

"Session 6: Social Friction in Ireland and Scotland"

Ireland between Rebellion and Emigration

The 1798 Rebellion: "Dunlavin Green"

Refers to the execution of 36 prisoners on Dunlavin Green in 1798; the rebellion of that period was arose out of the French and the American Revolution with its egalitarian ideas.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety eight
A sorrowful tale the truth unto you I'll relate
Of thirty-six heroes to the world were left to be seen
By a false information were shot on Dunlavin Green.

Bad luck to you Saunders, for you did their lives betray.
You said a parade would be held on that very day.
Our drums they did rattle – our fifes they did sweetly play.
Surrounded we were and privately marched away

Quite easy they led us like prisoners through the town
To be shot on the plain, we first were forced to kneel down.
Such grief and such sorrow were never before there seen
When the blood ran in streams down the dykes of Dunlavin Green

There is young Matty Farrell who has plenty of cause to complain
Likewise the two Duffys who were also shot down upon the plain
And young Andy Ryan, his mother distracted will run
For the loss of her darling, her only beloved son

Bad luck to you, Saunders, may bad luck never you shun!
That the widow's curse may melt you like the snow in the sun
The cries of the orphans their murmurs you cannot screen
For the murder of their fathers on Dunlavin Green

Some of our boys to the hills they are going away
Some of them are shot and some of them going to sea
Mickey Dwyer in the mountains to Saunders he owes a spleen
For loss of his brothers who were shot on Dunlavin Green

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety eight
A sorrowful tale the truth unto you I'll relate
Of thirty-six heroes to the world were left to be seen
By a false information were shot on Dunlavin Green

Emigration 1: "Leaving Limerick"

As I roved out one evening down by the Assembly Mall
I heard two lovers talking as me and my love passed on;
The words that passed between them they were but very few;
"It's not leaving Limerick that grieves me,

But my darling leaving you!"

"In the morning when I'm going I'll take your lily-white hand,
And I'll place it on my shoulder in adieu to Limerick Strand;
And farewell to the girls of Thomond Gate, 'tis to them I bid adieu;
It's not leaving Limerick that grieves me,
But my darling leaving you!"

"Oh when I think of the pleasant days when together we would rove
And the hours we spent a-courting away in Gabbet's Grove;
I did not deceive you when I vowed that I'd be true;
It's not leaving Limerick that grieves me,
But my darling leaving you!"

"And now that we must be parted I know you'll understand
Why I must go broken-hearted away from my native land;
Though, my fond love, I must leave you, my heart you know is true;
It's not leaving Limerick that grieves me,
But my darling leaving you!"

Emigration 2: "Green Fields of Canada/America"

Farewell to the groves of shillelagh and shamrock
farewell to the wee girls of old Ireland all 'round
may their hearts be as merry as ever I would wish them
when far far away across the ocean I'm bound
Oh my father is old and my mother is quite feeble
to leave their own country it grieves their heart sore
oh the tears in great drops down their cheeks they are rolling
to think they must die upon some foreign shore

The sheep run unshorn and the land's gone to rushes
the handyman is gone and the winders of creels
away across the ocean go journeyman tailors
and fiddlers that played out the old mountain reels
farewell to the dances in homes now deserted
when tips struck the lightning in sparks from the floor
the paving and crigging of hobnails on flagstones
the tears of the old folk and shouts of encore

But what matters to me where my bones may be buried
if in peace and contentment I can spend my life
oh the green fields of Canada, they daily are blooming
and it's there I'll put an end to my miseries and strife
So pack up your sea stores and tarry no longer
ten dollars a week isn't very bad pay
with no taxes or tithes to devour up your wages
when you're on the green fields of America

For the landlords and bailiffs in vile combination
have forced us from hearth stone and homestead away
may the crowbar brigade all be doomed to damnation
when we're on the green fields of America

And it's now to conclude and to finish my story
if e'er friendless Irishmen chance my way
with the best in the house I will treat him and welcome
at home in the green fields of America

Easter Uprising 1916: "The Foggy Dew"

'Twas down the glen one Easter morn
To a city fair rode I.
When Ireland's line of marching men
In squadrons passed me by.
 No pipe did hum, no battle drum
 Did sound its dread tattoo
 But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell
 Rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town
They hung out a flag of war.
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky
Than at Suvla or Sud el Bar.
 And from the plains of Royal Meath
 Strong men came hurrying through;
 While Britannia's sons with their long-range guns
 Sailed in from the foggy dew.

'Twas England bade our wild geese go
That small nations might be free.
Their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves
On the fringe of the grey North Sea.
 But had they died by Pearse's side
 Or fought with Valera true,
 Their graves we'd keep where the Fenians sleep
 'Neath the hills of the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the solemn bell
Rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that Eastertide
In the springing of the year.
 And the world did gaze in deep amaze
 At those fearless men and true
 Who bore the fight that freedom's light
 Might shine through the foggy dew.

Easter Uprising 1916: "James Connolly"

A great crowd had gathered outside of Kilmeinhem,
With their heads uncovered they knelt on the ground.
From inside that grim prison lay a brave Irish soldier,
His life for his country about to lay down.

He went to his death like a true son of Ireland,
The firing party he bravely did face,
Then the order rang out: "Present Arms, Fire!"

James Connolly fell into a ready-made grave.

The black flag they hoisted the cruel deed was over,
Gone was the man who loved Ireland so well.
There was many a sad heart in Dublin that morning,
When they murdered James Connolly, the Irish Rebel!.

God's curse on you, England, you cruel-hearted monster
Your deeds they would shame all the devils in hell.
There are no flowers blooming but the shamrock is growing
On the grave of James Connolly, the Irish Rebel!.

Many years have rolled by since that Irish rebellion,
When the guns of Britannia they loudly did speak.
The bold I.R.A. they stood shoulder to shoulder,
And the blood from their bodies flowed down Sackville Street.

The Four Courts of Dublin the English bombarded,
The spirit of Freedom they tried hard to quell.
For above all the din rose the cry 'No Surrender,'
'Twas the voice of James Connolly, the Irish Rebel.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=215&v=dJJfzKdoNCk

Information on James Connolly:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/history/british/easterriising/profiles/po04.shtml>

Scotland: Independence or Union

Pre-Jacobite Rebellion Battle of Flodden: "The Floo'ers o'the Forest"

Lament after the Battle of Flodden 1513

<https://www.britannica.com/event/Battle-of-Flodden>

I've heard them lilting, at our yowe-milking, (Ewe / sheep)
Lasses a-lilting afore the dawn o' day;
Noo they are moaning on ilka green loaning; (path where cows are being milked)
"The Floo'ers o' the Forest are a' wede away. (gone)

As buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning; (buildings for animals)
The lasses are lonely and dowie and wae. (sad and woeful)
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sobbing, (joke and chat)
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away. (little legs)

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering, (during harvest)
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled and grey. (harvester who binds up the corn sheafs, wrinkled)
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching, (weedling, insincere flirting)
The Floo'ers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae stossies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play. (to shout to scare someone)

But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,
The Floo'ers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the border; (mournful and woeful)
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:
The Floo'ers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost, (ch = gh)
The prime o' our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hae nae mair lilting, at the yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are dowie and wae. (children)
Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning,
The Floo'ers of the forest are all wede away.

<https://songoftheisles.com/2013/04/27/floowers-o-the-forest/>

1st Jacobite rebellion 1715: “Cam’ ye o’re frae France”

<https://digital.nls.uk/1715-rising/index.html>

Cam ye o'er frae France? Cam ye down by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps and his bonny woman?
Were ye at the place ca'd the Kittle Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace riding on a goosie?

Geordie he's a man, there is little doubt o't;
He's done a' he can wha can do without it?
Down there came a blade linkin' like my lordie;
He wad drive a trade at the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad, blythly may we niffer;
Gin we get a wab, it makes little differ.
We hae tint our plaid, bannet, belt and swordie,
Ha's and mailins braid -- but we hae a Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France, and Montgomery's lady;
There they'll learn to dance: Madame, are ye ready?
They'll be back belyve, belted, brisk and lordly;
Brawly may they thrive to dance a jig wi' Geordie!

Hey for Sandy Don! Hey for Cockolorum!
Hey for Bobbing John, and his Highland Quorum!
Mony a sword and lance swings at Highland hurdie;
How they'll skip and dance o'er the bum o' Geordie!

To “decode” this song, check [Prescott \(1989\) “Unriddling ‘Cam Ye O’re Frae France’”](#)

2nd Jacobite Rising 1745: Scots Wha Hae...

<https://www.scotslanguage.com/articles/node/id/429/type/referance>

https://www.traditioninaction.org/Cultural/Music_P_files/P025_ScotsWh.htm

Attributed to Robert Burns

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slaverie.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn, and flee.

Wha for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low.
Tyrants fall in every foe.
Liberty's in every blow.
Let us do or dee.

Post Rebellion Sentiment: "Sound the Pibroch"

http://www.rampantscotland.com/songs/blsongs_pibroch.htm

A Jacobite song, written by Agnes Maxwell MacLoed (for more info see <https://tullamore.band/track/1239207/sound-the-pibroch>)

Sound the pibroch loud and high,
From John O'Groats to the Isle o' Skye!
Let a' the Clans their slogan cry
And rise and follow Chairlie!

Chorus

Tha tighin fodham [ha dʒi:n fɔ:əm], fodham, fodham
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham
To rise and follow Chairlie!

And see a small devoted band,
By dark Loch Shiel have ta'en their stand
And proudly vow with heart and hand,
To fight for Royal Chairlie!

Frae eery hill and every glen,
Are gatherin' fast the loyal men;
They grasp their dirks and shout again,
"Hurrah! for Royal Chairlie!"

On dark Culloden's field of gore
Hark! hark! they shout, "Claymore! Claymore!"
They bravely fight, what can they more?
They die for Royal Chairlie!

No more we'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is each Highland glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men,
Who fought and died for Chairlie!

The White Rose blossoms forth again,
Deep in sheltered Highland glens;
And soon we'll hear the cry we ken
Tae rise! And fight for Chairlie!

pibroch = music played on the bagpipes usually with military background or as funeral music
Chairlie = Gaelic pronunciation of (Bonnie Prince) Charlie, Charles Edward Stuart, pretender to the Throne (<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-40258979>)

Loch Shiel = reference to the Battle of Glen Shiel 1719
(http://www.battlefieldsofbritain.co.uk/battle_glenshiel_1719.html)

dirk = long dagger

Culloden = reference to the battle of Culloden in which the Duke of Cumberland beat the Jacobite army under "Chairlie's" (<https://www.britishbattles.com/jacobite-rebellion/battle-of-culloden/>)

claymore = large sword (from Gaelic "claidheamh-mòr")

cairn = pile of stones can be above a grave

white rose = <https://www.nrscotland.gov.uk/research/archivists-garden/index-by-plant-name/white-rose-of-scotland-scots-rose-burnet-rose>

Anti Jacobite Sentiments: "Ye Jacobites By Name"

http://www.rampantscotland.com/songs/blsongs_jacobite.htm

The following introduction and the lyrics with explanations are taken from the above website: "The poet Robert Burns lived not long after the Jacobite Uprising of 1745/46. Following the conflict, many songs were written, usually in support of the Jacobite cause. But a few were written putting the government/Hanoverian point of view. When Burns was putting together a collection of songs he had found while going round Scotland, he found one of these and wrote his own version. While Burns had expressed sympathy for the French Revolution, he clearly had no liking for the Jacobites."

Ye Jacobites by name, now give an ear, give an ear,
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame - you shall hear!

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law,
What is Right, and what is Wrang,
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm and a strang, for to draw!

What makes heroic strife, famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a Parent's life, wi' bluidy war!

Then let your schemes alone, in the State, in the State!
Then let your schemes alone, in the State!
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone, to his fate.

Meaning of unusual words:

fautes=faults

maun=must

wrang=wrong

lang=long

strang=strong

bluidy=bloody

undone=destroyed