

A. W. MOORE



QUOCUNQUE JECERIS STABIT.

MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC
(1896)

WORKING GUIDE (7)

THE ROBERT GAWNE COLLECTION



CHIOLLAGH BOOKS
2017

Vers. 1.0

A.W. MOORE
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(1896)



INTRODUCTION

A.W. Moore in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896) drew upon a manuscript collection of Manx folk songs credited to Robert Gawne that was then in his possession.

§I ROBERT GAWNE AND MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC (1896)

From "Introduction," *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896) xiv–xxx.

2.1 [xvi] The chief custodians, then, of Manx ballads have been the illiterate and unlearned, and even they, owing to the causes mentioned have probably lost most of what was best worth keeping. What remains would have been, in part at least, lost, if it had not been for the diligent zeal of William Harrison of Rockmount, Robert Gawne of the Rowany,¹ and John Quirk of Carn-y-greie, whose collections have been made within the last fifty years.

¹ Robert Gawne's collection is in MS.

2.2 [xx] (3) *Ballads connected with Customs and Superstitions*. The meaning of the curious old song "Mylecharaine" is obscure, but we may gather from it that there was an old miser called Mylecharaine, who lived in the Curragh in the parish of Jurby, that he had a daughter who paid more attention to her attire than he did to his, and that in consequence of being the first man in Man who broke through the old custom of not giving a dowry to daughters on their marriage, he was the object of a terrible curse. We may well ask, Why? The two last verses of the song are an addition from the MS. of the late Robert Gawne.

2.3 [xxii] (4) [*sic*] *Love Songs*. Under this heading there is but little requiring any special mention. The best song, perhaps, is "Ec ny Fiddleryn," (page 218) which, it will be seen, begins in much the same way as the fragment "Marish ny Fiddleryn" (pages 106–07) written down by the late Robert Gawne some 40 years ago.

2.4 [xxix] I have now to refer to some ballads which have not been included in this collection: They consist of (1) Erotic Ballads, and (2) Modern Ballads. Those in the first class have been excluded because they are too gross and indecent for publication; and those in the second, partly because they are of the most inferior type of doggerel and partly because most of them have been written within the last fifty years.

¹ The titles of a few of the best known are: (1) “Qulliam Baugh.” (2) “Dy bovms as berchys moar.” (3) “Moghrey dan venainshter.” (4) “Traa va mee ghuilley beg aalin as reagh.” (5) “Va mee baghyn kewt soorey.” (6) “Ail moar, ail moar mullagh ny chrink.” (7) “Walk mee magh morrey Laa Bauldyn.” (8) “Ayns earish Cromwell.” [The spelling is given as in the original MS]. {[] as in the original.}

2.5 [xxix] I will now proceed to give an account of the sources from which the ballads and songs given in the text have been derived. They are: (1) PRINTED. From Train’s [xxx] *History of the Isle of Man*: “Mannanan Beg Mac-y-Lheirr.” From *Folklore of the Isle of Man*: “Kiark Katreeney Marroo.” From Manx Society’s Publications: “Thurot as Elliot,” “Coontey Ghiare jeh Ellan Vannin,” “Tappagyn Jiargey,” Mylecharaine” (partly),¹ [...].

¹ Also Gawne’s MS.

2.6 [xxx] I will now proceed to give an account of the sources from which the ballads and songs given in the text have been derived. They are: [...] (2) MANUSCRIPT. From the late Mr Robert Gawne: “Er Genny Thombaghey,” “Arrane ny Paitchyn,” “Fer Dy Clein Click,” “Yn Dooinney Boght,” “Berry Dhone,” “Quoifyn Lieen Vooar,” “Moir as Inneen,” “Nancy Sooill Ghoo,” “Nelly Veen,” “Isabel Foalsey,” “Irree Seose,” “Marish ny Fiddleryn,” “Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey,” “My Henn Ghooinney Mie,” “Skeeylley Breeshey.”

§2 THE GAWNE COLLECTION IN MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC (1896)

3.1 THE TEXTS AS PRINTED IN MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC IN ORDER

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2. Yn Dooinney Boght 44

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SONGS CONNECTED WITH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

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LOVE SONGS

7. Moir as Inneen 89

8. Nancy Sooill-Ghoo 93

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10. Isabel Foalsey 100

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12. Marish ny Fiddleryn 108

NAUTICAL BALLADS

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13. Three Eeasteyryn Boghtey	172
MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS	
14. My Henn Ghooiney Mie	206
15. Skeeylley Breeshey	214

§3 A.W. MOORE, MANX 'ODDS & ENDS', UNDATED NOTEBOOK, MNHL, MS 221 A

For the association of the erotic or bawdy material mentioned in *Manx Ballads and Music* [§2.4] with the Robert Gawne Collection, see the scan below of the relevant page from A.W. Moore's self-titled and undated notebook, "Manx 'Odds & Ends'," MNHL, MS 221 A. Note the six titles here which match those mentioned in *Manx Ballads and Music*.

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Songs
 Titles of songs not worth too coarse to publish. from R's coll.
 Dy boyns y rerys moor shan. 12 lines *see below*
 Naghrey dhan ven askter. 16 "
 Guillian Baugh. 20 " *copied*
 Ba ba my me ghillee beg aalin as raagh. 28 lines *copied*
 Ba my baaghyn kewt soorey mye bah me ny lanoo aeg. 28-
 Cail moor ail moor mulloek my c brink - 8 lines

§4 MENTIONS OF THE EROTIC OR BAWDY MATERIAL IN THE T.E. BROWN—A.W. MOORE CORRESPONDENCE

5.1 LETTER FROM T.E. BROWN TO A.W. MOORE (19 FEBRUARY 1896)

I have none of the Love songs (indecent), which I think you intend publishing in Manx only.

Letter from T.E. Brown to A.W. Moore, 19 February 1896, MNHL, MS 1277/50 A.

5.2 LETTER FROM T.E. BROWN TO A.W. MOORE (13 MARCH 1896)

Love Songs—

According to D^r Clague these are almost all horribly indecent. He says that one verse, or, at the utmost, two, may be tolerated, but 'invariably' the rest is absolute dirt. Moreover he declares that these songs are exceedingly numerous.

I suppose you will allude to this as one of the [*unreadable word*] reasons for excluding a large body of songs compositions. It involves a reflection on the moral

and intellectual character of our people; but they deserve it, and historical truth demands the sacrifice of our national feelings.

Letter from T.E. Brown to A.W. Moore, 13 March 1896, MNHL, MS 1277/52 A.

5.3 LETTER FROM T.E. BROWN TO A.W. MOORE (16 MARCH 1896)

I quite follow your argument as expressed in its latest form. It is gratifying to think that you have reason for mistrusting D^r Clague's estimate of Manx Love Songs.

Letter from T.E. Brown to A.W. Moore, 16 March 1896, MNHL, MS 1277/53 A.

5.4 The erotic or bawdy material never appeared in *Manx Ballads and Music*, but MS 221 A possibly indicates that part at least of the texts were being prepared for publication. However, if Moore was intending to publish in Manx only (as T.E. Brown thought) it is hard to see why a selection was being made, unless partial versions in English translation was in mind by Moore.

§5 THE ROBERT GAWNE COLLECTION EROTIC OR BAWDY TITLES

5.1 TITLES AS GIVEN IN MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC (1896) [SEE §2.4]

1. Ail moor, ail moor mullagh ny chrink
2. Ayns earish Cromwell
3. Dy bovms as berchys moan
4. Moghrey den venainshter
5. Qulliam Baugh
6. Traa va mee ghuilley beg aalin as reagh
7. Va mee baghyn kewt soorey
8. Walk mee magh morrey Laa Bauldyn

5.2 REGULARISED TITLES *

1. AILE MOOAR, AILE MOOAR MULLAGH Y CHRINK / NY CRINK
'A big fire, a big fire on the top of the hill / the hills'
2. AYNS EARISH C[H]ROMWELL
'In the time of Cromwell'
3. DY BEIGN'S AYNS BERCHYS MOOAR
'If I were in great wealth'
4. MOGHREY DA'N VENAINSHTER
'(Good) morning to the mistress'

5. ILLIAM BOGHT (OR) QUILLIAM BOGHT
‘Poor William’ *or* ‘Poor Quilliam’
6. TRA VA MEE [MY] GHILLEY BEG AALIN AS REAGH
‘When I was a young lad good-looking and randy’
7. VA MEE ?LAGHYN CEAUT SOOREE
‘I was days spent courting’
8. WALK [HIOOILL] MEE MAGH MOGHREY LAA BOALDYN
‘I walked out May Day morning’

* I am grateful to Prof. George Broderick for his help with the Manx here.

§6 ROBERT GAWNE

I. MENTIONS OF ROBERT GAWNE

I.1 WILLIAM HARRISON, MONA MISCELLANY, 1ST SERIES (1869)

[Shenn Arrane Ghaelgagh er Mylecharane] I have one by Mr Robert Gawne of Douglas in 1837, with some slight alterations, containing nine verses [...].

William Harrison, *Mona Miscellany: A Selection of Proverbs, Sayings, Ballads, Customs, Superstitions, and Legends Peculiar to the Isle of Man*, Manx Society, vol. xvi (Douglas: Manx Society, 1869) 57.

I.2 A.W. MOORE, “SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MANX SOCIETY,” MANX NOTE BOOK (1886)

It should be noted that many of the principal documents were discovered and copied by the late Robert Gawne, of the Rowany, whose research and industry appear to have escaped acknowledgment.

A.W. Moore, “Some Account of the Manx Society.” *Manx Note Book* ii (1886): 174–79, see 176 fn. [1]. Referring to Oliver’s *Monumenta de Insula Mania*, 3 vols (Douglas: Manx Society, 1860–62).

I.3 A.W. MOORE, “INTRODUCTION,” CARVALYN GAILCKAGH (1891)

The chief sources from which these Carols have been derived are the books [...] of the late Robert Gawne, of the Rowany.

A.W. Moore, “Introduction.” *Carvalyn Gailckagh* (n.p. [‘Isle of Man’]: John Christian Fargher, 1891) iii.

I.4 A.W. MOORE, “WATER AND WELL-WORSHIP IN MAN,” FOLK-LORE (1894)

[...] as is shown by the following story found among the MSS. of the late Robert Gawne of the Rowany, parish of Rushen [...].

A.W. Moore, “Water and Well-Worship in Man.” *Folk-Lore* v.3 (1894): 212–29, see 212.

2. THE ROWANY & THE GAWNE FAMILY

2.1 PIGOT AND CO.’S CITY OF DUBLIN AND HIBERNIAN PROVINCIAL DIRECTORY (1824)

Gawne, Wm. Esq. Rouany.

“Parishes in the Isle of Man,” under “Christ Rushen.” *Pigot and Co.’s City of Dublin and Hibernian Provincial Directory* [...] *The whole concluding with a complete Isle of Man Directory and Guide* (London & Manchester: J. Pigot, 1824) 205c.

§7 ROBERT GAWNE AND HIS FOLK SONG AND FOLKLORE COLLECTIONS

A.W. Moore in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896) drew upon a manuscript collection of Manx folk songs credited to Robert Gawne that was now in his possession. From other references made by Moore, Gawne gathered more than just songs, as material was used in a paper on Manx wells published in 1894, and *carval* books among the collection were used in *Carvalyn Gailckagh* (1891). He never gives any clue or hint as to how he acquired the collection, nor at what date it passed into his hands. Moore knew something of Gawne’s background, indicating that he had worked on Oliver’s *Monumenta de Insula Mania*, 3 vols (1860–62), published by the Manx Society. He is not, however, acknowledged by Oliver in any of his prefatory pieces with having worked on these volumes. If Moore is correct, it would indicate that besides a knowledge of Latin, not unexpected in this period it must be said, Gawne, moreover, had paleographic skills as well. He either developed these in order to work on the *Monumenta*, or had them generally through other work or interests. However, despite his clear antiquarian leanings, Gawne was never a member of the Manx Society. In 1896, he was referred to by Moore as “the late Robert Gawne,” and the same as can be seen in 1894, 1891, and 1886. In these last three mentions, Moore associates Gawne with being connected with the Rowany, near Port Erin in Rushen. *Pigot’s Directory* for 1824 has an entry for “Gawne, Wm. Esq. Rouany” and as promising as this first would seem, indicating possibly the father, there is no Robert to be found amongst the line. Nor, for that matter, can any Robert Gawne be located in the 1841–81 census records who would fit, either in the Island or elsewhere for matter, and regardless of a link to the Rowany. Finding any genealogical details about Gawne has proved impossible; nor is there any stray newspaper reference to someone who might match him.

Outside of Moore, the only other figure who mentions Robert Gawne is William Harrison, the compiler of *Mona Miscellany*, published by the Manx Society in 1869. This included folk songs, and in a commentary on Shenn Arrane Ghaelgagh er Mylecharane, he writes that “I have one by Mr Robert Gawne of Douglas in 1837,

with some slight alterations, containing nine verses [...]” Harrison was a Lancastrian businessman who had retired to the Island and became an enthusiastic member of the Manx Society, editing and compiling the larger part of the volumes that they published. Turning up only in the 1840s, he could not have met Gawne in 1837, and presumably the manuscript he was looking at bore that year as a date. The question arises to whether the Gawne Collection was in his hands at the time he was preparing *Mona Miscellany* or not; if it was, then he made no use of it, drawing his texts from the collecting of the Rev. J.T. Clarke. Nevertheless, in the preface to *Mona Miscellany*, Harrison mentions that “[s]ome Manx MS. Songs are also in his possession, which might be printed should the council of the Society think proper to allow them to appear in that language without an English rendering” (viii). As seen, the Gawne Collection contains erotic or bawdy material and this does suggest that Harrison did indeed have access to the collection. That it was not used in *Mona Miscellany* is more the issue of the use of the Clarke texts over those collected by Gawne rather than Harrison not having the Gawne Collection at all in his hands. And without that collection it means that Harrison had access to a collection of erotic or bawdy songs by yet another collector. William Harrison died in 1884, and assuming that he did have the Gawne Collection, it must have come into Moore’s hands soon after that date. Whatever the true situation, the Robert Gawne Collection is now known only through the pages of *Manx Ballads and Music* and MS 221 A, and Robert Gawne as a person barely at all.

STEPHEN MILLER, 2017



THE ROBERT GAWNE COLLECTION
MANX BALLADS AND MUSIC
(1896)



1. Arrane ny Paitchyn
2. Berry Dhone
3. Yn Dooinney Boght
4. Er Genny Thombaghey
5. Fer Dy Clein Click
6. Irree Seose
7. Isabel Foalsey
8. Marish ny Fiddleryn
9. Moir as Inneen
10. My Henn Ghooinney Mie
11. Nancy Sooill-Ghoo
12. Nelly Veen
13. Quoifyn Lieen Vooar
14. Skeeylley Breeshey

*

ARRANE NY PAITCHYN
(CHILDREN'S SONG)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 46, English translation facing on 47.

1 1 Ta ooilley dy mie
Sharroo as sie
Soorey er Joannee.

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

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

*

1 1 All is well
Bitter and bad
Courting Judith.

2 Double myself
5 All that was in
Courting Judith.

3 All is well
For William the master
Courting Judith.



BERREY DHONE
(BERREY BROWN)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 72 & 74, English translation on 73 & 75.

- 1 1 Vel oo sthie Berrey Dhone
C'raad t'ou shooyl
Mannagh vel oo ayns immyr glass
Lhiattaghey Barule?
- 2 5 Hem-mayd roin gys y clieau
Dy hroggal y voain
As dy yeeaghyn jig Berrey Dhone
Thie er yn oie.
- 3 Hooyl me Karraghyn
10 As hooyl mee Sniaul
Agh va Berrey cooyl dorrys
As y lhiack er e kione.
- 4 Hooyl mee Karraghyn
As hooyl mee Clieau Beg
15 Va Berrey cooyl dorrys
Cha shickyrr as creg.
- 5 Hooyl mee Penny-Phot
As hooyl mee y Clieau Ouyr
Va Berrey cooyl dorrys
20 Eddyrr carkyl y story.
- 6 Va'n dooinney boght shooyl
Lesh fliaghey as chirrym
Agh caillagh braddagh y thack
Ren y ghow y fanney.
- 7 25 Va'n dooinney boght shooyl
Lesh fliaghey as kay
Agh caillagh braddagh y thack
D'ee yn dow lesh y mea.

- 8 Margad-y-stomachee
 30 Va beaghey Cornay
 Va breechyn as jirkin ec
 Cour y yurnaa.
- 9 Va breechyn as jirkin ec
 As oanrey brawe bwee
 35 Va breechyn as jirkin ec
 Cour shooyl ny hoie.
- 10 Va breechyn as jirkin ec
 As oanrey brawe glass
 Va breechyn as jirkin ec
 40 Cour y goll magh.
- 11 Tra va ny sleih ayns thie
 Ec nyn jinnair
 Va skell bwee ayns y glione
 Roie lesh y cheh.
- 12 45 Tra va ny sleih ayns thie
 Ec nyn shibbyr
 Va Margad-y-stomachee
 Scummal y jyst.
- 13 Nagh re magh er yn oie
 50 D'aase ny mraane paa
 Hie kerroo jeh Berrey Dhone
 Derrey Rumsaa?
- 14 Hie lieh jeh yn aane
 As lieh jeh yn cree
 55 Dys my Hiarn as my Ven-seyr
 Jeh Balla-youghey.
- 15 Hie ish er chur gys y chriy
 Agh whooar ee wooie foayr
 Haink ee raad y Mullagh Ouyr
 60 As greim ee er goayr.

*

1 1 Art thou in, Berry Brown
Where walks't thou
If thour't not on the grassy glades
Down beside Barule?

2 5 We will to the mountain go
To uplift the turf
And to see if Berrey will
Come home at night.

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

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

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

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

7 25 The poor man was walking
In wet and in mist
But the old thief with the sack
Ate the ox with the fat.

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

- 9 She had breeches and jackets
 And brave yellow skirts
35 She had breeches and jackets
 For walking at night.
- 10 She had breeches and jackets
 And brave greenish skirts
 She had breeches and jackets
40 For going out.
- 11 When the folk were at home
 At their dinner
 There was a yellow glimpse
 Running with the hide.
- 12 45 When the folk were at home
 At their supper
 Marg'ret-the-stomacher was
 Skimming the dish.
- 13 Was it not late when the
50 Women grew thirsty
 A quarter of Berrey Brown
 Went to Ramsey?
- 14 Half of the liver
 And half of the heart
55 Went to my Lord and Lady
 Of Balla-youghey.
- 15 She was sent to the gallows
 But she got favour
 She came home by Mullagh Ouyr
60 And picked up a goat.



YN DOOINNEY BOGHT
(THE POOR MAN)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx originals on 44 (2 texts), English translations facing on 45.

(1)

1 1 Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.

2 5 As ee kiebbey er e geaylin
As ee kiebbey er e geaylin
As ee kiebbey er e geaylin
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.

(2)

1 1 Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey
Yn dooinney boght va reuyrey
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.

2 5 As haare yn annag doo eh
As haare yn annag doo eh
As haare yn annag doo eh
Huggey as veih, huggey as veih.

*

(1)

1 1 The poor man was digging
The poor man was digging
The poor man was digging
To and fro, to and fro.

2 5 And his spade on his shoulder
And his spade on his shoulder
And his spade on his shoulder
To and fro, to and fro.

(2)

THE ROBERT GAWNE COLLECTION

I I The poor man was digging
The poor man was digging
The poor man was digging
To and fro, to and fro.

2 5 And he caught the black crow
And he caught the black crow
And he caught the black crow
To and fro, to and fro.



ER GENNEY' HOMBAGHEY
(ON DEARTH OF TOBACCO)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 38, English translation facing on 39.

- 1 1 O sleih my chree, cre nee mayd nish?
Er-son thombaghey ta shin brisht
Son lhiaght y cleeau ta goaill ny geay
Cha rou shin rieu ayns stayd cha treih.
- 2 5 Pootch y thombaghey ta goit son sporrán
As pingyn ruy ta caignit myr arran
Cha vel yn spolg 'sy chraccan-raun
Cha der yn eairk un soar dy yoan.
- 3 Eairkyn vees yeealt dys vees ad brisht
10 As boxyn screebit as scryst
Ny-yeih vou shoh cha vow mayd couyr
Veih voayl ny maidjey, skynn, ny sthowyr.
- 4 Yn stroin ta gaccan son e cair
As y bine jeeigyn er e baare
15 Sthill gearree son un soar dy yoan
Va cha gerjoilagh gys y chione.
- 5 Yn phoib va roee goll gys my ghob
Te nish fo sooie neear cooyl y hob
Cre'n viljid as yn eunys v'ayn
20 Tra v'an jaagh cassey mysh my chione.
- 6 Puff dy jaagh ragh sheer fud-thie
Cha nuiragh un charchuillag 'sthie
Ny doo-ollee chea er-son nyn mioys
Goaill dooyrt lesh jaagh dy beagh ad roast.
- 7 25 Mygeayrt my chione ve coodagh rea
Myr slieau combaasit runt leesh kay
Va'n phoib myr lilee ayns e v'laa
As gaih gyn-loght cur shaghey'n traa.

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

*

1 1 O dear folk, what shall we do now?
 Because for tobacco we are broke
 For the seat of the breast takes wind
 We ne'er were in such a sad state.

2 5 The tobacco pouch is ta'en for a purse
 And the brown pennies are chewed up like bread
 There is not a pinch in the sealskin
 E'en the horn gives no smell of dust.

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

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

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

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

7 25 'Bout my head 'twas often hov'ring
 Like a hill surrounded with mist
 The pipe was like a lily in its bloom
 And a faultless toy passing the time.

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



FER DY CLIEN CLICK
(ONE NAMED CLICK)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 44, English translation facing on 45.

1 1 Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin
Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin
Fer dy clien Click haink neear ass Nherin
Soorey er my naunt Joannee.

2 5 Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin
Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin
Fer dy clien Clock haink neear ass Nherin
Soorey er my naunt Joannee.

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

*

1 1 One named Click came west from Ireland
One named Click came west from Ireland
One named Click came west from Ireland
Courting my aunt Judith.

2 5 One named Clock came west from Ireland
One named Clock came west from Ireiand
One named Clock came west from Ireland
Courting my aunt Judith.

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



IRREE SEOSE

(ARISE UP)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 104, English translation facing on 105.

Chorus:

- 1 1 Irree seose, irree seose
 My guilley beg dooie
 Son t'an polt nish er ve er y laare
 Irree seose, irree seose
 5 My guilley beg dooie.
 Son t'an polt nish er ve er y laare
 T'an grian er hroggal gennal seose
 Ta'n faiyr laal giarey ayns y close
 Irree seose. (*Repeat as above*)

Chorus:

- 2 10 Nagh vel mee, nagh vel mee
 My guilley beg dooie
 Er-my-chosh cha moghey as y laa?
 Nagh vel mee, nagh vel mee
 My guilley beg dooie
 15 Er-my-chosh cha moghey as y laa?
 Thie ollee glennit magh ayns traa
 As lurg shen gobbragh creoi fey laa
 Nagh vel mee. (*Repeat as above*)

Chorus:

- 3 Lurg traa lhie, lurg traa lhie
 20 Myr Manninagh dooie
 Lurg oie vie venainster as fer-thie,
 Lurg traa lhie, lurg traa lhie
 Myr Manninagh dooie
 Lurg oie vie venainster as fer-thie.
 25 Ayns sooree graihagh ceau my hraa
 As roshtyn thie ec brishey yn laa
 Lurg traa lhie. (*Repeat as above*)

Chorus:

- 4 Ga moghey, ga moghey
 My guilley beg dooie
 30 Yiow yn polt, yiow yn polt er y laare,
 Ga moghey, ga moghey,
 My guilley beg dooie
 Yiow yn polt, yiow yn polt er y laare.
 She shilley verrym er my ghraih
 35 Ooraghyn liauyr lioree soie
 Ga moghey. (*Repeat as above*)

*

Chorus:

- I I Arise up, arise up
 My own little boy true
 For the knock has now been on the floor,
 Arise up, arise up,
 5 My own little boy true
 For the knock has now been on the floor.
 The cheerful sun has risen up
 The grass wants cutting in the close
 Arise up. (*Repeat as above*)

Chorus:

- 2 10 Am I not, am I not
 My own little boy true
 On my foot as early as the day?
 Am I not, am I not
 My own little boy true
 15 On my foot as early as the day?
 The cow-house cleaned out in good time
 And then I work hard all the day
 Am I not. (*Repeat as above*)

Chorus:

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

After good-night to mistress and master.

25 In love's courtship spending the time
And reaching home at the break of day
After bed-time. (*Repeat as above*)

Chorus:

4 Though early, though early
 My own little boy true
30 Thou'lt get the knock, the knock on the floor,
 Though early, though early
 My own little boy true
 Thou'lt get the knock, the knock on the floor.
 I must have a look at my love
35 For long hours sitting by her
 Though early. (*Repeat as above*)



ISABEL FOALSEY
(FALSE ISABEL)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 100, 102; English translation on 101, 103.

- 1 1 Yn Isabel foalsey, t'ee boirey mee hene
As kyndagh r'ee ta mee gaase fiogit as creen
Lesh sooree as breagey as ginsh reddyn bwaagh
As gialdyn nagh jin ee chooilleeney dy bragh.
- 2 5 Ny cheartyn t'ee gearey as jannoo jeem sporte
As eisht cheartyn elley dy graihagh rhym loayrt
Myr shoh ta shin dellal, cur shaghey yn traa
Veih traa lie ayns yn oie dys peesh veg dy laa.
- 3 Ny cheartyn goym danys as geddyn veih kiss
10 As eisht nee ee gra rhym 'tou maarliagh gyn-yss'
Nee shoh shin dys focklyn, as eisht gow mayd cooish
Veagh tassane dy cowag ain reiltagh shin dooisht.
- 4 Tammylt ny lurg shen cheet feiyr mygeart thie
Veagh sliooar ny aglagh ny sleie ny lhie
15 Beem oolee as craa, ny hole heer ec yn aile
Eer ec sooie ta cloie cooyl yn grainle.
- 5 Hig polt er yn dorrays, ny chrank er yn gless
My chree lheim myr ushag cheusthie ayns my vress
Goaill aggle dy dorragh yn skeealeyder stiagh
20 Dy beagh eh dy aarlooy dy woailley myr jaagh.
- 6 Nagh treih yn red sooree, as goll magh 'syn oie
Fud lane dangeyr moddee, as drogh aigney sleih
Dy beagh oo fud jiargan uddagh oo chea
Ayns shoh beign dhyt caggey, ny ve coyrt sheese rea.
- 7 25 Tra vees eh er ny goll er peesh veg dy laa
Beem ceaut er son focklyn, cha bee veg aym dy gra
Irree aym dy lhiastey heer ayns y corneil
As eisht lesh y dorrays beem snauee myr snail.

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

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

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

*

1 1 The false Isabel, she bothers me so
 And owing to her I grow withered and sear
 With flirting, deceiving, saying pretty things
 And promising that which she ne'er would fulfil.

2 5 Sometimes she is laughing and makes sport of me
 And at other times she speaks fondly to me
 In this way we wanton, just passing the time
 From lying time at night until break of day.

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

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

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

- 6 How wretched is courting, going out at night
 'Mid great danger of dogs, and ill-will of men
 If thou went 'mid vermin thou could's't run away
 But here thou must struggle, or be laid down flat.
- 7 25 When there shall have arrived a wee bit of day
 For words I would be spent, I'd nought to say
 I would slowly get up o'er in the corner
 And then towards the door I'd creep like a snail.
- 8 Going through thick and thin,
30 Going home like a thief who'd steal all the night
 Afraid and ashamed and running from the road
 I'd rather be dead than be held up to scorn.
- 9 Just to think of courting, it makes me shiver
 To be awake all the night and tired all the day
35 'Twere better to be lacking a wife all my life
 Than be bothered and driv'n and worried like this.
- 10 But now that I perceive the trouble I had
 I'm willing to tell it out to everyone
 That they may take warning and from courting flee
40 In some easier fashion to spend their life time.



MARISH NY FIDDLERYN
(WITH THE FIDDLERS)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 108, English translation facing on 108.

- 1 1 Marish ny fiddleryn, ayns yn traa Nollick
Va hosiaght veeit mee graih my chree
As hoie shin sheese graihagh cooidjagh
Gow shin yn tosiaght jeh nyn hooree.
- 2 5 V'ee doodee aeg, bwoiee as aalin
Va mee kiarail dy phoosee ee
Ta mee yn eirinagh, mooar as berchagh
Ayns lhiatteeny glassey jeh'n shenn Renwee.
- 3 10 Voish yn oie shen gys kione three bleeaney
Dy-mennick va mish as my graih meeiteil
Yn ghlare v'ec foalsey, as chengey veeley
Nagh jinnagh ee mish dy bragh 'aagail.
- 4 15 My chree va gennal goll dys yn valley
Cha row nhee erbee yinnagh seaghyn dooys
Yn chied skeeal cluinn mee moghrey Laa-yunnyd
Dy row my graih rish fer elley phoost.
- *
- 1 1 Among the fiddlers, at the Christmas time
I first my own heart's love did meet
And we sat down together loving
Making beginning of our courtship.
- 2 5 She was a young girl, fair and lovely
I did incline to marry her
I am a farmer, big and wealthy
Upon the green sides of old Renwee.
- 3 10 From that ev'ning till three years were ended
Full often did I and my own love meet
False was her language, and her tongue ran smooth
Declaring that she would ne'er me forsake.

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



MOIR AS INNEEN
(MOTHER AND DAUGHTER)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 88, 90, 92; English translation on 89, 91, 93.

1 1 Moir as inneen eck shinney
Cheayll mee taggloo yn laa
Va'n cowag oc ny s'chenney
Ny oddyms nish y gra
5 Nagh row adsyn resooney
As v'ad cur shaghey yn traa
Va'd taggloo foast jeh poosey
As shoh va adsyn gra.

Inneen:

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

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

Moir:

4 25 'Vuddee, ny gow dy phoosey
Son sleaie dhyts hig y tra
Ga guillyn ny dy strugey
As y violagh cheayrt ny gha
T'ou aalin nish ayns coamrey
30 As bwaagh er dys y hooill

Yn cheayrt dy jean oo poosey
Nee dty aalid lheie ersooyl.'

5 'Son dhyts dy gholl dy phoosey
Ga te cha mie as lhiass
35 Nee oo caghlaa ayns dty eddin
As dty lieckan nee gaase glass
Bee oo seaghnit moghey as anmagh
Kiarraail son jough as bee
As chennidyn as aggle
40 Nee hrimshy da dty chree.'

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

Inneen:

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

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

Moir:

9 65 'Myr oo va mee dy jarroo
 Miandagh dy ve brisht
Just goll-rish magher arroo
 Gyn veg y cleiy ve mysh
 Gyn carrey as gyn kemmyrk
 70 Gyn sheshey cooie erbee
 My veign er ve spoillit
 Quoi veagh er hirrys mee?'

Inneen:

10 'Shen yinnagh trimshey dooys
 Ny guillyn er dagh cheu
 75 Dy jinnagh ad goll shaghey
 Gyn fenaght wheesh 'kys t'ou?'
 She shen myr veigns ve faagit
 My corrag ayns my veal
 Smooïnaght er laghyn my aegid
 80 As er my veggan cheeyll.'

*

1 1 Mother and eldest daughter
 I heard talking one day
 Their chatter was much faster
 Than I can now tell it
 5 For thus they were reasoning
 As they were passing the time
 Still talking of marriage
 And this was what they said.

2 *Daughter:*

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

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

Mother:

4 25 'Girl, do not go to marry
 Soon the time will come to thee
 Though the young men may fondle
 And tempt thee many a time
 Thou'rt handsome now in dress
 30 And comely to the eye
 The time that thou wilt marry
 Thy beauty'll fade away.'

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

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

Daughter:

7 'Hold thy tongue, O mother
 50 For thou hast wearied me
 Because thy discourses

Are not pleasing to me
 For a man I must get me
 I'll never get better
 55 For he'll come far nearer me
 Than mother, sister, brother.'

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

Mother:

9 65 'Like thee I was verily
 Craving to be undone
 Just like unto a corn-field
 With no fence about it
 Without a friend, without help
 70 With no fit companion
 If I had been plundered
 Who would have sought for me?'

Daughter:

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



MY HENN GHOOINNEY MIE
(MY GOOD OLD MAN)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 206, 208; English translation on 207, 209.

Henn Caillin:

- 1 1 'Cre vel oo goll, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre vel oo goll, ta mee gra rhyt reesht?
Cre vel oo goil, my henn ghooiney mie?
She oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.'
- 2 5 'Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, ta mee gra rhyt reesht?
Cre vees ayd son dty hibber, my henn ghooiney mie?
Son she oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.'

Henn Ghooiney:

- 3 'Bee oohyn aym, my henn caillin mie.' (*Loayrt*)

Henn Caillin:

- 4 10 'Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre woad dy oohyn vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
She oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.'

Henn Ghooiney:

- 5 'Bee shiaght dussan aym, my henn caillin mie.' (*Loayrt*)

Henn Caillin:

- 6 15 'As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooiney mie?
As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooiney mie?
As cre vees ayd hene, my henn ghooiney mie?
Son she oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.'

Henn Ghooiney:

- 7 'Bee eeym aym, my henn caillin mie.' (*Loayrt*)

Henn Caillin:

- 8 20 'As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?
As cre woad dy eeym vees ayd, my henn ghooiney mie?

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

Henn Ghooiney:

9 'Bee whilleen punt as whilleen dussan.'

Henn Caillin:

10 25 'Cre my yiow baase, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre my yiow baase, my henn ghooiney mie?
Cre my yiow baase, my henn ghooiney mie?
She oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.'

Henn Ghooiney:

11 'Jean oo mee y oanlucky, my henn caillin mie?' (*Loayrt*)

Henn Caillin:

12 30 'As c'raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooiney mie?
As c'raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooiney mie?
As c'raad neem oo y oanlucky, my henn ghooiney mie?
Son she oo yn ghooiney s' finey fo 'n ghrian.'

Henn Ghooiney:

13 'Ayns y towl-yaagh, my henn caillin mie.' (*Loayrt*)

*

Old Woman:

1 1 'Where art thou going, my good old man?
Where art thou going, I say to thee again?
Where art thou going, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.'

2 5 'What wilt thou for thy supper, my good old man?
What wilt thou for thy supper, I say to thee again?
What wilt thou for thy supper, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.'

Old Man:

3 'I will have eggs, my good old woman.' (*Spoken*)

Old Woman:

4 10 'How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man?
How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man?
How many eggs wilt thou have, my good old man
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.'

Old Man:

5 'I will have seven dozen, my good old woman.' (*Spoken*)

Old Woman:

6 15 'And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man?
And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man?
And what wilt thou thyself, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.'

Old Man:

7 'I will have butter, my good old woman.' (*Spoken*)

Old Woman:

8 20 'How much butter wilt thou, my good old man
How much butter wilt thou, my good old man
How much butter wilt thou, my good old man
For thou art the finest old man under the sun.'

Old Man:

9 'I will have so many pounds and so many dozen.'

Old Woman:

10 25 'What if thou should'st die, my good old man?
What if thou should'st die, my good old man?
What if thou should'st die, my good old man?
Thou art the finest old man under the sun.'

Old Man:

11 'Wilt thou bury me, my good old woman?' (*Spoken*)

Old Woman:

12 30 'And where shall I bury thee, my good old man?
And where shall I bury thee, my good old man?
And where shall I bury thee, my good old man?
For thou art the finest old man under the sun.'

13 *Old Man:*
'In the smoke hole, my good old woman.' (*Spoken*)



NANCY SOOILL-GHOO
(BLACK-EYED NANCY)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 92, 94, 96; English translation on 93, 95, 97.

- 1 1 Eaisht shiu rhymys, my charjin
As striuymys dy insh diu
Mychione piyr aeg va sooree
Nyn lheid scoan cheayll shiu rieu.
- 2 5 Rish foddey v'ad er hooree
Jeeagh shiu kys haink yn jerrey
Phrow yn scollag aeg shoh foalsey
As phoost eh ven-aeg elley.
- 3 Tra cheayll yn ven-aeg, dy row
10 Ee graih meen ec v'eh phoost
V'ee scaait ayns ee aigney
'Syn oie v'eh freeill ee dooisht.
- 4 Ayns boayllyn fadane ooilley
Va taitnys ayns ee chree
15 Shirrey ooilley grogh heshaght
Agh chea veih aitt as cloie.
- 5 T'ee shooyl ayns boayllyn dorragey
Goll ass raad ny deiney
V'ee trimshey as v'ee dobberan
20 As shoh ny goan v'ee gra.
- 6 'Aigh creoi t'orrym phrownal
Cha n'oddym gymmyrkey
My chree ta brisht gyn couyr
As vees er son dy bragh."
- 7 25 Myr hooyll mish magh 'syn astyr
Er y raad kione-my-lhei
Nagh cheayll mish jees pleadail
As shoh myr v'adsyn gra.

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

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

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

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

12 45 Ghoaill aggle roish ny phrownyn
 My gerjagh meen dy'n theill
 Captan lhong fegooish cree mie
 Cha jean dy bragh speideil.'

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

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

*

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

2 5 For a long time they had courted
Mark you how came the end
This young man, he unfaithful proved
And wed another lass.

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

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

5 So she was walking in dark places
Out of the way of men
She was lamenting and mourning
20 And these the words she spake.

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

7 25 As I walked out one evening
On the road down the hill
I heard two persons talking, and
These were the words they said.

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

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

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

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

12 45 Being afraid of the world's frowns
 My little comforter
 A ship's captain without good heart
 Will never gain success.

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

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



NY THREE EEASTEYRYN BOGHTEY
(THE THREE POOR FISHERMEN)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 172, 174; English translation on 173, 175.

- 1 1 Eaisht shiu rhym, my charjin
As goyms shiu nish arrane
Mychione three eeasteyrn boghtey
Va ayns Skeylley Stondane
5 Tom Cowle, lesh Juan y Karaghey
As Illiam y Christeen
Hie ad voish y thie ayns y voghrey
Va yn seihll kiune as meen.
- 2 Tra hie ad voish nyn dieyn
10 S'beg oie vo'c er y vaase
Yn baatey beg shoh va ocsyn
Va lesh Captain Clugaash
Cha row oc helym dy stiurey
Cha row oc croan ny shiaull
15 Agh bleestay dy vaatey eddrym
As cha row ee agh yawl.
- 3 Yn fastyr shoh va dorraghey
Lesh sterrym as sheean
As y gheay ren ee sheidey
20 As gatt eh y cheayn
Va ny three eeasteyrn boghtey
Gleck shirrey dy goll thie
Cha row eh dauesyn agh fardail
Cha ren eh veg y vie.
- 4 25 Choud as ta'n seihll kiune as meen
Yn muir mooar te rea
Agh te cur er eddin elley
Tra heidys y gheay
Te myr lion garveigagh
30 As niartal ta coraa
Son gatt eh seose as brishey
As kinjagh seiy dy braa.

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

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

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

*

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

2 When they went away from their homes
 10 Small thought had they of death
 This little boat they had belonged
 Unto Captain Clucas

- No helm to steer with they possessed
No mast, no sail had they
15 But only a shell of a boat
And she was but a yawl.
- 3 That evening was dark and gloomy
With storm and with uproar
And the wind it blew lustily
20 And it swelled up the sea
The three poor fishermen were then
Struggling to get back home
But their efforts were all in vain
For no headway at all they made.
- 4 25 Long as the earth is calm and quiet
The mighty sea is smooth
But it puts on another face
When the wind blows a gale
It is like a lion roaring
30 And powerful is its voice
For it swells up and is breaking
And is ever moving.
- 5 Their wives and children these men left
Meaning to return home
35 But those who go unto the sea
Oft run into danger
For dangerous perils compass them
Around on every side
And in their shell they were afraid
40 The great deep was beneath.
- 6 You have heard of the great St. Paul
And of each danger and peril
That he went through by the sea, as
He was sailing to Rome
45 By the fierceness of the broad sea
Driv'n hither and thither
Himself and all his company
Likely to lose their lives.

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



QUOIFYN LIEEN VOOAR
(BIG FLAX CAPS)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 58, English translation facing on 59.

1 1 Ooillee ny vraane aegey
Nagh n'aase dy bragh mooar
Ceau gownyn jeh sheeidey
As quoifyn lieen vooar
5 Lesh rufflyn er nyn mwann'lyn
As mantlyn giare doo
Dy violagh ny guillyn
Eiyrt orroo ny smoo.

2 My horragh ny noidjyn
10 Voish yn cheu heear
Veagh dagh ven aeg bwaagh
Goit son grenadier
Veagh ny noidjyn agglit
Nagh bioune ad nyn phooar
15 Veagh ad ooilloo agglit
Lesh ny quoifyn lieen vooar.

*

1 1 All the young women that
Will never grow big
Wearing gowns made of silk
And big caps of flax
5 With ruffles on their necks
And short black mantles
To induce the young men
To follow them more.

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



SKEEYLLEY BRESHEY
(BRIDE PARISH)

From the Robert Gawne Collection in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896): Manx original on 214, English translation facing on 215.

1 1 Hie ad rish Skeeylley Breeshey
As hie ad rish Skeeyll Andrase
Agh ayns Yurby va yn daunse
As ayns-shen haink ad lurg-ooilloo.

2 5 Charles Moore, Ballaradcliffe
As Kerry Clugaash marish
Arther beg Moldera
As Harry Clark voish Doolish.

*

1 1 They went to Kirk Bride
And they went to Kirk Andreas
But in Jurby was the dance
And there they came at last.

2 5 Charles Moore, Ballaradcliffe
And Kate Clucas with him
Little Arthur Mylrea
And Harry Clark from Douglas.

