



dominick cochlain

Arrangeur, Compositeur, Interprete, Editeur

France, rouen

A propos de l'artiste

J'ai toujours eu une grande passion pour la musique irlandaise :les chansons particulièrement mais aussi la danse (jig,reel,hornpipe,etc...)

J'aime,comme il y a trente ans les Chieftains,De Dannan,Clannad,Loreena Mac Kenitt...Je pratique le set-dancing irlandais & les danses traditionnelles françaises (bourrées, valses à 3,5 11 temps, mazurkas,rondeus de Gascogne,etc...).

Je fus membre de deux ensembles de musique médiévale qui interprétaient des chants de trouvères, de troubadours,Adam de la Halle,Cantigas de Santa Maria,etc..

J'ai étudié l'harmonie qui me permet de composer.Je fus d'abord Professeur des Ecoles en maternelle et j'écrivais des chansons pour enfants.J'ai aussi créé des vidéos pour enfants, réalisées avec Illustrator & I-movie.

Qualification : Chant irlandais et danses étudiés à l'Association Irlandaise de Paris,chant médiéval,vièle,rebec étudiés au Centre de Musique Médiévale de Paris,musique baroque au Conservatoire de Reims.

Sociétaire : SACEM

Page artiste : https://www.free-scores.com/partitions_gratuites_falorum.htm

A propos de la pièce



Titre :	ARTHUR MAC BRIDE
Compositeur :	Anonymous
Arrangeur :	cochlain, dominick
Editeur :	cochlain, dominick
Style :	Celtique
Commentaire :	"Arthur McBride" is an Irish folk song found in Ireland & Britain with slight variations. The song can be narrowly categorized as an "anti-recruiting" song, a specific form of anti-war song, and more broadly as a protest song.

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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.