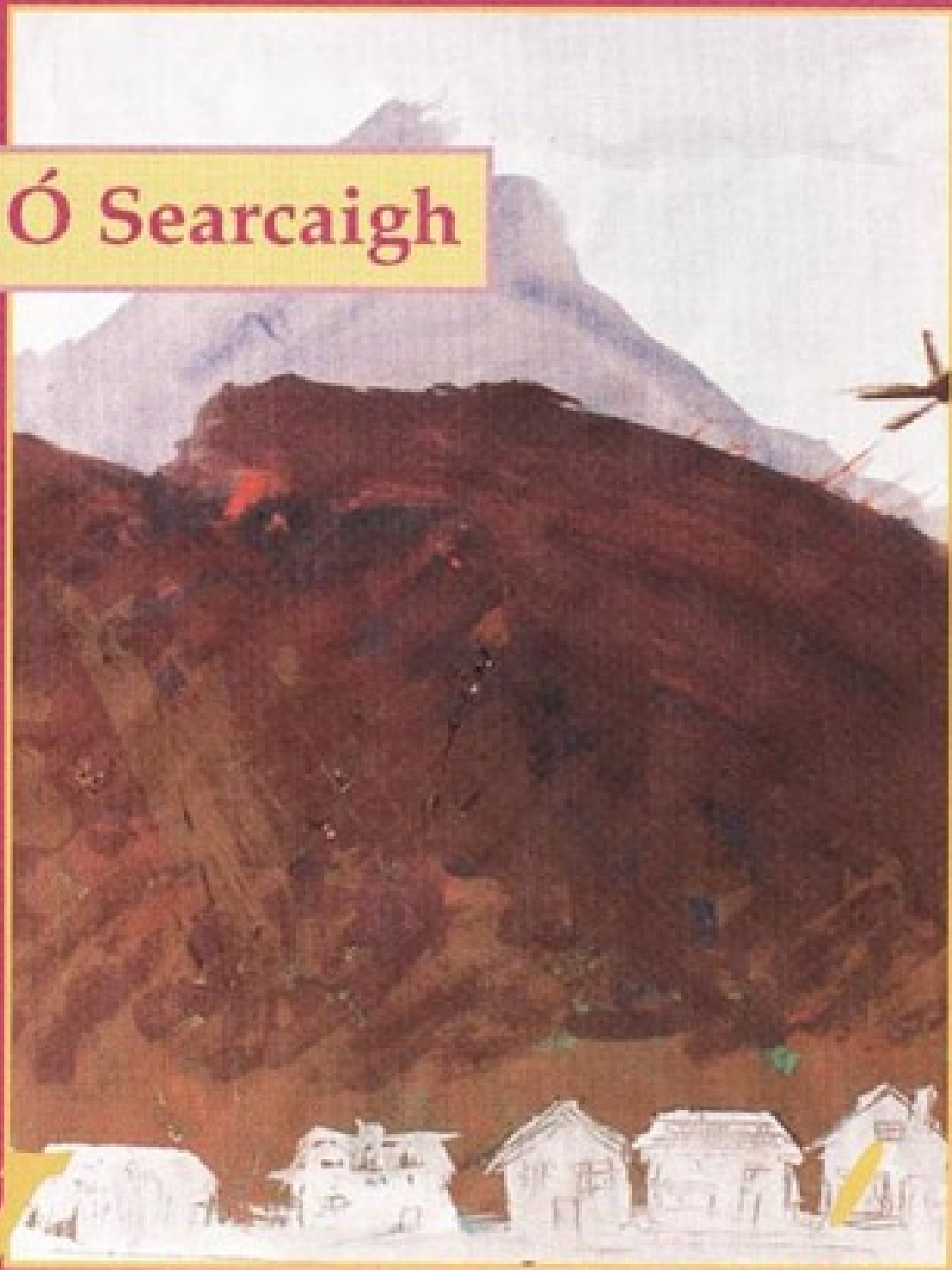


Cathal Ó Searcaigh



An Bealach ina Bhaile

Selected Poems • Rogha Dánta



Homecoming

An bealach 'na bhaile

Cathal Ó Searcaigh
(Photo by Rachel Brown)

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Cathal Ó Searcaigh

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Cló Iar-Chonnachta, Indreabhán, Conamara, Éire.

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*for Micheál Ó Searcaigh
my father
for his graciousness and his Poetry:
for Traolach Ó Fionnáin
our enterprising
Arts Officer in Co. Donegal, for his indefatigable
promotion of the Arts:*

Editor's Preface

Cathal Ó Searcaigh is one of a number of Irish poets who have unabashedly opened up to the world of the spirit, to the inner world where one is neither male nor female, Catholic nor Protestant, Hindu nor Buddhist; where the laws, if laws there be, of poetic and aesthetic propriety do not obtain. It is useless for the pedant to protest, the cleric to complain, the feminist to find fault, the city to censure — his is a free spirit that goes its own way with a good wish to all.

It would be easy for any, or all, of the above to accuse Ó Searcaigh of transgression, but that would be to miss the point. Ó Searcaigh is not an inept poet, irreligious, sexist nor culchie. These four areas are central to a poetic that is, in my reading, sensual and sensuous, a hymn to the human body as incarnation of the soul. He writes as much as a woman as as a man — not as androgyne but as one in whom the *yin* and *yang* of Chinese dualistic philosophy find expression, complementing each other and informing not only his poetry but his life. Like many before him, not all of them hippies, dope freaks or persons disaffected with society and/or disenchanting with themselves, Ó Searcaigh has turned to the east and eastern philosophy and religion to complement his Catholic upbringing. In so doing, he frees himself from the puritanism of Irish Catholicism and gains a celebratory vision which informs his poetry, placing him beyond the strictures of dogma where he comes to terms personally with the divine. I do not expect the cynical modern sensibility, crippled by angst and nausea, to make this leap with Ó Searcaigh into the light. But it might at least allow him his jump, even if all leaps, inevitably, end up back on the ground. It is the leap that matters — the leap and the mind it creates.

He would appear to be a sitting duck for feminist censure. And not without reason. Does he *compromise women with all his talk of sex and his own pleasure*? Ultimately I think not. He seems to me to be very naively, for which read "simply and honestly", celebrating the creative act, poetic as well as sexual. He can hardly be blamed for its concomitant pleasure. Indeed, the centrality of women to him is revealed in *Súile Shuibhne* in which he states: "B'ise mo mhaoinín, b'ise mo Ghort a' Choirce" ("She was my darling, she was my *Gort a' Choirce*" — i.e. his home place). This is the central image, I feel, in the whole book. Place becomes person, significantly a woman. The *yin* is uppermost. He is a poet in exile (in the city, away from home, in the English language, in formal religion) and the thrust (the *yang*) of his poetry is to return to fertile ground, the sanctuary where he can be whole and fruitful. This he achieves in a poetry that is mellifluous and melodic, sensuous and sensual.

Eventually, like many artists, he achieves a sense of being at home in exile:

"Now I pick up *Mín 'a Leá* and Mayfair
On the same mad miraculous
Frequency in my mind

In this buzz I feel in Berkeley Square;
While I discover myself with a positiveness
I haven't already felt
My own vibe, my own rhythm
The exciting rhythm of life increasing and buzzing
In the arteries that are my words.

Like a flock of sheep being driven to the mountain
The traffic is bleating
Uneasily on the roads
From Park Lane to Piccadilly
And in all directions
The offices. . grey green city mountains
Sun themselves and rejoice in the May sunshine,
For the first time I feel at home abroad."

Home is where the word is.

He is not afraid of using certain words, words that tend to annoy the modern English-language reviewer. Words like "animated", "wholesome", "pure", "God", "heaven", "chalice", "desire" come naturally to him and invite us to a world where language is free of inhibition returning to its true function: to convey meaning, shades of meaning and attitude as clearly or as obliquely as its terms and context allow. Ó Searcaigh, then, with the sensitivity of a poet and the sensibility of a child ("Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein"), invites us to join him on his journey, echoing Jack Kerouac's, which "zigzags all over creation. . Ain't nowhere else it can go". Like any worthwhile journey, it is an internal journey, a personal quest. A mystical journey that doesn't deal in easy mysticism. A journey that sets out from Gort a' Choirce, his physical, emotional and spiritual home, a journey that ends as it begins in the full knowledge that in *"the age of want. . there will have to be a going back to the sources"*.

Gabriel Fitzmaurice

Moyvane, Co. Kerry.
29 January 1992

Introduction: A Yellow Spot on the Snow

Réamhrá: Ball Buí ar an tSneachta

*Is grá geal mo chroí thú
A Thír Chonaill a stór,
I do luí mar bheadh seoid ghlas
San fharraige mhór.*

*You are my true love
Tír Chonaill my darling
Lying like a green jewel
In the great ocean.*

The above sentimental song composed during the nationalist and cultural revival around the turn of the century speaks of Donegal almost as if it were an island and seems almost prophetic in hindsight, since the partition which came with self-determination served to cut Donegal off to a large extent from its natural hinterland. It is joined to the rest of the republic only by a narrow band of land in the extreme south of the county. Therefore Donegal is in many senses an island, isolated and distinct with its own unique mindcast. It is ironic that, although part of what is known in current parlance as the “south”, it is the northernmost of any of Ireland’s thirty two counties. The continuing violence in Northern Ireland discourages many potential visitors, so that Donegal has not as yet fully succumbed to the naked commercialism of more accessible southern regions.

Donegal, *Dún na nGall*, means the Fort of the Foreigners. Originally the name only applied to Donegal Castle in the south of the county but it has come to be used in both languages for the whole region. *Tír Chonaill* — Land of Conall — which the song celebrates is a much older name and properly used excludes *Inis Eoghain*, the peninsula of Eoghan, in the north east. Both Conall and Eoghan were sons of Niall Naoi-Ghiallach, High King of Ireland in the early fifth century and ancestor of the Uí Néill, a dynasty which controlled the succession to the High Kingship for five hundred years. Most of the aristocratic families of Gaelic Ulster claimed descent from him in former times. *Tír Eoghain* — *Land of Eoghan* — is also named for this Eoghan. Conall Gulban is known as the ancestor of *Cinéal Conaill*, the interrelated Donegal tribes of whom the O’Donnells became the most powerful and the best known. They were traditional hereditary chieftains of Donegal until the seventeenth century when the native order finally ceased to exist independently of English rule. In the middle ages Donegal maintained links with the wider Gaelic world both in the rest of Ireland and in the Lordship of the Isles in Scotland. There was a lot of movement back and forth at this time. The Scottish Gaels often provided mercenary fighting men, known

as *Gallóglaigh* — Gallowglasses — for Irish leaders in time of war. Many of these settled in Donegal afterwards, a fact which the surnames of the area bear out. The origin of the Mac Sweeneys is well documented and MacPháidín and Mac Íomhair are but two other examples of local surnames which are also found in the Scottish Highlands. There was also intermarriage between the aristocratic families of Ulster and Scotland. The formidable Inghean Dubh, for example, a very ambitious character and the mother of Red Hugh O'Donnell was a Mac Donald from Islay and was known in her own day as “great bringer in of Scots.”

The variety of Irish spoken in Donegal forms part of a linguistic continuum which stretches from Lewis in the north to Cape Clear in the south. Donegal Irish has many similarities to Gàidhlig. These were formerly attributed to the movements which have just been referred to, but now some scholars take the view that they are indigenous and not due to any overt Scottish influence. Whatever their origin, these affinities render Donegal Irish different in many respects from the Irish spoken further south. This, together with Donegal's marginal location, causes many southern speakers to say that they cannot understand the dialect. Recently indeed, a row erupted when some southern teachers objected to the dialect being included in listening comprehension tests set by the Department of Education. Such prejudice, though commoner than might be wished, is not general. Although most competent speakers not unnaturally prefer their own dialect, they view the difference as interesting and exciting and do not feel threatened by it.

Donegal is a place of many contrasts. The fertile district of east Donegal is markedly different to the wilder and more barren west. The people of the west generally refer to this region as *An Lagán*. Much of the western area is designated as Gaeltacht or Irish-speaking although casual visitors may be disappointed in many districts if they expect to hear Irish spoken as the vernacular. Most of the area marked on the map will contain native Irish speakers but in many places English has become the usual everyday language. Irish is maintained in these as a second, lesserused language. Linguistic competence generally decreases among the younger people in such communities. Their main contact with Irish will usually come from school and some may later choose to increase their fluency by joining a youth club or a drama group. The language becomes an occasional medium for them and they do not readily perceive it as a real language. Some however do make that transition and also become actively committed to arresting the further marginalisation of Irish in their localities.

It is believed that before the collapse of the Gaelic order, the western region of Donegal was very sparsely populated, although remains of human habitation survive the Mesolithic era. In 1609, during the Plantation of Ulster, the more fertile areas of the province were granted to English and lowland Scots and the Irish were allocated to the poorer, more mountainy land. It was at this time that many people moved into west Donegal. Here they lived just as they had always lived, self-sufficient and independent, with little interference from the state. They worked the land and created the landscape to which Ó Searcaigh is so attached:

*Here I feel permanence
as I look at the territory of my people
round the foot of Errigal
where they've settled
for more than three hundred years
on the grassy mountain pastures. .
Above and below, I see the holdings
farmed from the mouth of wilderness.
This is the poem-book of my people,
the manuscript they toiled at
with the ink of their sweat.*

Here at Caiseal na gCorr Station/Anseo ag Stáisiún Chaiseal na gCorr

Things continued in this manner until around the time of the Famine when the people began gradually to be drawn into a consumer economy. Shops were opened and the need for cash prompted many parents to send their children to work on the large farms in the *Lagán* district. The contract was usually for six months, the labour extremely hard and the wages a pittance. This practice continued until about fifty years ago. It was quite normal for children as young as nine years to go to the *Lagán* and they usually spent about five or six seasons on the *Lagán* before going further afield to the large farms and industrial cities of Scotland. The *Lagán* was considered child's work and the wages were better across the North Channel. The men began to go to Scotland around the same time and in doing so began a pattern which survived until the early nineteen sixties. They would often spend the better part of the year in Scotland working on the farms, coming home only in spring to help their women till their own small patch of ground. This life is well documented in the regional literature, for example by Micí Mac Gabhann in *Rotha Mór an tSaoil* (translated as *The Hard Road to Klondyke*). Cathal's parents, Mickey Sharkey and Agnes Roarty, lived this life. Mickey's passport for the war years gives "migratory labourer" as his occupation. Cathal has celebrated his mother's experiences in his adaptation of Derick Thomson's *Clann Nighean na Scadan; Cailíní na Scadán/The Herring Girls*:

*It was history's confused mess which had left them abroad
slaves to the herring curers, to the short-arsed upstarts
in the towns of British Ports
from Lerwick in Shetland down to Yarmouth in England.
Well-seasoned was their prize, by God,
from the unceasing filling of the barrels
the sea wind sharp on their skin
and a burden of poverty
in their coffers
and but for their laughter
you would think that their hearts were broken.*

In the nineteen fifties and sixties many young couples chose to remain abroad and

some settled in Glasgow where there is a vigorous Donegal community to this day. Emigration reached its peak during these decades but slowed to a trickle in the seventies as better opportunities became available at home. Such emigration as there was then was more a matter of choice than of necessity. In the eighties emigration accelerated again, though it was not to Scotland that this generation looked but to southeastern Britain, the cities of the United States and Australia. Although they were better educated than any of their predecessors, this did not decrease their sense of isolation in their new environment. Perhaps their education indeed heightened their awareness of their position and made them more critical of the successive governments who failed to provide an alternative. By the nineties the Thatcherite boom had ended in recession and many of the emigrants have returned home, believing it preferable to live on the dole in a rural environment than in a foreign city:

*To-morrow I travel on to a haven
Beyond the pitch and brawl of the seas:
The flats round here are a run-down graveyard
Where my young self walks like a nameless zombie.*

Triall/Will Travel

Emigration then for the last hundred and fifty years has been a fact of life for the people of Donegal and has left its mark on their personality. The dream is to go away and to return a success and many achieve a version of this dream. More do not and they deal with it in different ways. In an attempt to preserve the illusion of success some never come back. Others return, not having succeeded abroad and became involved once again in the life of their home place. Their homecoming and resumption of their old lives is perhaps the most difficult decision. The Scottish writer Iain Crichton Smith himself from a rural, Gàidhlig speaking background, accurately describes the dilemma: "To return home is not simply to return home, it is to return to a community, for one's gains and losses to be assessed. The community is the ultimate critic, not easily taken in, with its own system of checks and balances." There are those who settle in the cities, marry, and bring up their families there. Their isolation is to a large extent replaced by an accommodation to the values of their chosen environment. They become cultural amphibians, functioning equally well at home and abroad, although this facility is not without its tensions and contradictions. Again Smith's insight into the matter is invaluable: "When I left the village community in order to attend the secondary school in Stornoway I felt as if I was abandoning the community. There was a subtle alteration to me in the attitude of my contemporaries who were not taking the road of education but would work on the land or on the fishing boats. Even now when I meet members of the community who have stayed at home there is a slight constraint in our relationship, there is a human distance. I have made the choice, I have forsaken the community in order to individualise myself."

This statement is reminiscent of one made by Seosamh Mac Grianna in *Mo Bhealach Féin*: "*Tá babhún dímhéasa idir an té a théid chun coláiste agus an té nach dtéid.*" 'A wall of contempt stands between the one who is educated and the one who is not.' In a

striking simile Smith compares the community to a spider's web, where if one part is pulled the remainder trembles. In such a society everyone is part of the whole and no one person takes precedence over the rest. The community has its strengths in its concern for all its members and the structures which enable people to give practical expression to that concern. It has its own unwritten rules beyond which no one may go without risking censure. Smith discusses the concept of *cliù* which he translates as moral reputation or standing. This reputation once lost cannot be regained. The community judgement lasts until the fourth generation and beyond. In fact this same word, *cliú*, is used to express the same idea in Donegal. It is significant in this context that the American ethnographer Henry Glassie has pointed out that lying, theft and murder are classed as crimes of equal gravity. Indeed he infers that stealing is feared almost more than murder, since it is the clearest instance of an attack by one member of the community on another who is innocent. Such attacks deeply offend the delicate balance necessary for its proper functioning. The desire to keep the machinery of the community smoothly running also accounts for the dislike of individualism. In more recent years the community has changed. Constant exposure to television and the aggressive consumerism promoted by advertising have had their effects. People nowadays lock their doors since crime is no longer unheard of and it is often perpetrated by members of the local community. Ó Searcaigh marks the change in *An Tobar/The Well* :

*But this long time, piped water from distant hills
sneaks into every kitchen
on both sides of the glen;
mawkish, without sparkle,
zestless as slops
and among my people
the springwell is being forgotten.*

A word is necessary on Donegal's literary tradition which dates back to Bardic times when the O'Donnells and other aristocratic families maintained a professional class which included poets, historians and lawyers. Indeed one sixteenth century chief, Mánas Ó Domhnaill, has achieved lasting fame as a scholar and poet. At his castle in Lifford in 1542 he compiled the famous biography of his kinsman St Colm Cille. In the seventeenth century the patronage upon which the professional classes depended gradually ceased as the Gaelic aristocracy either emigrated or adopted English ways and customs. The custody of the native learning then passed to the ordinary people who, with succeeding generations became more remote from the bardic heritage. There was never a strong manuscript tradition of literary transmission here, unlike areas such as Munster and south-east Ulster where scribal activity continued well into the second half of the nineteenth century. The literature and culture of the people was transmitted by oral means for over three centuries. Inspired by the romantic movement and the growth of cultural nationalism which accompanied it, the upper classes found that the unlettered peasants, as they perceived them, possessed a heritage of their own which had hitherto remained unnoticed. Enthusiasts began to collect this material which they believed was in danger of imminent loss, and in 1927 the Irish Folklore

Commission was established to systematically record this disappearing tradition. The Donegal man most associated with this collection is Seán Ó hEochaidh, a native of *Teileann*, who spent fifty years engaged in this work. The results of his vast labour are stored in the archive of the Department of Irish Folklore at University College Dublin.

Oral literature takes many forms. In the past storytelling and singing were regarded as the highest artistic expressions of it. The *scéalaí* was a specialist whose province was the telling of the old stories. A special narrative style characterises these tales and great skill was required to tell them properly. The practitioners were generally older men. *Seanchas* was another distinct branch of learning, a term which can best be translated as local knowledge. This term was used in the days of the Gaelic aristocracy to define history. Seán Ó hEochaidh's main informant for the *Gort a' Choirce* area was Niall Ó Dubhthaigh, from whom he recorded over four and a half thousand manuscript pages of detailed knowledge on every aspect of local life. The songs belonged more generally to the community and the singing of them was an important part of any social gathering. This branch of culture also had its specialists who could be counted upon to remember rarer items of the community repertoire. There were of course the exceptional individuals who excelled at all three branches of traditional learning. Anna Nic a'Luain from *Na Cruacha Gorma* — the Bluestacks — springs immediately to mind. She gave the Folklore Commission fifty long stories, the texts of 250 songs and numerous items of *seanchas*. She was unable to speak English. Seán Ó hEochaidh compared her to a spring well during a long summer drought: every evening the well would be empty and on returning the next morning it was found replenished with clear life-giving liquid.

It is fashionable nowadays to point out that Ireland has been a bilingual society since the middle ages. This reminder is issued to counter the “monolithic Gaelic model” which nationalists put forward during the earlier part of this century. English was spoken in Ireland during the middle ages but it was certainly restricted to the areas outside Gaelic control. The important point is not the existence of the language but its relationship with the dominant Irish language. The speaking of English in those days was quite naturally seen as a mark of education and an accomplishment to be enjoyed in much the same way as a continental language is seen today. The relationship was one of equality and there was certainly no thought at this time of replacing the native language with the other. This changed with the complete subjugation of Gaelic culture during the seventeenth century. The relationship of the languages changed. Irish was deprived of any official status and English became the only language of administration and law. The aristocracy became an English-speaking class. Irish was seen as backward, a mark of ignorance and poverty, and all who wished to advance under the new régime made the English language their medium of communication. This change was gradual but steady until after the Famine when it accelerated dramatically. English was established in Donegal during the early seventeenth century but Irish continued to maintain itself strongly side by side with it until about the eighteen fifties or sixties. Many factors contributed to the shift, some of which I have already mentioned. As the people became increasingly bilingual they began to assimilate the songs of the new language. Child ballads such as *Barbara Allen* and *John Barbour* became part of the

repertoire as did songs like *A Lady Walked in her Father's Garden*. Ballad sheets hawked at fairs by professional singers contributed many more new songs to the repertoire. Some of the Gaelic songs acquired English equivalents to their verses:

*Tá mo chleamhnas a dhéanamh inniu agus inné
Is ní mó ná go dtaitníonn an bhean adaí liom féin
Ach fuígfídh mé mo dhiaidh í is rachaidh mé leat féin
Fá bhruach na coilleadh craobhaí.*

*My match is a-making since ere last night
It isn't with the girl that I love the best;
I'll leave her behind me and go along with you
Down by the banks of the ocean.*

Many of the poets resolved to try their hand at composition in the new language with surprisingly successful results at times:

*To see my darling on a summer's morning
When Flora's fragrance bedecked the lawn,
Her neat deportment and manners courteous
Around her sporting the lamb and fawn.
On high I ponder where'er I wander
And stil grow fonder sweet maid of thee;
Of your matchless charms I am enamoured:
"O Moorlough Mary won't you come away."*

The rhyming scheme here is a tell tale sign that that the poet knew Irish and was consciously imitating Gaelic models. Devotional anthems to place, combined with an emigration theme, abounded:

*Attention pay my countrymen and hear my native news
Although my song is sorrowful I hope you'll me excuse
I left my peaceful residence a foreign land to see
And I bade farewell to Donegal, likewise to Glenswilly.*

These songs proved immensely popular and remain so to this day. It is said that people in the past sang these songs in English without being fluent in the language themselves. They were sung in the same style as the Irish language songs, often to Gaelic airs. Because of the relationship of the two languages the songs in English often served to severely undermine the Gaelic songs. In many Gaeltacht areas the song repertoire gradually became mainly English, even in areas where Irish was dominant. A passage from an Irish-language novel serves to illustrate one of the reasons for it. This scene is set in Scotland among some some migratory workers:

"You ought to ask Donnchadh Ó Leadhain to sing a song," said Róise.

"He has a lovely voice. Don't you remember him the other night."

“He has a fine voice without a doubt,” said Seán ‘Ac Conaglaigh’s daughter. “Unfortunately he has only Irish songs. He was reared by his grandmother. He hasn’t one single song in English. Of course he’d sing us an Irish song, and a dozen of them, if he were asked. But you’d never know that some of the Scots weren’t eavesdropping on us somewhere. He shamed us one night last year. He sang ‘Mal Dubh a’ Ghleanna’ while there were a few Scots with us. But there’s a man who has plenty of songs and a fairly good voice — Éamonn Ó Dochartaigh. I must ask our Micí to ask him to sing.”

“Edward Doherty will now oblige the company with a song.”

Irish became so undermined that in many cases even the language of song making became English in staunchly Irish-speaking areas. Indeed many of the writers of the Irish revival, Cathal Ó Searcaigh among them, actually attempted composition in English before turning to their native language. The language revival brought a renewal of interest in the Irish-language songs. As they saw these urban enthusiasts returning year after year, attempting to acquire the very things thought so unfashionable by themselves, many gained an appreciation of, and insight into, the culture that they cherished but had come to regard as an anachronistic hindrance to progress. This effected something of a reversal of the shift among some of the people. In fact the awareness of what was being lost prompted a reaction among many so that in the last two generations singers have emerged who cultivated a predominantly Irish language repertoire. The great authority on all aspects of the folk tradition of his native *Rinn na Feirste*, Aodh Ó Duibheannaigh is known to have had very few English language songs in his active repertoire. Caitlín Ní Dhomhnaill, also a *Rinn na Feirste* singer, but of a younger generation, also sings almost exclusively in Irish. Another singer, from Tory Island, once remarked to me that he preferred singing in Irish because he had a mastery in it which he did not feel in English. The revival of interest stimulated new compositions in Irish. Many of these show the influence of the song making tradition in English in both theme and form. The intricate assonantal patterns, together with many of the formulaic conventions of older Gaelic verse are absent and end rhyme predominates. One such song, the enduringly popular *Cnoc A’ Diaraigh*, was made by a relative of Cathal’s. Ciarán Carson, in his introduction to Rachel Giese’s *The Donegal Pictures*, has commented that the photographs represent a macaronic or mixed landscape. The oral culture also reflects the alternation of Irish and English, what Carson calls the debate between them.

This complex bilingual culture has influenced many Irish writers, those of Donegal being no exception. The work of Patrick Magill, Seamus Mac Manus, Peadar O’Donnell, Patrick McGinley, Frank McGuinness, and Matthew Sweeney testifies to a debt to the traditions of their communities. Nowhere is this more evident than in the dramas of Brian Friel, who again and again returns to Donegal for the settings of his plays. The resonances have to a great extent maintained themselves in the new language. Largely because of the nationalist and cultural revival at the turn of the century, there are also some Donegal writers whose chosen medium was the Irish language. The two most talented members of this group were brothers, descended on their mother’s side from the “Filí gan Iomrá”, the unsung poets of Rinn na Feirste,

whose greatest literary achievement, *An Chéad Mháirt de Fhómhar*, is still an integral feature of Rinn na Feirste identity. This is the passionate elegy of Séamas Ó Domhnaill for his drowned son Pádraig:

*The first Tuesday of autumn my story was sad and weary
A capable, courageous hand preceding me on the deathbed,
On the Rock of Tears I suppose I lost my sight
And until I am lain beneath the sod I will never recover since you are gone.*

*My curse forever on the edge of this shore below
It has left your People depressed and has turned my heart to black coal,
Laying you to rest in your grave has left me without strength
Bereft of courage and reason, a poor wretch tossed by the wind.*

As with so many Irish songs, it is not complete without a knowledge of the accompanying narrative where for example, it emerges that the father probably regarded himself as partly responsible for the tragedy. Both Séamas and Seosamh Mac Grianna belonged to an exceptional family of storytellers and poets and have made invaluable contributions to the development of modern Irish literature in the twentieth century. Séamas, the older and more traditional of the two, is among the great stylists of Irish language prose. He based his writing on the oral tradition and produced novels and stories which have a unique polish and elegance. He is often criticised for having kept too close to traditional storytelling models and for consequent weaknesses of plot and characterisation. Nevertheless his masterful handling of language assures him an undisputed place among the writers of the Irish literary renaissance. His brother Seosamh has an even stronger position in this regard. Feeling the constraints of his brother's staunch traditionalism, he broke away from that particular mould and tried to develop a dynamic, modern, literary medium from the same material his brother had used to forge his own mode of expression. He experimented with form, transforming the tried and tested Gaeltacht biography into the subversive classic *Mo Bhealach Féin*, thereby taking Irish prose from the Homeric and placing it in the post-modern era in the space of a few years. He was a tortured and restless spirit and his health failed him, ending his writing career abruptly in his mid-thirties. Niall Ó Dónaill, another Rosses writer, deserves mention in the development of Donegal writing. Although his output was small, *Na Glúnta Rosannacha*, a study of the Rosses from the earliest period to modern times, shows a writer of discipline and character exercising to the full the resources available in his native language. Fionn Mac Cumhaill and Ó Searcaigh's own kinsman, Tadhg Ó Rabhartaigh, number among the other writers in this school.

Cathal Ó Searcaigh then, is not a writer functioning in a void, but one with a highly developed and varied tradition behind him. Ó Searcaigh's closest literary antecedent is perhaps Seosamh Mac Grianna, also the product of an essentially oral community, and he freely acknowledges the influence of the oral literature in the Irish language upon him. The lyric song poetry of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with its intricate vowel rhyming and its sinuous grace, provide him with possibilities for experimenting with theme and form. The passionate, intense simplicity of the love songs continues to

inspire and delight him. Here is a translation of one of his favourites:

*I am awake since the moon rose last night,
Ceaselessly lighting the fire and ever tending it,
The people of the house are asleep and I am alone,
The cocks are crowing and the world asleep but me.*

*My pure delight is your mouth, your brow, your cheek,
Your sparkling, blue eye for which I forsook pleasure and fun,
With longing for you I cannot see the road which I walk,
And my dearest friend, the mountains stand between me and you.*

*People of education say that love is a miserable disease,
I never admitted it until it had tortured the heart inside me,
A sharp sore pain, alas I did not avoid it,
It has pierced my heart a hundredfold with its darts.*

*I met a woman of the sí down at the fort at the ford's mouth,
And asked her whether there was a key to unlock this love
She answered in a low voice with words both calm and serene,
When it goes to the heart it never again is released.*

The bare translation gives an idea of the original, even without its wordmusic and its melody, which in the hands of a skilled traditional singer becomes a poignant statement of lost love, speaking directly from the heart. This song is a well known standard in the living repertoire of Donegal singers. The precedents set by these songs are an important resource for Ó Searcaigh, enabling him to explore this area of his emotional life in a truly personal fashion. *Ceann Dubh Dílis/My Blackhaired Love* is perhaps the most obvious example of such exploration. From a lyric of the same name, Cathal adapts the song to his own experience, dealing with homosexual love, a theme which has until now seldom appeared in Irish language literature:

*My blackhaired love, my dear, dear, dear,
Our kiss re-opens Christ's wounds here:
But close your mouth, don't spread the word:
We of end the Gospels with our love.*

*You plague the local belles, my sweet,
They attempt to coax you with deceit
But you'd prefer my lonely kiss,
You hugging me to bring to bliss.*

Love was not the only concern of the eighteenth century poets. Their own poetic reputations were often uppermost in their minds as when Eoghan Mac Niallais of Ard A' Ratha and Séamas Ó Doraidheáin of Cill Charthaigh competed to find out who was the better poet. Each made songs in praise of mountains in their own areas, Eoghan praising *An Mhaoineach* and Séamas choosing the majestic *Sliabh Liag* for his subject.

Significantly the verses were set to the same tune as it would have been inconceivable to compose a poem without music. Eoghan's inspiration petered out after only four verses and his composition was soundly beaten by Séamas' tour de force of nine eight-line stanzas. Here are a few by way of illustration:

*Great beautiful Sliabh Liag on which grows long grass
With yel ow honey flowing like dew on the slopes of its passes
Which has excel ed every hil even as far as Tara
To Nephin Mac Amhlaidh to Antrim and to the Boyne.
The fairs there are ful of pleasure, woods fil ed with joy
And slender ships of the Sí as they set sail
The coaches of princes approach by roads
There is an abundance of butter and sweet cow's milk .*

*This is the peaked fresh hil with its orchards and apples
The bees col ecting nectar and its clusters of ripe nuts
There is no fruit which does not grow on the heather there
And there is a sweet fragrance pervading to the very top.
Barley in stacks, wheat in sheaves
Yellow cheese, cream and soft rushes growing
Eternal summer with the cal ing of cuckoos and blackbirds
And the sleek steer advancing to the top of the pass.*

*At the foot of Áine's hil ock there is a bright court and parlour
Limewhite wal s and chessmen ready for play
And to the great hostels of the mountain hundreds proceed
To weddings and feasts and other such events from al parts,
There is a host of richly dressed Greek women there with curling tresses
Being entertained by harp and pipe music
And how sweet to me is the cuckoo singing in solitude
From the top of a rush clump, or at the upper end of For Aoidh.*

The superb hyperbole of this song, with its references to mythology and its emphasis on fertility and natural abundance, comes directly from medieval tradition, although it is thought to have been composed after 1798. In modern day terms it is perhaps difficult to accept the sincerity of *Sliabh Liag*, but it must be remembered that the poet in Gaelic Ireland was a feared and revered person. Francis John Byrne has correctly suggested that "The poetic formula. . of the *fili* was by its very nature a truth. Such at least seems to have been the dogma which lingered in the sub-conscious of the Christian Irish until modern times, and which redeemed the flattery of bardic panegyrics." It is obvious that this idea underlies *Sliabh Liag* and it is also important to remember that the *filíocht* in Irish was not synonymous with composition in English. The poetry of Cathal Ó Searcaigh belongs to this archaic tradition while at the same time it is intensely and uncompromisingly modern. His utterances also aim to express the truth, even though his perceptions differ greatly from the traditional concepts.