



# “INSIDE THE PALE”

Traditional Singing Walking Tour

Frank Harte Festival 2018

Sunday 23rd September, 2018

Starts at Lower Castle Yard,

Dublin Castle, at 11:00am,

# Dublin Traditional Singing and Walking Tour

## Sunday 23rd September

### Introduction

**T**HIS YEAR'S WALKING TOUR will explore the precincts of Dublin Castle, the bastion of English and later British rule in Ireland for over 700 years. The Pale (*An Pháil* in Irish) or the English Pale (*An Pháil Shasanach* or *An Ghalltacht*) was the part of Ireland that was directly under the control of the English government in the late middle ages. It had been reduced by the late 15th century to an area along the east coast stretching from Dalkey, south of Dublin, to the garrison town of Dundalk. The inland boundary went to Naas and Leixlip around the Earldom of Kildare, towards Trim and north towards Kells. In this district, many townlands have English or French names. Dublin Castle was built upon the site of the previous Viking settlement in Dublin.

The Castle was the site of many historic events concerning the ruling of Ireland since it was established under orders from Norman King John of England in the early 13th century. The medieval fortress had four corner towers linked by high curtain walls which were built around a large central enclosure. It had a moat supplied with water diverted from the River Poddle and a draw bridge. Its security was never breached. It was adjacent to the site of Dubh Linn or black pool, a water source from which the capital city has derived its name.

Following a large fire in 1684, the Castle was rebuilt during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries into a Georgian mansion to house the Viceroy who was the British monarch's representative in Ireland. The palatial new castle was designed to provide residential as well as administrative and ceremonial functions.

Many famous figures in Irish history to their cost are linked to the Castle which was the nerve centre of the Pale including "Silken Thomas" Fitzgerald – 10th Earl of Leinster (1513-37), who unsuccessfully tried to storm the castle with cannon in 1534; Red Hugh O'Donnell and Art O'Neill who escaped from its clutches, and Fiach McHugh O'Byrne (1534-97) whose head was displayed on a spike when he was finally captured and executed in 1597. Oliver Plunkett was held prisoner here in 1679, before his transfer to London where he was savagely executed in Tyburn High Street. Later United Irishmen Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the brothers Henry and John Shears and Robert Emmett would be shot and/or arrested by infamous Major Sirr, the Town Major (chief of police) who operated a network of spies and informers from his office in the Upper Castle yard during that revolutionary period. Jemmy O'Brien, one of Captain Sirr's most notorious confederates, provided the sole evidence which hanged scores of Sirr's victims. O'Brien's

own hanging for murder on the 14th of July 1800, brought thousands of people on to the streets of Dublin to witness the spectacle of his public execution.

Over the centuries many were entertained at Dublin Castle including Benjamin Franklin (1771), the Duke of Wellington (1807), Daniel O’Connell (1841) and Charles Dickens (1864). Countess Markievicz was one of many young aristocrats who presented themselves as debutantes. Famous visitors include Queen Victoria “who came to call on us” in 1849, 1853, 1861 and 1900.

In 1908 Constance Markievicz attended her first meeting of the revolutionary nationalist women’s organisation Inghinidhe na hÉireann (Daughters of Ireland) wearing a ball gown and diamond tiara, having just come from a function at Dublin Castle. The Inghinidhe were not impressed by this countess in full regalia, but she was impressed by them. This debut was as far removed from her subsequent

contribution to the struggle as can be imagined. She turned her back on her privileged background, threw herself wholeheartedly into building Inghinidhe, and later Cumann na mBan, another Republican women’s organisation. She joined James Connolly’s Irish Citizens Army, and played a heroic role in the Easter Rising of 1916 and subsequent events.

During the 1916 rebellion a failed attempt to attack the Castle by the Cork Hill Gate was made by a small number of members of the Irish Citizens Army who, when repulsed by the castle garrison, retreated to City Hall. James Connolly (1868-1916), socialist and Irish revolutionary and last of the leaders of 1916 rebellion to be executed, was housed at the British Army Hospital in the Castle. Connolly had suffered a serious leg injury and was treated in the hospital before being transferred to Kilmainham Gaol to be executed.

It was here on the 16th of January 1922 that General Michael Collins took possession of the Castle on behalf of the Provisional Government of Ireland from the last Viceroy of Ireland, Lord FitzAlan-Howard. Collins arrived late and when the Viceroy, annoyed at being kept waiting greeted him with a rebuke “you are seven minutes late Mr Collins”. Collins replied “we have been waiting seven hundred years, you can have an extra seven minutes”.



*Constance Markievicz as a debutante*

## STOP 1: POWDER TOWER TOUR

The tour will commence with a guided tour of excavations which have uncovered parts of the structure of the medieval castle alongside the remains of some of Viking Dublin's original defences. These defences take the form of a stone covered embankment, a section of which has been preserved within the massive circular walls of the thirteenth-century Powder Tower. The Castle's medieval curtain wall and postern gate and a set of steps that led down to the original moat can be viewed. The River Poddle, which still flows under the Castle grounds today, was diverted in order to create a moat that then surrounded the Castle. Other medieval features on the site include part of the early town wall with an archway that allowed the moat to pass under it (blocked up c.1400).

Three groups of 35 walkers will take an escorted tour through the Viking and medieval excavations, each of which will take about 10-12 minutes.

On the opposite side of the castle yard stands the Record Tower which was the place of incarceration for Red Hugh O'Donnell and Art O'Neill who escaped from their iron fetters on January 6th 1592 and with a rope descended from the tower through the window of a privy. They made their way poorly clothed and shod in cold snowy weather over the Dublin and Wicklow mountains to the Glenmalur camp of Fiach McHugh O'Byrne. Unfortunately Art O'Neill died from exposure in Glenreemore valley deep in the Wicklow hills before they reached help. Hugh O'Donnell fortunately recovered from frost bite and exposure under O'Byrne's care to reach his home in county Tyrone.

### TUNES 1 : "LET ERIN REMEMBER"

PLAYED BY NEILLIDH MULLIGAN ON UILLEANN PIPES

While the groups take turns to visit the excavations of Viking Dublin, a medley of Irish tunes to commemorate seven hundred years of struggle against English Castle Rule will be played by Neillidh Mulligan. The medley will include "The Return to Fingal" which Séamus Ennis said was associated with the Battle of Clontarf (1014 AD) (when King Brian Boru defeated the Danes of Dublin), and that it is "a tune of triumph and defiance with a skilful depicting of after-battle weariness". (ref. Peter Browne in the sleeve notes to RTÉ CD *Séamus Ennis – The Return to Fingal*).

When all three groups have returned the singing tour will commence:

SONG 1 : “FOLLOW ME UP TO CARLOW” BY P.J. MCCALL  
SUNG BY FRANK NUGENT



PJ McCall (1861-1919)

Patrick Joseph McCall was born at 25 Patrick Street, Dublin. He was the son of a publican, grocer and folklorist from Clonmore, near Hacketstown in County Carlow. He spent his summers in his mother's place at Rathangan, County Wexford where he engaged in Irish traditional music and singing. He was elected to Dublin City Council three times, defeating James Connolly on one occasion. It seems he was particularly concerned with alleviating poverty in his native city. His popular ballads, including “BooLavogue”, “The Lowlands Low”, and “Kelly the Boy from Killane”, reflect his Carlow/Wexford background and his interest in keeping the names of the Wexford 1798 insurgents in the public memory. He collaborated with Arthur Warren Darley who assisted in putting McCall's words to traditional Irish airs.

This song by McCall recalls the great Wicklow Chieftain Fiach McHugh O'Byrne (1534-1597) who defied and harried the occupants of the Pale until his final capture in Glenmalure in 1597. The Battle of Glenmalure on August 25th 1580 was one of his finest victories when he defeated Lord Grey (Sir Arthur Grey de Wilton). Grey underestimated the strength of O'Byrne's forces and lost eight hundred men when ambushed from the mountain side by the Wicklow men and their allies. O'Byrne capture in 1597 by Castle forces occurred in the final weeks of the tenure of Sir William Russell as Lord Deputy of Ireland in Dublin Castle. His capture was Russell's main ambition while in office and marked the decline of a significant Irish stronghold in Leinster. The flight of the Earls occurred just six years later. O'Byrne corpse was butchered and beheaded and for months the head and quarters hung on pike staffs on the wall of Dublin Castle's drawbridge. His pickled head was later presented to the government in London. Queen Elizabeth was reported to be angered that “the head of such a base Robin Hood was brought solemnly to London.” Rory Óg O'More mentioned in the song whose lands were in County Laois was a supporter and brother-in-law of the great Wicklow chieftain. He was killed in battle in 1577 by Castle forces under Sir John Harrington.

Lift MacCahir Óg your face, brooding o'er the old disgrace  
That black FitzWilliam stormed your place, drove you to the fern.  
Grey said victory was sure, soon the firebrand he'd secure;  
Until he met at Glenmalure with Feach MacHugh O'Byrne.

Chorus:

Curse and swear Lord Kildare,  
Feagh will do what Feach will dare,  
Now FitzWilliam, have a care,  
Fallen is your star, low.  
Up with halberd, out with sword.  
On we'll go for by the Lord,  
Feach MacHugh has given the word,  
Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imayle, flashing o'er the English Pale  
See all the children of the Gael, beneath O'Byrne's banners  
Rooster of the fighting stock, would you let a Saxon cock  
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and teach him manners.

From Tassagart to Clonmore, there flows a stream of Saxon gore.  
Och, great is Rory Óg O'More at sending the loons to Hades.  
White is sick and Grey is fled, now for black Fitzwilliam's head  
We'll send it over, dripping red, to Queen Liza and her ladies.

## SONG 2 : "RAGS UPON THE PODDLE" RESEARCHED AND SUNG BY FERGUS RUSSELL

The Poddle was known colloquially as the river Salach, or "dirty river" in Irish. A variation of this name, "The River Saile", is used in the old Dublin children's song Weela Weela Wawla.

Young Willie Reilly was by trade a weaver bould, lived on The Coombe.  
For many years most sportingly he hopped the treadles of his loom.  
He wrought away both night and day, his work did never cockle,  
'Til he fell in love with Mary Neil, who sold rags upon the Poddle.

Young Willie, for to gain this maid, immediately contrived a plan.  
Said he "I'll go and court Miss Neil for I means to prove myself a man".  
A tommy I wants very bad, so to get one off I'll toddle,  
And I'll buy it from young Mary Neil, that sell rags upon the Poddle".

"Mary", says he, "my dearest dear, if with me you will combine,  
We will both join hands in wedlock's band, happy I'll be to style you mine.  
Mother will buy your stock of clothes to keep us from all trouble  
And I'll never let you any more, sell auld rags upon the Poddle".

“Young Will”, says she, “don’t make so free for to marry yet I’m not inclined.  
As for to wed a weaver bould, it never once did cross my mind.  
So take this for your answer, and do me no more trouble,  
Nor I will sell you no more rags while I sits upon the Poddle”.

Young Willie Reilly drooped his head when he got this sad denial,  
When up there steps a brewer’s man all ready to defy him.  
“Mary”, sez he, “come ’long with me for I means to wet your throttle,  
And I’ll never let you any more sell auld rags upon the Poddle”.

She embraced his offer in a crack and off they went together,  
On a jaunting cart so stately sat with a dandy hat and a feather.  
They keeps a house in Golden Lane where quarts and glasses rattle,  
And she does not care what people say ’bout auld rags upon the Poddle.

Young Willie Reilly, heart full sore, went home and did his shuttle throw.  
But of late he courts a spinning girl who turns her wheel in Pimlico.  
To salute her heart so free from guile, Willie cracks a flowing bottle,  
And he thinks no more on Mary Neil and auld rags upon the Poddle.

### SONG 3 : “BRAM’S GOTHIC LULLABY” WRITTEN AND SUNG BY PAT BURKE

Bram Stoker, the author of *Dracula*, worked in the revenue offices at Dublin Castle from 1866 to 1878. This song was composed by Pat Burke, a Góilín stalwart, in 2011. This location provides an appropriate opportunity to remember Stoker in song.

Ye true born sons of Irish blood  
Come listen to my verses, O!  
They tell of a novelist  
By name Bram Stoker he was known  
From a fine house in Clontarf, came he  
All on the bay of Dublin, O!  
Where a Viking fleet did come to grief  
About a thousand years ago.

In eighteen hundred and ninety seven  
The closing of the century, O!  
Stoker did these pages pen  
Concerning a Great Vampire, O!



*Bram Stoker*

Near the Black Sea in ancient times  
In the lands of Transylvani- O!  
There dwelt a skite with a fearful bite  
Called Vlad the Impaler, O!

Jon Harker, a dashing British blade  
Was missing his fiancée, O!  
As aboard the Orient Express  
He darted through the Balkans, O!  
For to entreat in a manner discreet  
With Dracula in his castle, O!  
Concerning a plate of real estate  
For a property portfolio.

His train came to a sudden halt  
As darkness it was falling, O!  
In Transylvanian countryside  
Amid bats, wild wolves and demons, O!  
“Good evening, my good man”, says Vlad  
“’Tis how you must be starving, O!”  
I’ve a nice steak on the table laid  
With mushrooms, but no garlic, O!”

That night while resting on his bed  
Unearthly sounds woke our hero  
Spooky apparitions through oak partitions  
Floated in the darkness, O!  
In female form they did appear  
In a manner most un-Victorian, O!  
Ladies of the night, with teeth so bright  
Weren’t they the ‘Brides of Dracula, O!

When our hero woke, he had a stroke  
His face it was ashen, O!  
Daylight had come, but he was done  
In right need of a transfusion, O!  
For Dracula, he was at rest  
Yet not within the castle, O!  
But aboard a ship on a sailing trip  
Bound for the port of Whitby, O!

Through ‘Twilight’ fog, ‘Old Vlad’ did float  
In search for juicy victims, O!  
Blue-blood feminists and their sisters  
For to sink his fangs into  
Lady Lucy, being such a one  
Dracula sought her boudoir, O!

Once her neck he bled, she joined the Undead  
Despite doctors, pills and potions, O!

Old Van Helsing from Amsterdam  
Was sought by friends and family, O!  
Lord Godalming, Dr. Seward  
And a Texan Quincy Morris, O!  
Van Helsing took them to her tomb  
In death of night they all did go  
Where an empty coffin and eerie screams  
Exposed vampiric horrors, O!

The four lads, they held Lucy down  
They burned her with their crosses, O!  
Pierced her heart with a stake  
As the whole tomb quaked,  
Sliced her head off with a cleaver, O!  
Dracula, he was enraged  
His latest prey had vanished, O!  
While Jon Harker escaped his dungeon dark  
And re-united with his fiancée O'

On the first train out to Bucharest  
These vampire hunters then did go  
While Vlad flew home to his grisly lair  
Before the break of dawning, O!  
A fiendish sight awaited him  
In the style of a "Hammer Horror" show  
For the severed heads of his brides 'Undead'  
Were spiked on the walls of his castle, O!

Dracula knew the die was cast  
As clouds began a drifting, O!  
Dawn was near, Van Helsing appeared  
Wielding wooden stake and crosses, O!  
Holy water scalded him  
As he dashed for his coffin O'  
But he tripped and cursed then crumbled to dust  
As the sun rose in the morning, O!

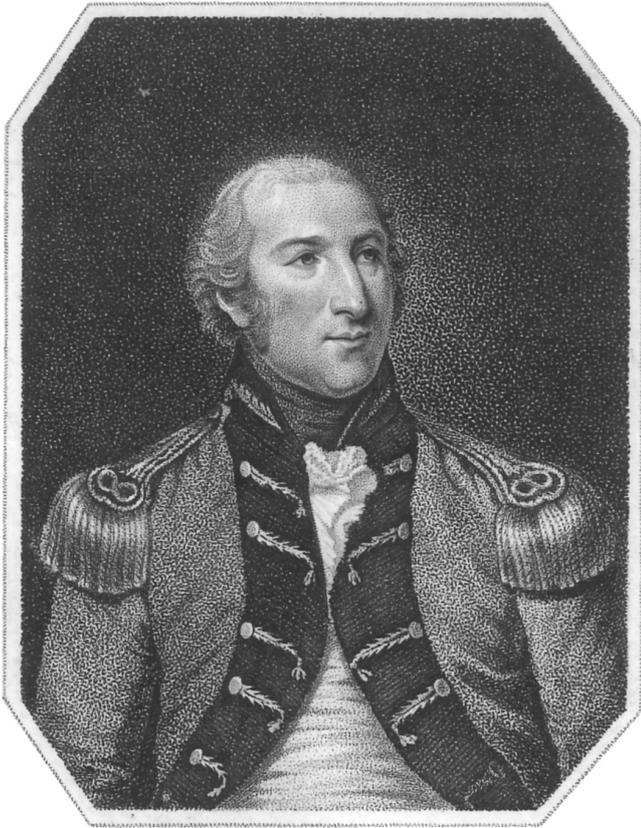
There's an end to my Gothic Lullaby  
Inspired by old Bram Stoker, O!  
Not forgetting the stars of the silver screen  
Who played Dracula in the movies, O!  
Bella Lugosi, Lon Chaney,  
Christopher Lee in his prime also  
Now, I'll bid ye all a good night's sleep  
And sweet dreams till the morning, O!

## STOP 2 : UPPER CASTLE YARD

Dublin Castle was the headquarters of British power in Ireland since its establishment. One of its most effective servants was Major Henry Charles Sirr (1764-1841). He was born on the corner of Golden Lane and Bride Street in Dublin's Liberties. He joined the 68th Regiment of Foot and served in Munster and Gibraltar gaining the rank of captain. On return to Dublin he settled into married life as a wholesale wine merchant on what is now Mercer Street. In 1796, he was appointed acting Town Major of Dublin (Chief of Police) a post he received a full Royal commission for in 1798. His relentless pursuit of members of the Society of United Irishmen using a web of informers and spies led to the arrest, trials and executions of most of the Dublin leaders of the 1798 rising. On March 12th 1798 he arrested nearly every one of the United Irish Leinster committee in one swoop at Oliver Bond's warehouse opposite the Brazen Head tavern. Among his victims were Bond and later Henry and John Sheares. In attempting to arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Commander in Chief of the United Irishmen in Thomas Street, he shot Fitzgerald when he drew a knife to resist arrest. Fitzgerald had previously served as a fellow officer with Sirr in Gibraltar. In 1803, Sirr arrested Robert Emmett and Thomas Russell, who were both tried and executed for their revolutionary activity. Remarkably, both Sirr and Fitzgerald are buried close to each other in St Werburgh's Church in Werburgh Street.

SONG 4 : "JEMMY O'BRIEN'S MINUET"  
SUNG BY PÁDRAIG Ó NUALLÁIN

One of Sirr's band of spies and informers was a giant and a bully named Jemmy O'Brien who joined the United Irishmen and became secretary of the local branch. He passed the word to Sirr regarding a meeting of United Irishmen at a pub in Meath Street in the Liberties in May 1797. Sirr arrested and charged seventeen men with high treason with O'Brien providing the evidence. He subsequently was employed by Sirr and repeatedly perjured himself to provide evidence against rebels to convict and hang them where no evidence existed. He was consequently a feared and hated figure in Dublin and when he murdered a man in a fit of temper for which he was successfully convicted. Sirr's best efforts could not save O'Brien from hanging. His public hanging was a massive joyful public affair. A song to the tune of "The Night Before Larry was Stretched" was composed which told the story of Jemmy's hanging at Newgate. A full account of this "minuet" may be found in *The Age of Revolution, 1776 to 1815 in the Irish Song Tradition* by Terry Moylan (Dublin 2000).



*Major Sirr*



*Death-mask of Jemmy O'Brien*

*Jemmy O'Brien's Minuet  
as performed  
at de Sherrifs's Ridotto, No 1, Green Street*

Oh! De night before Jemmy was stretch'd  
De spies de all ped him a visit,  
And swore, now the Coleman was ketch'd  
    'Twas in vain any longer to quiz it;  
His crimes and his murders found out,  
    Convicted and cast was the Bully,  
And de lad dat so many did out,  
    Must at last be tuck'd up to de pulley,  
    Bekays he was doomed to de Gad.

Poor Jemmy den hung down his head,  
And his spirits began to falter;  
His knees knockt together with dread  
    Of tomorrow damn'd squeeze from the halter;

Said he, ‘Brother bravoos and spies,  
 Take warning from my sishuation;  
 Now justice for vengeance loud cries,  
 So you can’t long escape condemnation’.  
 For vengeance at last will come down.

‘Oh, then’, said the spies one and all;  
 Reflecting on poor Jemmy’s sentence,  
 ‘Our crimes are too deep to recall,  
 And quite too far gone for repentance.  
 Av tyranny we’ve been the tools,  
 What murders we’ve caused thro’ de nation,  
 Yet lucky we’ll be – if such fools  
 De gallice can save from damnation.’  
 And so de bid Jemmy good night

So Jemmy plucked up a stout heart,  
 Wid de last puff of spunk dat was in it,  
 Prepared for to sport all his art  
 In moving de Kilmainham minit  
 De corps of informers and spies  
 Came to take de last leave o’ deir chroney,  
 And hartily blasted his eyes  
 Dat his deat left his chums no blood money

So Jemmy now fixt in the frame,  
 For de well disarved end of his labours,  
 Dough scragge’d in confusion and shame  
 It was all by consent of his neighbours.  
 He gracefully pulled down his cap,  
 And turned his mug towards the Liffey,  
 Den down fell de Leaf with a flap,  
 And he dy’d, wid three kicks, in a jiffy

SONG 5 : “SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND” BY THOMAS MOORE  
 SUNG BY SEÁN Ó HARCÁIN

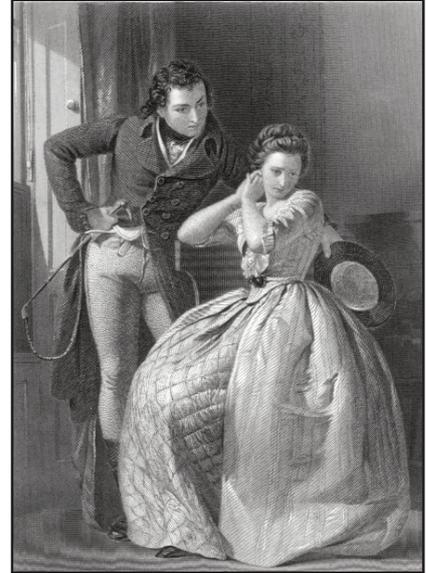
The subject of this song was Sarah Curran who was Robert’s Emmett’s fiancée. Emmett was arrested by Major Sirr at her Harold’s Cross home. Her father was John Philpot Curran who had defended Wolfe Tone and many other United Irishmen. Moore who was a fellow student of the patriot, wrote three songs in ory of Emmett.

She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her, sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he lov'd awaking  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!



RECITATION 1 : “SAYS SHE” BY PERCY FRENCH  
RECITED BY EAMONN HUNT

Queen Victoria visited Dublin Castle on four occasions in 1849, 1853, 1861 and finally in 1900. Percy French recorded the her visit with the following recitation using the Dublin vernacular.

“Me loving subjects,” sez she, “Here’s me best respects,” sez she,  
“An’ I’m proud this day,” sez she, “Of the illigant way,” sez she,  
“Ye gave me the hand,” sez she, “Whin I came to land,” sez she.  
“There was some people said,” sez she, “They was greatly in dread,” sez she,  
“I’d be murdered or shot,” sez she, “As like as not,” sez she,  
“But ’tis mighty clear,” sez she, “ ’Tis not over here,” sez she, “I have cause to fear,” sez she.  
“’Tis them Belgiums,” sez she, “That’s throwin’ bombs,” sez she,  
“And scarin’ the life,” sez she, “Out o’ me son and the wife,” sez she.  
“But in these parts,” sez she, “They have warrum hearts,” sez she,  
“And they like me well,” sez she, “Barrin’ Anna Parnell,” sez she.  
“I dunno, Earl,” sez she, “What’s come to the girl,” sez she,  
“And that other wan,” sez she, “That Maud Gonne,” sez she,  
“Dhressin’ in black,” sez she, “To welcome me back,” sez she;  
“Though I don’t care,” sez she, “What they wear,” sez she,

“An’ all that gammon,” sez she, “About me bringin’ famine,” sez she.  
 “Now Maud ’ill write,” sez she, “That I brought the blight,” sez she,  
 “Or altered the saysons,” sez she, “For some private raysins,” sez she,  
 “An’ I think there’s a slate,” sez she, “Off Willie Yeats,” sez she.  
 “He should be at home,” sez she, “French polishin’ a pome,” sez she,  
 “An’ not writin’ letters,” sez she, “About his betters,” sez she,  
 “Paradin’ me crimes,” sez she, “In the ‘Irish Times’,” sez she.  
 “But what does it matther,” sez she, “This magpie chatther,” sez she,  
 “When that welcomin’ roar,” sez she, “Come up from the shore,” sez she,  
 “Right over the foam?” sez she, “ ’Twas like comin’ home,” sez she,  
 “An’ me heart fairly glowed,” sez she, “Along the Rock Road,” sez she,  
 “An’ by Merrion roun’,” sez she, “To Buttherstown,” sez she,  
 “Till I came to the ridge,” sez she “Of the Lesson Street Bridge,” sez she,  
 “An’ was welcomed in style,” sez she, “By the beautiful smile,” sez she, “Of me  
 Lord Mayor Pile,” sez she.  
 “(Faith, if I done right,” sez she, “I’d make him a knight,” sez she).  
 “Well, I needn’t repeat,” sez she, “How they cheered in each street,” sez she,  
 “Till I came to them lads,” sez she, “Them ‘undergrads’,” sez she.  
 “Indeed, an’ indeed,” sez she, “I’ve had many a God-speed,” sez she,  
 “But none to compare,” sez she, “Wid what I got there,” sez she.  
 “Now pass the jug,” sez she, “And fill up each mug,” sez she,  
 “Till I give a toast,” sez she, “At which you may boast,” sez she.  
 “I’ve a power o’ sons,” sez she, “All sorts of ones,” sez she:  
 “Some quite as cows,” sez she, “Some always in rows,” sez she,  
 “An’ the one gives most trouble,” sez she, “The mother loves double,” sez she,  
 “So drink to the min,” sez she, “That have gone in to win,” sez she,  
 “And are clearin’ the way,” sez she, “To Pretoria to-day,” sez she.  
 “In the ‘Gap o’ Danger’,” sez she, “There’s a Connaught Ranger,” sez she,  
 “An’ somewhere near,” sez she, “Is a Fusilier,” sez she,  
 “An’ the Inniskillings not far,” sez she, “From the Heart o’ the War,” sez she;  
 “An’ I’ll tell you what,” sez she, “They may talk a lot,” sez she,  
 “And them Foreign Baboons,” sez she, “May draw their cartoons,” sez she.  
 “But what they can’t draw,” sez she, “Is the lion’s claw,” sez she,  
 “And before our flag’s furred,” sez she, “We’ll own the wurruld,” says she.



*Queen Victoria leaving Kingstown Harbour in 1900*

## STOP 3 : TEAM 2003 MEMORIAL IN THE DUBLINN GARDENS



The Dubhlinn Gardens were laid out on the site of the Dubhlinn or Blackpool in Gaelic from which Dublin gets its name. The deep pool or harbour was formed near where the river Poddle joined the Liffey. In the Iron Age, the River Liffey's mouth was slightly east of Grattan Bridge. The garden incorporates a helicopter landing pad, with a pattern of six interlocking brick pathways that are inspired by Celtic designs.

### SONG 7 : “VERONICA”

WRITTEN AND SUNG BY CHRISTY MOORE

In memory of Veronica Guerin whose life and sacrifice for the freedom of the press is commemorated in the park. Her fearless pursuit of criminal gangs led them to murder her in broad daylight on June 26th 1996.

Christy explains the song: “We were on Holidays in Cape Clear, County Cork. A radio in the background was tuned to Radio na Gaeltachta... the headline news mentioned Veronica Guerin... I could not totally absorb the news " as Gaeilge” ... but there could only be one reason for Veronica to be headline news....Those murderous thugs had ended her life. I started writing these few lines immediately.”



*Veronica Guerin*

In broad daylight one summer's day,  
On the Cork to Dublin motorway,  
Suddenly the flying birds were startled  
in their song.

In the silence of the moment,  
Our world went out of kilter,  
In the split second, Veronica was gone.

You, You'll never silence her,  
Your story will be written down.  
Her spirit won't rest easy until the job  
is done.

With fists and boots you broke her  
bones,  
You gunned her down at home,  
But as soon as she was able, she faced  
you again.

Chorus

Veronica, Veronica, Veronica, Warrior  
Woman,  
Veronica, Veronica, Veronica, I'll sing  
you a song.

You who made the phone call,  
You who took the message down,  
You who hired the hit man,  
You who hatched the plan,  
You who drew the money down,  
You who paid it over,  
And you who remain silent,  
You are guilty every one.

Chorus

In broad daylight one summer's day,  
On the Cork to Dublin motorway,  
Suddenly the singing birds were star-  
tled in their song.

SONG 8 : “PADDY’S WALK TO CHINA” BY BRENDAN PHELAN  
SUNG BY LUKE CHEEVERS

The American born mining magnate Sir Alfred Chester Beatty (1875-1968) established in 1950 the Chester Beatty Library on Shrewbury Road to house his important collection of Asian, African, European and Middle Eastern manuscripts, rare printed books, prints and *objets d’art*. In 2000, the library contents were moved to the Clock Tower building at Dublin Castle. To commemorate Beatty, who was made a freeman of Dublin in 1954, and the first honorary citizen of Ireland in 1957, Luke Cheevers will sing of an ill-fated expedition to China. Luke attributes this song to Brendan Phelan.

Come all ye lads and listen to this tale of Asia Minor,  
At least that’s where he thought he’d fare, when Paddy walked to China,  
For Pat he was a deportee, the convict’s stamp he bore,  
But he didn’t care for life out there on Australia’s blistering shore.

For crimes committed against the Crown, poor Pat his life was serving,  
But “No”, said he, “for men like me, a better life’s deserving.  
They say that if a man walks North he’ll soon walk straight to China”.  
“Begob”, said Pat, “I’ll stab at that, to walk there’s no one finer”.

So up was made his Connaught, no peril was he scared of,  
Though other men had tried and failed and never since been heard of,  
But Pat he was determined as he jogged off with a song,  
All students of geography confirm that he was wrong.

A few small points he overlooked, in traveller’s joyful glee,  
The matter of some thousand miles and most of that by sea.  
For three long weeks he toiled and truded ’mid hills and rugged rocks,  
Until at last he heard the crowing of cheering Chinese cocks.

“China forever, Erin go bráth”, his voice raised to the sky.  
He wandered lonely as a cloud when a cabin he did spy.  
A friendly stranger beckoned him, but Pat in awe did stare,  
’Twas the jailer Colonel Johnson, at the door was standing there.

“Good man yourself”, our hero cried, “I see you made it too,  
The past is past, you’re here at last, I bear no grudge ’gainst you”.  
But soon the Colonel’s friendly face turned red, then green and then blue.  
“So you thought to fly to old Shanghai, well I’ve got news for you”.

“We’ve missed you, lad, we’ve missed you bad, since first we learned you’d  
scampered,  
But a right-about-face has been the case, you’re back to where you started”.  
Now Pat is back in locks and chains in auld Austral-i-a.  
He ponders long on what went wrong unto this very day.

So come all you lads who’ve listened to this tale of Asia Minor,  
Go roam and fare to Cork or Clare, but don’t go out to China,  
But let this song a warning be to every roving chap,  
If you want to go to China, take a compass and a map.

### At Memorial to Special Olympics 2003 in the Dubhlinn Gardens

Nelson Mandela opened the Special Olympic Games in Dublin in 2003. The guest athletes and their coaches and families stayed at host towns all over Ireland in the run up to the games. This memorial acknowledges by name all the volunteers who assisted in the successful running of that wonderful event.

### SONG 9 : “SCORN NOT HIS SIMPLICITY” WRITTEN BY PHIL COULTER AND SUNG BY BRENDA Ó RIORDÁN

Luke Kelly’s sensitive singing of Phil Coulter’s “Scorn not his Simplicity” brought to public notice a greater understanding of the love and care involved in caring for those with special needs.

See the child	Scorn not his simplicity
With the golden hair	But rather try to love him all the more
Yet eyes that show the emptiness inside	Scorn not his simplicity
Do we know	Oh no
Can we understand just how he feels	Oh no
Or have we really tried	
	See him stare
See him now	Not recognizing the kind face
As he stands alone	That only yesterday he loved
And watches children play a children’s game	The loving face
Simple child	Of a mother who can't understand what she’s been guilty of
He looks almost like the others	
Yet they know he’s not the same	

How she cried tears of happiness  
The day the doctor told her it's a boy.  
Now she cries tears of helplessness  
And thinks of all the things he can't  
enjoy.

Scorn not his simplicity  
But rather try to love him all the more.  
Scorn not his simplicity  
Oh no,  
Oh no.

Only he knows how to face the future  
hopefully  
Surrounded by despair.  
He won't ask for your pity or your  
sympathy  
But surely you should care.

Scorn not his simplicity  
But rather try to love him all the more  
Scorn not his simplicity  
Oh no, Oh no, Oh no.

## Stop 4 : St Patrick's Park

### TUNES 2 : MUSICAL MEDLEY FROM THE MULLIGAN AND QUINN FAMILIES IN PRAISE OF THE LIBERTIES AND THE UNITED IRISHMEN OF 1798.

Tom Mulligan (1915-1984) from Barnacoola, County Leitrim was one of the mainstays of Irish traditional music in Dublin from the forties till his death in 1984. He first came to Dublin in 1935 and was one of the founding members of St Mary's Music Club in Church Street. When his son Tom Junior of Cobblestone fame married the daughter of Michael Ned Quinn, the much loved singer and storyteller from Mullaghbawn in South Armagh, the scope of that tradition was further enhanced. The family legacy is continued through their families and children to an upcoming generation. We have the pleasure of their music today.

### RECITATION 2 : "A DOZEN DUBS", A TRIBUTE TO THE WRITERS OF DUBLIN WRITTEN AND RECITED BY RACKER DONNELLY

In 2000, as part of Dublin's Millennium programme, St Patricks Park was restored and the Literary Parade was installed to celebrate the city's major contribution to European civilisation in the area of literature. It is a remarkable fact that so many writers of world renown were born here including three Nobel prize winners: William Butler Yeats in 1923, George Bernard Shaw in 1925, and Samuel Beckett in 1969. The park is overshadowed by St Patrick's Cathedral where the great satirist and author of *Gulliver's Travels* Jonathon Swift was Dean

from 1713 to 1745. His tomb can be found in the south aisle of the nave of the cathedral. The other Dublin-born writers and poets commemorated are Eilís Dillon, James Clarence Mangan, Oscar Wilde, Sean O’Casey, John Millington Synge, James Joyce, Brendan Behan and Austin Clarke. The Racker will give his own take on the relative merits of those extraordinary scribes.

## SONG 11 : “YE MEN OF SWEET LIBERTIES”

SUNG BY JERRY O REILLY

This song was reputedly written by the doyen of Dublin songwriters, Michael Moran, known to posterity as “Zozimus”. Born in Fiddle Alley in The Liberties in 1794, he became blind when only a fortnight old. To say he wrote the song is not true but he certainly “made it up”, as he did with a huge body of songs including his magnum opus “The Finding of Moses”. The song is a rant against the Act of Union of 1801 and also a celebration of some of the streets of the Liberties. Jerry got the song from Frank Harte.

Oh ye men of sweet Liberties all,  
And ye women all round the Coombe,  
On ye weavers we must call  
To sustain ev’ry shuttle and loom.  
Bring your silks and your satins and tweeds,  
And your tabinets all in their prime  
Oh bring them forth perfect with speed  
As you did in our parliament’s time.

Let us sing of the Coombe and each street  
Long before the vile Union was known,  
When the lords and the nobles did meet  
And around us a glory had thrown.  
Then high were Newmarket and Court,  
The Chamber, The Poddle, The Manor,  
Where thousands each day did resort  
Placing trade on the Liberties banner.

Sing Brown Street and Sweet Warrenmount,  
Fiddle Alley and then me oul Blackpitts  
Which hear from me their full account  
And where I have made all me best hits.  
There’s Cork Street and Mill Street and John Street  
With all of their alleys and lanes,

With Marrowbone Lane ever sweet  
Where strong water for ever more rains.

Sing the streets of Ardee, Meath and Dean,  
Thomas, Francis and dear Ash of old  
With her chapels and schools which retain  
Oh, a spirit unbroken and bold.  
Then up with the fringes once more,  
And let Erin have justice and joys.  
Free trade and home rule restore  
And the rights of the Liberty boys.  
Oh ye men of sweet Liberties all.

SONG 12 : “THE MAID OF CABRA WEST”  
SUNG BY SIOBHÁN HARTE

Frank Harte recorded this song in his 1987 recording titled *Daybreak and Candle-End*. In the sleeve notes he wrote “the song can be dated by the reference to Cabra West or to the pre-metric cost of the bus fare from Donnybrook, one shilling and five pence”.

It’s all for the love of a fair young maid that in Cabra West did reside.  
Meself, I lived up in Donnybrook it is a one and a fi’penny ride.  
But there was a fly in the ointment, now, that you very seldom see,  
For although I loved her terrible well, she was in love with a Portugee.

Now he was a nasty piece of goods, Gonzales was his name.  
And he couldn’t wait for to get his hands on Concepta who was me dame.  
So I made a vow be the Grand Canal that I would do him in,  
For I do not like them Portuguese, and in particular I didn’t like him.

So I follee’d him up to Grafton Street one evening just for fun,  
Around be the Mercer’s hospital, next door to the Barley Dunne’s.  
I spied them sitting in the corner seat, they were kissing and holding hands,  
And there he was seducing her with pints of Babycham.

So I followed him up to his lodgings in Rathgar or thereabouts,  
And as he walked up the alleyway sure I battered him inside out.  
Well he gave out many’s an oath and swear ’til he was dead I’m sure.  
Then I lifted up the manhole and I dropped him down the sewer.

Now when the mott she heard of this she made me life like hell,  
And all for the sake of peace and quiet sure I did her in as well.  
And now I'm up before the judge to answer for me crime.  
He says "I didn't mind the first one, son, but not the second time".

Now it's all for the love of a fair young maid and her Portuguese sailor boy.  
For the passionate love of that fair maid I've landed in Mountjoy,  
And if ever I get out again me life I'll change you see,  
I'll marry a Mott from Walkinstown, who wouldn't look at a Portuguee.



*Siobhán Harte singing at a previous Frank Harte Walk*

SONG 13 : "SPAILPÍN A RÚN"  
SUNG BY MÁIRE NÍ CHRÓINÍN

This is the only song in Irish recorded by Frank Harte. It is set to a fine slow air. It tells of the *spailpín* – a youthful, travelling farm labourer – who charmed the women in the countryside. It is in the style of the jolly ploughman or harvester found in the English folk tradition. Frank's singing of the song can be found on *When Adam Was in Paradise*, a CD of love songs sung by Frank Harte released in 2016.

A spailpín a rún,  
Dé bheathasa chughainn,  
Nó car bhuanis an fómhar chomh luath so?  
'S da mbeadh fhios agam fhein,  
Cá rabhais aréir,  
Be ghairid liom do bheál a phógadh.  
A chailligh bhúi chrón,  
Níor milis liom do phóg  
Is ní ghlaofainn céad bó mar spré leat,  
Is go mb'fhearr liomsa póg,  
Ó chailín beag óg  
Ná bhfuil agat ar bhord an tslé 'muig.

A spailpín a rún,  
Fan socair go fóill,  
Nó go bhfagheadsa mo chaidhp 's mo chlóca,  
Mo bhróga breá leathair,  
Le búclai an fhaisin,  
Is go deimhin duit go mbuilfinn an ród leat,  
Ó do rachainn go Caiseal,  
'S go Cluain gheal na Meala,  
Is go Carraig na Siúire, thar m'eolas;  
Is go brách fad a mhairfead,  
Ni fhillfead abhaile,  
'S is cuma cé bhuaifidh an eorna.

## SONG 14 : “THE Monto” by George Desmond Hodnett (1918-1990) Sung by Andrew Basquille

George Desmond Hodnett was born 100 years ago. He was part of the Bohemian set in 1950s Dublin. He is best known as a jazz pianist and a composer for the Pike Theatre.

This song was written as a send-up of the Irish ballad format for a 1958 review and was soon accepted as a bawdy traditional song in its own right. It soon became a great hit for Ronnie Drew and the Dubliners. “Buckshot Forster” (W.E. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland 1880-1882) infamously imprisoned Charles Stewart Parnell at Kilmainham Jail, and he got the nickname from Nationalist newspapers for arming the police with blunderbuss to quell public protests by the Land League. The last verse refers to Queen Victoria’s last visit to Dublin in 1900.

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!"  
And take her up to Monto, Monto, Monto  
Take her up to Monto, lan-ge-roo,  
To you!

You've seen the Dublin Fusiliers,  
The dirty old bamboozeleers,  
De Wet'll kill them chisellers, 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 to me?”  
“Why, no ma’am, there’s some more to see, Póg mo thóin! (Kiss my arse)”  
And he took her up Monto, Monto, Monto  
He set her up in Monto, lan-ge-roo,  
For you!



*George Hodmett*

## LAST STOP : THE TEACHER’S CLUB

Walkers and singers are invited back from “Inside the Pale” to the Teacher’s Club, for soup, sandwiches and refreshments, and where the farewell singing session will provide another opportunity to sing.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

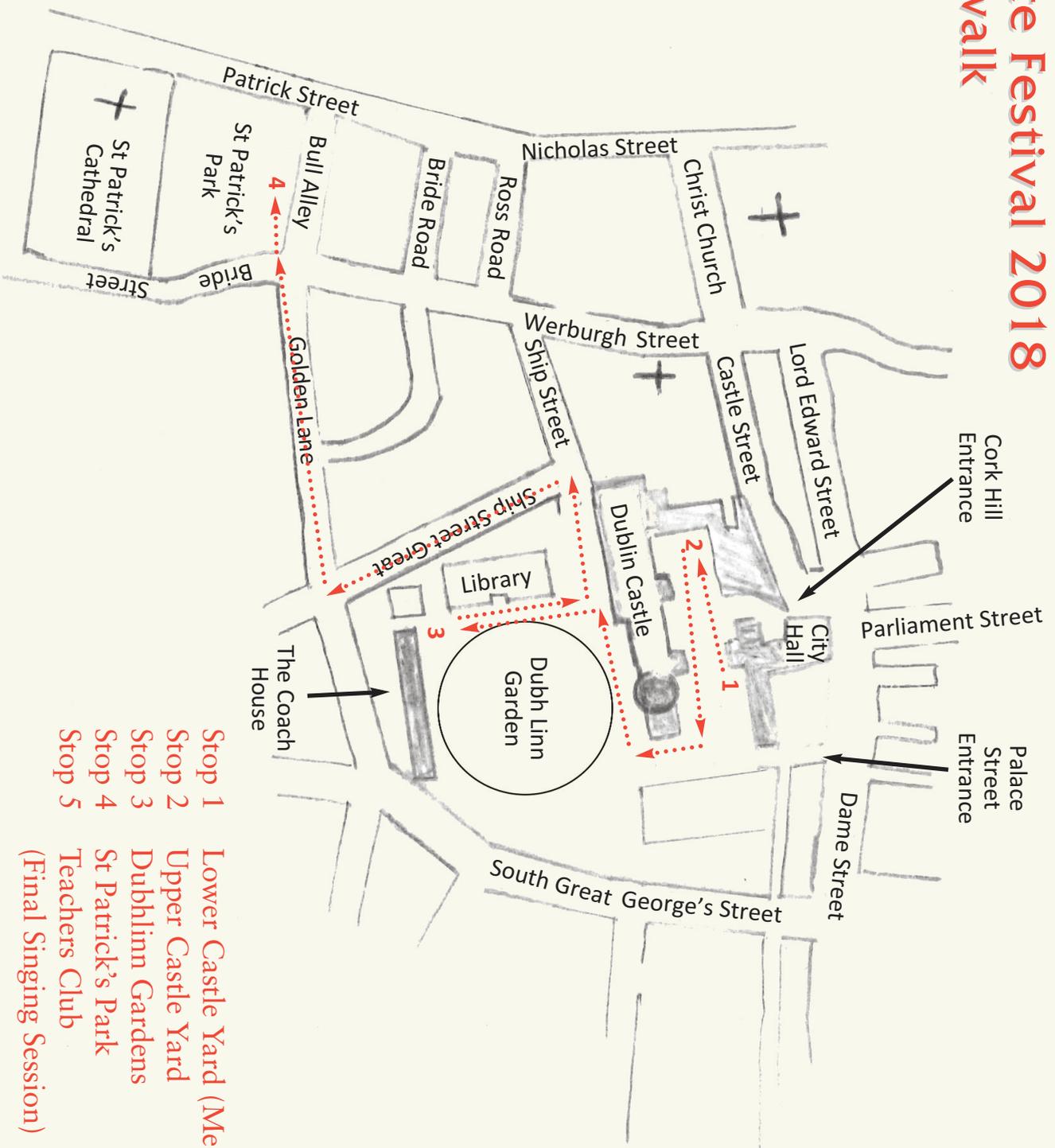
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# Frank Harte Festival 2018

## Route of walk



- Stop 1 Lower Castle Yard (Meeting place)
  - Stop 2 Upper Castle Yard
  - Stop 3 Dubhlinn Gardens
  - Stop 4 St Patrick's Park
  - Stop 5 Teachers Club
- (Final Singing Session)