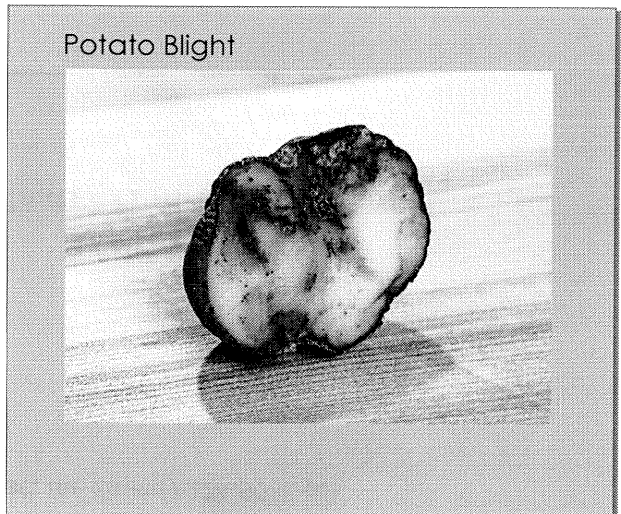


gaelic	<u>Brief History of Ireland</u>
400s	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • St. Patrick converts Ireland to Christianity
1500s	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • England conquers Ireland • Church of England was formed- Irish refused to convert
1600s	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Irish Catholic land seized given to Protestants (couldn't inherit land if Catholic)
1700s	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 14% of Ireland owned by Irish - all else owned by English landlords • Irish paid high rent = poverty
1750-1830	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • ag farming to pasture farming = 90% of Irish farmers not needed - horrid conditions

1815-1845	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • most Irish stayed in Ireland • 1 million emigrated to US (1st Wave) • The rest ate potatoes
1845	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • potato blight
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • by 1855 - one million starved to death
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • thousands evicted from homes
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • British exported from Ireland:
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 186,483 cattle
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 6,363 calves
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 259,257 sheep
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> 180,827 pigs
Who came?	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 1.25 million emigrated (2nd Wave)
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • poor, unskilled, young (under 30), families
Skibbereen	



We have just returned from a visit to Ireland, whither we had gone in order to ascertain with our own eyes the truth of the reports daily publishing of the misery existing there. We have found everything but too true; the accounts are not exaggerated--they cannot be exaggerated-- nothing more frightful can be conceived. The scenes we have witnessed during our short stay at Skibbereen, equal any thing that has been recorded by history, or could be conceived by the imagination. Famine, typhus fever, dysentery, and a disease hitherto unknown, are sweeping away the whole population. The poor are not the only sufferers: fever is spreading to every class, and even the rich are becoming involved in the same destruction.

Account of an Irish Traveler (1847)

O, Father dear, I oft times here, you speak of Erin's Isle,
Her lofty scenes, her valleys green, her mountains rude and wild
They say it is a lovely place, where in a saint might dwell,
So why did you abandon it, the reason to me tell?
My son I loved my native land, with energy and pride
'Til a blight came over on my prats, and my sheep and cattle died,
The rents and taxes were to pay, I could not them redeem,
And that's the cruel reason why, I left old Skibbereen.
Oh, It's well I do remember, that bleak November day,
The bailiff and the landlord came, to drive us all away
They set their roof on fire, with their cursed English spleen
And that's another reason why, I left old Skibbereen.

Your mother too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground,
She fainted in her anguishing, seeing the desolation all round.
She never rose, but passed away, from life to immortal dreams,
And that's another reason I left old Skibbereen.
And you were only two years old, and feeble was your frame,
I could not leave you with my friends, you bore your father's name,
I wrapped you in my cota mior, at the dead of night unseen
I heaved a sigh, and said goodbye, to dear old Skibbereen
O' father dear, the day will come, when in vengeance we will call
And Irish men both stout and tall, will rally one and all
I'll be the man to lead the band, beneath the flag of green
and loud and high, well raise the cry, revenge for Skibbereen

What lines in this poem identify what
pushed the Irish out of Ireland?

How does the singer feel about leaving?
What lines indicate this?