

Ireland

4-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Ireland

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

Cover image: West Coast of Ireland, Robert Henri, 1913, Public Domain

Table of Contents

What is Morning Time?	4
How to Use These Plans	5
Features	6
Weekly Schedule	7
Recommended Reading List	11
Prayer & Scripture Memorization	12
Scripture Copywork	15
Artist Biography & Picture Study	45
Composer Biography & Classical Selections	52
Hymn Study & Hymn	56
Folk Song	58
Poet Biography & Poetry Selections	77
Poetry Copywork	80
Tea Time Recipes	116
Fairy Tale Tea: <i>The Leprechaun</i>	120
Fairy Tale Tea: <i>A Legend of Knockmany</i>	122
Fairy Tale Tea: <i>The Priest's Supper</i>	130
Fairy Tale Tea: <i>The Fairies' Passage</i>	133
Shakespeare Selection	136
History Study	141
Nature Study & Activities	149
Handicraft Lesson	152

What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Aligha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lorica of St. Patrick.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Thessalonians Ch. 1	1 Thessalonians Ch. 2	1 Thessalonians Ch. 3	1 Thessalonians Ch. 4	1 Thessalonians Ch. 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Be Thou My Vision	Art Selection 1: The Liffey Swim, Read: Jack Butler Yeates bio	Folk Song: Cockles and Mussels	Listen to: Nocturne in B flat major, Read: John Field bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>		St. Patrick Study		*Watch I Am Patrick movie or The True Story of St. Patrick	Enter notes into Book of Centuries
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: William Butler Yeats bio	The Lorica Copywork		The Lorica Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 1		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 2		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 3
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Potato Pancakes, Read: The Leprechaun				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lorica of St. Patrick.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Thessalonians Ch. 1	2 Thessalonians Ch. 2	2 Thessalonians Ch. 3	1 Timothy Ch. 1	1 Timothy Ch. 2
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Be Thou My Vision	Art Selection 2: The Grafter, Review: Jack Butler Yeates bio	Folk Song: Cockles and Mussels	Listen to: Sonata No. 3, C Minor, Review: John Field bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Learn about The Giant's Causeway (Northern Ireland)		Enter notes in Geography notebook	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: William Butler Yeats bio	The Lake Isle of Innisfree Copywork	Poetry: The Lake Isle of Innisfree	The Lake Isle of Innisfree Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 4		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 5	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Irish Brown Bread, Read: Legend of Knockmany			Art lesson: Celtic Cross	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lorica of St. Patrick.				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Timothy Ch. 3	1 Timothy Ch. 4	1 Timothy Ch. 5	1 Timothy Ch. 6	2 Timothy Ch. 1
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Be Thou My Vision	Art Selection 3: That We May Never Meet Again, Narrate: Jack Butler Yeates bio	Folk Song: Cockles and Mussels	Listen to: Nocturne B flat Major, Narrate: John Field bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Book of Kells Study		Watch The Book of Kells Video	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: William Butler Yeats bio	Isaiah 40:10-11 Copywork	Read: Isaiah 40:10-11	Isaiah 40:10-11 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 6		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 7		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 8
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Soda Bread Scones, Read: The Priest's Supper				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	The Lorica of St. Patrick.				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Timothy Ch. 2	2 Timothy Ch. 3	2 Timothy Ch. 4	Titus Ch. 1	Titus Ch. 2, 3
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Be Thou My Vision	Art Selection 4: Off The Irish Coast, Discuss: Jack Butler Yeates bio	Folk Song: Cockles and Mussels	Listen to: Nocturne E Minor, Discuss: John Field bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Learn about the Irish Potato Famine		Enter notes into Book of Centuries	Make a Potato Battery
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: William Butler Yeats bio	The Wild Swans at Coole Copywork	Poetry: The Wild Swans at Coole	The Wild Swans at Coole Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 9		*The Cottage at Bantry Bay Ch. 10	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Oat Flapjacks, Read: The Fairies' Passage			Handicraft: Shamrock Tea Towel	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Picture Books & Elementary

Patrick: Patron Saint of Ireland, by Tomie dePaola
Jamie O'Rourke and the Big, Potato, by Tomie dePaola
O'Sullivan Stew, by Hudson Talbott
Tim O'Toole and the Wee Folk, by Gerald McDermott
The Irish Cinderlad, by Shirley Climo
The Ink Garden of Brother Theophane, by C.M. Millen
Marguerite Makes a Book, by Bruce Robertson
The Moon Spun Round: W.B. Yeats for Children, by W.B. Yeats
This Is Ireland, by Miroslav Sasek
Favorite Celtic Fairy Tales, by Joseph Jacobs
The O'Brien Book of Irish Fairy Tales and Legends, by Una Leavy
Great Irish Legends for Children, by Yvonne Carroll
A Kid's Guide to Ireland, by Jack L. Roberts

Upper Elementary, Middle, and High School

Fairy & Folk Tales of Ireland by W.B. Yeats
Cottage at Bantry Bay (Volume 1 of the Bantry Bay Series), by Hilda van Stockum
Francie on the Run (Volume 2 of the Bantry Bay Series), by Hilda van Stockum
Pegeen (Volume 3 of the Bantry Bay Series), by Hilda van Stockum
A Swiftly Tilting Planet, by Madeleine L'Engle
Color Your Own Book of Kells (Dover Art Coloring Book)
Leprechaun in Late Winter, by Mary Pope Osborne
Leprechauns and Irish Folklore: A Nonfiction Companion to Magic Tree House Merlin
Mission #15: Leprechaun in Late Winter, by Mary Pope Osborne

Reference

The Book of Kells: An Illustrated Introduction to the Manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin
Ships and Sailing (DK Visual Dictionaries)
Road Trips Ireland (DK Eyewitness Travel Guide)
The Tempest (No Fear Shakespeare)
History of Britain and Ireland: The Definitive Visual Guide
An Irish Country Cookbook, by Patrick Taylor

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm>

This session, we will learn **The Lorica of St. Patrick**, and focus on writing and memorizing **Isaiah 40:10-11**.

Isaiah 40:10-11

10 Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

11 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

The Lorica

*I arise today
Through a mighty strength, the invocation of the Trinity,
Through a belief in the Threeness,
Through confession of the Oneness
Of the Creator of creation.*

*I arise today
Through the strength of Christ's birth and His baptism,
Through the strength of His crucifixion and His burial,
Through the strength of His resurrection and His ascension,
Through the strength of His descent for the judgment of doom.*

*I arise today
Through the strength of the love of cherubim,
In obedience of angels,
In service of archangels,
In the hope of resurrection to meet with reward,
In the prayers of patriarchs,
In preachings of the apostles,
In faiths of confessors,
In innocence of virgins,
In deeds of righteous men.*

*I arise today
Through the strength of heaven;
Light of the sun,
Splendor of fire,
Speed of lightning,
Swiftness of the wind,
Depth of the sea,
Stability of the earth,
Firmness of the rock.*

*I arise today
Through God's strength to pilot me;
God's might to uphold me,
God's wisdom to guide me,
God's eye to look before me,
God's ear to hear me,
God's word to speak for me,
God's hand to guard me,
God's way to lie before me,
God's shield to protect me,
God's hosts to save me
From snares of the devil,
From temptations of vices,
From every one who desires me ill,
Afar and anear,
Alone or in a multitude.*

*I summon today all these powers between me and evil,
Against every cruel merciless power that opposes my body and
soul,
Against incantations of false prophets,
Against black laws of pagandom,
Against false laws of heretics,
Against craft of idolatry,
Against spells of women and smiths and wizards,
Against every knowledge that corrupts man's body and soul.
Christ shield me today
Against poison, against burning,
Against drowning, against wounding,
So that reward may come to me in abundance.*

*Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me,
Christ in me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ on my right, Christ on my left,
Christ when I lie down, Christ when I sit down,
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,
Christ in the eye that sees me,
Christ in the ear that hears me.*

*I arise today
Through a mighty strength, the invocation of the Trinity,
Through a belief in the Threeness,
Through a confession of the Oneness
Of the Creator of creation*

10 Behold, the Lord God

shall come with a strong

hand, and His arm shall rule

for Him; Behold,

His reward is with Him, and

His work before Him.

11 He will feed His flock

like a shepherd; He will

gather the lambs with

His arm, and carry them

in His bosom, and gently

lead those who are with

young.

10 Behold, the Lord God shall come with a

strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him;

Behold,

His reward is with Him, and His work before Him.

11 He will feed His flock like a shepherd; He will

gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them

in His bosom, and gently lead those who are

with young.

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come with a strong hand, and

His arm shall rule for Him;

Behold,

His reward is with Him, and His

work before Him.

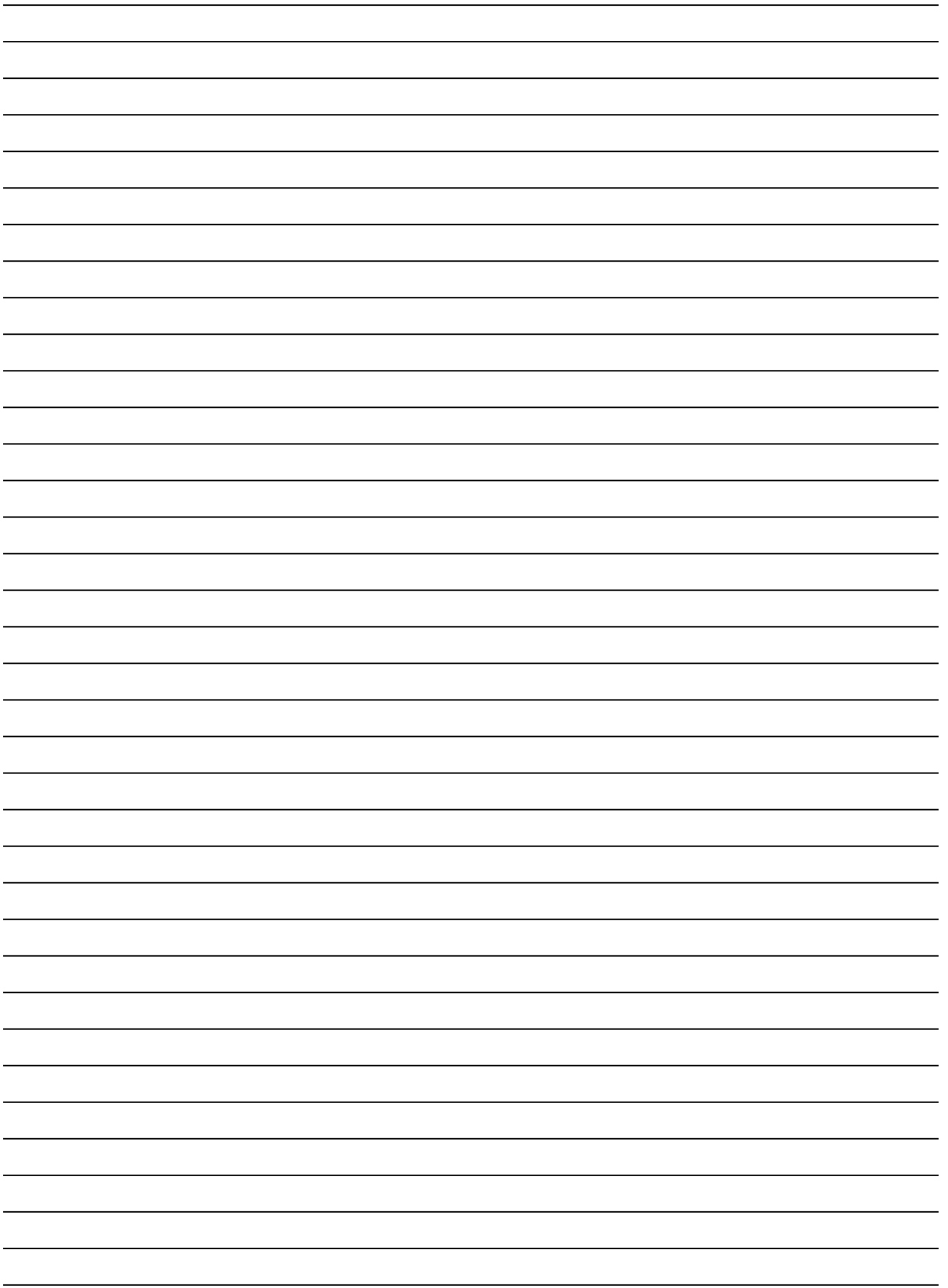
11 He will feed His flock like a

He will gather the lambs with His

arm, and carry them

in His bosom, and gently lead

those who are with young.



I arise today

Through the strength of

heaven;

Light of the sun,

Splendor of fire,

Speed of lightning,

Swiftness of the wind,

Depth of the sea,

Stability of the earth,

Firmness of the rock.

I arise today

Through God's strength to

pilot me;

God's might to uphold me,

God's wisdom to guide me,

God's eye to look before

me,

God's ear to hear me,

God's word to speak for

me,

God's hand to guard me,

God's way to lie before

me,

God's shield to protect me,

God's hosts to save me

Afar and anear,

Alone or in a multitude.

Christ shield me today

Against wounding

Christ with me, Christ

before me,

Christ behind me,

Christ in me,

Christ beneath me,

Christ above me,

Christ on my right,

Christ on my left,

Christ when I lie down,

Christ when I sit down,

Christ in the heart of

everyone who thinks of me,

Christ in the mouth of

everyone who speaks of me,

Christ in the eye that sees

me,

Christ in the ear that hears

me.

I arise today

Through the mighty

strength

Of the Lord of creation.

I arise today

Through the strength of heaven;

Light of the sun,

Splendor of fire,

Speed of lightning,

Swiftness of the wind,

Depth of the sea,

Stability of the earth,

Firmness of the rock.

I arise today

Through God's strength to pilot me;

God's might to uphold me,

God's wisdom to guide me,

God's eye to look before me,

God's ear to hear me,

God's word to speak for me,

God's hand to guard me,

God's way to lie before me,

God's shield to protect me,

God's hosts to save me

Afar and anear,

Alone or in a multitude.

Christ shield me today

Against wounding

Christ with me, Christ before me,

Christ behind me,

Christ in me,

Christ beneath me,

Christ above me,

Christ on my right,

Christ on my left,

Christ when I lie down,

Christ when I sit down,

Christ in the heart of everyone who thinks

of me,

Christ in the mouth of everyone who speaks

of me,

Christ in the eye that sees me,

Christ in the ear that hears me.

I arise today

Through the mighty strength

Of the Lord of creation.

I arise today

Through the strength of heaven;

Light of the sun,

Splendor of fire,

Speed of lightning,

Swiftness of the wind,

Depth of the sea,

Stability of the earth,

Firmness of the rock.

I arise today

Through God's strength to pilot

me;

God's might to uphold me,

God's wisdom to guide me,

God's eye to look before me,

God's ear to hear me,

God's word to speak for me,

God's hand to guard me,

God's way to lie before me,

God's shield to protect me,

God's hosts to save me

Afar and anear,

Alone or in a multitude.

Christ shield me today

Against wounding

Christ with me, Christ before me,

Christ behind me,

Christ in me,

Christ beneath me,

Christ above me,

Christ on my right,

Christ on my left,

Christ when I lie down,

Christ when I sit down,

Christ in the heart of everyone

who thinks of me,

Christ in the mouth of everyone

who speaks of me,

Christ in the eye that sees me,

Christ in the ear that hears me.

Christ when I lie down,

Christ when I sit down,

Christ in the heart of everyone

who thinks of me,

Christ in the mouth of everyone

who speaks of me,

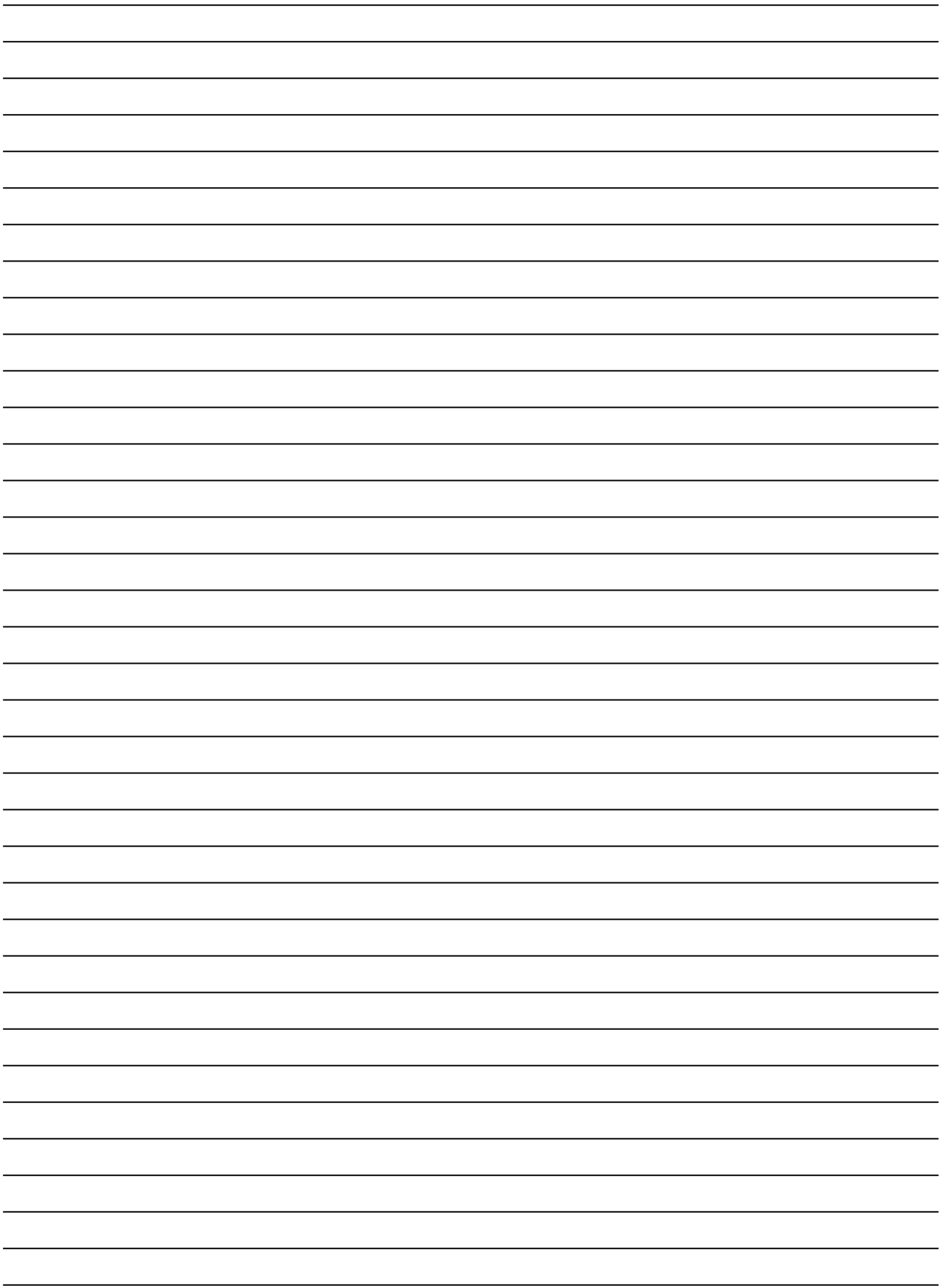
Christ in the eye that sees me,

Christ in the ear that hears me.

I arise today

Through the mighty strength

Of the Lord of creation.





Artist & Composer Study

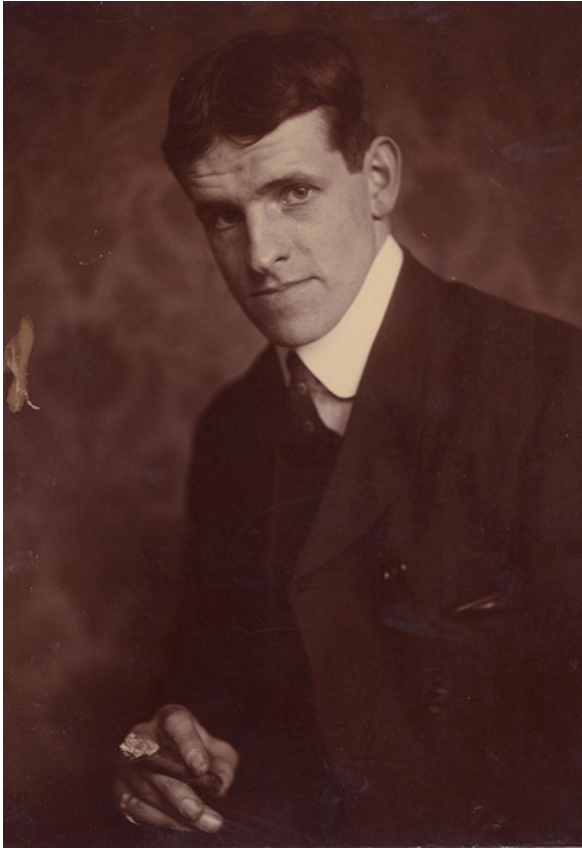
This session's featured artist is Jack Butler Yeates. We've included four art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *The Liffey Swim*
- *The Grafter*
- *That We May Never Meet Again*
- *Off The Irish Coast*

Our featured composer is John Field. We've included four of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- Nocturne in B flat major
- Nocturne in E minor
- Sonata No. 2 in A major
- Sonata No. 3 in C minor

Artist & Composer Study



Jack Butler Yeats

August 29, 1871 - March 28, 1957

Jack Butler Yeats was a painter and illustrator, widely considered to be one of the most important Irish artists. He was also the younger brother of the famous poet, William Butler Yeats.

Jack was born in 1871 in London, England. His early education took place at various boarding schools in England, and he later went on to study art in London.

However, in 1887 he returned to Ireland, where he spent most of his life. Early in his career, he worked as a magazine illustrator and created comic strips for various magazines.

Eventually Yeats turned to painting, and he produced hundreds of works throughout his career.

He often used the natural beauty of Ireland as a source of inspiration for his art, depicting scenes with pastoral landscapes or figures from Irish folklore, as well as portraits, horses, and circus performers. He was especially known for his use of color, light and texture to create a sense of atmosphere in his work.

In 1924, Yeats participated in the art competitions at the 1924 Summer Olympics, where he won the silver medal for his painting, *The Liffey Swim*.

In addition to painting, Yeats also wrote plays and was even a founding member of the Abbey Theatre, where a few of his own plays were performed.

Yeats was an influential figure in the Irish cultural revival of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and he played a key role in developing modernism in Irish art. He died in Dublin in 1957, however his influence can still be seen in present-day Irish art and he is remembered today as one of the greatest Irish artists of all time.

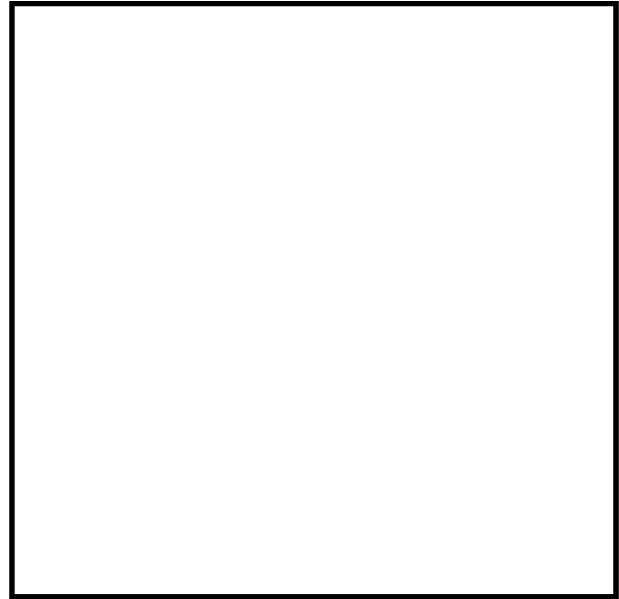
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____



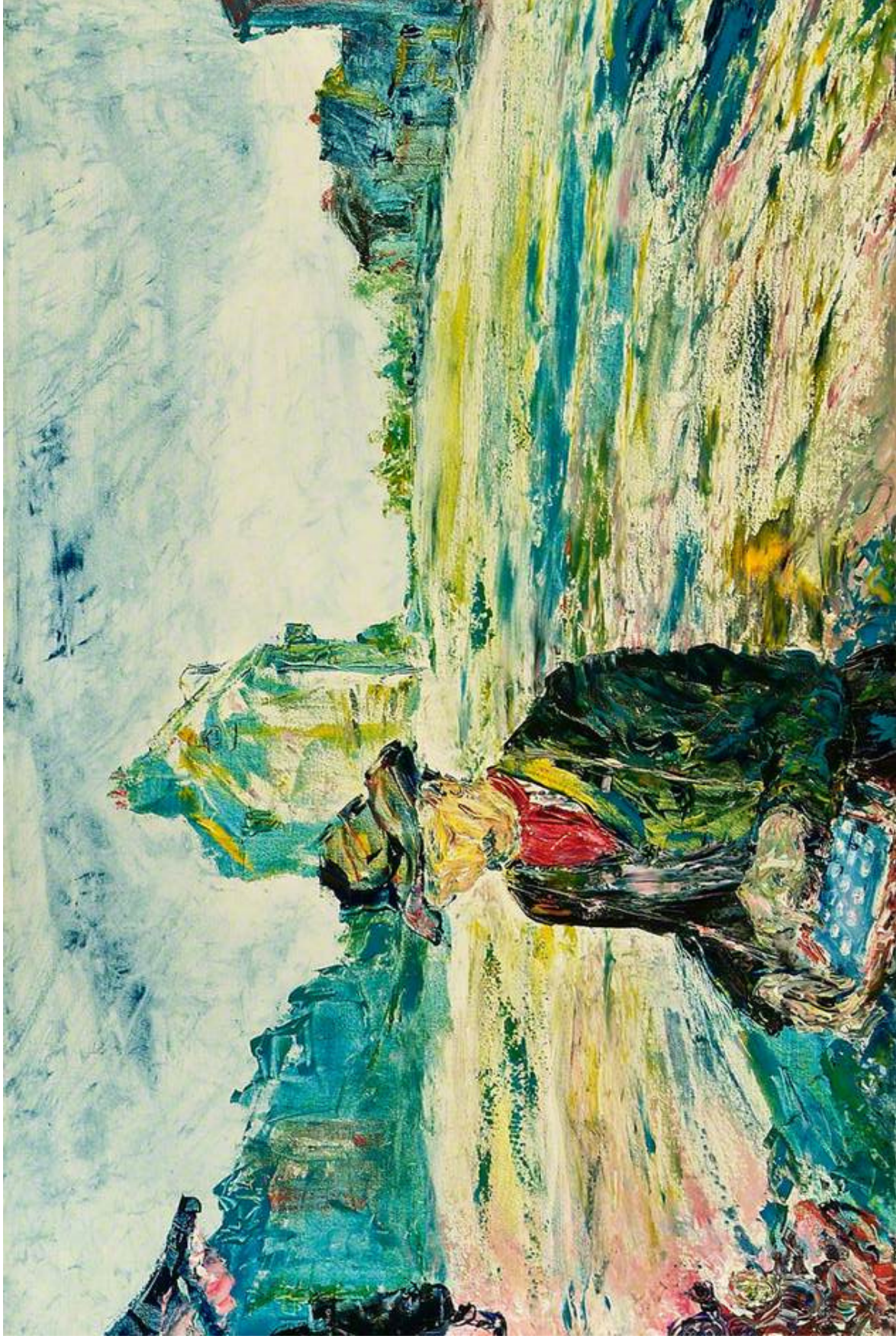
Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

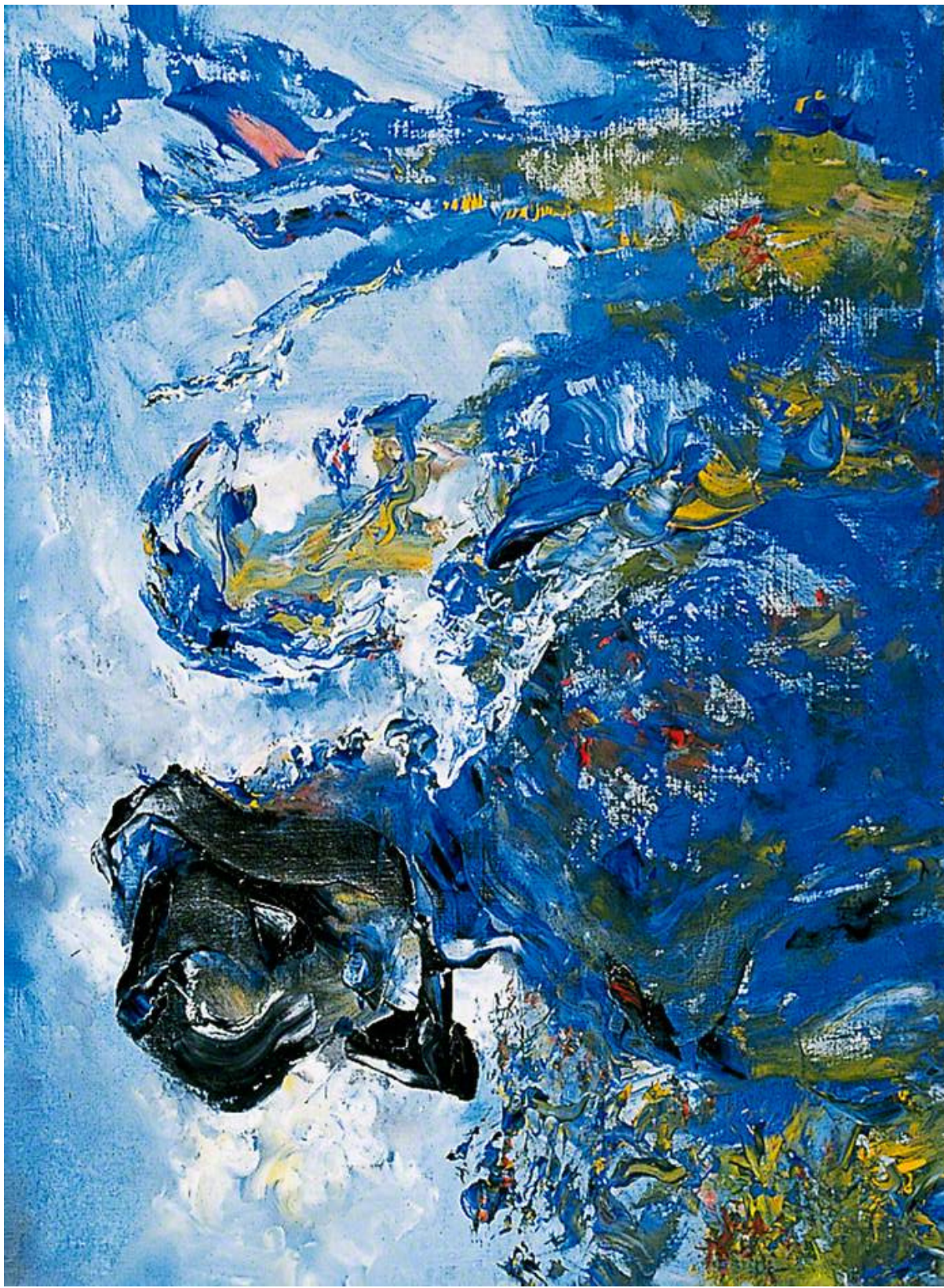
Further Study:



The Liffey Swim, 1923



The Grafters, 1946



That We May Never Meet Again, 1952-1958



Off The Irish Coast, 1942

Picture Study

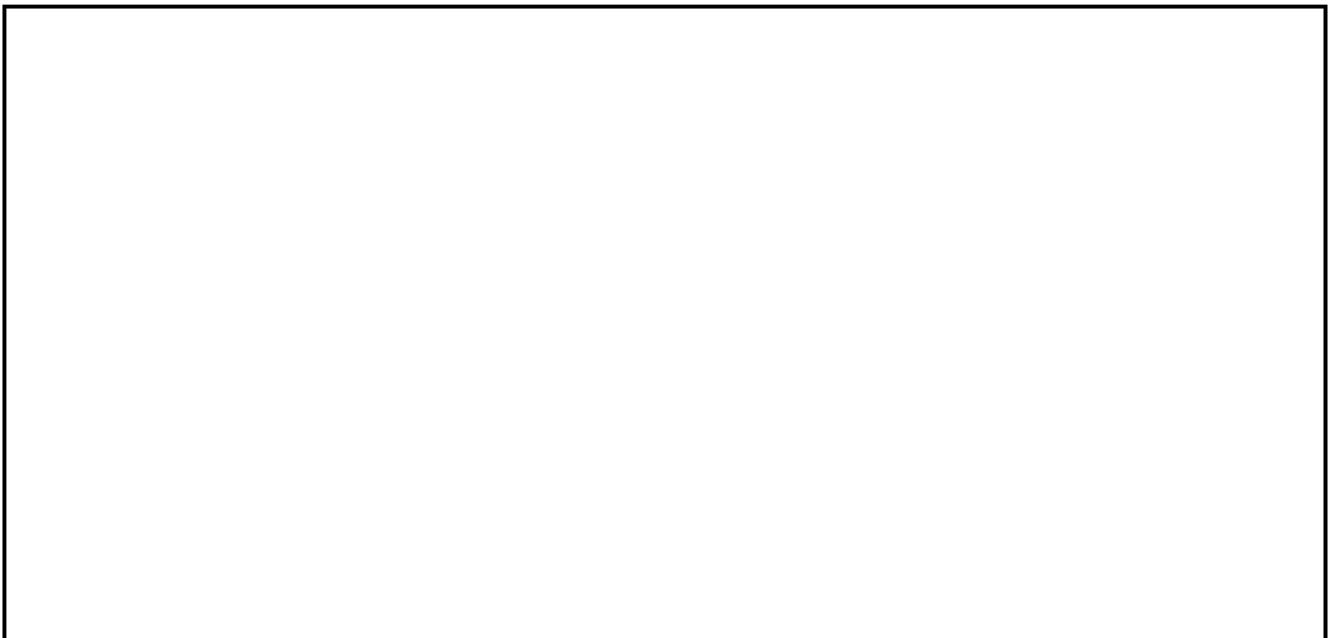
Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.





John Field

July 26, 1782 – January 23, 1837

John Field was born in Golden Lane, Dublin in 1782, the eldest son of Irish parents who were members of the Church of Ireland. His father, Robert Field, earned his living by playing the violin in Dublin theatres. Field first studied the piano under his grandfather (also named John Field), who was a professional organist, and later under Tommaso Giordani.

The Fields soon moved to London, where John studied under Muzio Clementi. Under Clementi's tutelage, he quickly became a famous and sought-after concert pianist. Together, master and pupil visited Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. Although no one is really sure why, Field's decision to remain in the former Russian capital was likely due to Field acting as a sales representative for the Clementi Pianos.

In summer of 1802 Field and Clementi left London and went to Paris on business. They soon travelled to Vienna, where Field took a brief course in counterpoint under Johann Georg Albrechtsberger, and in early winter arrived in Saint Petersburg. Field was taken with the artistic life of the city.

Clementi left in June 1803, but not before securing Field a teaching post in Narva and "appointing" the young man as his deputy, so that Field would receive similarly high fees. After Clementi's departure, Field had a busy concert season, eventually performing at the newly founded Saint Petersburg Philharmonic Society.

As a result of his extravagant lifestyle, Field's health began deteriorating by the mid 1820s. From about 1823 his concert appearances started decreasing; by the late 1820s he was suffering from cancer. Field left for London to seek medical attention. He arrived in September 1831 and, after an operation, gave concerts there and in Manchester.

He stayed in England for some time, meeting distinguished figures such as Mendelssohn and Moscheles. In March 1832 his former teacher and friend Clementi died, and Field acted as pallbearer at his funeral. On Christmas Day 1832 Field was in Paris, performing his 7th Piano Concerto, which received a mixed reaction. After a series of concerts in various European cities, Field spent nine months in a Naples hospital.

His Russian patrons rescued him. He briefly stayed with Carl Czerny in Vienna, where he gave three recitals, and then returned to Moscow with his son Adrien. He gave his last concert in March 1836 and died in Moscow almost a year later, on January 23, 1837, from pneumonia. He was buried in the Vvedenskoye Cemetery.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Nocturne in B flat Major

Week 2 - Nocturne in E minor

Week 3 - Sonata No. 2 in A major

Week 4 - Sonata No. 3 in C minor

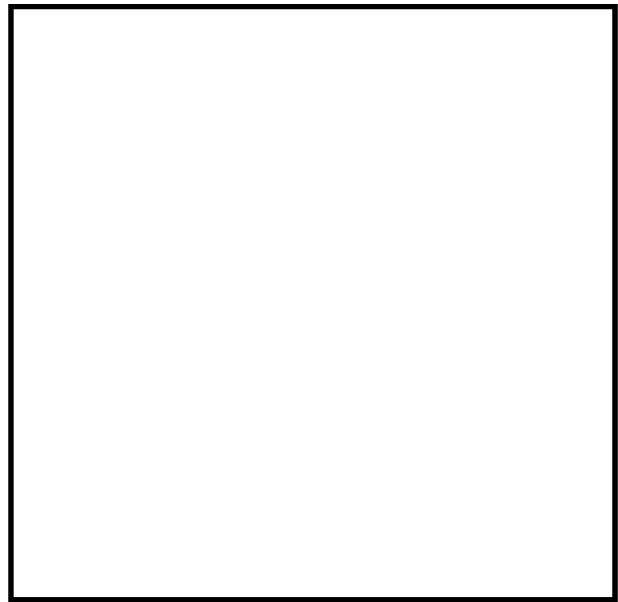
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: Be Thou My Vision

It was on Slane Hill in County Meath around 433 CE that St. Patrick lit candles on Easter Eve, defying a decree by High King Logaire of Tara that no one could light a fire before the king signaled the beginning of the pagan spring festival by lighting a fire on Tara Hill. King Logaire was so impressed by Patrick's devotion that, despite his defiance, he was permitted to continue his work as Ireland's first Christian missionary.

The original Irish Gaelic verse that was translated to Be Thou My Vision:

1. Rob tu mo bhoile, a Comdi cride.
Ní ní nech aile, acht ri secht nime.

2. Rob tu mo scrutain i llo 'san-aidche.
Rop tu atcheur im cotlad caidhce.

3. Rob tu mo labhradh, rob tu mo tuicsi,
Rob tusa damsá, rob misi duitsi.

4. Rob tusa m' athair, rob me do mac-sa.
Rob tusa lemsa, rob misi latsa.

5. Rob tu mo cathsciath, rob tu mo cloidem.
Rob tusa m' ordan, rob tusa m' airer.

6. Rob tu mo didiu rob tu mo daingen.
Rob tu romtogba a n-aontaig aingel.

7. Rob tu gach maithus dom curp, dom anmain.
Rob tu mo flaithus a nim occus i talmain.

8. Rob tusa t' oinar sainserc mo cridhe.
Ni rob nech aile, a airdrig nime.

9. Co talla orm rondul it lama
Mo cuid, mo cuisle ar med do grada.

10. Rob tusa at' aonar m'[f]jerann uais ammra
Ni cuingim doine na maine marba.

11. Rob tusa dinsir cech selb, cech saoghal;
Mar marb ar mbrenadh art fegad t' aonar.

12. Do serc am anmiun, do grad im craidhe
Tabuir dam amlaidh, a ri secht nime.

13. A ri secht nime, tabair dam amlaidh
Do gradh im cride, do serc im anmain.

14. Ac righ na n-uile ris iar mbuaid leire
Robeo i flaith nime, a gile grene.

15. Athair inmain, cluin, cluin mo nuallsa.
Mithig monuarán lasin truagan truaghsa.

16. A cride mo cridhe, cipead dommaire,
A flaith na n-uile, rob tu mo boile.

Hymn 351.

SLANE. 10 10 10 10.

Traditional Irish.
Har. by L. L. Dix.

(480)

A PRAYER.

To me to live is Christ.—PHIL. I. 21.

*From the Irish.
Tr. by Mary Byrne.*

BE Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart,
Nought be all else to me, save that Thou art;
Thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

2 Be Thou my Wisdom, be Thou my true Word,
I ever with Thee, and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, and I Thy dear son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

or **3** Be Thou my breast-plate, my sword for the fight,
Be Thou my armour, and be Thou my might;
Thou my soul's shelter, and Thou my high tower,
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

4 Riches I heed not nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance through all my days;
Thou, and Thou only, the first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art!

f **5** High King of heav'n, when the battle is done,
Grant heaven's joys to me, O bright heav'n's Sun;
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
f *ritto* Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all. Amen.

R

(481)

Folk Song: Cockles and Mussels

"Cockles and Mussels" The song tells the fictional tale of a fishmonger who plied her trade on the streets of Dublin, but who died young, of a fever. In the late 20th century a legend grew up that there was a historical Molly, who lived in the 17th century. This song has become an unofficial anthem for the beautiful city of Dublin.



Molly Malone statue in Dublin Ireland

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"
"Alive, alive, oh,
Alive, alive, oh,"
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".
She was a fishmonger
But sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they each wheel'd their barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels alive, alive oh!"
(chorus)
She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
But her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Cockles and Mussels

Irish traditional song

Lively (♩ = c.120)

mf

Voice

1. In Dub - lin's fair
2. She was a fish -
3. She died of a

Piano

mf

4

ci - ty, Where girls are so pret - ty, I
mong - er, But sure 'twas no won - der, For
fev - er, And no one could save her, And

Piano

7

first set my eyes on sweet Mol - ly Mal - one, As she
so were her fath - er and moth - er be - fore, And they
that was the end of sweet Mol - ly Mal - one, But her

Piano

11

wheeled her wheel-bar-row Through streetsbroad and nar-row, Cry-ing,
 each wheeled their bar-row Through streetsbroad and nar-row, Cry-ing,
 ghost wheels her bar-row Through streetsbroad and nar-row, Cry-ing,

15

'Cock - les and mus - sels! A - live, a - live oh! A -
 'Cock - les and mus - sels! A - live, a - live oh!
 'Cock - les and mus - sels! A - live, a - live oh!

19

live, a - live oh!_ A - live, a - live oh!_ Cry-ing,

23

'Cock - les and mus - sels! A - live, a - live oh!'

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord

of my heart;

Naught be all else to me,

save that Thou art -

Thou my best Thought, by

day or by night;

Waking or sleeping, Thy

presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and

Thou my true Word;

I ever with Thee and Thou

with me, Lord.

Thou my great Father;

and I Thy true son;

Thou in me dwelling and

with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield,

Sword for the fight;

Be Thou my Dignity, Thou

my Delight;

Thou my Soul's Shelter,

Thou my high Tower:

Raise Thou me heav'nward,

O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor

man's empty praise,

Those mine Inheritance,

now and always:

Thou and Thou only, be

first in my heart,

High King of Heaven, my

Treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my

victory won,

May I reach Heaven's

May I reach Heaven's joys,

O bright Heaven's Sun!

Heart of my own heart,

whatever befall,

Still be my Vision, O Ruler

of all.

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art –

Thou my best Thought, by day or by night;

Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;

I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord.

Thou my great Father; and I Thy true son;

Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the fight;

Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;

Thou my Soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tower:

Raise Thou me heav'nward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,

Those mine Inheritance, now and always:

Thou and Thou only, be first in my heart,

High King of Heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory won,

May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heav'n's Sun!

Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,

Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of

my heart;

Naught be all else to me, save

that Thou art -

Thou my best Thought, by day

or by night;

Waking or sleeping, Thy presence

my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou

my true Word;

I ever with Thee and Thou with

me, Lord.

Thou my great Father; and I

Thy true son;

Thou in me dwelling and I

with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword

for the fight;

Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my

Delight;

Thou my Soul's Shelter, Thou

my high Tower:

Raise Thou me heav'nward, O

Pow'r of my pow'r.

Riches I heed not, nor man's
empty praise,

Thou mine Inheritance, now
and always:

Thou and Thou only, be first in
my heart,

High King of Heaven, my Treasure
Thou art.

High King of Heaven, my victory

won,

May I reach Heaven's joys, O

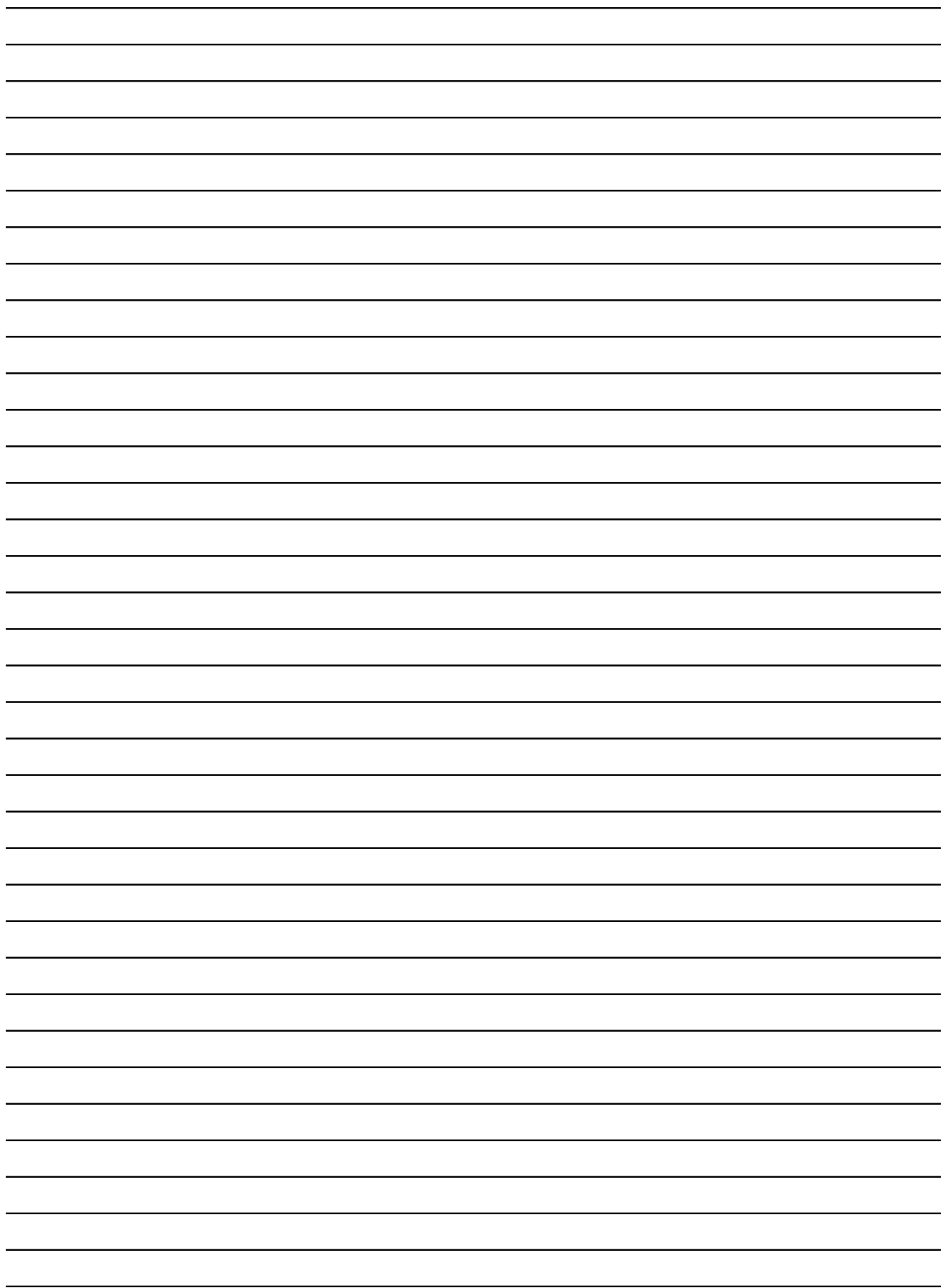
bright Heav'n's Sun!

Heart of my own heart, whatever

befall,

Still be my vision, O Ruler of

all.





Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is William Butler Yeats. We've included two poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

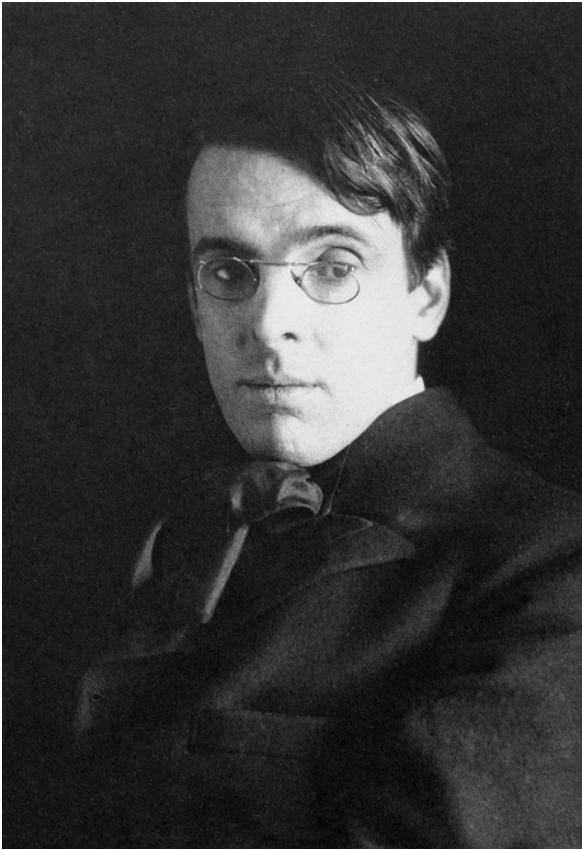
- The Lake Isle of Innisfree
- The Wild Swans at Coole

These two poems are also available as copywork. We have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students.

“Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire.”

~ William Butler Yeats

Poetry Recitation & Copywork



William Butler Yeats

June 13, 1865 - January 28, 1939

William Butler Yeats was an Irish poet and dramatist. His works often focused on themes of love, politics, nature and mythology. He also wrote a number of plays, short stories and essays, and was one of the leading figures in the Irish Literary Revival.

Yeats was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1865. His early life was spent in both London and Ireland. He attended a number of different schools while his family traveled, before studying English literature at the Metropolitan School of Art in Dublin (now the National College of Art and Design). He then went on to study poetry and philosophy at the universities of St Andrews and Oxford.

His literary career began with his first publication, a collection of poems titled 'Mosada: A Dramatic Poem,' in 1886. He quickly gained recognition for his lyrical works. As he developed as a writer, Yeats experimented with new forms of poetry, and increasingly drew inspiration from his own life and experiences, as well as poets such as Oscar Wilde, Percy Shelley, and William Blake.

Yeats is widely acclaimed for his contributions to poetry, and he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923. In his works, Yeats explored themes of mortality, history and mythology with a unique blend of symbolism and vivid imagery. He developed an obsession with Irish mysticism and legend, which greatly influenced his later work. His most famous poem, "The Wild Swans at Coole," was one of the earliest examples of Celtic Revival artistry that would come to define modern Irish literature.

His later career saw Yeates become a leader of the Irish literary revival, a movement which focused on celebrating and reviving Ireland's artistic heritage. He and his brother, Jack Butler Yeats, helped found the Abbey Theatre, which they used to promote Irish writers and plays. He was also heavily involved in the political movements for Irish independence from Britain and was even appointed as a Senator in 1922 by President Eamon de Valera.

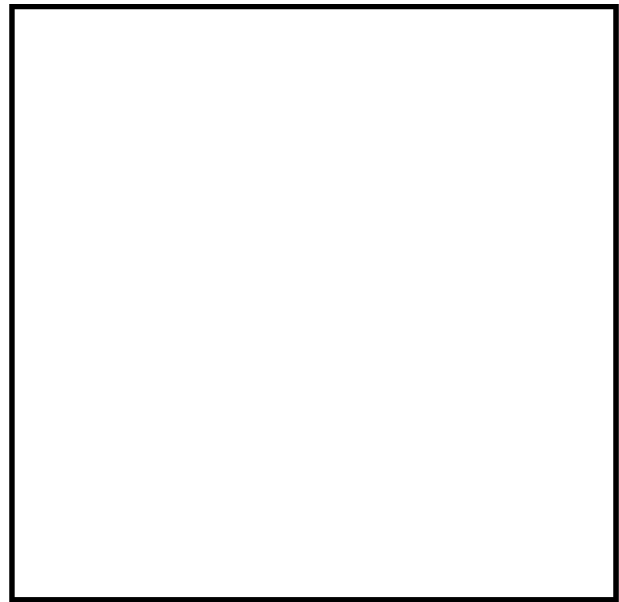
Yeats died in 1939 at his home outside Dublin, leaving behind a legacy that is still felt today. His influence can be seen in modern poetry and literature, as well as in the political realm. He remains an iconic figure of Irish culture and his works continue to inspire generations of readers.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

W. B. Yeats Selections

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

The Wild Swans at Coole

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trode with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

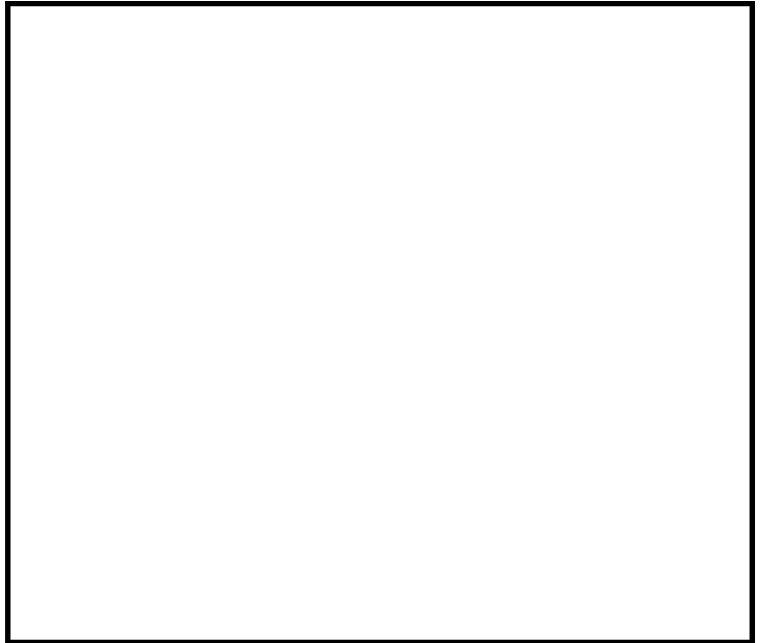
But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

I will arise and go now,

and go to Innisfree,

And a small cabin build

there, of clay and wattles

made:

Nine bean-rows will I

have there, a hive for the

honey-bee;

And live alone in the

bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some

peace there, for peace

comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of

the morning to where the

cricket sings;

There midnight's all a

glimmer, and noon a purple

glow,

And evening full of the

linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now,

for always night and day

I hear lake water lapping

with low sounds by the

shore;

While I stand on the

roadway, or on the

pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep

heart's core.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,

And a small cabin build there, of clay and

wattles made:

Nine bean-rows will I have there,

a hive for the honey-bee;

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace

comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to

where the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a

purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds

by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the

pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

I will arise and go now, and

go to Innisfree,

And a small cabin build there,

of clay and wattles made:

Nine bean-rows will I have

there, a hive for the honey-bee;

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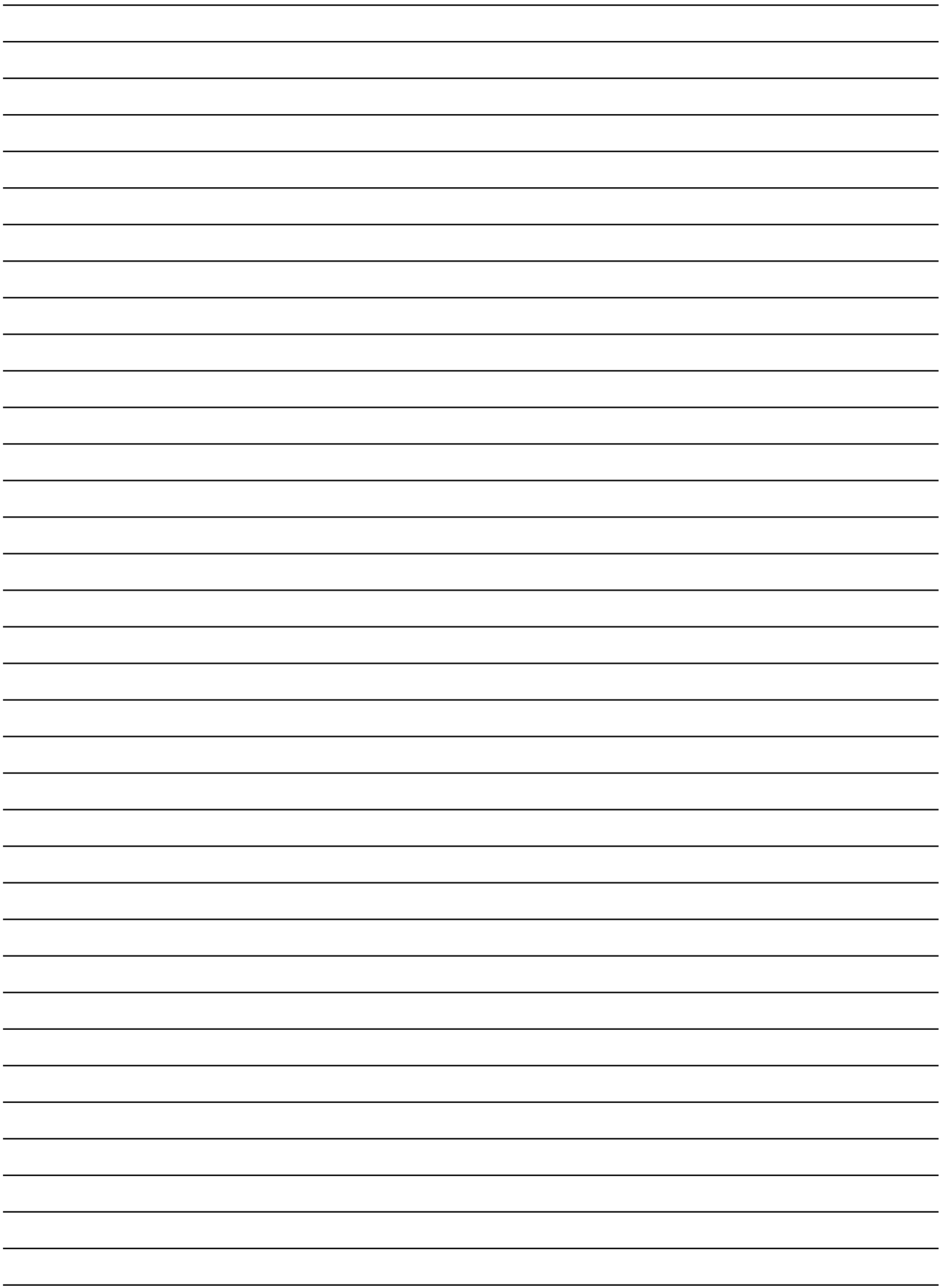
I will arise and go now, for
always night and day

I hear lake water lapping with
low sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway,
or on the pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dashed midline for letter height guidance.



The trees are in their

autumn beauty,

The woodland paths are

dry.

Under the October

twilight the water

Mirrors a still sky;

Upon the brimming water

among the stones

Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has

come upon me

Since I first made my

count;

I saw, before I had well

finished,

All suddenly mount

And scatter wheeling in

great broken rings

Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those

brilliant creatures,

And now my heart is sore.

All's changed since I,

hearing at twilight,

The first time on this

shore,

The bell-beat of their

wings above my head,

Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by

lover,

They paddle in the cold

Companionable streams or

climb the air;

Their hearts have not

grown old;

Passion or conquest,

wander where they will,

Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the

still water,

Mysterious, beautiful;

Among what rushes will

they build,

By what lake's edge or pool

Delight men's eyes when I

awake some day

To find they have flown

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The trees are in their autumn beauty,

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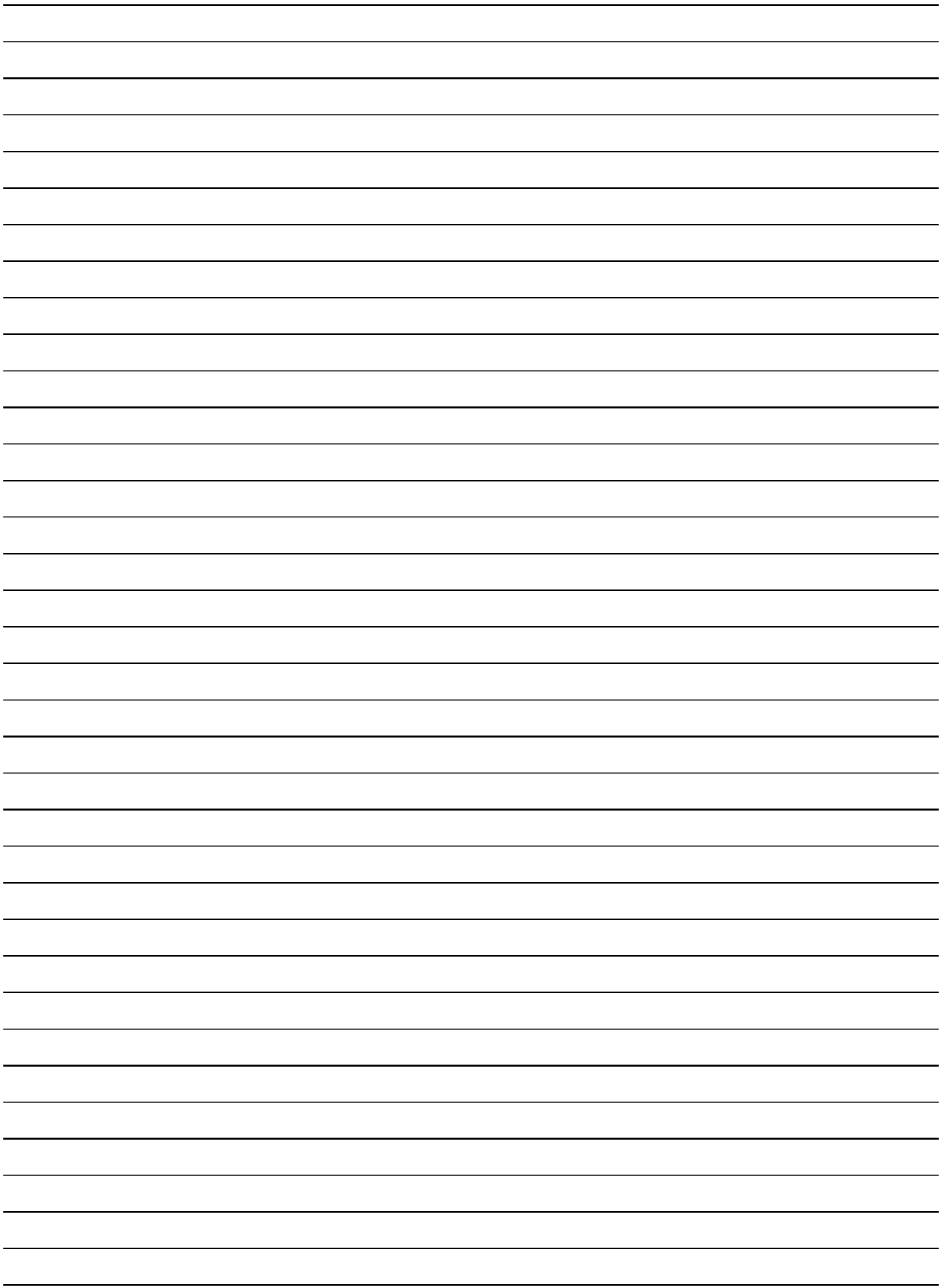
build,

By what lake's edge or pool

Delight men's eyes when I

awake some day

To find they have flown away?





Tea Times

In this session we are giving you four recipes for our teatimes: Irish Brown Bread, Irish Potato Pancakes, Irish Soda Bread Scones, and Irish Oat Flapjacks.

We will also have four Fairy Tale teas:

Fairy Tale Tea 1: *The Leprechaun*, by William Allingham

Fairy Tale Tea 2: *Legend of Knockmany*, by Carleton

Fairy Tale Tea 3: *The Priest's Supper* by T. Crofton Croker

Fairy Tale Tea 4: *The Fairies' Passage* by James Clarence Mangan

*"Joy is of the will which labours, which
overcomes obstacles, which knows triumph."*

~ William Butler Yeats

Tea Times

Irish Brown Bread

Ingredients

2 cups whole wheat flour
2 cups all purpose flour
1 1/2 tsp baking soda
3/4 tsp salt
1 Tbsp brown sugar
2 cups buttermilk

Directions

Preheat your oven to 450°F.
In a large mixing bowl, sift together the whole wheat and all purpose flours, baking soda, salt, and brown sugar.



Make a well in the center of the dry ingredients and pour in the buttermilk. With a spoon, or your hands, mix everything together until a sticky dough forms. You can add a small splash of extra liquid if your dough seems too dry.

Transfer the dough to a lightly floured surface and knead it about 4-5 times until it a bit smoother and less sticky. Roughly shape the dough into a fat disk about 8 inches across. With a sharp knife, cut two slashes, about 1/4" deep, into the top of the loaf in the shape of an X. Transfer to a baking sheet.

Bake for 15 minutes, then turn the oven down to 400°F and bake for 15-20 more minutes. The bread should be puffed up, golden brown, and sound hollow when tapped on the bottom when done. Allow to cool on a baking rack before slicing.



Irish Soda Bread Scones

Ingredients

1 lb (about 3 1/3 cups) all purpose flour
1 tsp salt
1 tsp baking soda
2 Tbsp granulated sugar (optional)
1 3/4 cup buttermilk

Directions

Preheat oven to 450°F and line a baking sheet with parchment paper. In a mixing bowl, whisk together the flour, baking soda, salt, and sugar.

Slowly add the buttermilk to the flour mixture until the dough is shaggy but not too sticky and wet. You may not need to use quite all of the buttermilk.

Place the dough on a well-floured surface and quickly knead a couple of times to bring it together. Gently pat it into a disc about 1 inch thick, and cut out about 8 scones, reshaping the dough as needed. You can also cut traditional triangles, as well.

Place the scones on the prepared baking pan, turn down the oven to 400°F, and bake for about 20 minutes until well risen and golden on top. Serve warm with butter and jam, or alongside soups and stews.

Irish Potato Pancakes

Ingredients

8 oz mashed potato
1/2 oz melted butter
1 or 2 oz flour
1 level teaspoon of salt
pinch of pepper

Directions

Chop up two washed (not peeled) medium sized potatoes. Place in boiling water and cook until soft enough to mash.



Drain and mix the potato, salt, pepper, margarine and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out to 1/4 inch thick and cut into 8 pieces. Fry in a greased pan browning both sides. Spread with butter or sandwich fillings. (Optional: Add a dollop of sour cream on top.)

Irish Oat Flapjacks

Ingredients

3 1/2 cups oats
1/2 cup shredded coconut
3/4 cup butter
5/8 cup light brown sugar
6 tbsp maple syrup
1 1/4 cup dark chocolate, melted
(optional)



Directions

Preheat the oven to 350°F. Grease a shallow 8-inch square baking tin and line with parchment paper.

Put the rolled oats in a large bowl with the desiccated coconut and sunflower seeds, around 1-2 tbsp.

Melt the butter, sugar and maple syrup in a pan over a low heat until the sugar has dissolved, then pour it into the rolled oat mixture. Mix well, then pour the mixture into the prepared tin and press down well.

Bake in the oven for about 20 minutes, or until golden brown. Allow to cool completely in the tin on a wire rack. With a sharp knife loosen round the edges.

When firm and cool, pour over the dark chocolate and spread evenly over the surface. Allow to set in a cool place before removing from the tin and slicing into rectangles.

The Leprechaun

by William Allingham

I.

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!—
Only the grasshopper and the bee?—
"Tip tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man!

II.

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!
"Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;

Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!"
Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them fill'd
Full to the brim
With gold!

III.

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows,—
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron—shoe in his lap—
"Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tick-tack-too!
(A grasshopper on my cap!
Away the moth flew!)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,—
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done!"
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
I stared at him; he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph!" says he,
And pull'd a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
The queer little Lepracaun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone!

A Legend of Knockmany

by William Carleton

What Irish man, woman, or child has not heard of our renowned Hibernian Hercules, the great and glorious Fin M'Coul? Not one, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, nor from that back again to Cape Clear. And, by-the-way, speaking of the Giant's Causeway brings me at once to the beginning of my story. Well, it so happened that Fin and his gigantic relatives were all working at the Causeway, in order to make a bridge, or what was still better, a good stout pad-road, across to Scotland; when Fin, who was very fond of his wife Oonagh, took it into his head that he would go home and see how the poor woman got on in his absence. To be sure, Fin was a true Irishman, and so the sorrow thing in life brought him back, only to see that she was snug and comfortable, and, above all things, that she got her rest well at night; for he knew that the poor woman, when he was with her, used to be subject to nightly qualms and configurations, that kept him very anxious, decent man, striving to keep her up to the good spirits and health that she had when they were first married. So, accordingly, he pulled up a fir-tree, and, after lopping off the roots and branches, made a walking-stick of it, and set out on his way to Oonagh.

Oonagh, or rather Fin, lived at this time on the very tip-top of Knockmany Hill, which faces a cousin of its own called Cullamore, that rises up, half-hill, half-mountain, on the opposite side—east-east by south, as the sailors say, when they wish to puzzle a landsman.

Now, the truth is, for it must come out, that honest Fin's affection for his wife, though cordial enough in itself, was by no manner of means the real cause of his journey home. There was at that time another giant, named Cucullin—some say he was Irish, and some say he was Scotch—but whether Scotch or Irish, sorrow doubt of it but he was a targer. No other giant of the day could stand before him; and such was his strength, that, when well vexed, he could give a stamp that shook the country about him. The fame and name of him went far and near; and nothing in the shape of a man, it was said, had any chance with him in a fight. Whether the story is true or not, I cannot say, but the report went that, by one blow of his fists he flattened a thunderbolt, and kept it in his pocket, in the shape of a pancake, to show to all his enemies, when they were about to fight him.

Undoubtedly he had given every giant in Ireland a considerable beating, barring Fin M'Coul himself; and he swore, by the solemn contents of Moll Kelly's Primer, that he would never rest, night or day, winter or summer, till he would serve Fin with the same sauce, if he could catch him. Fin, however, who no doubt was the cock of the walk on his own dunghill, had a strong disinclination to meet a giant who could make a young earthquake, or flatten a thunderbolt when he was angry; so he accordingly kept dodging about from place to place, not much to his credit as a Trojan, to be sure, whenever he happened to get the hard word that Cucullin was on the scent of him. This, then, was the marrow of the whole movement, although he put it on his anxiety to see Oonagh; and I am not saying but there was some truth in that too. However, the short and long of it was, with reverence be it spoken, that he heard Cucullin was coming to the Causeway to have a trial of strength with him; and he was naturally enough seized, in consequence, with a very warm and sudden sit of affection for his wife, poor woman, who was delicate in her health, and leading, besides, a very lonely, uncomfortable life of it (he assured them) in his absence. He accordingly pulled up the fir-tree, as I said before, and having snedded it into a walking-stick, set out on his affectionate travels to see his darling Oonagh on the top of Knockmany, by the way.

In truth, to state the suspicions of the country at the time, the people wondered very much why it was that Fin selected such a windy spot for his dwelling-house, and they even went so far as to tell him as much.

"What can you mane, Mr. M'Coul," said they, "by pitching your tent upon the top of Knockmany, where you never are without a breeze, day or night, winter or summer, and where you're often forced to take your nightcap without either going to bed or turning up your little finger; ay, an' where, besides this, there's the sorrow's own want of water?"

"Why," said Fin, "ever since I was the height of a round tower, I was known to be fond of having a good prospect of my own; and where the dickens, neighbours, could I find a better spot for a good prospect than the top of Knockmany? As for water, I am sinking a pump, and, plase goodness, as soon as the Causeway's made, I intend to finish it."

Now, this was more of Fin's philosophy; for the real state of the case was, that he pitched upon the top of Knockmany in order that he might be able to see Cucullin coming towards the house, and, of course, that he himself might go to look after his distant transactions in other parts of the country, rather than—but no matter—we do not wish to be too hard on Fin. All we have to say is, that if he wanted a spot from which to keep a sharp look-out—and, between ourselves, he did want it grievously—barring Slieve Croob, or Slieve Donard, or its own cousin, Cullamore, he could not find a neater or more convenient situation for it in the sweet and sagacious province of Ulster.

"God save all here!" said Fin, good-humouredly, on putting his honest face into his own door.

"Musha, Fin, avick, an' you're welcome home to your own Oonagh, you darlin' bully." Here followed a smack that is said to have made the waters of the lake at the bottom of the hill curl, as it were, with kindness and sympathy.

"Faith," said Fin, "beautiful; an' how are you, Oonagh—and how did you sport your figure during my absence, my bilberry?"

"Never a merrier—as bouncing a grass widow as ever there was in sweet 'Tyrone among the bushes."

Fin gave a short, good-humoured cough, and laughed most heartily, to show her how much he was delighted that she made herself happy in his absence.

"An' what brought you home so soon, Fin?" said she.

"Why, avourneen," said Fin, putting in his answer in the proper way, "never the thing but the purest of love and affection for yourself. Sure you know that's truth, anyhow, Oonagh."

Fin spent two or three happy days with Oonagh, and felt himself very comfortable, considering the dread he had of Cucullin. This, however, grew upon him so much that his wife could not but perceive something lay on his mind which he kept altogether to himself. Let a woman alone, in the meantime, for ferreting or wheedling a secret out of her good man, when she wishes. Fin was a proof of this.

"It's this Cucullin," said he, "that's troubling me. When the fellow gets angry, and begins to stamp, he'll shake you a whole townland; and it's well known that he can stop a thunderbolt, for he always carries one about him in the shape of a pancake, to show to anyone that might misdoubt it."

As he spoke, he clapped his thumb in his mouth, which he always did when he wanted to prophesy, or to know anything that happened in his absence; and the wife, who knew what he did it for, said, very sweetly,

"Fin, darling, I hope you don't bite your thumb at me, dear?"

"No," said Fin; "but I bite my thumb, acushla," said he.

"Yes, jewel; but take care and don't draw blood," said she. "Ah, Fin! don't, my bully—don't."

"He's coming," said Fin; "I see him below Dungannon."

"Thank goodness, dear! an' who is it, avick? Glory be to God!"

"That baste, Cucullin," replied Fin; "and how to manage I don't know. If I run away, I am disgraced; and I know that sooner or later I must meet him, for my thumb tells me so."

"When will he be here?" said she.

"To-morrow, about two o'clock," replied Fin, with a groan.

"Well, my bully, don't be cast down," said Oonagh; "depend on me, and maybe I'll bring you better out of this scrape than ever you could bring yourself, by your rule o' thumb."

This quieted Fin's heart very much, for he knew that Oonagh was hand and glove with the fairies; and, indeed, to tell the truth, she was supposed to be a fairy herself. If she was, however, she must have been a kind-hearted one, for, by all accounts, she never did anything but good in the neighbourhood.

Now it so happened that Oonagh had a sister named Granua, living opposite them, on the very top of Cullamore, which I have mentioned already, and this Granua was quite as powerful as herself. The beautiful valley that lies between them is not more than about three or four miles broad, so that of a summer's evening, Granua and Oonagh were able to hold many an agreeable conversation across it, from the one hill-top to the other. Upon this occasion Oonagh resolved to consult her sister as to what was best to be done in the difficulty that surrounded them.

"Granua," said she, "are you at home?"

"No," said the other; "I'm picking bilberries in Althadhawan" (Anglicé, the Devil's Glen).

"Well," said Oonagh, "get up to the top of Cullamore, look about you, and then tell us what you see."

"Very well," replied Granua; after a few minutes, "I am there now."

"What do you see?" asked the other.

"Goodness be about us!" exclaimed Granua, "I see the biggest giant that ever was known coming up from Dungannon."

"Ay," said Oonagh, "there's our difficulty. That giant is the great Cucullin; and he's now commin' up to leather Fin. What's to be done?"

"I'll call to him," she replied, "to come up to Cullamore and refresh himself, and maybe that will give you and Fin time to think of some plan to get yourselves out of the scrape. But," she proceeded, "I'm short of butter, having in the house only half-a-dozen firkins, and as I'm to have a few giants and giantesses to spend the evenin' with me, I'd feel thankful, Oonagh, if you'd throw me up fifteen or sixteen tubs, or the largest miscaun you have got, and you'll oblige me very much."

"I'll do that with a heart and a-half," replied Oonagh; "and, indeed, Granua, I feel myself under great obligations to you for your kindness in keeping him off of us till we see what can be done; for what would become of us all if anything happened Fin, poor man."

She accordingly got the largest miscaun of butter she had—which might be about the weight of a couple a dozen mill-stones, so that you may easily judge of its size—and calling up to her sister, "Granua," said she, "are you ready? I'm going to throw you up a miscaun, so be prepared to catch it."

"I will," said the other; "a good throw now, and take care it does not fall short."

Oonagh threw it; but, in consequence of her anxiety about Fin and Cucullin, she forgot to say the charm that was to send it up, so that, instead of reaching Cullamore, as she expected, it fell about half-way between the two hills, at the edge of the Broad Bog near Augher.

"My curse upon you!" she exclaimed; "you've disgraced me. I now change you into a grey stone. Lie there as a testimony of what has happened; and may evil betide the first living man that will ever attempt to remove or injure you!"

And, sure enough, there it lies to this day, with the mark of the four fingers and thumb imprinted in it, exactly as it came out of her hand.

"Never mind," said Granua, "I must only do the best I can with Cucullin. If all fail, I'll give him a cast of heather broth to keep the wind out of his stomach, or a panada of oak-bark to draw it in a bit; but, above all things, think of some plan to get Fin out of the scrape he's in, otherwise he's a lost man. You know you used to be sharp and ready-witted; and my own opinion, Oonagh, is, that it will go hard with you, or you'll outdo Cucullin yet."

She then made a high smoke on the top of the hill, after which she put her finger in her mouth, and gave three whistles, and by that Cucullin knew he was invited to Cullamore—for this was the way that the Irish long ago gave a sign to all strangers and travellers, to let them know they were welcome to come and take share of whatever was going.

In the meantime, Fin was very melancholy, and did not know what to do, or how to act at all. Cucullin was an ugly customer, no doubt, to meet with; and, moreover, the idea of the confounded "cake" aforesaid flattened the very heart within him. What chance could he have, strong and brave though he was, with a man who could, when put in a passion, walk the country into earthquakes and knock thunderbolts into pancakes? The thing was impossible; and Fin knew not on what hand to turn him. Right or left—backward or forward—where to go he could form no guess whatsoever.

"Oonagh," said he, "can you do nothing for me? Where's all your invention? Am I to be skivered like a rabbit before your eyes, and to have my name disgraced forever in the sight of all my tribe, and me the best man among them? How am I to fight this man-mountain—this huge cross between an earthquake and a thunderbolt?—with a pancake in his pocket that was once—"

"Be easy, Fin," replied Oonagh; "troth, I'm ashamed of you. Keep your toe in your pump, will you? Talking of pancakes, maybe we'll give him as good as any he brings with him—thunderbolt or otherwise. If I don't treat him to as smart feeding as he's got this many a day, never trust Oonagh again. Leave him to me, and do just as I bid you."

This relieved Fin very much; for, after all, he had great confidence in his wife, knowing, as he did, that she had got him out of many a quandary before. The present, however, was the greatest of all; but still he began to get courage, and was able to eat his victuals as usual. Oonagh then drew the nine woollen threads of different colours, which she always did to find out the best way of succeeding in anything of importance she went about. She then platted them into three plats with three colours in each, putting one on her right arm, one round her heart, and the third round her right ankle, for then she knew that nothing could fail with her that she undertook.

Having everything now prepared, she sent round to the neighbours and borrowed one-and-twenty iron griddles, which she took and kneaded into the hearts of one-and-twenty cakes of bread, and these she baked on the fire in the usual way, setting them aside in the cupboard according as they were done. She then put down a large pot of new milk, which she made into curds and whey, and gave Fin due instructions how to use the curds when Cucullin should come. Having done all this, she sat down quite contented, waiting for his arrival on the next day about two o'clock, that being the hour at which he was expected—for Fin knew as much by the sucking of his thumb. Now, this was a curious property that Fin's thumb had; but, notwithstanding all the wisdom and logic he used, to suck out of it, it could never have stood to him here were it not for the wit of his wife. In this very thing, moreover, he was very much resembled by his great foe, Cucullin; for it was well known that the huge strength he possessed all lay in the middle finger of his right hand, and that, if he happened by any mischance to lose it, he was no more, notwithstanding his bulk, than a common man.

At length, the next day, he was seen coming across the valley, and Oonagh knew that it was time to commence operations. She immediately made the cradle, and desired Fin to lie down in it, and cover himself up with the clothes.

"You must pass for you own child," said she; "so just lie there snug, and say nothing, but be guided by me." This, to be sure, was wormwood to Fin—I mean going into the cradle in such a cowardly manner—but he knew Oonagh well; and finding that he had nothing else for it, with a very rueful face he gathered himself into it, and lay snug, as she had desired him.

About two o'clock, as he had been expected, Cucullin came in. "God save all here!" said he; "is this where the great Fin M'Coul lives?"

"Indeed it is, honest man," replied Oonagh; "God save you kindly—won't you be sitting?"

"Thank you, ma'am," says he, sitting down; "you're Mrs. M'Coul, I suppose?"

"I am," said she; "and I have no reason, I hope, to be ashamed of my husband."

"No," said the other, "he has the name of being the strongest and bravest man in Ireland; but for all that, there's a man not far from you that's very desirous of taking a shake with him. Is he at home?"

"Why, then, no," she replied; "and if ever a man left his house in a fury, he did. It appears that some one told him of a big basthoon of a giant called Cucullin being down at the Causeway to look for him, and so he set out there to try if he could catch him. Troth, I hope, for the poor giant's sake, he won't meet with him, for if he does, Fin will make paste of him at once."

"Well," said the other, "I am Cucullin, and I have been seeking him these twelve months, but he always kept clear of me; and I will never rest night or day till I lay my hands on him."

At this Oonagh set up a loud laugh, of great contempt, by-the-way, and looked at him as if he was only a mere handful of a man.

"Did you ever see Fin?" said she, changing her manner all at once.

"How could I?" said he; "he always took care to keep his distance."

"I thought so," she replied; "I judged as much; and if you take my advice, you poor-looking creature, you'll pray night and day that you may never see him, for I tell you it will be a black day for you when you do. But, in the meantime, you perceive that the wind's on the door, and as Fin himself is from home, maybe you'd be civil enough to turn the house, for it's always what Fin does when he's here."

This was a startler even to Cucullin; but he got up, however, and after pulling the middle finger of his right hand until it cracked three times, he went outside, and getting his arms about the house, completely turned it as she had wished. When Fin saw this, he felt a certain description of moisture, which shall be nameless, oozing out through every pore of his skin; but Oonagh, depending upon her woman's wit, felt not a whit daunted.

"Arrah, then," said she, "as you are so civil, maybe you'd do another obliging turn for us, as Fin's not here to do it himself. You see, after this long stretch of dry weather we've had, we feel very badly off for want of water. Now, Fin says there's a fine spring-well somewhere under the rocks behind the hill here below, and it was his intention to pull them asunder; but having heard of you, he left the place in such a fury, that he never thought of it. Now, if you try to find it, troth I'd feel it a kindness."

She then brought Cucullin down to see the place, which was then all one solid rock; and, after looking at it for some time, he cracked his right middle finger nine times, and, stooping down, tore a cleft about four hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile in length, which has since been christened by the name of Lumford's Glen. This feat nearly threw Oonagh herself off her guard; but what won't a woman's sagacity and presence of mind accomplish?

"You'll now come in," said she, "and eat a bit of such humble fare as we can give you. Fin, even although he and you are enemies, would scorn not to treat you kindly in his own house; and, indeed, if I didn't do it even in his absence, he would not be pleased with me."

"You'll now come in," said she, "and eat a bit of such humble fare as we can give you. Fin, even although he and you are enemies, would scorn not to treat you kindly in his own house; and, indeed, if I didn't do it even in his absence, he would not be pleased with me."

She accordingly brought him in, and placing half-a-dozen of the cakes we spoke of before him, together with a can or two of butter, a side of boiled bacon, and a stack of cabbage, she desired him to help himself—for this, be it known, was long before the invention of potatoes. Cucullin, who, by the way, was a glutton as well as a hero, put one of the cakes in his mouth to take a huge whack out of it, when both Fin and Oonagh were stunned with a noise that resembled something between a growl and a yell. "Blood and fury!" he shouted; "how is this? Here are two of my teeth out! What kind of bread is this you gave me?"

"What's the matter?" said Oonagh coolly.

"Matter!" shouted the other again; "why, here are the two best teeth in my head gone."

"Why," said she, "that's Fin's bread—the only bread he ever eats when at home; but, indeed, I forgot to tell you that nobody can eat it but himself, and that child in the cradle there. I thought, however, that, as you were reported to be rather a stout little fellow of your size, you might be able to manage it, and I did not wish to affront a man that thinks himself able to fight Fin. Here's another cake—maybe it's not so hard as that."

Cucullin at the moment was not only hungry, but ravenous, so he accordingly made a fresh set at the second cake, and immediately another yell was heard twice as loud as the first. "Thunder and giblets!" he roared, "take your bread out of this, or I will not have a tooth in my head; there's another pair of them gone!"

"Well, honest man," replied Oonagh, "if you're not able to eat the bread, say so quietly, and don't be wakening the child in the cradle there. There, now, he's awake upon me."

Fin now gave a skirl that startled the giant, as coming from such a youngster as he was represented to be. "Mother," said he, "I'm hungry—get me something to eat." Oonagh went over, and putting into his hand a cake that had no griddle in it, Fin, whose appetite in the meantime was sharpened by what he saw going forward, soon made it disappear. Cucullin was thunderstruck, and secretly thanked his stars that he had the good fortune to miss meeting Fin, for, as he said to himself, I'd have no chance with a man who could eat such bread as that, which even his son that's but in his cradle can munch before my eyes.

"I'd like to take a glimpse at the lad in the cradle," said he to Oonagh; "for I can tell you that the infant who can manage that nutriment is no joke to look at, or to feed of a scarce summer."

"With all the veins of my heart," replied Oonagh; "get up, acushla, and show this decent little man something that won't be unworthy of your father, Fin M'Coul."

Fin, who was dressed for the occasion as much like a boy as possible, got up, and bringing Cucullin out, "Are you strong?" said he.

"Thunder an' ounds!" exclaimed the other, "what a voice in so small a chap!"

"Are you strong?" said Fin again; "are you able to squeeze water out of that white stone?" he asked, putting one into Cucullin's hand. The latter squeezed and squeezed the stone, but to no purpose; he might pull the rocks of Lumford's Glen asunder, and flatten a thunderbolt, but to squeeze water out of a white stone was beyond his strength. Fin eyed him with great contempt, as he kept straining and squeezing and squeezing and straining, till he got black in the face with the efforts.

"Ah, you're a poor creature!" said Fin. "You a giant! Give me the stone here, and when I'll show what Fin's little son can do; you may then judge of what my daddy himself is."

Fin then took the stone, and slyly exchanging it for the curds, he squeezed the latter until the whey, as clear as water, oozed out in a little shower from his hand.

"I'll now go in," said he "to my cradle; for I scorn to lose my time with any one that's not able to eat my daddy's bread, or squeeze water out of a stone. Bedad, you had better be off out of this before he comes back; for if he catches you, it's in flummery he'd have you in two minutes."

Cucullin, seeing what he had seen, was of the same opinion himself; his knees knocked together with the terror of Fin's return, and he accordingly hastened in to bid Oonagh farewell, and to assure her, that from that day out, he never wished to hear of, much less to see, her husband. "I admit fairly that I'm not a match for him," said he, "strong as I am; tell him I will avoid him as I would the plague, and that I will make myself scarce in this part of the country while I live."

Fin, in the meantime, had gone into the cradle, where he lay very quietly, his heart at his mouth with delight that Cucullin was about to take his departure, without discovering the tricks that had been played off on him.

"It's well for you," said Oonagh, "that he doesn't happen to be here, for it's nothing but hawk's meat he'd make of you."

"I know that," says Cucullin; "devil a thing else he'd make of me; but before I go, will you let me feel what kind of teeth they are that can eat griddle-bread like that?"—and he pointed to it as he spoke.

"With all pleasure in life," said she; "only, as they're far back in his head, you must put your finger a good way in."

Cucullin was surprised to find such a powerful set of grinders in one so young; but he was still much more so on finding, when he took his hand from Fin's mouth, that he had left the very finger upon which his whole strength depended, behind him. He gave one loud groan, and fell down at once with terror and weakness. This was all Fin wanted, who now knew that his most powerful and bitterest enemy was completely at his mercy. He instantly started out of the cradle, and in a few minutes the great Cucullin, that was for such a length of time the terror of him and all his followers, lay a corpse before him. Thus did Fin, through the wit and invention of Oonagh, his wife, succeed in overcoming his enemy by stratagem, which he never could have done by force: and thus also is it proved that the women, if they bring us into many an unpleasant scrape, can sometimes succeed in getting us out of others that are as bad.

The Priest's Supper

by T. Crofton Croker

It is said by those who ought to understand such things, that the good people, or the fairies, are some of the angels who were turned out of heaven, and who landed on their feet in this world, while the rest of their companions, who had more sin to sink them, went down farther to a worse place. Be this as it may, there was a merry troop of the fairies, dancing and playing all manner of wild pranks, on a bright moonlight evening towards the end of September. The scene of their merriment was not far distant from Inchegeela, in the west of the county Cork—a poor village, although it had a barrack for soldiers; but great mountains and barren rocks, like those round about it, are enough to strike poverty into any place: however, as the fairies can have everything they want for wishing, poverty does not trouble them much, and all their care is to seek out unfrequented nooks and places where it is not likely any one will come to spoil their sport.

On a nice green sod by the river's side were the little fellows dancing in a ring as gaily as may be, with their red caps wagging about at every bound in the moonshine, and so light were these bounds that the lobs of dew, although they trembled under their feet, were not disturbed by their capering. Thus did they carry on their gambols, spinning round and round, and twirling and bobbing and diving, and going through all manner of figures, until one of them chirped out,

"Cease, cease, with your drumming,
Here's an end to our mumming;
By my smell
I can tell
A priest this way is coming!"

And away every one of the fairies scampered off as hard as they could, concealing themselves under the green leaves of the lusmore, where, if their little red caps should happen to peep out, they would only look like its crimson bells; and more hid themselves at the shady side of stones and brambles, and others under the bank of the river, and in holes and crannies of one kind or another.

The fairy speaker was not mistaken; for along the road, which was within view of the river, came Father Horrigan on his pony, thinking to himself that as it was so late he would make an end of his journey at the first cabin he came to. According to this determination, he stopped at the dwelling of Dermot Leary, lifted the latch, and entered with "My blessing on all here."

I need not say that Father Horrigan was a welcome guest wherever he went, for no man was more pious or better beloved in the country. Now it was a great trouble to Dermot that he had nothing to offer his reverence for supper as a relish to the potatoes, which "the old woman," for so Dermot called his wife, though she was not much past twenty, had down boiling in a pot over the fire; he thought of the net which he had set in the river, but as it had been there only a short time, the chances were against his finding a fish in it. "No matter," thought Dermot, "there can be no harm in stepping down to try; and maybe, as I want the fish for the priest's supper, that one will be there before me."

Down to the river-side went Dermod, and he found in the net as fine a salmon as ever jumped in the bright waters of "the spreading Lee;" but as he was going to take it out, the net was pulled from him, he could not tell how or by whom, and away got the salmon, and went swimming along with the current as gaily as if nothing had happened.

Dermod looked sorrowfully at the wake which the fish had left upon the water, shining like a line of silver in the moonlight, and then, with an angry motion of his right hand, and a stamp of his foot, gave vent to his feelings by muttering, "May bitter bad luck attend you night and day for a blackguard schemer of a salmon, wherever you go! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, if there's any shame in you, to give me the slip after this fashion! And I'm clear in my own mind you'll come to no good, for some kind of evil thing or other helped you—did I not feel it pull the net against me as strong as the devil himself?"

"That's not true for you," said one of the little fairies who had scampered off at the approach of the priest, coming up to Dermod Leary with a whole throng of companions at his heels; "there was only a dozen and a half of us pulling against you."

Dermod gazed on the tiny speaker with wonder, who continued, "Make yourself noways uneasy about the priest's supper; for if you will go back and ask him one question from us, there will be as fine a supper as ever was put on a table spread out before him in less than no time."

"I'll have nothing at all to do with you," replied Dermod in a tone of determination; and after a pause he added, "I'm much obliged to you for your offer, sir, but I know better than to sell myself to you, or the like of you, for a supper; and more than that, I know Father Horrigan has more regard for my soul than to wish me to pledge it for ever, out of regard to anything you could put before him—so there's an end of the matter."

The little speaker, with a pertinacity not to be repulsed by Dermod's manner, continued, "Will you ask the priest one civil question for us?"

Dermod considered for some time, and he was right in doing so, but he thought that no one could come to harm out of asking a civil question. "I see no objection to do that same, gentlemen," said Dermod; "but I will have nothing in life to do with your supper—mind that."

"Then," said the little speaking fairy, whilst the rest came crowding after him from all parts, "go and ask Father Horrigan to tell us whether our souls will be saved at the last day, like the souls of good Christians; and if you wish us well, bring back word what he says without delay."

Away went Dermod to his cabin, where he found the potatoes thrown out on the table, and his good woman handing the biggest of them all, a beautiful laughing red apple, smoking like a hard-riden horse on a frosty night, over to Father Horrigan.

"Please your reverence," said Dermod, after some hesitation, "may I make bold to ask your honour one question?"

"What may that be?" said Father Horrigan.

"Why, then, begging your reverence's pardon for my freedom, it is, if the souls of the good people are to be saved at the last day?"

"Who bid you ask me that question, Leary?" said the priest, fixing his eyes upon him very sternly, which Dermod could not stand before at all.

"I'll tell no lies about the matter, and nothing in life but the truth," said Dermod. "It was the good people themselves who sent me to ask the question, and there they are in thousands down on the bank of the river, waiting for me to go back with the answer."

"Go back by all means," said the priest, "and tell them, if they want to know, to come here to me themselves, and I'll answer that or any other question they are pleased to ask with the greatest pleasure in life."

Dermod accordingly returned to the fairies, who came swarming round about him to hear what the priest had said in reply; and Dermod spoke out among them like a bold man as he was: but when they heard that they must go to the priest, away they fled, some here and more there, and some this way and more that, whisking by poor Dermod so fast and in such numbers that he was quite bewildered.

When he came to himself, which was not for a long time, back he went to his cabin, and ate his dry potatoes along with Father Horrigan, who made quite light of the thing; but Dermod could not help thinking it a mighty hard case that his reverence, whose words had the power to banish the fairies at such a rate, should have no sort of relish to his supper, and that the fine salmon he had in the net should have been got away from him in such a manner.

The Fairies' Passage

by James Clarence Mangan

Tap, tap, rap, rap! "Get up, gaffer Ferryman."
"Eh! Who is there?" The clock strikes three.
"Get up, do, gaffer! You are the very man
We have been long, long, longing to see."
The ferryman rises, growling and grumbling,
And goes fum-fumbling, and stumbling, and tumbling
Over the wares on his way to the door.
But he sees no more
Than he saw before,
Till a voice is heard: "O Ferryman, dear!
Here we are waiting, all of us, here.
We are a wee, wee colony, we;
Some two hundred in all, or three.
Ferry us over the River Lee
Ere dawn of day,
And we will pay
The most we may
In our own wee way!"

"Who are you? Whence came you?
What place are you going to?"
"Oh, we have dwelt over-long in this land:
The people get cross, and are growing so knowing, too!
Nothing at all but they now understand.
We are daily vanishing under the thunder
Of some huge engine or iron wonder;
That iron—ah! it has entered our souls."
"Your souls? O gholes!
You queer little drolls,
Do you mean ——" "Good gaffer, do aid us with speed,
For our time, like our stature, is short indeed!
And a very long way we have to go:
Eight or ten thousand miles or so,
Hither and thither, and to and fro,
With our pots and pans
And little gold cans;
But our light caravans
Run swifter than man's."

"Well, well, you may come," said the ferryman affably;
"Patrick, turn out, and get ready the barge."
Then again to the little folk: "Tho' you seem laughably
Small, I don't mind, if your coppers be large."
Oh, dear! what a rushing, what pushing, what crushing
(The watermen making vain efforts at hushing
The hubbub the while), there followed these words!
What clapping of boards,
What strapping of cords,
What stowing away of children and wives,
And platters, and mugs, and spoons, and knives!
Till all had safely got into the boat,
And the ferryman, clad in his tip-top coat,
And his wee little fairies were safely afloat;
Then ding, ding, ding,
And kling, kling, kling,
How the coppers did ring
In the tin pitcherling!

Off, then, went the boat, at first very pleasantly,
Smoothly, and so forth; but after a while
It swayed and it swagged this and that way, and presently
Chest after chest, and pile after pile
Of the little folk's goods began tossing and rolling,
And pitching like fun, beyond fairy controlling.
O Mab! if the hubbub were great before,
It was now some two or three million times more.
Crash! went the wee crocks and the clocks; and the locks
Of each little wee box were stove in by hard knocks;
And then there were oaths, and prayers, and cries:
"Take care!"—"See there!"—"Oh, dear, my eyes!"—
"I am killed!"—"I am drowned!"—with groans and sighs,
Till to land they drew.
"Yeo-ho! Pull to!
Tiller-rope, thro' and thro'!"
And all's right anew.

"Now jump upon shore, ye queer little oddities.
(Eh, what is this?... Where are they, at all?
Where are they, and where are their tiny commodities?
Well, as I live!") He looks blank as a wall,
Poor ferryman! Round him and round him he gazes,
But only gets deeplier lost in the mazes
Of utter bewilderment. All, all are gone,
And he stands alone,
Like a statue of stone,
In a doldrum of wonder. He turns to steer,
And a tinkling laugh salutes his ear,
With other odd sounds: "Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Fol lol! zidzizzle! quee, quee! bah, bah!
Fizzigiggidy! pshee! sha, sha!"
"O ye thieves, ye thieves, ye rascally thieves!"
The good man cries. He turns to his pitcher,
And there, alas, to his horror perceives
That the little folk's mode of making him richer
Has been to pay him with withered leaves!



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen "The Tempest," since it is set on a remote island.

Read it from E. Nesbit in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of "The Tempest" by Royal Shakespeare Company.

Shakespeare

The Tempest

By E. Nesbit

Prospero, the Duke of Milan, was a learned and studious man, who lived among his books, leaving the management of his dukedom to his brother Antonio, in whom indeed he had complete trust. But that trust was ill-rewarded, for Antonio wanted to wear the duke's crown himself, and, to gain his ends, would have killed his brother but for the love the people bore him. However, with the help of Prospero's great enemy, Alonso, King of Naples, he managed to get into his hands the dukedom with all its honor, power, and riches. For they took Prospero to sea, and when they were far away from land, forced him into a little boat with no tackle, mast, or sail. In their cruelty and hatred they put his little daughter, Miranda (not yet three years old), into the boat with him, and sailed away, leaving them to their fate.

But one among the courtiers with Antonio was true to his rightful master, Prospero. To save the duke from his enemies was impossible, but much could be done to remind him of a subject's love. So this worthy lord, whose name was Gonzalo, secretly placed in the boat some fresh water, provisions, and clothes, and what Prospero valued most of all, some of his precious books.

The boat was cast on an island, and Prospero and his little one landed in safety. Now this island was enchanted, and for years had lain under the spell of a fell witch, Sycorax, who had imprisoned in the trunks of trees all the good spirits she found there. She died shortly before Prospero was cast on those shores, but the spirits, of whom Ariel was the chief, still remained in their prisons.

Prospero was a great magician, for he had devoted himself almost entirely to the study of magic during the years in which he allowed his brother to manage the affairs of Milan. By his art he set free the imprisoned spirits, yet kept them obedient to his will, and they were more truly his subjects than his people in Milan had been. For he treated them kindly as long as they did his bidding, and he exercised his power over them wisely and well. One creature alone he found it necessary to treat with harshness: this was Caliban, the son of the wicked old witch, a hideous, deformed monster, horrible to look on, and vicious and brutal in all his habits.

When Miranda was grown up into a maiden, sweet and fair to see, it chanced that Antonio and Alonso, with Sebastian, his brother, and Ferdinand, his son, were at sea together with old Gonzalo, and their ship came near Prospero's island. Prospero, knowing they were there, raised by his art a great storm, so that even the sailors on board gave themselves up for lost; and first among them all Prince Ferdinand leaped into the sea, and, as his father thought in his grief, was drowned. But Ariel brought him safe ashore; and all the rest of the crew, although they were washed overboard, were landed unhurt in different parts of the island, and the good ship herself, which they all thought had been wrecked, lay at anchor in the harbor whither Ariel had brought her. Such wonders could Prospero and his spirits perform.

While yet the tempest was raging, Prospero showed his daughter the brave ship laboring in the trough of the sea, and told her that it was filled with living human beings like themselves. She, in pity of their lives, prayed him who had raised this storm to quell it. Then her father bade her to have no fear, for he intended to save every one of them.

Then, for the first time, he told her the story of his life and hers, and that he had caused this storm to rise in order that his enemies, Antonio and Alonso, who were on board, might be delivered into his hands.

When he had made an end of his story he charmed her into sleep, for Ariel was at hand, and he had work for him to do. Ariel, who longed for his complete freedom, grumbled to be kept in drudgery, but on being threateningly reminded of all the sufferings he had undergone when Sycorax ruled in the land, and of the debt of gratitude he owed to the master who had made those sufferings to end, he ceased to complain, and promised faithfully to do whatever Prospero might command.

“Do so,” said Prospero, “and in two days I will discharge thee.”

Then he bade Ariel take the form of a water nymph and sent him in search of the young prince. And Ariel, invisible to Ferdinand, hovered near him, singing the while--

“Come unto these yellow sands

And then take hands:

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd

(The wild waves whist),

Foot it featly here and there;

And, sweet sprites, the burden bear!”

And Ferdinand followed the magic singing, as the song changed to a solemn air, and the words brought grief to his heart, and tears to his eyes, for thus they ran--

“Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made.

Those are pearls that were his eyes,

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Hark! now I hear them,-- ding dong bell!”

And so singing, Ariel led the spell-bound prince into the presence of Prospero and Miranda. Then, behold! all happened as Prospero desired. For Miranda, who had never, since she could first remember, seen any human being save her father, looked on the youthful prince with reverence in her eyes, and love in her secret heart.

"I might call him," she said, "a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble!"

And Ferdinand, beholding her beauty with wonder and delight, exclaimed--

"Most sure the goddess on whom these airs attend!"

Nor did he attempt to hide the passion which she inspired in him, for scarcely had they exchanged half a dozen sentences, before he vowed to make her his queen if she were willing. But Prospero, though secretly delighted, pretended wrath.

"You come here as a spy," he said to Ferdinand. "I will manacle your neck and feet together, and you shall feed on fresh water mussels, withered roots and husk, and have sea-water to drink. Follow."

"No," said Ferdinand, and drew his sword. But on the instant Prospero charmed him so that he stood there like a statue, still as stone; and Miranda in terror prayed her father to have mercy on her lover. But he harshly refused her, and made Ferdinand follow him to his cell. There he set the Prince to work, making him remove thousands of heavy logs of timber and pile them up; and Ferdinand patiently obeyed, and thought his toil all too well repaid by the sympathy of the sweet Miranda.

She in very pity would have helped him in his hard work, but he would not let her, yet he could not keep from her the secret of his love, and she, hearing it, rejoiced and promised to be his wife.

Then Prospero released him from his servitude, and glad at heart, he gave his consent to their marriage.

"Take her," he said, "she is thine own."

In the meantime, Antonio and Sebastian in another part of the island were plotting the murder of Alonso, the King of Naples, for Ferdinand being dead, as they thought, Sebastian would succeed to the throne on Alonso's death. And they would have carried out their wicked purpose while their victim was asleep, but that Ariel woke him in good time.

Many tricks did Ariel play them. Once he set a banquet before them, and just as they were going to fall to, he appeared to them amid thunder and lightning in the form of a harpy, and immediately the banquet disappeared. Then Ariel upbraided them with their sins and vanished too.

Prospero by his enchantments drew them all to the grove without his cell, where they waited, trembling and afraid, and now at last bitterly repenting them of their sins.

Prospero determined to make one last use of his magic power, "And then," said he, "I'll break my staff and deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book."

So he made heavenly music to sound in the air, and appeared to them in his proper shape as the Duke of Milan. Because they repented, he forgave them and told them the story of his life since they had cruelly committed him and his baby daughter to the mercy of wind and waves. Alonso, who seemed sorriest of them all for his past crimes, lamented the loss of his heir. But Prospero drew back a curtain and showed them Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess. Great was Alonso's joy to greet his loved son again, and when he heard that the fair maid with whom Ferdinand was playing was Prospero's daughter, and that the young folks had plighted their troth, he said--

"Give me your hands, let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart that doth not wish you joy."

So all ended happily. The ship was safe in the harbor, and next day they all set sail for Naples, where Ferdinand and Miranda were to be married. Ariel gave them calm seas and auspicious gales; and many were the rejoicings at the wedding.

Then Prospero, after many years of absence, went back to his own dukedom, where he was welcomed with great joy by his faithful subjects. He practiced the arts of magic no more, but his life was happy, and not only because he had found his own again, but chiefly because, when his bitterest foes who had done him deadly wrong lay at his mercy, he took no vengeance on them, but nobly forgave them.

As for Ariel, Prospero made him free as air, so that he could wander where he would, and sing with a light heart his sweet song--

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer, merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."



History & Geography

For history and geography, we've included a brief history on Ireland's first missionary, St. Patrick, as well as a history of the Book of Kells, an illuminated manuscript in Latin, containing the four Gospels of the New Testament.

Learn about the Giant's Causeway for a Geography study, then read about the Irish Potato Famine. (These two studies are on the website and not included in the PDF.)

I have a Creator who knew all things, even before they were made - even me, his poor little child.

~ St. Patrick

History & Geography

Saint Patrick



Patrick was born in Roman Britain. Calpurnius, his father, was a deacon, his grandfather Potitus a priest, from what is now England, though some believe he may have been born in Wales or Scotland. As a youth, Patrick was not an active believer.

According to the Confession of Saint Patrick, his personal letter and memoir, at the age of sixteen he was captured by a group of Irish pirates. They took him to Ireland where he was enslaved and held captive for six years.

Patrick writes in the Confession that the time he spent in captivity was critical to his spiritual development. He explains that the Lord had mercy on his youth and ignorance, and afforded him the opportunity to be forgiven his sins and convert to Christianity.

While in captivity, he worked as a shepherd and strengthened his relationship with God through prayer, eventually leading him to convert to Christianity. It is said he prayed at least a hundred times a day and almost as often in the evening.

After six years of captivity he heard a voice telling him that he would soon go home, and then that his ship was ready. Fleeing his master, he travelled to a port, two hundred miles away, where he found a ship and with difficulty, persuaded the captain to take him. After returning home, Patrick continued to study Christianity and became a priest then a bishop.

Patrick had a vision a few years after returning home that led him to return to the country of his captivity:

I saw a man coming, as it were from Ireland. His name was Victoricus, and he carried many letters, and he gave me one of them. I read the heading: "The Voice of the Irish." As I began the letter, I imagined in that moment that I heard the voice of those very people who were near the wood of Foclut, which is beside the western sea—and they cried out, as with one voice: "We appeal to you, holy servant boy, to come and walk among us."

And so he did. Leaving us a wonderful example of how much glory a single obedient person can bring to the Kingdom of God.

The Book of Kells

History from Ireland of the Welcomes



The Book of Kells, one of the great treasures of medieval Europe, is an illuminated manuscript Gospel book in Latin, containing four Gospels of the New Testament (Matthew, Mark, Luke and John) together with various prefatory texts and tables. It was created by Celtic monks some time around 800 AD.

It is a masterwork of Western calligraphy, employing decoration that is not only extraordinarily rich and colorful but also, in places, deeply enigmatic. It is widely regarded as Ireland's finest national treasure. The Book is on permanent display at Trinity College Library in Dublin. The library usually displays two of the current four volumes at a time, one showing a major illustration and the other showing typical text pages.

The manuscript contains four Gospels in Latin based on a Vulgate text, written on vellum (prepared calfskin), in a bold and expert version of script known as "insular majuscule", referring to the style of art produced in the post-Roman history of Britain. The illustrations and ornamentation of the Book of Kells surpass that of other Insular Gospel books in extravagance and complexity. The decoration combines traditional Christian iconography with ornate swirling motifs typical of Insular art. Figures of humans, animals and mythical beasts, together with Celtic knots and interlacing patterns in vibrant colors, enliven the manuscript's pages.

Many of these minor decorative elements are imbued with Christian symbolism and so further emphasise the themes of the major illustrations. While the book takes its name from the Abbey of Kells in County Meath, its place of origin is generally attributed to the scriptorium of the monastery founded around 561 by St Colum Cille on Iona, an island off the west coast of Scotland. Colum, or Dove of the Church, was known to the Latin-speaking world as Columba, and was a direct descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages, legendary grand chieftain of Donegal. Because of his influence, the priceless work is also referred to as the Book of Columba.

In 806, following a Viking raid on Iona which left 68 of community dead, Columban monks took refuge in a new monastery at Kells, County Meath. It must have been close to year 800 that Book of Kells was written, although there is no way of knowing if book was produced wholly at Iona or at Kells, or partially at each location.

It was never finished, for reasons unknown, and some folios are missing. At some stage, fearing further Viking raids, monks buried it in ground. It was also stolen for a period, with its bejeweled front and back cover torn off when it was recovered. It was deposited for safe keeping in Trinity College around 1653. It has been on display in Old Library at Trinity from mid 19th century. Little did monks who labored on this magnificent masterpiece consider that, twelve centuries on, their work would be one of Ireland's top tourist attractions. It is indeed a wonderful gift from our past.



Folio 27v, the Four Evangelists (Clockwise from top left): a man (Matthew), a lion (Mark), an eagle (John) and an ox (Luke)

factus tuus filius meus dilectus mihi
bene complacuit mihi.

Quipse ihserat incipiens quasi a
horum tringinta utputabatur filius

ioseph

pute heu

pute macha

pute leui

pute onelchi

pute ia ilie

pute ioseph

pute machat hic

pute amos

pute pauur

pute esu

pute hasse

pute enaath





Folio 2r, Eusebian Canons



Folio 291v, John the Evangelist



Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study



Connemara 1

Pony

Equus caballus

- The Connemara Pony is Ireland's only unique horse breed.
- They have amazing dispositions, thus being perfect riding horses for children. These loving ponies form such a strong bond with their owners that they can remember their owner's voice or appearance even after years of separation.
- Averaging 14 to 14.2 hands, these equines are amazing sports ponies, having exemplary endurance and jumping qualities. A 22 year old Connemara pony named The Nugget jumped 7ft. and 2in. in a horse show.
- Ireland annually hosts the Connemara Pony Show, where their talented horses show off their skills.
- The Connemara Pony usually live late into their 30's.



Wildflower 1

Irish Eyebright

Euphrasia salisburgensis

- The upper lip of this flower has two lobes and the bottom lip has three.
- It flowers in June-October months.
- This is an annual flower, meaning it goes through its whole life cycle in one growing season.
- It has been used (and is still used by some) for the medicinal purpose of curing eye problems, making them 'bright' once again.
- It is partly parasitic, meaning that it not only makes its own food, but takes nutrients from other plants. They live such short lives, they really do not do any lasting harm.
- It has a base color of white, but it has pretty characteristics carefully drawn on its snowy petals, with light hints of lilac on the white petals, straight streaks of purple, and its yellow splotch that almost always shows itself on this beautiful eyebright.

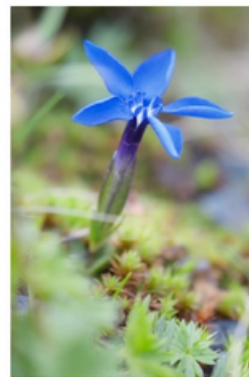


Irish 2

Wolfhound

Canis lupus familiaris

- Interestingly, the Irish Wolfhound is the tallest breed of dog in the world!
- An Irish king named Cormac mac Airt had an army of 300 Wolfhounds. In battle, these dogs could drag men out of their chariots and off horses!
- They were also used as hunting dogs and accompanied an independent Irish warrior group called the Fianna to hunt big animals in big quantities, actually driving some species to extinction.
- Irish wolfhounds live about 8-10 years.
- Irish Wolfhounds have been around for a long time, since around 391 A.D.
- Interestingly, with all these fighting qualities, Irish Wolfhounds make terrible guard dogs.
- They welcome newcomers, thinking of them as friends they just haven't yet met.



Irish 2

Wildflower

Gentian

Gentiana verna

- They can grow to be 4-6cm tall.
- It is a perennial, meaning it lives for over two years.
- It flowers in May-June months.
- It has a little white 'throat' in the center of the flower.
- It is classified as near threatened.
- The flowers form a rosette, which in botany terms means that the leaves (or structures that look like leaves) form a circle.



Puffin 3

Fratercula arctica

- They can fly at speeds of 55mph!
- They are only 25cm in length!
- The puffin's beak varies in size and color through its stages of life. During the breeding season, the puffin's beak turns a bright orange, but when the breeding season is over, they shed the beautiful outer bill, showing the duller beak beneath. This also makes the puffin's beak smaller. As they get older, though, the beak gets bigger and bigger.
- Very few birds have the amazing ability the puffin does, it being able to hold 10-12 fish in its mouth at one time!
- Puffins usually mate for life, and have only one egg per year.
- They love the sea, spending most of their time relaxing or swimming amongst the waves..



Greater Butterfly Orchid 3

Platanthera chlorantha

- They grow to be 25-60cm tall.
- A spike, in botany terms, is the stem of a plant which lacks branches. The Greater Butterfly Orchid has this characteristic.
- They have a stronger fragrance during the nighttime.
- A spur in botany terms is, by definition, a long tissue growth on different organs of a plant.
- They look like very long petals on this flower, but spurs are actually used for storing nectar.
- It is best to see them in June and July, the time of year these beautiful flowers blossom.
- The different colors these flowers come in are white/yellow to a greenish look.



Eurasian Pygmy Shrew 4

Sorex minutus

- These cute little guys don't live for very long. Their lifespan is only 16-17 months.
- Interestingly, these shrews eat 125% of their body weight in food every day. It has to eat about every two hours because of their high metabolism, which is one of the fastest of all animals.
- They are the smallest mammals in Ireland.
- Eurasian Pygmy Shrews have iron on parts of their teeth, making those areas red, and increasing durability.
- They only weigh an average of 4 grams, which is about the same weight as three- four paperclips.
- This animal eats insects and arachnids, using its long nose to prowl around in search of its 'delicious' meal.



Globeflower 4

Trollius europaeus

- Can grow to be 60cm.
- They are perennial flowers, meaning they live for more than two years.
- The best time to see these flowers is May-July.
- Ten sepals make the globe shape of this flower, the actual petals being inside the globe. A sepal is a modified leaf, used to keep the inner bud safe and to attract bugs.
- Can be yellow, orange, or cream.
- The globeflower fly is the main pollinator.



Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be doing a shamrock tea towel. This is a lovely pattern created by Lara for older kids to enjoy. But she's also included a simplified version for your younger children.

This is fun way to decorate your home for St. Patrick's Day or to use while you're baking your Irish teatime treats!

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

Shamrock Tea Towel Embroidery



Supplies

- Embroidery floss in shades of dark and medium green
- Embroidery needle
- Cotton (flour sack) or linen tea towels
- Embroidery hoop
- Scissors
- Shamrock template
- Little stitchers will need green buttons

Sketch your design in water soluble pen, transfer paper, or lightly with pencil. (Pencil is more difficult to wash out)

You can use 2-3 strands of thread for a more delicate look or all 6 strands for a heavier look.

For younger stitchers, back stitching is the easiest.

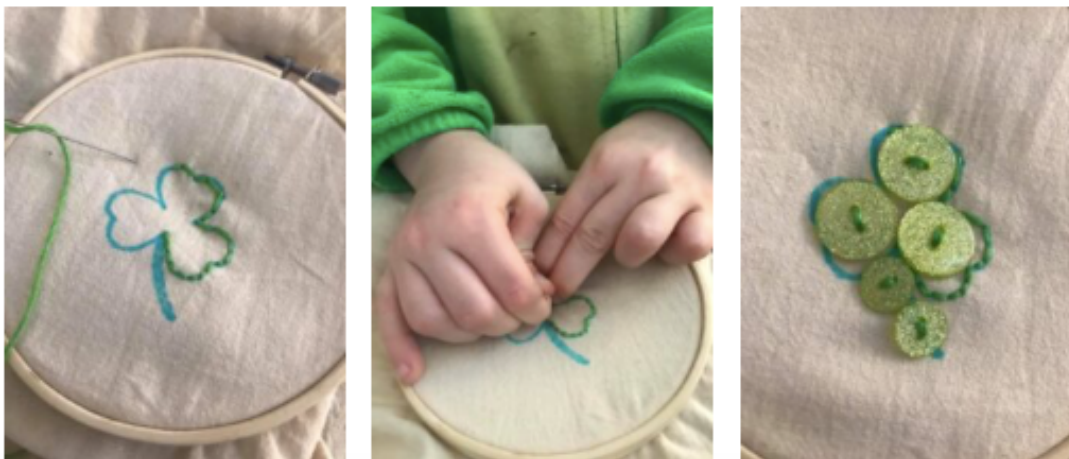
How to transfer embroidery patterns

For lightweight and light colored fabric, use a water soluble embroidery transfer pen. For this method, tape the printed pattern onto a window or lightbox then tape the fabric over the pattern. The design should show through the fabric. You can then trace the pattern directly onto the fabric. Pencil may also be used, but does not come out of the fabric as easily.

When marking on darker colored or heavy fabric, I like to use white wax-less transfer paper to trace the design. Working on a hard surface, place a square of transfer paper (inky side towards the fabric) between your printed pattern and the fabric. Using a ball point pen, trace over the design on the pattern, pressing down hard to ensure the markings are visible on your fabric.

For more detailed patterns, you can also use printable transfer paper. It dissolves in water after you've embroidered your design.

Shamrock Tea Towel Embroidery

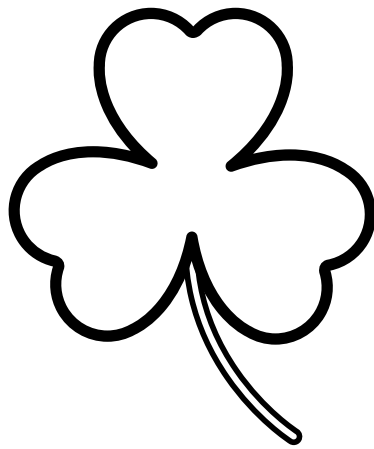


For little stitchers

For little stitchers, depending on their ability and desires, you can help them transfer the pattern and backstitch the outline if they want and then "fill in" the color with the green buttons OR you can show them how to create the shamrock pattern with just the buttons.

For more advanced stitchers

- Transfer the pattern with text or without to your tea towel. Slainte is the Irish greeting that means "to your health".
- Backstitch the border of your shamrock in your darker green floss.
- Satin stitch in the filling of half of each leaf toward the center vein in the darker green and the other half in the lighter green.
- Split stitch your shamrock stem in the lighter green floss. Use your dark green or another darker color to backstitch the Slainte text.
- Enjoy your new tea towel!



Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



Art Lessons

Brand new and exclusive art lessons from the Masterpiece Society. The high quality you've come to expect from us there will be in this membership as well, with multiple art mediums!



Handicrafts

Seasonal and historically-themed handicrafts for upper elementary through high school, including sewing, crocheting, weaving, woodworking, woodburning, jewelry-making, and more!



Nature Study & Activities

Fun, seasonal activities for studying nature, plus watercolor nature journaling lessons, and nature crafts.



Charlotte Mason Morning Time

Access to our ENTIRE library of morning time sessions, plus exclusive content for members only!

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