

gaelic

### Brief History of Ireland

1500s

- England took control - converted all to Christianity
- Church of England was formed- Irish refused to convert

1600s

Irish Catholic land seized given to Protestants (couldn't inherit land if Catholic)

1700s

- 14% of Ireland owned by Irish - all else owned by English landlords
- Irish paid high rent = poverty

1750-1830

ag farming to pasture farming  
= 90% of Irish farmers not needed - horrid conditions

1815-1845

- most Irish stayed in Ireland
- 1 million emigrated to US
- The rest ate potatoes
- potato blight
- by 1855 - one million starved to death
- thousands evicted from homes
- British exported from Ireland:
  - 186,483 cattle
  - 6,363 calves
  - 259,257 sheep
  - 180,827 pigs

who could this have fed?

Who came?

- 1.25 million emigrated
- poor, unskilled, young (under 30), families

Skibbereen

**Primary Source Analysis – Sound Recordings**

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Title of the sound recording** \_\_\_\_\_

**Observe (identify details)**

Describe what you hear

What do you notice first?

If you hear any voices, can you understand what is being sung or said?

Does it sound like an interview or a conversation?

Are there any background noises?

Does it sound like a studio recording, or just “off the street”?

If the recording is musical do you know the song, or do you recognize any instruments?

What other details can you hear?

**Reflect (provide evidence for your ideas)**

What was the purpose of this recording?

Who do you think recorded it?

Was it the same person who was being recorded?

Who would be interested in hearing this?

What was happening at the time it was recorded?

Do you like what you hear?

If it is musical, could you dance to it?

What can you learn from listening to this recording?

<b>Question (Ask Questions that lead to more observations and reflections)</b>
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What do you wonder about...

Who?

What?

When?

Where?

Why?

How?

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 my 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?