

Here's a modern tune set to ancient lyrics. This arrangement puts most of the melody on the middle string which gives the tune a unique harmonic flavor. Watch out for unexpected rhythms in measures 4 and 16.

# Eubonia Soilshagh 48

## Eubonia Bright

Original Tunz - Annie Kissack - Isle of Man  
Em

Arr. Carol Walker

Verse

Capo 1

Chorus

## Eubonia\* Soilshagh

Jeeagh, jeeagh yn ghrian ta reill yn oie,  
Son soilshey daue ta gennal soie;  
Jeh'n billey-feeney s'moyrnagh troo  
Mysh shoh, ta jeh yn coontey smoo.

*CHORUS (twice after each verse).*

Moyllee-jee maryms, Vanninee,  
Yn tune vie la er as y vraih  
Dagh seaghyn, as dagh kiarail t'ayn,  
Ta gholl ersooyl lesh bree yn oarn.

Dy beagh y staghyl nagh gow coyrle,  
Er n'iu jeh shoh, ga losht ny seihll,  
Yn ooir as aer mygeart-y-mysh,  
Veagh eh cha sauchey's ta shin nish.

O heshey, gow yn ghless shoh hood,  
Cre'n aght hee'yms dty stroin ny hrooid  
Myr ta'n gholl-twoaie jeh cooyl yn aile,  
Myr shen ta shoh lesh soilshey'n chainle.

Agh myr t'an ghrian fo bodjal still  
Dasyn ta doal ny doon y hooill,  
Eshyn nagh n'iu jough tra t'eh paa,  
She shoh ta jannoo 'n oie jeh lhaa.

O boyaghyn, ny cur-jee geill  
Da eddin aalin nee falleil ;  
Dooghys cha dug dooin ny share vie,  
Na shoh lesh eash ta gaase ny spooie.

## Eubonia\* Bright

See, see the sun (*ale*) that rules the night,  
For light to them that cheerful sit  
The proudest vine is envious  
About this being counted best.

*CHORUS (twice after each verse).*

Ye Manxmen, sing with me the praise  
Of the good strong ale and the malt;  
For ev'ry trouble, ev'ry care  
Goes away with the barley bree. (*spirit*)

If the dolt who'd not take advice,  
Had only drunk of this, though burned  
The world, the earth and air around,  
He would be safe as we are now.

O comrade, take this glass to thee,  
That through it I may see thy nose!  
Like the rainbow behind the fire  
Like what is seen by candlelight.

But as the sun is 'neath a cloud  
To him who's blind or shuts his eye,  
Who'll not drink ale when he's dry,  
This is what turns the night to day.

O boys, do not pay any heed  
To a pretty face that will fade!  
Nothing better nature gives us,  
Then this which with its age improves.

\* An old name of the Isle of Man.

Lyrics from *Manx Ballads and Music* -- A. W. Moore -- 1896

