

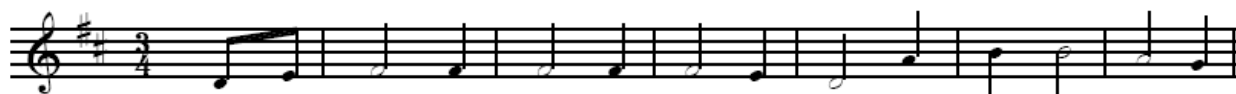
Two Irish Nostalgia Songs from Calgary

Jim Dauncey is a member of The Sunday Night Band, houseband of Celtic Folk in Calgary. His song "The King William's Town Brides" was printed in 27.3, p. 8 (1993). He composed both music and lyrics of "The Songs of Long Ago". John C. Campbell and Hal Curties are members of Ceard, the houseband of the

Rocky Mountain Folk Club in Calgary. John was born in Kelly's Cottages, County Antrim, Northern Ireland, 75 years ago. He emigrated to Calgary in 1972. His song "Those Walking Dog Shit Blues" was printed in 32.1, p. 17 (1998). He wrote the lyrics of "Antrim", while Hal composed the music.

The Songs of Long Ago

Jim Dauncey



1. Oh my moth - er was an I - rish girl as gen - tle as the
 2. Years flew by and soon I had young child - ren of my
 3. Now my kids are grown, kids of their own, I see them now and



day _____ And she sang to me the mu - sic of her
 own _____ And their grand - ma sang them songs I had - n't
 then _____ I re - mem - ber how my moth - er sang in



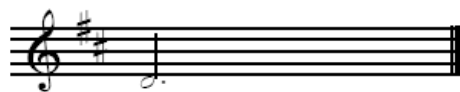
coun - try far a - way _____ She would sit me down up -
 heard since I had grown _____ She'd gath er them a -
 days of way back when _____ They run to me, climb



on her knee and sing so sweet and low _____ And I
 round her knee, their fa - ces all a - glow _____ As she
 on my knee, and in a voice so soft and low _____ I



still can hear my moth - er sing those songs of long a -
 sang them songs she'd sung to me in days so long a -
 sing them songs my moth - er sang in days of long a -



go. (to Chorus 1)
 go. (to Chorus 2)
 go. (to Chorus 3)

Oh, my mother was an Irish girl as gentle as the day,
 And she sang to me the music of her country far away;
 She would sit me down upon her knee and sing so sweet and low,
 And I still can hear my mother sing those songs of long ago.

CHORUS 1: She sang:

Toora loora loora, Toora loora lie,
 Toora loora loora, Hush now, don't you cry;
 Toora loora loora, Toora loora lie,
 Toora loora loora, That's an Irish lullaby.

Chorus 1

She sang: Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ra ____ Too - ra - loo - ra - lie ____

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ra ____ Hush, now don't you cry ____

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ra ____ Too - ra - loo - ra - lie ____

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ra ____ That's an I - rish lull - a - by.
 (to Verse 2)

Years flew by and soon I had young children of my own,
 And their grandma sang them songs I hadn't heard since I had grown;
 She'd gather them around her knee, their faces all aglow,
 As she sang them songs she'd sung to me in days so long ago.

CHORUS 2:

Chorus 2

She sang: When I - rish eyes are smil - ing ____ sure tis like a morn in spring ____ In the

hit of I - rish laugh - ter ____ you can hear the an - gels sing ____ When

I - rish hearts are hap - py ____ all the world seems bright and gay ____ And when

I - rish eyes are smil - ing ____ sure they'll steal ____ your heart a - way ____
 (to Verse 3)

She sang: When Irish eyes are smiling, sure 'tis like a morn in spring;
 In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing;
 When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay,
 And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they'll steal your heart away.

Now my kids are grown, kids of their own, I see them now and then,
 And I remember how my mother sang in days of way back when;
 They run to me, climb on my knee, and in a voice so soft and low,
 I sing them songs my mother sang in days of long ago.

CHORUS 3:

Chorus 3

I sing: My wild I-rish rose, the sweet-est flow'r that grows. You may
 search ev-ry - where, but none can com - pare with my wild I-rish rose. My
 wild I - rish rose, the dear - est flow'r that grows. And some
 day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild I-rish rose.
 (to Coda)

I sing: My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flow'r that grows;
 You may search everywhere, but none can compare, with my wild Irish rose;
 My wild Irish rose, the dearest flow'r that grows,
 And some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild Irish rose.
 CODA:

Coda

And I sing: Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ra. Too - ra - loo - ra - lie.
 Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ra. Hush, now don't you cry.
 Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ra. Too - ra - loo - ra - loo. I
 still can hear my moth-er sing these songs of long a - go.

And I sing: Toora loora loora, Toora loora lie,

Toora loora loora, Hush now, don't you cry;
 Toora loora loora, Toora loora low,
 I still can hear my mother sing those songs of long ago.

[The songs quoted in the choruses are: "My Wild Irish Rose", by Chauncey Olcott (1899); "That's An Irish Lullaby" by J.R. Shannon, M. Witmark & Sons, N.Y. (1913); "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", lyrics by Chauncey Olcott & George Graff, Jr., music by Ernest R. Ball, Warner Bros. (1912)]

Antrim

C Dm F
 An-trim, my- An-trim, you beck - on to me, Your scen-ic coast road by the
 Car-rick-fer-gus har-bour, I've fished off your wall, The cas-tle as back-ground so
 C G C Dm
 blue I - rish sea —, Your fam - ous green glens in my mem - 'ry I'll
 state - ly and tall —, In my mem - 'ry I see the small boats an - chored
 F C F C
 keep At Slem - ish where St. Pat - rick once tend - ed his sheep —
 there, I im - a - gine I'm — breath - ing your fresh salt sea air —. One
 F C F
 day I'll re - turn — to your beau - ti - ful shore —, And through mis - ty eyes — I will
 C G F C
 see you once — more —, For like o - thers be - fore me I de - cid - ed to roam —
 Am F G C
 ——— To far - off Al - ber - ta, I now call my home ———

Antrim, my Antrim, you beckon to me,
 Your scenic coast road by the blue Irish Sea;
 Your famous green glens in my memory I'll keep,
 At Slemish, where St. Patrick once tended his sheep;
 Carrickfergus harbour, I've fished off your wall,
 The castle as background, so stately and tall;
 In my memory I see the small boats anchored there,
 I imagine I'm breathing your fresh salt sea air.

CHORUS:

One day I'll return to your beautiful shore,

And through misty eyes I will see you once more,
 For, like others before me, I decided to roam,
 To far-off Alberta, I now call my home.

All round your coast road, so rugged and grand,
 The great tors and beaches of shingle and sand,
 Rathlin Island, where once hid King Edward the Bruce,
 And back on the mainlands, the ruins of Dunluce;
 Way up to the north, in the town of Bushmills,
 Where the water of life is made there in stills;
 The formation of rocks at the Giants' Causeway,

Finn McCool put it there, so the legend does say.

CHORUS 2:

Ah yes, my old country I'll visit again,
And then put to rest this nostalgic pain;

My friends and relations, the ones I love best
Will greet me and put all my heartaches to rest.

Antrim, my Antrim, you beckon to me,
Your scenic coast road by the blue Irish Sea.

Treasures from Our Archives

Twenty Years Ago

Bulletin 22.1 (September 1988). Yes, that date is correct! Issues sometimes were late in those days too! This issue included the new Constitution of the Society, totally rewritten at the 1987 AGM in Quebec City, which has survived with a few modifications until the present. Articles carried included Bill Sarjeant's call for regional reorganization of CFMS (which in fact inspired the new Constitution), David Watts's "Creativity and Mourning in the Work of Stan Rogers", and Gregg Brunskill's account of the newly-formed Winnipeg Folk Connection (as it then was). There were no columns this time, but the issue included reviews of James Keelaghan's *Timelines*, Dick Howe's *A Scotsman in Canada*, Dave MacIsaac's *Celtic Guitar*, and the Regina Folk Festival (with a photo montage by Bill Sarjeant). Several songs appeared: Kirk MacGeachy's "MacDonell of Barrisdale", a Newfoundland traditional song "The McClure", and "Aux veilles du 28 février 1925", about an earthquake in Quebec.

Fifteen Years Ago

Bulletin 27.1 (March 1993). An editorial announces that, after producing the magazine for the better part of a year, George Lyon and I have decided to carry on. (Hard to imagine that it was fifteen years ago...) The 'zine was still newsletter-style, but it was roughly back on schedule after the interregnum between Lynn Whidden's tenure and ours. The feature article was "Consumed by Consumerism" by Jon Bartlett, with full translation by André Gareau. The second "EthnoFolk Letters", "Over the Waves" and a still-unnamed magazine column were included. Songs and tunes were tied in with reviews this time: "I've Been a Gay Roving Young Fellow" and "Empty Nets" accompanied the review of Jim Payne's recording of the latter name; the tune "Flight Six-Seventy-Six" went with *100 Toe-Tappin' Tunes for Fiddle* by George Carnahan and "Joey Beaton's Tune" with *Jerry Holland's Collection of Fiddle Tunes* (wish we could get that slick every time!); also reviewed was Roy Johnson's *Flying Tide*. As well, the first "Canada Camps" (later "Camps and Courses") made its appearance.

Ten Years Ago

Bulletin 32.1 (March 1998). The centerpiece of this issue was "A Conceptual Canadian Blues Festival", a collection of ten blues songs with a Canadian flavour, written by Canadians. An interview with "Carlos del Junco, Blues Harp Virtuoso" by Peter Narváez carried on the theme. There was lots of housekeeping and ongoing material as well: the minutes of the 1997 AGM, plus an informal report on it; the 1996-97 Cumulative Table of Contents; the Canadian Folk Festival Directory; and "A Peak in Darien". Reviews included two books, *The Story of Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks* and *The Seven-Headed Beast*, and seven recordings.

Five Years Ago

Bulletin 37.1 (Spring 2003). An article by David Gregory, "Before Newfoundland: Maud Karpeles in Canada", kicked off the issue, accompanied by versions of "The Lady Leroy" and "The Female Highwayman" collected by her. Patricia Fulton wrote about "The Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive", and a description of the Canada Research Chair in Ethnomusicology at that university was included. There were minutes, reports and a photo montage from the AGM in St. John's, carrying on the Atlantic ambience. David Gregory's "Ballad of the Month" column spotlighted "The Oxford/Wexford Girl", and he also revisited "Dead Maid's Land" from a previous column, while Rosaleen Gregory in the "Singer's Workshop" asked for missing verses or versions of "Once There Was a Dragon". My song "Painting Over the N.A.R." showed up, and there were lots of reviews, etc.

These issues (and all back issues, either in original form or as photocopies) are available from CSTM Back Issues, 224 20th Ave. NW, Calgary, Alta. T2M 1C2. For pricing, see the Mail Order Service catalogue, or website www.yorku.ca/cstm and follow the links, or contact john.leeder@nucleus.com. [JL]