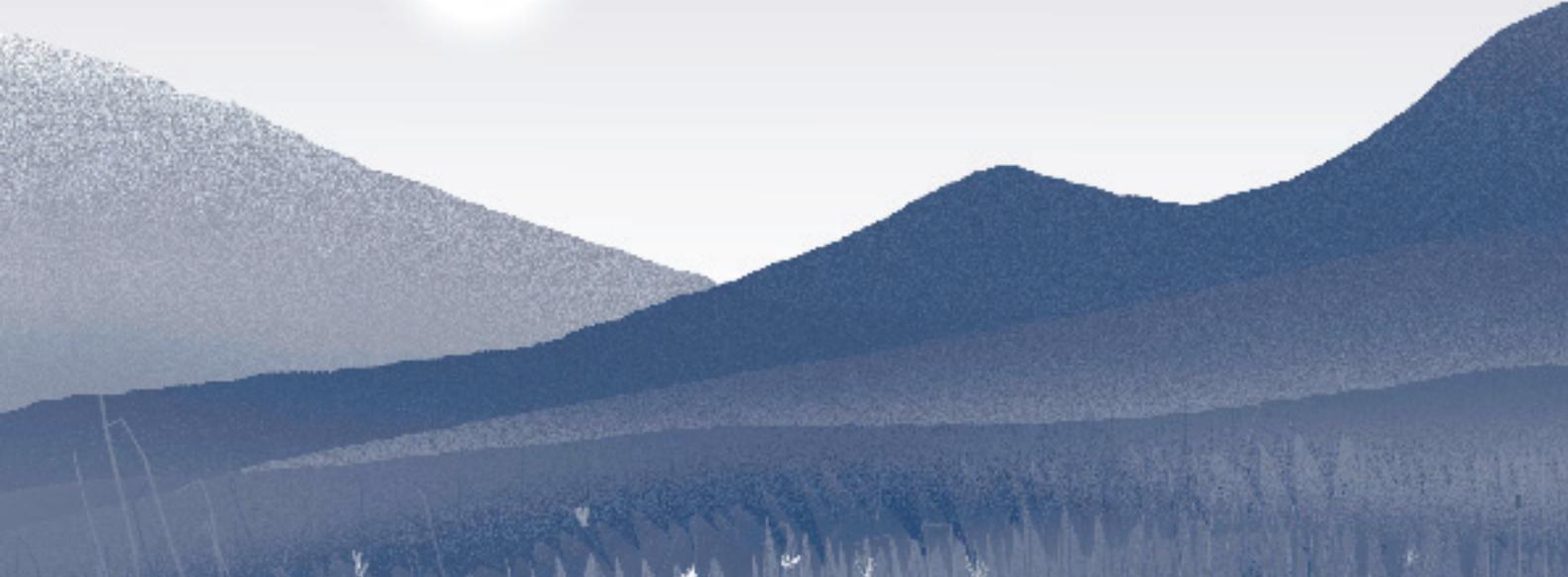


Myth and Folklore

Miotas agus
Béaloideas



Daithi Bán the Giant Daithí Báin an Fathach



On top of Corslieve there is a prehistoric cairn that is known as Leachta Dhaithi Ban (White David's Cairn). It was once told that there was a great hero called Daithi Ban who built a fortress for himself on Corslieve and that these are the remains. He would regularly go down to the sea for a walk where he used the three islands between Ballycroy and Doohooma Head as stepping stones. One day he was walking down to Ballycroy when a group of monks challenged him to swim in the lake at Dooleag. He did so but the lake was deep and full of mud and rocks and he lost his footing and drowned. He was buried on the island in the middle and from then on it was known as Lough Daithi Ban.

Ar bharr na Corrsléibhe tá carn réamhstairiúil ar a dtugtar Leacht Dhaithí Bháin. Dúradh uair amháin go raibh laoch mór darbh ainm Daithí Bán a thóg dún dó féin ar an gCorrsliabh agus gurb iad seo na hiarsmaí de. Ba mhinic a théadh sé síos chun na farraige ag siúl áit a mbaineadh sé úsáid as na trí oileán idir Baile Chruaich agus Ceann Dumha Thuama mar chlocháin. Uair amháin bhí sé ag siúl síos go Baile Chruaich nuair a thug dream manach a dhúshlán snámh sa loch i nDumha Liag. Rinne sé amhlaidh ach bhí an loch chomh domhain agus chomh lán le láib agus carraigeacha gur shleamhnaigh sé agus gur bádh é. Cuireadh é i lár an oileáin agus as sin amach tugadh Loch Dhaithí Bháin air.

Dobhar-chú – Water Hound or Master Otter

Dobhar-chú – Cú Uisce nó Dobhrán Mór



Dobhar-chú, derived from Dobhar, water, and cú, hound, are otter-like beasts said to be the size of a large dog with the body of a dog and the head and skin of an otter. They live in lakes and rivers where they lie in wait for unwary people who get too close.

In a churchyard near Kinlough, Co. Leitrim, there is the headstone of Grace Connolly who died in 1722. Legend has it that one day she went down to the lake to wash clothes. When she didn't return, her husband became worried and went out to search for her. He went to the lake and found her dead with a Dobhar-chú devouring her. He took his knife and lunged at the beast stabbing it. As it died it let out a long whistle which attracted its mate out of the lake. This Dobhar-chú chased the husband but he killed this one too. If you go to the graveyard and find her headstone you will see that it still has carved on it the image of a Dobhar-chú.

Is é atá i ndobharchú, a fhaigheann an t-ainm ó Dobhar, uisce agus cú, ná ainmhithe cosúil le dobhráin a deirtear atá chomh mór le madra mór agus a bhfuil corp madra agus ceann agus craiceann dobhráin orthu. Cónaíonn siad i lochanna agus in aibhneacha áit a mbíonn siad ag faire ar dhaoine a théann ró-ghar dóibh.

I gcill in aice le Cionn Loch, Co. Liatroma, tá cloch chinn Grace Connolly a d'éag i 1722. De réir an tseanchais chuaigh sí síos chuig an loch lá amháin chun éadaí a ní. Nuair nár fhill sí, tháinig imní ar a fear céile agus chuaigh sé amach á lorg. Chuaigh sé chuig an loch agus tháinig sé ar a corp agus Dobharchú á ithe. Thug sé faoin mbeithíoch lena scian agus sháigh sé é. Nuair a bhí sé ag fáil bháis lig sé fead fada as a tharraing a chéile amach as an loch. Lean an Dobharchú an fear céile ach mharaigh sé an ceann sin freisin. Má théann tú chuig an reilig agus má fhaigheann tú a cloch cinn feicfidh tú go bhfuil íomhá Dobharchú snoite uirthi fós.

Leprechaun Leipreacán



Ballybog Sióga Phortaigh



Leprechauns are well known throughout Ireland. These apparently aged, diminutive men are frequently to be found in an intoxicated state, caused by home-brew poteen. However, they never become so drunk that their shoemaker's work is affected. Leprechauns are self-appointed guardians of ancient treasure, burying it in crocks or pots.

Tá clú agus cáil ar na leipreacáin ar fud na hÉireann. Is minic go bhfaightear na fir bheaga seo a bhfuil cuma aosta orthu agus iad ar meisce, de bharr poitín a dhéantar ag baile a ól. Ach ní bhíonn siad riamh chomh holtach go gcuirtear isteach ar obair an té a dhéanann a gcuid bróg. Cheap leipreacáin iad féin mar chaomhnóirí ar sean-taisce, cuireann siad i gcrocaí nó i bpotaí é.

Ballybogs are rather unpleasant small creatures that live in the bogs. They have large heads that sit on their bodies with no neck. Their arms and legs are thin and spindly and look as though they would not be able to support them. Because they live in bogs, they are constantly covered in a thin layer of wet mud. They are simple creatures who cannot speak, instead they grunt and slobber. Unlike some other fairy folk, Ballybogs are thought to be relatively harmless, only occasionally leading unsuspecting travellers astray in the bogs.

Is créatúir bheaga ghránna iad sióga an phortaigh a chónaíonn sna portaigh. Tá cloigne móra orthu atá suite ar a gcorp gan aon mhuineál orthu. Tá spreangaidí de lámha agus de chosa orthu agus cheapfá nach mbeidís in ann iad féin a iompar ar chor ar bith leo. Toisc go bhfuil cónaí orthu i bportaigh, bíonn siad clúdaithe i gconaí le cota tanaí de láib fhliuch. Is créatúir shimplí iad nach bhfuil in ann labhairt, ina áit sin bíonn siad ag gnúsacht agus ag priosláil. Tá sióga portaigh difriúil ó shioga eile sa mhéid is go gceaptar nach bhfuil aon dochar iontu, ach amháin go gcuireann siad roinnt daoine nach mbíonn ar an airdeall ar fóidín mearaí sna portaigh.

Merrow Murúch



Merrows are known as mermaids in other countries. The Irish merrow differs physically from humans in that her feet are flatter than those of a mortal and her hands have a thin webbing between the fingers. They live in Tir fo Thoinn (the Land beneath the Waves) but have a natural affinity with humans. They wear a seal skin like cap or coat that allows them to swim underwater. When they come ashore they must abandon this, usually hiding it somewhere safe because if they loose it they will never be able to return to their home beneath the sea.

Tugtar maighdeana mara ar mhurúcha i dtíortha eile. Bíonn murúch na hÉireann difriúil go fisiciúil ó dhaoine sa mhéid is go mbíonn a cos réidh spágach le hais cosa an duine agus go mbíonn scamall tanaí idir na méara ar a cuid lámh. Tá cónaí orthu sa Tír fo Thoinn ach bíonn comhbhá acu go nádúrtha le daoine. Caitheann siad caipín nó cóta cosúil le craiceann rón a ligeannd dóibh snámh faoi uisce. Nuair a thagann siad i dtír caitheann siad é sin a thréigean, is gnách go gcuireann siad i bhfolach in áit shábháilte é mar má chailleann siad é ní bheidh siad in ann filleadh go deo ar a mbaile faoin bhfarraige.

Traditional Sayings

Collected by the children of Ballycroy Parish 1937-8
Schools Manuscript Collection, Department of Folklore, University College Dublin

Piseoga

Arna bhaiiliú ag leanáí Pharóiste Bhaile Chruaich 1937-8 Bailiúchán Lámhscríbhinní ó Scoileanna, Án Roinn Béaloidis, Án Coláiste Ollscoile, Baile Átha Cliath

If a black cat crosses your path it is good luck
If a cock comes in the door crowing it is good luck

If you dream of a donkey it is good luck
It is unlucky to dream of angels

If you wash your hands in dew on May morning you will have the power to stop a quarrel or a fight in your hands

If you put your left shoe on before your right it is bad luck

If you are going on a journey and find a piece of iron it is good luck

The first time you go into a house you should bring a sod of turf
It is bad luck to go in one door and out the other in a house

Má chastar cat dubh ort beidh an t-ádh ort
Má thagann coileach isteach an doras agus é ag glaoch beidh an t-ádh ort
Má bhíonn brionglóid agat faoi asal beidh an t-ádh ort
Tá mí-ádh ag baint le bheith ag brionglóid faoi aingil

Má níonn tú do lámha i ndrácht maidin Lá Bealtaine beidh an chumhacht agat deireadh a chur le troid i do lámha

Beidh mí-ádh ort má chuireann tú do bhróg chlé ort roimh an mbróg dheas
Má tú ag dul ar turas agus má fhaigheann tú píosa iarainn is comharhta dea-ádha é

An chéad uair a théann tú isteach i dteach ba cheart fód móna a thabhairt leat
Má thítear isteach doras amháin agus má thítear amach doras eile sa teach leanann mí-ádh é

The Creature in the Bog

It is said that many strange creatures reside in the mountains, valleys, bogs and coast of this area. Some are to be feared but others can help you on your way. As you walk through the Park avoiding the deep bog holes and wet ground you realise that it is getting misty and you have strayed from the path and become lost. Could this be the mischievous work of a Ballybog? Is there a Dobhar-Chu lurking in one of the lakes waiting to eat you?

As you continue desperately trying to find your way back to the path, you hear a strange noise. Maybe you should hide in the grass and see what it is. Try not to make a sound! Lying amongst the tall tufts of grass, you notice some small, strange looking plants around you. They have sticky leaves and as you watch, a fly lands on a leaf which curls up straight away, seeming to swallow the fly. Not only are you lost, but you are surrounded by flesh-eating plants!

A shadow approaches through the mist. Peering through the grass you can just make out the shape. It looks as though the head is [...choose a head description...]. With a head like that this creature must feed on [...choose a food description...]. Just in case it is hungry, you lie very still so you can't be seen. Peeking through the grass again, you can see that the creature's body is [...choose a body description...] with hands that seem to be [...choose a hand description...]. It is unlike any of the animals described in your guide book.

The creature moves closer towards you and you can see that its legs are [...choose a leg description...] with feet that seem to be [...choose a feet description...]. Would they be used for stomping you into the bog?

Suddenly, the creature stops and sniffs the air, turns its head on its side and listens; has it found you? Barely breathing, you squash as flat as possible into the soft, boggy ground. The creature pauses for a minute more and then moves on its way passing very close by. Not daring to look round, you wait a while longer. The creature's squelchy footsteps disappear into the distance. As you stand up, a gentle breeze lifts the mist away revealing the path. Well, you had better hurry home in case any more strange creatures are roaming the area.

Descriptions

Head

...like an otter's, with sleek fur and long whiskers...
...wrinkled and old with a pointy nose...
...delicate with deep blue eyes and a small nose...
...round with a big nose and crooked teeth...
...massive with a long flowing beard...

Food

...people who stray too close to the water...
...poteen and fairy food...
...fish and sea creatures...
...roots of bog plants and turf...
...deer and massive vegetables...

Neck

...thick and strong, all covered in long fur...
...scrawny, showing a big Adam's apple...
...thin, delicate and quite pale...
...hardly there...
...thick and muscular...

Body

...like a large dog with a thick tail...
...small and bony with a pot belly...
...human-like but with hidden strength...
...large and round, covered in mud...
...massive with a barrel-like chest...

Hands

...covered in fur with sharp curved claws...
...slender with dextrous fingers...
...small with webbed fingers...
...weak and bony...
...big enough to fit a currach in the palm...

Legs

...short and powerful, similar to a big dog...
...short and scrawny with knobbly knees...
...slender with strong muscles for swimming...
...scraggy and bony with large knees...
...as thick as an ancient tree trunk...

Feet

...large with sharp claws...
...tiny with pointy toes...
...neat and flat with webbed toes...
...large and hairy...
...big enough to span a river...

An Créatúr sa Phortach

Deirtear go bhfuil cónaí ar go leor créatúr aisteach sna sléibhte, sna gleannta, sna portaigh agus ar chósta an cheantair seo. Tá cuid acu ar cheart eagla a bheith rompu ach tá cuid eile atá in ann cabhrú leat ar do bhealach. Agus tú ag siúl tríd an bPáirc ag seachaint na bpoll sna portaigh agus an talamh fliuch feiceann tú go bhfuil sé ag éirí brádánach agus go bhfuil tú imithe ar strae agus go bhfuil tú bailithe amú. Meas tú arb í síog an phortaigh a chuir ar strae tú? An bhfuil Dobharchú i bhfolach i gceann de na lochanna ag fanacht le tú a ithe?

Agus tú ar do dhícheall ag iarraidh do bhealach a dhéanamh ar ais, cloiseann tú torann aisteach. B'fhéidir gur cheart duit dul i bhfolach sa bhféar agus féachaint cad atá ann. Déan iarracht gan aon torann a dhéanamh! Agus tú i do luí i measc na dtom féir, feiceann tú go bhfuil roinnt plandaí timpeall ort atá cineál aisteach. Tá duilleoga greamaitheacha orthu agus de réir mar a fhéachann tú orthu, luíonn cuileog ar dhuilleog a chuachann láithreach, agus gach dealramh air go bhfuil an chuileog slogtha aici. Ní hamháin go bhfuil tú bailithe amú, ach tá plandaí a itheann feoil timpeall ort!

Tagann scáth i do threo tríd an ggeo. Nuair a stánann tú tríd an bhféar is ar éigean atá tú in ann an cruth a dhéanamh amach. Is cosúil go bhfuil an cloigeann [...roghnaigh cur síos ar an gcloigeann...]. Agus cloigeann cosúil leis sin air caithfidh go n-itheann an créatúr seo [...roghnaigh cur síos ar bhia...]. Ar eagla go bhfuil ocras air, luíonn tú go han-socair ionas nach bhféadann sé tú a fheiceáil. Ag féachaint go cúramach tríd an bhféar arís, feiceann tú go bhfuil corp an chréatúir [...roghnaigh cur síos ar an gcorp...] agus gur cosúil go bhfuil a chuid lámh [...roghnaigh cur síos ar na lámha...]. Níl sé cosúil le haon cheann de na hainmhithe a bhfuil cur síos orthu i do threoirleabhar.

Bogann an créatúr níos gaire duit agus is féidir a fheiceáil go bhfuil a chuid géag [...roghnaigh cur síos ar na géaga...] agus cosa orthu a bhfuil cuma [...roghnaigh cur síos ar chosa...] orthu. An mbainfí úsáid astu chun tú a chur sa phortach?

Go tobann, stadann an créatúr agus bolaíonn sé, casann sé a chloigeann ar a thaobh agus éisteann sé; an bhfuil tú faighe aige? Is ar éigean atá tú in ann anáil a tharraingt, brúnn tú tú féin síos chomh maith agus is féidir leat i dtalamh bog an phortaigh. Stadann an créatúr ar feadh nóiméid eile agus ansin bogann sé ar aghaidh ag dul an-ghar go deo duit. Níl

sé de dhánacht ionat féachaint i do thimpeall, agus fanann tú ar feadh tamaill. Imíonn coschéimeanna púsctha an chréatúir. De réir mar a sheasann tú suas, crochann leoithne shéimh an ceo agus tá an cosán le feiceáil arís. Bhuel, ba cheart duit deifir a dhéanamh agus dul abhaile ar eagla go mbeadh aon chréatúir aisteacha eile ag fánaíocht.

Cur síos

Cloigeann

...cosúil le cloigeann dobhráin, le fionnadh slíoctha agus locaí fada...
...rocach agus sean le srón bhioraithe...
...mín le súile doimhne gorma agus srón bheag...
...cruinn le srón mhór agus fiacla cama...
...an-mhór le féaság fhada shnítheach...

Bia

...daoine a théann ró-ghar don uisce...
...poitín agus bia síóige...
...iasc agus créatúir mhara...
...fréamhacha plandaí portaigh agus móin...
...fianna agus glasraí ollmhóra...

Muineál

...tiubh agus láidir, é clúdaithe le fionnadh fada...
...scólachán, agus úll brád mór le feiceáil...
...tanaí, feosaí agus geal san éadan...
...is ar éigean is ann dó...
...tiubh agus téagartha...

Corp

...cosúil le madra mór le heireaball tiubh...
...beag agus cnámhach le stomán...
...cosúil le duine ach le neart ceilte...
...mór agus cruinn, clúdaithe le láib...
...an-mhór le cliabhrach cosúil le bairille...

Lámha

...clúdaithe le fionnadh le crúba móra géara...
...géagach agus deaslámhach...
...beag le méara scamallacha
...lag agus cnámhach...
...mór go leor go bhféadfaí currach a leagan sa bhos...

Cosa

...gearn agus cumhachtach, cosúil le madra mór...
...gearn agus lapach le glúine lúbtha...
...tanaí le matáin láidre le snámh...
...creatlon agus cnámhach le glúine móra...
...chomh dúr le seantamhan crainn...

Cosa

...mór le crúba géara...
...beag bídeach le bróga bioraithe...
...néata agus réidh le méara cosa scamallacha...
...mór agus gruagach...
...mór go leor chun abhainn a chlúdach...

Recipes

Boxty

Boxty is a traditional Irish potato pancake. The dish is mostly associated with the north midlands, north Connacht and southern Ulster, in particular the counties of Sligo, Mayo, Leitrim and Cavan. There are many different recipes but all contain finely grated, raw potatoes and all are served fried.

- 1 9-ounce (255g) potato, peeled, cut into 1-inch pieces
- 1 1/4 cups (9-ounce (255g)) grated peeled potato, squeezed dry in a towel
- 3/4 cup (75g) all purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon (3g) baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon (2g) salt
- 1/2 cup (125ml) buttermilk
- Vegetable oil

Preheat the oven to 300°F (150°C). Cook 9 ounces (255g) of chopped potato in saucepan of boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Return to saucepan and mash. Transfer mashed potato to large bowl. Grate 9 ounces of potato into this bowl. Add flour, baking soda, and salt. Gradually mix in enough buttermilk to form texture of firm mashed potatoes.

Heat large heavy frying pan over medium-high heat until hot. Brush with vegetable oil. Drop 1 heaped tablespoon of potato mixture into skillet. Using back of spoon, flatten mixture into 2-inch round pancakes. Repeat, with as many rounds as fit in the pan. Cook over medium-low heat until boxty is golden brown on bottom, approximately 3 minutes. Turn and cook until second side is brown, another 3 minutes. Transfer to baking sheet; keep warm in oven. Repeat with remaining potato mixture.

Irish Stew

- 3 pounds (1.35kg) lamb or mutton
- 2 medium carrots
- 8 medium onions
- 10 potatoes
- 1 1/2 pints (900ml) lamb stock
- salt and pepper

Clean and peel the vegetables. Chop them into large chunks. Brown the meat in a pan. Layer the meat and vegetables in a casserole dish, seasoning each layer with salt and pepper. Add the lamb stock and bring to the boil on top of the stove. Cover and place the dish in an oven preheated to 350°F (180°C). After 1 or 1 1/2 hours the stew will be ready to serve.

Soda Bread

Soda bread is a traditional bread that became popular after the famine. It would have been made in the home every few days as it does not keep for long.

- 12 ounces (340g) wheat flour
- 4 ounces (115g) white flour
- 14 ounces (400g) buttermilk
- 1 teaspoon (4g) salt
- 1 ½ teaspoons (4.5g) bicarbonate of soda
- 2 ounces (55g) butter

Sieve all the dry ingredients into a large bowl and mix. Rub in the butter until the flour becomes crumbly. Add the buttermilk a bit at a time until you have a sticky dough. Lightly knead on a floured surface. Form into a round and place in a baking pan. Cover with a lid and bake for 30mins in an oven pre-heated to 425°F (220°C). Remove the lid and bake for a further 15mins.

Oidis

Bocstaí

Is é atá i mbocstaí ná pancógs thraidisiúnta Éireannach atá déanta as prátaí. Is iad lár tíre ó thuaidh, tuaisceart Chonnacht agus deisceart Uladh na ceantair is mó a bhfuil ceangal ag bocstaí leo, Sligeach, Maigh Eo, Liatroim agus Cabhán go háirithe. Tá go leor oideas éagsúil ann ach tá prátaí amha atá gráitálte go mín iontu go léir agus i ngach cás déantar iad a fhriochadh.

- 1 phráta 9 n-unsa (255g), scafa, gearrtha i bpíosaí 1-irlach
- 1 1/4 cupán (9 n-unsa (255g)) prátaí gráitálte scafa, iad fáiscithe i dtuáille go bhfuil siad tirim
- 3/4 cupán (75g) plúir uilechuspóra
- 1 taespúnóg (3g) sóid aráin
- 1/2 taespúnóg (2g) salainn
- 1/2 cupán (125ml) blátháí
- Ola glasrai

Déan an t-oigheann a réamhthéamh go 300°F (150°C). Cócaráil 9 n-unsa (255g) prátaí gearrtha i sásplant d'uisce goirt fiuchtha go bhfuil sé bog. Draenáil. Cuir ar ais sa sásplant é agus déan brúitín de. Cuir an brúitín i mbabhla mór. Déan 9 n-unsa prátaí a ghráitál sa bhabhla seo. Cuir plúr, sóid aráin, agus salann leo. Measc isteach an bhláthach diaidh ar ndiaidh go mbeidh an brúitín tiubh teann.

Téigh friochtán mór trom ar teas measartha-ard go bhfuil sé te. Scuab é le hola glasrai. Cuir 1 taespúnóg iomlán den mheascán prátaí isteach sa scilléad. Úsáid cún na spúnóige chun pancóga cruinneáin 2-irlaigh a dhéanamh as an meascán. Déan arís é go bhfuil an scilléad lán le cruinneáin. Cócaráil ar teas measartha-íseal é go dtí go bhfuil dath ór donn ar bhun an bhocstaí, thart ar 3 nóiméad. Iompaigh agus cócaráil go dtí go bhfuil an taobh eile donn, 3 nóiméad eile. Cuir ar leathán báca lá é; coimeád te san oigheann é. Déan an rud céanna arís leis an gcuid eile den mheascán.

Stobhach Gaelach

- 3 phunt (1.35kg) uaineola nó caoireola
- 2 chairéad meánmhéide
- 8 n-oinniún meánmhéide
- 10 bpráta
- 1 1/2 pionta (900ml) stoc uaineola
- salann agus piobar

Glan agus scamh na glasrai. Gearr i bpíosaí móra iad. Déan an fheoil a dhonnú i bpeanna. Cuir an fheoil agus na glasrai i gcisil i gcasaról, ag cur salainn agus piobair ar gach ciseal. Cuir an stoc uaineola leis agus déan é a fhiuchadh ar bharr an tsoirn. Clúdaigh agus cuir an casaról in oigheann atá réamhthéite go 350°F (180°C). Tar éis 1 nó 1 1/2 uair an chloig beidh an stobhach réidh le dáileadh.

Arán Sóide

Is é atá in arán sóide ná arán traidisiúnta a d'éirigh coitianta tar éis an ghorta. Dhéantaí sa teach é gach cúpla lá toisc nach bhfanann sé úr ar feadh tréimhse fada.

- 12 unsa (340g) plúr cruithneachta
- 4 hunsa (115g) plúr bán
- 14 unsa (400g) blátháí
- 1 taespúnóg (4g) salainn
- 1 ½ taespúnóg (4.5g) sóid aráin
- 2 unsa (55g) ime

Déan na hábhair trioma go léir a chriathrú isteach i mbabhla mór agus measc. Cuimil isteach an t-im go dtagann grabhróga sa phlúr. Cuir an bhláthach isteach diaidh ar ndiaidh go bhfuil taos greamaitheach agat. Fuin go héadrom é ar dhromchla atá clúdaithe le plúr. Déan cruinneán de agus cuir i bpenna báca lá é. Clúdaigh agus bácaíl ar feadh 30 nóiméad in oigheann atá réamhthéite go 425°F (220°C). Bain an clúdach de agus bácaíl ar feadh 15 nóiméad eile.

Riddles and Rhyme

Tomhais agus Rainn

What is under the fire, over the fire and it never touches the fire?

A cake in an oven

What is full and yet holds more?

A pot of potatoes when you put water in

What is black when you put it on, and red when you leave it on, and white when you take it off?

A sod of turf

Why is a running river like a clock?

Because it will not go long without winding

Cad atá faoin tine, os cionn na tine ach nach dteagmhaíonn leis an tine riamh?
Ciste in oigheann

Cad atá lán ach atá in ann níos mó a choimeád?

Pota prátaí nuair a chuireann tú uisce isteach ann

Cad a bhíonn dubh nuair a chuireann tú síos é, a bhíonn dearg nuair a fhágann tú thíos é, agus a bhíonn bán nuair a bhaineann tú aníos é?
Fód moná

Cén fáth go bhfuil abhairn atá ag rith cosúil le clog?

Mar ní imeoidh sí i bhfad go gcasfaidh sí

Boxty on the griddle,
Boxty in the pan,
If you can't make boxty,
You'll never get a man.

Anonymous
Údar gan ainm

The Dobhar-Chú of Glenade

By Glenade Lake tradition tells,
Two hundred years ago
A thrilling scene enacted was,
To which as years unflow
Old men and women still relate,
And with relating dread,
Some demon of its kind may yet
Be found within its bed.

The story told of the dobhar-chu
That out from Glenade lake
Had come one morning years ago
A woman's life to take.

She having gone to bathe it seems within its waters clear
And not returning when she might her husband fraught with fear
Hastening to where he her might find when he, to his surprise
Her mangled form still bleeding wan lay stretched before his eyes.

Upon her bosom snow white once but now besmeared with gore
The Dubarcu reposing was his surfeitting been o'er
Her blood and entrails all mingled with a reddish hue
"Oh God", he cried, "tis hard to bear but what am I to do."

Anonymous
Údar gan ainm

Tide and Turbarry

The pull of the tide,
The white sea,
The sun and the cloud,
On and off from afar,
Dark rocks and seaweed,
Picked up and put down,
Gently for now,

Vessel balancing above the line of the sea,
My heart was taken from me here,
The sand is silver and born of flecks,
From many souls and from such a fetch,
Will I know when you're here,
With me?

When the sun hangs low,
And is replaced by the moon,
Bones of trees,
Crisp intestinal wracks,
The loom of the sea,
Weft and weave lines,
Rich of salt,
Where eyeless creatures,
Congregate to feed,
Fester metropolis,
Clean by midnight,
A crab on its back,
Pale limp limbed,
Reflexed,
Resigned.

Cliff hollowed,
With the blackened roots of yesterday's
Ling and bleached flints,
Some dropped out,
Further back ashore,
The heath with briar weathered,
But only slightly waving today,

The landmass is dark afore,
And abaft ordered from the west,
Furze bowing,
Huddling to the near sunrise eerily,
Hanging in twilight,
The Ballroom of Romance,
Lone but not forgot,

Lean long-faced mottled ewe,
Her last lamb stout and still,
A Woodcock rolling eye,
Confident in his hiding place,
Took flight as the early light,
Burned the heath's pile,
Lights dancing in the bog turned off,
One by one,

Bent by time,
Lines with furze and ling,
And sleepless souls,
Drunks have loomed,
Mooned about and,
Stumbled on this place,
One fell numbly in Worcester suit,
Twilight dew drenched,
From dancing deep into the night,
To think of his younger years,
When amidst tide and tears of bog and fairy
lights,
He courted his love,
In the Ballroom of Romance.

T.P. Pope

