

BBE. SCRIPTS

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Sean og O'Boyle

Not checked with script as recorded:

THE TWO VOICES

3. HOME AND AWAY

UT433U

Compiled and introduced by Sean og O Boyle

Produced by John Boyd

TRANSMISSION: NIHS (RADIO 4) WEDNESDAY 7 JUNE 1972 2000-2015

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CONTRIBUTORS: SEAN OG O BOYLE  
J.F.HICKS  
GRAEME ROBERTS  
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GRAMS: Co.Antrim Air ?

TAPE: Cathal O'Boyle singing Old Arboe



GRAMS:

County Antrim Air

~~SEAN OG~~  
~~O BOYLE:~~

G.R.B.:  
S.B.B.:

GL

"It's an agricultural part, where they would  
snare a hare, shoot a grouse, court a nice girl --  
anything at all for sport or hospitality -- the  
best people in the world."

That was said about Ballydoo, a wee townland  
between Hilltown and Mayobridge in County Down,  
but it could have been said about any townland in  
Ireland. That's what local patriotism is all  
about. The loveliest girl in the world lives at  
home -- the Flower of Sweet Strabane, The Maid of  
Mourne Shore, Murlough Mary, or even the Maid of  
Ballydoo. We have the strongest men too -- The  
County Fermanagh for Muscle and Bone! Culloville  
for wrestlin' ! And, of course, there's nowhere  
just like the place itself!

SM

TAPE. "Old Arboe" sung by Cathal O'Boyle  
(pre-rec. 9 4 72)

Sean og over/



SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

GL

It wasn't only a pleasure to sing the praises of home -- it was a duty as well, for any man who claimed to be a poet. I suppose this was never more obvious than in the lavish praises of the scenic beauties and natural resources of County Mayo, by a man who never saw them in his life. Antoin Ó Raifterí was one of the last of the Gaelic Poets and lived well into the nineteenth century. The fact that he was blind didn't stop him giving his homeland its due:

GRAEME  
ROBERTS:

Now with the springtime the days will grow longer  
And after St. Bride's day my sail I'll let go;  
I put my mind to it and I never will linger  
Till I find myself back in the County Mayo.

Killeadan's the village where everything pleases,  
Of berries and all sorts of fruit there's no lack,  
And if I could but stand in the heart of my people  
Old age would drop from me and youth would come  
back.

J.F.HICKS:

GL

SONG:    Anois teacht an Earraigh.    3 verses.



SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

Since earliest times, the <sup>memory</sup> ~~natural beauties~~ of Ireland  
have given rise to some of the most heart-rending  
songs from those who have been forced to emigrate.  
Even those who went of their own accord felt the need  
to sing of <sup>it</sup> ~~them~~. Remember Geoffrey Keating's  
beautiful little poem, in which he apostrophises a  
"scribhinn" or letter:

J.F.HICKS:

Mo Bheannacht leat, a scribhinn.  
(Fili agus Filiocht, Cuid 11 Page 94)

GRAEME  
ROBERTS:

O letter, bear my greetings  
To my home in Inis Ealga, (Inish Alga)  
To the cliffs I long to see there  
As they redden in the evening.

Goodbye to Ireland's forests,  
To her lakes, full of fish,  
To her pastures and her boglands,  
To her men in market places.

Farewell to her lonely harbours,  
To her waving barley fields,  
To her lowlands, to her hillsides,  
To her raths and fairy forts.

continued



Though violence has left its mark  
On my peaceful island home,  
Across the sea to Ireland,  
May God go with you, letter.

SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

And when Colmcille, our first great exile, set off on  
his missions, <sup>he</sup> it wasn't without feeling for his  
homeland and specially for his beloved Derry, of which  
he wrote:

J.F.  
HICKS:

Doire

(Early Irish Lyrics, page 68)

GRAEME  
ROBERTS:

That's why I love Derry,  
It is so calm and bright  
It is full of whitest angels  
from one end to the other.

SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

And when it became clear that he was going to have to  
leave the country, he looked around him and wrote the  
most famous of the early exile poems, which you <sup>may have</sup> heard  
in the last series of "The Two Voices":

Hicks over/



T.F. HICKS:

Fil suil nglais  
Fhearchas Erinn tar a h-ais;  
Nochan fhaicfe iarmho-tha  
Firu Ereann nach a mna.

Mo radharc tar sal sinim  
Do chlar na ndaraoh ndioghainn;  
Mor dear mo roisg ghlais ghlemhoill  
Mar fheachaim tar m'ais Eirinn.

GRAEME  
ROBERTS:

There is a grey eye  
Which will look back on Ireland.  
Never more will it see  
The men of Ireland nor her women.

My vision over the sea I strain  
To the plain of thick-growing oaks.  
Large is the tear of my soft grey eye  
When I look back on Ireland.

SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

*It was nearly centuries* *that*  
Thirteen ~~hundred years~~ later, Padraig O Mileádhá  
was forced to leave his native County Waterford  
and his home near Sliabh gCua, of which a ninth  
century monk had written:

GRAEME  
ROBERTS:

Sliabh gCua, haunt of wolves, rugged and dark, the  
wind wails about its glens, wolves howl around its  
chasms; the fierce brown deer bells in Autumn  
around it, the crane screams over its crags.

Sean Og over



SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

But, for all that, it was home to Pádraig Ó Miléadha.

GL

J.F.HICKS:

SONG: Sliabh Geal gCua.

SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

The love of the mountains of home comes out all through our exile songs. Even in modern ~~sentimental~~ tear-jerkers --- The Hills of Donegal, ~~The Blue Hills of Antrim,~~ Among the Wicklow Hills. But, of course, the real exiles needed no "dear little shamrock" or "moonlight on the leprechauns" to make their loss felt. They had only to recite the reasons for their departure to make their feelings known quite clearly.

GL

J.F.HICKS:

SONG: Slieve Gallon Braes.

SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

And

The rare beauty of the hills of Ireland is not entirely lost on those of us who stay here. Seosamh MacGrianna, the present-day novelist of Rann na Feirsde in Donegal, set many of his stories in the beautiful countryside of his native county. "Creach Choinn Uí Dhomhnaill", a short-story, opens with Feardorcha Mac Aodhagáin walking through Barnas Gap to a banquet with the O Donnells:

Roberts over/



GRAEME  
ROBERTS:

He came over the day before from Castlefin, and he was royally feasted in an eating house between that and Ballybofey. And to-day he happened to be getting to know the hills of Donegal. They rose before him between midday and noon, long blue-misted slopes, heavenly clouds floating over their summits like long fair hair blowing in the breeze, they jagged with streams, ragged with heather and rough with shale and hard, stony <sup>scree</sup> residue. They drew their breath (and anyone who was ever in Donegal knows that the mountains there do breath), and if he was hungry he didn't feel it, tired, he wasn't weary, when his mind was raised to consider that spaciousness which he didn't often encounter, realist poet that he was.....X

J.F.HICKS:

Creach Choinn Uí Domhnaill (Paragraph 2, from  
"Tháinig sé anoir..." p.87 till end on p.88)

SEAN OG  
O BOYLE:

*light* *Balor na mbéimeann & thairbh*  
*X2*

Sin agaibh, mar sin, cuir síos Mhic Grianna ar áilneacht a cheantair dhúchais, Tír Chonaill, mar a bhfuil an Dá Ghuth beo beathaíoch go fóill. Gurbh fhada buan iad.

GRAMS:

Co.Antrim Air ?



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