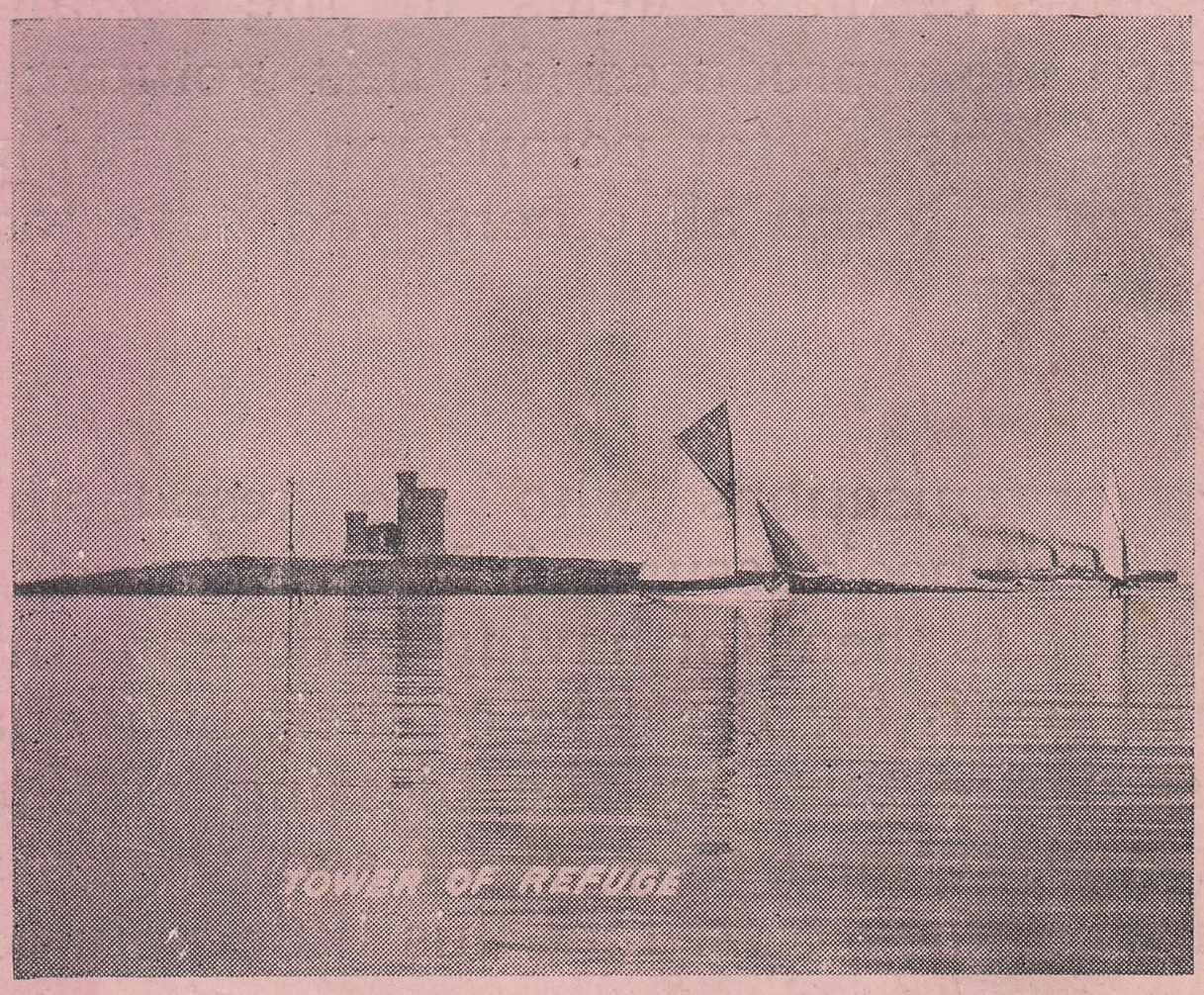
ELLAN · VANNIN · DY · BRAGH

A BOOK OF MANX SONGS.

Compiled for the Use of Manxmen serving with H.M. Forces in the Great European War.



Published on behalf of the Man xSociety and the World Manx Association.

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Copies of this Book may be obtained free from Mr. Wm. Cubbon, Public Library, Douglas, Isle of Man.

FOREWORD.

This little book is published partly at the instance of and at the cost of Mr. Walter W. Gill, of Prenton, near Birkenhead (now on active service), who gave to The Manx Society the gross proceeds of the sales of his newly-published book, "Juan-y-Pherick's Journey, and other Poems," to be applied for the benefit of Manxmen serving with His Majesty's Forces; and partly at the instance of and at the cost of the World Manx Association.

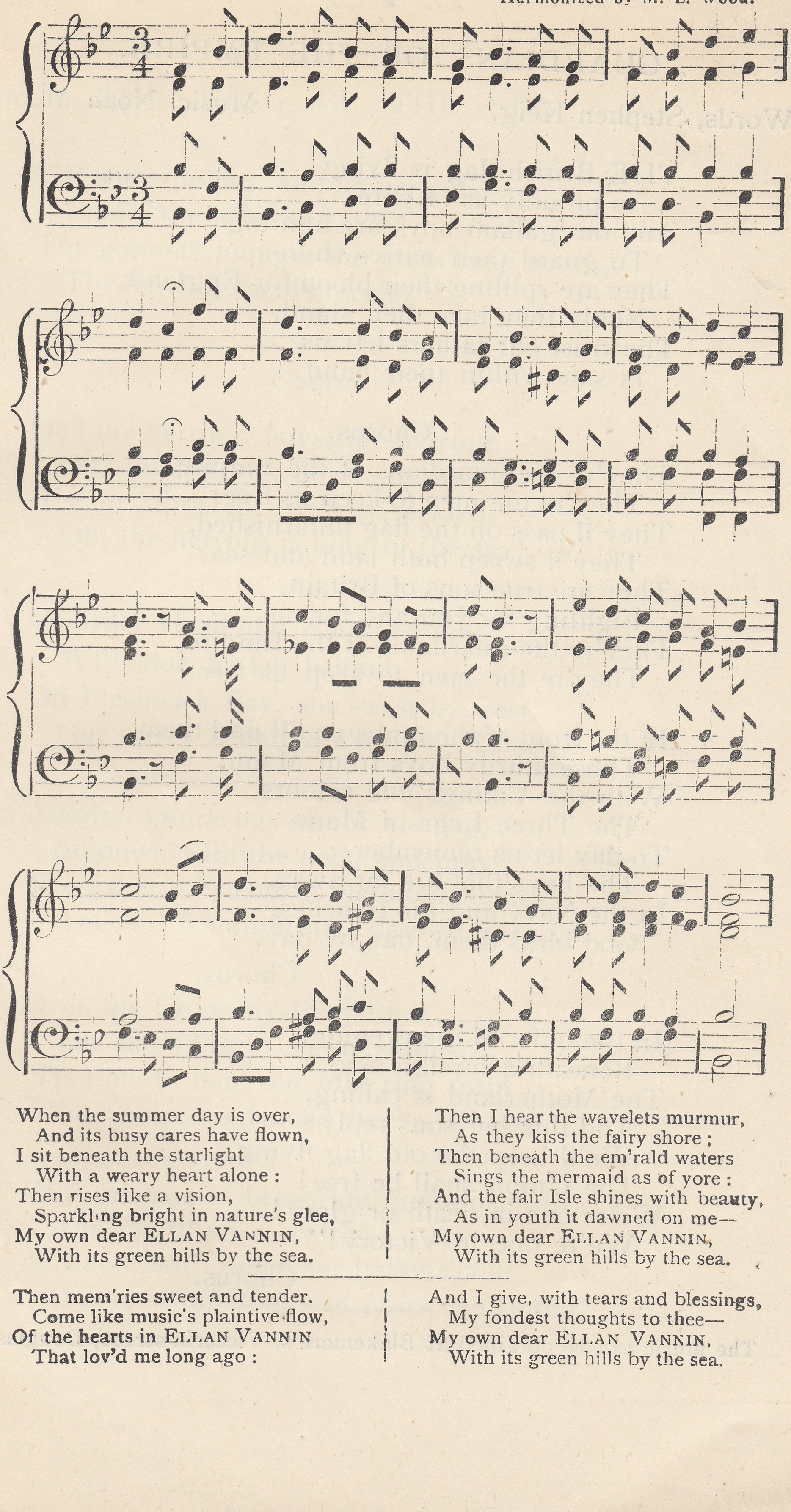
The committee who have compiled the book desire to thank Mr. W. H. Gill, of Angmering, Sussex, for permission to use the words of many items in the "Manx National Songs," which are reproduced in this volume; Mr. F. E. Weatherley, of Bristol, for permission to use the words of the song "Mona"; and all others who have facilitated the work of publication.

The two organisations who are responsible for the appearance of this book assure all Manxmen with the colours of their gratitude to them for having undergone unimaginable privations and perils for the sake of their native land, and of their earnest desire that, by the blessing of God, all their brave fellow-countrymen may right soon return unharmed. In the meantime, they trust that this little volume, imperfect as they know it to be, may on many occassions be the means of refreshing a Manx lad's jaded mind and lonely spirit with sweet and tender recollections of loved scenes and loved faces in the Island home.

ELLAN VANNIN.

(Dear Isle of Man.)

Harmonized by M. L. Wood.



When the summer day is over,
And its busy cares have flown,
I sit beneath the starlight
With a weary heart alone:
Then rises like a vision,
Sparkling bright in nature's glee,
My own dear ELLAN VANNIN,
With its green hills by the sea.

Then I hear the wavelets murmur,
As they kiss the fairy shore;
Then beneath the em'rald waters
Sings the mermaid as of yore:
And the fair Isle shines with beauty,
As in youth it dawned on me--
My own dear ELLAN VANNIN,
With its green hills by the sea.

Then mem'ries sweet and tender,
Come like music's plaintive flow,
Of the hearts in ELLAN VANNIN
That lov'd me long ago:

And I give, with tears and blessings,
My fondest thoughts to thee—
My own dear ELLAN VANNIN,
With its green hills by the sea.

GUARDIANS OF THE EMPIRE.

Words, Stephen Keig. Music, Noah Moore.

THE British flag is flying
As proudly as of yore,
And our gallant boys are fighting
To guard their native shore.
They are spilling their blood for England,
Nobly they take their stand,
The trust our fathers left us
Is safe within their hand.

Chorus.

They're the guardians of the Empire,
They're the men to keep us free;
They'll pass on the flag untarnished,
They'll sweep both land and sea.
They are true sons of Britain,
Fighting for you and for me,
They're the guardians of the Empire,
They're the men to keep us free.

In the front of the ranks you'll find them,
Those sturdy boys from Mann,
With the Vikings' old colours,
The Three Legs of Man.
To-day let us remember
The boys that are far away,
In the Navy and the trenches,
God bless them, day by day.

Chorus.

In the quiet of the evening,
Beneath a foreign sky,
The Motherland is calling,
And this her sons reply:
"We'll keep the old flag flying,
The Union shall be free!
We're one in death or glory!
We're one in Victory!"

Chorus.

The music can be obtained at Blakemore's, Victoria-street, Douglas.

THE KING OF THE SEA.

UP with the lug, and let her run
  Before the wind and tide;
The gannets plunge, the gulls keep watch,
  The herring shoal is wide.

Chorus:

Oh! the herring, boys, the herring,
  Oh! the herring, boys, for me!
Red or kippered, fresh or pickled,
  Oh, the herring is king of the sea!

Contrary Head and Niarbyl Point
  Will soon be left behind;
Off Fleshwick Bay, sou'-west by west,
  Our merry friends we'll find.—Chorus.

Admiral Quirk has struck his flag,
  So down with the nets, and pray
The fisher's Friend to bless our homes
  And toil by night and day.—Chorus.

Over the Cronk-ny-Irrey-Lhaa
  The sun's bright signal shines;
'Tis time to haul our glitt'ring train
  And ship our loaded lines.—Chorus.

With moistened brow, and grateful heart,
  And joyful voice we raise,
As homeward glides our gallant craft,
  Our morning songs of praise.—Chorus.

A MANX WEDDING.

BE off to the weddin', you young people all,
For all are expected, the great and the small,
Your friends and your neighbours, your relatives dear,
And all your belongin's both distant and near.
From the Nors', and the Sous', and the East and the West,
There isn' a soul but is ast as a guest;
In fac' the whole Island has flocked to Lezayre,
And, likely as not, the whole world will be there!
They've ast the whole kit of you, herrings and sprats,
Your brothers and sisters, your dogs and your cats;
The mice in the barn, " you'll see how they run,"
And "Robin the Bobbin" and "avery one".
So off with you, childher, as fast as you can,
Or the pews 'll be taken, and you'll have to stan;
Like Cæsar they've come, and they've conquered, and seen,
The loveliest wedding that avar has been!
Avar has been? Yes, avar has been!
The loveliest wedding that avar has been!

And up in the hayloft, oh dear and oh dear!
What gran' preparation they're makin' up theer!
The cleanin' and sweepin' and planin' the floor,
And nailin' up curtains on windows and door;
And riggin' up sofas with blankets and shawls,
And stickin' up candles all over the walls,
And larches and osiers tied up wis white ribbon,
And herring-bone borders of roses and hibbin.
See yandhar oul' wheel, how he's takin' his res',
The little tears tricklin' all over his breas',
As though he was sayin', "My Nancy is gone!
All lonely down here she has lef' me alone!"
The little mill-stream, as it skutches along,
Is laughin' and singin' a bright little song;
I'm thinkin' I hear the words, " Nancy veg veen,
The lek of thy wedding has navar been seen!"
Navar been seen? No, navar been seen!
The lek of thy wedding has navar been seen!

And music? Of coorse! aw! the grandes' that's in,
"With trumpets and shawms," and the devil's own din,
And Karran, the cornet, jus' come from Malew,
And the Castletown fiddler, oul' Archie Cuckoo;
And Phillie the Desert and Tommy the Mate,—
The singin' that's at them is really fus' rate,—
" Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey" and then "Bollan Bane,"
And everyone askin' for " Mylecharaine."
And maybe a stave of "Katriney Marroo,"
And then finish up with a carval or two.
And maybe the Paazon himself will be there,
With a hymn, and a tex', and a bit of a prayer.
For eatin' and drinkin' there's heaps of binjean,
And milk for the women, and jough for the men,
And custards and jellies from Mrs Cregeen,
A better confectioner navar was seen!
Mrs Cregeen? Yes, Mrs Cregeen!
The lek of them jellies has navar been seen!

* * * *

And dancin'? Aw, 'deed, there'll be dancin' dy liooar,
Of coorse, that's the for they were smoothin' the floor;
The dancin'? Aw, that'll go on all the night,
And some of the quality puttin' a sight,
And maybe the Deemsters, and some of the Keys,
" Good everin', jus' to look on, if you please."
And forfeits, and games, and the capers that's in,
And " Puss in the Corner," and " Kiss in the ring."
And then it's " Good-night," and " I hope you will take,
For under the pillow, a bit of the cake."
And some of you cryin' it's over so soon,
And all gettin' home by the light of the moon.
So off with you, childher, and don't you be late,
Or the church'll be full, and you'll not get a sate;
You'll all be declarin', when yandhar you've been,
The lek of that weddin' has navar been seen!
Navar been seen? No, navar been seen!
The lek of that weddin' has navar been seen!

THE MANX FISHERMEN'S EVENING HYMN.

HEAR us, O Lord, from Heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Like them of old, in vain we toil all night,
Unless with us Thou go, Who art the Light;
Come then, O Lord, that we may see Thy face.

Thou, Lord, dost rule the raging of the sea;
When loud the storm, and furious is the gale,
Strong is Thine arm; our little barks are frail;
Send us Thy help; remember Galilee.

Our wives and children we commend to Thee;
For them we plough the land and plough the deep;
For them by day the golden corn we reap;
By night the silver harvest of the sea.

We thank Thee, Lord, for sunshine, dew and rain,
Broadcast from Heav'n by Thine almighty hand—
Source of all life, unnumbered as the sand—
Bird, beast, and fish, herb, fruit, and golden grain.

O Bread of Life, Thou in Thy word hast said,
Who feeds in faith on Me shall never die!
In mercy hear Thy hungry children's cry,
Father, give us this day our daily bread!

Sow in our hearts the seeds of Thy dear love,
That we may reap contentment, joy, and peace;
Then, when at last our earthly labours cease,
Grant us to join Thy harvest home above.

Words.
Fred. E Weatherly.

MONA.

Music.
Stephen Adams.

By kind permission of the Author.

O swift goes my boat like a bird on the billow,
The boat of my heart—my trim Ben-my-Chree;
But swifter than bird leaps my love from her pillow,
The girl of my heart, who is waiting for me;
And down drops the anchor, the brown sails are falling,
And out on the shingle we leap in our glee:
But for all the bright eyes and the laughter and calling,
The girl of my heart is all that I see.

Mona, my own love; Mona, my true love,
Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be?
By the bright stars above thee, I love thee, I love thee,
Live for thee, die for thee, only for thee—
Oh, Mona, Mona, my own love,
Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be?

Farewell! all is over, the bitter tears falling;
My life is a wreck on a dark winter sea;
The innocent days are all gone past recalling,
There yawns a dark gulf 'twixt my darling and me;
I pass to my exile, alone, unbefriended,
The summer days mock me with gladness and mirth;
For only with death will that exile be ended,
Thou'rt lost to me, darling, for ever on earth.

Mona, my own love; Mona, my lost love,
Pray for me, pray, thro' the long years to be;
And the angels above thee, who pity and love thee,
Will plead for me also, and bring me to thee—
Oh, Mona, Mona, my lost love,
Pray for me, pray, thro' the long years to be.

Published by Boosey & Co., London.

RAMSEY TOWN.

'TWAS once I loved a lass,
I swore I loved her true;
And that I did so long as we
Held Ramsey still in view;
And that I did so long as we
Held Ramsey still in view.

Chorus:

Ramsey Town, O Ramsey Town,
Shining by the sea!
Here's a health to my true love,
Wheresoe'er she be.

Her hair was like the gold,
Her eyes, like cloud, were grey;
We sailed away for the blazing South
All on a summer's day.—Chorus.

No grey eyes southward are,
Nor locks of curly gold;
But in the flash of eyes of jet
Lies wealth of love untold.—Chorus.

My heart is not so small
To stop at one, good lack!
I'll love 'em all, or twenty such,
Grey eyes, or brown, or black!—Chorus.

FAIR MAIDS OF MANN.

FAIR maids of Mann, of foreigners beware,
For since time began, they still have been your snare;
From Orry and his Danes to Derby's merry men,
They've turned your brains, and will do so again.

Fair maids of Mann, of Hieland chiefs beware,
The chief wi' a clan, and castle up in Ayr!
Wi' philibegs and pipes, and sic-like Cupid's arts,
In tartan stripes promenading to your hearts.

Fair maids of Mann, of Fitz and O beware,
The O's from the Bann and Fitzes from Kildare;
A spell of words they weave a woman's heart will storm,
They're kings to conceive, but beggars to perform.

Fair maids of Mann, of English sparks beware,
With glass up to scan your beauties with a stare,
Who think that for their coats of scarlet cloth so fine,
They'd be your lords if they but gave the sign.

Fair maids of Mann, seek not abroad to roam;
Since life's but a span, best "husband" it at home;
Mates better than the Manx to find elsewhere you'll fail,
So give God thanks for Quilliam, Quirk, or Quayle.

A HYMN OF THE MANX PEOPLE.

O COME, all ye people, with prayer and with praise,
To bless our great Ruler, the Ancient of Days;
Though nations be shifting as grains in the sand,
In honour and safety may He keep our land.

He bringeth us Harvest from mountain and sea,
Our Tower of Refuge in danger is He;
Through perils and changes upheld by His Might,
With Him for our Leader we strive for the right.

Our old Island Kingdom enthroned on the deep,
Our Celtic Inheritance, long may we keep;
With customs and laws that our forefathers gave,
Unsullied, unblemished, and free as the wave.

Then stand up, ye sons of the Viking, and hold
Your freedom and honour as dearer than gold;
So Rulers and People together shall sing,
In peace and agreement, May God save our King!

KIRREE FO NIAGHTEY.

THE snow's on the mountains, the snow's in the gill;
My sheep they have wandered all over the hill;
Uprise then, my shepherds, with haste let us go
Where my sheep are all buried deep under the snow.

The dogs in the haggard are barking aloud
At the moon, as she struggles from under the cloud;
Uprise then, my shepherds, with haste let us go
Where my sheep are all buried deep under the snow.

Take staves and take lanterns, put on your carranes,
We'll hunt in the mountains, we'll hunt in the plains;
Uprise then, my shepherds, with haste let us go
Where my sheep are all buried deep under the snow.

Then up rose those shepherds, with haste they did go
Where the sheep lay all buried deep under the snow;
They sought them with sorrow, they sought them with dread,
And they found them at last—but the sheep were all dead.

MONA MA CHREE!

O MONA ma Chree! We are far, far away,
And between us a wide brimming sea;
But the roar of the wind is like music to-day,
For it minds us of Mona, of Mona ma Chree;
O Mona! dear Mona! dear Mona ma Chree!

O Mona ma Chree! We are long, long from home,
And longer our exile must be;
But a wreath of blue smoke, and a curl of salt foam,
Brings us back to our Mona ma Chree;
O Mona! dear Mona! dear Mona ma Chree!

O Mona ma Chree! When darkened the dale
With the storms rushing in from the sea,
The gorse blazing golden o'er mountain and dale
Made a sunshine in Mona ma Chree;
O Mona! dear Mona! dear Mona ma Chree!

O Mona ma Chree! Though poor, poor and bare
The fisherman's tholtan might be,
There was gold on the cushag and balm in the air
Of our loved little Mona ma Chree;
O Mona! dear Mona! dear Mona ma Chree!

Dear Mona ma Chree! Wherever we bide
Will our fond hearts be turning to thee;
And the roar of the wind and the roll of the tide
Will remind us of Mona ma Chree;
O Mona! dear Mona! dear Mona ma Chree!

A SONG ON FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

YOUNG men commencing courting,
Take warning from my fate!
For truth I am reporting
About the marriage state.
A wealthy lass I sought her,
I was not slow to woo;
And wed the farmer's daughter,
Who no housekeeping knew.

Till noon she's in the vapours,
Or reading a romance;
All day she's in curl-papers,
Till midnight at the dance.
At morn a sleepy slattern,
At eve a flaunting belle;
She sets her maids a pattern
They imitate too well.
She's saucy, vain, and lazy,

And eaten up with pride,
And into tempers crazy
Keeps falling when you chide.
Her only care is what'll
With her sour self agree,
And so unto the bottle
She drives her babe and me.

Would you escape such trouble,
Such sad domestic din,
And calmly scrape the stubble
On Sunday from your chin;
Would you not find the honey
Of courtship turned to gall,
Don't wed alone for money—
Far liefer not at all.

Pan-Celtic National Anthem.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

CHORUS. Mann! Mann! O but my heart is with you! And long as the sea your bul-wark shall be To Man-nin my heart shall be true!

Pan-Celtic National Anthem.

English Version.

O LAND of my fathers, O Land of my love,
Dear mother of minstrels who kindle and move,
And heroes who holding your fame beyond all,
For Freedom their life blood let fall.

Chorus:

Mann! Mann! O but my heart is with you!
And long as the sea
Your bulwark shall be
To Mannin my heart shall be true!

O Land of the mountains, the bard's Paradise,
Whose precipice proud, valleys lone as the skies,
Green murmuring forest, far echoing flood,
Fire the fancy and quicken the blood.

For though the fierce foeman has ravaged your realm,
The old speech of Mannin he cannot o'erwhelm,
Our passionate song into silence command,
Or banish the harp from your strand.

MYLECHARAINE.

O MYLECHARAINE, where got you your gold?
Lone, lone, you have left me here;
Was it not in the Curragh, deep under the mould?
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

O Mylecharaine, where got you your stock?
Lone, lone, you have left me here;
Was it not in the Curragh, under a block?
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

O Mylecharaine, where got you your goods?
Lone, lone, you have left me here;
Was it not in the Curragh, under two sods?
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

MANX NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(Arrane Ashoonagh dy Vannin.)

O LAND of our birth,
O gem of God's earth,
O Island so strong and so fair;
Built firm as Barool,
Thy throne of Home Rule
Makes us free as thy sweet mountain air

Ye sons of the soil,
In hardship and toil,
That plough both the land and the sea,
Take heart while you can,
And think of the Man
Who toiled by the Lake Galilee.

When fierce tempests smote
That frail little boat,
They ceased at His gentle command;
Despite all our fear,
The Saviour is near
To safeguard our dear Fatherland.

Let storm-winds rejoice,
And lift up their voice,
No danger our homes can befall;
Our green hills and rocks
Encircle our flocks,
And keep out the sea like a wall.

Our Island, thus blest,
No foe can molest;
Our grain and our fish shall increase;
From battle and sword
Protecteth the Lord,
And crowneth our nation with peace.

Then let us rejoice
With heart, soul, and voice,
And in the Lord's promise confide;
That each single hour
We trust in His power
No evil our souls can betide.