



dominick cochlain

Arranger, Composer, Interpreter, Publisher

France, rouen

About the artist

I've always had a great passion for Irish music : songs above all but dances, too (jigs, reels,hornpipes,& so on);I love,as thirty years ago, the Chieftains,De Dannan,Clannad,Loreena mac Kennit...
I practice Irish set-dancing and French traditional dances (bourrées, waltzes of all kind, mazurkas,rondeus of south-west of France,& so on).
I was a member of two medieval groups that interpreted songs of trouvères, troubadours,Guillaume de Machaut,Adam de la Halle, Cantigas de Santa Maria,& so on.
I studied harmony that allow me to compose.First,I was a teacher in nursery schools and I wrote children songs.I also created videos for children.,created with Illustrator & I-Movie.

Qualification: Irish singing & dancing at the Irish Association of Paris,medieval singing, medieval fiddle, rebec studied
at the Medieval Centre of Paris,
baroque music in the Conservatoire of Reims.

Associate: SACEM

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-falorum.htm>

About the piece



Title: ARTHUR MAC BRIDE
Composer: Anonymous
Arranger: cochlain, dominick
Publisher: cochlain, dominick
Style: Celtic

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I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride,
He and I took a stroll down by the sea-side,
A-seeking good fortune and what might the tide,
It was just as the day was a-dawning
Then after resting we both took a tramp
We met Sergeant Harpur and Corporal Cramp
Besides the wee drummer who beat up our camp,
With his rowdy-dow-dow in the morning

He says: "My young fellows if you will enlist,
A guinea you quickly shall have in your fist
And besides a crown for to kick up the dust,
And drink the king's health in the morning."
Had we been such fools as to take the advance,
With a wee bit of money we'd have to run chance,
"Do you think it no scruples for to send us to France.
Where we would be killed in the morning."

He says: "My young fellows if I hear but one word,
I instantly now will out with my sword,
And into your bodies as strength will afford,
So now my gay devils take warning."
But Arthur and I we took the odds,
And we gave them no chance for to launch out their
swords,
Our whacking shillelaghs came over their heads,
And paid them right smart in the morning.

As for the wee drummer, we rifled his pouch,
And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow
And into the ocean to rock and to roll
And bade it a tedious returning.
As for the old rapier that hung by his side,
We pitched it as far as we could in the tide,
To the devil I pit you says Arthur McBride,
To temper your steel in the morning.