

"Ar m'anam, ní mise a b'eid ciontae fé don uaigneas a éur oraib'." Agus glan sé leis an doras amach.

.. .. .

Anuraid, bíos i lútair ag baines Eibhlín, mo col coctair, an iníon do b'óige le m'Uncal Donnca.. Bí Eibhlín ag gol ag an mbricfeast, ac b'é gol an gáire aici é. Ní feadar cad a cuir an t-uaigneas uirthi. Ar' iad óráidí na bainise a dein é - nó, b'féidir, cuimne a hatar, beannaet Dé leis ! - a éreid go daingean sa tseanfocal: "Imíonn an spré leis an bfaill, ac fanann an Breill ar an mnaoi" an lá a pós sé Peig !

le Padraig O Dalaig

ANCESTORS

To world of simple devotion came
this man of God Mute he stood
in rejection of smooth flesh to rename
prayer in tree-walled solitude:
brown-sandalled, building high
in His peace round towers to the shy

A legion tales of older days
were sung to a rude court and the sound
inducing slumber, tears and the ways
of laughter came, fierce as a wound:
seanachie, rann-maker, spinning warp
and woof on a golden-threaded harp.

Swinging with his steel-forged sword
came a bronzed man over men;
dark curl and dour smile and no word
did he give of warning until, again,
he came sending them to sleep in graves
and himself dying, in battle with the waves.

Hearing curlew call over a land
stretched taut between rain-sky and sea
he paused, then bent back with skilled hand
to his labor, unheeding of the bird's plea;
laying grass against the wind to dry
he heard the scythe whisper in reply.

From a laboring man and a hero lost,
in the sign of tonsure, with bard's tongue
I come, pulling threads of past
existence to make the pattern young:
it is their breath gives me life
and my peace comes from their strife.

M.G.