

Songs of your County

From Lovely Leitrim

Nellie Walsh

Here is an old song: "Eslin Bridge". I don't know the name of the author. My other offering: "A night in an Arigna pub"; comes from John McNiffe of Alderford, Ballyfarnon Postal Area, Co Roscommon

A NIGHT IN AN ARIGNA PUB

*I lately took a notion for to spend a holiday,
And first to dear old Carrick town, I carelessly did stray.
I met with friends and neighbours there—
that's how it all began—
When I came to this Arigna pub that's owned by Jim McRann.*

*There I chatted with the Mrs—she was the first I met;
Her Irish hospitality I never will forget.
I had no reservation there but I learned with delight
That she'd give me bed and breakfast,
so I stayed there for the night.*

*I was struck with admiration as I got inside the door;
'Twas gaily decorated, with rich carpets on the floor.
The lighting and the seating, sure you could not it excel,
For it had the air and comfort of a grand de luxe hotel.*

*Then I got an introduction to the barman Leo Dowd—
A jolly type of gentleman that's sure to draw the crowd.
This man is kept so busy that he never can sit down;
Although he never stands about he always stands a 'round'.*

*The Guinness was refreshing and the beer was of the best,
Likewise the Power's Whiskey and the Jameson's Red Breast.
The sherry wine it tasted fine, and the port and Sandeman—
The brandy and the shandy with the old-time Black and Tan.*

*I hardly got into the lounge that night it was so thronged;
The rafters they were ringing with music, dance and song.
I met with Packie Deignan—he is known both near and far—*

He played for me "The Colliers" and "The Maid Behind the Bar".

*There were reels from Thomas Gaffney,
and songs from Pat the Twin,
And tunes from Seamus Horan on his famous violin.
Then Sean Noone from Ballyfarnin, he did entertain us all
When he sang about the budget, and how to spot the ball.*

*Now my holidays are ended and to ye I'll bid farewell,
And to my friends across the sea sweet stories I can tell.
That when they visit Ireland I'll tell them where to go—
To that friendly spot, Arigna, where the Shannon waters flow.*



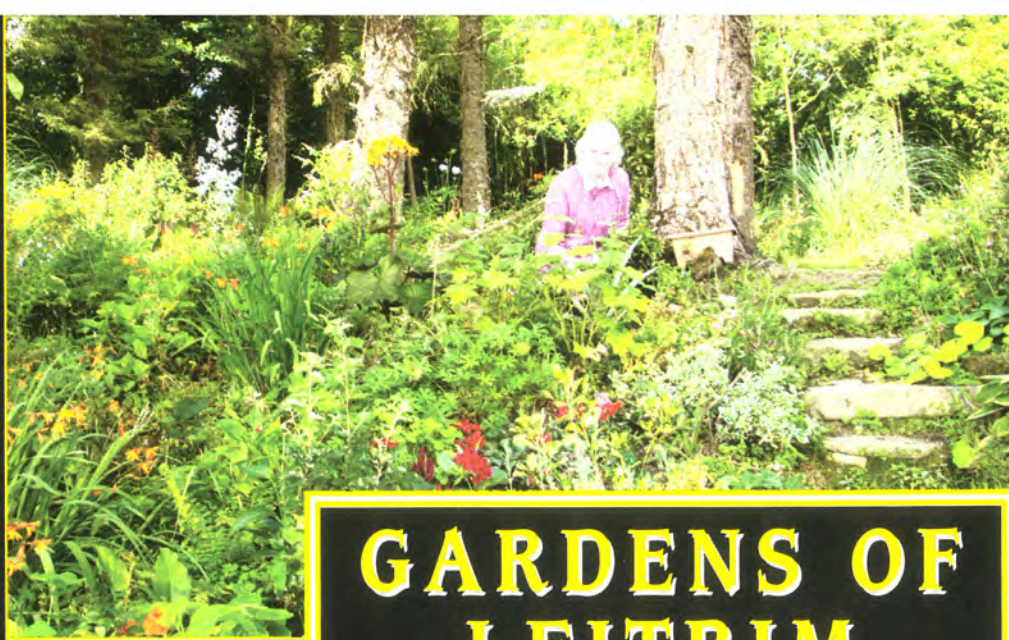
ESLIN BRIDGE

*In dreary Leitrim, near Mohill town, an ancient bridge is seen,
Underneath a brown river flows—
it's half covered with ivy green;
It goes by the name of Eslin Bridge,
in a townland known as Cavan,
A shop stands near, and a large thatched house and
another in Drumrahon.*

*Near the bridge a chapel stands, outside it looks old and grey,
But inside it is blessed, for Mass there was said,
this many and many a day.
In the Penal Days it could not be used,
but most were faithful still,
They heard the Mass, in the sight of its cross,
on the top of Drumbart Hill.*

*Across a field is a white-washed hall, it was once a creamery,
Where milk was churned—but the dairy—
maids are now old and worn and grey;
And the rebels, who held meetings there
are under the green sod,
And the old men who carted there have
commended their souls to God.*

*And young men in early manhood,
still leap that river for sport—
And old people, their last journey across this bridge are brought;
And young girls still meet their men here,
when the evening star is bright,
And years still follow years there, and daylight follows night.*



GARDENS OF LEITRIM

Photos: Desmond Waterstone

Words: Gay Waterstone

Maggie Cunningham

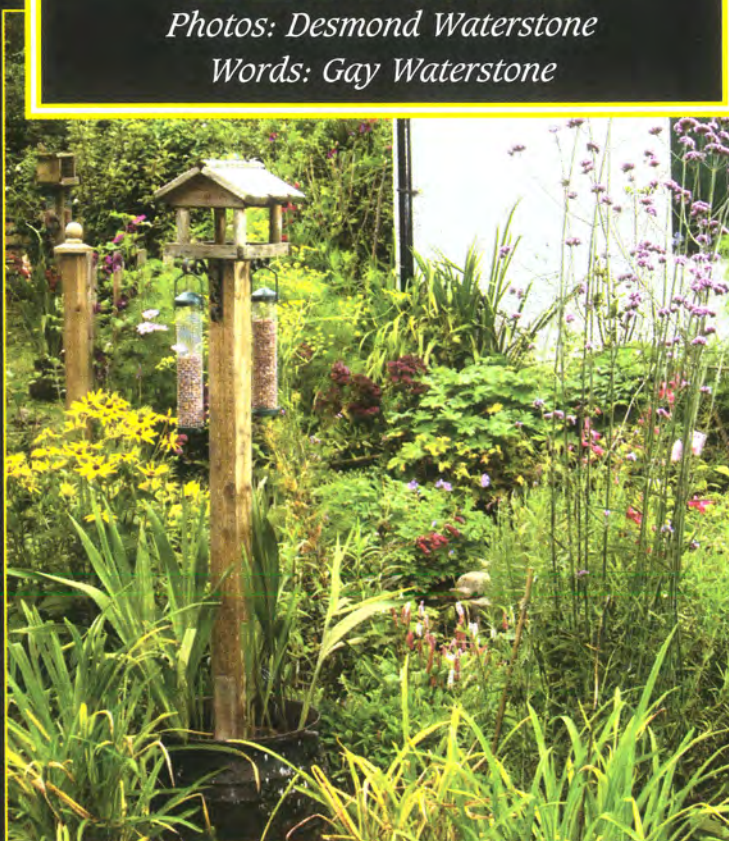
A busy grandmother, has been working for a few years clearing an overgrown ring fort behind her house. Many of the trees—chestnut, larch and oak had been planted by her husband John 60 years ago. With help from her family she has cleared the ground and dug and planted several flower beds which she can see from her sitting room. Maggie likes tall plants like Black Eyed Susan (*Rhod-abecca*), white day lilies, serbie foliage, camilla, hostas, dahlias, jacobs ladder, shooting star, angel's fishing rod and peace lilies. A moat separates the garden from her house and the land rises where the flowers and shrubs are growing. The evening sun shines through the trees casting a magical, dappled light. A beautiful historic spot.



John & Gloria Darlington

Annaduff Glebe

Tucked away on a sideroad we found a cottage with a beautiful garden, the home of John & Gloria. A narrow path divides the beds and every inch of soil is used. Gloria likes climbing plants and they grow roses, sweet peas, wisteria, which cling to the trees and trellises. Lots of wild flowers have also settled and the bird feeders support many species. The colours and scents of the garden make it delightfully unusual—a pleasure to visit.



When driving around near Drumreilly we noticed the Post Office at Corrawallen—they had a long thick hedge of dahlias and nasturtiums—really beautiful





On the riverbank at Drumsna, a very old tree—
200-300 years old, finally lays itself down to
rest—mostly in the river. A young horse wonders
what has happened and arrives to investigate.