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SONGS IN THE SHADE OF THE OAK TREE

Lullabies and Nursery rhymes from Ireland

SONGS COLLECTED BY [NATHALIE SOUSSANA](#) MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS BY [JEAN-CHRISTOPHE HOARAU](#)

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BOOK 1



SONGS IN THE SHADE OF THE OAK TREE

Lullabies and Nursery Rhymes from Ireland

SIÚIL A RÚIN

Go my Love

I wish I was on yonder hill
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill
Until every tear would turn a mill
And may you go safely, my dear

Go, go, go my love
Walk softly
Walk to the door and fly with me
And may you go safely, my dear

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my only spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
And may you go safely, my dear

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red
And 'round the world I'll beg my bread
Until my parents shall wish me dead
And may you go safely, my dear

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

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

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my only spinning wheel
To buy my love a sword of steel
Is go dté tú mo mhuirnín slán

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



TÁIMSE 'GUS MÁIRE I'm with Mary

Mary and I are happy
We are united at the blessed altar
She has given me more love than friends and men
I took her hand and we will never separate

I play music, I sing the tunes
Rex-fol-dí-ó, rex-fol-dí-i-e-dil-i-dí

There are fruits growing with care in my garden
Apples, gooseberries and red currants
Some sugar in a bag, stored for three months
Some jam for the baby and the midwife

My wife, Mary, is majestic, beautiful and elegant
She rocks the cradle and the child
She makes her needles jump to knit stockings
She knits and hums to the baby

Táimse 'gus Máire go sásta inár n-aighe
Ó nascadh i bpáirt sinn ar altóir ró-bheannaithe
Thug sise grá thar cairde 'is thar fearaibh dhom
Thógas ar láimh í 's go brách brách ní scarfaimid

Bímse ag seinnt ceoil, bíonn poirtíní béil agam
Rex-fol-dí-ó, rex-fol-dí-i-e-dil-i-dí

Tá torthaí ag fás im' gháirdín go slachtaithe
Úlla, spíonáin agus cuiríní dearga
Siúcra i mála le ráithe go taiscithe
Chun subh is misleáin don bháb is don bhanaltra

'Sí mo chéile-se Máire an stáidbhean mhodhúil mhaisiúil
Ag luascadh an chliabháin is an páiste ar seascaireacht
Stoca 'na láimh is na bioráin inti a' preabarnaigh
Í ag cniotáil is ag crónán don leanbhín



TÉIR ABHAILE RIÚ Go Home

Go home, go home
Go home, Mary
Go home and stay there
Since the deal is done

It doesn't matter who did or didn't do it
It doesn't matter who did it, Mary
It doesn't matter who did or didn't do it
Since the deal is done

Kiss the piper, kiss the piper
Kiss the piper, Mary
Kiss the piper early in the night
And he'll be yours in the morning

Téir abhaile riú, téir abhaile riú
Téir abhaile riú, a Mháirí
Téir abhaile riú 's fan sa bhaile
Mar tá do mhargadh déanta

Is cuma cé dhein é no nár dhein
Is cuma cé dhein é, a Mháirí
Is cuma cé dhein é no nár dhein
Mar tá do mhargadh déanta

Póg an píobaire, póg an píobaire
Póg an píobaire, a Mháirí
Póg an píobaire i dtús na hoíche
Is beidh sé agat maidin



4 FAIR ROSA

Fair Rosa was a lovely child
A long time ago

A wicked fairy cast a spell
A long time ago

Fair Rosa slept a hundred years
A long time ago

The hedges they all hid her there
A long time ago

A handsome prince came riding by
A long time ago

He took fair Rosa's lily-white hand
A long time ago

He kissed fair Rosa's lily-white hand
A long time ago

Fair Rosa woke up from her dream
A long time ago

Fair Rosa will not sleep no more
A long time ago



5 THE DOFFING MISTRESS

Oh, do you know her, or do you not
This doffing mistress that we have got
Oh, Agnes Savage, it is her name
And she hangs her coat on the highest pin

Riddley-rightfull oh, riddley rightful ray

On Monday morning, when she comes in
She hangs her coat on the highest pin
She turns around for to view her girls
Sayin', "Damn you daughters, lay up your ends"

Lay up our ends, we will surely do
Our hands are steady, our eyes are true
Lay up our ends, we will surely do
But for Lizzie Murphy and not for you

When Agnes Savage comes up the path
She spreads her feet like a big jackass
She makes a noise like an elephant's trunk
Aye, and all the doffers they swear shes' drunk

Oh, Lizzy Murphy, you went away
It's every night for you we pray
You left us here with a broken heart
Now there's no one left for to take our part



THUGAMAR FÉIN AN SAMHRAOH LINN

We Brought the Summer with us

Dolls of May, maidens of summer
Up on every hill, down in every valley
Pretty girls, dressed in white
We brought the summer with us

Summer, summer, calf's milk
We brought summer with us
The yellow summer with the daisies
We brought summer with us

We brought summer with us from the grove
We brought summer with us
The yellow summer with the sunset
We brought summer with us

Bábóg na Bealtaine, maighdean a' tsamhraidh
Suas gach cnoc is síos gach gleann
Cailíní maiseacha, bángheala gléasta
Is thugamar féin an samhradh linn

Samhradh, samhradh, bainne na ngamhna
Thugamar féin an samhradh linn
Samhradh buí na nóinín gléigeal
Thugamar féin an samhradh linn

Thugamar linn é ón gcoill chraobhaigh
Thugamar féin an samhradh linn
Samhradh buí ó luí na gréine
Thugamar féin an samhradh linn

MY GRANDFATHER DIED

Oh me grandfather died and he didn't tell me why
He left me a horse with three legs and one eye

With me hee ai adee-o mammy and your daddy oh
Hee ai adee-o down by Lucan Dairy

Oh me grandfather died and he left me a pig
A right old pig that would do a highland gig

Oh me grandfather left me a fiddle and a bow
And how do I play all the tunes that I know?

Oh me grandfather's gone and I don't know where
And this is the end of my song I declare



8

EILEANÓIR A RÚN Eleanor My Love

You are my first love
Eleanor my love
I think of you when I go to sleep
My love, my first treasure
You are the most beautiful woman of Ireland

A fetching young lady, you are the prettiest and sweetist to kiss
As long as I live, I shall desire you
I wish to lead the calves with you
Eleanor my love

She has a way to attract the birds in the trees
She has a way to bring someone back from the dead
She has another gift that I will not mention
Since she is the love of my life and my first love

Mo ghrá den chéad fhéachaint thú
Eileanóir a rún
Is ortsa a bhím ag smaoineamh fad a bhím im' shuan
Mo ghrá den chéad thú is ó mo chéad-searc
Is tú is deise ná ban Éireann

A bhrúinnilín deas óig, is tú is deise is milse póig
Chúns a mhairfeadsa beo beidh gean a'm ort
Mar is deas mar a sheolfainn na gamhna leat
Eileanóir a rún

Tá bua aici go meallfadh sí an éanlaith ón gcrann
Tá bua eile aici go dtógfadh sí an corp fuar ón mbás
Tá bua eile aici nach ndéarfadh mé
Mar 'sí grá mo chroí 's mo chéad-searc

9

DO CHUIRFINNSE FÉIN MO LEANBH A CHOOLAON I Would Put my Own Child to Sleep

To and fro, lu la lo
To and fro, my own sweet baby

I would put my own child to sleep
One bright day between two Decembers
In a golden cradle on a quiet floor
Under the branches of trees
And the wind rocking it

Sleep child, and sleep safe
And may your sleep bring you health
May your deep thoughts not torment your heart
And may I not be a mother without a son

Seoithín seó huil liú leo
Seoithín seó, is tú mo leanbh

Do chuirfinnse féin mo leanbh a chodladh
Lá breá gréine idir dhá Nollaig
I gcliabhán óir ar urláir shocair
Faoi bharra na gcaobh is an ghaoth á bhogadh

Codail a linbh is gurb é codladh slán duit
Is as do chodladh go dtugair do shláinte
As do smaointe do chroí nár chráitear
Is nár ba bhean gan mac do mháthair

my AUNT JANE

My Aunt Jane, she took me in
She gave me tea out of her wee tin
Half a bap with wee sweets on the top
Three black lumps out of her wee shop

My Aunt Jane, she's awful smart
She bakes wee rings in an apple tart
And when Halloween comes around
For next that tart I'm always found

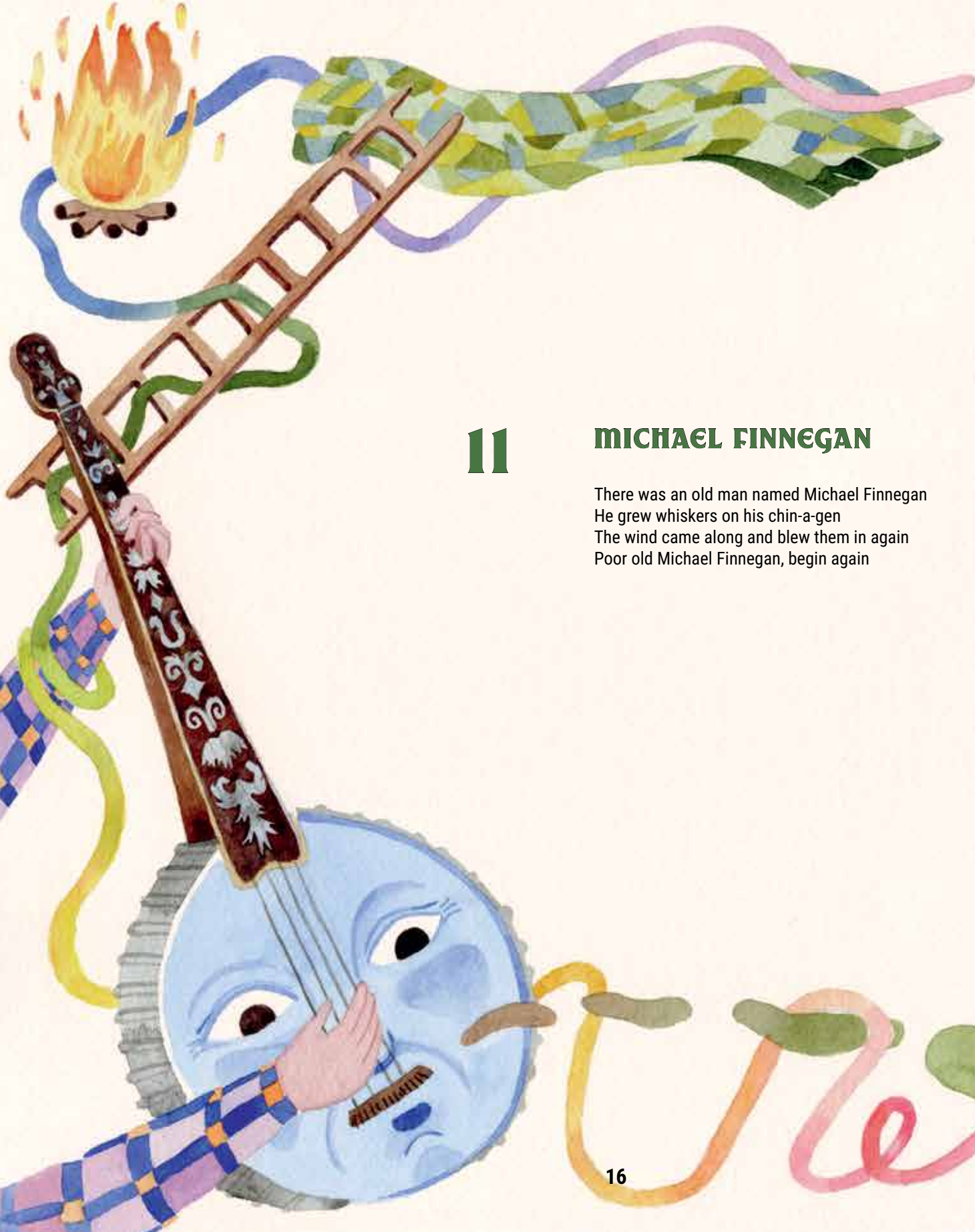
My Aunt Jane has a bell on the door
A white stone step and a clean swept floor
Candy apples, hard green pears
Conversation lozenges

My Aunt Jane, she can dance a jig
Sing a song 'round a sweetie pig
Wee red eyes and a cord for a tail
Hanging in a bunch from a crooked nail

My Aunt Jane she's never cross
She paid five shillings for an old wooden horse
She jumped on its back, the bones let a crack
She'll play the fiddle till I get back

My Aunt Jane, she took me in
She gave me tea out of her wee tin
Half a bap with wee sweets on the top
Three black lumps out of her wee shop





11

MICHAEL FINNEGAN

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He grew whiskers on his chin-a-gen
The wind came along and blew them in again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, begin again

16



12

TUIRNE MHÁIRE mary's Spinning wheel

Fal-la-la, fal-la-la
Fal-la-lú, fal-lér í
Fal-la-la, fal-la-la
Fal-lú, fal-la, fa-lér í

Quiet Mary, the wool is thick now with the help of the high king
Tune your spinning wheel again, with three new legs from Spain
A hub from London, a block from Limerick, and a distaff from Leinster
The best silk thread in the land, and your spinning wheel will be happy

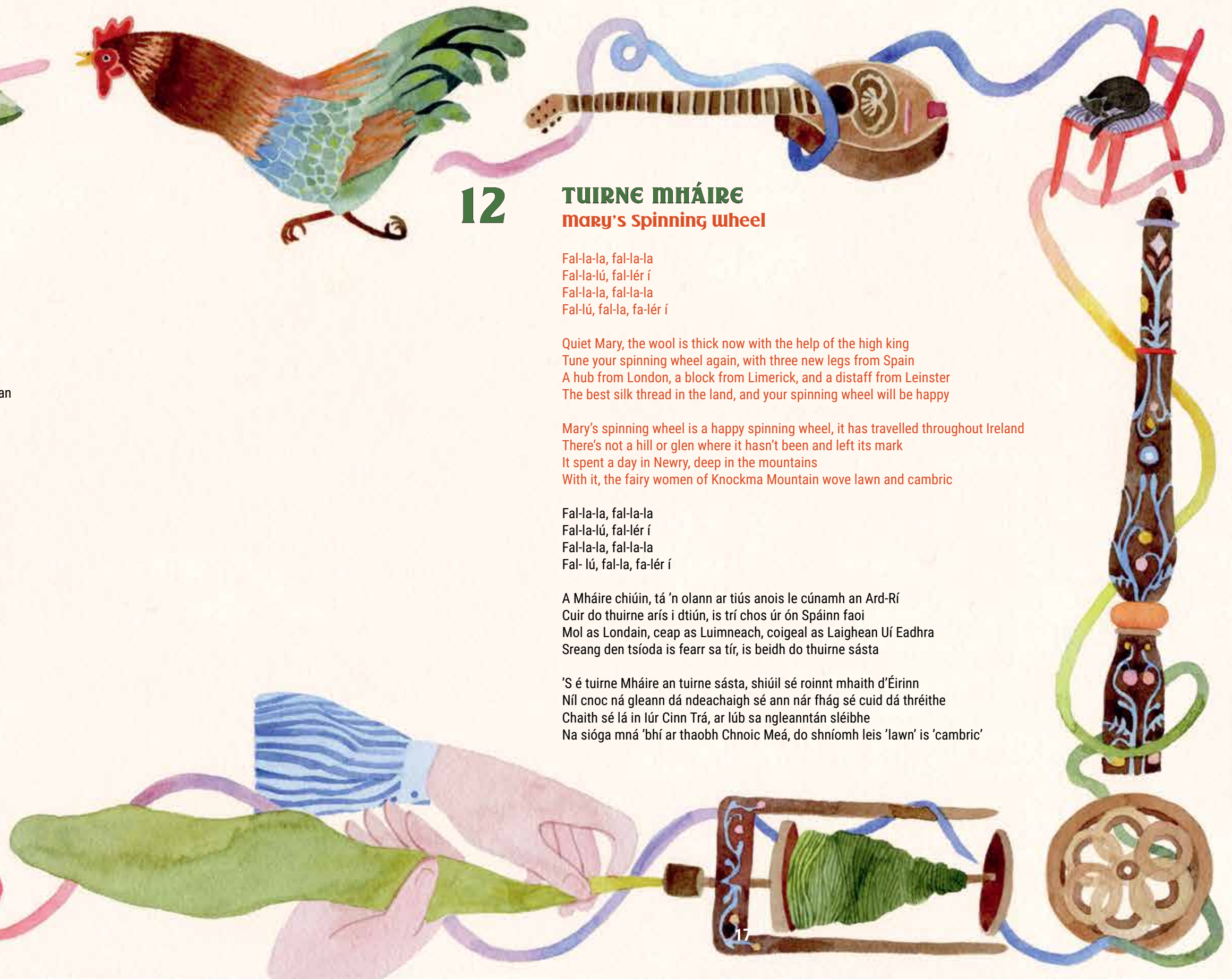
Mary's spinning wheel is a happy spinning wheel, it has travelled throughout Ireland
There's not a hill or glen where it hasn't been and left its mark
It spent a day in Newry, deep in the mountains
With it, the fairy women of Knockma Mountain wove lawn and cambric

Fal-la-la, fal-la-la
Fal-la-lú, fal-lér í
Fal-la-la, fal-la-la
Fal-lú, fal-la, fa-lér í

A Mháire chiúin, tá 'n olann ar tiús anois le cúnamh an Ard-Rí
Cuir do thuirne arís i dtiún, is trí chos úr ón Spáinn faoi
Mol as Londain, ceap as Luimneach, coigeal as Laighean Uí Eadhra
Sreang den tsíoda is fearr sa tír, is beidh do thuirne sásta

'S é tuirne Mháire an tuirne sásta, shiúil sé roinnt mhaith d'Éirinn
Níl cnoc ná gleann dá ndeachaigh sé ann nár fhág sé cuid dá thréithe
Chaith sé lá in Iúr Cinn Trá, ar lúb sa ngleanntán sléibhe
Na síoga mná 'bhí ar thaobh Chnoic Meá, do shníomh leis 'lawn' is 'cambric'

17



THE PARTING GLASS

Of all the money that e'er I had
I have spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas! It was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all



SAIL ÓG RUA

Am I not the poor lady, going to Carraigín an Fhásaigh?
Weeping and moaning
Nursing my child in the crook of my arm
And not even a drop of milk to give him

I am only a weakling, there's no denying it
Indeed, I am as insignificant as the fog
My heart is bleeding within me
Because my love, the treasure of my heart, is gone

'S nach mise an trua Mhuire ag dul go Carraigín an Fhásaigh
Ag gol is ag gártháil is ag déanamh bróin
'S mé ag oiliúint mo linbh ar bhacán mo láimhe
'S gan fiú an braon bainne agam a thabharfainn dó

Níl mé ach go tréithlag 's níl aon mhaith dhá shéanadh
Níl mé ar aon chor ach mar an gceo
Go bhfuil fuil mo chroí istigh dhá tabhairt ina braonta
Mar gur imigh mo ghrá uaim is stór mo chroí





In your hands, you hold the perfect key to unlocking Ireland's rich tradition of music and song. This collection of songs offers a taste of the range and different styles of Irish song, combining popular childhood favourites such as the repetitive song "Michael Finnegan" and expressive airs found in "Thugamar Féin An Samhradh Linn," a song associated with Bealtaine, the May Day festival in Ireland.

The songs are drawn from all over Ireland, in English and Irish, representing regional differences and styles. Two of the songs, "Fair Rosa" and "My Aunt Jane" were on the album *Green Peas and Barley O*, a well-known record of children's street songs from Belfast collected by the filmmaker and traditional singer David Hammond. "The Doffing Mistress" was often performed by Máire Delaney, a keen singer at the Góilín Singers' Club in Dublin, a 40-year old space for people to sing and listen to traditional Irish song. And every Irish person has memories of "The Parting Glass," a song that is often sung collectively to say farewell to loved ones.

Traditional Irish song is part of a long-established oral tradition passed down from one generation to the next and generally learned by ear. The largest collection of traditional songs is available for consultation at the Irish Traditional Music Archive in Dublin established in 1987. The English language tradition is mostly associated with ballad singing, covering subjects that range from emigration and unrequited love, to rebel songs and murder ballads. Sean-nós singing (literally old-style), on the other hand, is generally sung in Irish a capella and associated with singers such as the late Joe Heaney or Iarla Ó Lionáird and his great-aunt, "The Queen of Irish Song," Elizabeth Cronin. She collected and sang songs in both languages, which are known as macaronic songs.

There is also the rhythmic tradition of lilting, which often accompanies dancing, where the focus is on the tune rather than on any narrative. For this collection, the performers include the very fine Cork singer-songwriter John Spillane, known to every child in Ireland for his album *Irish Songs We learned At School*, Ríoghnach Connolly, who brought her distinctive singing style to the Belfast songs, and Deirbhile Ní Bhrolcháin, whose lullabies soothe and comfort. Pupils of the Ennis-based Irish-language school Gaelscoil Mhíchíl Cíosóg, in association with Music Generation Clare, also took part in the production, singing traditional rhymes.

Nora Hickey M'Sichili

1 SIÚIL A RÚIN / GO MY LOVE

Singer Cadhla Brock

“Siúil A Rúin” is a traditional Irish song that shares the personal reaction of a woman lamenting the loss of her lover, who has gone off for a life of soldiering. The verses are in English and the chorus in Irish, a style known as Irish macaronic verse. Use of the term “macaronic” in Europe dates back to the sixteenth century and refers to parodic poetry that mixes a vernacular language with Latin or, by extension, any commonly spoken language. While the etymology is uncertain, it appears to derive from the Italian “macaroneo,” a burlesque poem. Primarily literary in nature, this genre was first brought to Ireland by monks and then found a place in song thanks to schoolmasters, who were often familiar with Latin and used it in teaching or to demonstrate their intellectual superiority. During the nineteenth century, the richest period of macaronic songs, a mastery of English became a symbol of power.

2 TÁIMSE ‘GUS MÁIRE / I’M WITH MARY

Singer Cadhla Brock

“Táimse ‘Gus Máire” is a love song written by the Irish poet Seán Ó Súilleabháin (1903–1996). In the song he pays tribute to his beautiful wife Mary, a stately, elegant woman and the mother of his young child. It describes a scene from family life that is poignant in its simplicity. The song is accompanied by a Celtic harp that is widely used throughout Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Brittany and Galicia (located in Atlantic Europe). It is so closely associated with Ireland that the instrument was incorporated into the country’s coat of arms in the thirteenth century. Its use began to decline under English domination during the sixteenth century, when it was banned in Ireland and Scotland. In the nineteenth century, a reborn interest in folk cultures and traditions brought the instrument back into the limelight. Historically, the soundbox was carved from a block of oak or willow, the outside column (or pillar) was sharply curved, and the strings were made of metal or gut. The musician places the harp on one thigh and rests it against their shoulder as the strings are plucked by fingernails, with the left hand playing the upper register and the right hand the lower notes. The Celtic harp is a diatonic instrument with twelve to thirty strings usually, but it can have up to fifty and cover a four octave range.

3 TÉIR ABHAILE RIÚ / GO HOME

Singer Jack Delaney

Here is an example of what is called a “matchmaking song” in Irish tradition. The dialect used in the song places it in either Munster or Connacht. The lyrics recount the story of a young woman who dreams of running off with a sailor. She is teased by her father, who asks her to come back home, finish her chores and marry a lad from the village. A famous version of the song was recorded by the Irish band Clannad in 1976. Another version tells the story of Mary, who has been eyeing a piper all evening. Her father pressures her to marry the flute player to whom she has been promised. An argument between father and daughter ensues.

4 FAIR ROSA

Singer Ríoghnach Connolly

“*Fair Rosa*” is an adaptation of the popular fairy tale *Sleeping Beauty*. Two of the most famous versions are by Charles Perrault, published in 1697 in *Les Contes de ma mère l’Oye*, and the Brothers Grimm, published in 1812. While Perrault’s version is undoubtedly the best known, it derives from an even earlier tale—*Sole, Luna e Talia (Sun, Moon and Talia)*, from the *Pentamerone* by *Giambattista Basile*, published in 1634. In 1897, Franz Magnus Böhme published a collection that included *Dornröschen (Little Briar Rose)*, a German song based on a Brothers Grimm tale. Translated into English as *Fair Rosa*, the song entered tradition as a popular game often taught to schoolchildren. In 1935, Sam Henry collected the song “Fair Rosa” in County Derry, Ireland. Over time, it became the action song included here. *Fair Rosa* is included in a compilation of songs by filmmaker David Hammond entitled *Green Peas and Barley O*, performed by children from a school in Belfast.

5 THE DOFFING MISTRESS

Singers Lucie Azconaga **and** Consuelo Nerea Breschi

In this song, which comes from the flax spinning factories of Northern Ireland, young girls in a workshop sing the praises of their supervisor. Traditionally, the doffing mistress protected the young workers, known as doffers, from accidents by keeping close watch over them as they wound yarn from the spinning machine onto spools ready to send to weavers. “The Doffing Mistress” became the anthem of textile factories in Belfast. The line describing the mistress hanging her coat on the highest hook is a reference to her standing straight, unlike the workers who were bent over the spinning machines all day long. Varo, the duo heard in this performance, recorded “The Doffing Mistress” on their 2020 self titled debut album.

6. THUGAMAR FÉIN AN SAMHRAOH LINN / WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US

Singer John Spillane

Here is a summer song associated with calendar customs around Bealtaine, a festival held on May 1. The origin of the song is uncertain: some believe it was sung in the Dublin region around 1633 while others think it dates from 1726 or 1745.

Bealtaine (pronounced byell'-tin-a) is the name of the month of May in Irish. Tradition has it that communities are to light large fires, often set on the crown of a hill. This song celebrates nature and the arrival of summer. *Samhradh* means “garland” or “branch,” usually of one of hawthorn but sometimes blackthorn or holly. *Bábóg* or *baibín* (doll) refers to the May baby, a female effigy decorated with ribbons and flowers. It is set on a short pole and carried by young girls dressed in white who sing “Thugamar Féin An Samhradh Linn” every time the procession passes a dwelling. The version here is sung by John Spillane, a celebrated performer and defender of the Irish language originally from a suburb of Cork, whose many albums are almost exclusively in Irish. As a two-time winner of the Meteor Award, he is one of Ireland’s most talented and popular singer-songwriters.

7 MY GRANOFATHER DÍEO

Singers Kataulo Hickey M’Sichili **and** Tilimbane Hickey M’Sichili

“My Grandfather Died” is a little-known song collected by Nora Hickey M’Sichili from her father, Ted Hickey. It mentions the Lucan Dairy, which was founded in 1892 by Richard Nash in the Dublin County town of Lucan and continued to operate into the 1960s. A version of the same song from Ulster can be found in Sam Henry’s *Songs of The People*.

8 EILEANÓIR A RÚN / ELEANOR MY LOVE

Singer Jack Delaney

“Eileanóir A Rún” (“Eleanor My Love”) is a love song attributed to Cearbhall Og O Dalaigh, a harpist of the early seventeenth century and author of love poems to Eleanor Kavanagh, daughter of Sir Morgan Kavanagh of Clonmullen Castle. The melody was included in Charles Coffey’s 1728 opera *The Beggar’s Wedding*. The song describes how Eileanóir (Eleanor) ran off with Cearbhall (Carroll) just before she was to marry another man. Cearbhall, who came to play music at the wedding, fell in love with the bride during the ceremony and wrote “Eileanóir A Rún” to win her heart.

9 DO CHUIRFINNSE FÉIN MO LEANBH A CHOOLAOH

Singer Deirbhile Ní Bhrolcháin

“Do Chuirfinnse Féin Mo Leanbh A Chodladh” is a lullaby from a long-standing tradition of songs about protection, although it was not collected until the mid-nineteenth century. Like many Irish lullabies, it speaks of health, the child’s well-being and fear. Mothers were anxious not only for the life of their infants but also about life’s inevitable misfortunes, the unknown, separation and their heavy responsibility. This lullaby takes the form of a mother’s internal monologue as she seeks support in the face of adversity. The child is to be placed in a golden cradle in the shadow of trees, where it will be rocked by the wind and protected from illness and bad dreams. The lyrics of the refrain are as comforting as the melody, which weaves a spell around the sleeping infant.

10 MY AUNT JANE

Singer Ríoghnach Connolly

“My Aunt Jane” is arguably Belfast’s best known nursery rhyme. It is also sung with slightly different lyrics under the title “I’ll Tell Me Ma”. The song describes a family scene in which Aunt Jane has a candy shop where she welcomes her nephew with a cup of tea and a bap (a small bun).

This nursery rhyme is sung to a polka rhythm. The polka (“polca” in Irish) originated in mid-nineteenth-century Bohemia and was introduced to Ireland at the end of that century, where it became one of the most popular traditional folk dances. Many Irish dance styles are set to polkas. The hundreds of polka melodies found in Ireland today are often played on the violin or button accordion. The main instrument heard in this version is the bodhrán, derived from the Gaelic “bodhar” meaning “muffled.” The bodhrán is a frame drum that undoubtedly derived from the oriental daf, itself a descendent of the tamis—an agricultural sieve used to remove grains from their envelope. While frame drums are played almost everywhere, the bodhrán has a unique performance technique: the skin is struck by a beater (known as a stick or tipper) held in the middle so that both rounded ends can strike the skin. The hand holding the instrument also controls the skin tension to vary the sound.

11 MICHAEL FINNEGAN

Singers Nora Hickey M’Sichili, Kataulo Hickey M’Sichili **and** Tilimbane Hickey M’Sichili

“Michael Finnegan” is an example of a repetition song to which any number of variations can be added. Like most songs that repeat endlessly, it is usually sung at school, around a campfire or during a scout jamboree. Well known throughout Ireland, “Michael Finnegan” is usually sung to a polka rhythm.

The lyrics recount the misadventures of “poor old Michael Finnegan,” who is unlucky in all he undertakes. Echoes of this hapless character are found in James Joyce’s *Finnegans Wake*, published in 1939, which features a Dublin hod-carrier (construction worker) named Finnegan, who falls to his death while building a wall.

The performance of the nursery rhyme in this collection is accompanied by a banjo. While used in the traditional music of many countries, the banjo holds a special place in Irish folk music. In the early 1960s, Barney McKenna of The Dubliners started a new trend by playing a four-string tenor banjo tuned E-A-D-G (from high to low). Until then, musicians had primarily used five-string banjos, mandolin-banjos or standard four-string banjos.

12 TUIRNE MHÁIRE / MARY’S SPINNING WHEEL

Singer Deirbhile Ní Bhrolcháin

The main character in “Tuirne Mháire” is the spinning wheel itself. The need for *Mháire* (Mary) to keep her wheel in good condition is emphasized, in reference to an Irish myth. According to the myth, fairies visit visit homes at night to turn the spinning wheel until the rooster crows in the morning. Therefore, the spinning wheel is always left in good working order in every home before the family turns in.

The plucked instrument heard in this version is a mandolin, an instrument with origins in Italy. The Irish or folk mandolin resembles the Neapolitan mandolin except for the back and soundboard (which are flat or slightly rounded), the fingerboard (somewhat wider) and the overall size (a bit bigger).

13 THE PARTING GLASS

Singer Grainne Hunt

“The Parting Glass” is a traditional parting song sometimes sung when friends go their separate ways. A parting glass is offered to guests as they leave—one last drink to strengthen them for the journey. This song is also often sung at funerals or to remember a loved one.

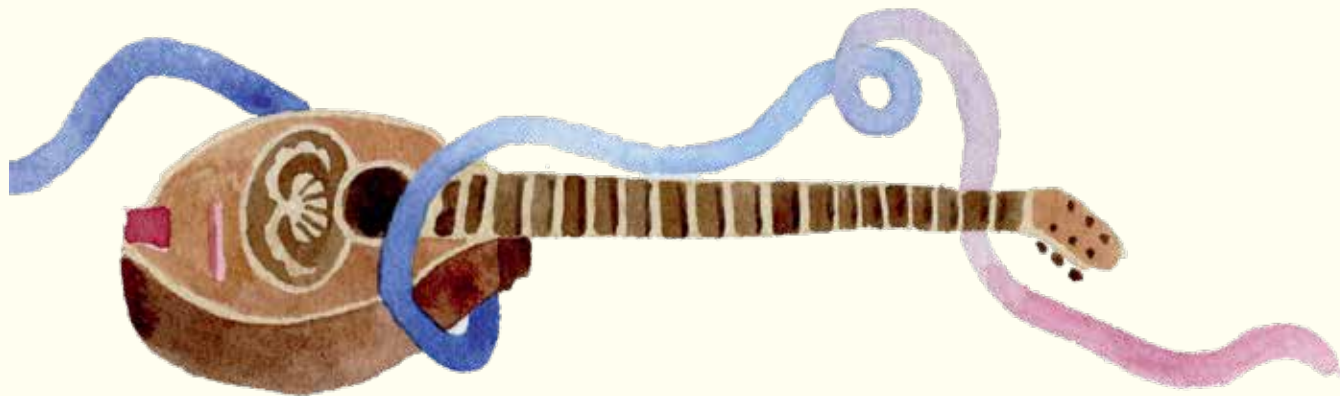
The song’s lyrics were recorded in the *Skene Manuscript*, a collection of Scottish songs written between 1615 and 1635. Part of the first verse is also found in a farewell letter known as “Armstrong’s Goodnight,” dated 1605. The first known appearance of the melody now associated with this text is a violin tune called “The Peacock,” found in *A Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs*, published in 1782. “The Parting Glass” became popular in the mid-twentieth century thanks to recordings by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem. Recorded in 1964, Bob Dylan’s “Restless Farewell” sets original lyrics to this nineteenth-century melody.

14 SAIL ÓG RUA

Singer Caitriona Canavan

Here is a tragic love song in which a lover kills his wife and immediately regrets what he has done. It is performed in the Irish tradition known as “sean-nós,” a deceptively simple style featuring unaccompanied vocals with no changes in dynamics or use of vibrato, free rhythm and a meandering melody. The subject of Irish sean-nós songs ranges from complaints to lullabies to love songs, which is the case here. The term “sean-nós” first appeared in Ireland in 1904 in the context of singing competitions organized by the Gaelic League. The expression “singing in the old style” was simply translated into Irish as “amhrán ar an sean-nós.”

Many versions of this song have been recorded, especially by singers from Connemara.



Song selection, explanatory notes and vocal coordination Nathalie Soussana
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Musicians
 Jean-Christophe Hoarau (guitar, bass, banjo)
 David Doucerain (guitar, double bass)
 Nicolas Dupin (bodhrán, bones)
 Quentin Hoarau (mandolin)
 Baptiste Rivaud (flute)
 Céline Rivaud (fiddle)
 Christophe Saunière (harp)

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www.thesecretmountain.com
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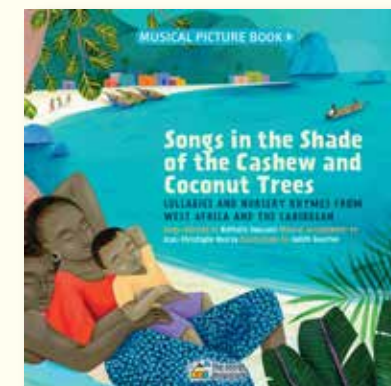
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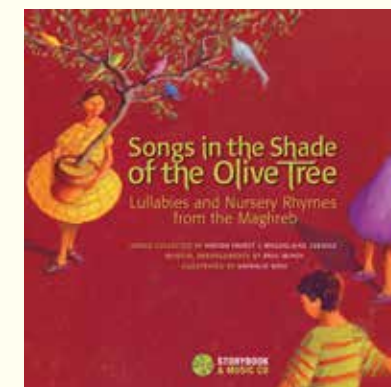
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An enchanting collection of 14 songs drawn from all over Ireland that invites children to discover a rich tradition of music that is heartfelt and hopeful, filled with pride and passion. The diverse tones that make up this celebration of sound and storytelling blend beautifully, giving Irish music its enviable ability to shift from lively to heart-wrenching in the space of a single verse. Popular favorites passed on from generation to generation are performed by men, women and children accompanied by talented musicians playing a wide array of instruments including the fiddle, bodhrán, flute and Celtic harp.

Lyrics are transcribed in English and Irish followed by notes describing the cultural background of each song are also included.

- | | | | |
|---|--|----|--|
| 1 | SIÚIL A RÚIN
GO MY LOVE 2:48 | 8 | EILEANÓIR A RÚN
ELEANOR MY LOVE 2:33 |
| 2 | TÁIMSE 'GUS MÁIRE
I'M WITH MARY 1:26 | 9 | DO CHUIRFINNSE FÉIN MO
LEANBH A CHOOLAON
I WOULD PUT MY OWN CHILD
TO SLEEP 2:47 |
| 3 | TÉIR ABHAILE RIÚ
GO HOME 1:17 | 10 | MY AUNT JANE 1:32 |
| 4 | FAIR ROSA 1:55 | 11 | MICHAEL FINNEGAN 0:38 |
| 5 | THE DOFFING MISTRESS 2:14 | 12 | TUIRNE MHÁIRE
MARY'S SPINNING WHEEL 1:33 |
| 6 | THUGAMAR FÉIN
AN SAMHRAOH LINN
WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER
WITH US 2:07 | 13 | THE PARTING GLASS 1:09 |
| 7 | MY GRANDFATHER DIED 1:28 | 14 | SAIL ÓG RUA 2:31 |

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