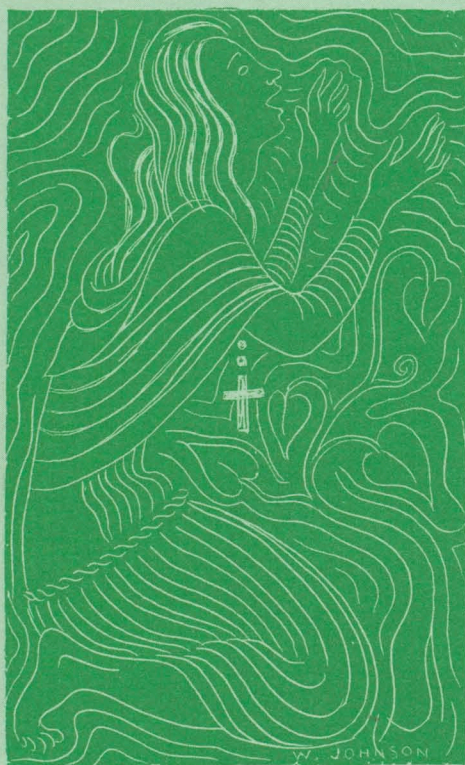

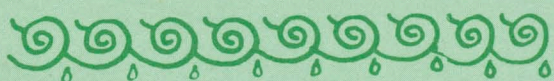
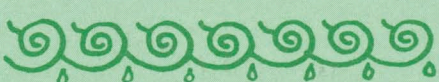



SORCHA NÍ GHUAIRIM

SINGS TRADITIONAL IRISH SONGS



BRIGHID NI GHAORDHA (Boatman Ale Song) 
MAIRE NI MAOIL EON 
H-O ABHA-INN (Lullaby) 
D-TIGEAS O DEABHASA (Child's Work Dance) 
SEACHT N-DOLAIS NA MAIGHDINE (Seven Sorrows)
AN DRAIGHNEAN DONN (The Brown Thorn Bush)

tells

SGEAL (Story)

Text includes GAELIC words and translation in English by Francis P. O'Connell

61 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP., N.Y.

M
1744
N577
S68
1983

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 6861

Sorcha ní ghuairim

BRIGHID NÍ GHADRDHA (Boatman Ale Song) ㊯㊰
MAIRE NÍ MAOIL EOIN ㊯㊰㊱㊲㊳㊴㊵㊶
H-O ABHA-1MN (Lullaby) ㊯㊰㊱㊲㊳㊴㊵
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Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number: R58-58

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 6861

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 6861

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SORCHA NÍ GHUARIM

SINGS TRADITIONAL IRISH SONGS



These 1945 recordings, although not High Fidelity and with mechanical flaws, are published on the insistent demand of lovers of Irish tradition. Sorcha Ni Ghuarim, in their estimation, is the best singer yet recorded of this tradition.

SIDE I

- Band 1. Brighid Ni Ghaordha - Boatmen Ale Song
- Band 2. Maire Ni Maoil Eoin - Woman's Song
- Band 3. H-O Abha -Inn - Lullaby
- Band 4. D-tigeas O Deabhasa - Children's Game Song

SIDE II

- Band 1. Seacht n-Dolais na Maighdine - The Seven Sorrows
- Band 2. An Draighnean Donn - The Brown Thorn Bush
- Band 3. Sgeal - Story of a Truthful and an Untruthful Peddler

This record was made possible by the cooperation of Joseph Davitt.

The translations and Gaelic words are by Francis P. O'Connell

who spent over two years tracing them and working on them.

Production Director, Moses Asch.

M
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Brighid Ní Ghaordha
(Boatmen Ale Song)

Gradh mo chroidhe le m'anam thú seachas a bh-fuil beo,
You are the love of my heart who avoids all that is living,

Mar is tú a shabhail m'anam dhom an lá údán tháinic múr;
For it is you who saved my soul for me that day the storm came;

Ó bhí dhá chúrsaí ceangailte agam is barrog ar an seol,
Oh, I had two courses bound and a grip on the sail,

'S níor sgar mé le crann galuín nó go d-táinic mé isteach san ród.
And I did not part with the mast until I came into the quay.

Ó's dá bh-feicfeá bad clann 'n-Donnchadha gach lá dá d-teigheadh sí an seol,
Oh, if you would see the boat of the Donnchadha every day that she would go on sail,

Phluchadh sí na fairrgí is ní fhliuceadh sí barr seoil;
She would press the seas and she would not wet the top of a sail;

Bhíodh tús ar chuile bhád aici nuair d-teagadh an lá mór,
She would have the start on every boat when the big day would come,

Is go n-díolainn mo loichtín móna agus mé comhradh le mo stór.
And until I would sell my load of turf and I conversing with my treasure.

Ó's nach iomdha maidín Domhnaigh raibh mé sùgach deas go leor
Oh, isn't it many a Sunday morning that I was feeling high enough

Ag dul síos le mo loichtín móna agus dhá chúrsaí mo sheol mór;
Going down with my load of turf and two courses on my big sail;

Níor ghéill mé ariamh dho mhúr ar bith dá dhúnta dá m-bíodh an ceo,
I never yielded to any storm though tight be the fog,

Nó go d-teighinn ag cainnt le plúr na m-ban bhíodh róm san m-baile mór.
Until I would go talking with the flower of the women who would be before
me in the town.

Ó's mo ghradh-sa Brighid Ní Ghaordha sí bhí síodamhail thar na mná,
Oh, Brighid Ní Ghaordha is my own love, she that was surpassing all women,

Níor iarr mé ariamh píont uirthí nach líonadh sise an cárt;
I never asked a pint of her that herself did not fill the quart;

Nuair a shilinn dhul dhá íoc leithe, ní dhéanadh sí dhíom acht greann,
When I would think to go paying her, she would only make fun of me,

Acht béidh gradh dho Brighid Ní Ghaordha agam go d-tí an oidhche t'eis
mo bháis.
But I will love Brighid Ni Ghaordha until the night after my death.

Máire Ní Maoil Eóin

An d-tiocfá baint an aitinn liom a Mháire Ní Maoil Eóin,
Would you come gathering furze with me, Maire Ni Maoil Eoin,

Maise thiocfainn is dhá cheangal leat, a chuid dhen saoghal 'sa ruín,
Musha I would and tie it with you, my share of the world and desire,

Agus thiocfainnse 'nan Aifreann leat agus ní le gradh dhe m'anam é,
And I would come to the Mass with you and it isn't for the love of my soul,

Acht mar shúil is go m-beidhinn ag breathnú ar do bhaibín catach ruadh.
But from a desire that I might be gazing on your curly red hair.

'S an d-tiocfá ar chúl an teampoill liom, a Mháire Ní Maoil Eóin?
And would you come to the back of the temple with me Maire Ni Maoil Eoin?

Maise thiocfainn ar chúl an teampoill leat, nó céard bhéadh muid déanadh ann?
Musha I would come to the back of the temple with you, but what would we be
doing there?

Ag éisteacht leis an dántaireacht ag ministéaraí Ghallda?
Listening to the ranting by English ministers?

'S mú go socrú muid an cleamhnas úd le Máire Ní Maoil Eóin.
So that we would settle that match with Maire Ni Maoil Eóin.

Thug mé liom ar chúl an teampoill í, mo chúig mhíle gradh,
I brought her to the back of the temple with me, my five thousand loves,

Agus d'éist sí le mo dhradaireacht, mo chuid dhen saoghal 's mo stor,
And she listened to my foolish talk, my share of the world and my treasure,

Agus (d'fhéac) sise síos orm, agus tharraing mé amach sgian ghlas,
And she (looked) down on me, and I pulled out a bare knife,

Nuair a leig mé fuil a croidhe leithe go d-tí lasgáí a cuid bróg.
When I let the blood of her heart with her to the welts of her shoes.

Tháinig Máire bhán ar cuairt orm trí h-uaire roimh lá,
Fair Maire came on a visit to me three hours before day,

Agus leag sí a béal anuas orm 's ba fhuaire é ná an bás;
And she put down her mouth on me and it was colder than death;

Is a chara, ta tú luachmhar mar is mithid dhuitse gluaiseacht,
And dear one, you are valuable as it is well for you to move on,

Tá an toir seo ag teacht anuas ort faoi bhás Mháire Ní Maoil Eóin.
This hunt is coming down on you for the death of Maire Ni Maoil Eoin.

h-Ó Abha-inn
(Lullaby)

D-tigeas Ó Deabhasa
(Child's work dance)

h-Ó abha-inn, h-Ó abha-inn, h-Ó abha-inn, mo gradh,
h-O abha-inn, h-O abha-inn, h-O abha-inn, my love,

Curfa (Chorus) :
D-tigeas ó deabhasa deabh d-tigeas ó deabhasa dom
D-tigeas ó deabhasa deabhasa deabhasa d-tigeas ó deabhasa dom.

h-Ó abha-inn, mo leanbh agus codail go lá.
h-O abha-inn, my baby and sleep until day.

Goirm i g-comhnaidhe i g-comhnaidhe goirm i g-comhnaidhe dom
Darling always always darling always to me

h-Ó abha-inn, mo leanbh is h-Ó abha-inn, mo ghreann,
h-O abha-inn, my baby and h-O abha-inn, my joy,

Goirm i g-comhnaidhe i g-comhnaidhe i g-comhnaidhe
Darling always always always

'S h-Ó abha-inn, mo leanbh is go moch is mall.
And h-O abha-inn, my baby early and late.

Maidin de Luain bh-fearr.
Monday morning would be best.

Agus d'imthigh mo mhama le tuile traghá,
And my mama left with the tide,

Chorus

Agus ní fhuil fhios agam cé h-e.
And I do not know who it is.

Buachaill aniar aniar, buachaill aniar a bh-fearr
A boy hither hither, a boy hither would be best

'S h-Ó abha-inn, h-Ó abha-inn, h-Ó abha-inn, mo ghradh.
And h-O abha-inn, h-O abha-inn, h-O abha-inn, my love.

Buachaill aniar aniar
A boy hither hither hither

Is cailín ó Shliabh na b-Peann.
And a girl from the Mountain of the Pens.

Chorus

h-Ó abha-inn, mo leanbh agus codail go lá.
h-O abha-inn, my baby and sleep until day.

Buachaill maith suiste suiste, buachaill maith suiste bh-fearr
A good boy of the flail of the flail, a good boy of the flail would be best

h-Ó abha-inn, mo leanbh is h-Ó abha-inn, mo ghreann,
h-O abha-inn, my baby and h-O abha-inn, my joy,

Buachaill maith suiste suiste suiste
A good boy of the flail of the flail of the flail

'S h-Ó abha-inn, mo leanbh is go moch is go mall.
And h-O abha-inn, my baby early and late.

Is cailín deas túirne leann.
And a nice girl of the flax spinning wheel.

Note: h-Ó abha-inn would be roughly equivalent to the English
word hush-a-by.

Seacht n-Doláis na Maighdine
The Seven Sorrows of the Virgin

An chéad dolás a bhí ar an maighdean is í ag féachaint ar a leanbh,
The first sorrow that was on the virgin and she looking on her child,

Nuair a rugadh ins an stabla E gan folach faoi nó tairis.
When He was born in the stable without clothes under Him nor about Him.

Curfa (Chorus):
Och ochón, a Iosa, is Tu mo leanbh
Och ochón, Jesus, You are my child

Och ochón, a Iosa, is Tu rígh geal na bh-flaitheas.
Och ochón, Jesus, You are the bright king of the heavens.

An dara dolás a bhí ar an maighdean is í ag féachaint ar a leanbh
The second sorrow that was on the virgin and she looking on her child

Nuair a fuairst sgeala ón Éigipt go m-bearfaí uatha a leanbh.
When she got news from Egypt that their child would be taken from them.

An tríadh dolás a bhí ar an maighdean is í ag féachaint ar a leanbh
The third sorrow that was on the virgin and she looking on her child

Nuair a nochtadh dhá chuid éadaigh É agus cuireadh ruaim ar an lá bán.
When He was stripped of His garments and fury was put on the fair day.

An ceathradh dolás a bhí ar an maighdean is í ag féachaint ar a leanbh
The fourth sorrow that was on the virgin and she looking on her child

Nuair a brughadh an coróin le spíd air go d-táinig an fhúil na caisligh.
When the crown was pressed on Him with spite until the blood came in
a stream.

An cúigeadh dolás a bhí ar an maighdean is í ag féachaint ar a leanbh
The fifth sorrow that was on the virgin and she looking on her child

Nuair a cuireadh ar an g-croiche céasta É is tairngí geara dhá cheangal.
When He was put on the cross of torment and sharp nails binding Him.

An séadh dolás a bhí ar an maighdean is í ag féachaint ar a leanbh
The sixth sorrow that was on the virgin and she looking on her child

Nuair a leagadh dhen g-croiche cheásta ann a h-ucht féin É is É marbh.
When He was taken down from the cross of torment to her own bosom
and He dead.

An seachtadh dolás a bhí ar an maighdean is í ag féachaint ar a leanbh
The seventh sorrow that was on the virgin and she looking on her child

Nuair a cuireadh 'sa g-cré go fuar faon is É marbh.
When He was put into the earth cold and lifeless and He dead.

An Draighnean Donn
The Brown Thorn Bush

Síleann céad fhear gur leo féin mé nuair a ólainn leónn,
A hundred men think I am theirs when I would drink ale,

'S tigheann dá d-trian síos dhíom nuair a smaoin' ar a g-comhradh liom;
And two thirds go down from me when I remember their conversation
with me;

Sneachta agus séidte 'gus é da shíor-chur ar Shliabh Uí Fhloinn
Driven snow and it constantly falling on Ua Floinn's Mountain

'S go bh-fuil mo ghradh-sa mar bhláth na n-airní ar an Draighnean Donn.
And that my love is like the blossom of the sloes on the Brown Thorn Bush.

Slán feasta leis an m-baile udán thiar a measg na g-crann,
Farewell henceforth to yon village out in the midst of the trees,

Mar is ann a bhíodh mo tharraingt go moch is go mall;
As it was to there my travels were early and late;

Is iomdha (bealach) fliuch salach agus bóithrín cam
It is many a wet dirty (path) and crooked bothrín*

Atá ag dul idir mé is an baile a m-bionn mo stóirín ann.
That is going between me and the village where my treasure does be.

Nach fear gan chéill a theighéas ag dréim leis an g-claidhe a bhionns árd.
Is it not a man without sense who tries a fence that is high,

Is claidhe beag íseal le na thaobh sin a leagadh sé air a lamh;
And a small low fence beside that he would lay his hand on;

Cé gur b'árd an crann caorthainn, bionn se searbh as a bharr,
Though the quicken tree be high, it is bitter out of its crop,

Is fásann sméara 'gus bláth sugh chraobh ar an g-crann is ísele bláth.
And blackberries and raspberries grow on the lowest tree.

*This word is also used in English and may be pronounced "bor'-heen".
It usually means the driveway leading up to a country house.

Sgéal
Story

Sgéal ón m-Béaloideas é seo. Sin an t-ainm atá air:
This is a story from the Folklore. That is the name that is on it:

Ceannaidhe Fíreannach agus Ceannaidhe Bréagach
A Truthful Peddler and an Untruthful Peddler

Bhí beirt ceannaidhthe stocáí ann fadó. Chréid duine acú san bh-fírinne agus an duine eile san m-breág.

There were two stocking peddlers going long ago. One of them believed in the truth and the other one in the lie.

Bhí an ceannaidhe fíreannach i g-comhnaidhe i g-comhnaidhe ag cur geall leis an bh-fear eile gur m-b 'fhearr an fhirinne na an bréag,
The truthful peddler was always always betting the other man that the truth was better than the lie,

acht bhí an saoghal ag dul na aghaidh mar sin féin, acht níor leig sé an fear ar a mhaide sa deireadh nó go raibh sé creachta banuighthe ag an g-ceannaidhe bréagach.

but the times were going against him even so, but he didn't leave the man on his stick in the end until he was robbed white by the untruthful peddler.

"Bhail, cuirfidh mé mo dhá shúil leat," ar seisean leis an g-ceannaidhe bréagach, "gur buaine an fhirinne."

"Well, I will bet you my two eyes," he said to the untruthful peddler, "that the truth is more reliable."

Ní raibh truagh no táis ag an g-ceannaidhe bréagach dhó.
The untruthful peddler had neither pity nor compassion for him.

Nuair a chlis sé ar an bh-fírinne, bhain sé an dá shúil amach as a cheann, agus chaith sé isteach i bh-fothrach sean chill é.
When he failed on the truth, he took the two eyes out of his head and threw him into the ruins of an old church.

D'fhan mo dhuine bocht na luigh annsin na spreas agus é ar an-chaoi nó go d-táinic an oidhche.
My poor man remained lying there in a helpless heap and he in a bad way until the night came.

Leis an oidhche céard tháinic isteach acht sgata cuit agus d'aít ortha ag caint 's ag comhradh.
With the night what came in but a crowd of cats occupied by talking and conversing.

Labhair an ceann a bhí ortha agus dubhairt, "Innis sgéal a Shadhbh, innis sgéal a Mhéadhbh, innis sgéal a Righ na g-Cat."
The one that was over them spoke and said, "Tell a story Sadhbh, tell a story Meadhbh, tell a story, O King of the Cats."

"Ni innseochaidh mise aon sgéal," arsa Sadhbh. "Ni innseochaidh mise aon sgéal," arsa Méadhbh. "Innseochaidh mise sgéal," arsa Righ na g-Cat, agus seo é an sgéal a d'innis sé:

"I will not tell any story," said Sadhbh. "I will not tell any story," said Meadhbh. "I will tell a story," said the King of the Cats, and this is the story that he told:

"Tá ingean an Ríogh ag doras an bháis," ar seisean, "agus ní fhuil a leigheas ag an 'neach acht tá fhios agamsa cá bh-fuil a leigheas le faghail.
"The King's daughter is at the door of death," he said, "and no one has her cure but I know where her cure is to be found.

"Tá tobairín fíor uisce ag binn na cille seo, agus dá bh-fuigheadh sí trí bhraoin dhe uisce an tobairín sin le n-ól, bhéadh sí comh slán leis an m-bradáin.

"There is a spring water well at the gable of this church, and if she would get three drops of the water of this well to drink, she would be as healthy as the salmon.

"Tá comhartha agam air freisin mar thobairín," deir sé.
"I have a sign on the well also," he says.

"Tá toimín brobh ag fás os a chíonn, agus an té a m-béadh an rún sin aige, bhéadh a shaidhbhreas aige."

"There is a clump of rushes growing over it, and the person that would have that secret, would have his riches."

D'imthigh sin ann féin. Taca an lae nuair a bhí a g-comhradh déanta ag na cuit, d'imthigheadar leo.

That is as it is. At dawn when the cats had their conversation done, they went off.

Nuair a fuair an ceannaidhe fíreannach imthighthe iad, thosuigh sé ag snamh agus ag sméaracht.

When the truthful peddler got them gone, he began swimming and groping.

Bhí sé ar siubhal go brathach is go deo nó go d-táinic sé comh fada leis an toimín. Rug sé ar an toimín agus tháinic sí leis.

He was striving ever on until he came as far as the clump. He grabbed the clump and it came with him.

Nuair a tháinic, tháinic braon dhen uisce leithe, agus bhuaile sé an ceannaidhe, ceannaidhe idir an dá shúil. Níor tháinic an t-amharc aca aríst, agus bhí leis.

When it came, a drop of the water came with it, and it struck the peddler, peddler between the two eyes. No sooner did that happen than the sight came to them again, and luck was with him.

Ar n-dóighe níor leis i bh-faillighe annsin.
Of course to delay was not on his side then.

Bhí sé ar siubhal go brathach is go deo go bh-fuair sé soitheach, agus chuir trí bhraoin dhe uisce an tobairín ann, agus d'imthigh leis comh fada le Palás an Ríogh.

He was hurrying ever until he got a vessel, and put three drops of the water of the well in it, and went off as far as the Palace of the King.

Nuair a chuala an Righ go raibh a leithid ann, rinne sé glaodh mhagaidh dhen sgéal ar d-tús,
When the King heard that the likes of him was around, he made a cry of scorn of the story at first,

acht bhí an ceannaidhe ag dul dhó nó go d-tug sé lamh na h-inginne, agus nuair a thug sé trí bhraoin dhen uisce le n-ól dí, mar dubhairt Rí na g-Cat, d'éirigh sí chucab aniar go slán foláin.
but the peddler was going to him until he gave the hand of the daughter, and when he gave her three drops of the water to drink, as the King of the Cats said, she rose up well and healthy.

Bhí luach saothair maith geallta dhon té a leighisfeadh í, agus ní ceileadh sin ar an g-ceannaidhe fíreannach.

There was a good bounty promised to the person who would cure her, and that was not denied to the truthful peddler.

Bhí go maith 's ní raibh go h-olc.
That was good and it was not bad.

An lá ceannain céadna cé casfaidhe dhó acht an ceannaidhe bréagach, agus níorbh iontaighe leis na sneachta dearga na é fheiceail agus é slán foláin.
The very same day whom should he meet but the untruthful peddler, and the red snows would not be stranger to him than to see him and he well and healthy.

D'innis an ceannaidhe fíreannach dhó cé mar casadh an t-ádh na líon, agus
bhi eileacht ar an g-ceannaidhe bréagach.

The truthful peddler told him how the luck came within his reach, and the
untruthful peddler wanted to do as well.

D'imthigh leis agus chuaidh sé i bh-folach san t-sean chill, agus d'fhán
ansin gan corr no carr as nó go d-táinic na cuit.

He went off and he went into hiding in the old church, and he waited there
without a stir until the cats came.

Níor thúsige na cuit istuigh nuair a labhair an ceann.

The cats were no sooner in than the head one spoke.

Ar seisean, "Innis sgeál a Shadhbh, innis sgeál a Mhéadhbh, innis sgeál, a
Righ na g-Cat." "Ní innseochaidh mise aon sgeál," arsa Sadhbh. "Ní
innseochaidh mise aon sgeál," arsa Méadhbh.

He said, "Tell a story, Sadhbh, tell a story, Meadhbh, tell a story, O King
of the Cats." "I will not tell any story," said Sadhbh. "I will not tell any
story," said Meadhbh.

"Ní innseochaidh mise aon sgeál," arsa Righ na g-Cat, "mar bhí duine eicint
annseo aréir a thug mo sgeál amach. Stop síos! Stop suas! Uch uch na cuit!"

"I will not tell any story," said the King of the Cats, "as there was some
one here last night who brought my story out. Stop down! Stop up! Uch
Uch the cats!"

Agus arsa an ceann, "Cuartaighaidh an teach." Chuartaigh, agus ní fheacaí
an ceannaidhe bréagach amugha ortha.

And said the head one, "Search ye the house." It was done, and the
untruthful peddler did not go astray on them.

Rugadar i bh-fos agus thall air, striocadar agus stiolaradar é nó nach raibh
aithne, súil no béal air, agus sin a raidh de bharr no m-bréag aige.

They seized him all over, they tore and scratched him until there was not
recognition, eye nor mouth on him, and that was all that was reaped from
his lies.