

Irish Myths

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Introduction

- Irish myths and folktale have been worldwide famous for both entertainment and educating the simple people with fundamental ideas about society, attitude towards the others and so on.
- That's why, you will be presented with our favourite Irish myths and folktales.



The Lawyer and the Devil

A man had three sons and wanted to make something of them, but did not have the money. So, he sold himself to the Devil for the sake of getting money to school the three boys. One was to become a priest, the other a doctor and the third one a lawyer. The Devil gave him the money to pay for their education.



At the end of the seventh year...
the Devil showed up to claim the old man
and take him down to hell. The man had a
son with him when the Devil came. It was
the priest. He began to pray and beg and
appeal to the Devil to spare his father, and
in the end the Devil gave in and gave the old
father a few years more to live.



When that time was up and the Devil came again, the doctor was there and appealed to the Devil to spare the old man, and he got still more years from him.

When the Devil came the third time to claim the old fellow, the lawyer was there. The lawyer says to the Devil:

You have spared my father two times already, and I do not expect you to do it again. But will you let him live until that candle has burnt down?"



He pointed to the candle that was burning on the table.

The Devil said he would; it was only a butt of a candle and would not last very long. He would neither touch it nor blow at it, he said.

At that moment, the lawyer picked up the candle butt, blew it out and put it in his pocket. And that was that! The lawyer held on to the butt of a candle..



...and the Devil had to keep to his bargain
and go without the old man.



The Old Crow Teaches the Young Crow

There was an old crow long ago, and he made a nest. After a time, only one of his brood remained with him.

One day, the old crow took the young one out into the field to teach him how to fly.



When the young crow had learned how to fly and was able to go to any part of Ireland, the old crow said,

"I think that you are able to fly anywhere now and make your living by yourself. Before you go, I want to give you a little advice that will protect you from danger, as it has protected myself."



"Tell it to me," said the young crow.

"If you are ever in a potato field or cornfield and see a man coming toward you with something under his arm or in his hand, fly off immediately, fearing he may have a gun and may shoot you."

"I understand," said the young crow.



"Another bit of advice to you," said the old crow. "If you see a man bending down as he comes toward you in the field or on the road, fly off as fast as you can, for he will be picking up a stone to throw at you. If he has nothing under his arm and if he doesn't bend down, you're safe."

"That's all very well," said the young crow...



..but what if he has a stone in his pocket?"

"Off you go," said the old crow. "You know more than myself!"

