

Pride of Petravore (Em)

Hornpipe and Song, a.k.a. "Eileen Og". Words by Houston Collisson,
Melody composed by William Percy French (1854-1924)
Transkription: Frank Weber

CDs: Moyland: *L'Esprit Celtique* (1994); Maidhc Dainín Ó Sé: *Ó Chicago go Carrachán* (1998); De Dannan: *How the West was won.* (1999);
Ha'Penny Bridge: *Colcannon* (1999); Cormac Breatnach & Martin Dunlea: *Music for Whistle and Guitar* (2000); Abbey Céilí Band:
Bruach an tSulain (2001); Abbey Céilí Band: *Béal a' Ghleanna* (2002)

The musical score is written in E minor (one sharp, F#) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the guitar accompaniment. Chords are indicated above the notes. The first staff has chords Em, Em, D, D. The second staff has Em, Em, D, Em. The third staff has C, G, D, Em. The fourth staff has C, G, D, Em. There are fermatas (two curved lines) under the second and fourth notes of the first staff, and under the first and third notes of the second staff.

*Eileen Og for that the darlin's name is
Through the barony her features they were famous
And if we loved her who could ever blame us
For wasn't she the pride of Petravore.
But her beauty made us all so shy,
Not a man among us could look her in the eye
Boys, oh boys, that's now the reason why
We're lamenting for the pride of Petravore.*

Chorus:

*Eileen Og, me heart is turning grey
Ever since the day you wandered far away
Eileen Og, there's good fish in the sea
But there's no one like the pride of Petravore.*

*Friday night at the fair of Balatober [?]
Eileen met McGrath, the cattle jobber
I'd like to set me mark upon that robber
For he stole away the pride of Petravore.
He didn't seem to notice her at all
Even when she ogled him underneath her shawl
Lookin' big and masterful while she was lookin small
Most provoking for pride of Petravore.*

*So it went as it had in the beginning,
Eileen Og was big upon the winnin'
While big McGrath contentedly was grinnin'
At being courted by the pride of Petravore.
Said he, "I know a girl who could knock you into fits."
At that lovely Eileen nearly lost her wits.
But the upshot of the ruction is that now the robber sits
With his arm around the pride of Petrovare.*

*So, me boys with fate it's hard to grapple
Of me eye, sure Eileen was the apple
And now to see her going to the chapel
with the hardest featured man in Petrovare.
So me boys, here's all I have to say
When you do your courtin', make no display
And if you want them to run after you,
Walk the other way
For they're mostly like the pride of Petrovare.*