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***“For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their wars are merry,
And all their songs are sad.”***

The Ballad of the White Horse
G. K Chesterton

The 2008 edition of the 28th MVI, Company B Songbook was compiled by Jerry Lynes, Robert Mosher and John Tuohy (the Elder) for the benefit of their Company Comrades and in advance payment for the weakness of their (enthusiastic) collective vocal abilities and talents.

Any mistakes are claimed as their own.

“Begora, I surely would sing—who knows the words?”

Heard often around the Company fire

Over the Hills and Far Away (1750s)

*Words & Music: Traditional
(Seven Years War 1756-1763)*

Hark, now the drums beat up again,
For all true soldier gentlemen,
Then let us 'list and march, I say,
Over the hills and far away.

(Chorus): Over the hills and o'er the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, and Spain,
Queen Anne commands and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

All gentlemen that have a mind,
To serve the king that's good and kind,
Come 'list and enter into pay,
Then o'er the hills and far away. *(Chorus)*

Here's forty shillings on the drum,
For those that volunteer to come,
With shirts, and clothes, and present pay,
Then o'er the hills and far away. *(Chorus)*

No more from the sound of drums retreat,
While Marlborough and Galway beat
The French and Spaniards every day,
When o'er the hills and far away. (*Chorus*)

The 'prentice Tom he may refuse,
To wipe his angry master's shoes,
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away. (*Chorus*)

Come on then boys, and you shall see,
We every one shall captains be!
To whore and rant as well as they,
When over the hills and far away. (*Chorus*)

We then shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold on, both night and day,
When o'er the hills and far away. (*Chorus*)

Songs and Music of the Redcoats
Lewis Winstock

The Girl I Left Behind Me (1758)

Words: Traditional (186?)

Music: Traditional(c1758)

A Civil War Version

The hour was sad I left the maid,
A ling'ring farewell taking;
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking;
In hurried words her name I blessed,
I breath'd the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the South we bore away,
To win a name in story,
And there where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory;
Both blazed in noon on Freedom's height,
Where in the post assigned me,
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore,
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were days of Seventy-Six,
In which we had no sharing;
But now our laurels freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of our sires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory,
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee,
And of my fond returning;
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I'll leave behind me.

Songs of the Civil War
Irwin Sibley
Songs and Music of the
Redcoats
Lewis Winstock

Garryowen (1770s)

Words: Traditional (ca 1770-1780)

Music: Traditional

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade,
Come, booze and sing and lend me aid,
To help me with the chorus.

(Chorus): Instead of spa we'll drink down
ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
For debt no man shall go to jail,
From Garryowen in glory.

We are the boys who take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us. *(Chorus)*

We'll break the windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours,
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises. *(Chorus)*

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayors and sheriffs run,
We are the boys no man dare dun,
If he regards a whole skin. (*Chorus*)

Our hearts so stout have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came,
Where'er we go they dread the name,
Of Garryowen in glory. (*Chorus*)

Songs and Music of the Redcoats,
Lewis Winstock
Blood on the Harp: Irish Rebel
History in Ballad
Turlough Faolain

The Croppy Boy (1798)

Words: Traditional

Music: Traditional

It was early, early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was Old Ireland Free.

It was early, early in the night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall,
And I was taken by Lord Cornwall.

As I was passing my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door.
My aged father stood at the door;
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was going up Wexford Street,
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

As I was walking up Wexford Hill,
Who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind and I looked before,
But my aged mother I shall ne'er see more

'Twas in the guardhouse where I was laid
And in the parlor where I was tried;
My sentence passed and my courage low
When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was mounted on the platform high,
My aged father was standing by;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

It was in Dungannon this young man died
And in Dungannon his body lies;
And you good people that do pass by,
Oh, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.

*Songs of Ireland: 103 Favorite Irish
and Irish-American Songs*
Jerry Silverman

The Minstrel Boy (1823)

Words: Thomas Moore (1823)

Music: The Moreen (old Irish air)

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
in the ranks of death you will find him.
His father's sword he has girded on
and his wild harp swung behind him.

“Land of song,” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
one sword at least thy rights shall guard,
one faithful harp shall praise thee.

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
for he tore its chords asunder,

And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
thou soul of love and bravery!”
“Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
they shall never sound in slavery.”

Irish Melodies--Thomas Moore

A Nation Once Again (1843)

Words & Music: Thomas Osborne Davis

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three Hundred men and three men.
And then I prayed I yet might see,
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again!

(Chorus): A Nation once again,
A Nation once again,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight;
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field and fane,
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
A Nation once again! *(Chorus)*

It whisper'd, too, that freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again! (*Chorus*)

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bid me to that bidding -
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion riding;
For, thus I hoped some day to aid -
Oh! can such hope be in vain?
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again! (*Chorus*)

*Ballads and Songs by the Writers of The
Nation* (Dublin, 1843)

The Kerry Recruit (1858?)

Words: Unknown

Music: Traditional

One morning in March I was digging the land,
with me brogues on me feet and me spade in me
hand

And says I to myself, such a pity to see,
such a fine strappin' lad footin' turf round Tralee

Chorus: With me too rin in yah, with me too
rin in yah,
With me too rin in yourin, in yourin in
yah

So I buttered me brogues, shook hands with me
spade,
then went off to the fair like a dashing young
blade

When up comes a sergeant he asks me to list,
'Arra, sergeant a gra, stick a bob in me fist
(*Chorus*)

Well the first thing they gave me it was a red
coat,
with a wide strap of leather to tie round me
throat

They gave me a quare thing I asked what was
that,
and they told me it was a cockade for me hat
(*Chorus*)

The next thing they gave me they called it a gun,
with powder and shot and a place for me thumb
Well first she spat fire and then she spat smoke,
she gave a great leap and me shoulder near
broke (*Chorus*)

Well the first place they sent me was down by
the quay,
on board of a warship bound for the Crimea
Three sticks in the middle all rowled round with
sheets,
faith, she walked on the water without any feet
(*Chorus*)

When at Balaclava we landed quite soon,
both cold, wet and hungry we lay on the ground
Next morning for action the bugle did call,
and we had a hot breakfast of powder and ball
(*Chorus*)

Well we fought at the Alma, likewise
Inkermann,

and the Russians they whaled us at the Redan
In scalin' the walls there meself lost an eye,
and a big Russian bullet ran off with me thigh
(*Chorus*)

'Twas there we lay bleeding stretched on the
cold ground,
both heads, legs and arms were all scattered
around
I thought of me mam and me cleaveens were
nigh,
sure they'd bury me decent and raise a loud cry
(*Chorus*)

Well a doctor was called and he soon staunched
me blood,
and he gave me a fine elegant leg made of wood
They gave me a medal and ten pence a day,
contented with Sheelagh, I'll live on half pay
(*Chorus*)

*Mel Bray presents Songs of
Ireland,*
Jerry Silverman (editor)

Hard Crackers (1861)

Words: Traditional

Music: (Hard Times Come Again No More – Stephen Foster)

Let us close our game of poker,
Take our tin cups in hand,
While we gather round the cook's tent door
Where dry mummies of hard crackers
Are given to each man;
Oh, hard crackers, come again no more!

Chorus: 'Tis the song and the sigh of the
hungry,
“Hard crackers, hard crackers, come again no
more!
Many days have you lingered upon our stomachs
sore,
Oh, hard crackers, come again nor more!

There's a hungry, thirsty soldier,
Who wears his life away,
With torn clothes, whose better days are o'er;
He is sighing now for whisky,
And, with a throat as dry as hay,

Sings, “Hard crackers, come again no more!”
(*Chorus*)

‘Tis the song that is uttered
In camp by night and day
‘Tis the wail that is mingled with each snore
‘Tis the sighing of the soul
For spring chickens far away,
“Oh, hard crackers, come again no more!”

It is the dying wail of the starving,
Hard crackers, hard crackers, come again once
more;
You were old and very wormy, but we pass your
failings o’er—
Oh, hard crackers, come again once more!

*Sound Off! Soldier’s Songs from the
Revolution to World War II, - Edward
Arthur Dolph
Singing Soldiers: A History of the Civil
War in Song, Paul Glass, Louise C. Singer*

Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade (1862)

Word and Music: Anonymous

‘Twas the night before battle; and gathered in
groups,
The soldiers lay close in their quarters;
They were thinking, no doubt, of the dear ones
at home...
Of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters...
With his pipe in his mouth, sat a dashing young
blade,
And a song he was lilting quite gaily:
It was honest Pat Murphy, of Meagher’s
Brigade,
And he sang of the Sprig of Shillaly.

Och, murdher! says Pat, it’s a shame for to see
Brothers fighting in such a quare manner:
But I’ll fight till I die, (If I shouldn’t be kilt)
For America’s bright Starry Banner.
Now, if only it was John Bull to the fore,
I’d rush into battle quite gaily;
For the spalpeen I’d rap with a heart and a half,

With my illigant Sprig of Shillaly!

Jeff Davis you thief! if I had you but here,
Your beautiful plans I'd be runnin';
Faix! I'd give ye a taste of me bayonet, bedad!
For thrying to burst up the Union:
There's a crowd in the North, too, an' they're
just as bad:
Abolitionist spouters so scaly—
For throubling the naigers I think they deserve
A Whack from a Sprig of Shillaly!

The morning soon came, an poor Paddy awoke,
On the Rebels to have satisfaction:
The drummers were beating the devil's tattoo,
Calling the boys into action.
Then, the Irish Brigade in the battle was seen,
Their blood, in our cause, shedding freely;
With their bayonet-charges they rushed on the
foe,
With a shout for the Land of Shillaly!

The battle was over...the dead lay in heaps;
Pat Murphy lay bleeding and gory:
A hole through his head, from rifleman's shot,
Had finished his passion for glory;

No more in the camp shall his laughter be heard,
Or his voice singing ditties so gaily;
Like a hero he died...for the Land of the Free.
Far away from the Land of Shillaly!

Then, surely, Columbia can never forget,
While valor and fame hold communion,
How nobly the brave Irish Volunteers fought
In defence of the Flag of our Union:
And if ever Old Ireland for Freedom should
strike,
We'll a helping offer quite freely'
And the Stars and the Stripes shall be seen
along-side
Of the Flag of the Land of Shillaly!

The Irish Volunteer (DVD)
David Kincaid
Songs of the Civil War
Irwin Silber

The Irish Volunteer (1862?)

Words: *Words: S. Fillmore Bennett*

Music: J. P. Webster

Version as Sung by Joe English.

My name is Tim McDonald, I'm a native of the
Isle,

I was born among old Erin's bogs when I was
but a child.

My father fought in "Ninety-eight," for liberty
so dear,

He fell upon old Vinegar Hill, like an Irish
volunteer.

Then raise the harp of Erin, boys, the flag we all
revere—

We'll fight and fall beneath its folds, like Irish
volunteers!

Then raise the harp of Erin, boys, the flag
we all revere—

We'll fight and fall beneath its folds, like
Irish volunteers!

When I was driven from my home by an
oppressor's hand,

I cut my sticks and greased my brogues, and
came o'er to this land.
I found a home and many friends, and some that
I love dear;
Be jabbers! I'll stick to them like bricks and an
Irish volunteer.
Then fill your glasses up, my boys, and drink a
hearty cheer
To the land of our adoption, and the Irish
volunteer!

Then fill your glasses up, my boys, and
drink a hearty cheer

To the land of our adoption, and the Irish
volunteer!

Now when the traitors in the South commenced
a warlike raid
I quickly then laid down my hod, to the divil
went my spade!
To a recruiting office then I went, that happened
to be near,
And joined the good old "Sixty-ninth," like an
Irish volunteer.
Then fill the ranks and march away!—no traitors
do we fear;

We'll drive them all to blazes, says the Irish
volunteer.

Then fill the ranks and march away!—no
traitors do we fear;

We'll drive them all to blazes, says the Irish
volunteer.

When the Prince of Wales came over here, and
made a hubbadoo,

Oh, everybody turned out, you know, in gold
and tinsel, too;

But then the good old Sixty-ninth didn't like
these lords or peers—

They wouldn't give a damn for kings, the Irish
volunteers!

We love the land of Liberty, its laws we will
revere,

“But the divil take nobility!” says the Irish
volunteer.

We love the land of Liberty, its laws we will
revere,

“But the divil take nobility!” says the Irish
volunteer.

Now if the traitors in the South should ever cross
our roads,

We'll drive them to the divil as St. Patrick did
the toads;
We'll give them all short nooses that come just
below the ears,
Made strong and good from Irish hemp, by Irish
volunteers.

Then here's to brave McClellan, whom the army
now reveres—

He'll lead us on to victory, the Irish volunteers.

Then here's to brave McClellan, whom the
army now reveres—

He'll lead us on to victory, the Irish
volunteers.

Now fill your glasses up, my boys, a toast come
drink with me,

May Erin's Harp and the Starry Flag united ever
be;

May traitors quake, and rebels shake, and
tremble in their fears,

When next they meet the Yankee boys and Irish
volunteers!

God bless the name of Washington! that name
this land reveres;

Success to Meagher and Nugent, and their Irish volunteers!

God bless the name of Washington! that name this land reveres;

Success to Meagher and Nugent, and their Irish volunteers!

The Irish Volunteer (DVD)
David Kincaid

When Johnny Comes Marching Home (1863)

*Words & Music: Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore aka Louis
Lambert (1863)*

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

The old church bell will peel with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

The Civil War Songbook,
Richard Crawford

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground (1864)

Words & Music: Walter Kittredge

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, A song of home
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight
Wishing for the war to cease
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on
the old camp ground.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the
hand,
And the tear that said, "Good-by!" (*Chorus*)

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long. (*Chorus*)

We've been fighting today on the old camp
ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying—
Many are in tears.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp ground.

*Sound Off! Soldier's Songs from the
Revolution to World War II,*
Edward Arthur Dolph
*Singing Soldiers, A History of the Civil
War in Song,* Paul Glass
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Notes on the Songs

Over the hills and far away. Believed to be a true ‘soldiers’ song’ dating from the Seven Years War if not Marlborough’s campaigns, its earliest documented appearance dates to its use in George Farquhar’s play “The Recruiting Officer” opening in London’s Drury Lane on April 8, 1706. Although many soldiers reported hearing this song during the wars with Revolutionary and Napoleonic France (1793-1815), especially as regiments left their cantonments for overseas service. Lewis Winstock reports in “Songs of the Redcoats” that there is evidence that Marlborough’s soldiers knew the melody in the form of a Major Donkin’s claim, writing in 1776, that many redcoats lamented the dismissal of the great Duke with a song to “Corporal John” using this same melody. Today you may have heard a version of it if you watched any of the “Sharpe’s” series out of the UK

The Girl I left Behind Me. Much folklore has arisen regarding this tune. One source states the tune was popular as far back as Queen Elizabeth

I's reign and was played whenever a regiment left town or a man-of-war set sail. Other sources claim the tune dates from 1758 when Admiral's Hawke and Rodney were watching the French fleet off the coast. Theodore Ralph writes that the tune was known in America as early as 1650 and indicates it was a traditional fife tune, imported from England as *Brighton Camp*. The tune became generally popular during the American Revolution. The tune was known in Ireland as *The Rambling Laborer* and *The Spailpin Fanach* and was first published in Dublin in 1791.

Garryowen. The origins of Garryowen are not entirely clear, but it emerged in the late eighteenth century, when it was a drinking song of rich young roisters in Limerick, some of whom are even named in some early versions. The word *garryowen* is derived from Irish, the proper name *Oein* and the word for garden *garrai* - thus "Owen's Garden". The term refers to an area of the town of Limerick, Ireland.

It obtained immediate popularity in the British Army through the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, who were garrisoned in Limerick and was

played throughout the Napoleonic War, becoming the regimental march of the 18th Foot (The Royal Irish Regiment). Garryowen was also a favorite in the Crimean War. In the mid-1850s, it became the official marching tune of the 69th New York Regiment.

The tune has also been associated with a number of British military units, and is the authorized regimental march of The Irish Regiment of Canada. It is the Regimental March of the London Irish Rifles (now part of The London Regiment (TA)). It was also the Regimental March of the 50th (The Queen's Own) Foot (later The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment) until 1869. It became the official march of the 7th US Cavalry in 1867.

The Croppy Boy. Croppy Boy is the nickname given to the rebels during the United Irishmen Rebellion in 1798. This nickname reportedly was derived from their extreme short hair style. After the Rebellion of 1798 the term *croppy*, sometimes also written as *croppie*, became synonymous with *rebel*. The song refers to the revolts in County Wexford in early 1798. The most likely candidate to be “Lord Cornwall” is

Lord Charles Cornwallis, Lieutenant General of the British Army who served in America and India before he arrived in Ireland on 20 June 1798, exactly one day before the massacre at Vinegar Hill. Another candidate is Robert Cornwall, commander of a unit of yeomanry in County Carlow

The Minstrel Boy. The words are by Thomas Moore (1779-1852). The tune is an ancient Irish air *The Moreen*. Moore, a close friend of Robert Emmet, composed *The Minstrel Boy* to commemorate his friends who had died in the United Irishmen Rebellion of 1798 and the Emmet Rebellion of 1803. One died in prison, another was wounded and another later hung. He refused to testify against them.

A Nation Once Again. Written by Thomas Osborne Davis (1814-1845) and published in 1843. Davis was a founding member of the Young Ireland movement whose aim was the independence of Ireland. In 2002, "A Nation Once Again" was voted the world's most popular song according to a BBC World Service global poll of listeners. The song is a prime example of the "Irish rebel music" sub-genre (though it does

not celebrate fallen Irish freedom fighters by name, or cast aspersions on the British occupiers as so many rebel songs do). The song's narrator dreams of a time when Ireland will be, as the title suggests, a free land, with "our fetters rent in twain." The lyrics exhort, albeit with less vitriol than some rebel songs, Irishmen to stand up and fight for their land: "And righteous men must make our land a nation once again."

The Kerry Recruit. The Kerry Recruit refers to the Crimean War that took place from 1853 until 1856 between a coalition made up from Britain, France, Sardinia and the Ottoman Empire against Russia. The place-names mentioned in the song were actual battlefields during the war. Apparently the Kerryman miraculously lived through the first battle of the Crimean War, the Battle of Alma in September 1854, the Battle of Balaklava on 25 October 1854, in which the British Light Brigade was nearly completely destroyed, and the Battle of Inkermann in November 1854. On 18 June 1855, while assaulting the Redan in the defenses of Sebastopol, his luck came to an end.

In the 1850's, just after the Great Famine, joining the army was extremely tempting for young lads from devastated and poor regions such as Kerry. By pointing out the dangers of the battlefields this song tries to counterbalance the bounty, the *King's Shilling* or *bob* (second verse), for joining the army. NB – many British soldiers kept that first shilling as a good luck piece.

The Kerry Recruit is written in line with the anti-recruitment tradition that began with the Napoleonic Wars (1789-1815) with songs like Bantry Girls Lament and The Bonny Light Horseman.

Hard Crackers. John Billings, in *Hardtack and Coffee*, attributes the songs origins as thus: “For some weeks before the battle of Wilsons Creek, Mo., where the lamented [General] Lyon fell, the First Iowa Regiment had been supplied with a very poor quality of hard bread (they were not then [1861] called *hardtack*). During this period of hardship to the regiment, so the story goes, one of its members was inspired to produce the following touching lamentation...”

Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade. Pat Murphy of Meagher's Brigade", was also known as "Pat Murphy Of The Irish Brigade" or "Song Of The Splintered Shillelagh". The song tells the story of a fictional character, "Pat Murphy", who serves under the command of Brig. Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher in the Irish Brigade of the Union Army. Murphy serves to illustrate the plight of the Irish in the Civil War. The song blames both Secessionists in the South and Abolitionists in the North for starting the war. It also shows the motivation for the Irish immigrant involvement in the war, they hoped that after the war the United States would support them in the fight for Irish Independence.

The melody is actually, not surprisingly, an older Irish tune called "Sean Buioe" which from Irish translates to "Yellow John," and can also be found in O'Neill's. This is song is another of the many examples of how songs changed hands during the Civil War, with each side writing its own lyric.

The Irish Volunteer. From David Kincaid: "Not much is known today of Joe English, an

Irishman and Civil War era music-hall performer /composer in New York City. He was popular enough to have a "songster" of his material (a small book of song lyrics), entitled "Joe English's Irish and Comic Songster," published in 1864 by Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann St., NY. I have used three other songs from this book on the album. Like comedians today, Joe English treated very serious subject matter with an irreverent sense of humor, and captured the essence of the character of the Irish people of his day. There were several others like him: Fred May, Frank Moore, and Tony Pastor to name a few, all of whom had songsters published, and who frequented the many inexpensive, lively, and often dingy music halls that dotted the New York of this era. It was in these theaters that the Irish found expression for their many feelings concerning their forced immigration to America, and the anti-immigrant /anti-catholic sentiments that abounded at this time. The lyric was written to the well-known tune "The Irish Jaunting Car," also known to students of the Civil War as the melody to the Rebel anthem "The Bonny Blue Flag," written in 1861 by Irish Confederate Harry McCarthy."

When Johnny Comes Marching Home. Many believe the tune is that of the Irish antiwar song "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye", presumed to be the original on the basis of oral and textual evidence, although no published version is known to pre-date "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again". James Fuld, author of the standard text on popular music, *The Book of World Famous Music*, reports in that work that Donal O'Sullivan, the Irish authority, has written the Library of Congress that he does not consider the melody of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" as Irish in origin. Edward Arthur Dolph, who wrote "Sound Off!: Soldier Songs," reports that the American authority Gregory Upton, author of "The Song," once told him Gilmore had used "an old Negro song." That song may have originally been an Irish tune but there is no evidence to prove or disprove such an hypothesis.

As stated, no printed music of Irish origin has been discovered that predates American publication in September of 1863 by Henry Tolman in Boston under the title "When Johnny

Comes Marching Home". Library of Congress records show a title "Johnny Fill Up the Bowl" published in July 1863 by John J. Daly that does appear to contain the song's melody.

Irish-American bandleader Patrick Gilmore wrote and published this song under the pseudonym 'Louis Lambert' while serving as a bandmaster in New Orleans under the command of Ben Butler. The song effectively reverses the story of "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye", in which Johnny returns home blind and crippled; to the woman he abandoned in order to join the army. The "Johnny" so longed for in the song is Patrick Gilmore's future brother-in-law a Union Light Artillery Captain named John O'Rourke. The song was written by Patrick for his sister Annie Gilmore as she longed for the safe return of her Captain from the Civil War.

Tenting on the Old Campground. The tune was first published in 1864, though some sources report that Walter Kittredge (1834-1905) originally wrote the words and music at the time of his call-up in the draft in 1862 – though he was in fact subsequently medically disqualified

from serving. The sheet music published by Ditson (1864) notes that the sheet music was arranged and adapted by the Hutchinson Family. Kittredge spent part of his singing career as a member of the Hutchinson Family and it appears likely that their performances spread the tune through the army before the sheet music was issued.

The tune was originally published as *Tenting on the Old Camp Ground* although it became popularly known as *Tenting Tonight*. It was popular with both civilians and soldiers on both sides during the American Civil War.

