PLAYED TUNES LIST (BOLD indicates 'Tune of the Month' tunes)

Alice (ECD Waltz in A)

Ar Éirinn Ní Neosfainn Cé Hí

Aka For Ireland I'd Not Tell Her Name (Waltz/Air in D) - LYRICS

Ashokan Farwell (Key of D)

Bighorn River Sunset Duet (Waltz in A Dorian)

Carla's Waltz (Waltz in D)

Down Home Waltz (Waltz in G)

Duck Boy Waltz (Waltz in G)

Elsey's Waltz (Waltz in D)

G for Gordy (Waltz in G)

Get Well Carolyn! aka Kry På Dig, Carolyn!

Hear the Nightingale Sing (Waltz in D) - LYRICS

Hector the Hero (Strathspey/Air in D) - LYRICS

Hokpers Waltz (Valse in Dm)

Hole in the Wall (ECD Waltz in G)

Je m'en vais cueillir la rose (Valse in F) - LYRICS

Josefins Waltz (Waltz in G)

The Lakes of Pontchartrain (Waltz/Air in G) - LYRICS

L'inconnu de Limoise (Mazurka in G)

Lindisfarne (Waltz in D)

The Log Driver's Waltz (Waltz in C or G) - LYRICS

Lovely Nancy (ECD Waltz in G)

Lovers Waltz (Waltz in G)

Maggie West's Waltz (Waltz in G)

Michael's Mazurka (Mazurka/Air in G)

Nancy's Waltz (Waltz in A or D)

Old Madera Waltz (Waltz in G)

One Seventy Four aka 174 (Waltz in D)

Planxty Fanny Power (Waltz in G)

Roving Pedlar (Waltz in D)

Tennessee Dawn (Waltz in G)

Tennessee Waltz (Waltz in G or D)

Tom Billy's Waltz (Waltz in D)

Tombigbee Waltz (Waltz in G)

Turn of the Tide (ECD Waltz in G)

Valse Olive (Valse in G)



Tune PDFs



Tunes Webpage

Alice

Dance/Philippe Callens Music/Telemann



Ar Éirinn Ní Neosfainn Cé Hí



Aréir is mé téarnamh um' neoin Ar an dtaobh thall den teóra 'na mbím, Do théarnaig an spéir-bhean im' chómhair

D'fhág taomanach breóite lag sinn.

Do ghéilleas dá méin is dá cló,

Dá béal tanaí beó mhilis binn,

Do léimeas fé dhéin dul 'na cómhair,

Is ar Éirinn ní n-eósfhainn cé hí.

Dá ngéilleadh an spéir-bhean dom' ghlór,

Siad ráidhte mo bheól a bheadh fíor;

Go deimhin duit go ndéanfainn a gnó

Do léirchur i gcóir is i gcrich.

Dó léighfinn go léir stair dom' stór,

'S ba mhéinn liom í thógaint dom chroí,

'S do bhearfainn an chraobh dhi ina dóid,

Is ar Éirinn ní n-eósfhainn cé hí.

Tá spéir-bhruinneal mhaordha dheas óg

Ar an taobh thall de'n teóra 'na mbím.

Tá féile 'gus daonnacht is meóin

Is deise ró mhór ins an mhnaoi,

Tá folt lei a' tuitim go feóir,

Go cocánach ómarach buí.

Tá lasadh 'na leacain mar rós,

Is ar Éirinn ní n-eósfhainn cé hí.

Last night as I strolled abroad

On the far side of my farm

I was approached by a comely maiden

Who left me distraught and weak.

I was captivated by her demeanour and shapeliness

By her sensitive and delicate mouth,

I hastened to approach her

But for Ireland I'd not tell her name.

If only this maiden heeded my words,

What I'd tell her would be true.

Indeed I'd devote myself to her

And see to her welfare.

I would regale her with my story

And I longed to take her to my heart

Where I'd grant her pride of place

But for Ireland I'd not tell her name.

There is a beautiful young maiden

On the far side of my farm

Generosity and kindness shine in her face

With the exceeding beauty of her countenance.

Her hair reaches to the ground

Sparkling like yellow gold;

Her cheeks blush like the rose

But for Ireland I'd not tell her name.

Ashokan Farewell

Jay Unger / Key of D



(Theme From The PBS Series "THE CIVIL WAR")

ASHOKAN FAREWELL



Bighorn River Sunset

(arr. for two mandolins)





1 I'm an (G) old duck wrangler from (C) out in Montana (G) I round up them quackers and I drive them a(D)long to a (G) feathered corral where we (C) bulldog and brand 'em and (G) as we go ridin' we're (D) singing this (G) song

Chorus

And it's (G) quack quack yippyyey and (C) quack quack yippyyo get a(G)long, little quackers get along real (D) slow It's (G) dirty and it's smelly and it (C) don't really pay but (G) I'll be a duck boy 'til the (D) end of my (G) day

2 On (G) saturday night
I (C) ride into town
on my (G) short legged pony
with my hat pulled way (D) down
But the (G) girls don't like duck boys
and I (C) can't figger why
no (G) cowboy can be more
ro(D)mantic than (G) I

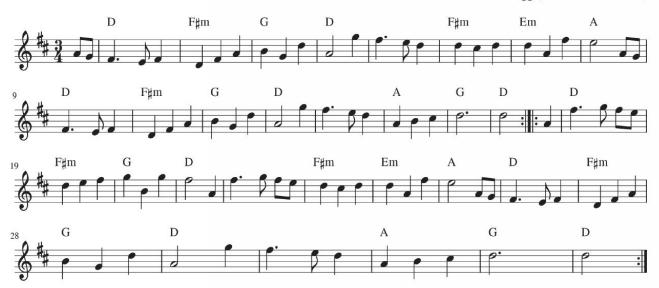
Chorus

3 There's (G) danger, adventure and (C) romance I know from a (G) waddlin' stampede to a duck rode(D)o but there's (G) loneliness too and it (C) cuts to the bone when you (G) smell like duck feathers you're (D) always a(G)lone

Chorus

Elsie's Waltz

Archie Dagg (arr Maurice Condie)



Elsey's waltz (Archie Dagg)



Arr. adpated fr. Derek Hobbs

G for Gordy





Bowing marks by the composer

Hear the Nightingale Sing

Irish Traditional



Lyrics:

As I went a walking one morning in May

I met a young couple so far did we stray

And one was a young maid so sweet and so fair

And the other was a soldier and a brave Grenadier

And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other

They went arm in arm along the road like sister and brother

They went arm in arm along the road til they came to a stream

And they both sat down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing

Out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle

He played her such merry tunes that you ever did hear

He played her such merry tunes that the valley did ring

And softly cried the fair maid as the nightingale sings

And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other

They went arm in arm along the road like sister and brother

They went arm in arm along the road til they came to a stream

And they both sat down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing

Oh, I'm off to India for seven long years

Drinking wines and strong whiskeys instead of strong beer

And if ever I return again 'twill be in the spring

And we'll both sit down together love to hear the nightingale sing

And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other

They went arm in arm along the road like sister and brother

They went arm in arm along the road til they came to a stream

And they both sat down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing

"Well then", says the fair maid, "will you marry me?"

"Oh no", says the soldier, "however can that be?

For I've my own wife at home in my own country

And she is the finest little maid that you ever did see"

And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other

They went arm in arm along the road like sister and brother

They went arm in arm along the road til they came to a stream

And they both sat down together, love, to hear the nightingale sing.

Hector The Hero

James Scott Skinner - Arr. Peakfiddler



Hector the Hero

Major-General Hector A. MacDonald

1857 Born in the Black Isle

1870 Enlisted in 92nd Gordon Highlanders

1879 Served as a colour-sergeant in the Afghan War

1880 Promoted to 2nd Lieutenant at end of the

Afghan War

South Africa **1881** Mentioned in despatches in 1st Boer War,

1885 Led military expedition up Nile (Sudan)

1888 Took part in Battle of Sunkin (Sudan)

medal (Sudan service) **1889** Won Distinguished Service Order (DSO)

1891 Took part in Battle of Tokar (Sudan)

1896 Led 2nd Infantry Brigade – the Dunglen

Exeditionary Force (Sudan)

promoted about this time Was now a Brigadier-General. May have been

1897/98 Khartoum – Battle of Omdurman

1898 ADC (Ade de Camp) to the Queen (Victoria)

province of India 1899 Served as Brigadier-General in Sirhind

1900 Served as Major-General with Highland

1901 Knighted Brigade in South Africa 1902 Served as a Major-General with forces in

1903 Accused of being a homosexual. Committed

Lyrics:

Verse 1:

Lament him, ye mountains of Ross-shire; Unburden your grief and pain. Ye forests and straths, let the sobbing winds Your tears be the dew and the rain;

And mourn for a kinsman so true Lament him, ye warm-hearted clansmen, The pride of the Highlands, the valiant

Will never come back to you

Chorus:

For Hector, the Hero, of deathless fame, Will never come back again. Loud lift ye the Coronach strain; Oh, wail for the mighty in battle.

Verse 2:

Has fallen to rise no more. A patriot-warrior, fearless of foe, Ye kinsmen on many a shore; Lament him, ye sons of old Scotia,

His glance like the eagle's, his heart like the On Omdurman's death-stricken plain O cherish his triumph and glory His laurels a nation's gain.

> Will never come back again. For Hector, the Hero, of deathless fame, Loud lift ye the Coronach strain; Oh, wail for the mighty in battle

Chorus:

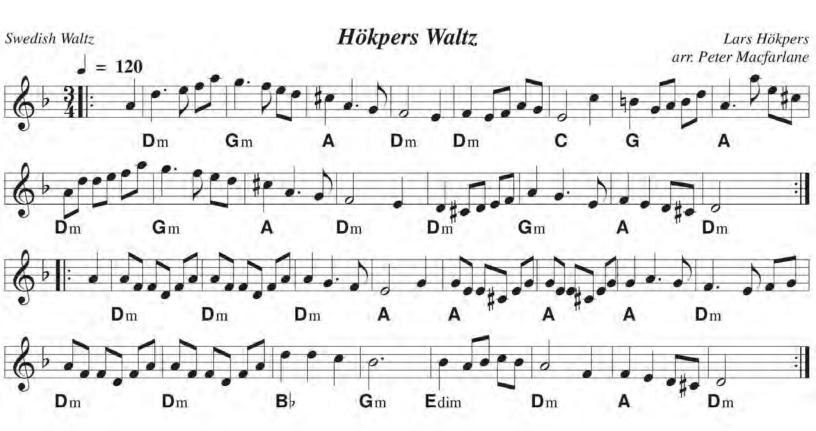
Verse 3:

Our love thou must ever claim. The love and the mercy of Heaven be thine; Forgotten shall ne'er be thy name; Oh rest thee, brave heart, in thy slumber,

Re-echo the wail for you The hills and the glens, and the hearts of a nation, The chivalrous, dauntless and true; To us thou art Hector the Hero,

Chorus

Oh, wail for the mighty in battle Will never come back again. For Hector, the Hero, of deathless fame, Loud lift ye the Coronach strain;



Hole in the Wall - 1698

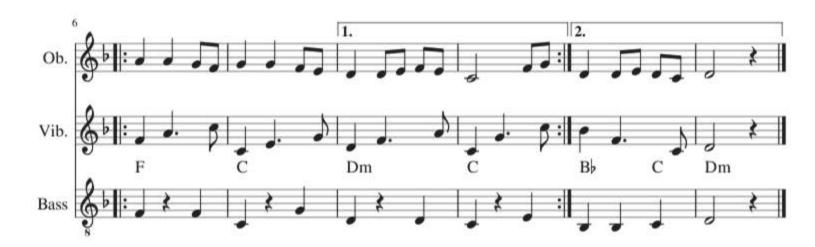


Je m'en vais cueillir la rose

Mazurka/Valse

trad.





Je m'en fus cueillir la rose
Qui pendait au rosier blanc ; (bis)
Je l'ai cueilli' feuille à feuille,
Mis' dans mon tablier blanc.
Brunette, allons, gai, gai, gai,
Brunette, allons gaîment.

Je l'ai cueilli' feuille à feuille, Mis' dans mon tablier blanc ; (bis) Je la portai-z-à mon père, Dans l'chemin de Confolens. Brunette, allons, gai, gai, gai, Brunette, allons gaîment.

Je la portai-z-à mon père,
Dans l'chemin de Confolens ; (bis)
Je n'y ai trouvé personne,
Qu'un gai rossignol chantant.
Brunette, allons, gai, gai, gai,
Brunette, allons gaîment.

Je n'y ai trouvé personne,
Qu'un gai rossignol chantant; (bis)
Il me dit dans son langage,
" Mari'-toi, belle, il est temps!"
Brunette, allons, gai, gai, gai,
Brunette, allons gaîment.

Il me dit dans son langage,
"Mari'-toi, belle, il est temps! (bis)
- Comment veux-tu qu'j'me marie?
Suis pauvrette, sans argent!"
Brunette, allons, gai, gai, gai,
Brunette, allons gaîment.

Josefin's



L'Inconnu De Limoise



/GGC/G/C/D/G-C/G/C/D/ /GGC/G/C/D/G-C/G/C/D/

/ C / G / G / D / Em / Em / D7 / D7 / / C / G / G / D / Em / Em / D7 / G /

L'Inconnu de Limoise

(Mazurka)

Transcription Victor laroussinie













Il doit dormir, depuis tout ce temps
Bien gentiment, sous trois pieds de terre
V'là qu'on le dérange, impoliment
Quelle drôle d'idée, d'changer d'cimetière
Dedans sa tombe, tout contre sa tête
On a trouvé son seul bagage
Sa cornemuse, sa chère musette
Qui accompagne son grand voyage
Car on n'a pas pu les séparer
Et c'est peut-être beaucoup mieux ainsi
On les a trouvés, ils dorment dans le même lit
C'était peut-être pas un maître-sonneur
Mais il aimait ce sacré bout de bois
un peu comme une soeur que l'on veut garder près de soi

The Lakes Of Ponchartrain



LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN

IT WAS ON A BRIGHT MARCH MORNING / THAT 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 AND SET MY HEART A-LONGING FOR / THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN

I STEPPED ABOARD A RAILROAD CAR / BENEATH THE MORNING SUN AND I RODE THE RODS TILL EVENING / THEN 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 LITTLE CREOLE GIRL / MY MONEY HERE IS 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 IT'S VERY PLAIN BUT WE NEVER TURN A STRANGER OUT / ON THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN"

SO SHE TOOK ME INTO HER MAMMY'S HOUSE / AND TREATED ME RIGHT WELL THE HAIR HUNG OVER 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 / ON THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN

I ASKED HER IF SHE WOULD MARRY ME / BUT SHE SAID THAT 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 RETURNED TO HIS CREOLE GIRL / BY THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN

SO FARE THEE WELL, MY BONNY WEE GIRL / PERHAPS I'LL NOT SEE YOU MORE BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR KINDNESS / IN THAT COTTAGE BY THE SHORE AND AT EACH SOCIAL GATHERING / A FLOWING GLASS I'LL DRAIN AS I DRINK A HEALTH TO MY CREOLE GIRL / ON THE LAKES OF PONCHARTRAIN!



Lindisfarne was composed in 1990 and is named after the island rather than the drink or the band. It won first prize in the Rothbury Traditional Music Festival original tune competition in



The Log Driver's



English Lyrics / Paroles anglaises:

If you should ask any girl from the parish around
What pleases her most from her head to her toes
She'll say "I'm not sure that it's business of yours
But I do like to waltz with the log driver."

CHORUS

For he goes birling down and down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
He's birling down and down white water
A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

When the drive's nearly over I like to go down and watch
All the lads as they work on the river.
I know that come evenin' they'll be in the town
And we all like to waltz with the log driver.

CHORUS

For he goes birling down and down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
He's birling down and down white water
A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

To please both my parents I've had to give way

And dance with the doctors and merchants and lawyers.

Their manners are fine but their feet are of clay

But there's none with the style of my log driver.

CHORUS

For he goes birling down and down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
He goes birling down and down white water
A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

Now I've had my chances with all sorts of men
But none is so fine as my lad on the river
So when the drive's over, if he asks me again
I think I will marry my log driver.

CHORUS

For he goes birling down and down white water
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
He's birling down and down white water
A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

Birling down and down white water

A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

Vocabulary:

log driver: (PQ: le draveur) a person who drives logs down the river. Log driving (FR: le flottage du bois / PQ: la drave) (see: Wikipedia) was a method of transporting logs by river from a forest upstream to sawmills downstream in North America and Europe. The log driver would ride along with the logs and use their pike poles (see: Wikipedia) to prevent logs from jamming up.

parish: (FR: une paroisse) a church territorial unit constituting a division of a diocese. In the time of log driving (19th century – early 20th century), the church would have been the center of rural communities.

birling: (FR: voliger) English for spinning or whirling; log birling as a sport is also called logrolling (see: Wikipedia)

the drive: (PQ: la drave) an abbreviation of "log drive" – OED Defn. 3: "an organized effort by a number of people to achieve a purpose"

feet of clay: this biblical idiom (Daniel 2:31-33) usually means that a person has weaknesses. In this context; however, it suggests that the men are heavy-footed, unlike the agility of the log driver.

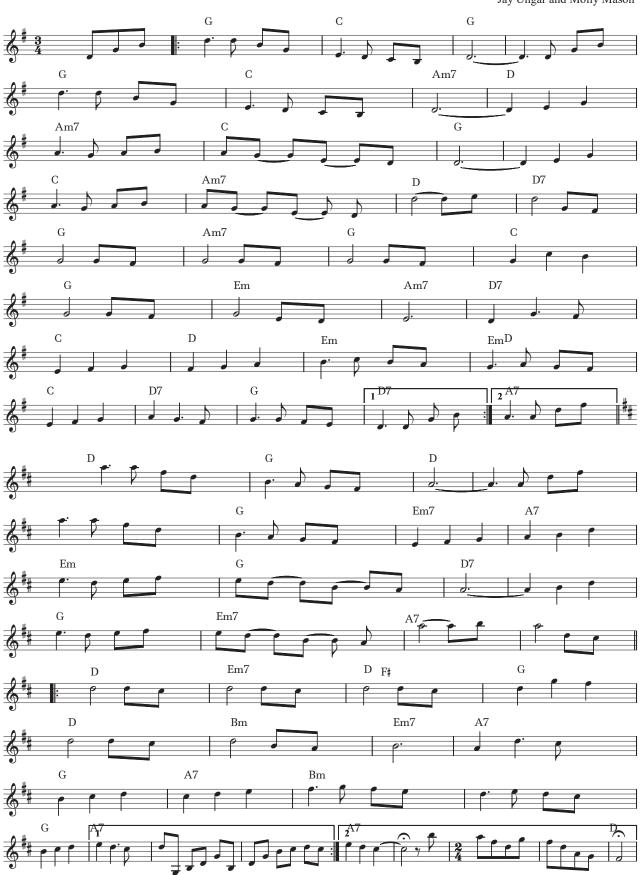
lad: boy or young man. This British word usage is uncommon in Canada, but could be heard in communities settled by the Scottish or the Irish.

Lovely Nancy



Lover's Waltz

Jay Ungar and Molly Mason





The Border Strathspey & Reel Society

The Shetland Collection





Composed by Shetland fiddler Michael Ferrie, who tragically died of cancer at the age of 21. He was in the bands Fiddler's Bid and Drop the Box.



Nancy's Waltz

Chris Romaine



Nancy's Waltz

by Chris Romain, as played by Natalie McMaster [Fit as a Fiddle, Rounder 7022]





OLD MADERA WALTZ

French gypsy tune

arr. by Jay Ungar & Molly Mason

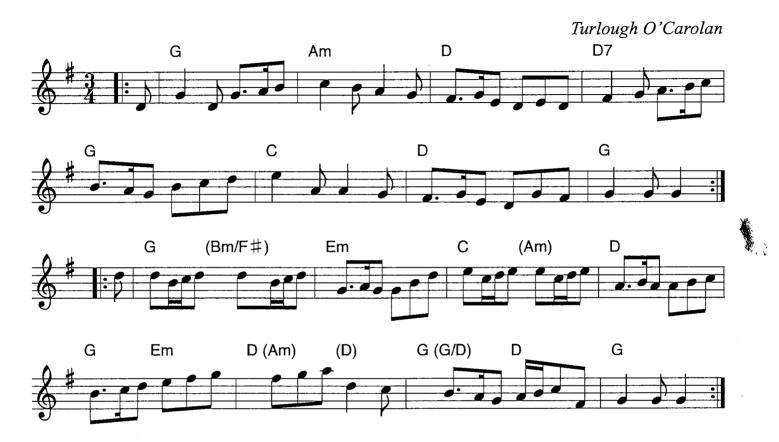


Every summer for the past 20 years we've been blessed to be able to attend Jay Ungar and Molly Mason's Ashokan Northern Week music and dance camp. One of the special treats has been to hear Jay and Molly play beautiful music ail week long in the workshops as well as the performances and evening dances. One of the tunes we've often heard there is Old Madera Waltz. The transcription above is based on their recording of the tune on their CD Relax Your Mind (2003). Jay learned it from the recording by the Farr Brothers, a Texas jazz fiddle and guitar duo, on their LP Texas Crapshooter. These brothers became long-time members of The Sons of the Pioneers.

This waltz has a bluesy. French-gypsy swing feel to it — probably because the brothers prided themselves on keeping up with the latest muslc on the radio and 78 rpm records during the 1920s and 30s. They were very familiar with the recordings of Joe Venuti, Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli. There's a fascinating history of the Farr Brothers written by Michael Mendelson at his website, slidingscalemusic com. It's a story of a couple of small-town, hard-working country boys growing up in the early decades of the 20th century, who then make their way into the world of music during the swing era.

Though it's been published and recorded numerous times. I really like the way Jay plays it. The eighth notes in the transcription should be played as swung eighths, as you'd hear in jazz. Stacy Phillips has also published versions of this tune in several of his tune books, such as Favonte American Waltzes for Fiddle (Mel Bay). The tune is sometimes called Old Madeira Waltz or Old Madeira Waltz. Jay and Molly's recordings are available at their website, www.jayandmolly.com

Fanny Power



(Music part A:)

When all but dreaming was Fanny Power,

A light came streaming from out her bower.

A heavy thought at her door delayed.

A heavy hand on the latch was laid.

(Music part A:)

"Now, who dare venture at this dark hour

Unbid to enter my maiden bower?"

"Oh, Fanny, open the door to me

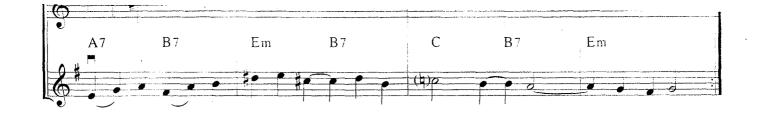
And your true lover you'll surely see."

(Music part B:)

"My own true lover so tall and brave,

He lives in next isle o'er the angry wave."

"Your true love's body lies on the pier.



16. The Roving Pedlar



The Hole in the Wall and The Bishop of Bangor's Jig both come from Playford's Dancing Master (first published 1698 and 1701 respectively). The Bishop has naturally been claimed as Welsh, and Henry Purcell is said to have composed The Hole in the Wall.

The Roving Pedlar is an Irish air published in the 19th century in one of O'Farrell's books for Irish pipes. The ABBA form and unusual five-bar phrases are found in several older Irish tunes.

More Airs for Pairs 15

Tennessee Dawn

Jonathan Jensen



Lyrics by Redd Stewart, music by Pee Wee King (1946) Arr. by Pete Showman



Tennessee Waltz w/Harmony

Score

Redd Stewart, Pee Wee King, 1948

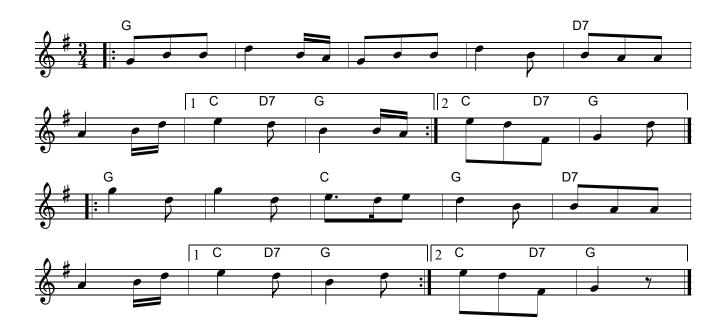




Tom Billy's



Tombigbee



Turn of the Tide (Moonlight Moorings)



