Traditional Singing and Walking Tour
Sunday September 28th 2014, 11am, Moore Street
Frank Harte Festival 2014
If Ever You Go
A Map of Dublin in Poetry and Song
Dublin Traditional Singing and Walking Tour
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Meet at 11 am sharp
at the Parnell Street end of Moore Street

This year’s Frank Harte Festival walk will commence at the junction of Parnell Street and Moore Street. Parnell Street is named after Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891) the foremost Irish political leader of the late nineteenth century who campaigned with Michael Davitt for land reform and home rule for Ireland. According to McCready’s Dublin Street Names Dated and Explained (1892), Moore street was named in 1728 “From Henry Moore, 3rd Viscount Moore, and Baron Moore of Mellefont, created in 1661 Earl of Drogheda, – from whom Henry Street, Moore Street, Earl Street, Off Lane, Drogheda Street [later Sackville Street and finally O’Connell Street] and Mellifont Lane derive their names.”

The theme of this year’s walk is If Ever You Go – a map of Dublin in poetry and song, which is the 2014 Dublin One City One Book choice. The title is taken from Patrick Kavanagh’s song “If Ever you go to Dublin Town” in which he remarks:

He knew that prosperity had no use
For anything but the soul,
The lines that speak the passionate heart,
The spirit that lives alone.
O he was a lone one,
Fol dol the di do,
Yet he lived happily
I tell you.

This is a book compiled to encourage residents and visitors to the city to explore one of the world’s most famous literary capitals through its streets broad and narrow in both verse and song. The first stop is at a memorial plaque to the 1916 patriot known as The O’Rahilly at O’Rahilly Parade off Moore Street. It was at No.16 Moore Street that the leaders of the 1916 met to decide to surrender their arms to the overwhelming British Forces after Pearse had personally witnessed three citizens being shot trying to escape the area. Here the first song will be heard. The walk will stop at many more such memorials and other places of historical interest in the north inner city which trace the history of Ireland and its people with a relevant song or verse.
The walk will proceed down Moore Street, across O’Connell Street and continue anti-clockwise through the North Inner City and finish at the Garden of Remembrance adjacent to the Teacher’s Club where walkers can repair for refreshments and contribute their own songs and verses of Dublin to a session which will start on arrival.
Go n-éirí an bothar libh go léir.

**STOP 1: PLAQUE TO THE O’RAHILLY AT O’RAHILLY PARADE OFF MOORE STREET**

Michael Joseph O’Rahilly (1875 -1916), born in Ballylongford, County Kerry, was a republican and an Irish language enthusiast. He was the Director of Arms for the Irish Volunteers and personally directed the first major arming of volunteers with Mausers landed at Howth in July 1914. When he arrived for the Rising at Liberty Hall, he was driving his own motorcar – a Dion-Buton – which ended up as part of a barricade in Princes Street. He had misgivings about the rising, but is quoted as saying: “Well, I’ve helped wind up the clock – I might as well hear it strike”. He later commented to Countess Markievicz: “it’s madness, but it is glorious madness”. On Friday 28 April, with the GPO on fire, O’Rahilly volunteered to lead a party out of the GPO to Williams and Woods, a factory on Great Britain Street (Parnell Street). A British machine gun caught him at the top of Moore Street where he was badly wounded. He bled to death in Sackville Lane where a memorial now records the final letter he wrote to his wife Nancy at this spot:
Written after I was shot. Darling Nancy I was shot leading a rush up Moore Street and took refuge in a doorway. While I was there I heard the men pointing out where I was and made a bolt for the laneway I am in now. I got more [than] one bullet I think. Tons and tons of love dearie to you and the boys and to Nell and Anna. It was a good fight anyhow. Please deliver this to Nannie O’Rahilly, 40 Herbert Park, Dublin.

Goodbye Darling.

Song 1: “A Row in the Town” by Peadar Kearney, sung by Jerry O’Reilly. Peadar Kearney (1883-1942) was born at 68 lower Dorset Street, and educated at the Model School, Schoolhouse Lane and St Josephs CBS Marino. He joined the Gaelic League in 1901, was sworn into the IRB in 1903, and taught Irish to Seán O’Casey. A house painter, he joined the Abbey Theatre in the props department and took small parts. He wrote “The Soldiers Song” in 1907. He participated in the Howth gun-running in 1914 and fought at Jacobs Factory in the 1916 Rising, eluding capture afterwards. He was later arrested at his home in Summerhill and was interned at Ballykinlar, Co Down in the company of Martin Walton of Walton’s Music fame. He sided with Michael Collins and the Treaty. “A Row in the Town” is Kearney’s tongue-in-cheek account of the 1916 rising. He was an uncle of Brendan and Dominic Behan, some of whose songs are also included in the walking tour.
A Row in the Town

I'll sing you a song of the row in a town,
When the Green Flag went up and the crown rag came down;
’Twas the neatest and sweetest row ever you saw,
When we played the best game played in Erin Go Bragh.

A thousand brave fellows of every degree,
With rifles and shotguns they swore to be free;
One fine Easter Monday they laughed at the “Law,”
And played the best game played in Erin Go Bragh.

God rest gallant Pearse and his comrades who died:
Jim Connolly and Mallin, MacDonagh, MacBride,
And here’s to young Heuston who gave one “hurrah,”
And faced the machine guns for Erin Go Bragh.

Brave Ceannt and his comrades, like lions at bay,
From the South Union windows poured death and dismay;
What was the wrath when those Englishmen saw
All the dead khaki soldiers in in Erin Go Bragh.

Here’s to Ned Daly and all his command,
From the Four Courts to King Street their fighting was grand;
For the might of the Empire they cared not a straw,
But played the best game played in Erin Go Bragh.

Our young De Valera was down at Ringsend,
The honour of Ireland to hold and defend;
He had no veteran soldiers but volunteers raw,
Playing sweet Mauser music for Erin Go Bragh.

A brave English Captain was raving that day,
He said: “Give me one hour and I’ll blow them away”
But a big Mauser bullet got stuck in his craw,
And he died of lead poisonging in Erin Go Bragh.

Here’s to the men of the great rank and file,
And the lion-hearted women of Erin’s green isle;
Let true men salute them in wonder and awe,
The stoutest and greatest in Erin Go Bragh.

All glory to Dublin! to her’s the renown,
Through the long generations her fame will go down,
And her children will tell how their forefathers saw
The red blaze of freedom in Erin Go Bragh.
Moore Street is famous for its street traders but there are also many fine butcher shops in Moore Street. In James Joyce’s *Ulysses* Leopold Bloom bought his meat at Buckleys. F.X. Buckley opened his Moore Street shop in 1930, and it soon became a well-known institution.

Our next song “The Butcher Boy” is a Dublin version of broadside ballad found widely in England. It is set in Moore Street, and was recorded in Dublin in the sixties by the Ludlow Folk Group which then comprised Paddy Roche, Margaret O’Brien and Sean Loughran. A butcher’s apprentice abandons his lover. She hangs herself and is discovered by her lover or in some versions by her father. She has left a suicide note which prescribes that she be buried with a turtle dove placed upon her breast to show she died for love.

**Song 2 : The Butcher Boy** (traditional) Sung by Máire Ní Chróinín.

In Moore Street where I did dwell  He went upstairs and the door he broke.
A butcher boy I loved right well  He found her hanging by a rope.
He courted me my life away  He took his knife and he cut her down
And now with me he will not stay. And in her pocket these words he found.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain  Oh make my grave large, wide and deep.
I wish I was a maid again  Put a marble stone at my head and feet
But a maid again I’ll never be  And in the middle a turtle dove
Till cherries grow on an apple tree.  So the world may know I died of love.

I wish my baby it was born  And smiling on its daddy’s knee
And me poor girl to be dead and gone  And me poor girl to be dead and gone
With the long green grass growing over me.
Song 3 : Molly Malone (Cockles and Mussels) by James Yorkston of Edinburgh (fl. 1880s). This Dublin anthem is thought to have been first published in Edinburgh. It’s hard to think of a more fitting place than Dublin’s Moore Street to sing this song. Sung by Siobhán Harte (grand-daughter of the late Frank Harte)

In Dublin’s fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes upon Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!”

Chorus
Alive, alive oh!
Alive, alive oh,
Crying cockle and mussels, alive, alive Oh!

She was a fish-monger
And, sure, ’twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!”

She died of the fever
And no-one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
But her ghost wheels her barrow
Through the streets broad and narrow
Crying “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive O!”
STOP 2 JAMES JOYCE STATUE AT NORTH EARL STREET

opposite the Spire where Nelson’s Pillar stood for 157 years. The pillar – a 121-foot tall Doric column topped with a 13 foot tall statue sculpted by Thomas Kirk of Cork – was originally erected from public subscription following his victory at the Battle of Trafalgar. It was opened to the public on 21st October 1809 on the fourth anniversary of the battle. On Nelson’s ship Victory at Trafalgar there were 63 Irishmen serving out of a total of 804. It is also recorded that 16,515 Irishmen enlisted in the navy between 1793 and 1796 many of whom were press-ganged from merchant ships at Irish ports.
The pillar was blown up in 1966 by persons unknown. In 2002 it was replaced by The Spire.

Song 4 : The Nightingale – a traditional song about a sailor press-ganged to join the British Navy during the Napoleonic wars – was recorded by Frank Harte on his celebrated CD My name is Napoleon Bonaparte. HMS Nightingale was a 16 gun brig sloop with a complement of 95, launched in Dover in July 1805 for service in the North sea during the Napoleonic Wars. She captured a number of merchant vessels and was present at the second battle of Copenhagen in 1807.
Sung by Frank Nugent

THE NIGHTINGALE

Oh woeful was the day when I was pressed to sail afar
And leave behind the girl I loved in the town of Ballinagar.
The shady groves were my delight ’til I was forced to sail
You all may guess at my distress lying in the Nightingale.

Oh grief and woe that I must go and fight for England’s king.
I do no know his friends or foes and war’s a cruel thing.
The Nightingale lies near at hand my time alas is brief,
From purling streams and mountain rills I part with bitter grief.
No more I’ll walk the golden hills with Nancy by my side
Or stroll along the sun-bright rills or view my land with pride.
We sail away at dawn of day our sails are ready set,
When old Ireland sure I see no more I will sigh with deep regret.

When all has changed now I must range across the ocean wide,
Our ship she may in Biscay bay be sunk beneath the tide.

If I should fall by a cannon ball or sink beneath the sea,
Good people all a tear let fall and mourn for mine and me.
But if God should spare my grey hair and bring me back again
I will love far more my Antrim shore its dark blue hills and glens
Around my fire but one desire, God grant ’til life shall fail
To keep me far from cruel war and from the Nightingale.

Song 5: Poor Ould Admiral Nelson – a popular song which commemorates the blowing up of Nelson’s Pillar in 1966. It was written by Galwayman Joe Dolan and recorded by the Dubliners. Sung by Larry O’Toole.

Oh well, poor aul’ Admiral Nelson is no longer in the air
On the eighth day of March, in Dublin city fair
From his stand of stones and mortar
He fell crashing through the quarter
Where once he stood so stiff and proud and rude!
So let’s sing our celebration
As a service to the nation
So poor aul’ admiral Nelson, toodle-oo!

Of fifty pounds of gelignite, it sped him on his way
And the lad that laid the charge, we’re in debt to him today!
In Trafalgar Square it might be fair
To leave aul’ Nelson standing there
But no one tells the Irish what they’ll view!
So the Dublin Corporation
Can stop deliberations
For the boys of Ireland showed them what to do.

A hundred and fifty-seven years it stood up there in state
To mark aul’ Nelson’s victory o’er the French and Spanish fleet
But 1:30 in the morning
Without a bit of warning
Aul’ Nelson took a powder, and he blew!
So at last the Irish nation
Had Parnell in higher station
Than good old admiral Nelson, toodle-oo!
Oh the Russians and the Yanks, with their lunar probes they play
And I hear the French are trying hard to make up lost headway
But now the Irish join the race
We have an astronaut in space!
Ireland, boys, is now a world power, too!
So let’s sing our celebration
As a service to the nation
So poor aul’ admiral Nelson, toodle-oo!
Poem 1: Dublin by Louis MacNeice, Recited by Ann Buckley
(Words: If Ever You Go, p. 7)

Louis MacNeice (1907-1963) was born in Belfast of west of Ireland parents. He was a very popular poet in his lifetime and had an acute awareness of his Irish roots.

Grey brick upon brick,
Declamatory bronze
On somber pedestals –
O’Connell, Grattan, Moore –
And the brewery tugs and the swans
On the balustraded stream
And the bare bones of a fanlight
Over a hungry door
And the air soft on the cheek
And porter running from the taps
With a head of yellow cream
And Nelson on his pillar
Watching his world collapse.

This never was my town,
I was not born or bred
Nor schooled here and she will not
Have me alive or dead
But yet she holds my mind
With her seedy elegance,
With her gentle veils of rain
And all her ghosts that walk
And all that hide behind
Her Georgian facades –
The catcalls and the pain,
The glamour of her squalor,
The bravado of her talk.

She is not an Irish town
And she is not English,
Historic with guns and vermin
And the cold renown
Of a fragment of Church latin,
Of an oratorical phrase.
But oh the days are soft,
Soft enough to forget
The lesson better learnt,
The bullet on the wet
Streets, the crooked deal,
The steel behind the laugh,
The Four Courts burnt.

The lights jig in the river
With a concertina movement
And the sun comes up in the morning
Like barley-sugar on the water
And the mist on the Wicklow hills
Is close, as close
As the peasantry were to the landlord,
As the Irish to the Anglo-Irish,
As the killer is close one moment
To the man he kills,
Or as the moment itself
Is close to the next moment.

Fort of the Dane,
Garrison of the Saxon,
Augustan capital
Of a Gaelic nation,
Appropriating all
The alien brought,
You give me time for thought
And by a juggler’s trick
You poise the toppling hour –
O greyness run to flower,
Grey stone, grey water,
And brick upon grey brick.
**Song 6 : Molly Blooomenthal**, a parody by James Joyce will be performed here at his statue, where the artist seems bemused as he reviews Nelson’s replacement – The Spire. Sung by Luke Cheevers.

Man dear, did you never hear of buxom Molly Bloom at all,
As plump an Irish beauty, sir, as Annie Levy Blumenthal,
If she sat in the vice-regal box Tim Healy’d have no room at all,
   But curl up in a corner at a glance from her eye.
The tale of her ups and downs would aisy fill a handybook
That would cover the whole world across from Gib right on to Sandy Hook,
But now that tale is told, ahone, I've lost my daring dandy look
   Since Molly Bloom has gone and left me here for to die.

Man dear, I remember when my roving time was troubling me
We picnicked fine in storm or shine in France and Spain and Hungary,
And she said I’d be her first and last while the wine I poured went bubbling free,
   Now ever male she meets with has a finger in her pie.
Man dear, I remember how with all the heart and brain of me
I arrayed her for the bridal, but, oh, she proved the bane of me,
   With more puppies sniffing round her than the wooers of Penelope
She’s left me on her doorstep like a dog for to die.

My left eye is wake and his neighbour full of water, man,
I cannot see the lass I limned for Ireland’s gamest daughter, man,
When I hear her lovers tumbling in the thousands for to court her, man,
   If I were sure I’d not be seen I’d sit down and cry.
May you live, may you love like this daily spinning earth of ours,
And every morn a gallous sun awake you to fresh wealth of gold,
But if I cling like a child to the clouds that are your petticoats,
   O Molly, handsome Molly, sure you won't let me die?

**STOP 3 TALBOT STREET PLAQUE TO SEAN TRACEY**

Sean Tracey shot in Talbot Street in 1920.
**Song 7 : Tipperary Far Away**, sung by Mary Kenny

This well known rebel song is dedicated to Tipperary man Sean Tracey who was shot in Talbot Street during the war of independence in 1920.
The moon shone down in Talbot Street
Where a dying rebel lay,
His arms were crossed and his body was stretched,
And his life blood flowed away.
A passing comrade heard his moans,
And the sufferer soon was found,
He gently raised his aching head,
Up from the cold damp ground.
“Softly, gently, comrade”, he cried,
“No longer on earth must I stay,
I will never more roam to my own native home
In Tipperary far away.”

“A lock of my hair I pray you take,
To my mother so far away,
And so as she will gaze on it,
She fondly will think of me.
Tell her it’s down by the Liffeyside,
My mouldering bones do lay,
There’s a vision of light, before me to-night
In Tipperary far away.”

His comrades gathered round him,
To bid him his last farewell,
He was as brave a young soldier
As ever in battle fell.
They dug a grave and beneath they laid,
Sean Tracey, brave and gay,
Who will never more roam to his own native home
In Tipperary far away.

**Song 8 : Dublin Jack of all Trades**  (Words : *If Ever You Go*, p. 23)
Sung by: THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED group of traditional singers

All sing the chorus:

I’m a roving Jack of many a trade
Of every trade, of all trades
And if you want to know my name
Just call me Jack of all trades
Song 9: The Twang Man (Anonymous early 19th century). Sung by Mick Dunne

Come listen to my story, its about a nice young man,
When the militia wasn't wanting him he dealt in hawking twang,
He loved a lovely maiden, as fair as any miss,
She kept a treacle depot on one side of the Carlisle Bridge.

Another one came courting her; his name it was Mickey Bags,
He was a commercial traveller, he dealt in bones and rags.
He took her out to Sandymount for to see the waters roll,
He won the heart of the twang man’s girl playing billy in the bowl.

But when the twang man heard of this he flew into a terrible rage,
He swore by the contents of his twang cart on him he’d have revenge,
He lay in wait by James Gate and when poor Baggs came up
With his twang knife he took the life of the poor old gather-em-up.

Now you'll have heard my story and I hope youse 'll be good men,
And not go chasing a twang man's mot or any old hen,
For she'll leave you without a brass farthing not even an old pack of rags,
And that's the end of the story and poor old Mickey Bags.
The model school is over 150 years old, it was built in 1859 on the Department of Education’s site. Trainee teachers were trained on the job there by experienced teachers up until 1900 when Irish Teacher Training colleges were established. It was destroyed by fire in 1982, was restored in 1993, and is now home to The Central Model Infants School. A couple of popular Dublin Chorus songs will be sung here.

**Song 10 : Dicey Riley** (words : *If You Ever Go*, p. 69). Sung by: Allison O’Donnell

Chorus: Ah poor aul’ Dicey Reilly she has taken to the sup,  
And poor aul’ Dicey Reilly, she will never give it up  
It’s off each morning to the pop and she goes in for another little drop,  
But the heart of the rowl is Dicey Reilly

**Poem 2 : If Ever you Go to Dublin Town** by Patrick Kavanagh  
(words : *If You Ever Go*, pp187-8). Recited by Philip Breen

The title verse of this year’s walk will be recited here. Kavanagh who gave us one of Dublins best love songs “Raglan Road” was a Monaghan man who lived in Dublin. In this poem he imagines how people will talk of him when he is dead. It appears he did not expect to be liked.

He had the knack of making men feel as small as they really were  
Which meant as great as God had made them, but as males they disliked his air.  
Oh, he was a strange one, fol-dol-de-di-do  
He was a strange one, I tell you.

**Song 11 : The Ould Triangle** from *The Quare Fellow* by Brendan Behan  
Sung by Fergus Russell

Brendan Francis Behan (1923-1964) was a Dublin northside poet, short story writer, novelist and playwright who wrote in both English and Irish. Born in Dublin into a republican family, he became a member of the IRA’s youth organisation Fianna Eireann at the age of fourteen. His songs include “The Captains and the Kings” and “The Ould Triangle”.

Chorus  
And the Ould Triangle goes jingle jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
STOP 5 THE GLOUCESTER DIAMOND

The Gloucester Diamond is one of the places mentioned in this lovely old Dublin ballad

Song 12 : The Spanish Lady (Traditional), sung by Angela Murray

As I came down through Dublin City, at the hour of twelve at night,
Who should I spy, but a Spanish Lady, washing her feet by the candlelight
First she washed them, then she dried them over a fire of amber coals
In all me life I ne’er did see, a maid so sweet about the sole.
Chorus:
Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Ray Lady,
Whack for the Too Rye Ooh Rye Aye

As I came back through Dublin City at the hour of half-past-eight,
Who should I spy but the Spanish Lady, brushing her hair in the broad daylight.
First she brushed it, then she tossed it, on her lap was a silver comb
In all me life I ne’er did see, a maid so fair since I did roam.

As I returned to Dublin City, as the sun began to set
Who should I spy but a Spanish lady catching a moth in a golden net.
First she saw me, then she fled me, lifted her petticoats o’er her knee
In all me life I ne’er did see, a maid so fair as the Spanish Lady.

I’ve wandered North, and I have wandered South through Stoneybatter and Patrick’s Close
Up and around by the Gloucester Diamond and back by Napper Tandy’s house.
Auld age has laid her hands on me, cold as a fire of ashy coals . . .
But, there is the love of me Spanish Lady, a maid so sweet about the sole.

Chorus x 2

Song 13 : The Monto, sung by: Barry Gleeson

A ballad about Dublin’s famous red-light district, this song was written in 1958, three decades after Monto had disappeared, by George Desmond Hodnett, the well-known critic of popular music for The Irish Times. In the 1950s He was composing satirical tunes for revues at the Pike Theatre in Herbert Lane and for other Dublin theatres.
Hodnett was slagging off a typical traditional ballad. He wanted to convey that the tune was written about the turn of the century, with its references to the Dublin Fusiliers, Skin-the-Goat, and now-obsolete Dublin slang. The song however has become a model of the popular folk song it originally aimed at satirising.
Well, if you've got a wing-o, take her up to Ring-o
Where the waxies sing-o all the day;
If you've had your fill of porter, And you can't go any further
Give your man the order: "Back to the Quay!"
And take her up to Monto, Monto, Monto
Take her up to Monto, lan-ge-roo, to you!

Have you heard of Buckshot Forster, the dirty old impostor
Took a mot and lost her, up the Furry Glen.
He first put on his bowler and buttoned up his trousers,
Then whistled for a growler and he said, "My man!"
Take me up to Monto, Monto, Monto
Take me up to Monto, lan-ge-roo, to you!

You've seen the Dublin Fusiliers, the dirty old bamboozleers,
De Wet'll kill the chiselers, one, two, three.
Marching from the Linen Hall, there's one for every cannonball,
And Vicky's going to send them all, o'er the sea.
But first go up to Monto, Monto, Monto
March them up to Monto, lan-ge-roo, to you!

When Carey told on Skin-the-goat, O'Donnell caught him on the boat
He wished he'd never been afloat, the dirty skite.
It wasn't very sensible to tell on the Invincibles
They stand up for their principles, day and night.
And you'll find them all in Monto, Monto, Monto
Standing up in Monto, lan-ge-roo, to you!

Now when the Tsar of Russia and the King of Prussia
Landed in the Phoenix in a big balloon,
They asked the police band to play "The Wearin' of the Green"
But the buggers from the depot didn't know the tune.
So they both went up to Monto, Monto, Monto
Scarpered up to Monto, lan-ge-roo, to you!

The Queen she came to call on us, She wanted to see all of us
I'm glad she didn't fall on us, she's eighteen stone.
"Mister Me Lord Mayor," says she, "Is this all you've got to show me?"
"Why, no ma'am there's some more to see, Póg mo thóin!
And he took her up Monto, Monto, Monto
He set her up in Monto, lan-ge-roo, to you!
**Song 14 : Bruacha Eidhir Na Life**, Sung by Des Geraghty.

Is breá liom na sléibhte, na gleannnta 's na coill,
áilleacht an dúlra, cee drioichta ar an tsliabh,
Ach ní shin an áit is ansa liom, nó is giorra do mo chroi,
ach Brucha Eibhir na Life, is gCathair Bhleá Cliath.

Nach ann atá mo mhuintir, mo cháirde 's mo gaol,
Dílis d'ar ndúchas is oidhreacht clanna gael,
Saoránaigh fial na cathrach, a' leanacht óglaigh agus saoi,
d'fogair soiscéal na saoirse i gCathair Bhleá Cliath.

Curfá
A uaisleacht na habhainn, cá bhfuil do thrial ?
Tú go sioraí ag gluaiseacht i gceartlár mo shaoil,
Ciuin , dubh is doimhin, eolach ar do shli,
Faoi Bhruacha Eibhir na Life i gCathair Bheá Cliath.

Tá togha is rogha den cheol ann, ealain agus spórt,
Cuar bán an leann dubh is fearr sa domhain móir,
Is go hiondúil óg 's aosta, a baint sult as an oiche,
Ar Bruach Éibhir na Life i gCathair Bheá Cliath.

Tá bailte agus tailte i bfad i bfad i gcéin,
Le hachmhaini is foirgnint, tabhairt dúshlán don ngréin,
Ach ó Bhri Chulainn go Beann Éadair ón Life go Gleanncrí,
Tá selibh níos luchmhaire ag muintir Bheá Cliath.

Curfá.....A uaisleacht na habhainn..&rl.

(O gentility of the rivers where is it that do you go?
passing ever onwards straight through my life you flow
Quiet dark and deep, knowing in your own way
Neath the granite banks of the Liffey in Dublin City.)
STOP 6 PARNELL MONUMENT

is at the top of O’Connell Street, opposite the Rotunda Hospital and adjacent to the Gate Theatre. The monument commemorates the “Chief and uncrowned king of Ireland” Charles Stewart Parnell. The Ladies Land League meeting place was at the building now occupied by AIB in Parnell Street. The Rotunda Hospital, which is Ireland’s longest serving maternity hospital, provided the meeting place where The Irish Volunteers, Óglaigh na hÉireann, was born on the 25 November 1913 at a public meeting held in the Rotunda Rink in the hospital grounds. A monument on Parnell Square commemorates that event.
Song 15 : Have you been to Avondale? by Dominic Behan
Sung by Barbara Coates

Dominic Behan was a brother of Brendan with strong republican and Dublin song writing roots. He was a prolific composer and had more than 450 songs published during his lifetime. He lived most of his life in Scotland and England. His songs were very popular in Ireland and also among the Irish living in Britain and include “The Patriot Game”, “McAlpine’s Fusiliers” and “Liverpool Lou”.

Oh have you been to Avondale
And wandered in the lovely vale
Where tall trees whisper all the tale
Of Avondale’s proud eagle.

Where fame and ancient glory fate
Such was the land where he was laid
Like Christ was thirty pieces paid
For Avondale’s proud eagle.

Long years that green and lovely vale
Has nursed Parnell, our grandest Gael
And cursed the land that has betrayed
Fair Avondale’s proud eagle.

Song 16 : The Lovely Sweet Banks of the Moy (Seamus O’Duffy). Sung by Robert Kelly

One day as I went on my ramble, from Swinford to sweet Ballylee,
I met with a maid as I rambled and her name it was Mary McGrath,
And she said “For the sake of old Ireland, Michael Davitt, my brave Irish boy,
He is now in the prison of Portland, far from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.”

I quickly approached this fair maiden, asked her what was the cause of her woe,
And what was the reason for misery, that forced her from home for to go.
And she sighed “For the rights of old Ireland, Michael Davitt my brave Irish boy,
He is now in the prison of Portland, far from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.”

Don’t talk of your sweet sixty-seven, we had brave men and true men also.
There was young Peter Carney, God rest him, he died in Killarney also.
He was drilled by my darling Mick Davitt, in the valleys and plains of Fermoy,
And that’s why he’s a prisoner in Portland, far from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.

And now to conclude and to finish, I hope that the day will soon come
When those cruel landlords and bailiffs from the isle of Saint Patrick must run.
We will unfurl our green and gold banners and we’ll raise them for Ireland on high,
And we will drink to our brave Michael Davitt, from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.
Song 17: Sicíní Bhríd Éamoinn. Sung by Antaine Ó Faracháin

'S an gcuala sibh nó an bhfaca sibh aon scrios a' tiocht go hÉirinn,
Mar a rinne mada Tomily ar shicíní Bhríd Éamoinn,
Tháinig sé isteach as faltanas lá is í ag gléasadh a mbriofeasta,
'S gur bhain sé an ceann gan aireachtáil de mháthair an dáréag bhoicht.

D'Thág(a) sin faoi leatrom iad ag screadach is ag gear-ghol,
Dhá scailpeadh ar fud na ngarrantaí is gan sop acu ná téagar,
Mara dté siad insan “Psalter-house” nó iontú leis na Pratastúin,
Nil aon tslí ó neamh acu ach a' dhul ag iarraidh déirce.

"Is a chomharsanáí na gcarrad nó geilligise d'Éamonn,
Rachaídh mé 'un an phobail nó go bhfaighidh mé accommodation,
Gur coileán muinte socair mé lá ar thosaigh sí ag cur chogadh in orm,
Cailleach as Crích Lochlannach 's í a' moladh Presbyterians.

"Bhí mé ag gabháil an baile seo 'gus tháinig mé tigh Éamoinn,
Bhí cailleach cois na tine ann 's í a' gabháil thrí leabhar Freemasons,
Ní túisce mé i mo sheasamh ann ná labhair sí go habartha : ",
"Are you a Roman Catholic or what's your occupation?"

"Ni bhfuair mé mórrán scoláireachta na oideachas ar Bheárla,
Ach go ndeachaigh mé thríd an spelling-book is gur léigh mé beagán Gaeilge,
Ní raibh mo mhuintir amhainneach 'gus d'fhág(a) sin mé de réir na haimsire,
Gus ‘un Aifrinn a bhionns mo tharraingt nuair is anamh a theim in aon áit!”

"Diúltaigh do na hAifrinn agus séan an creideamh Gaelach,
Iontaigh leis na Pratastúin agus léigh an recantation,
Tá fuíntas ann do t'fháimili agus balachtáil dhuit thairís sin,
Agus gheobhaidh tú post ón nGovernment is níorbh ionann sin is créatúr.”

"Nuair a théimse a' tabhairt mo thuras ní chuigh sagart é ná chuigh bráithre,
Ní ag comhrá leis na cosa a bheinn is an ceann a bheith i láthair.
Ba leor dhuit a rá le leanabán le oíseach nó le amadán,
Ní ghéillim do do sheanmóir is ní chreidfinn béal a' Phápa.”

"Má léann siad na paidreachaí baineann sin dá nduty,
Ní hiad a chuirfeadh athrú air marb ionann sin is Liútar,
Dhiúltaigh sé do ghrást Dé agus chuir se suas dhon tsacraméid,
Shéan sé corp an tSlánaithetheora mar a rinne an gadaí Íúdás.”

"Nár mhór an peaca marfa mé a chrochadh ná mé a chéasadh,
Mar gheall ar chailígh bhradaigh de Lochlannach as Éigipt!
Nuair a tháinig scéal as Sasana gur buadh le O’ Connell dlí,
Cailleadh leis an aicís í lá ar fritheadh an Emancipation.
AN GÓILÍN - FRANK HARTE FESTIVAL

IF EVER YOU GO – The Sunday Morning Traditional Singing Walking Tour
STOP 7 THE LAST STOP - GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE
PARNELL SQUARE

This beautiful garden in the heart of the city was designed by Daithí Hanly and dedicated to the memory of all those who gave their lives in the cause of Irish freedom. The large sculpture by Oisín Kelly is based on the theme of the “Children of Lir”. The garden is intended as a place of quiet remembrance and reflection.

Song 18: Róisín Dubh and other Dublin Airs.
Music played by the O’Connor Family, a renowned family of Dublin traditional musicians.

Song 19: The Song of Fionnuala (Silent oh Moyle) by Thomas Moore. Sung by Róisín Gaffney

Tomas Moore’s own notes to the song: “To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. — I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the Countess of Moira.”

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir’s lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl’d?
When will heav’n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heav’n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?
Poem 3: The Song Carrier. Recited by its author Moya Cannon

Moya Cannon is from County Donegal. She studied History and Politics at UCD and at Cambridge. She has taught in the Gaelscoil in Inchicore, in a school for adolescent travellers in Galway, and at the NUI in Galway. She served as editor of Poetry Ireland in 1995.

Her work has appeared in a number of international anthologies and she has held writer-in-residence posts for Kerry County Council and Trent University Ontario (1994–95). Her first book, Oar won the 1991 Brendan Behan Memorial Prize. It was followed by The Parchment Boat in 1997 and Carrying the Songs: New and Selected Poems in 2007.

Those in power write the history, those who suffer write the songs

Frank Harte

It was always those with little else to carry
who carried the songs
to Babylon,
to the Mississippi –
some of these last possessed less than nothing
did not own their own bodies
yet, three centuries later,
deep rhythms from Africa,
stowed in their hearts, their bones,
carry the world’s song’s.

For those who left my country,
girls from Downings and the Rosses
who followed herring boats north to Shetland
gutting the sea’s silver as they went
or boys from Ranafast who took the Derry boat,
who slept over a rope in a bothy,
songs were in their souls’ currency
the pure metal of their hearts,

to be exchanged for other gold,
other songs which rang out true and bright
when flung down
upon the deal boards of their days.
LAST STOP THE TEACHERS’ CLUB

Time for the walkers to take a rest, drink a pint and continue the tour of Dublin in song and verse at the Teacher’s Club where the Góilín Traditional Singer Club resides every Friday night.
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Meet at Moore St / Parnell St
1. Top of Moore Street
2. North Earl Street
3. Talbot Street
4. Gardiner Street
5. Gloucester Diamond
6. Parnell Monument
7. Garden of Remembrance
8. Teachers' Club