

---

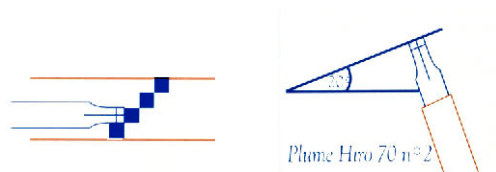
# Kalligrafie

## Teil 3: Unziale

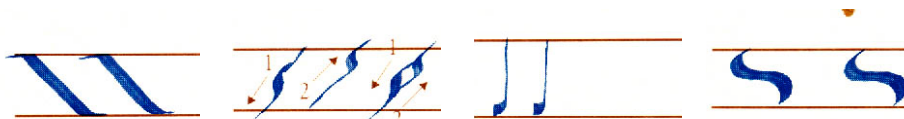
Die Unziale (französisch L'Onciale) ist in Nordafrika im 2. Jahrhundert n.C. entwickelt worden. Die Verwendung der Unziale hat sich bis ins 7. Jahrhundert in unterschiedlichen Varianten auf ganz Europa ausgeweitet. Auch heute finden wir die Unziale ganz bewusst im Schriftbild benutzt in Irland z.B. in der irischen Werbung oder Beschilderungen im Land (in der irischen Halb-Unzialform) um ein traditionelles Kollorit zu vermitteln.



Als Beispiel hier der »Codex amiatinus«, der 716 n.C. geschrieben wurde.



Die Schreibübung hier werden mit kantigeren Bewegungen ausgeführt.  
Ziehen Sie mit Bleistift und Lineal eine Grundlinie, davon in 6 Federbreiten die Oberlänge und in 4 Federbreiten die Mittellänge (x-Höhe)  
Die Federstellung ist im Winkel von ca. 20 Grad.



---

A B C D E

F G H I L M N O P Q

R S T U X Y Z

J K V W

S Y L V A I N

Baptiste

Agathe

Carole

---

# Texte für Schreibübung

*Traditional Irish Folk Songs.*

## **"The Wexford Carol"**

Good people all, this Christmas-time,  
Consider well and bear in mind  
What our good God for us has done,  
In sending His beloved Son.  
With Mary holy we should pray  
To God with love this Christmas Day:  
In Bethlehem upon that morn  
There was a blessed Messiah born.

Near Bethlehem did shepherds keep  
Their flocks of lambs and feeding sheep;  
To whom God's angels did appear,  
Which put the shepherds in great fear.  
"Prepare and go," the angels said,  
"To Bethlehem, be not afraid;  
For there you'll find, this happy morn,  
A princely Babe, sweet Jesus born."

With thankful heart and joyful mind,  
The shepherds went the Babe to find,  
And as God's angel had foretold,  
They did our Saviour Christ behold.  
Within a manger He was laid,  
And by his side the Virgin Maid,  
As long foretold, there was a blessed Messiah born

---

## Christmas in Killarney

The holly green, the ivy green  
The prettiest picture you've ever seen  
Is Christmas in Killarney  
With all of the folks at home

It's nice, you know, to kiss your beau  
While cuddling under the mistletoe  
And Santa Claus you know, of course  
Is one of the boys from home

The door is always open  
The neighbors pay a call  
And Father John before he's gone  
Will bless the house and all

How grand it feels to click your heels  
And join in the fun of the jigs and reels  
I'm handing you no blarney  
The likes you've never known

Is Christmas in Killarney  
With all of the folks at home

---

**Once in royal Davids city,**

Once in royal Davids city,  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a mother laid her Baby,  
In a manger for His bed:  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ, her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall:  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

For He is our childhood's pattern;  
Day by day, like us, He grew;  
He was little, weak, and helpless,  
Tears and smiles, like us He knew;  
And He cares when we are sad,  
And he shares when we are glad.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle,  
Is our Lord in heaven above:  
And He leads His children on,  
To the place where He is gone.

---

## Carol of the Birds

Full many a bird did wake and fly  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
Full many a bird did wake and fly  
To the manger bed with a wandering cry  
On Christmas day in the morning  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
Curoo, curoo, curoo

The lark, the dove, the red bird came  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
The lark, the dove, the red bird came  
And they did sing in sweet Jesus' name  
On Christmas day in the morning  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
Curoo, curoo, curoo

The owl was there with eyes so wide  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
The owl was there with eyes so wide  
And he did sit at sweet Mary's side  
On Christmas day in the morning  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
Curoo, curoo, curoo

The shepherds knelt upon the hay  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
The shepherds knelt upon the hay  
And angels sang the night away  
On Christmas day in the morning  
Curoo, curoo, curoo  
Curoo, curoo, curoo

---

## Don oíche úd i mBeithil

Don oíche úd i mBeithil  
Beidh tagairt fé ghrian go brách.  
Don oíche úd i mBeithil  
Go dtáinig an Briathar slán

Tá gríosghrúa ar spéartha,  
's an talamh 'na chlúdach bán.  
Féach Íosagán sa chléibhín,  
's an Mhaighdean á dhúil le grá.

Ar leacain lom an tsléibhe,  
Go nglacann na haoirí scáth,  
Nuair in oscailt gheal na spéire  
Tá teachtaire Dé ar fail :

'Céad glóir anois don Athair,  
i bhFlaitheasa thuas go hard .  
Is feasta fós ar talamh,  
D'fheara dea-mhéin, Síothcháin'.

Translation:

*That dark, cold night in Bethlem  
Will live in our hearts for aye.  
That dark, cold night in Bethlem  
The Word first saw the day.*

*The distant stars were twinkling;  
The earth wore a mantle white.  
See Jesus in the cradle;  
His Mother keeps watch nearby.*

*Upon the cold, bare mountain,  
The shepherds raise up their eyes,  
As brightness cleaves the heavens  
And angel-songs fill the skies:*

*Our hymns of praise and glory  
To God on his throne on high;  
And unto men of goodwill  
On earth be peace and joy.*