

LISTENING SCRIPT

CD #8 Saint Patrick

Patrick was born in Wales.

When he was a boy, Irish pirates kidnapped and sold as a slave in Ireland. After 4 hard years, an angel came in a dream and helped him to escape to France. There, he became a priest and later decided to return to Ireland. He worked in Ireland for about 30 years, starting in 432 A.D. Soon the entire country was converted to the new religion. Saint Patrick brought the Latin alphabet to Ireland and established monasteries across the country. Saint Patrick is now the patron saint of Ireland and he is celebrated on the day of his death, March 17.

CD #12 Irish Love of Justice

Listen to the story and fill in the missing information.

Cormac was a great Irish king in ancient times. When he was young before he became king, he was taking care of sheep for a poor widow. One of the sheep broke into the queen's garden and ate the queen's vegetables. King Lugaid, ordered that the sheep should be given to the queen as a punishment. Cormac stood up and said, "This is not fair. Because the queen lost some vegetables, you would take away this woman's livelihood?" Instead, the wool of the sheep should be given to pay for the vegetables that the sheep has eaten. This is fair because both the wool and the green things will grow again." The people listening recognized the great wisdom of the judgment and Cormac took a step towards becoming the king.

CD #26 Setanta

One of the best known figures of Irish legends is CuChulainn. When he was young, he was known as Setanta. One day, the king saw him playing hurling and was amazed at the skill of the young boy. He invited him to a feast at the house of his blacksmith, Culann. Setanta wanted to finish the game, but promised that he would follow later.

However, the guests forgot about the boy and put a huge hound outside to guard the house. When Setanta came, the dog attacked him and the people inside heard a terrible scream. They rushed outside to see if they could save him. But instead of a dead boy, they found that Setanta had killed the charging dog by shooting a hurling ball down his throat. They were amazed and thankful for his safety, but Culann cried for the loss of his great hound.

Seeing this, Setanta spoke in a wisdom far beyond his years. He said "I have killed your hound, so I will become your hound and guard your house." The Irish word for hound was "Cu", so Setanta became known as CuChulainn for the rest of his life.

STORY SKELETONS

Children of Lir

- Local kings of Tuath De danann gather to vote for new king
- Lir is angry because Bodh Dearg is elected
- Bodh offers his foster daughter in marriage
- Happily married with four children
- Finnoula, Aodh and twins Fiachra & Conn
- Wife dies in childbirth
- Bodh gives second foster daughter, Aoife
- At first things are fine, but Aoife becomes jealous
- Takes kids on trip to grandfather
- asks servant to kill them; he refuses; she can't stomach it
- sends them to water to wash; changes childr
- Finnoula asks for mercy; she gives them human voices and beautiful song
- Bodh changes Aoife into air demon floating on North Wind

- Children spend 300 years (until bell rings) :
 - Derryveragh: near T de D; comfortable
 - Moyle: Between Scotland and Ireland; terrible storms
 - Finnoula shelters others
 - At the end of 300 years, they fly over old home - vanished!
 - Erris: West of Ireland

- Meet Christian hermit; teaches about Patrick and Christianity
- Building bell from old swords and shields
- Warrior comes; demands singing swans for wife
- When he touches them, the bell rings, they turn to people
- Age quickly, become Christians and die

Diarmuid and Grainne

Grainne is daughter of Cormac mac Art, High King
Betrothed to Finn Mac Cumhal; Finn is old
Wedding feast at Tara
Grainne falls in love with Diarmuid
Grainne makes sleeping potion
Gives to all (including Finn) except chiefs of Fianna
Puts Diarmuid under Geise to take her away
Other chiefs tell Diarmuid he must follow geise
Diarmuid reluctantly leaves with her

Next day, Finn very angry, follows
Each day, he finds unbroken bread or uncooked salmon

Grainne finally tempts D : "this drop of water is bolder than you"

After 16 years, peace is made
Grania bears four sons and a daughter
Grania wants party at house including Cormac and Finn
Party lasts for one year

One night, Diarmuid is woken by hound barking
Goes forth into night
Meets Finn and
Finn explains to Diarmuid that he is under geis not to hunt pig

diarmuid asks "why?"
Fionn tells story of the Boar of Ben Bulben
Diarmuid's father fostered son at Angus Og's house
Diarmuid's mother was unfaithful and bore other son to Angus's steward
Don killed steward's son
Steward changed dead son into huge boar without ears or tail
Casts destiny on boar to eventually kill Diarmuid

Diarmuid and boar fight
Sets hound on him, but hound runs away
Slings stone, but no damage done
Uses sword, but sword breaks in two
In boar's charge, Diarmuid jumps on back
Carried for a while
Boar throws him off, rips out his bowels him, Diarmuid kills boar

Fionn stands over : "If the women could see you now..."
Diarmuid begs for healing water
Fionn says there is no well
Fianna point out well
Fionn goes but lets water trickle away twice when he thinks of Grainne
Third time - brings water, but D is dead.

Grainne is initially angry but eventually marries Fionn!

Saint Patrick

As a boy, taken by pirates to Ireland
worked as shepherd
had to eat pig's food
after a few years, angel came in dream
"Go to sea"
Escaped --> rome --> became priest
Returned to Ireland about 432 AD
unwelcome at first
but eventually converted entire country

Celtic christianity different from Rome
Patrick valued personal experience over doctrine

Setanta

Dectera and her fifty maidens disappeared
Three years later, a flock of birds lands on the crops of Emain Macha
Soldiers followed them to a fairy mound
Saw Dectera with her husband Lugh of the Long Arm
Dectera and the others disappeared but a baby was found -->Setanta
Druid prophezised : "His praise will be in the mouths of all men; this child will avenge all your wrongs"

When he was old enough, Setanta trained at court of Conor
King Conor and nobles were going to Cullan's feast
On the way, they watch Cuchulainn thrashing others at hurling
Setanta is invited but says he will go later
Cullan sets out food, bars door, and releases massive hound (most ferocious in Ireland)

Suddenly, huge noise, went outside
Setanta had killed the hound with his bare hands
Everyone happy for Setanta but Cullan was sad
Setanta said: "Give me pup; I'll train him until he guards as well as previous; give me sword and shield and I will guard you like a hound"
Everyone applauded - gave him name: Cuchulainn (Hound of Cullan)

Tir na Nog

Fianna - a bunch of warriors long ago in Ireland One day - Fianna were hunting a great deer Followed deer through mountains Disappeared from view when they came to sea White horse came out of the sea ridden by a beautiful lady This lady is Niamh of the golden hair Oisín falls in love with Niamh Rides with her on horse to Tir na Nog They get married, have three day wedding party Oisín wants to return to Ireland to say goodbye to Fianna Niamh says: "You can go, but never get off the horse" Oisín returns to Ireland and searches in vain for Fianna Four men in a field are trying to lift a huge stone Oisín feels sorry for weak men and jumps off horse, forgetting promise As his feet touch the ground, he ages into a three hundred year old man

The Happy Prince

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who

wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy," muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations"; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtsies. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried. "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

"I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw - Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched me."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What! is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves."

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad.”

“I don’t think I like boys,” answered the Swallow. “Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller’s sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect.”

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. “It is very cold here,” he said; “but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger.”

“Thank you, little Swallow,” said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince’s sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. “How wonderful the stars are,” he said to her, “and how wonderful is the power of love!”

“I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball,” she answered; “I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy.”

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman’s thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy’s forehead with his wings. “How cool I feel,” said the boy, “I must be getting better”; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. “It is curious,” he remarked, “but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold.”

“That is because you have done a good action,” said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. “What a remarkable phenomenon,” said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. “A swallow in winter!” And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

“To-night I go to Egypt,” said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, “What a distinguished stranger!” so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. “Have you any commissions for Egypt?” he cried; “I am just starting.”

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me one night longer?”

“I am waited for in Egypt,” answered the Swallow. “To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water’s edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract.

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint.”

“I will wait with you one night longer,” said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. “Shall I take him another ruby?”

“Alas! I have no ruby now,” said the Prince; “my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play.”

“Dear Prince,” said the Swallow, “I cannot do that”; and he began to weep.

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “do as I command you.”

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince’s eye, and flew away to the student’s garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird’s wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

“I am beginning to be appreciated,” he cried; “this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play,” and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. “Heave a-hoy!” they shouted as each chest came up. “I am going to Egypt!” cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

“I am come to bid you good-bye,” he cried.

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me one night longer?”

“It is winter,” answered the Swallow, “and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given

away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea.”

“In the square below,” said the Happy Prince, “there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her.”

“I will stay with you one night longer,” said the Swallow, “but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then.”

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “do as I command you.”

So he plucked out the Prince’s other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. “What a lovely bit of glass,” cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. “You are blind now,” he said, “so I will stay with you always.”

“No, little Swallow,” said the poor Prince, “you must go away to Egypt.”

“I will stay with you always,” said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince’s feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince’s shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

“Dear little Swallow,” said the Prince, “you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there.”

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another’s arms to try and keep themselves warm. “How hungry we are!” they said. “You must not lie here,” shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

“I am covered with fine gold,” said the Prince, “you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy.”

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children’s faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. “We have bread now!” they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs

outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor; and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor in fact, "he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Ancient Times ~ 1500 AD

Where did earliest people to Ireland come from?

When did the Celts come to Ireland?

Where did the Celts come from?

Who brought Christianity to Ireland?

During the Dark Ages in Europe, Ireland was known as the Land of _____ and _____.

Who came to Ireland from Scandinavia from 800AD onwards?

Name one Irish town that these people built?

When did the Normans come to Ireland?

What was the name of the Norman leader?

It was said that these early Normans gradually became "More _____ than the _____."

What was the Norman stronghold around Dublin called?

Reconquering Ireland

When did the English decide to reconquer Ireland?

At the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, what were the names of the two kings?

The _____ Laws took away many rights from Catholics.

Give one example of these laws.

How much was the reward for the head of an Irish bishop?

Who is very hated in Irish history, but is a hero in English history?

Losing People

Where did most Irish people emigrate to?

What were the emigration ships called?

What is the name of a famous immigrant family?

How did emigration affect the Irish language?

In transportation, which country were people sent to?

When was the Great Potato Famine?

How many people died of hunger and disease during the famine?

Great Men

Daniel O'Connell started the _____ Association. What returned the rights of Catholics to them?

Which political party did Parnell join?

His main tactic was making long boring speeches to stop other work being done. This was known as _____.

Parnell was also president of the Irish National _____.

Why did Parnell lose support?

After 1916, Michael Collins decided to change tactics to _____.

The 20th Century

In 1921, the Anglo-Irish treaty led to the Irish Free State. What was the condition of the treaty that led to civil war?

When did Ireland suffer a severe economic depression?

What is an important industry today?

Name two big computer companies in Ireland.

What attracted many international companies to Ireland?

How many nobel prizes have been won by Irish people?

What money is used in Ireland today?

When did the war of independence end?

What was the name given to the 26 counties in the South?

What does IRA stand for?

What is the biggest religious group in Northern Ireland today?

ANSWERS

I'll Tell My Ma (Page 7)

home/pull/alright/one/she

Molly Malone (Page 7)

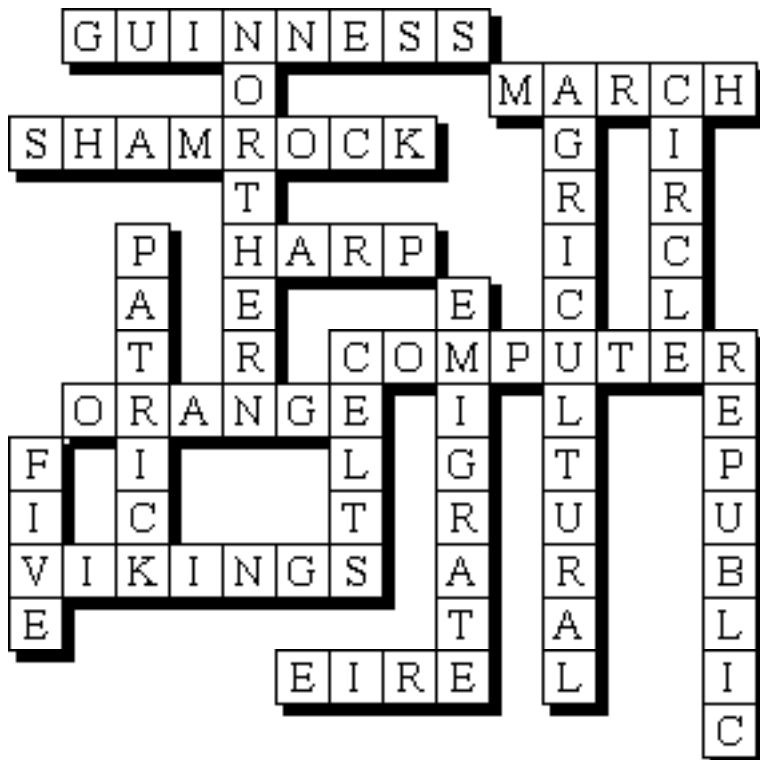
fair/eyes/streets/Crying/died/end/ghost

True or False (Page 9)

1. F 2. T 3. F 4. F 5. T 6. T 7. F 8. F 9. F 10. T

11. F 12. T 13. T 14. T 15. T 16. T 17. F 18. F 19. F 20. F

Introduction to Ireland Crossword (Page 10)



History Timeline (Page 11)

9,000/600/800/1169/1690/1845-49/1921/1948

Danny Boy (Page 16)

pipes/mountain/must/white/sunshine/come/place/hear/sleep

Carrickfergus (Page 16)

nights/swim/find/die/reported/gold/drunk/sick

Black Velvet Band (Page 17)

town/strange/walking/long/pocket/day/diamonds/hair/judge/case/friends

Down By The Glenside (Page 18)

woman/listened/Fenian/moon/again/failure/God

History Crossword (Page 21)

The Celts (Page 22)

Ireland/Britain/France/Spain/Portugal/Celtic/Poland/Bulgaria/Netherlands/Germany/Poland/USSR/Czechoslovakia/Austria/Italy/Hungary/Rumania/Yugoslavia/Albania/Greece/Bulgaria/Turkey

The crossword puzzle grid contains the following words:

- Across:** FARMING, FAMILIES, NEUTRAL, FAMINE, PENAL, ICE, AUSTRALIA, ROUND, CROMWELL, BORU, ELIZABETH, SCHOLARS, BOYNE.
- Down:** NEUTRAL, FAMILIES, AUSTRALIA, HISTORICAL, BORU, BOYNE.

The Celts Crossword (Page 30)



Lifestyle (Page 34)

1.True 2. False 3. True 4. True 5. False 6. True

Relationships

1. True 2. False 3.False 4. False
 1. False (2.6) 2. True 3. True 4. True

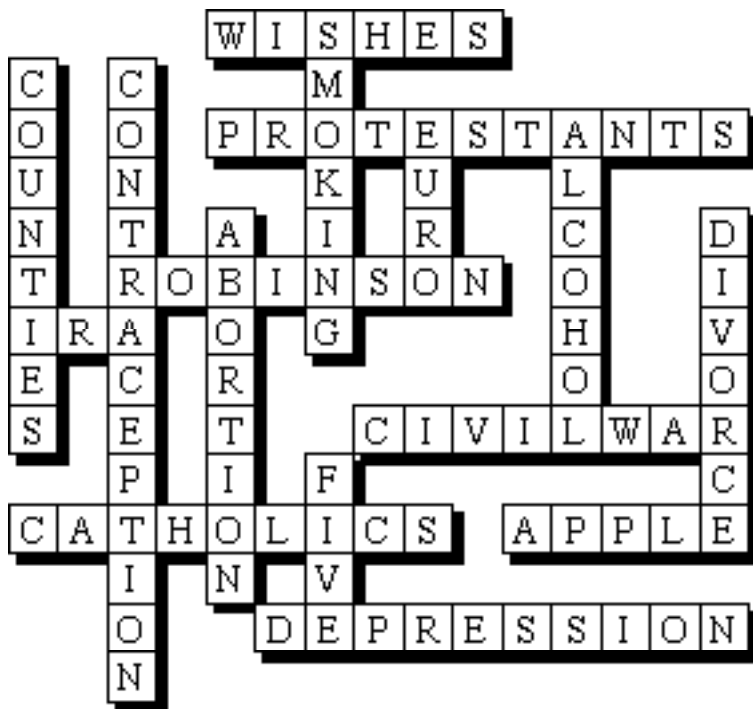
Wild Mountain Thyme (Page 35)

summer/All/go/around/love/flowers/true/another

Three Wishes (Irish answers) (Page 36)

- Win the lottery (31%)
- Fall in love (13%)
- Own a bigger or better home (9%)
- Have a baby (9%)

Modern Ireland Crossword (Page 37)



Irish English (Page 38)

1. yerrah
2. yoke
3. blow-in
4. chipper
5. crack
6. eejit
7. willya whist
8. louser
9. culchie
10. press
11. cop on
12. alco
13. aul wan
14. aul fellow
15. bad egg
16. gobshite
17. banjaxed
18. black stuff
19. bogs
20. claim

Irish Musical Instruments (Page 39)

1. oileann pipes
2. tin whistle
3. mandoline
4. flute
5. fiddle
6. bodhran
7. accordion
8. concertina
9. harp

The Wild Rover (Page 42)

wild/returning/more/went/money/yours/eyes/wines/home/before

Bould Thady Quill (Page 44)

football/meet/famous/won/heel/field/hurling/darling/faces/papers

Sally Gardens (Page 46)

love/she/young/river/stand/shoulder/easy/tears

In Memory of my Mother (Page 51)

think/walking/station/summer/forget/words/along/lying/

Culture Crossword (Page 53)



J	N	B	M	I	E	T	E	A	N	M	U	A	L	U
A	I	R	O	V	R	N	O	A	C	C	A	O	L	S
M	C	I	L	O	O	O	O	A	O	A	C	E	E	M
E	H	A	L	R	E	D	U	T	E	N	L	D	W	R
S	O	N	Y	S	O	P	K	R	E	I	I	L	M	R
S	L	C	M	L	I	B	T	E	Z	F	L	I	O	L
T	A	U	A	C	L	O	E	A	N	E	L	N	R	R
E	S	L	L	U	U	L	B	R	N	N	C	Q	C	N
P	D	L	O	E	U	E	O	N	T	N	E	I	W	O
H	A	E	N	V	T	E	O	B	N	E	E	D	Y	D
A	V	N	E	H	N	C	A	S	O	S	M	O	Y	I
N	I	N	I	N	O	L	S	R	C	T	N	M	S	T
S	D	J	A	M	E	S	I	I	N	L	T	R	E	R
M	I	C	H	A	E	L	C	O	L	L	I	N	S	T
D	J	D	L	E	I	F	S	R	A	S	P	E	T	E

