

Dánta don bhabhta leath-cheannais / Prescribed poems for the semi-final.

Leibhéil	An Chéad Dán	An Dara Dán
<p>SÓISEARACH: 1ú agus 2ú bliain ó Phoblacht na hÉireann Blianta 8, 9 agus 10 ó Thuaisceart Éireann</p>	<p>Dathanna le Patricia Forde, Dalladh Dánta mar chuid de Seideán Sí (An Gúm, 2012)</p>	<p>An Ghealach le Caitríona Ní Chléirchín ó Crithloinnir (Coiscéim, 2012)</p>
<p>IDIRMHEÁNACH: 3ú agus 4ú bliain ó Phoblacht na hÉireann Blianta 11 agus 12 ó Thuaisceart Éireann</p>	<p>Na Scamaill le Siobhán Ní Mhuimhneacháin ó Dalladh Dánta mar chuid de Seideán Sí (An Gúm, 2012)</p>	<p>Rue Barb le Dairena Ní Chinnéide, ó Máthair an Fhiaigh /The Raven's Mother, (Cló Iar-Chonnachta, 2008) Translated by the author</p>
<p>SINSEARACH: 5ú agus 6ú bliain ó Phoblacht na hÉireann 6ú foirm Uachtarach agus Íochtarach ó Thuaisceart Éireann</p>	<p>Oíche Nollaig na mBan le Seán Ó Ríordáin ó Selected Poems: Seán Ó Ríordáin, edited by Frank Sewell (Yale University Press and Cló Iar-Chonnachta, 2013)</p>	<p>In Memory of Seamus Heaney le Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill ó Northern Lights, Poems in Irish by Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill, (The Gallery Press, 2018) Translated by Peter Fallon</p>

SÓISEARACH: 1ú agus 2ú bliain ó Phoblacht na hÉireann Blianta 8, 9 agus 10 ó Thuaisceart Éireann	
<p>Dathanna le Patricia Forde Dalladh Dánta mar chuid de Seideán Sí (An Gúm, 2012)</p> <p>Is glas iad na cnoic atá i bhfad uainn, Is gorm iad na tonnta i gcéin, Nach buí iad na bláthanna sléibhe, Nach bán iad an eala is an néal. Is dearg í an tine agus fearg uirthi, Is liath é an cat ina shuí, Nach corcra é an bláth ar an bportach, Nár bh iontach é an saol mar a bhí. Is dubh í an oíche sa gheimhreadh, Is geal iad na réaltaí sa spéir, Nach órga é an solas sa samhradh, Nach uaine mo chos insan fhéar.</p>	

<p>Is donn iad mo shúile sa scáthán, Is bán iad na fiacla i mo bhéal, Nach deas le Dia na dathanna, Cibé cén dath atá ort féin!</p>	
<p>An Ghealach le Caitríona Ní Chléirchín ó Crithloinnir (Coiscéim, 2012)</p> <p>Sí banríon na spéartha í áilleacht na hoíche réalt rúnda a ritheann romham mo chara ar an bhóthar ar turas sa dorchadas a haghaidh anois faoi cheilt i gceo thar pháirc is crainn a eitlíonn sí, ag scaipeadh scáileanna. Tá an tír ina baclainn. Mo spéirbhean. Mo chroí rúnda.</p>	<p><i>***Translations are to be used as a support to understanding only- not to be read aloud as part of the competition.</i></p> <p><i>The Moon</i></p> <p><i>She's the queen of the skies</i></p> <p><i>the beauty of the night</i></p> <p><i>a secret star</i></p> <p><i>that runs before me</i></p> <p><i>my friend on the road</i></p> <p><i>on a voyage</i></p> <p><i>in the darkness</i></p> <p><i>her face now</i></p> <p><i>hidden</i></p> <p><i>in mist</i></p> <p><i>over fields and trees</i></p> <p><i>she flies</i></p> <p><i>casting shadows.</i></p> <p><i>My fair lady.</i></p> <p><i>My secret heart.</i></p>
<p style="text-align: center;">IDIRMHEÁNACH: 3ú agus 4ú bliain ó Phoblacht na hÉireann Blianta 11 agus 12 ó Thuaisceart Éireann</p>	
<p>Na Scamail le Siobhán Ní Mhuimhneacháin ó Dalladh Dánta mar chuid de Seideán Sí (An Gúm, 2012)</p> <p>Tráthnóna breá samhraidh is mé amuigh faoin aer, Chonac scamail bhána ar foluain sa spéir.</p>	

<p>Do stán siad anuas orm gan deifir orthu ná moill - Iad scaipthe thart mar a bheadh míreanna mearaí. Bhí crogall is cearc ann is éinín beag bán, Ag casadh, ag rince is ag canadh amhrán. Do chroith siad a lámh chugam, is scread mé thar n-ais, Ná himigí, a scamalla, ach fanaigí le m'ais. Lasadh áthas is gliondar is grá i mo chroí, Thug mé moladh agus buíochas is glóir do Dhia. Nuair a d'fhéach mé arís bhí dath órga is buí, Ar na scamail san iarthar is an ghrian ag dul faoi.</p>	
<p>Rue Barb le Dairena Ní Chinnéide ó Máthair an Fhiaigh /The Raven's Mother, (Cló Iar-Chonnachta, 2008) Translated by the author</p> <p>Snagcheol ar chúinne sráide Ag cur doird san aer Imíonn siad ó shráid go sráid Ag seinm giotár is sacs Chun pingíní a bhailiú Ó mhuintir na gcaifí Ag ól is ag caitheamh Amuigh san oíche Tá an chathair ag meánfach Le deireadh samhraidh Is brothall an fhómhair T-léinte is gúnaí gearra Ar mhuintir na háite Coinnle ar na boird lasmuigh Sna sráideanna beaga cúnga A insíonn scéalta dom I mo bhaile altramais</p>	<p>***Translations are to be used as a support to understanding only- not to be read aloud as part of the competition.</p> <p><i>Rue Barb translated by the author</i></p> <p><i>Jazz on a street corner Reverberates in the air They go from street to street Playing guitar and sax Collecting pennies From the café crowd Drinking and smoking Out in the night The city is yawning With summer's end And the good weather of autumn T-shirts and short dresses On the locals Candles on the outside tables On the little narrow streets That tell me stories In my adopted town</i></p>
<p>SINSEARACH: 5ú agus 6ú bliain ó Phoblacht na hÉireann 6ú foirm Uachtarach agus Íochtarach ó Thuaisceart Éireann</p>	
<p>Oíche Nollaig na mBan le Seán Ó Ríordáin from Selected Poems: Seán Ó Ríordáin, edited by Frank Sewell, published 2013 by Yale University Press and Cló Iar-Chonnacht</p> <p>Bhí fuinneamh sa storim a éalaigh aréir, Aréir oíche Nollaig na mBan, as gealt-teach iargúlta tá laistiar den ré</p>	<p>***Translations are to be used as a support to understanding only- not to be read aloud as part of the competition.</p> <p><i>Women's Christmas translated by Theo Dorgan</i></p> <p><i>There was power in the storm that escaped last night,</i></p>

Is do scréach tríd an spéir chugainn 'na gealt,
Gur ghíosc geataí comharsan mar ghogallach gé,
Gur bhúir abhainn shlaghdánach mar tharbh,
Gur múchadh mo choinneal mar bhuille ar mo bhéal
A las 'na splanc obann an fhearg.

Ba mhaith liom go dtiocfadh an stoirm sin féin
An oíche go mbeadsa go lag
Ag filleadh abhaile ó rince an tsaol
Is solas an pheaca ag dul as,
Go líonfaí gach neomat le liúirigh ón spéir,
Go ndéanfaí den domhan scuaine scread,
Is ná cloisfinn an ciúnas ag gluaiseacht fám dhéin,
Ná inneall an ghluaisteáin ag stad.

*Last night on Women's Christmas
from the desolate madhouse behind the moon
and screamed through the sky at us, lunatic,
making neighbours gates screech like geese
and the hoarse river roar like a bull,
quenching my candle like a blow to the mouth
that sparks a quick flash of rage.*

*I'd like if that storm would come again,
a night I'd be feeling weak
coming home from the dance of life
and the light of sin dwindling, that every
moment be full of the screaming sky,
that the world be a storm of screams,
and I wouldn't hear the silence coming over
me,
the car's engine come to a stop.*

In Memory of Seamus Heaney le Nuala Ní
Dhomhnaill ó Northern Lights, Poems in Irish by
Nuala Ní Dhomhnaill, (The Gallery Press, 2018)

Faoi mar a thitfeadh crann mór
i lár na foraoise an turlabhait
a dhein sé nuair a thit sé
do chualathas insa Domhan Thoir é.
Chualamairne féin an tuairt
cé go rabhamar i bhfad ó bhaile
is thuigeamar láithreach, is ar an dtoirt,
go raibh Rí na Coille ar lár.

Is faoi mar a dúirt Eibhlín Dubh fadó
is ar ár gcroí bhí cumha
ná leigheasfadh Cúige Mumhan
ná gaibhne Oileán na bhFionn.
Dob é ár mbuachaill beo é,
ár nGile Meár, ár rogha, ár bpíobaire.
Do sheinn sé suas is bhagair sinn,
go dtí Tír Tairngre.

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understanding only- not to be read aloud as
part of the competition.*

In Memory of Seamus Heaney translated by
Peter Fallon

*As if a mighty tree
collapsed deep in the forest
the sound it made was heard
and felt as far as the Far East.*

*That resounding din reached us
adrift of hearth and home-
we knew at once and on the spot
The King of the Woods himself succumbed.*

*As time ago Dark Eileen keened
there was in our hearts a rent
nothing could treat or soothe or mend,
Not all of Munster or the smiths of Ireland.*

*Oh, he was our boy, our lively lad,
our own sweet prince- the very one we'd have
to hand
to play for us as he led us
the whole way along the road towards the
Promised Land.*