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# ***SPRING OF HOPE***

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*Magic Spring*



“All the spring may be hidden in the single bud,  
and the low ground nest of the lark may hold the joy that is to herald the feet of many rose-red  
dawns.”

– Oscar Wilde

***Do You want to leave the darkness of winter behind you!***

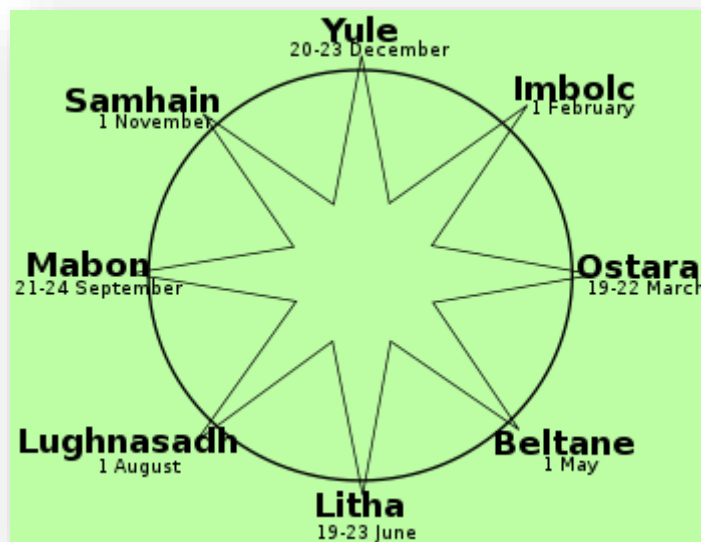


“The point is that the pleasures of spring are available to everybody, and cost nothing.” —

**George Orwell**

## ***When Does Spring Begin?***

Pagan Wheel of the Seasonal Year Festivals



See the

Pattern  
Yule –

*Christmas*

*Samhan –*

*Halloween*

*Imbolc (Imbolg)-*

*Spring (St, Bridget's Day)*

**Pagan Celebration of Spring**

***Imbolg***, an ancient Pagan festival marks the beginning of spring on 1st February.



<https://www.history.com/topics/holidays/imbolc>

Occurs halfway between the winter solstice and the spring equinox. Historically, celebrated as a feast day in Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man.

Other Gaelic seasonal festivals were, Bealtaine, Lughnasadh and Samhain.



Amongst Christians the 1st of February known as Brigid's Day, (Lá Fhéile Bríde) It is still noted as a significant day especially in rural Ireland, with a promise of new life and new growth. The St Bridget's Cross is still widely displayed in Irish households.

Anticipation and celebration of Spring, is so intrinsically woven into Irish poetry as is seen here in the poem-

Anois Teacht an Earraigh by Antoine Ó Raifteirí

### Anois Teacht an Earraigh

"Anois teacht an Earraigh  
beidh an lá dúl chun shíneadh,  
Is tar eis na féil Bríde  
ardóigh mé mo sheol.  
Go Coillte Mach rachad  
ní stopfaidh me choíche  
Go seasfaidh mé síos  
i lár Chondae Mhaigh Eo."

I gClár Chlainne Mhuiris  
A bheas mé an chéad oíche,  
Is I mballa taobh thíos de  
A thosós mé ag ól  
Go Coillte Mách rachad  
Go ndéanfad cuairt mhíosa ann  
I bhfogas dhá mhíle  
Do Bhéal an átha Mhóir.

### Follow the Hope (Dóchas) of Bardic Irish Poet

Antoine O'Raifteirí






**Anois teacht an Earraigh**

"Anois teacht an Earraigh  
beidh an lá dúl chun shineadh,  
Is tar eis na féil Bríde  
ardóigh mé mo sheol.  
Go Coillte Mach rachad  
ní stopfaidh me chéiche  
Go seasfaidh mé síos  
i lár Chondae Mhaigh Eo."

Antoine Ó Ráifteirí



Mise Ráifteirí an file

I gClár Chlainne Mhuiris  
A bheas mé an chéad oíche,  
Is i mbaille taobh thíos de  
A thosós mé ag ól  
Go Coillte Mach rachad  
Go ndéanfad cuirt mhíosa ann  
I bhfogas dhó mhíle  
Do Bhéal an átha Mhóir.

Fágaim le huacht é  
go n-éiríonn mo chroí-se  
Mar a éiríonn an ghaath  
né mar a scaipeann an ceo  
Nuair a smaoinim ar Cheara  
ná ar Ghalleang taobh thíos de  
Ar Sceathach an Mhíle  
né ar eithneal Mhuirínínín

## Raifteirí an File

Raifteirí, the poet was born into a large family, on a shared small holding in Killaiden, near Kiltimagh in 1784. The whole family perished through an outbreak of smallpox, Raifteirí himself was left blind as a result. He became the wandering bard of the west in the early 19th century, He moved from parish to parish, relying on the generosity of the local people, for shelter, food, and drink, in return for his music, poetry and stories. One house, where he received hospitality

was O'Dwyers in Duniry, near Abbey On the road between Loughrea and Woodford. His annual visits there is still remembered. Raifteirí was illiterate, so he knew all his poems and songs by heart, reciting them at will, or composing new ones on the spot for some occasion. He learned to play the fiddle and was a natural bard.

## ***Daffodils Will Return!***



### ***Spring***

Here comes the spring,  
With a stretch in the day,  
The sun rising earlier,  
Setting farther west.  
Birds, they are busy,  
All, ready to nest.  
Soon all will be yellow,  
With a sea of fair daffodils  
Lush green fields,  
Rolling out far beyond,  
Farmer on the move,  
The cuckoo she is near,  
It will not be long now,  
Till Spring rolls to Summer

***By: Mary Fitzpatrick***