were reserved for the ears of the frequenters of a country inn in The Broads, she obtained admittance as a waitress at the ordinary table, and when the diners had settled down to beer, tobacco, and song, she got those precious folk songs into her head, and kept them there for the benefit of the society.

V.I.C.2.119(m)

## VI.B.2.177 [upside down]

(a) **primitive children surprised / when folk air noted**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 179-80: Except in the remote glens, amongst primitive peoples, few folk songs remain to be gleaned from the younger generation, but Miss Murray has been fortunate enough to make a remarkable collection, chiefly among the young island girls of the Hebrides. They were very shy about crooning before her, and could hardly be got to believe that the airs she set down from their chanting were what they had been reciting. To them *the words only* gave a suggestion of music, and they had therefore unconsciously assimilated the wild and uncommon airs to which the tunes [180] were matched. Like Mr. Berstow, they could not detach the tune from the words, and but for the latter the airs would have been lost.  
VI.C.2.118(a)

(b) **fiddler remember when propped / & using bow crutch**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 180: In less primitive places, folk songs are preserved by elderly and old people alone. This is true for Mr. Sharp’s collection, his singers ranging from sixty to nearly ninety years of age, and Mr. W. H. Gill has had the same experiences in the Isle of Man. The Manx are a shy race, and he had much difficulty in coaxing the old tunes out of them. Friendliness, combined with judicious *backsheesh*, in the way of snuff, tobacco, tea, and ale, unloosened their tongues and revived their memories. He extracted one excellent tune from a one-legged man who had played the fiddle in his youth, and could not be got to remember the air in question till he had propped himself up against the wall, and had drawn his crutch for a long time across his shoulder, as if playing upon the long-disused instrument. With the air thus recovered in his head, he found himself able to hum it to Mr. Gill.

VI.C.2.118(b),(c)

(c) **Magyar choriambic / Welsh trochee, end —<sup>a</sup>v—<sup>a</sup>v—<sup>a</sup>v**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 181-2: And here the genius of various languages comes in, as has been pointed out by Francis Korbay, the Hungarian [181] musician, in an article in Harper’s Magazine. The length of the Hungarian words tends to a peculiar rhythm, classically known as the “choriambic,” and the Hungarian folk songs are all stamped with that peculiar measure. In great contrast to these airs are the folk songs of The Principality, which are largely trochaic in measure, especially when of instrumental origin, and with a tendency to dissyllabic line endings, sometimes three times repeated, an effect helped doubtless by the cadences which are peculiar to Welsh harp music.

VI.C.2.118(d),(e)

(d) **cantilated >**

VI.C.2.118(f)

(e) **harper on battlefield >**

VI.C.2.118(g)

(f) **clan march >**

VI.C.2.118(h)

**(g) Lament**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 182: This mention of the harp suggests that to that instrument narrative poems were chanted or cantilated, often at great length. Words then were of prime consequence, and the bard, even upon the battlefield, would recite the achievements of his fathers, as an incitement to his chieftain. It is stated indeed that the bard thus chanted on the old Irish battlefields, surrounded by a group of harpers, who accompanied him, almost with the effect of a military band. Thus, no doubt, arose the clan marches, and where the chiefs fell fighting, the lamentations over fallen heroes common to the Gaelic and Cymric branches of the Celts.

VI.C.2.118(i)

**(h) Dord (fenian warcry) >**

VI.C.2.118(j)

**(i) <sup>b</sup>lubeen (occupat song with / chorus)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 182: It would not appear as if chorus songs were of early origin, though there is a hint or two of something of the kind in early Irish literature. In the Fenian tales there is occasional reference to the Dord, which would appear to be a concerted cry or chorus, a cry of warning, if not a war cry. And in some of the early Irish airs, such as “’Tis pretty to be in Ballindery,” there is an indication of a chorus. Later on, in Irish and Highland music, we find chorus songs of occupation, called “Lubeens” amongst the Irish and “Luinings” amongst the Highlanders. These seem to follow solos and alternate improvised utterances in song, such amœbean contests as we find in the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil, and in Welsh airs with choruses such as “Hob y Deri Dando.”

MS 47472-220, ScrTsILA: This ^+, more krectly, lubeen,+^ was first poured forth under the shadow of the monument of the shouldhavebeen legislator | *JJA* 45:079 | Mar-Apr 1927 | I.2§2.5/3.5 | *FW* 042.17

**(j) Dub. cap Norse Empire >**

VI.C.2.118(k)

**(k) Cruiskeen Lawn (hymn of Sedulius)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 183: I have suggested that each language has its own rhythmic genius; its accent, brogue, burr, or whatever you call it, is part of this, and a clever musical Scot told me he was prepared to show how the Scotch intonation affected Scotch music. If this be so, it is obvious that a popular air carried from one country to another will become modified by the rhythmical genius of the race amongst which it is domesticated. A case in point is the air known in Ireland as the “Cruiskeen lawn,” an air of considerable antiquity, and, I believe, sung in an early form to one of Sedulius’s Latin hymns. That air was played to me at the Moore Centenary by a Swedish musician many years ago as a Norse air. It no doubt passed into Norway when Dublin was the capital of the Norse empire, and the tides of music flowed strongly between Ireland and Scandinavia.

VI.C.2.118(l)

**(l) Indian / Persian } Ir. slumber tunes / & plough – whistles**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 183: All this suggests a fascinating aspect of folk song from what might be called the point of view, not of comparative philology, but “comparative philophony.” The root of an air would be looked for probably amongst Oriental peoples, like the Indians and Persians, who, according to Dr. Petrie, have set our Irish slumber tunes and ploughmen’s whistles agoing. Thence it would be traced in its various developments amongst different nationalities, till it reached a point of alteration which would make it unrecognisable to any but those who had thus followed it step by step from its primitive source. All this, of course, has to be systematically followed up, but what a joy to a great musical grammarian!

VI.C.2.119(a),(b)

**VI.B.2.179 [upside down]**

**(a) development of harp >**

VI.C.2.119(n)

**(b) Preislied >**

VI.C.2.119(o)

**(c) Smutsongs hide heads in / Welsh ditches**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 184: The musical grammarian might very well trace these growing up into beautiful Scotch and Irish melodies. He would also find them degenerating in course of time into poor variants. How are we to account for these processes, and for the corresponding improvement and deterioration of the words to which these folk songs were sung? Surely, that very word “folk-song” gives the key to the explanation. One of the folk chants a song to a rude tune on a rude instrument. It is taken up, improved in rhythm, improved in air, and often benefited by an improved instrument—a harp of thirty strings, for example, as opposed to one with a dozen. A consummation is finally reached. A musical genius arises. Under his cultivation the simple rose of the hedgese side blossoms into the perfect garden flower. And to match this beautiful melody, perfect words are needed, if indeed they have not inspired the absolute air. A Thomas Moore or a Robert Burns, with his “Minstrel Boy” or his “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” crystallises the melody for ever.

Other airs are not so fortunate. Partnered by vulgar or meaningless or dissolute words, they drop out of favour, and many of these are at this very moment hiding their heads among the Welsh vales and mountains. Even Moore’s instinct was not unerring, and some of his melodies have ceased to hold the public, because the words written to the airs have proved to be of an ephemeral kind.

VI.C.2.120(a)

**(d) a whopping song**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 184-5: Again beautiful, though distinctly secular tunes, are pressed into the services of the churches. Many of the Welsh love songs, I am told, are now used as Welsh hymns, and to restore them to their former use would probably be regarded as desecration. Some of the Welsh rollicking airs, too much associated in the past with the tavern and rowdy revelry, are now altogether discountenanced, while their instrumental use as dances, such as are

favoured in Ireland and Scotland, is a thing of the past in Wales; [184] though a whisper reaches me that school children are obtaining permission to use their limbs in a way for which there is good scriptural precedent, and, perhaps, some of the good old Welsh dance measures may yet be revived.

V.I.C.2.120(b)

(e) **Lloyd G —**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 185: I am given to understand that Mrs. Mary Davies, who as Mary Davis won so many laurels of song, possesses a MS. collection of Welsh airs unknown to the editors of the *Minstrelsy* in which there are many hitherto unpublished airs, some of them of great beauty. I understand, too, that my friends Sir Harry Reichel and Dr. Lloyd Williams, of University College, Bangor, have between them quite a couple of hundred of Welsh airs, many of which are of permanent value.

V.I.C.2.120(c)

(f) **‘a whisper reaches me**

*Note:* For the source see (d) above.

MS 47482b-20v, ScrLPS: ~~what then where it~~ ^+a whisper reaches us that it may turn out to be you+^ | *JJA* 57:042 | May 1924 | III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | *FW* 000.00

(g) **fourpart (Mamalujo)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 185-6: There are several other considerable unpublished collections of Welsh airs, and with this information before me I cannot think that the inquiries of the editors of the *Cambrian Minstrelsy* have been sufficiently searching to justify their statement that there are not 200 Welsh [185] airs of permanent value in existence. Indeed, that statement is a distinct reflection upon the great and prolific musical genius of the Welsh, who long before the time of Geraldus Cambrensis were singing songs in four parts, and down along the ages, influenced by martial and patriotic traditions, carried music in the forefront of their fights for freedom, and at the present day are regarded as the most actively musical race in the British Isles.

V.I.C.2.120(d)

(h) **<sup>b</sup>B the<sup>b</sup> Great <sup>b</sup>(the 4th)**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 185-6: Welsh music not only solicits an accompaniment, but being chiefly composed for the harp is usually found with one; and indeed in harp tunes there are often solo passages for the bass as well as for the treble; it often resembles the scientific music of the 17th and 18th centuries, and there is, I believe, no probability that this degree of refinement was an introduction of later times. ‘Ffarwel Ednyfed Fychan’ is a tune bearing the name of the councillor, minister and general of Llewelyn the Great in the 13th century, and yet is remarkable for the characteristics for which I have mentioned it."

MS 47481-15, ScrMT and ScrBMA: Battersby ^+F. the fourth+^ | *JJA* 56:049 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*2 | *FW* 387.24

(i) **<sup>b</sup>old folks at home**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 187: I have had an interesting letter from Mr. Griffith, of the Dolgelly County School, on this very question, from which I make a few quotations: “I would like to call your attention to the efforts to represent the old folks’ performances of Welsh music. To name but a few of the points where it fails: the accent, or want of it; the melodic intervals, often not diatonic, and even wavering, not through ignorance or vocal incapacity; the grace notes, or more accurately perhaps explanatory or commentary notes, often highly elaborate and queerly timed with respect to any possible bars, and certain tricks of utterance, perhaps not unconnected with grace notes.

MS 47481-17, ScrLMA: ^+the old folks at home+^ | *JJA* 56:051 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*2 | *FW* 390.10

## VI.B.2.bcr

### (a) <sup>b</sup>all add ^+various+^ grace notes to air

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Folk Song’ 187-8: I cordially agree with these views of Mr. Griffith's, with this small reservation. So-called traditional singing is often [188] corrupt, not only because old rules are imperfectly remembered, but because the introduction of foreign fashions in the way of variations and flourishes has been imposed upon the original tradition. There is an apposite story of a Hebridean priest, who was so annoeyd [*sic*] by the choric confusion in his church created by the many variants upon a hymn tune sung by a Gaelic-speaking congregation, that he insisted upon its being sung in its simplest modal form, with all grace notes left out. The Irish minstrels were undoubtedly much influenced in the 18th century by an Italian tendency of this kind, even Carolan showing it in many of his jigs, planxties, and concertos. The traditional singers of the Gaelic League will have to face this fact, and so, probably, will the Welsh traditional singers of the future, if they are to preserve their National music in its primitive purity.

MS 47481-2, ScrILA: oftentimes they used to be saying ^+grace together right enough+^ | *JJA* 56:026 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*0/3A.\*1 | *FW* 384.09

MS 47481-2, ScrMT: the way they used to be saying grace before fish for auld lang syne | *JJA* 56:026 and 027 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*0/3A.\*1 | *FW* 384.16

MS 47481-3v, ScrMT: before saying his grace before fish | *JJA* 56:032 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*0/3A.\*1 | *FW* 391.22

MS 47481-4, ScrMT: and all the toilet ladies and their familiarities saying their grace before meals | *JJA* 56:034 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*0/3A.\*1 | *FW* 395.21

### (b) <sup>r</sup>gets grief from

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Celtic Nature Poetry’ 141: Much of the spirit of St. Francis animates these monkish and hermit poems. There is a tenderness for the sufferings, not only of the half-frozen wren during the snowstorm, but even of the prowling wolf or the hovering eagle.

Not even in Cuan’s forest deep.

To-night the shaggy wolves can sleep,

Nor can the little wren keep warm

On Lon's wild side against the storm.

The ancient eagle of Glen Rye  
Gets grief from out the storm-swept sky.  
Great her misery, dire her drouth,  
Famished, frozen, craw and mouth.

MS 47482b-31, ScrILA: ^+and let ye not be getting grief ^+from it+^ over my head+^ | *JJA* 57:063 | May 1924 | III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | *FW* 453.26

(o) **Milligan Fox >**

VI.C.2.122(d)

(p) **Annals of I. Harpers**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Edward Bunting' 191: Mrs. Milligan Fox, the energetic honorary secretary of the Irish Folk Song Society, while purchasing a harp at a leading London warehouse inquired whether any of the old harpers ever called in there to buy strings. "Well, no," replied the attendant; "but a gentleman was in here not long ago who bought a harp, and when giving the order said, 'It is only right that I should have a harp in my house, for it was my grandfather who preserved the music of the ancient Irish harpers.'"

Mrs. Fox thus got into communication with Dr. Louis Macrory of Battersea, Edward Bunting's grandson, and eventually obtained from him and from his cousin, Mrs. Deane of Dublin, a large mass of documents relating to their grandfather's famous collections of Irish music. Much of this material had never before been published, and in especial the Gaelic originals of a number of songs collected by Patrick Lynch nearly 110 years ago, during a tour through Connaught.

This find would have alone justified the issue of such a book as Mrs. Milligan Fox's *Annals of the Irish Harpers*, But there is besides much correspondence relating to the publication of Bunting's three collections of Irish airs, harmonised by himself, that throws an exceedingly interesting light upon the period of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 and the decade immediately following it, and is, therefore, eminently deserving of preservation.

VI.C.2.122(e)

## VI.B.11

### VI.B.11.027

(f) **Tithe War >**

VI.C.1.99(d)

(g) **I hides smthg in featherbed**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu' 61-3: This dagger she possessed herself of, taking it surreptitiously from its owner, Major Swan, because, in her own words,—

"When I saw the dagger in the hands with which Lord [61] Edward had striven in the last fatal struggle for life or death, I felt that it was not rightfully his who held it. I

knew the spot in the front drawing-room where it was laid, and one evening I seized it, unobserved, and thrust it into my bosom; I returned to the company, where I had to sit for an hour. As soon as we got home I rushed up to the room which my sister and I occupied, and plunged it among the feathers of my bed, and for upwards of twelve years I lay every night upon the bed which contained my treasure.[...]

At the age of twenty-five Le Fanu wrote a vigorous imitation of a street ballad bearing upon his subject.

From the year 1826 to 1831 the Le Fanu family were on the most friendly terms with the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Abington, in the county of Limerick, the Dean of Emly being also Rector of Abington. To quote William Le Fanu's account:—"They appeared to be devoted to us. If we had been away for a month or two, on our return they met us in numbers some way from our home, took the horses from the carriage, and drew it to our house amid deafening cheers of welcome, and at night bonfires blazed on all the neighbouring hills. In all their troubles and difficulties the people came to my father for assistance. There was then no dispensary nor doctor near us, and many sick folk or their friends came daily to my mother for medicine and advice; I have often seen more than twenty with her of a morning. Our parish priest also was a special friend of ours, a constant visitor to our home. In the neighbouring parishes the same kindly relations existed between the priest and the flock and the Protestant clergy-[62]man. But in 1831 all this was suddenly and sadly changed, when the Tithe War came upon us."

V.I.C.1.99(e)

**(h) Sheridan Lefanu >**

V.I.C.1.99(f)

**(i) at S. Stephen's**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu' 64: Besides the poetical powers with which he was endowed, in common with his connections, the great Sheridan, the Dufferins, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Sheridan Le Fanu also possessed an irresistible humour and oratorical gift that, as a student of Old Trinity, made him a formidable rival of the best of the young debaters of his time at the "College Historical," not a few of whom eventually reached the highest eminence at the Irish Bar, after having long enlivened and charmed St. Stephen's by their wit and oratory.

V.I.C.1.99(g)

**(j) 'lit a rush**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu' 67: Old Mrs. Kirby was in bed when the Major and two constables drew up to the door, but, fortunately, her daughter, Mary, had gone to a wake in the neighbourhood, and stayed out all night. Kirby, who was sitting by the fire, his pistols on a table beside him, sprang to his feet, and seizing them, cried, "At any rate, I'll have the life of one of them before I'm taken." "Whisht! you fool," said his mother. "Here, be quick! put on Mary's cap, take your pistols with you, jump into bed, turn your face to the wall, and lave the rest to me."

He was scarcely in bed when there was a loud knocking at the door, which his mother, having lit a rush, opened as quickly as possible. In came Major Vokes and the

constables. “Where is your son?” said Vokes. “Plaze God, he’s far enough from ye. It’s welcome yez are this night,” she said. “And thanks to the Lord it wasn’t yesterday ye came, for it’s me and Mary *there* that strove to make him stop the night wid us; but, thank God, he was afraid.” They searched the house, but did not like to disturb the young girl in bed, and finding nothing, went, sadly disappointed, back to Limerick. The news of Kirby’s escape soon spread through the country. Vokes was much chaffed, but Kirby never slept another night in his mother’s house.

MS 47471b-48v, ScrMT: holding it against a lit rush however | *JJA* 46:312 | Jan 1924 | I.5§4.\*1 | *FW* 123.34

**(k) united to Miss B —**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu’ 68: In 1844 he was united to Miss Susan Bennett, the beautiful daughter of the late George Bennett, Q. C. From this time until her decease in 1858, he devoted his energies almost entirely to Press work, making, however, his first essays in novel writing during that period.

VI.C.1.99(h)

**(l) FH. <sparley> parley – door**

*Note:* For the source see (j) above.

*Parley:* A discussion or conference, especially one between enemies over terms of truce or other matters.

VI.C.1.99(i)

**(m) Lefanu at night, ghost, Sexton >**

VI.C.1.99(j)

**(n) Old bookshop**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu’ 68-9: From this society he vanished so entirely, that Dublin, always ready with a nickname, dubbed him “The Invisible Prince,” and, indeed, he was for long almost invisible, [68] except to his family and most familiar friends, unless at odd hours of the evening, when he might occasionally be seen stealing, like the ghost of his former self, between his newspaper office and his home in Merrion Square. Sometimes, too, he was to be encountered in an old, out-of-the-way bookshop, poring over some rare black letter Astrology or Demonology.

To one of these old bookshops he was at one time a pretty frequent visitor, and the bookseller relates how he used to come in and ask with his peculiarly pleasant voice and smile, “Any more ghost stories for me, Mr. —?” and how, on a fresh one being handed to him, he would seldom leave the shop until he had looked it through. This taste for the supernatural seems to have grown upon him after his wife’s death, and influenced him so deeply that, had he not been possessed of a deal of shrewd common sense, there might have been danger of his embracing some of the visionary doctrines in which he was so learned. But no! even Spiritualism, to which not a few of his brother novelists succumbed, whilst affording congenial material for our artist of the superhuman to work upon, did not escape his severest satire.

VI.C.1.99(k)

**(o) ‘I can’t part you**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu’ 58-9: [A Drunkard’s Address to a Bottle of Whiskey]. [...]

Wirrasthrue!

My father and mother,  
The priest, and my brother—  
Not a one has a good word for you.

But I can’t part you, darling, their preachin’s all vain;  
You’ll burn in my heart till these thin pulses stop;  
And the wild cup of life in your fragrance I’ll drain  
To the last brilliant drop.

MS 47482b-24v, ScrLPA: but for all your deeds of goodness ~~^+^+to~~ ^+as+^ the humbler classes can tell+^ it is hardly we can part you+^ | *JJA* 57:050 | May 1924 | III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | *FW* 427.27

## VI.B.11.028

### (g) *r*greatly attached >

MS 47471b-40, ScrILS and ScrMT: who is as gentle as a woman and ~~very~~ ^+a greatly+^ attractable | *JJA* 46:269 | Dec 1923 | I.5§2.\*1 | ‘The Revered Letter’ [>] MS 47488-123v, ScrLPA: who is as gentle as a mushroom ^+and a very affactable+^ | *JJA* 63:192 | 1938 | IV§4.\*0 | [*FW* 618.27]

### (h) *r*above his years

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 70-1: Mr. Ray taught Latin, nothing more, and the general curriculum was evidently unattractive. For though the boy was a particularly bright and clever one and mastered his most difficult lessons with ease, the routine was so dull and irksome to him that while devoting just sufficient time to it to hold his own in class, he read widely and diligently on his own account. As a result he often caused surprise to his elders by the fixed opinions he held on subjects supposed to be above his years and the remarkably clear expression of them. Mentally much ahead of his compeers he did not associate much with them, but was never so happy as when surrounded by a crowd of boys younger than himself. For these he had a great attraction, and his power of amusing them was inexhaustible. Games of “follow the leader,” including all sorts of difficult jumps and feats of bodily prowess, were led by young Allingham.

But perhaps the sport to which he was most attached was skating, which he has so well described in his poem [70] *Frost in the Holidays*.

?MS 47471b-88, ScrMT and ScrLMA: beyond her ^+years+^ | *JJA* 48:033 | Feb 1924 | I.8§1A.\*1/1B.\*1 | [*FW* 212.18]

## VI.B.11.029

### (l) *r*down he sat

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 75: Allingham used to recount how Carlyle would sometimes begin by flatly contradicting him, and end by tacitly adopting what he had said. One day the old man was describing his interview with the Queen at the Dean of Westminster’s. “She came sliding into the room,” he said—“as if

on wheels,” exclaimed Allingham, interrupting him. “Not at all, Allingham,” he gruffly replied. A few days later his friend overheard him telling the story to Mr. Lecky. “The Queen,” he said, “came sliding into the room as if on wheels,” and in that form he ever afterwards told it. He used to add that he saw that he was expected to stand during the interview, but that he took hold of a chair, and saying that he hoped Her Majesty would allow an old man to sit down, down he sat.

MS 47471b-42, ScrLMA: ~~Groaning of spirit~~ ^+With groanings which cd not be ^+all+^ uttered ^+down he sat,+^ he lifted hands ^+up his shirtsleeves+^, while many ^+in the ^+baronet publican’s+^ banner room,+^ who did not dare heard him declare: I will give £10 tomorrow gladly to the 1st fellow who will put her in the royal canal. | JJA 46:272 | Dec 1923 | I.5§2.\*1 | ‘The Revered Letter’ [FW 000.00]

(m) **‘Allingham square fiddle**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 72: Indeed, he was altogether lacking in veneration for old-established opinions the reasonableness of which was not apparent to him. One comic case of the kind I remember. He was taking lessons on the violin, but the universally adopted shape of the instrument shocked his sense of the fitness of things, as he argued that a rectangular body would admit the sounds quite as well as one of the normal type with its fantastic curves, and he carried his theory into practice, for he got Higgins, the violin maker, to make him one on this pattern. What is more he had the courage of his opinions, insisting that the tone of his instrument surpassed that of any other he had heard, notwithstanding that there were a couple of Cremonas in the neighbourhood.”

MS 47471b-2, ScrMT: thrumming his square ^+crewth+^ fiddle | JJA 45:027 | Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | FW 041.22

(n) **‘HCE’s Weekly**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘James Clarence Mangan’ 23: After a twelvemonth of deep religious depression, from which his spiritual advisers rescued him by judiciously prescribing his resort to “cheerful and gay society,” Mangan, who had been reading much but writing little, became a leading poetical contributor to *The Comet*, a very cleverly but bitterly written “anti-tithe” weekly.

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 75: During his connection with *Fraser’s Magazine*, Allingham lived near Carlyle, in Chelsea, and walked out regularly with him on several afternoons of each week. It was at his suggestion that Allingham started a series of chapters on Irish history in *Fraser*.

MS 47471b-1v, ScrLPA: ^+casual ^+and a decent sort who had just pocketed his weekly insult+^ | JJA 45:026 | Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | FW 042.03

(o) **‘1/2 d ballads >>**

MS 47471b-2, ScrMT: the world was then ready for a new halfpenny ballad | JJA 45:027 | Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | FW 042.13

## VI.B.11.030

(a) **‘strip of blue paper >**

MS 47471b-2, ScrMT: This on a strip of blue paper headed by a woodcut | *JJA* 45:027  
| Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | *FW* 043.24

(b) **'woodcut of ship >**

MS 47471b-2, ScrMT: This on a strip of blue paper headed by a woodcut | *JJA* 45:027  
| Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | *FW* 043.25

(c) **very other from those**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'William Allingham' 76-7: In the preface to *The Music Master*, published in 1855, Allingham states that five of the songs or ballads, namely, *The Milkmaid*, *The Girl's Lamentation*, *Lovely Mary Donnelly*, *Nanny's Sailor Lad*, and *The Nobleman's Wedding*, have already had an Irish circulation as halfpenny ballads, and the first three were written for this purpose.

This statement is explained in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham. In evening walks at Ballyshannon he would hear the Irish girls at their cottage doors singing old ballads which he would pick up. If they were broken or incomplete he would add to them or finish them; if they were improper he would refine them. He could not get them sung till he got the Dublin Catnach of that day to print them on long strips of blue paper, like old songs; and if about the sea, with the old rough woodcut of a ship at the top. He either gave them away or they were sold in the neighbourhood. Then, in his evening walks, he had at last the pleasure of hearing some of his own ballads sung at the [76] cottage doors by the crooning lasses, who were quite unaware that it was the author who was passing by. This is exactly what Oliver Goldsmith had done a century before, when a student of Trinity College, Dublin, though the lanes in which he listened to his ballads were very other from those at beautiful Ballyshannon.

Not transferred.

(d) **'I agree in yr description**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'William Allingham' 74: He retired from the Government service in 1870, when he became sub-editor, under Mr. Froude, of Fraser's Magazine, succeeding him as editor in 1874. It was during this period that I became personally acquainted with the poet. He was then a well preserved man of middle age, and I agree in Nathaniel Hawthorne's description of his looks as "intelligent, dark, pleasing, and not at all John Bullish."

MS 47482b-22v, ScrLPA: ^+I agree in your description+^ But it is awful for ^+bad for ^+on+^^ the hand. | *JJA* 57:046 | May 1924 | III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | *FW* 419.30-1

(e) **HCE hears ^+his+^ ballads sung / (W.A. & O.G. / ^+Goldsmith+^)**

*Note:* For the source see (c) above.

VI.C.1.101(b),(d)

(f) **pub for only half-crown >**

VI.C.1.101(c)

(g) **'highways & byways**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 78: Allingham has, however, very justly pointed out that during his time Irish-English has never been properly examined, though quite recently this deficiency has been atoned for by Dr. Joyce in his admirable little volume, *The English we speak in Ireland* published by Longmans for only half-a-crown.

Allingham, in spite of his preface to his 1855 edition, returned to Irish ballad writing, and may be said to have achieved his masterpiece in the *Winding Banks of Erne* or the *Emigrant’s Adieu to Ballyshannon*, a ballad which has gone round the world, in spite of Mr. Stephen Gwynn’s statement that it is too little known. To readers of the class to whom Mr. Gwynn has addressed his delightful *Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim* this is doubtless true, but the beautiful ballad has reached the hearts of the Irish people, wedded to the haunting old air to which it is set.

MS 47471b-2, ScrLMA: soon fluttered ^+on highway & byway+^ | *JJA* 45:027 | Oct 1923 | I.2§2.\*0 | *FW* 043.27

(j) **Ballyshanny**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 79: His earliest volume contains five Irish ballads. *Lawrence Bloomfield* is an entirely Irish theme, and his last collection of Irish songs and poems consists of thirty-two pieces written round “Ballyshanny.”

VI.C.1.101(g)

**VI.B.11.031**

(a) **His Honour >**

VI.C.1.102(b)

(b) **’His Attorneyship**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 81: [Sir Ulick Harvey.] [...]

He sometimes took a well-meant scheme in hand,  
Which must be done exactly as he plann’d;  
His judgment feeble, and his self-will strong,  
He had his way, and that was mostly wrong.  
The whim was such, that seized his mind of late,  
To “square” the farms on all his wide estate;  
Tim’s mountain grazing, Peter’s lough-side patch,  
This onion-field of Ted’s that few could match,  
Phil’s earliest ridges, Bartly’s bog, worse hap!  
By mere new lines across his Honour’s map  
From ancient holdings have been clipt away,  
Despite the loud complaints, or dumb dismay.

LORD CRASHTON—THE ABSENTEE LANDLORD.

Joining Sir Ulick’s at the river’s bend,  
Lord Crashton’s acres east and west extend;  
Great owner here, in England greater still.

As poor folk say, "The world's divided ill."  
On every pleasure men can buy with gold  
He surfeited, and now, diseased and old,  
He lives abroad; a firm in Molesworth Street  
Doing what their attorneyship thinks meet.[...]

MS 47482b-62v, ScrLPA: ^+then His Reportership,+^ | JJA 58:004 | Nov-Dec 1924 | III§3A.\*1 | FW 475.27

(c) **Allingham's Diary / Macmillan 1907** >  
VI.C.1.102(c)

(d) **Tristaniad / Enameron**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'William Allingham' 87-9: But much more valuable specimens of his prose style, and specially interesting as exhibiting his own intellectual points of view, are the following sketches, criticisms, and recollections of his great compeers, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, and Jowett, extracted from Allingham's Diary, edited by Mrs. Allingham and Mrs. Ernest Radford, and published by Macmillan and Co., in 1907.

The first extract has to me a special interest, because Allingham once told me himself how Tennyson had abandoned the theme of King Arthur when "his mind was in flower with it" owing to a want of warmth in the reception by the critics of his *Morte d'Arthur*, due, in part, he himself afterwards felt, to his own somewhat apologetic [87] verse preface to that incomparable poem, of which Froude once said to me, "Alfred will not live except in selection, but the *Morte d'Arthur* is immortal."

Sunday, October 16th, 1881. T. told me that he had planned out his *Arthuriad*, and could have written it all off without any trouble. But in 1842 he published, with other poems, the *Morte d'Arthur*, which was one book of his Epic (though not really the eleventh), and the review in the *Quarterly* disheartened him, so that he put the scheme aside. He afterwards took it up again, but not as with the first inspiration. This unlucky article in the *Quarterly* was written by John Sterling, who was then thirty-six years old, just three years older than Tennyson. It may be interesting now to read what it said of the *Morte d'Arthur*: "The first poem in the second volume seems to us less costly jewel work, with fewer of the broad flashes of passionate imagery, than some others, and not compensating for this inferiority by any stronger human interest. The miraculous legend of Excalibur does not come very near to us, and as reproduced by any modern writer must be a mere ingenious exercise of fancy. The poem, however, is full of distinct and striking description, perfectly expressed, and a tone of mild dignified sweetness attracts, though it hardly avails to enchant us."

This, it will be observed, chimes in with the doubts expressed by the poet himself in the lines written by way of prologue. Blame or doubt in regard to his own writings always weighed more with Tennyson than praise. He often said that he forgot praise and remembered all censure.

Sterling's review, meant to be friendly, was a thin, pretentious piece, and of no value whatever; a pity it should have chanced to prove so miseffectual!

VI.C.1.102(d),(e)

(e) **<sup>b</sup>hee hee (they laugh) / shee shee**

?*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘James Clarence Mangan’ 23: The conductors of *The Comet* were Philistines, and had little sympathy with Mangan’s higher flights; though he had the courage to press upon them poems of such promise as “The Dying Enthusiast” and “Life is the Desert and the Solitude,” and so specimens of his whimsical prose and verse figure most frequently in that journal.

John Sheehan, its editor, and his cronies treated Mangan to a full share of the coarse chaff which they mistook for wit, ridiculing him for his peculiarities, voting him “a spoon” because he did not or could not retort in the same vein, and finally insulting him into a severance of his connection with *The Comet*, before its final collapse under a Government prosecution.

*Note:* See also: VI.B.11.013(m).

MS 47481-20, ScrILA and ScrILS and ScrILA: off a windows ^+and hee hee+^ listening ^+, the poor old quakers,+^ to see all the hunnishmooners and the ^+firstclass+^ ladies ^+and shee shee+^ all improper in a lovely mourning toilet under all their familiarities, saying their grace before ~~steamadory~~ ^+shambadory+^ so pass the ~~pogue~~ ^+poghue+^ for grace sake, Amen. And all ~~trembling~~ ^+hee hee hee quaking,+^, so fright, and ^+shee shee+^ shaking. Aching. Ay, ay. | *JJA* 56:054 | Oct 1923 | II.4§2.\*2 | *FW* 395.12 and *FW* 395.15 and *FW* 395.24 and *FW* 395.25

(f) **Morte d’Arthur**

*Note:* For the source see (d) above.

VI.C.1.102(f)

## VI.B.11.032

(c) **in—large—fish—abounding**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 87: The clear-watered, snowy-foamed, ever-roaring, parti-coloured, bellowing, in-salmon-abounding, beautiful old torrent, whose celebrated well-known name is the lofty-great, clear-landed, contentious, precipitate, loud-roaring, headstrong, rapid, salmon-ful, sea-monster-ful, varying, in-large-fish-abounding, rapid-flooded, furious-streamed, whirling, in-seal-abounding, royal and prosperous cataract of Eas Ruaidh.

VI.C.1.103(h)

(f) **r<sup>mis</sup>effectual**

*Note:* For the source see 031(d).

MS 47471b-46v, ScrTMA: ^+mis<sup>effectual</sup>+^ riot of blots & blurs & bars | *JJA* 46:309 | Jan 1924 | I.5§4.\*1 | *FW* 118.28

(g) **r<sup>round</sup>lings of her breast >**

MS 47482b-28, ScrBMA: ^+after dark & ~~offers~~ ^+volunteers+^ to trifle with your roundlings+^ | *JJA* 57:057 | May 1924 | III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | *FW* 441.34-5

(h) **Merrow (Moruach) >**

VI.C.1.104(b)

(i) **Conleen druith**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘William Allingham’ 93-4: [...] But then he heard a sad low cry,

And, turning, saw five steps away—  
Was it a woman?—strange and bright,  
With long loose hair, and her body fair,  
Shimmering as with watery light;  
For nothing save a luminous mist  
Of tender beryl and amethyst  
Over the living smoothness lay,  
Statue-firm from head to feet,—  
A breathing Woman, soft and sweet,  
And yet not earthly.

So she stood

One marvellous moment in his sight;  
Then, lapsing to another mood,  
Her mouth’s infantine loveliness  
Trembling pleaded in sore distress;  
Her wide blue eyes with great affright  
Were fill’d; two slender hands she press’d  
Against the roundlings of her breast,  
Then with a fond face full of fears  
She held them forth, and heavy tears  
Brimm’d in silence and overflow’d.[...]

She is a Sea Maid, *Moruach* (Merrow) of Irish tradition and wears a *Connleen Druith*—a magical little cap on which depends her power of living under water. The Sea Maid becomes Dalchamar’s bride, but in the end leaves her mortal lover and children to return to the ocean depths, just as Matthew Arnold’s Margaret is constrained to forsake the Neckan and her children of the sea.

VI.C.1.104(c)

(j) **Probably died young** >

VI.C.1.104(d)

(k) **spared no efforts** >

VI.C.1.104(e)

(l) **learn his fate**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Sir Samuel Ferguson’ 40: George Fox probably died young. “He left Belfast to push his fortunes in British Guiana,” writes Lady Ferguson in her memoirs of her husband, and no doubt succumbed to its unhealthy climate. His youthful friends heard no more of him. They spared no efforts, through a long series of years, to learn his fate.

VI.C.1.104(f)

(m) **’the vista of time** >

(n) **O Ferguson >**

VI.C.1.104(g)

(o) **you rejoice me**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Sir Samuel Ferguson’ 41: Moreover, another Belfast friend and mentor, Dr. Robert Gordon, was keeping him up to his highest poetical self by a series of memorable letters, extracts from which Lady Ferguson gives in her Biography of Sir Samuel, as thus:

“You rejoice me, I speak seriously, by saying you are ‘doing’. To be and to do. O Ferguson, these little words contain the sum of all man’s destiny. You are strong, and I would have you strike some stroke that will reverberate down the vista of time. Will you, Ferguson?”

VI.C.1.104(h)

**VI.B.11.033**

(a) **plant against spring >**

Not located in MS/FW.

(b) **seed sheet >**

VI.C.1.104(i)

(c) **opposing brands**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘Sir Samuel Ferguson’ 42-4: This poem, which has not been as yet included in Ferguson’s published works, and is in many respects especially typical of his genius, now follows at length. The modern Irish Celt has indeed inherited a wonderful gift for the elegy, as Moore’s lines on the death of Sheridan, Dr. Sigerson’s to the memory of Isaac Butt and Thomas Davis’s own immortal lament for Owen Roe O’Neill abundantly demonstrate.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

I walked through Ballinderry in the Spring-time,  
When the bud was on the tree;  
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding  
The sowers striding free,  
Scattering broadside forth the corn in golden plenty  
On the quick seed-clasping soil,  
“Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,  
Thomas Davis, is thy toil!”

I sat by Ballyshannon in the Summer,  
And saw the salmon leap;  
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures  
Spring glittering from the deep,

Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving onward  
To the calm clear streams above,  
“So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,  
In thy brightness of strength and love!” [42] [...]

Young husbandman of Erin’s fruitful seed-time,  
In the fresh track of danger’s plough,  
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,  
Girt with freedom’s seed-sheets, now?  
Who will banish, with the wholesome crop of knowledge,  
The daunting weed and the bitter thorn,  
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting,  
Against the Resurrection Morn? [...]

But my trust is strong in God, Who made us brothers,  
That He will not suffer their right hands,  
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,  
To draw opposing brands:  
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad’st vocal  
Would lie cold and silent then;  
And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin  
Mourn the loss of her brave young men!

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,  
'Tis on you my hopes are set,  
In manliness, in kindness, in justice,  
To make Erin a nation yet;  
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,  
In union or in severance, free and strong—  
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis,  
Let the greater praise belong!

VI.C.1.104(j)

(d) **‘slangwhangers**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘James Clarence Mangan’ 20: A FAST KEEPER

My friend, Tom Bentley, borrowed from me lately  
A score of yellow shiners. Subsequently  
I met the cove, and dunned him rather gently;  
Immediately he stood extremely stately,  
And swore, “‘pon honour,” that he “wondered greatly.”  
We parted coolly. Well (exclaimed I ment’lly),  
I calculate this isn’t acting straightly;  
You’re what slangwhangers call a scamp, Tom Bentley.

In sooth, I thought his impudence prodigious;  
And so I told Jack Spratt a few days after;  
But Jack burst into such a fit of laughter.

“Fact is” (said he), “poor Tom has turned religious.”

I stared, and asked him what it was he meant.

“Why, don’t you see,” quoth Jack, “*he keeps the Lent!*”

MS 47471b-57v, ScrLPA: to umpire an octagonal argument among  
^+slangwhangers+^ | JJA 47:346 | Jan 1924 | I.7§1.\*1 | FW 174.08

(j) **’forsakenest**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘James Clarence Mangan’ 24: HOLINESS TO  
THE LORD.

There blooms a beautiful Flower, it blooms in a far-off land;  
Its life has a mystic meaning for few to understand;  
Its leaves illumine the valley, its odour scents the wood;  
And if evil men come near it, they grow for the moment good.  
When the winds are tranced in slumber, the rays of this luminous  
Flower

Shed glory more than earthly o’er lake and hill and bower;  
The hut, the hall, the palace, yea, earth’s forsakenest sod,  
Shine out in the wondrous lustre that fills the heaven of God.[...]

MS 47482b-30v, ScrLPA: ^+the forsakenest+^ | JJA 57:062 | May 1924 |  
III§1A.\*2/1D.\*2//2A.\*2/2C.\*2 | FW 000.00

(k) **red rum**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘James Clarence Mangan’ 27: Mangan had  
meanwhile got fresh employment as a clerk, first in various Dublin attorneys’ offices,  
and then under the Irish Ordnance Survey; but when that department was for the time  
being closed, he practically supported himself by his pen. In this latter office, like  
Charles Lamb, in whose “dry drollery” he took a congenial delight, he was a late-  
comer if not an early-goer, varying in his moods between long spells of dejected  
silence and brief outbursts of what Mitchell well describes as “fictitious jollity.” For  
although then more comfortably off than he had ever been, and in the midst of  
considerate friends, his will was becoming gradually weakened by some form of  
stimulant, to which he declares his wretched health and slavish work had first driven  
him. Was this stimulant opium, or “red rum,” or both?

VI.C.1.105(e)

(l) **boatleaf hat >**

VI.C.1.105(f)

(m) **<sup>s</sup>take the pledge**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* ‘James Clarence Mangan’ 29: This is his portrait at  
the time, touched in from several contemporary sources:

Of middle height, he is slightly stooped and attenuated as one of Memling’s monks.  
. . . His hair is white as new-fallen snow, which gives him the appearance of age before  
he is old. His eye is inexpressibly deep and beautiful, his forehead unwrinkled and  
white. Pressed closely over his brows is a hat with such a quaint-shaped crown, such a  
high, wide-boated leaf as has rarely been seen off the stage; his little coat, tightly  
buttoned, is covered with a shabby cloak that once has been blue, the tightest to the  
form that can be imagined. He moves seemingly with pain—his last hour is not far off.

He speaks! You cannot choose but listen to his low, touching voice. That man, so weak, so miserable, whom you meet alone in life, seeking companionship in darkness, is James Clarence Mangan!

Let us follow his failing life to its unhappy close. That he had struggled hard to resist intemperance, whatever its mastering form may have been, is clear. Ever and again he fought off his temptation, flying from it to the protection of such good friends as Father Meehan—from whom he took the pledge at last; but, alas! only to break it again.

MS 47485-31, ScrLMA: ^+when he will take his dane's pledges. That ~~dear~~ ^+keen+^ dean ^+Dean+^ of ^+with+^ and ^+his+^ veen nonsolance!+^ | *JJA* 60:259 | Mar-Apr 1926 | III§4.\*2 | *FW* 562.30

**(n) cholera sheds Kilmainham**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'James Clarence Mangan' 30: The Irish Famine, whose horrors are reflected in his *New Year's Lay*, had profoundly affected his imagination. It was followed by the cholera, and by this, in the course of one of his numerous disappearances from all knowledge of his friends, Mangan was stricken. He recovered, and was too soon allowed to leave one of the temporary cholera-sheds at Kilmainham to which he had been removed; for collapse followed, and he was finally carried from a wretched cellar in Bride Street to the Meath Hospital, where he died seven days after admission.

VI.C.1.105(g)

**(o) 'Kilkee by the deeps**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Tennyson in Ireland' 2-3: And now, a generation afterwards, and having found his full fame in the interval, Tennyson was paying his third and last visit to Ireland, and again revisiting "Kilkee by the great deeps," for a letter from him to de Vere in October 1848 containing this phrase seems to show he had visited the spot in the previous summer, when the guest of his brother poet at Curragh Chase. [2]

"I am glad," he writes, "that you have thought of me at Kilkee by the great deeps. The sea is my delight."

MS 47482b-114v, ScrLPA: ^+by the Deep+^ | *JJA* 58:096 | Dec 1924 | III§3B.\*2 | *FW* 546.34

**VI.B.11.034**

**(a) O Wom. finds body of young / lover preserved in bog**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Tennyson in Ireland' 10: Tennyson's other Irish poem, *To-morrow*, was founded on the story told him by Aubrey de Vere: "The body of a young man was laid out on the grass by the door of a chapel in the West of Ireland, and an old woman came and recognised it as that of her young lover, who had been lost in a peat bog many years before; the peat having kept him fresh and fair as when she last saw him."

VI.C.1.105(h)

**(b) witch suckles young devil**

*Irish Literary and Musical Studies* 'Tennyson in Ireland' 11: He went on to say that witches had, under torture, confessed to the most preposterous doings, such as having suckled young devils.

VI.C.1.105(i)