TUNING

Tune the harp in Ab and use the following irregular blade configuration throughout all the movements and songs of the piece



## Of Cailte's Time

1 READING

(unaccompanied)

Cailte continued on to Linn Féic on the Boyne and south across the old plain of Brega to the fort of Druim Derg where Patrick, son of Calpurnius, happened to be. Patrick was chanting the divine office, praising the Creator, and blessing the fort where Finn mac Cumaill was, that is, the Rath of Druim Derg.

2 READING accompanied by harp

Irish

(follows immediately

When the clerics saw the warriors approach they were seized with fear and terror of the huge men and their enormous dogs, for they were not people of the same time as themselves. Then the Salmon of Sovereignty, the Pillar of Lordship and the Angel of the Earth, Patrick mac Calpurnius took a sprinkler to shake holy water over the big men, for there were a thousand legions of devils above their heads until that day.

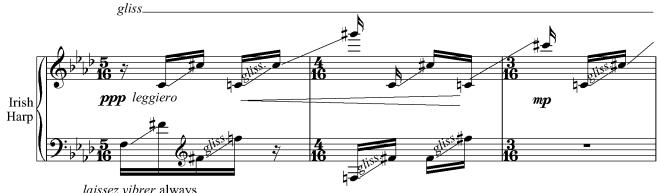
(start on the Speaker's first word, then keep repeating the passage, stopping abruptly on the word "thousand")

\*\*The New York of the Speaker's first word, then keep repeating the passage, stopping abruptly on the word "thousand")

(continue to next section after a very brief pause)

## 3 SOLO HARPER

feathery overlaid cultures: a double contredanse



laissez vibrer always unless damping is specified





Patrick spoke to Cailte, What is your full name?

Cailte mac Crunnchon meic Rónain, he replied.

The clerics wondered greatly and gazed at them for a long time, for the tallest of them when they were seated came only to the waist or the shoulder of any of the warriors. I'd like to make a request of you, Caílte, said Patrick.

If I have the strength or power it will be given, Cailte replied, just tell me what it is. To find a well of pure water nearby from which we can baptize the peoples of Brega, Mide, and Uisnech.

I have it for you.

They went out across the dyke of the fort. Cailte took Patrick by the hand. Seeing a gravelled well-spring in front of them, they were surprised by the size and thickness of the watercress and the brooklime growing there. Cailte began to speak of its fame:

Well of Tráig Dá Bhan, lovely your pure-topped cress, since your verdure has been neglected, your \*brooklime cannot spread.



