Notes to CD, JoyceSong: Irish Songs of James Joyce

Fran O'Rourke & John Feeley

Ut implerentur scripturae. Strike up a ballad (U 14.1577)

The harp-shaped wreath placed by Nora Barnacle on her husband's grave in Zurich in January 1941 was more than the sentimental gesture of an Irish exile; it was emblematic of Joyce's lifelong devotion to music. She remarked: 'I made this shape for my Jim who loved music so much.' There was even a tender irony here, in light of her remark: 'Jim should have stuck to the singing'. It was also a token of the strongest bond between them. Mary Colum remarked: 'Though she had but little education, she had natural aptitudes, among them a love and understanding of music. She and Joyce could be together in the realm of music.'

'Write what is in your blood, and not what is in your head', Joyce advised Arthur Power. Joyce himself did just that: he had music in his blood. Born into a musical family he was endowed, by unanimous account, with a beautiful voice; both his father and grandfather were noted tenors, his mother played piano. Music was possibly his family's greatest solace. In *A Portrait* we are told: 'They would sing for hours, melody after melody, glee after glee, till the last pale light died down on the horizon, till the first dark night clouds came forth and night fell.'

To say that music was ever-present in the life of Joyce, or that it was integral to his art, is an understatement. Music was for James Joyce a manner of being and living, of knowing the world, and re-enacting it in his writing. Song was paramount: '*Je n'aime pas la musique… j'aime le chant*', he declared. He had read in a work of Aristotle's, which he had reviewed, the words of Musaeus, the Orphic poet: 'Sweetest to mortals is song.' He would say it better himself: 'The human voice, two tiny silky chords. Wonderful, more than all the others.'

Music and song were central to Joyce's creative work. It is estimated that there are 3,500 musical references in his writings. These include operatic arias, folk ballads, children's rhymes, hymns from Catholic liturgy, music hall songs and jazz.

Joyce's opinion of his own voice is revealing. He confided: 'John McCormack's voice and mine are so similar in texture—as are my son's voice and mine, in spite of the different pitch, and as are my own voice and my father's—that more than once when a disc of McCormack's has been on, the girl in the kitchen has thought it was me.' Whatever about resemblance of texture, tone or timbre, it is unlikely that, given his lighter physique, Joyce possessed the same vocal strength as McCormack. The comparison with McCormack, however, was inescapable. Aspiring to a career as professional singer, he competed in the Feis Ceoil in 1904, hoping to emulate McCormack's success of the previous year, thus making it possible for him also to study in Italy.

According to Vincent O'Brien, director of the Palestrina Choir from whom Joyce took singing lessons in preparation for the Feis, Joyce's voice was, next to McCormack, 'closest in quality'.

The accounts we have of Joyce's singing are revealing. William Bulfin in *Rambles in Eirinn* records his visit to the Martello Tower, and refers to Joyce as 'a singer of songs which spring from the deepest currents of life'. Joseph Holloway wrote in his diary after a musical soirée on 8 June 1904: 'Mr J. Joyce, a strangely aloof, silent youth, with weird, penetrating eyes, which he frequently shaded with his hand and with a half-bashful, far-away expression on his face, sang some dainty old-world ballads most artistically and pleasingly. Later he sat in a corner and gazed at us all in turn in an uncomfortable way from under his brows and said little or nothing all the evening. He is a strange boy. I cannot forget him.' Sylvia Beach gives the following account of Joyce in Paris years later: 'He would seat himself at the piano, drooping over the keys, and the old songs, his particular way of singing them in his sweet tenor voice, and the expression on his face—these were things one can never forget.'

Padraic Colum remarked on the sensitivity of Joyce's singing: 'Those refrains in Joyce's voice had more loss in them than I have ever heard in any other singer's. He once said to me, "A voice is like a woman—you respond or you do not; its appeal is direct." He said this to show that what was sung transcended in appeal everything that was written. His own voice in the humorous and the sorrowful songs was unforgettable.'

Joyce also recounted with affection to Padraic Colum the reconciliation with his father—still wounded, five years on, by his son's departure with Nora. The day after his first return visit to Dublin, father and son travelled by tram to Rathfarnham and walked to The Yellow House, still a popular public house and well-known landmark. In the lounge, Joyce *père* sat at the piano and sang from *La Traviata*:
What has caused your dear heart to roam?
From your father and your home?
Joyce *fils* rejoined in perfect antiphon with an aria—whose name Colum could not recall—which dissolved all froideur between father and son. When words were impossible, music made words unnecessary: this was the quality of 'songs that reached the heart'. Had not the father, also in song years earlier, lamenting 'youth and folly', extolled the lures of exile? The sentiments of the ballad which the boy had heard in Cork, and the aria from *Traviata* were at cross purposes.

Of all chapters in *Ulysses*, music is most central to the 'Sirens' episode, both as a model for logotechnic structure, and as providing content for dialogue and reflection. The opening sounds, 'Bronze by gold', are struck repeatedly with a martellato effect, ringing out with the pristine clarity of pure metal. 'Bronze' and 'gold' refer, of course, to the the barmaids, a redhead and a

blonde. Is there more to the phrase? Might Joyce have, in the years since 1904, internalised by aural memory that he took the bronze and missed the gold? Or could he have retained Aristotle's explanation of sensation as the power to assimilate the sensible form of an object without absorbing its matter, as wax takes the impress of the signet ring without absorbing the gold or bronze? Probably neither, but with Joyce, nothing is ever too far-fetched!

So much for the opening words of 'Sirens'. What about the closing words? There is hardly need to locate a source of inspiration for the final tones. For those who insist on authoritative approval for every detail, however, we may cite St Augustine: 'Some men can at will produce sounds from their breech, a kind of singing from the other end'. As against that, we know that Joyce did not have a particular inclination towards the Bishop of Hippo.

1. AN CRÚISCIN LÁN / MY LITTLE FULL JUG (trad., arr. Feeley)

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my darling little cruiscin lán, lán, lán,
My darling little cruiscin lán.
Grá mo croí mo chruiscín,
Sláinte geal mo mhuirnín
Grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán, lán, lán
O grá mo chroí mo chruiscín lán.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your own son
In hope that you'll comply
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little cruiscin lán, lán, lán,
My smiling little cruiscin lán, lán, lán.

And when grim death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run dry;

I'll say 'Begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me leave
To take another cruiscin lán, lán, lán,
To take another cruiscin lan.'

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
For the lark now proclaims it is the dawn.
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again
To fill another cruiscin lán, lán, lán,
To fill another cruiscin lán.

A light-hearted drinking song in praise of liquour as a gift of the gods. Joyce recommended it to his son Giorgio as 'an excellent song for basso'. The chorus says: 'The jug is the love of my heart, my bright health and love'. Joyce refers to the song in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. In *Ulysses* it features in the pub scene of the 'Cyclops' episode and in the drinking scene of 'Oxen of the Sun'.
U 12.122: With his cruiskeen lawn and his load of papers.
U 14.1497: Machree, macruiskeen.
FW 008.14: Saloos the Crossgunn!
089.10: Anent his ajaciolations to his Crosscann Lorne, cossa?
186.19: Petty constable Sistersen of the Kruis-Kroon-Kraal it was.
587.13-14: his long life's strength and cuirscrween loan.

2. EAMONN A' CHNOIC (traditional, arr. Feeley)
'Cé hé sin amuigh a bhfuil faobhar ar a ghuth
A' réabadh mo dhorais dúnta?'
'Mise Éamonn a' Chnoic atá báite fuar fliuch
Ó shíor-shiúl sléibhte is gleannta.'
'A lao ghil's a chuid cad a dhéannfainnse duit
Mura gcuirfinn ort beinn dem ghúna?
'S go bhfuil púdar go tiubh a shíor-shéideadh leat,
Is go mbeimis araon múchta.'

'Is fada mise amuigh faoi shneachta is faoi shioc
Is gan dánacht agam ar éinne
Mo bhranar gan cur, mo sheisreach gar scor
Is gan iad agam in aon chor.
Níl cairde agam, is danaid liom san
A ghlacfadh mé moch nó déanach
Is go gcaithfidh mé dul thar farraige soir
Ós ann nach bhfuil aon de m'ghaolta.'

NED OF THE HILL

'Oh, say who is here, with voice sharp and clear,
At my fast-shut door that's tearing?'
"I am Ned of the Hill, all wet, tired and chill
O'er mountain and moorland faring.'
'Oh my own dear love, what aid can I give?
Though I'd shelter thee like a mother,
And the powder-smoke black blows still on your track,
And the pair of us surely 'twill smother.'

'Tis a long way I go, over hoar-frost and snow,
And there's nobody I can make bold on,
My team's without yoke, my fields all unbroke,
No home now have I nor no holding.
No friend now have I, oh sad is my cry
Would welcome me late or early,
And so I must brave the wild ocean's wave
Where they dwell who will love me rarely.'

Rather than flee to the Continent after the defeat of King James, Edmund Ryan (Éamonn Ó Riain), an Irish landowner from Tipperary, stayed to fight as a rapparee. The song finishes: 'Aréir a thit an sneachta ar na cnoic, amach ar fud na hÉireann' ('Last night the snow fell on the hills, out across Ireland')—not the last time the image would be used to convey a general mood of sadness throughout the land.

There are two references to 'Ned of the Hill' in *Finnegans Wake*: FW 221.08 and FW 477.06.

3. THE IMMIGRANT'S SONG (John Feeley).

'Composed some years ago for a TV documentary, this tune is inspired by the idea of immigration, an experience well rooted in the Irish psyche (as well as in my own family). I was conscious too that in a broader sense, we are all immigrants in this world.'

4. LASS OF AUGHRIM (trad., arr. Feeley)

If you be the lass of Aughrim
As I suppose you not to be
Come tell me the last token
That passed between you and me
O Gregory don't you remember
That night on the hill
When we both met together
Which I am sorry now to tell.
The rain falls on my yellow locks
The dew it wets my skin
My babe lies cold within my arms
Oh Gregory let me in.

Oh Gregory, don't you remember
One night on the hill
When we swapped rings off each other's hands,
Sorely against my will?
Yours was of the beaten gold
Mine was but black tin
Yours cost one guinea love
And mine but one cent.

Oh Gregory don't you remember
One night on the hill,
When we swapped smocks off each other's backs,
Sorely against my will?
Yours was of the holland fine,
Mine was but coarse cloth
Yours cost one guinea, love,
And mine but one groat.

Oh Gregory, don't you remember
That night in my father's hall,
When you had your will of me?
And that was worse than all.
The rain falls on my yellow locks
The dew it wets my skin
My babe lies cold within my arms
Oh Gregory let me in.

Of all the songs that feature in Joyce's work, 'Lass of Aughrim' has perhaps the greatest resonance. It inspired the atmosphere for his most famous story 'The Dead'. It evokes in Gretta haunting and remorseful memories of Michael Furey, her youthful sweetheart who saing the song, and whose death was occasioned by their parting. Its performance at the dinner party earlier in the evening anticipates the final poignant scene: 'The song seemed to be in the old Irish tonality and the singer seemed uncertain both of the words and of his voice. The voice made plaintive by the distance and by the singer's hoarseness faintly illuminated the cadence of the air with words expressing grief: — O, the rain falls on my heavy locks / And the dew wets my skin, / My babe lies cold…'

'Lass of Aughrim' is an Irish version of the Scots song 'Lass of Loch Royal', the guttural resemblance of 'Aughrim' clearly explaining the change of name in the migration of the song. Another Irish version is 'Lord Gregory', best known from the singing of the legendary Elizabeth Cronin, where 'lass of Aughrim' becomes 'loss of arms'.

According to C. P. Curran, Joyce's sisters 'spoke laughingly of a sad ballad, "The Lass of Aughrim" which, they said, Joyce was perpetually singing at home. He purported to know thirty-five verses of it but they could recall only a few lines.' Nora Barnacle's mother sang it for him—'but she does not like to sing me the last verses in which the lovers exchange their tokens.' We cannot know which air Joyce sang, only that it had the 'old Irish tonality'. He wrote to Nora: 'the tears come into my eyes and my voice trembles with emotion when I sing that lovely air.'

5. BRIAN O'LINN (traditional, arr. Feeley)
Brian O'Linn was a gentleman born
His hair it was long and his beard unshorn,
His teeth were out and his eyes far in.
'I'm a wonderful beauty', says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
He got an old sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the woolly side in,
'They'll be pleasant and cool', says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no shirt for his back.
He went to his neighbour's, and borrowed a sack.
Then he puckered the meal bag in under his chin—
'Sure they'll take them for ruffles,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat,
So he borrowed the skin of a neighbouring goat,
With the horns sticking out from his oxters and then,
'Sure they'll take them for pistols,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no hat to put on,
So he got an old beaver to make him a one,
There was none of the crown left and less of the brim,
'Sure there's fine ventilation,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no brogues for his toes,
He hopped in two crab-shells to serve him for those.
Then he split up two oysters that match'd like a twin.
'Sure they'll shine out like buckles,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no watch to put on,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him a one.
Then he placed a young cricket in under the skin—
'Sure they'll think it is ticking,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn to his house had no door,
He'd the sky for a roof and the bog for a floor
He'd a way to jump out, and a way to swim in.
'Tis a fine habitation,' says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn, his wife and wife's mother,
Were all going home o'er the bridge together,
The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled in,
'We'll go home by the water,' says Brian O'Linn.

While there is no reference in *Ulysses* to Brian O'Linn, of all characters in Irish prosopography, he best exemplifies the supreme Odyssean virtue —'much-turned', 'much-travelled', 'versatile', 'cunning', 'devious, 'wily'; if he were a politician, he would be a man 'of many strokes'. Joyce used the opening words of the Odyssey as a caption to his caricature of Bloom, underlining twice the word *polytropos*.

FW 006.22–23: He's stiff but he's steady is Priam Olim. ….
FW 017.11–12: With his woolseley side in, by the neck I am sutton on, did Brian d' of Linn.
FW 060.11: Brian Lynsky.
FW 070.07: The Lynn O'Brien, a meltoned lammswolle.
FW 148.33–34: Like a rugilant pugilant Lyon O'Lynn.
FW 274.32–275.02: Learning how to put a broad face bronzily out through a broken meataerial from Bryan Awlining. Erin's hircohaired culoteer.
FW 328.01-02: There's no pure rube like an ool pool roober when your pullar beer turns out Bruin O'Luinn and beat his barge into a battering pram.
FW 343.13–14: Slinking his coatsleeves surdout over his squad mutton shoulder.
FW 372.28–32: And that whistling thief, O'Ryne O'Rann.
FW 373.15–17: Heigh hose, heigh hose, our kindom from an orse! Bruni Lanno's woolies on Brani Lonni's hairy parts.
FW 507.06: With the coat on him skinside out against rapparitions.

6. The Last Rose of Summer (traditional, arr. Feeley)
'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow, when friendships decay.

And from love’s shining circle the gems drop away.

When true hearts lie wither’d and fond ones are flown,

Oh who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

The most famous song of the great Irish composer Thomas Moore (1799–1852). Joyce quotes many lines of the song in the ‘Sirens’ episode of *Ulysses*.

U 11.32: So lonely blooming.

U 11.54: Last rose Castille of summer left bloom I feel so sad alone.

U 11.1134–37: By rose, …., went Bloom, soft Bloom, I feel so lonely Bloom.

U 11.1164: Richie rift in the lute alone sat…

U 11.1176–9: And *The last rose of summer* was a lovely song. Mina loved that song. Tankard loved the song that Mina. ‘Tis the last rose of summer dollard left bloom felt wind wound round inside.

U 11.1220–21: Under the sandwichbell lay on a bier of bread one last, one lonely, last sardine of summer. Bloom alone.

U.11 1270–1: before bronze Lydia’s tempting last rose of summer, rose of Castile.

FW 157.13: She was alone. All her nubied companions were asleeping with the squirrels.

FW 371.15: cupturing the last dropes of summour down through their groves of blarneying.

7. **The Croppy Boy** (traditional, arr. Feeley)

‘Good men and true in this house who dwell.

To a stranger buachal I pray you tell,

Is the priest at home or may he be seen?

I would speak a word with Father Green.’

‘The priest’s at home, boy, and may be seen,

’Tis easy speaking with Father Green.

But you must wait till I go and see,

If the holy father alone may be.’

The youth has entered an empty hall,

What a lonely sound makes his light footfall.

The gloomy chamber is chill and bare,

With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.

‘*In nomine Dei*,’ he soon begins.

At *mea culpa* be beats his breast,

And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

'I cursed three times since last Easter day,

At Mass-time once I went to play.

I passed the churchyard one day in haste,

And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

'At the siege of Ross did my father fall,

And at Gorey my loving brothers all;

I alone am left of my name and race,

I will go to Wexford and take their place.

'I bear no hate against living thing;

But I love my country above my King.

Now, Father, bless me and let me go

To die, if God has ordained it so.'

The priest said naught, but a rustling noise

Made the youth look up in wild surprise;

The robes were off, and in scarlet there

Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,

Instead of a blessing he breathed a curse:

'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,

For one short hour is your time to live.'

'On yonder river three tenders float,

The priest's in one if he isn't shot.

We hold this house for our Lord the King,

And, amen, say I, may all traitors swing!'

At Geneva Barracks that young man died,

At Passage they have his body laid.

Good people, who live in peace and joy,

Breathe a prayer, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.

'The Croppy Boy' was one of Joyce's favourites; he sang it in concert in the Antient Concert Rooms on August 27th 1904 when he shared the platform with John McCormack. One critic reported: 'Mr James A. Joyce, the possessor of a sweet tenor voice, sang charmingly "The Salley

Gardens", and gave a pathetic rendering of "The Croppy Boy"'. Joyce's keen sense of pathos (to interpret the review thus) is evident from instructions given to his son Giorgio years later on how to sing the song: 'It is a pure and noble musical poem, profoundly sincere and dramatic. When you sing it, be sure to hold the balance equal between the captain and the young man. The last stanza is sung on a solemn and impersonal note.'

Well established in the popular memory, 'The Croppy Boy' was written by Dr William McBurney under the pseudonym 'Carroll Malone'. First published in *The Nation* in 1845, the text was given an ancient air by M. J. Murphy in *National Songs of Ireland* in 1892 and widely circulated on ballad sheets. The air is a variant of '*Cailín ó cois tSúire mé*' ('I am a girl from the Suirside'), a song mentioned in 1584, and which appears as a nonsense line in Henry V (IV, 4) as 'callen o custure me'. The air is given in a collection from the end of the sixteenth century, preserved in Trinity College Dublin.

Many derivations are suggested for the term 'croppy', applied to Irish rebels at the end of the 18th century. According to the most popular explanation, they cropped their hair at the back of the head as a sign of defiance, in the style of French revolutionaries.

This song is supposedly based on a true incident in the 1798 rebellion, Co Wexford, when a rebel goes to confession before the uprising. Instead of a priest he tell his sins to an English soldier in disguise. It is described by W. J. Fitzpatrick in *The Sham Squire*: 'The yeomanry, after having sacked the chapel and hunted the priest, deputed one of their corps to enter the confessional and personate the good pastor. In the course of the day some young men on their way to the battle of Oallart dropped in for absolution. One, who disclosed his intention, and craved the personated priest's blessing, was retorted upon with a curse, while the yeoman, losing patience, flung off the soutane, revealing beneath his scarlet uniform. The youth was shot upon the spot, and his grave is still shown at Passage.'

'Geneva Barracks' refers to the site of a settlement by a group of Swiss dissenters near Passage East, County Waterford in 1783. They soon left for America and the place was used by the British military as a prison in 1798—hence the names 'New Geneva' or 'Geneva Barracks', which still survive.

This is the most prominent song in 'Sirens', where every line is quoted, punned or paraphrased. It relates to a number of motifs: betrayal, the relationship between son and false father, and remorse at neglect to pray for the deceased mother.

Allusions in Sirens:

U 11.40: Wait while you wait … wait while you he

43–6: *Naminedamine*. Preacher is he. All gone. All fallen. … Amen! He gnashed in fury.

51: Pray for him! Pray, good people!

56: True men.

991: No, Ben, Tom Kernan interfered. *The Croppy Boy.* Our native Doric.

992: Ay do, Ben, Mr Dedalus said. Good men and true.

1008–9: Called on good men and true. The priest he sought. With him would he speak a word.

1016–7: The priest's at home. A false priest's servant bade him welcome. Step in. The holy father.

1020–22: The voice of warning, solemn warning, told them the youth had entered a lonely hall, told them how solemn fell his footsteps there, told them the gloomy chamber, the vested priest sitting to shrive.

1032–3: Ben's contrite beard confessed: *in nomine Domini,* in God's name he knelt. He beat his hand upon his breast, confessing: *mea culpa.*

1040–3: Since Easter he had cursed three times. You bitch's bast. And once at masstime he had gone to play. Once by the churchyard he had passed and for his mother's rest he had not prayed. A boy. A croppy boy.

1063: All gone. All fallen. At the siege of Ross his father, at Gorey all his brothers fell. To Wexford, we are the boys of Wexford, he would. Last of his name and race.

1068: He bore no hate.

1072: Ireland comes now. My country above the king.

1074: *Bless me, father,* Dollard the croppy cried. *Bless me and let me go.*

1081-3: The false priest rustling soldier from his cassock. A yeoman captain. They know it all by heart. The thrill they itch for. Yeoman cap. 1098: A good thought, boy, to come. One hour's your time to live, your last.

1105–5: On yonder river.

1113: All lost in pity for croppy.

1120: I hold this house. Amen. He gnashed in fury. Traitors swing.

1131: At Geneva barrack that young man died. At Passage was his body laid.

1139–43: Pray for him, prayed the bass of Dollard. You who hear in peace. Breathe a prayer, drop a tear, good men, good people. He was the croppy boy. Scaring eavesdropping boots croppy bootsboy Bloom in the Ormond hallway …

1120: Under the sandwichbell lay on a bier of bread one last, one lonely, last sardine of summer. Bloom alone.

1243: Dignam. Poor little *nominedomine.*

1248: Breathe a prayer, drop a tear. All the same he must have been a bit of a natural not to see it was a yeoman cap.

1273: A youth entered a lonely Ormond hall.

Other allusions

U 10.793: At the siege of Ross did my father fall.

U 15.4531–5: The Croppy Boy (the ropenoose round his neck, gripes in his issuing bowels with both hands). I bear no hate to a living thing, / But I love my country beyond the king.

U 15.4547: Horhot ho hray hor hother's hest.

8. PLANXTY CRILLY (arr. Feeley)

Composed by the famous blind harper Turlough Carolan (1670 – 1738), possibly in honour of a member of the Crilly (*Mac Raghailligh*) family of County Louth.

9. Down by the Salley Gardens (traditional, arr. Feeley)

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

In this poem, originally titled 'An Old Song Re-sung' (1889), Yeats wanted to recreate a song heard from an old peasant woman in Ballisodare, Co Sligo. He later changed the name to 'Down by the Salley Gardens': 'salley' refers to the Irish *saileach* or willow, the shoots of which were used to thatch houses. The song heard by Yeats was 'Rambling Boys of Pleasure', from which he borrowed significantly:

Down by yon flowery garden where my true love and I did meet.
I took her in my arms and to her I gave kisses sweet.
She bade me take life easy just as the leaves fall from the tree
But I being young and foolish with my own darling did not agree.

In one American version, preserved in a 1784 manuscript in the Baker Memorial Library in Hanover, New Hampshire, the 'salley gardens' have become 'Sally's garden'.

It's down in Sally's Garden
O there hangs Rosies three
O there I met a fair maid
Who told to me her mind so free
She bids me take love easy
As leaves they do fall from the tree
But I being young and Crazy
Could not with her agree.

The link between '*saileach'* and 'willow' is confirmed in another American version of the song, 'Rose Connolly', a version of which was first noted by Edward Bunting under this title in 1811:
Down in the willow garden where me and my love did meet
She passed the willow garden with little snow white feet.
I had a bottle of burgundy wine, my love she did not know,
And I did murder that dear girl all on the banks below.

Joyce sang 'Salley Gardens' in the concert in the Antient Concert Rooms on August 27th 1904. We cannot be sure which air he sang. Yeats' poem was first set to the traditional air '*The Maids of Mourne Shore'* by Alfred Perceval Graves in *The Irish Song Book* (1895). This air was reprinted by Herbert Hughes in *Irish Country Songs*, 1909, and is today the most widely known version. Alfred Moffat set the poem to another traditional air, '*Far beyond the Mountains'*, in his *Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897). Joyce was familiar with that volume, since one of the set pieces for the Feis Ceoil of 16 May 1904 was Moffat's setting of 'A Long Farewell'. The air performed here is taken from Moffat.

10. SLÁN LE MÁIGH / A LONG FAREWELL (traditional, arr. Feeley)
O slán is céad ón dtaobh so uaim
Cois Máighe na gcaor, na gcraobh, na gcruach,
Na stáid, na séad, na saor, na slua,
Na ndán, na ndréacht, na dtréan gun ghruaim!
Is och, ochón, is breóite mise,
Gan chuid, gan chóir, gan chóip, gan chisde,
Gan sult, gan seód, gan spórt, gan spionna,
O seóladh me chun uaignis.
A long farewell I send to thee,
Fair Maigue of corn and fruit and tree,

Of state and gift and gathering grand,
Of song, romance and chieftain bland!
And och, ochon! dark fortune's rigour,
Wealth, title, tribe of glorious figure,
Feast, gift—all gone, and gone my rigour
Since thus I wander lonely!

Forced by the priest my love to flee,
Fair Maigue through life I ne'er shall see,
And must rny beauteous bird forgo,
And all the sex that wrought me woe!
And och, ochon! my grief, my ruin!
'Twas drinking deep and beauty wooing
That caused through life my whole undoing
And left me wandering lonely!

O dháil an chléir dom céile nua,
Cois Máighe go h-éag ní h-é mo chuairt,
Go bráth lem ré táim réidh lem chuaich,
Is le mnáibh an tsaol chuir mé ar buairt.
Is och, ochón, mo bhrón, mo mhille.
Iomarca an óil is póga bruinneall
Chuir mise lem laethibh gan fód, gan fuithin,
Fós gan iomad fuadair.

Written by Aindrias MacCraith, known as 'An Mangaire Súgach' — 'The Jolly Pedlar', an 18th century hedge-school master from Croom, Co. Limerick. In defiance over a dispute with the local priest regarding a girl of the parish, he offered himself for conversion to the rival parson, but was rejected because of his rakish ways.

The song was translated by Edward Walsh, and published in Alfred Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*. Joyce sang it as one of the set pieces in the Feis Ceoil of 1904. According to a review of the competition published in the Irish *Daily Independent* on 17 May, 'Mr. Joyce showed himself possessed of the finest quality voice of any of those competing.'

James Cousins gives the following account: 'At [the] Feis I heard a young man with light pompadour hair and hardish grey eyes, the son of a singing mother, render "A long farewell" seraphically. But he moved from music to letters, and in 1925, in Paris, I heard a lady warmly commend to another her purchase of a book on the ground that the author was "frightfully famous." My curious eye sought the name of the author: it was that of the former singer, James Joyce.'

Joyce parodies the song in *Finnegans Wake*: 'My long farewell I send to you, fair dream of sport and game and always something new. Gone is Haun! My grief, my ruin! Our Joss-el-Jovan! Our Chris-na-Murty!' (FW 472).

11. SIÚIL A RÚN (traditional, arr. Feeley)

I would I were on yonder hill,
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnin, slán.

Siúil, siúil, siúil, a rún,
Siúil, go socair, is siúil go chiuin,
Siúil go doras agus éaluigh liúm,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

His hair was black, his eye was blue,
His arm was stout, his word was true.
I wish in my heart that I was with you,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

I'll sell my rack, I'll sell my reel
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy my love a coat of steel,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

I'll dye my petticoat, I'll dye it red
And round the world I'll beg for bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

But now my love has gone to France
To try his fortune to advance

If he ever comes back, 'tis but a chance,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

I saw them sail from Brandon Hill,
Then down I sat and cried my fill,
That every tear would turn a mill,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

I wish the king would return to reign,
And bring my true love back again.
I wish and wish, but I wish in vain,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

But when King James was forced to flee,
The Wild Geese spread their wings to sea,
And bore my buachal far from me,
Is go dté tú mo mhúirnín slán.

In the 'Ithaca' episode of *Ulysses* Leopold and Stephen 'exchange fragments of verse from the ancient Hebrew and ancient Irish languages'. Stephen cites 'with modulation of voice and translation of text' from the chorus of a well-known Jacobite lament. This was sung by a girl for her sweetheart soldier who has flown with the Wild Geese to the Continent after the battles of Boyne and Aughrim in the last decade of the 17th century. Gavan Duffy referred to 'the inexpressible tenderness of the air and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words'. There are many variations to both words and air. The verses are usually sung in English; Douglas Hyde provided an Irish version. Joyce provides a tasteful translation of the chorus: 'Walk, walk, walk your way, walk in safety, walk with care'. A full translation would be: 'Walk, walk, walk my love/Walk safely and walk softly/Walk to the door and flee with me/And may you go my love with good health.'

U 17.724: What fragments of verse from the ancient Hebrew and ancient Irish languages were cited with modulations of voice and translation of texts by guest to host and by host to guest? By Stephen: *suil, suil, suil arun, suil go siocair agus suil go cuin* (walk, walk, walk your way, walk in safety, walk with care). By Bloom: *kifeloch, harimon rakatejch m'baad l'zamatejch* (thy temple amid thy hair is as a slice of pomegranate)
FW 011.18: Who goes cute goes siocur and shoos aroun.
FW 049.05: Having flown his wild geese, alohned in crowds to warnder on like Shuley Luney.
FW 112.06: The quad gospellers may own the targum but any of the Zingari shoolerim may pick a peck of kindlings yet from the sack of auld hensyne.

FW 407.36: Of him to dye his paddycoats to morn his hesternmost earning.

FW 603.04: Schoen! Shoan! Shoon the Putz! A penny for your thought abouts!

12. Carolan's Farewell (trad., arr. J. Feeley)

Played on James Joyce's guitar. Recorded in Newman House, Dublin, 15 June 2012

As a child Turlough Carolan received an excellent education through the generosity of Mrs McDermott Roe of Alderford House, Co Roscommon. When at the age of 18 he lost his sight through smallpox she hired a harp teacher to instruct him, and later provided him with a horse and guide so that he could earn his livelihood as a wandering bard. When, after a life on the roads, with a presentiment of death, Carolan returned to Alderford, declaring: 'I have come here after all I have gone through, to die at home at last, where I got my first schooling and my first horse.' James Hardiman gives the following account in his *Irish Minstrelsy*: 'At Alderford he was received with the warmth and welcome which have ever characterised Irish friendship. After he had rested a while he called for his harp. His relaxed fingers for a while wandered feebly over the strings, but soon acquiring a momentary impulse, he played his well known "Farewell to Music", in a strain of tenderness and feeling, which drew tears from the eyes of his auditory. This was his last effort. Nature was subdued; and the dying bard was carried in a state of exhaustion to his room.'

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FRAN O'ROURKE is Emeritus Professor of Philosophy, University College Dublin. A native of Ratheniska, Co. Laois, he grew up in Galway where he attended the Claddagh National School, and Coláiste Mhuire. He studied at universities in Galway, Vienna, Cologne, Louvain, and Leuven, where he received his PhD. He has held Fulbright and Onassis fellowships and in 2003 was Visiting Research Professor at Marquette University. He is former Director of UCD's International Summer School in Irish Studies. He is author of *Pseudo-Dionysius and the Metaphysics of Aquinas* (2005), *Allwisest Stagyrite: Joyce's Quotations from Aristotle* (2005) and *Aristotelian Interpretations* (2016). His latest publication is *Joyce, Aristotle and Aquinas* (University of Florida Press, 2022) Some of his publications are available at www.franorourke.ie.

Fran O'Rourke's first 'artistic' connection with James Joyce, over fifty years ago, was on a children's TV programme (hosted by a ventriloquist's dummy) when he sang a children's song with a line about 'old mother Flipperflapper'; a variation of the line occurs in *Finnegans Wake*. The first copy of *Ulysses* which he held in his hand was a first edition—in Zurich, where he developed the habit of regular visits to Joyce's grave in Fluntern cemetery.

While studying on the Continent O'Rourke performed at many folk festivals and on radio and television. In recent years he has specialised in the performance of Irish traditional songs from the writings of James Joyce. He has given recitals in the National Concert Hall, Dublin, and the Conservatorio, Trieste. In 2012 he sponsored the restoration of Joyce's guitar which is preserved in the Joyce Museum. With John Feeley he has given recitals of Joyce related songs in many parts of the world, from San Diego to Shanghai. A CD with a live recording of their St Patrick's Day, 2015, concert in Monaco is available (www.joycesong.info).

JOHN FEELEY was born in Ballinasloe, County Galway. Having graduated from Trinity College Dublin, he completed a Masters degree at the City University, New York. He taught at the American Institute of Guitar, New York, and Memphis State University, before returning to Ireland to take up the post of Lecturer in Guitar at the Conservatory of Music, TU Dublin, and the Royal Irish Academy of Music. He was awarded a PhD by the National University of Ireland, Maynooth.

He regularly gives concerts and master classes internationally, including appearances at the Sydney Opera House, the Old Opera House, Frankfurt, and L'Arena in Verona. He has performed widely with orchestra—The American Symphony at Carnegie Hall, the National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland, the Ulster Orchestra, and the Irish Chamber Orchestra, among others. He has won a number of prizes in international competitions, including the Special Award for interpretation in the 1984 Mauro Giuliani competition, Italy. He has recorded with The Chieftains and Montserrat Caballé.

John Feeley has recorded many CDs, including *The Immigrant's Song*, a collection of his arrangements of traditional Irish airs, and most recently J. S. Bach's Cello Suites 1-3. (www.johnfeeley.ie)

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