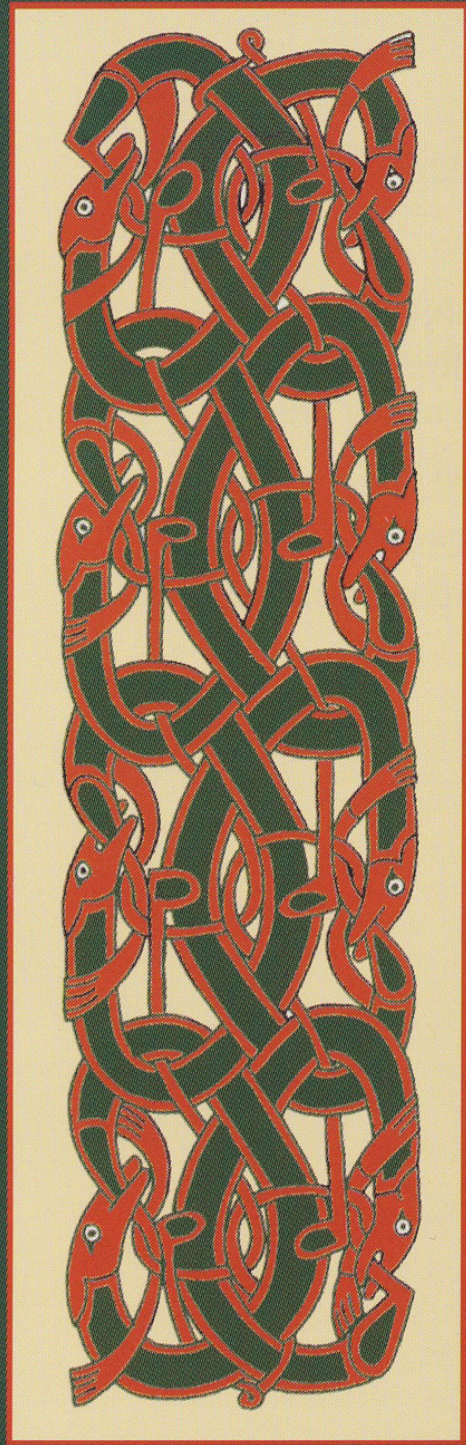


ARSIS

*Traditional Irish Songs*

*arranged for chorus & instruments by*

*David Mooney*



*CELTIC AYRES &  
Cór na nÓg RTÉ (Dublin)*

*Blánaid Murphy  
Conductor*



## CÓR

Traditional Irish Songs arranged for Chorus & Instruments by

David Mooney

CELTIC AYRES

Dublin

CÓR NA NÓG RTÉ

(Children's Choir of Radio Telefís Éireann)

Blánaid Murphy, director

Alison Thomas, piano • Denise Kelly, harp • Una Murphy, flute  
Ronan O'Snodaigh, bodhrán • Mary Gallagher, violin

1	She Moved Through the Fair	4:05
2	Beidh aonach amárach	2:32
3	'S í do Mhaimeo í	1:48
4	Rakes of Mallow	1:43
5	Phil the Fluther's Ball	2:24
6	Down by the Salley Gardens	2:04
7	Thugamar féin an Samhradh L'inn	2:45
8	The Lark in the Clear Air	2:28
9	Don Oíché Úd i mBeithil	2:48
10	Suantraí na Maighdhine	4:08
11	Wexford Carol	5:26

12	Óró 's é do bheatha 'bhaile	1:21
13	Famine Lament	2:53
14	Dúlámán	2:43
15	The Coulin	2:37
16	Ardaigh Cuain	4:28
17	Silent, O Moyle	4:16
18	Derry Air (Danny Boy)	3:54
19	The Cat's Ramble to the Child's Saucer	4:34
20	Lord of the Dancing Day	3:21

Total CD Time: 62:28

## Texts and Notes

### 1 *She Moved Through the Fair*

*"She Moved through the Fair," one of the most beautiful Irish folksongs, was collected by Herbert Hughes in County Donegal.*

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind.  
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine."  
And she laid a hand on me, and this she did say:  
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

She went away from me, and she moved though the fair.  
And fondly I watched her go here and go there.  
And then she went homeward with one star awake,  
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

She stole through the twilight, and on to the morn.  
Her footsteps rang silent in barley and corn.  
She glanced o'er her shoulder and smiled through the mist,  
But she vanished before me, her sweet lips un-kissed.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in,  
So softly she came that her feet made no din.  
She put her arms 'round me and this she did say:  
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

### 2 *Beidh aonach amarách (Tomorrow There'll Be a Fair)*

1. Beidh aonach amarách i gContae an Chláir,  
*Tomorrow there'll be a fair in County Clare,*  
Beidh aonach amarách i gContae an Chláir,  
*Tomorrow there'll be a fair in County Clare,*  
Beidh aonach amarách i gContae an Chláir,  
*Tomorrow there'll be a fair in County Clare,*  
Cén mhaith dom é, ní bheidh mé ann.  
*What good is it to me? I won't be there.*

Refrain:

Ó a mháthairín an ligfidh tú don aonaigh mé?

*O mother, will you let me go to the fair?*

(Ó) a mháthairín an ligfidh tú don aonaigh mé?

*O mother, will you let me go to the fair?*

(Ó) a mháthairín an ligfidh tú don aonaigh mé?

*O mother, will you let me go to the fair?*

A mhuirín ó, na héiligh é!

*My dearest child, I do not care!*

2. Níl tú a deich ná a haondeág fós,

*You're not ten or eleven years of age yet,*

Níl tú a deich ná a haondeág fós,

*You're not ten or eleven years of age yet,*

Níl tú a deich ná a haondeág fós,

*You're not ten or eleven years of age yet,*

Nuair a bheidh tú trideag, bheidh tú mór.

*When you're thirteen you will be big enough to go.*

(Refrain)

—Translation: David Mooney

### 3 *'S í do Mhaimeo í*

*"S í do Mhaimeo í" ("She's your Granny") is a humorous song from Connemara which light-heartedly explores the notion of marriage for money.*

Refrain:

'S í do Mhaimeo í, 's í do Mhaimeo í,

*She's your granny, she's your granny,*

'S í do Mhaimeo í, cailleach an air(i)gid;

*She's your granny, old hag with the money.*

'S í do Mhaimeo í ó Bhail'Iorrais Mhóir í,

*She's your granny from Inishmore town,*

'S chuirfeadh sí coistí'r bhóithre Chois Fharráige!

*And she'd put coaches on the roads of Cois Fharráige (Connemara)!*

1. Bhfeicfeá sa'n "steam" 'ga'l siar Toin Uí Loing,'  
*If you'd see the steamship going past Toin Ui Loing,*  
 S'na rothaí gha'l timpeall siar óna ceathrúnaí;  
*And the wheels turning fast out from her flanks;*  
 Chaithfeadh sí'n stiúir naoi n-uair ar a cúl,  
*She'd scatter the direction nine times to the rear,*  
 S'ni choinneodh sí siúl le cailleach an air(i)gid?  
*But she'd never keep up with the old hag with the money.*  
 (Refrain)

2. Measann tu bpósfá', measann tu bpósfá,'  
*Do you think he'd marry, do you think he'd marry,*  
 Measann tu bpósfá' cailleach an air(i)gid?  
*Do you think he'd marry the old hag with the money?*  
 Tá's a'm nach bpósfá', tá's a'm nach bpós,'  
*I know he'll not marry, I know he'll not marry,*  
 Mar tá sé ró-óg, 'gus d'ólfadh sé'n t'air(i)gid.  
*Because he's too young, and he'd drink all the money.*  
 (Refrain)

3. 'S gairid go bpósfá', 's gairid go bpósfá,'  
*There'll soon be a wedding, there'll soon be a wedding,*  
 'S gairid go bpósfá' beirt ar an mbaile seo;  
*There'll soon be a wedding between two from this town;*  
 'S gairid go bpósfá', 's gairid go bpósfá,'  
*There'll soon be a wedding, there'll soon be a wedding,*  
 Seán Shéamais Mhóir agus Máire Ni Chathasaigh.  
*Big John Sheamus and Mary Cassidy.*  
 (Refrain)

—This translation by Anne Piggot is used by permission

#### 4 **Rakes of Mallow**

The "Rakes of Mallow" refers to the loutish antics of the young men of the County Cork town. The instrumental version is widely used as a dance tune.

#### Rakes of Mallow

Beauing, belling, dancing, drinking, Breaking windows, damning, sinking, Ever raking, never thinking, Live the rakes of Mallow.	When at home with dada dying, Still for Mallow water crying, But, where there's good claret plying, Live the rakes of Mallow.
Spending faster than it comes, Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns, Bacchus' true begotten sons, Live the rakes of Mallow.	Raking tenants, stewards teasing, Swiftly spending, slowly raising, Wishing to spend all their days In raking, as at Mallow.
One time naught but claret drinking, Then, like politicians thinking, To raise the sinking funds when sinking, Live the rakes of Mallow.	Then, to end this raking strife, They got sober, take a wife, Ever after live in strife, Wishing again for Mallow.

#### 5 **Phil the Fluther's Ball**

"Phil the Fluther's Ball" was written by the celebrated songwriter Percy French. This gentle lampoon delights in the description of a dance at an Irish house.

1. Have you heard of Phil the Fluther of the town of Ballymuck?  
 The times were going hard for him, in fact the man was bruk,  
 So he sent an invitation to his neighbours one and all,  
 As to how he'd like their company that evenin' at a ball.  
 And when writin' out he was careful to suggest to them  
 That if they found a hat of his convenient to the door,  
 The more they put in whenever he requested them  
 The bether would the music be for batterin' in the floor.

#### Refrain

With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle -o  
 Hoppin' in the middle like a herrin' on a griddle-o.  
 Up, down, hands around, crossin' to the wall,  
 O! Hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluther's Ball!

2. There was Misther Denis Doherty, who kep' the runnin' dog;  
 There was little crooked Paddy, from the Tiraloughett bog;



There was boys from every Barony, and girls from every “art”  
 And the beautiful Miss Brady’s in a private ass and cart.  
 And along with them came bouncing Mrs. Cafferty,  
 Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore,  
 Rose, Suzanne and Margaret O’Rafferty,  
 The flower of Ardmagullion and the pride of Petravore.

(Refrain)

3. First, little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,  
 And then the Widda’ Cafferty steps out and makes her bow,  
 “I could dance you off your legs,” sez her, “as sure as you are born,  
 If ye’ll only make the piper play The Hare Was in the Corn.”  
 So Phil plays up to the best of his ability,  
 The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;  
 “Faith then Mick, it’s you that has agility:  
 Begorrah Mrs. Cafferty, yer leppin’ like a hare!”

(Refrain)

—Percy French (1854–1920), David Mooney, alt

**6 Down by the Salley Gardens**

“Down by the Salley Gardens” is a setting of the poem by W.B. Yeats. The melody is taken from an older Irish song called “The Maids of Mourne Shore.”

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

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

—William Butler Yeats (1865–1939)

—The words of W. B. Yeats are set to music and reproduced by permission of Michael B. Yeats

**7 Thugamar féin an Samhradh Linn**

“Thugamar Féin an Samhradh Linn” (“We brought the Summer with us”) celebrates the coming of summer in a pastoral scene, complete with Mayday rituals.

1. Bábóg na Bealtaine, maighdean an tsamhraidh, *The May doll, the summer maiden,*  
 Suas gach cnoc is síos gach gleann, *Up every hill and down every dale,*  
 Cailíní maiseacha bángheala gléasta, *Splendid girls dressed in bright dresses,*  
 Thugamar féin an samhradh linn. *We brought the summer with us.*

Refrain:

Samhradh, samhradh, bainne na ngamhna, *Summer, summer, milk for the calves,*  
 Thugamar feín an samhradh linn, *We brought the summer with us,*  
 Samhradh buí na nónín gléigheal, *Golden summer of bright daisies,*  
 Thugamar féin an samhradh linn. *We brought the summer with us.*

2. Thugamar linn é ón gcoill chraobhaigh, *We brought it with us from the branchy wood,*  
 Thugamar feín an samhradh linn, *We brought the summer with us,*  
 Samhradh buí o luí na gréine, *Golden summer of setting suns,*  
 Thugamar féin an samhradh linn. *We brought the summer with us.*

(Refrain)

3. Tá’n fhuisseóg ag seinm s’ag luascadh *The lark sings as she soars through the skies,*  
 sna spéarthaibh, *Bees and flies and blossoms on trees,*  
 Beacha’s cuileoga is bláth’ ar an crainn, *The cuckoo and all the birds sing out with*  
 Tá’n cuach is na héanlaith ag seinm le pléisiúr, *pleasure,*  
 Thugamar féin an samhradh linn. *We brought the summer with us.*

(Refrain)

—Translation by David Mooney





2. The night before that happy tide, The noble Virgin and her guide  
Were longtime seeking up and down To find a lodging in the town.  
But mark how all things came to pass: From every door repelled, alas!  
As long foretold, their refuge all Was but a humble oxen stall.
  3. Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;  
To whom God's angels did appear, Which put the shepherds in great fear.  
"Prepare and go," the angel said, "To Bethlehem, be not afraid;  
For there you'll find, this happy morn, A princely babe, sweet Jesus born."
  4. With thankful heart and joyful mind, The shepherds went the babe to find,  
And as God's angels had foretold They did our Saviour Christ behold.  
Within a manger he was laid, And by his side the virgin maid,  
Attending on the Lord of life Who came on earth to end all strife.
- Good people all, this Christmas-time, Consider well and bear in mind  
What our good God for us has done, In sending his beloved Son.

**12** *Óró, 's é do bheatha 'bhaile*

"Óró, 's é do bheatha bhaile" ("You are welcome Home") celebrates the heroic deeds of Grainuaile, the pirate princess, (Grace O'Malley) as she returns from battle.

1. 'S é do bheatha bhean ba léanmhar,  
B'é ár greach tú bheith i ngéibhinn,  
Do dhúiche breheá i seilbh méirleach  
'S tú díolta leis na Ghalla'.

*Welcome, woman who was so afflicted,  
It was our ruin that you were in bondage,  
Our fine land is in the possession of thieves  
And sold to the foreigners.*

Refrain:

Óró, 's é do bheatha 'bhaile,  
Bfearr liom tú no céad bó bhainne,  
Óró, 's é do bheatha 'bhaile,  
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh!

*Refrain:  
Oro, you are welcome home,  
I'd prefer you to a hundred milk cows,  
Oro, you are welcome home,  
Now at the beginning of summer!*

2. Tá Gráinne Mhaol a' triall thar sáile,  
Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,  
Gaeil iad féin, 's ní Gaill ná Spánnaigh,  
Is cuirfidh said ruaig ar Ghallaibh.  
(Refrain)

*Grace O'Malley is coming across the sea,  
Armed with warriors as her guard,  
They are Irish men, not English or Spaniard,  
And they will rout the foreigners.  
(Refrain)*

3. A bhui le Dia na bhFeart go bhfeicim, *May it please the God of miracles that we may see,*  
Muna mbím beo 'na dhiaidh ach seachtain, *Although we may only live for a week after it,*  
Gráinne Mhaol is míle gaiscíoch *Grace O'Malley and a thousand warriors*  
A' fógairt fáin ar Ghalla'. *Dispersing the foreigners.*  
(Refrain) *(Refrain)*

—Translation by David Mooney

**13** *Famine Lament*

"Famine Lament" is more usually known as "The Praties [potatoes] They Grow Small." This song dates from the Great Hunger (Famine) in the 1840s. Countless Irish died when the potato crop failed several years in a row. This was also a period of mass emigration.

1. O the praties they grow small over here, over here,  
O the praties they grow small over here.  
O the praties they grow small and we dig them in the fall  
And we eat them coats and all over here, over here.
2. O I wish that we were geese night and morn, night and morn,  
O I wish that we were geese night and morn.  
O I wish that we were geese and could live our lives in peace  
Till the hour of our release, eating corn, eating corn.
3. O we're down into the dust over here, over here,  
O we're down into the dust over here, over here,  
But the Lord in whom we trust,  
Will repay us crumb for crust over here, over here.

**14** *Dúlámán*

*Dúlámán (Seaweed) is a working song which celebrates the humble seaweed which was used to fertilize the poor soil in the West of Ireland.*

*Introduction:* O dúlamán na binne buí, dúlamán a' tsleibhe,  
*O seaweed from the yellow cliff, seaweed from the hills,*  
O dúlamán na farraige is dúlamán a deidigh.  
*O seaweed from the ocean and seaweed from the tide.*

*Refrain:* Dúlámán na binne buí, dúlamán Gaelach.  
*Seaweed from the yellow cliff, Irish seaweed.*  
Dúlámán na farraige, bfhearr a bhí in Eirinn!  
*Seaweed from the ocean, the best there is in Ireland!*

1. O chuir mé scéala chuici go gceanóinn cíor dí,  
*I told her that I'd buy her a comb,*  
'S é'n scéal a chuir sí chugham go raibh a ceann cíortha. (Refrain)  
*She replied that she was already well-groomed.*
2. O chuir mé scéala chuici go gceanóinn bád dí,  
*I told her that I'd buy her a boat,*  
'S é'n scéal a chuir sí chugham nach suifeadh sí 'gceann rámha. (Refrain)  
*She replied that she would not sit in a wooden one.*
3. O chuir mé scéala chuici go gceanóinn long dí,  
*I told her that I'd buy her a ship,*  
'S é'n scéal a chuir sí chugham nach rachadh sí i gcontúirt. (Refrain)  
*She replied that she would not put herself in danger.*
4. Ta ceann buí óir ar a' dúlamán Gaelach,  
*There's a golden yellow head on the Irish seaweed,*  
Tá dhá chluais mhaol' ar a' dúlamán Maorach. (Refrain)  
*There are two bare ears on the foreign seaweed.*
5. Ta bróga breátha dubha ar a' dúlamán Gaelach,  
*There are black speckled shoes on the Irish seaweed,*  
Ta bairéad agus triús ar a' dúlamán Gaelach. (Refrain)  
*There's a cap and trousers on the Irish seaweed.*

—Translation by David Mooney

### 15 **The Coulin**

"The Coulin" is principally known as an instrumental air. The words were added by Thomas Moore. It is still one of the most popular melodies in Ireland today. A "coulin" was a fair-haired youth.

1. Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,  
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;  
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,  
and thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.
2. So gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreaths,  
and hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;  
Nor dread that the cold hearted Saxon will tear  
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

### 16 **Ardaigh Cuain**

"Ardaigh Cuain" is the name of an Irish townland. This song is typical of many Irish nostalgic laments in which an emigrant wishes to be back in Ireland.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. A' mbéinn féin in Ardaigh Cuain,<br>'n aice'n tsléibh'ud 'ta bhfad uaim,<br>Bá annamh liom gan dul ar cuairt,<br>go glean na gcuach Dé Domhnaigh. | <i>O, to be in Ardaigh Cuain,<br/>near the mountains far away,<br/>I would visit the cuckoo's glen<br/>every Sunday.</i> |
|--|--|

Refrain:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Agus och, och Éire lig is o! Éire lionndubh is o!<br>'S é mo chroí tá trom agus brónach.   | <i>Alas, alas O great destruction!<br/>My heart is full of sadness.</i>  |
| 2. Is iomaí Nollaig bhí mé féin mbun<br>Abhann Duinne 's mé gan chéill,<br>Ag imirt ar a' trá bhán 's mo<br>chamán bán 'mo dhorn liom. (Refrain)                     | <i>Many Christmases ago, in my innocent years<br/>I spent down in Abhann Duinne,<br/>Playing on the white beach<br/>with my white hurley in my hand.</i>         |
| 3. Nach tuirseach mise anseo liom féin,<br>nach nairim coiligh, londubh no traon,<br>Gealbhán, smólach, naosach féin,<br>'s chan aithním féin an Domhnach! (Refrain) | <i>Alone and so tired, I do not even notice<br/>the voices of the cock, blackbird or corncrake,<br/>And I don't even notice the Sundays<br/>as they pass by.</i> |
| 4. 'S é seo an choraíocht 'tá buan,<br>ar a' saol gcuirfeadh sé cluain;<br>Mheallfadh sé an chaor ón uan,<br>agus mheall sé uaimse an oíge! (Refrain)                | <i>There's no end to this struggle,<br/>it steals time away.<br/>Like it lures the sheep from the lambs,<br/>and takes away my youth!</i>                        |

—Translation by David Mooney

### 17 **Silent, O Moyle**

"Silent, O Moyle" was composed by Tomas Moore. This is the song of Fionnuala, one of the children of King Lir. According to the famous legend, Lir's children were placed under a magic spell by their stepmother and turned into swans. They were made to spend hundreds of years on a river (the Moyle), a lake and, finally, on the open sea before the spell could be broken.

1. Silent, O 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.
2. When shall the swan, her death note singing, Sleep with wings in darkness furled?  
When shall Heav'n, it's sweet bells ringing, Call my spirit from this stormy world?



3. Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter wave weeping, Fate bids me languish long ages away.  
Still in darkness doth Erin lie sleeping, Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

4. When shall that day star, mildly springing, Warm our isle with peace and love?  
When shall Heav'n, it's sweet bells ringing, Call my spirit to the fields above?

—Thomas Moore (1779–1852), David Mooney, alt.

**18 Derry Air (Danny Boy)**

*“Danny Boy” is one of Ireland’s most famous melodies. Known also as “The Derry Air,” the melody was collected in County Derry and has had many sets of lyrics applied to it.*

O Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,  
From glen to glen and down the mountainside.  
The summer’s gone and all the roses falling,  
’Tis you, ’tis you, must go and I must bide.  
But come ye back when summer’s in the meadow,  
Or when the valley’s hushed and white with snow.  
’Tis I’ll be there in sunshine or in shadow,  
O Danny boy, O Danny boy I love you so.

And when you come and all the flow’rs are dying,  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
Ye’ll come and find a place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.  
And I shall hear though soft your tread above me,  
And all my grave shall warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,

**19 The Cat’s Ramble to the Child’s Saucer (A Medley of Irish Melodies)**

*“The Cat’s Ramble to the Child’s Saucer” is a medley of Irish songs. The title is typical of the nonsense/humourous titles which are given to many Irish dance tunes.*

**(1) Rakes of Mallow**

Beaving, belling, dancing, drinking,	Spending faster than it comes,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,	Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Ever raking, never thinking,	Bacchus’ true begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.	Live the rakes of Mallow.

**(2) The Star of the County Down**

Near to Banbridge town, in the County Down, one morning in July,  
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen and she smiled as she passed me by.  
She looked so sweet from her two white feet to the sheen of her nut-brown hair.  
Sure the coaxing elf, I’d to shake myself, to make sure I was standing there.

From Bantry Bay up to Derry quay and from Galway to Dublin town,  
No maid I’ve seen like the sweet colleen, she’s the star of the County Down.

**(3) Connemara Lullaby (Connemara Cradle Song)**

On wings of the wind, o’er the darkling deep,	Hear the wind blow, love,
Angels are coming to watch o’er thy sleep.	Hear the wind blow,
Angels are coming to watch over thee,	Lean your head over
So list’ to the wind coming over the sea.	And hear the wind blow.

**(4) Cockles and Mussels (Molly Malone)**

In Dublin’s fair city where girls are so pretty I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow Through the streets broad and narrow,  
Crying “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, O! Alive, alive, O! Alive, alive, O!”  
Crying “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, O!”

**(5) The Spanish Lady**

As I went down to Dublin city at the hour of twelve at night,  
Who should I see but a Spanish lady washing her feet by candlelight.  
First she washed them, then she dried them o’er a fire of amber coal,  
In all my life I n’er did see a maid so sweet about the sole.

Whack fol the toora tooralay,  
Whack fol the toora toora lady.  
Whack fol the toora tooralay.

**(6) When Irish Eyes Are Smiling**

When Irish eyes are smiling,	When Irish hearts are happy,
Sure, ’tis like the morn in Spring.	All the world seems bright and gay.
In the lilt of Irish laughter	And when Irish eyes are smiling,
You can hear the angel’s sing.	Sure, they steal your heart away.

—Chauncey Olcott, George Graff, Jr.

**(7) Mrs. McGrath (Mrs. McGraw) (fragment)**

With yer tooriah, fol-the-diddle-ah,  
Toori, toori, tooriah,  
With yer tooriah, fol-the-diddle-ah,  
Toori, toori, tooriah!

**20 Lord of the Dancing Day**

*"The Lord of the Dancing Day" marries two folksongs, "The Lord of the Dance" and "Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day."*

Refrain:

Dance, dance, where ever you may be, "I am the Lord of the dance said he,  
I'll lead you all where ever you may be, And I'll lead you all in the dance," said he.

Tomorrow will be my dancing day

I danced in the morning when the world was begun, I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
And I danced in the heavens and I danced on the earth, At Bethlehem I had my birth. (Refrain)

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisee, And they would not dance and they would not follow me,  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John, they came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame,  
The holy people they said it was a shame,  
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone,  
But I am the dance and the dance goes on. (Refrain)

Tomorrow will be my dancing day, I would my true love did so chance  
To see the legend of my play, To call my true love to my dance,  
To sing, to sing, O my true love, This have I done for my true love,  
To see the legend of my play, To call my true love to my dance

Dance, dance, where ever you may be, "I am the Lord of the dance said he,  
I'll lead you all where ever you may be, And I'll lead you all in the dance," said he.

Tomorrow will be my dancing day.

## David Mooney

David Mooney, creator of the unique vocal arrangements on this CD, was born in Sligo, Ireland in 1964. He began piano studies at the age of four. At age twelve Mooney won a scholarship to the Schola Cantorum at St. Finian's College in Mullingar, Ireland. There he studied piano with Mabel Swainson and organ and composition with Fr. Frank MacNamara.

Mooney continued his studies at the National University of Ireland at Maynooth, graduating with a B.A. degree in Music and French and an M.A. degree in Music. He continued his studies at University College Dublin where he completed a Ph.D. in Musicology in 1999.

In 1988, Mooney joined the staff of Ireland's largest music institution, the Conservatory of Music and Drama at the Dublin Institute of Technology. He has lectured in piano and academic studies at the graduate and post-graduate levels and is particularly committed to teacher education. Mooney is currently Head of the Department of Keyboard Studies. He is a contributor in the latest edition of the New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

Mooney's choral arrangements are sung regularly in Ireland and in the United Kingdom. Recordings of his works are featured on *Scenes of an Irish Christmas* and *Ireland's Voices for Peace* (both on the Viking Records, Ireland, label).

The arrangements for the RTÉ Cór na nÓg were commissioned for them by their director at the time, Blánaid Murphy. All arrangements except *Lord of the Dancing Day*, (which is published by Stainer & Bell Ltd. of London) are published by E. C. Schirmer Music Company, a division of ECS Publishing, Boston, MA.



## Blánaid Murphy

Beginning her career in London where she studied piano with Beatrice Franklova and organ with Ian Curror, Blánaid Murphy was awarded an organ scholarship to Selwyn College, Cambridge, graduating in music in 1987. Ms. Murphy continued her studies in Stuttgart under Konrad Richter and at the Mozarteum in Salzburg with Hartmut Holl. She also founded the Murphy Singers in Stuttgart. As a keyboard player and conductor she has performed throughout Europe.

At the time of this recording Blánaid Murphy was the conductor of the RTÉ (Radio Telefís Éireann) Cór na nÓg, the Children's Choir of the Irish state radio and television network. She was also director of the Carlow Choral Society.

Blánaid Murphy was the choral director of the Philharmonic Chorus of Dublin for the record-breaking (and still ever-popular) recording, *Faith of Our Fathers* featuring the late Irish tenor, Frank Patterson. In 1998 she formed the Canzona Chamber Choir in Carlow, performing Bach's *St. John Passion* in Dublin and Wexford, and recording *Scenes of an Irish Christmas*. She brought together several choirs and children's choirs from Dublin and Northern Ireland to record *Voices for Peace* to raise funds for a cross-border choral trust.

In fall of 2002 Blánaid Murphy was appointed director of the world-renowned Palestrina Choir of men and boys at Dublin's St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral. She thus became perhaps the only woman to be the chief director of a major, world-class cathedral choir. Since then she has commissioned new music and brought the Palestrina Choir to a new level of performance. She also made the decision to form in 2002 the Dublin Bach Singers who have since become one of Dublin's premiere choruses, performing the large works of Bach with the Cecilia Orchestra.

## Celtic Ayres Dublin, Ireland Blánaid Murphy, director

### SOPRANO

Catherine Killoran \*  
Sylvia O'Brien \*  
Maev Ní Mhaolchatha  
Rosemary Collier \*  
(\*=solosits)

### ALTO

Margaret Killian  
Dervilla Conlon  
Victoria Massey

### TENOR

John McKeown  
Dermot Doyle  
Andrew Nangle  
Stuart Kinsella

### BASS

Geoffrey Ledwidge  
Conor O'Reilly  
Eunan McDonald

HARP: Denise Kelly  
VIOLIN: Mary Gallagher  
BODHRÁN: Ronan O'Snodaigh

Blánaid Murphy

**Cór na nÓg RTÉ**

Dublin, Ireland

Blánaid Murphy, director

Niamh Abbey	Ronan Hastings	Cianna O'Connell
Therese Boland	Conor Hastings	Aisling O'Connor
Moira Boland	Ruth Kiernan	Kevin O'Sullivan
Sarah Bradley	John Kyne	John Peters
Antoinette Brennan	Fiona Lynch	Roisin Plunkett
Ciara Burke	Aisling Lynch	Ruairi Quinn
Shauna Carrick	Katie Jaher	Suzy Richardson
Andrew Crowe	John Maher	Alexander Ryan
Hannah Crowley	Orla Mulreid	Hannah Stockwell-Quinn
Rachel Dempsey	Ronan Murphy	Martin Walsh
Rachel Fallows	Sinead Newsholme	Anthea West
Kate Forte	Claire Nolan	Carme; Whelan
Coimhe Grogan	Robert Nugent	

PIANO: Alison Thomas

HARP: Denise Kelly

FLUTE: Úna Murphy

Celtic Ayres were recorded September 20, 21, and 22, 2001  
at All Hallows College Chapel, Dublin, Ireland

Cór na nÓg was recorded April 27, 2002  
at All Hallows College Chapel, Dublin, Ireland

Recording Engineer: William Somerville-Large

Producer: Robert Schuneman

Editing and Mastering: Robert Schuneman

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