

SCRIPT

# **Oísín in Tír na n-Og**

**a tale from the Land of Éireann**

**for Storyteller and  
Lever or Pedal Harp**

**Script by  
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**Music by Alyssa Reit**

*7 Stars Publishing*

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## About the Story

Traditional Irish literature is divided into four main cycles. The earliest, known as the Mythological Cycle, are stories of demi-gods, primarily the Tuatha De Danaan, and semi-demonic peoples called the Fomorians. These stories belong to what is known as the Bronze Age. The next, the Ulster Cycle, represents the period around the birth of Christ, historically. This cycle relates the legends of the Red Branch Knights, and of great men of grand stature, such as Conor Mac Nessa and Cuchulainn. The third cycle, from which our story comes, is called the Fenian Cycle, and dates from approximately 300 years after the characters of the Ulster Cycle. It contains tales of Finn Mac Cumhaill and his band of followers, the Fianna. The last cycle, the Historical Cycle, tells of the early High Kings of Ireland.

One way of viewing these cycles is of a "falling" through the worlds--a diminishing of direct connection with the Gods and all the powers that come from that connection. The literal size of the heroes, the scope of their powers, and the scale of their pursuits and concerns shrink over "long time." Oisín's return to Ireland from Tir na n-Og has a resonance of meaning that makes the Falling of Man more understandable and evokes the longing to make the return journey to those divine higher worlds.

Like many of the stories in the province of oral tradition, Oisín in Tir na n-Og comes to us in many unusual and often contradictory versions. Basic details change, and important events are related in varying order-- or are missing altogether-- from text to text. This script is in many respects our adaptation of T.W. Rolliston's telling in his *Celtic Myths and Legends* (Courier Dover); we especially acknowledge our debt to his work, and his contribution to this version. We are also very grateful to Marie Heaney and P.W. Joyce, who provided valuable source material for our rendition.

Una McGillicuddy and Alyssa Reit

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Please see the pronunciation guide which follows the script.

Most of the script is underscored by harp. Harp cue words are underlined, harp solo spots are noted, and general notes as to the relationship between music and text are given to aid the rehearsal process. The rehearsal cue letters indicated a change in the music, but need not be a break, as the flow will depend upon the tempo and style of the narration. Underscored text with no designation *following* a designated underlined harp cue indicates a suggested stop cue for the music. Please take all these notes as suggestions, and adapt as best works for you.

### Acknowledgements

Special thanks to our parents Betsy, Robert, Michael, and Brede. Grandma Freda--for your creative stories. Barra--for your generosity and sharing your love. Lisa--for working your magic. Peter--for always giving above and beyond. Tim-- for being a true patron of the arts. To our families, friends, and teachers who have encouraged and inspired us--we're very grateful. Lastly, our deepest thanks to all the storytellers who have shared this story and kept it alive.

## Oisín in Tir na n-Og

Long, long ago in Ireland there lived a band of warrior hunters called “the Fianna.” You know those kind of warriors who ride around on horseback, covered from head to toe in shining armor? They carry huge, heavy swords, maces, battle-axes. Well, that’s not the kind of warrior that your average member of the Fianna was. On, no. They didn’t ride on horses. They didn’t have them. The Fianna went everywhere on foot. And they had no shining armor or chain-mail. They wore simple tunics and leggings. And on their feet they wore soft leather sandals.

You might think they lived in palaces and slept on soft downy beds. Not at all. They lived out in the open air, in the woods and glens of Ireland. They loved nature, and the freedom of being in it. Their downy bed was the mossy forest floor, and their castle was the starry sky above them.

Now, not just anybody could join the Fianna. This was because their special job was to protect the High King of Ireland. So they needed to be the most skilled warriors in the land. And they were. In order to join the Fianna, you had to prove yourself by passing a number of tests. In one of these tests, the young warrior had to tie his hair in a tight braid and run as fast as he could through a forest thick with underbrush and brambles—and come out the other end without having disturbed a hair on his head! In another test, the young hopeful warrior was put in a pit, and given a small shield and sword. He then had to defend himself from below against nine experienced encircling Fianna.

Well, you might expect these kinds of tests for warriors. But who has ever heard of a poetry test for a warrior? These young men who wanted to be in the Fianna had to be able to recite hundreds of well-known poems of the day—and those poems were long—some of them hundreds of verses! They even had to be able to compose their own poetry.

The leader of the Fianna was the great hero, Finn mac Cumhail. I could tell you stories from here to next week about Finn. But I won’t. Because the hero of our story is Oisín, Finn’s own son. Oisín was the master harper of the, their chief poet. And in those days, whenever poetry was recited, it was always accompanied by the harp. When Oisín played, everyone, and everything stopped. His fingers had magic in them.

Oisín was expert at what were considered the three noble strains of

**harp solo A** then  
break

harp underscore B

harp underscore C

harp underscore D

**harp solo E**

music. The first was called the Suantrai. This is even now the Irish word for lullaby, because this music was designed to help bring on sleep.\*\* The next of the noble strains was called the Geantrai, from the Irish word “gean,” which means “love,” or “affection.” This music was composed to evoke such feelings. \*\* The last of the noble strains was named the Goltrai, from the Irish word for lament, or cry. This music would help a person to shed their unshed tears.\*\*

harp F1

harp F2

harp F3

\*\* harp finishes each strain with short solo

\*\*\*\*\*

harp G1

Our story begins after the battle of Gowra—the final battle of the Fianna, which brought them terrible defeat. Oh, the air was filled with laments and cries! So many breathed their last that day—great warriors, both friend and kin. Among them was Oisín’s own son, Oscar, one of the bravest of them all. Grieving, dispirited, and heavy-hearted, the Fianna could feel that their days as champions were coming to a close.

So Finn gathered together his small, weary band of men and journeyed to Loch Lene in county Kerry, where they had spent many better, cheerier hours. A misty May morning greeted them as they set out to hunt, their hounds bounding gaily through the trees. The vibrant smell of the green woods and the excitement of the chase somewhat refreshed and eased their saddened spirits.

end G1

harp G2

harp solo G3

(\*)Suddenly they stopped and gazed in wonderment (\*), for coming towards them was a magnificent white horse, shod in gold, with golden harnesses(\*). On top of the horse sat a young woman of extraordinary beauty. Lush, golden hair cascaded over her shoulders from under a jeweled crown. Her lips looked sweet as rosebuds, her skin glowed fresh and radiant, and her eyes! Clear, sparkling magic!

harp H1 starts, then alternates with text

harp H2

She came near to them, and she said, (\*) “Finn, son of Cumhail! I have searched long and far to find Thee, and now I have glad success!”

chord(\*) then harp I-1

Finn said, “You have come to find me? Pray give us your name, from whence you have come, and what you desire of me.”

harp I-2

(\*)“Noble Finn, “ she said, “My father is King of Tir na n-Og,, and I am called Niamh of the Head of Gold. My purpose,” she said, glancing at Oisín, “is to make a special and rare plea, but not what you might think. My love for your son Oisín compels me.”

harp chord (\*) then harp I-3

She turned to Oisín and said, “Will you come with me, Oisín, away to my father’s land, the land of the ever-young? It is the most extraordinary place under the sun—natural splendor everywhere, peace and prosperity amidst all the folk, grand feasts where wine flows in abundance— every possible delight you can imagine, as much as you could ever want!

harp gliss

harp I-4

harp J1

And I, too, am there. You will have me as your wife!”

Oisín blinked with amazement. “You are asking me?” he stammered. “You want *me* to join you?” There was no hiding it—her presence aroused a passionate love in him. But his loyalty to the Fianna in their sorrow at this desperate time tore at him. “Leave my home, leave my brothers...” kept running through his mind. harp J2

Niamh answered, “Yes, Oisín, yes, you. The tales of your good nature and wonderful music have captured my heart. Listen! Your handsome stature, your strength, your power—they will all be increased there.” harp J3

But still, Oisín could only stare, transfixed. Finally he said, “My music? My music is known there?” harp J4

“Oh, Oisín! she replied,” We have heard about it, but we wish to hear it for ourselves! And in that land no one ever grows old, or sick, or dies! Here everything passes and fades, but there! There your river of music and poetry can flow forever! Will you come? Say yes, oh, do say yes!” harp J5

Oisín became still, pondering. “A land where no one grows old, no one grows ill, no one dies...” How tempting was that thought! For he had of late begun to sense the ebbing of his own youthful strength. The weighty grief of the loss of his son Oscar still pressed upon him, and the images of all those companions fallen in battle poured into his mind. Full of anguish, he felt keenly aware of the waning of their valiant band. “Will it all be lost forever,” he wondered, “our stories, all we have fought for, everything that has meaning for us...?” He looked at her again, and the words flew out of his mouth, “Yea, Niamh! I will come! I will come gladly!”(\*) harp J6 harp chord(\*)

Beaming with happiness, she said, “Let’s go, then!” So he sprang(\*) upon the fairy steed behind her, and held Niamh close in his arms. harp chord(\*) underscores

But when Finn saw Oisín astride the horse, he cried out—aching, mournful cries. “Oh, Oisín, Oisín, my son Oisín! Why do you go? If you leave, I know that you will never return! This will be our last moment together!” harp K

Oisín stopped. His tears flowed freely as he gave his father a deep embrace. “I must,” he said, “I must go.” He looked at all the Fianna, feeling the sadness he saw on their faces. He remembered... he remembered everything that they had been through together. “My

friends...” he began, but could not say more, for there was too much to say.

Then suddenly the white horse stomped its feet, neighed to the sky, and leapt forward. In three, huge, unfathomable gallops it carried them all the way from Loch Lene in County Kerry to the shores of the Western sea. And then it leapt out over the waves! Oisín was astonished. He looked behind him, watching the coast of Erin as it became smaller and smaller, finally vanishing. The sun blazed hot and bright upon them as they rode into a mist of gold, and Oisín lost all sense of where he was.

harp L1

transition cue to harp L2

Then strange, ethereal sights appeared to them. “Niamh,” he said, “what are these eerie visions?”

transition cue to harp L3

“Speak not of it!” Niamh whispered, “nor of anything you see or hear. Pay no mind, keep your gaze forward, and seek no answers until we arrive safely at Tir na n-Og!”

Then the sky grew darker and gloomier above them, and Niamh kept urging their steed to go faster and faster. Through daunting wind, stinging rain, pounding thunder and crackling lightning they held fast on their way.

harp glisses L4  
cue for harp ritard  
and transition  
harp L5— wait for  
lever changes, as  
needed  
harp M intro vamp

Finally they came again to a place of calm and sunshine. And there Oisín saw a shore of yellow sand, where they lighted down.

“What a marvel!” he exclaimed! “Never did I see water so blue, or trees so stately!”

And indeed, Tir na n-Og was unbelievably beautiful.

They started along a path that took them trotting through a woods. And this forest itself was alive! Colorful songbirds serenaded them as they passed by. Creatures that run from men in fright elsewhere came forward to them without fear. Oisín was speechless with amazement.

Continue from  
vamp

On and on they traveled, and at last came to a great city. As they rode through the festive streets, they met townspeople who waved to them with cheers and good will, all young, all shining as if the morning of happy life had just begun.

end harp M, segue  
to harp N1 intro  
vamp

Arriving at an elegant palace, the King and Queen of Tir na n-Og came forward, greeting them warmly.

continue from  
vamp

“Welcome, Oisín, son of Finn, to the land of the ever-young! “ said the King. “No trouble, weariness, or death shall ever touch you in this place. This you have won, by your faithfulness and valor, and by the songs and

verses you have made for the men of Erin. Indeed, we are glad to have you, the chef poet of the race of men, here with us, immortal among immortals! For although we have here almost all things that are delightful—poetry alone we have not. We are eager to hear you sing of the fine life that we lead in this paradise, for we have no doubt these poems will be as grand as those you crafted about the short and toilsome life of the land you have left. Niamh, my daughter, shall be your bride.”

**harp finishes  
phrase as solo**

Oisín’s heart filled with glory and joy. He turned to Niamh, and saw her eyes burn with love as she gazed upon him. They were wedded that same day, and their feeling for each other grew sweeter and deeper as each day passed.

harp N2

The life in Tir na n-Og was exactly as Niamh had described it—overflowing with beauty and splendor.

**harp O continues  
as solo**

But Oisín’s hand now never touched the harp. Even the desire to sing or make poetry never awoke in him. For nothing in Tir na n-Og stood out better than anything else. All perfection bloomed and glowed around him, so he felt no longing to praise any one thing, no need to lament any loss or sorrow.

[harp tacet to P1]

When seven days had passed, Oisín grew restless. (\*) “What is the matter with me?” he wondered. “I have everything I could want.”(\*) He plucked a few notes upon his instrument(\*), but no inspiration came, and he let his hand fall(\*). He walked outside, where the scent of fresh greenery filled the air. And that aroma stirred a memory of Loch Lene, and the hunt. “Of course!” (\*) he laughed to himself. “Of course! I miss the chase!”

P1 alternate text  
with harp notes (\*)

He ran back inside to Niamh and said, “I would go a-hunting!”

“So be it,” said she, “we shall go tomorrow.”

start cue for P2,  
harp underscore

He lay awake late into the night, looking forward to the smell of the boughs when they are kindled to roast the meat in the wild wood, looking forward to sleeping again on the forest floor, and to having the starry night as his canopy.

(\*\*)The following day, off they went to the forest on horseback, with their company of knights and maidens and dogs. They followed a stag, chasing it all day long, finally pulling it down as darkness began to fall.

(\*\*)harp Q starts  
before text

Long it felt to Oisín since he had felt the glad tiredness he felt now. He bade his men to make ready the wood oven to roast the stag, and to build a little shelter of boughs where he and Niamh could rest. But when Niamh led Oisín back to where the stag lay, suddenly(\*), and magically(\*) there arose before them a stately little structure.(\*) They entered into it(\*), and saw before them a table spread for a great company(\*\*), and many cooks and serving men, busying themselves, roasting and boiling meats of all kinds. Oisín thought it curious(\*), but he sat with Niamh, enjoying the tasty meal.(\*) That night they slept not in the woodland bothy he had longed for(\*), but in a fair chamber on a soft bed. (\*)

harp R (\*)  
interjections and  
underscore (\*\*)

*wait for last chord*

The next day, again the forest rang with the sounds of their hunt, and again they caught their prey as night approached, and again they feasted and rested in a palace that arose magically in the wilderness. And so it went on, for all of seven days. And at the close of the eighth day, as Oisín pulled an arrow out of his quiver to slay yet another stag, something made him stop. “This is all too weird!” he thought. “It feels like someone is playing a game with me, and letting me win. I don’t like it.” He shuddered, dropped his bow, and went straight to Niamh.

harp S1

harp S2  
(underscore)  
harp starts S3

“Niamh, something is not right. It’s not real...or maybe it’s not enough of a challenge. I need something else. Has your father a foe to tame, or a wrong to avenge?”

harp T1

Niamh looked at him, perplexed.

Seeing her confusion, he said, “I am a warrior, Niamh. Surely a warrior is no man, who forgets the sword hilt, or whose heart forgets his service to the King. And a warrior is no man, who has no need to grow his courage in the struggle for good!”

harp T2

Niamh looked at him strangely for a while, and at last she said, “If deeds of arms are your desire, Oisín, you can have your fill before long.” So they gathered their company, and rode home to the castle.

harp U

The next morning, when the sun awoke them (\*), they set out. In the glimmering dawn, they rode through the empty streets, then through fields and orchards. By midday, they began to mount upwards through blue hills. There was no more sign of man, and the way grew more silent and lonely. They journeyed on, until they came to a huge fortress lying in a mountain pass, built of stones as white as death.

(\*) short gliss,  
harp V

harp W

“We have left Tir na n-Og,” Niamh said, “and we are now in the Land of Virtue. This is the abode of the giant Fovor of the Mighty Blows. There



he keeps prisoner the Princess of the Land of Life, whom he abducted. He wants to marry her, but cannot yet, for she was able to put an enchantment on him: he must wait until some single champion goes against him. But no one has come forward. They are all too afraid. So she remains a captive.”

“I will try to set her free,” said Oisín.

They went forward to the massive castle doors. A beautiful woman let them in, and welcomed them. Weeping, she told them of her imprisonment. “I long to return home,” she said. “I hope and pray....”

harp X

“Lady, I am here,” said Oisín. “If good fortune and my strong arm stay with me, I’ll prevail, or I’ll fight to the death.”(\*)

harp Y1 (\*)  
interjections

At that moment, they heard the loud, pounding steps of the giant. (\*) Fovor approached, huge and ugly, dragging his recent kill. He spied Oisín, and growled. Oisín leapt to his feet and pulled his sword. “I challenge thee!” he called out.

harp Y2

With a loud, nasty cry, the giant rushed at him, swinging his battle-axe. The fight raged, with shouts and clashing of steel. Oisín fought bravely and nimbly, dodging Fovor’s blows. His whole soul was bent on one thought: to drive his blade home into some weak point in Fovor’s defense.

harp Z, follows  
without break

But there was no weak point in Fovor’s defense. For seven days and seven nights they struggled and fought, Oisín growing more and more weary. It was impossible to gain against Fovor’s relentless assaults. “Must go on, must go on, must go on...” he told himself, “*Must win, must win, must win...*” He felt it was hopeless. He searched every part of his body, his heart, and his mind for more force, some way to continue. Then suddenly in a flash, he saw the face of his father, Finn, and the faces of all those he had left behind at Loch Lene. A bold, new energy filled him from head to toe, and the fierce battle cry of the Fianna welled up in him. He let out that heroic yell, as strong as if they all shouted with him! It stunned Fovor for a few seconds, but that was all Oisín needed—he jumped forward and in one mighty blow he cut off the giant’s head!(\*)

harp chord (\*)

The two women cheered wildly(\*), and then were overcome, weeping with relief and joy. Finally the Princess of the Land of Life was able to speak. “How can I thank you enough, Oisín? I am so, so grateful! At last, at last, I can return home!” They all celebrated, feasting late into the night, and after a good rest, took their leave.

harp chord (\*)  
harp AA1

Oisín's heart was filled with real pride, and the delicious taste of victory. He thought again of the Fianna, and how it seemed they had helped him win the battle. A longing arose in him as he remembered the days when some great deed had been done, and the victory was hailed and lauded by all as they sat around a campfire. He thought of the smile on Finn's face upon seeing how his children had borne themselves in battle, risking death. He wanted to see that smile again, knowing how much pleasure this heroic tale would give his father. As they walked towards their horses he turned to Niamh, and said, "Let me—for a short while—return to the land of Erin, that I may see there my friends and kin, and tell them of this triumph, and of the marvelous life that is mine here in the Land of the Ever-Young."

harp AA2

into BB without  
break  
(Fianna Theme)

Ah, but Niamh opened her eyes wide with distress. She laid her white arms around his neck. "Think no more of that sad world," she said, "where all men live and move under a canopy of death, where summer is slain by winter, and youth by old age."

harp CC

Oisín said, "Ah yes, Niamh, the world of men is indeed a wasteland compared with Tir na n-Og. But I hunger to tell my tale to those folks—it will fill them with wonder, it will inspire them! Then I shall return to you, happy and at peace."

Niamh was not comforted. All the way back to Tir na n'Og she hung her head. When they arrived, she brought out the white horse that had first carried them to the land of the ever-young. "This horse," she said, "will carry you back to exactly where I found you, and will carry you to wherever you wish. But never, never, never can you alight from his back. For if your foot so much as touch the soil of earth—even for an instant—you will never be able to return to me, or to Tir na n-Og again."

harp DD

"I will take care, Niamh," answered Oisín. "Since coming here I've learned how to stay in a saddle!"

harp transition  
to EE (no break)

Niamh's eyes brimmed over with tears. "I warn you, Oisín, things will not be as you expect them. Was not my love enough to win your mortal heart?"

"Oh, Niamh," he said, "This is no lack of love! I want to see my father once more! My stay will be short, I promise."

"I do not think you will find him," she said softly. "But if you must go, then go. Blessings and triumph be yours."

Oisín held her long in his arms, and kissed her. Again and again he vowed to make no long stay, and to remain upon the fairy steed.(t) He shook the reins, and he was off, back over the smooth blue sea, through mist, and dreams, where no day was, nor night, nor any thought of time. Back through pelting rain and roaring thunder, back through ghosts and apparitions, and at last he arrived, (t) where black rocks arose by the sides of a little bay. There he saw green fields, and toil worn men and women. But he didn't rest there. He rode on, eager to reach the hill of Allen, the place he knew he would find those who were dear to him.

transition(t); harp  
FF

(t)  
harp GG

But when he came to that clearing, what a sight met his eyes! There was nothing there! Stones lay on the ground, where once the great dun had stood. Grassy mounds were covered with weeds, and there were livestock grazing among the bushes. “No,” he thought, “How can this be?” He called out the names of his kin and friends, “Finn? (\*) Caoilte?” (\*) Diarmaid?(\*) He stood still, listening, but he only heard the sound of the wind in the leaves, buzzing flies, and the cows crunching the grass. He thought of the hounds, Bran and Sceolan—surely they would hear him! They would come! “Bran! (\*) Sceolan!” (\*) he called, again and again, listening, listening for any response, but all in vain.

harp HH

interject harp  
chords(\*)

He went from one of Finn's haunts to another, but they were all deserted, overgrown and desolate. “It's some horrible fairy curse,” he moaned to himself. “False visions and deceptions!” He shook the horse's reins, “Come on, boy! As fast as you can! We'll shake this!” and he spurred the horse towards the horizon.

harp II

As he neared the sea, he saw a band of workers ahead, trying to move a heavy rock, with no success. “Ah, I'll ask them,” he thought. “They'll know where I can find the Fianna.” But as he came near, he pulled his horse to a sudden stop, shocked at the sight of them. For though they were ordinary folk, they looked excessively puny, small, and weak, unlike any he had ever seen. “What kind of men are these?” he wondered. “Or are they part of some other nasty enchantment?”

harp JJ1

They, too, stopped(\*) their work and stared. To them he appeared just as strange, just as magical—he was far taller than they, and aglow with vitality, seeming to be even a god-like presence.

(\*) harp chord,  
then harp JJ2

“They don't have the strength to lift that stone,” thought Oisín. “Ah, no harm if I help them!” So he rode forward, and they parted, watching him with amazement. He reached over, and with one strong thrust of his hand(\*) he sent the rock tumbling down the hill.(\*)

harp KK1

harp arpeggios

The men let out a great cheer(\*)...but then screams of fear!  
They ran off as fast as they could.

harp chord (\*)  
harp KK2

For as Oisín had strained to heave the boulder, the saddle-girth on the horse had broken, throwing him violently to the ground!  
The white horse suddenly disappeared, as though he had never been. As Oisín lay there, his crimson cloak and yellow tunic changed into coarse, dull, homespun stuff. His bright shining sword became an oaken beggar's staff, and his strong body transformed into that of a very, very old and feeble man.

harp KK3  
harp finishes **solo**  
to harp LL1 (no pause)

When the people realized that this horror was not meant for them, but for Oisín alone, they returned to where he lay with his face hidden in his arms. They lifted him up, and asked who he was, and what had befallen him.

Oisín gazed around him then with dim eyes, and at last he said, "I am looking for Finn. I pray, tell me where he now dwells, for his dun on the hill of Allen is now a desolation, and I have neither seen him nor heard his hunting horn in the the woods where he was fond to dwell."

harp LL2  
harp LL3

The men looked at each other, and then at Oisín, and the overseer asked, "Of what Finn do you speak? For there be many of that name in Erin."

harp LL4

Oisín said, "Surely of Finn, mac Cumhail, mac Traonmhair, captain of the Fianna of Erin."

harp LL5

The men shifted uneasily and shook their heads or looked away in dismay. The overseer said, "Why do you sport wit' us? Tell us who you are, and what evil enchantment has happened here!"

"What else can I say," groaned Oisín, "I am Oisín, and I am looking for my father."

"Are your wits gone, man?" said the overseer. "Everyone knows that Finn fell at the battle of Brea a good three hundred years past. You, Oisín?! Bah! Some of his poems an' songs are still known, but he's been long gone, too. An' we don't have much to do with those old ways, anyhow, so ..."

harp MM1

"What ways, " asked Oisín, "what ways do you have now?"

harp MM2

"Where've you been? We're blessed wit' all that good Patrick has shown us—the teachings of the One God and Christ His Son," said the overseer.

“So we’ve no need now for all that.”

“No need?!” cried Oisín, distressed. “No Need? Why, Finn was the greatest of them all! Whoever Wungod and Christison are—how could they have been greater than Finn?!”

**harp tacet**

Ooh, the men grew angry at that! They began to murmur hostile threats. “You dare to insult our God!” one burly fellow spat out. A few others picked up stones.

harp NN1

v.s. to next cue

“Wait, wait!” called the overseer. “Calm yourselves! Hold your tongues! It’s not fittin’ for men of the faith to go agin’ such a frail and weak old man! And your’re forgettin’ the good he did for us, so let ‘im be!”

harp NN2

“Yah, but what’l we do wit’ him, then?” said one. “Just as like he’s some demon a-playin’ tricks on us!”

harp NN3

no break to next

“Ah...” The overseer could see his men were as spooked as they were angry. “How about we take ‘im to Patrick!” he said. “He’ll know what to do wit’ ‘im!” So they lifted Oisín up and carried him to the saint, for Oisín could barely walk.

harp NN4

Strange as it may be, when they arrived Patrick welcomed him as if he were an old friend. “Tell me all,” said Patrick.

harp OO starts solo, text starts ms. 5

In the safety of Patrick’s presence, Oisín felt free to speak. So during the short span of life that yet remained to him, Oisín told Patrick many tales of the Fianna and their deeds. And Patrick, in his wisdom, honored their history, and took care that those stories were preserved for all future generations, which is why we have them today.

But of the three hundred years he spent with Niamh in Tir na n-Og, Oisín rarely spoke, for they seemed to him as a vision or a dream.

Wait for harp cue PP to start

**Glossary:**

Dun: an ancient medieval fort, often built on a hill

Bothy: a simple shelter, available for anyone's use

**Pronunciation Guide**

(underline shows stressed syllable)

Bran= bran

Deiarmaid= dee ir mut

Dun= doon

Mac Cumhail= mac cool

Fianna= fee on a

Geantrai= ghee ann three

Goltrai= gull three

Niamh = nee uv

Oisin = ush sheen

Caoilte= kweel tuh

Sceolan= skee o lan

Suantrai= soon three

Tir na n-Og= tee ir nah n ohg [ Tir rhymes with "near," Og has a long "o"]