No. 98.

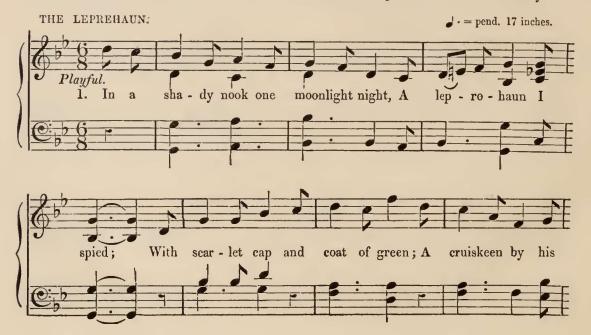
I took this sportive pretty air in 1853, from Joseph Martin, (see page 5); but I have since heard it sung in Dublin by Jane Murphy (p. 94), to a song of which this is the only part 1 can remember:—

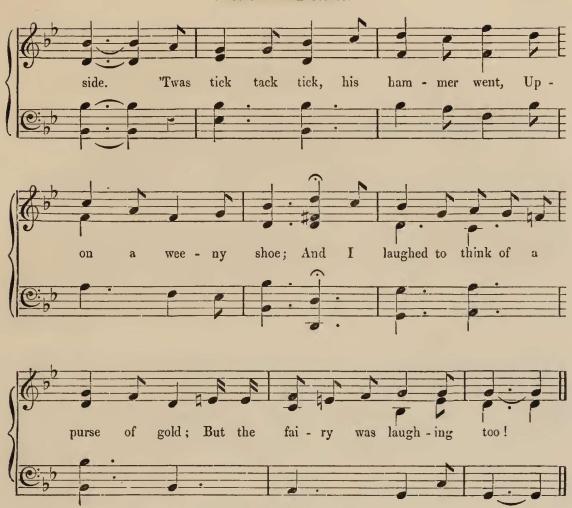
"O, my darling girl I'll soon come back and surely marry you!"

As I cannot produce the old song, perhaps the following jeu d'esprit of my own will answer as well. As to the subject:—it may be necessary to state, for the information of those who are not acquainted with Irish fairies, that the leprehaun is a very tricky little fellow, usually dressed in a green coat, red cap and knee-breeches, and silver shoe-buckles, whom you may sometimes see in the shades of evening, or by moonlight, under a bush; and he is generally making or mending a shoe: moreover, like almost all fairies, he would give the world for pottheen. If you catch him and hold him, he will, after a little threatening, shew you where treasure is hid, or give you a purse in which you will always find money. But if you once take your eyes off him, he is gone in an instant; and he is very ingenious in devising tricks to induce you to look round.

It is very hard to catch a leprchaun, and still harder to hold him. I never heard of any man, who succeeded in getting treasure from him, except one, a lucky young fellow named MacCarthy, who according to the peasantry, built the castle of Carrigadrohid near Macroom in Cork, with the money.

Every Irishman understands well the terms cruiskeen and mountain dew, some indeed a little too well: but for the benefit of the rest of the world, I think it better to state that a cruiskeen is a small jar, and that mountain dew is pottheen or illicit whiskey.





- With tip-toe step and beating heart,

 Quite softly I drew nigh:

 There was mischief in his merry face;

 A twinkle in his cye.

 He hammered and sang with tiny voice,

 And drank his mountain dew;

 And I laughed to think he was caught at last:

 But the fairy was laughing too!
- 3 As quick as thought I seized the elf;
 "Your fairy purse!" I cried;
 "The purse!" he said—"'tis in her hand—
 "That lady at your side!"
 I turned to look: the elf was off!
 Then what was I to do?
 O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;
 And the fairy was laughing too!

No. 99.

Taken down from Lewis O'Brien, already spoken of at page 24.

MO GHRADH BAN A'M THREIGAN. MY FAIR LOVE LEAVING ME. J = pend. 30 inches.