



CARL HARDEBECK: “THE BLIND BARD OF BELFAST”

10 MARCH 2026, 6PM
FOYLE FOUNDATION HALL,
ULSTER ORCHESTRA AT TOWNSEND

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10 March 2026, 6pm

Conductor / Seoltóir

Paul Campbell

Singer / Amhránaí

Gráinne Holland

Presenter / Láithreoir

Séamus Mac Aindrea

Presented in English and Irish

Curtha i láthair i mBéarla agus
i nGaeilge

Seoithín Seo

Hardebeck (ed. Paul Campbell)

Éamonn an Chnuic

Trad. arranged Hardebeck/orch. Paul
Campbell

Och, Och Eirie Ligis Oh

Trad. arranged Hardebeck (ed. Paul
Campbell)

Sal Óg Ruadh

Trad. arranged Hardebeck/orch. Paul
Campbell

Úna Bhán

Trad. arranged Hardebeck/orch. Paul
Campbell

The Lark in the Clear Air

Trad. arranged Hardebeck (ed. Paul
Campbell)



Carl Hardebeck: “Bard Dall Bhéal Feirste”

Pianódóir, cumadóir, múinteoir agus bailitheoir amhráin traidisiúnta na hÉireann ab é an ceoltóir Feirsteach, a rugadh i Londain, Carl Hardebeck (1869-1945). Tá sé i measc na ndaoine is tábhachtaí i gceol na hÉireann, mar sin féin is minic a ndéantar dearmad air.

Fágadh dall é i ndiaidh tinneas ina óige. Le díograis síoraí a bhailigh agus a thras-scríobh sé amhráin ó achan chearn den oileán seo agus tá an saothar seo go fóill beo i réimse saothar agus cóirithe ceoil agus bailiúcháin fhoilsithe. Chaith sé tráth dá shaol ina chónaí ar Bhóthar na hAolchloiche agus ansin ar Bhóthar na bhFál Íochtarach, gar don bhunáit bhuan nua atá ag Ceolfhoireann Uladh ar Shráid Chríoch an Bhaile. Mar sin, cuirimid fáilte romhat a bheith leis an Cheolfhoireann, i dteannta an cheoltóra Gráinne Holland agus Séamus Mhic Aindreas a ó Raidió Fáilte, le haghaidh an imeachta speisialta seo ina inseofar scéal beatha an fhir ar leith seo tríd an cheol.

Le tacaíocht ó Foras na Gaeilge mar chuid de Seachtain na Gaeilge.

Mairfidh an t-imeacht seo thart ar uair an chloig.

Carl Hardebeck: “The Blind Bard of Belfast”

Pianist, composer, teacher and collector of Irish traditional songs, Belfast-based, London-born musician Carl Hardebeck (1869-1945) is one of the most important figures in Irish music, yet his work has been frequently overlooked.

Left blind following a childhood illness, his tireless work in gathering and transcribing songs from all parts of this island lives on through several published collections, compositions and arrangements. At several junctures in his life he lived on the Limestone Road and Lower Falls Road, close to the Ulster Orchestra’s new permanent home on Townsend Street – so join the Orchestra there, along with singer Gráinne Holland and Raidió Fáilte’s Séamus Mac Aindreas, for this special event telling the story of this most remarkable life in music.

Supported by Foras Na Gaeilge as part of Seachtain na Gaeilge (Irish Language Week).

This event will last approximately 1 hour.

ON STAGE

1ST VIOLIN

Thomas Jackson +
Supported by Mr Stratton Mills
Zuzanna Edmonds
Alys Jackson
Jonathan Griffin
Ana Vandeppeer
Danny McCann-Williams
Krzysztof Rucinski
Sam Kane

2ND VIOLIN

Gongbo Jiang **
Cillian O'Breachain +
Ruta Mazolyte-Aghaunor
Usman Peguero
Sarah White
Astrid King

VIOLA

Julia Doukakis *
Richard Guthrie
Richard Hadwen
Feargal Ó Dornáin
Ralph Tartaglia

CELLO

Thomas Isaac **
Supported by Jill Mullan
Morag Stewart *
Sarah Shephard +
David Edmonds

DOUBLE BASS

Ben Burnley **
Maitiú Gaffney
Helen Glynn *

FLUTE

Mark Taylor **
Jennifer Sturgeon *

OBOE

Emily Cockbill *

CLARINET

Ciaran McQuaid *
Supported in Memory of George Stainer
Seamus Wylie

BASSOON

Guylaine Eckersley **
Kristina Hedley

HORN

Paul Klein **
Supported by Avril & Charles Raitt-Brown
Derek Parkins *

HARP

Maria McNamee

KEY

** *Section Leader*
* *Principal*
+ *Sub-Principal*

Éamonn an Chnuic

Trad. arranged Hardebeck/orch. Paul Campbell

"Fuarthas an fonn seo ó mhionch-nuasach an Athar Breathnach. (Modh *Lah* atá in úsáid.)"
- Carl Hardebeck

"This air is from Father Walsh's little book. (It is in the *Lah* mode.)"
- Carl Hardebeck

Liricí

Cé hé sin a-muigh a bhfuil faobhar
ar a ghuth (breath) Ag réabadh mo
dhor-ais dú-nta?
Mise Éamonn an Chnuic atá báí-te,
fuar fliuch ó shior-shuil sleibhte is
glean-nta.
A ghil'sa lao chuid céard a
dhéanfainnse dhuit mara gcuirfinn
ort binn dhe mo ghúna
Tá pudar go tuibh á shiorshéidinnse
leat
Ó beidh muid a raon de múchta!

Is fada mise amuigh faoi shneachta
is faoi shioc Ní raibh danacht agam
ar aon neach
Mo sheisreach gan scor mo bhranar
gan cur
Gan iad agam ar aon chor.
Níl caraid agam, is danaid liom sin
A ghlacfadh mé moch nó déanach
'S caithfidh mé dhul thar farraigí soir
Ós ann nach bhfuil aon de mo
ghaolta.

Lyrics

Who knocks there so late at my
cottage gate
When moon and stars are sleeping?
Poor Ned of the Hill who is weary
and ill
No friend hath he for the seeking

The wild wind with sigh and a low
wailing cry
Tells with his sad tale to the embers
For the poor rapparee to the east
must flee
His cause hath no defenders

I'll open my door though my lot be
poor
And shelter give thee til morning
With gingam gown and plaid of
brown
Your manly form adorning

At dawn of the day you must flee far
away
From country and love forever
Those soldiers bold with hearts so
cold
Brave Ned of the Hills will find never

Och, Och Eirie Ligis Oh

Trad. arranged Hardebeck (ed. Paul Campbell)

Liricí

Dá mbeinn fhéin in Airde Chuain
In aice an tsléibhte úd atá i bhfad
uaim
B'annamh liom gan dul ar cuairt
Go Gleann na gCuach Dé
Domhnaigh

Agus och, och Éire uilig is ó
Éirinn lon dubh agus ó
Sé mo chroídhe rá trom agus
brónach

Nach tuirseach mise anseo liom féin
Nach a-aithním guth coiligh, lon
dubh nó tréan
Gealbhán, smólach, naoscach féin
Is chan aithním féin an Domhnach

Agus och, och Éire uilig is ó
Éirinn lon dubh agus ó
Sé mo chroídhe rá trom agus
brónach

Mura mbéadh agam fhéin ach coit is
rámh
D-iomraínn leis an snámh
A' dúil as Dia go sroichfinn slán
Is go bhfaighinn-se bás in Éirinn

Agus och, och Éire uilig is ó
Éirinn lon dubh agus ó
Sé mo chroídhe rá trom agus

Lyrics

Och, if I were in Airde Cuan tis I that
wouldn't leave it soon
Twas pleasant going a courting dow
The cuckoo Glen on Sunday

But tis Och, och, Eirie Ligis Oh
Eiri londuv agus oh
Tis my heart that's black with sorrow

It's me that's wearying here my lone
Without one word of news from
home
The corncrakes croak would music
be

And it's och the pleasant Sunday
But tis Och, och, Eirie Ligis Oh
Eiri londuv agus oh
Tis my heart that's black with sorrow

If I had but a boat and oar I would
see this place no more
I'd hie to my own dear shore
Were it but not to die in Eirinn

But tis Och, och, Eirie Ligis Oh
Eiri londuv agus oh
Tis my heart that's black with sorrow

Sal Óg Ruadh

Trad. arranged Hardebeck/orch. Paul Campbell

"Fuair mé an fonn seo ó Áine Ní Oisín de Bhéal Chláir, Tuaim. Tá sé ar cheann de na hamhráin is áille ó Chonnachta agus tugtar i modh *Soh* é. Úsáidtear *D* i gcomhar leis an tseachtú gnáthchorda."

- Carl Hardebeck

"I got this air from Áine Ní Oisín of Belclare Tuam. It is one of the most beautiful of the Connaught songs and in the *Soh* mode. From *D* with a natural seventh"

- Carl Hardebeck

Liricí

'S nach mé an trua Mhuire ag dul
Carraigín an Fhásaigh,
Ag gol is ag gárthaíl is ag déanamh
bróin,
Ag oiliúint mo linbh ar bhacán mo
láimhe,
'S gan fiú an braon bainne agam a
thabharfainn dó;
Níl mé ach go tréithlag níl maith dhá
shéanadh,
Níl mé ar aon nós ach mar an gceo,
Tá fuil mo chroí istigh dhá sú ina
braonta,
'S, a Dhia, cén t-ionadh 'ndiaidh mo
Shail óg rua.

Mo ghrá do bhéilín nár chum na
bréaga,
Agus do mhéin dheas nach raibh ag
bean le fáil,
Do dhá chíoch ghléigeal' le do
leanbh bán a bhréagadh,
A stór ní féidir liom tú a thabhairt ón
mbás;

Lyrics

Ah pity how sad am I on road to
Carigeen an Assee
Alone I am waking, making saddest
moan
Caressing my child my own tender
blossom
But no comfort can I give to him like
mother dear

Tis vain from my heart now, despair
to banish
Surely, no hope is left now, but grief
alone
My heart is breaking, my blood nigh
is freezing
Oh what wonder that my tears flow,
my darling is no more

O would to God now that she were
with me
My soul my life and my heart's joy,
my guiding star
But to behold her I'd give the world's
best treasure

Sal Óg Ruadh ar lean / continued

B'fhearr liom, ó, mór mór i mo
dhiaidh sa ród í,
Ag bleán na bó dhom nó i mbun an
tí,
Ná saibhreas Sheoirse is é fháil le
stróinse,
'S gur faoi na fóid a chuir mé stór mo
chroí.

Could the grave restore me again
my love so fair

In Oileán Éadaigh a fuair mé fhéin í,
An bhean ar léi a lig mé mo rún 's mé
óg,
Tá triúr ar aon chéill ag gol i do
dhiaidhse,
'S bean mo bhréagtha mo léan faoin
bhfód;
In aois a sé déag sea fuair mé fhéin í,
'S nár dheas an féirín í ag fear le fáil,
Ach, a stór mo chléibh, is tú d'fhág
liom féin mé,
Is chuaigh tú i gcré uaim is tú i do
chailín óg.

Úna Bhán

Trad. arranged Hardebeck/orch. Paul Campbell

"Fuair mé an fonn seo ó Áine Ní Oisín de Bhéal Chláir, Tuaim. Tagraíonn an ceathrú líne sa chéad rann d'Úna mar éan i ngéibheann agus ba mheafar é seo don am a raibh sí á coinneáil faoi ghlas i gcaisleán a hathar nuair a dhiúltaigh seisean don fhile Mícheál Mac Coisdealbha cleamhnas a dhéanamh le hÚna. Tá sé ar cheann de na samplaí is fearr dá bhfuil ann d'amhráin Ghaeilge."

- Carl Hardebeck

Liricí

A Úna bhán, is gránna an luighe sin ort
Ar leabaidh caol árd amesc na mílte corp;
Muna dtagaidh d' fháidh orm, a stáid-bhean bhí riamh gan locht,
Ní thiocfaidh mé chum na h-áite seo go bráth acht aréir 's anocht.

A Úna bhán, mar rós i ngáirdín thú,
'S ba choinnleoir óir ar bhórd na bainríoghna thú;
Ba cheileabhar 's ba cheolmhar ag gabháil an bhealaigh seo rómham thú,
'S é mo chreach maidne bhrónach nár pósadh liom thú.

"I got this air from Áine Ní Oisín of Belclare Tuam. The fourth line of the Irish of the first verse refers to Una as a aged bird which means she was shut up in her fathers castle as he had refused the suit of Michael Costello, the Poet, forr the hand of Una in marriage. This is one of the finest examples of Irish songs."

- Carl Hardebeck

Lyrics

O Úna Waun thou blossom so wonderous fair
Why didst thou heed the evil counsel
See belov'd I wait at the ford of Donogue
Come forth O Úna and be thou mine forever

O Úna Waun thou rose in garden rare
O thou fair flower the queen of all maidens thou
O glory of music thou soul of poesy and song divine
Tis my sorrow that no longer thy voice I may he

Úna Bhán

ar lean / continued

A Úna bhán, is tú do mhearúigh mo chiall;

A Úna, is tú a chuaidh go dlúth idir mé 'gus Dia;

A Úna, a chraobh churtha, a lúibín casta na gciabh,

Nár bh'fearr damh-sa bheith gan súile ná d'fheiceál ariamh.

O Úna Waun tis thou my ruin hast wrought

O Úna tis thou me nigh my soul's deep despair hast brought

O Úna my undoing til death thou hast me enthralled

O forever my heart shall love the Farewell Úna Waun