





## Don't Come Again

Voice, 2 Mandolins, 2 Tin Whistles, Guitar  
Fiddle: Tommy Peoples  
Concertina: Noel Hill

The first place that I saw my love, it was at a ball,  
I looked at her, I gazed at her, far above them all;  
But aye she looked on me with scorn and disdain  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again  
Was to no come again,  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again.

The next place that I saw my love, it was at a wake,  
I looked at her, I gazed at her, I thought my heart would break;  
But aye she looked on me with scorn and disdain  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again  
Was to no come again,  
And the bonny wee lassie's answer was to no come again.

It being six months after, a little or above,  
When Cupid shot his arrow and he's wounded my true love;  
He's wounded her severely which caused her to complain  
And she's wrote to me a letter sayin' "You might come again"  
Sayin' "You might come again",  
And she's wrote to me a letter sayin' "You might come again".

Well, I wrote her back an answer for to let her know,  
While life was in my body 'twas there I wouldnae go;  
While life was in my body and while it does remain  
I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again  
Who said don't come again,  
I will aye mind the girl who said don't come again.

So come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me...  
Never slight a young man wherever he may be;  
For if you do you're sure to rue and cause you to complain  
And you'll aye rue the day that you said, "Don't come again"  
You said, "Don't come again",  
And you'll aye mind the day that you said, "Don't come again".

*Hugh Shields first recorded this from Eddie Butcher of Magilligan, Co. Derry, in 1966. The version I sing comes from a later recording also by Hugh Shields, of Eddie and his wife Gracie singing it together in 1975. Eddie Butcher as a singer and a source of songs, has had an immeasurable impact on the young singers of my generation, particularly those from Ulster.*



## The Lakes of Pontchartrain

Voice, 3 Guitars, 4 Tin Whistles, Harmonium

'Twas on one bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu,  
And I took the road to Jackson town my fortune to renew.  
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain,  
Which filled my heart with longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board of a railroad car beneath the morning sun;  
I rode the rods till evening and I laid me down again.  
All strangers there, no friends to me, till a dark girl towards me came,  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said "My pretty Creole girl, my money here's no good,  
And if it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out in the wood."  
"You're welcome here, kind stranger, our house in very plain,  
And we never turned a stranger out on the Banks of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house and treated me right well,  
The hair upon her shoulders in jet-black ringlets fell.  
To try to paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,  
So handsome was my Creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said this could never be,  
For she had got a lover and he was far at sea.  
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain  
Till he'd return to his Creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well, my bonny own girl, I never may see you more...  
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore,  
And at each social gathering a flowing glass I'll drain  
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain.



One of Dublin's latest groups, The Kull.

*I learnt this song from Christy Moore whose version comes from Mike Waterson. Someone came up to me after a concert in New York and said that it had a parallel in an old historical novel (the name of which I never got) about an Irish deserter from the Confederate Army at the end of the American Civil War who was trying to make his way to Cuba... and it was to this same story that the song referred. The railroad fits that period and perhaps foreign money refers to worthless confederate dollars? As for the Irishman, well another version of the song turns up in 'Songs of the People' (No. 619) which helps to lend credence to that theory. I'd love to know more about it.*







## Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

Voice, 2 Guitars

Mandolin and harmonicas arranged and played by Andy Irvine

From Derry quay we sailed away  
On the 23rd of May...  
We were boarded by a pleasant crew,  
Bound for Americay;  
Fresh water there we did take on  
Five thousand gallons or more,  
In case we'd run short going to New York  
Far away from the Shamrock Shore.

### CHORUS:

So fare thee well, sweet Lisa dear  
And likewise to Derry town;  
And twice farewell to my comrade boys,  
Who dwell on that sainted ground.  
If fortune it ever should favour me,  
or I to have money in store,  
I'll come back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left  
On Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

Well we sailed three days and we were all sea-sick,  
Not a man on board was free;  
We were all confined unto our bunks,  
With no one to pity poor me.  
No father dear nor mother kind,  
To hold up my head when 'twas sore,  
Which made me think more on the lassie I left  
On Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

Well we safely reached the other side  
In three and twenty days;  
We were taken as passengers by a man  
And led around in six different ways.  
We each of us drank a parting glass  
In case we might never meet more,  
And we drank a health to old Ireland  
And Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore.

*Like 'I am a youth that's inclined to ramble'  
Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore' deals with emigration...  
but emigration of a different kind, brought on by the  
threat of death from starvation or disease at home as  
opposed to the lure of riches abroad. One of the most  
vivid songs of the famine days and strengthened by its  
directness and simplicity. I learned it from Kevin Mitchell  
from Derry around 1966.*

*All instruments played and all music arranged  
by Paul Brady, except where otherwise stated.*

*All music copyright IMRO / MCPS.*

*Assistant Engineers: Johnny Byrne, Jim Hopper,  
Paul Thomas, Robert Cribbs.*

*Thanks to Eddie Butcher, Packie Manus Byrne,  
Geordie Hanna, Cathal McConnell, Kevin Mitchell,  
Christy Moore and Robin Morton, the sources of some  
of this material.*

*Special thanks to Donal Lunny, Andy Irvine,  
Tommy Peoples, Noel Hill and Brian Masterson.*

*Recorded & Mixed at Lombard Sound Studios,  
Dublin March - April 1978.*

*Engineered by Brian Masterson.*

*Produced by Donal Lunny and Paul Brady.*

*Remastered 2009 by Aidan Foley, Masterlabs.*

*Original Artwork, Paintings.*

*and Photography by John Devlin.*

*Graphic Design by Brian Hickey @ Imagine.ie.*





## Out The Door and Over The Wall

3 Bouzoukis, Tin Whistle

Bass Bouzouki: Arranged and played by Donal Lunny

*This Piece began almost as an exercise in compound time, but by the beginning of the second part it took on a life of its own and became a tune. It's no accident that it sounds vaguely Balkan as I used what I took to be harmonies, time signatures and chordal changes frequently employed in the music of that region. Beyond that it is entirely a work of the imagination and its musical structure doesn't conform to any existing one that I am aware of.*

*The tune breaks down into three distinct parts, each repeated once. The first part has ten bars: 3/4 5/4 4/4 7/4 7/4 5/4 6/4 7/4 7/4, the second part ten, all 7/4, and the third part eight bars: 7/4 7/4 7/4 6/4 7/4 9/4 7/4 7/4. The tune itself is played three times in all.*



## Young Edmund In The Lowlands Low

Voice Unaccompanied

Young Emily being a servant girl,  
Her lover a sailor bold...  
He ploughed the main much gold to gain  
For Emily, we are told.  
When seven long years had passed and gone,  
He did return home.  
He landed to his Emily  
And all his gold did show,  
That he had gained down on the main,  
And ploughed the Lowlands Low.

Her father kept a public house.  
It stood down by the sea.  
'Young Edmund, you can enter there  
And all night you can stay.  
And I'll meet you here to-morrow,  
But don't let my father know  
That your name it is young Edmund  
That ploughed the Lowlands Low!'

As Edmund he did enter there.  
And all his gold did show...  
Says Emily's cruel father  
'This gold will be your foe,  
For I'll send your body sinkin'  
Down in the Lowlands Low.'

As Edmund he did go to bed  
And scarce had fell asleep,  
When Emily's cruel father  
Into his room did creep...  
Then early the next morning  
To the beach, sure he did go,  
And he's sent his body sinkin'  
Down in the Lowlands Low.

*This is another version of 'The Keach in the Creel' (Child 281). The tune and most of the words come from Packie Manus Byrne, a native of Corkmore, Killybegs, Co. Donegal, now living in England. I have fleshed out his basic story by adding verses from other versions in the Child Collection where I saw fit and in some cases by adding a line or two of my own. Packie learnt his version some forty years ago from a farm labourer in Corkmore who probably brought it back from Scotland where the song originates.*



The Johnstons





## Jackson and Jane

Voice, 3 Mandolins, 2 Tin Whistles

Fiddle: Tommy Peoples

Hurdy Gurdy: Andy Irvine

Concertina: Noel Hill

You Monaghan Sportsmen I pray you draw near,  
To a few simple verses you quickly shall hear,  
It's the deeds of a hero that lives near Ballybay,  
And they call him Hugh Jackson, I hear people say.  
His mill, kilns and barns, they do cut a great show,  
And his cloth to the North and the City does go.  
At bleaching and lapping he does beat them all,  
And his cloth was first approved of at the Linen Hall.

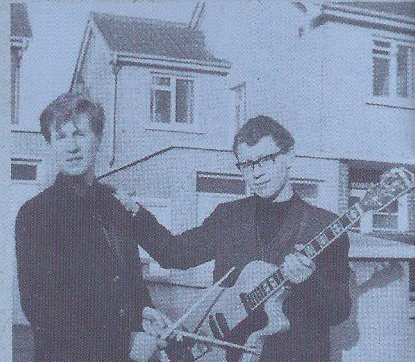
And more of his praises I'm going to explain,  
So if you will assist me, I'll sing about Jane,  
Search Ireland all over from Cork to Kildare,  
And you'll ne'er find a match for Hugh Jackson's gray mare.  
He went to the stable, to the mare he did say,  
'The hour is approaching and we must away,  
For a cup near Cootehill you have twice won with fame,  
And this day we are challenged, and you must run again.'

She turned in her stable, 'Kind Sir don't you know,  
This Cup is my own and I won't let it go,  
For twice I have won it and I mean to do still  
And we'll roll it in splendour from the plains of Cootehill.  
The Jockeys were mounted and all in a row,  
And if you had a' been there when off they did go,  
The bets were a makin' ten guineas to four  
That the cup back to Crieve would return never more.

When Jane she heard this, well, her mettle did rise,  
Over hedges and ditches like lightning she flies,  
And with a loud 'neigher' these words she did say,  
'You Bellamont sportsmen, I'll show youse the way'.  
When Jane and her jockey were half round the course,  
Miss Jane and her jockey began to discourse,  
Said Miss Jane to her jockey 'Kind Sir let me know,  
Where are my opponents or are they in view'.

He turned in the saddle and he cast an eye round,  
'As for Squire Adams, he lies on the ground,  
I'm afraid that poor Corry by Spanker is thiraw,  
And the rest of your opponents they're not yet in view'.  
When Jane she heard this, she went in at a race,  
And into the scales the balance was laid,  
The hall was surrounded for Jackson and Jane,  
And the cup went with honours  
back to Crieve once again.

*About two years ago I wrote this melody and searched ever since for words to go with it. I finally found them, followed by an excellent historical background, in Robin Morton's "FOLK SONGS SUNG IN ULSTER" (having on at least two previous occasions passed over it without noticing). Talking horses were evidently quite common in the Ireland of those days. In 'The Plains of Kildare', a similar song of the period, the victorious mare not only talks but has a celebratory drink with her rider after the race!*



## I Am A Youth That's Inclined To Ramble

Voice, Guitar

Hurdy Gurdy arranged and played by Andy Irvine

Bouzouki arranged and played by Donal Lunny

I am a youth that's inclined to ramble,  
To some foreign country I must repair.  
I am loath to part from my friends and comrades,  
And my dear sweetheart, whom I love dear,  
But there's one of those I do most admire...  
On her I'll think when I'm far away,  
For since fate's decreed, I am resolved to part her  
And try my fortune in America.

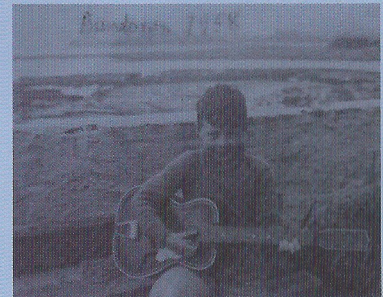
So farewell darling, since I must leave you,  
I place great dependence on your constancy...  
That no other young man may gain your fancy  
Or change your mind when I am o'er the sea;  
For although the seas they do separate us  
And in between us they do rise and fall,  
If fortune favours me you'll find your Jamie,  
Returning homeward from America.

Oh, Jamie dear, do you remember  
When I sat with you for many's the hour...  
And my young fancy away was carried,  
And the bees hummed around us on each opening flower?  
But when you're crossing the western ocean,  
The maid that loved you, you'll ne'er mind a va,  
And you'll scarce e'er think upon the maids of Erin,  
For you'll find strange sweethearts in America.

Oh, Mary dear, I don't dissemble,  
For to all other fair maids I'll prove untrue...  
And if you think that these are false promises  
I'll leave these vows as a pledge to you.  
That what I have may prove unsuccessful,  
And fortune prove to me a slippery ball,  
That a favouring gale it may ne'er blow on me,  
If I forsake you in America.

And so to conclude and to end these verses,  
May God protect this young female fair...  
And keep her from every wild embarrassment  
And of my darling take the greatest care.  
For she's slow to anger, of kind disposition,  
And her cheeks like roses in June do blow...  
In my nightly slumbers when e'er I think on her  
I could court her vision in America.

*Number 788 in Sam Henry's "Songs of the People", this song seems to date from the late 18th or early 19th century. In the years immediately following the Declaration of American Independence thousands left Ulster to start new lives in the emerging states or, if we're to believe the man in this song, to come back for their sweethearts when they had their fortune made. I can understand her reluctance to see him go, in spite of his promises, since generally in those days a journey to the New World was a one way trip.*





THIS SPACE MAY BE USED  
FOR PRINTED OR WRITTEN MATTER

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS ONLY  
TO BE WRITTEN HERE

- 1) Don't come again (3.35)
- 2) I am a youth that's  
inclined to ramble (6.10)
- 3) Jackson and Jane (4.22)
- 4) The lakes of Pontchartrain (6.45)
- 5) The Creel (5.22)
- 6) Out the door and over the wall (2.45)
- 7) Young Edmund in the lowlands low (5.48)
- 8) The boy on the hilltop /  
Johnny goin' to Céilidh (2.09)
- 9) Paddy's green Shamrock Store (6.07)



PEEBEE  
MUSIC

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