

"In honour of the Trinity and in the Peace of the Passion."

DÁNTA DÉ

Hymns to God — Ancient and Modern

[TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH]

Collected—both Words and Music—by

ÚNA NÍ ÓSÁIN

Arranged for the Organ by

ROBERT O'DWYER

AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE CANDLES, DUBLIN

1928

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Printed by
Colm O'Loughlin,
at the Sign of the
Three Candles,
Fleet Street,
Dublin.

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P R E F A C E



ABOUT twelve years ago I set before me to make a small collection of Sacred Poems, which would be as (really) Gaelic, both as to words and music; and as suitable for the Gaels of Ireland, as are their own Sacred Poems for the people of any other country in the world. Here is the result of my work. I know well how many faults and gaps are to be found in it. But I hope that the book may be useful to anyone who wishes to bring the sacred music of our own country back into the lips of the people, both in the churches and at home.

There are in this Collection only "original" poems; that is, there are no translations, but one (57) from Scottish Gaelic,—(and but a slight modification was made in that)—and three translations by Dr. Hyde, *i.e.*, he put modern Irish on St. Patrick's Breastplate, and an Irish rendering on two Latin Hymns.

And there is no music herein, but the music of our forebears, music that has been attached to the words for a long time, or old Gaelic music that I put to them myself; (excepting only the "Adeste Fideles" music belonging to the original Latin). A good Gael of our own date has harmonised all the music, Professor Robert O'Dwyer, N.U.I., who is Musical Editor of the book; and I am very grateful to him. He also composed new tunes for this work, *e.g.*, 49, 84.

As to the words, I am thankful above all to my friend An Craibhin Aoibhinn (Dr. Douglas Hyde) for having helped me so faithfully and earnestly from beginning to end of the work. He gave me leave to take anything I required out of his very valuable book, "The Religious Songs of Connacht," and from the Manuscripts in his possession. And he often helped me to clear up knotty points, especially in making the English translations. My friend, the late Father Thomas O'Kelly, Professor N.U.I., Galway, read practically all the poems, and threw much light on them. Father L. MacKenna, S.J., also helped me greatly. I am under a great obligation to them both for this, and also to Miss Eleanor Knott, and Mrs. G. F. Hamilton, for their kind assistance.

I found a considerable part of the poems in MSS. in the Irish Academy (" R.I.A."), and in other MSS., which had not been printed before. I also took several from other collections, which their Authors gave me leave to use, most generously and liberally, for which I now offer my sincere thanks, as follows: to the Columban Society, Maynooth, for hymns from their charming little book; to Father P. Walsh, and to the Talbot Press, for hymns from " Rainnt Amhrán "; (41, 55, 73, 81, 82), to my friend Philip Waldron, who gave me a set of verses for use during Holy Communion or Mass, (86—91), from a fine collection which he made himself, and to Lachlan MacBean, Author, and Aeneas Mackay, Stirling, Publisher, for leave to use the following tunes, (5, 15, 24, 34, 43, 57, 70), and the words of one poem (57), from " Songs and Hymns of the Scottish Highlands." Father P. O'Dinneen also permits me most generously to make use of his beautiful books.

As for the folk-poems, which have always had their own old traditional music, I got five from Maighréad Ní Annagáin, from the Decies, Waterford (19, 53, 59, 63, 65, 76), and one from her husband, Séamus Clandillon, who also gave me the tunes of Nos. 14, 38, 46, 70. I am most grateful to them for the very generous and kind manner in which they gave me their music, and their counsel and help. Also to Antony O'Docherty, N.T., Falcarragh, Donegal, who gave me three beautiful hymns, (36, 37, 38), both words and Music; to Áine O'Reilly, Macroom, who sent me the Easter Hymn No. 42, and to Miss C. Townshend, for the tune of 78. Mr. Arthur Darley, too, gave me seven fine tunes, (23, 51, 56 I., II., 62, 66), which he collected among the people, for which I desire specially to thank him, and also Dr. Grattan Flood, for the old music of the " Sancte Venite " (50), with two others (1 and 7); and the Talbot Press for the Joyce tunes.

That good Father Eoin MacHugh, C.S.S.R., also went carefully through the melodies with me, and gave me much advice about them, many thanks to him for this.

I desire to make mention here of the dear memory of my friend, Miss Nelly O'Brien, who is now gone before us on " The Way of Truth." She frequently helped and encouraged me in this work, as she assisted in every way in her power in any work for Ireland. The peace of God be with her noble soul.

I am giving the source of each poem, and each tune, as far as I know them at the end of this book.

Perhaps no other nation or language possesses such continuity of sacred poetry as ours, from the dawn of the Faith in Ireland until now.

There are poems of many centuries in this book, from the time of Saint Patrick to the present day,—for “Tórna,” and Dr. Hyde have kindly given me leave to include some of their poems. It is wonderful how the warm-hearted, clear-believing spirit of the older Gaels fills Irish Christianity, through storm and sunshine, through all the centuries, down to our own time. Some of the words have gradually changed or become obsolete, so that it is necessary to substitute others more easily understood (as Dr. Hyde has done with the “Breastplate”), but the old spirit, beautiful and noble, lives on in the hearts of our people still,—the spirit which was kindled in them at the first by the Spirit of God; and it will endure always with the help of God, as a precious and sacred heritage, and shine undimmed amongst us as long as the language lives in which these poems were enshrined.

ŪNA NÍ ÓGÁIN.

N.B.—I have followed here the example of the learned scribe, Michael O Longain, the Younger, who divided his Religious Collections as follows:—*Dánta Dé*, *Dánta Muire*, *Dánta na Naomh*; = Poems about GOD, Poems about Mary, Poems about the Saints. Here now is *Dánta Dé*. Perhaps someone else will bring out a book containing the two other portions, which would fully complete the work.

Ū. Ní Ó.



DANTA DÉ

1.

Anon : Ulster MS.

Be, O Jesu, in my heart in remembrance
each hour,

Be, O Jesu, in my heart, with repentance,
speedily ;

Be, O Jesu, in my heart, with love-com-
muning always,

O Jesu, O dear God, do not Thou part from
me.

Without Jesus my thoughts are not pleasing
to myself,

Without Jesus nor my writing, nor the
speech of my mouth ;

Without Jesus my actions are of no value
in the world,

O Jesu, O dear God, be before me and
behind me.

It is Jesus is my own King, my Friend
and my Love,

It is Jesus is my shelter from sin and from
death ;

It is Jesus is my delight, my mirror,(a)
always,

And O Jesu, O dear God, do not separate
from me for ever.

Be, O Jesu, for ever in my heart and in
my lips,

Be, O Jesu, for ever in my understanding
also ;

Be, O Jesu, for ever in my memory as [my]
learning,

O Jesu, O dear God, do not leave me alone.

(a) " Beholding as in a glass the glory
of the Lord."

2.

Anon :

MORNING CHANT.

O God Almighty, everlasting,
I am a poor captive earth-bound spirit ;
Humbly I adore Thee present here,
In Heaven, on earth, and in every place.

I believe firmly in Thee,
O most high Truth !
I have hope in Thy mercy,
And in Thy promises.

Accept from me, Lord (like to the widow)
True thankfulness for Thy gifts ;
I repent from my heart
For having deserved Thy just anger.

O God who suffered for my sake,
For Thine own sake I love Thee ;
May I rather choose death
Than decline from my vows.

I offer to the increase of Thy high glory
The acts of this day, though they be small
And contemptible through my unfaithfulness,
[Yet] attach them to the noble-merits of
Christ. Amen.

3.

Anon :

O King of glory of greatest tenderness,
The protection of my soul be upon Thee,
morning and night.

I beseech Thee, O King of kings,
Of the angel hosts, and of the holy apostles.

Though I deserved not that Thou protect me,
O mighty God, Who didst create heaven and
earth.

From the vale of tears save me, O King
Belovèd,
As Thou didst save Abraham and holy
Joseph ;

As Thou didst free Paul, who was persecuting
Thee,
From the fetters of the devil, to be a holy
vessel ;

As Thou savedst the thief on the Cross of
crucifixion,
Save me, the sinner, O King of generosity.

Thy glory hath never yet turned towards
ebb-tide ;
The same art Thou now, last night, and
yesterday.

This very hour, and for evermore,
To Thyself I direct my last request,

O Father, O Son, and O Spirit Holy,
Be Ye my guard on every side.

4.

Anon :

O, Jesu sweet, O Master and God !
Deliverer august, angelic,
Look on our weakness, and let us not be
overcome
By the troublous waves of sin.

Forgive our transgressions for the sake
of the Passion,
O Son of the Virgin, through Thy great
graces ;
As Thou hast bought us all with the Blood
of Thy Body,
(a)Let us not be bound in captivity.

Look down with Thy blessed Eyes,
And protect us from great peril ;
Remember, O Father, that we are Thy
children ;
O Goodness without measure, 'tis on Thee
I call.

O Jesus, O God and Man true [and] good,
Since none [else] is truly good,
O Creator of heaven and of all things,
Do Thou forgive us our sins,

And all that has been done against Thy law,
By thought, deed, or word ;
Do Thou purify us here on this side,
'Ere we be called to our account.

(a) Literally " Make us not to be bound."

5.

Anon :

The King of the powers be protecting us
each day,
And shielding us from the venomous darts
of the host ;(a)
O Child of the Virgin, free us from our grief,
And let us not be overcome in the strife.

This day I seek victory from the Father,
I betake myself to the Lamb of the heavens,
May the graces of the Lord come down
To me, that I may win victory over sin.

My Love [is] He, the Healer Who came
to our help,
Who endured Passion and pain on the great
Hill of Calvary,
And came safe again from the grave in the
dawning.(b)
Journeying on high towards His Father.

(a)=host of evil. (b) Lit. morning.

6.

Anon :

The King of the Saints be our shelter each
day,
Against the dangerous darts of the devil,
Who is ever keenly pursuing each saint
Of the poor children of Eve.
My thousand sorrows, worn, exhausted,
Because of each hard temptation ;
But through Thee, O dear Only Son of God,
May we come safe from pain.

7.

Folk-prayers. Versified by Dr. Hyde.

O King of friendship,* our Saviour's Father
art Thou ;
O keep me erect, until evening shall cool
my brow.
O teach and control, lest I unto sin should
bow,
And save Thou my soul from the foe who
follows me now.

O King of the world, Who lightest the sun's
bright ray,
Who movest the rains that ripen the fruit
on the spray;
I look unto Thee, my transgressions before
Thee I lay,
O keep me from falling deeper and deeper
away.

* Literally: of the friends ;=“ Thou best
of friends.”

8.

Anon.

VERSES FOR RISING.

O King of graces, Who brought me safe
from yester-night,
Holy thanksgiving [be] always to the King
of the Wounds:
By the power of Thy Passion, O High Son,
protect me safe
From the deeds of Satan each day to my
life's end.

O Father of powers, save me from the serpent
of evil,
In each way that I shall take in the road
that I wish to go,
To the Throne [of Thy glory] always first
I go,
And in Mercy's Name lead me Thyself to-day.

9.

Cathal Buidhe. ob : 1775.

O One-Son of the Virgin, O Treasure and
Shield of the poor,
By the eric of the Tree to which Thou wert
bound guiltless,
A drop of Thy mercy pour on our souls
to-night,
And let me not wander henceforth, but
overcome my body.

O King of miracles, do Thou make supple
my heart,
And take me with Thee to Heaven, where
are the Saints :

I confess now to Thee my faults, my
crookedness and error,
And that I am in bondage to the dark sins
of this world.

O King of creation, Who gavest succour
and sight to the blind,
Who didst suffer the scourging from the
Jews, to redeem us on the tree,
Who didst humbly suffer Thy pure Body
to be sorely(a) bound,
Forgive Thou us, the poor crowd of sinners,
Thy children.

(a) Literally: tightly.

10.

Anon.

A sweet prayer of mercy,
That is full of graces,
We send to Thee,
To protect us from our enemies,
On our lying down to-night,
And on our rising to-morrow ;
In honour of the Trinity
And in the peace of the Passion.

O Jesu, sweet, merciful,
O Son of the fragrant Virgin,
Save us from the pains
That are nethermost, dark, imprisoned.
To Thee we make our plaint,
For with Thee is our succour ;
Keep us from wandering,
And guide us to [true] wisdom.

11.

“ TE LÚCIS ANTE TERMINÚM.”

O God, Who didst form each thing,
And in Whose care also is their shielding,
When we go to rest to-night,
Take Thou upon Thyself our protection.

Phantoms of the night which are evil,
And Satan's wiles, not good to dwell upon,
And every evil spirit emanating from them,
Turn them back and afar from us.

High Father of all graces,
Jesu, sweet, of Him begotten,
And Spirit, Who unites them in love,
Grant us this which we entreat.

11.

“TE LUCIS ANTE.”

By U. ní Ó.

O God, Who formedst every thing,
In Whose care also is their shielding,
When we go to rest to-night,
Keep us, bless us, be our Light.

Night-born spirits, unhallowed thought,
And snares of Satan, peril-fraught,
And every fear of evil powers,
Turn Thou afar from us and ours.

O Father, High and Holy One,
Jesu sweet, the Only Son,
Spirit of love and unity,
Hear us, O Blessed Trinity.

Amen.

12.

SLEEP PRAYER.

May the Angel of the King be seated at my
right side ;(a)
As I lie on my bed take me to Thee(b) to
sleep ;
I beseech Thy Divine intercession to free
me from bondage,
And take Thy protection in the night
from the host of all evil.

Neath Thy shelter, O King Who stretched
Thy limbs on a Cross,
And suffered through Thy Body the thousand
hundred wounds ;
I lay me down 'neath the cover of Thy
shield to-night,
Around me the sign of the Tree which
crucified Thy Body.

(a) Literally : right shoulder.

(b) Literal idiom : “ in Thy net ” = to
Thee.

13.

EVENING VERSE.

O King of the Friday, Whose limbs were
stretched on the Cross,
O Lord Who didst suffer the bruises, the
wounds, the loss,
We stretch ourselves beneath the shield
of Thy might,
May some fruit from the Tree of Thy Passion
fall on us this night.

NOTE—This metrical translation by Dr.
Douglas Hyde (Religious Songs of Connacht,) can be sung to same tune as the original
Irish words.

14.

ob : 1750.

**REPENTANCE
of John O'Hora.**

O gracious Son of Mary, who wast put to
death,
And Who didst suffer the painful Passion,
Who didst redeem the Race of Adam with
the sweat of Thy members(a)
With Thy Blood, and with red wounds ;
Answer me, O Love ! Take my soul, when
the time comes,
To Paradise all-glorious,
To enjoy the light so enduring, bright,
and fair,
Amongst Apostles and Archangels.

Answer me, O Christ, O Friend of my heart,
This rock in my breast, O move it,
And let streams of penitence pour from my
eyes,
That shall bear me to the heavenly country.
For a sinner am I, who has ever done amiss,
Doing evil, truly accused,
O lay not Thou [these] foolish actions of
this world
On my soul, when my departing cometh.

Not more numerous to recount are the sand-
grains on the shore,
Or dew [-drops] on the tips of green herbage,
Than the sins that are proved against my
soul,—Alas !

Bound upon my hardened heart,
Though great would be a third of them
before me at the (b) Judgment
Useless is the terror-sorrow of fear,
And far greater are the graces of the Son of
God
Than all that the world has done in ignorance.

Our Father, Who art in the heavens on high,
Thy name is hallowed at [all] times,
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will in this world
Be done, as in the land of Paradise ;
Give unto us our daily bread,
And forgive us our sins of ignorance,
As we forgive all ; let us not weakly fall,
But save us from unprepared death.

[THE ANGELIC SALUTATION(c)].

“ O Mary, who art full of a flood of grace,
The Lord, beloved, is with Thee ;
Blessèd art thou among women in heaven,
Blessèd is thy High Son, Jesus.”
Beauteous is the sight “ The Fruit of thy
womb ”

Jesus, being imparted amongst us ;(d)
Now and ever,—and in time of our pain,—
Do Thou, O God, stand by us.

(a) Literally : “ bones.”

(b) Literally : “ on the Mount.”

(c) Luke I., 28, 41.

(d) Literally : “ shared amongst us ” ;
as in Holy Communion.

15.

Peter Joyce, 17th or 18th century.
Versified by Dr. Hyde.

THE JOYCE'S REPENTANCE.

O King of Heaven, my pride forgive,
And let me live till this hard heart,
By perfect penitence be wrung,
And stung by conscience' wholesome smart.

O hear my prayer, incline Thine ear,
Now let the tear of grace flow free ;
The sinner finds (his brief hour run),
Pity from none, but only Thee.

The hope of my soul is in Thy promise,
Though late, my homage receive of me ;
Thy mercy is greater than my defiance,
And my reliance is placed on Thee.

Thine is my life and Thine my death,
God of all breath, my pride is o'er !
One glance from Thee were all my wealth,
My hope, my health, for evermore.

O Thou Who makest dead to live,
Who didst forgive the dying thief ;
Hear now, as then, a sinner's sigh,
The bitter cry of one in grief.

O Pierced in foot and hand and side,
O Crucified for hearts that burn,
I turn to Thee, O turn to me,
I ne'er again from Thee will turn.

O King of kings, O King of worlds,
O King Who was, and is to be,
Forgive, O King, our world, and spare,
Receive our prayer, and comfort me.

16.

THE REPENTANCE AND SORROW OF IRELAND.

Teig Ó Neachtain. ob : 1742.

Part I.

The protection of the trustful is [the] God
of the elements
To him who seeks His love-secret ;(a)
Hope in God is riches,
And enduring for ever is His mercy.

Well have I loved the dear yoke of God,
In holiness and in patience ;
Though the mouth be full of dust,
Right it is to trust in the Lord.

He caresses and disciplines us,
Even thus He forsakes us not ;
On the captive mourning one He bestoweth
Mercy together with pity.

It is not in His heart to oppress us
Nor to break us in pieces for ever,
Yea, to put us out of remembrance
For Him verily were hard.

There is thorn and fruit in the chastening
of God
Sweetness together with bitterness ;
He slays us not, but makes us whole,
Belovèd is His bitter [healing-] balm.

When I look upon my heavy griefs
My soul humbles [itself] wholly ;
[It is of] the mercy of God that we are not
destroyed,
The help of Christ is [with us] to the end.(b)

Every day my pain increases,
Great are Thy wondrous acts, O true God !
God is my plenteous provision,
And my hope in dark-sorrow.

I will receive the chalice of Christ in love
And in the name of the Lord ;
In my mouth shall be ever the glory of God,
And [thus] shall I be safe from the power
of the enemy.

Part 2.

Ourselves deserved the displeasure of God
By turning our back on our Lord ;
We ourselves the cause of His forsaking
for a time,
Our slaying and our insult.(c)

Alas ! for this cause He turned from us
His face,
And put our affliction out of His sight ;
A deaf ear He turns to us,
Because we deserved His displeasure.

My eyes shed a stream of tears,
For my slaughter, murderous, manifest ;
No rest from tears have my eyes ;
Deign, O God, to look upon me !

I besought fervently in my sorrow
Mercy from the Lord ;
I have invoked His glorious Name,
Whence come comfort and patience.

Out of my misery, (d) O dear God,
I will cry to Thee earnestly, sorrowfully,
Stop not Thine ears to my cry ;
For Thou hast seen my sore perils.

I plead to Thee, O dear God,
Turn to me and hearken to my prayers ;
Say to me, full of love :
“ Fear not, thy forgiveness is clear.”

Thou hast heard how they terrify us,
And all that they have measured out upon us,
The words of their mouth are known to Thee,
And each evil that the enemy doeth.

God is my refuge and my stronghold,
The enemy's strength He destroys with a
gesture ;
He will save, when the time is due,
From bondage the poor woman Banbha.(e)

(a) or “ Loving purpose.”

(b) or “ Saveth us.” (See alternative
reading in original).

(c) or “ Slander.”

(d) or “ deep abyss.” Alternative version.

(e) Banbha—Ancient name for Ireland.

17.

Seán O Murchadha, cct. 1745.

Since the King of the Saints has vouchsafed
me a respite of time
—And short is that respite, I say it without
doubting,—

That time I purpose to spend after the mind
of God,
Devoutly, honestly, after the commandments
of Christ and of His clergy.

To meditate upon His Passion, to read of his
deeds,

[and] and the woe of His bonds, His mocking,
His thousand wounds,
Until slain, without life, was left the dear
Son of God

On the rough High-Cross, without raiment
about Him, my grief !

O powerful Gracious One, include me not
in that vengeance(a)

Leave not [to my account] every insult(b)
for which Thou didst promise to atone,
And though my sins have surpassed all
telling

I shall be safe if I but implore fervently
the help of the Three.(c)

O High-Prince, O Father, O Good-Son, and O
gentle Holy Spirit,
From Whom came each good in heaven, and
throughout the world,
Whether prone I lie on my bed, or sit, or
stand,
May your love abide in my soul, in my
heart, and in my lips.

(a) i.e. the vengeance due for that crime.

(b) i.e. insult to God.

(c) i.e. the Trinity.

18.

Folk-Hymn. Versified by Dr. Hyde.

Feebly I go from the load within,
Deeply lamenting with woe my sin ;
I acknowledge the faith of my God this day,
With love from my heart, and with faith
always.
From the foot of Thy Cross I cry to Thee,
O Jesu, Lord, bow down to me.

Both now and when I come to die,
Grant me the peace of God most high ;
Hard are the fetters which bind my will,
Save me, Lord Christ, from death and ill.
Praise we, with all the Heavenly Host,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

19.

Sean MacConmara, early 19th Cent.

Father of wonders, O receive me to Thyself
again,
And avenge not each wrongful deed from
my life's beginning,
Verily, it is my soul that Christ did dearly
redeem,
Relieve now my fears, and henceforth I
shall be free.
O Christ, whither shall I turn my weariness,
but again to Thee
Who didst create and redeem me, O Friend
of my bosom and heart ;
'Twas Thou Who gavest sanctuary to the
Magdalen and to David the king,
And to Peter Apostle, by whom Thou wast
thrice denied.

O Holy Spirit, who didst sanctify all the
Apostles,
[And] with tongues of fire put speech at
first in their mouths,
Didst bestow on them courage unyielding
which prepared their cause,
Forsake me not, for I send my ardent prayer
to Thee.

In the hour of danger, O High-Spirit Holy
of power,
Leave [me] not, forsake [me] not, let me not
into my enemies' hand,
Punish not a wretched creature like me,
For Thine own mercy cannot be stayed by
bounds ;

Bounds to Thy mercy, O great King, defeat
or pause,
Have never been known in the world from
age to death ;
Since 'tis Thou Who didst brim the great
sea and madest grass to grow,
Now with Thy radiance guide us to the
heaven of the graces.

20.

Sean MacConmara, early 19th Cent.

Part I.

O King bright pure beauteous of the graces,
Who wast, Who art, and shalt endure,
Who didst rightly-form rocks and heights,
and dividedst the day and the rest
time,
Who madest the smooth sea, and all that
moves therein, for mankind, and didst
put cattle in the meadows,
Think not upon and recount not our errors,
but be favourable and tender with us.

O fair Christ, gentle Son of the Virgin,
fadeless, stainless, guileless,
Who didst atone for the ill-deeds of the world,
and Thou stretched in sorrow on a
hard Cross,
Who didst yield the holy blood of Thy Heart
down to the ground(a) wherein we
are cleansed from the devil's powers,
Protect us from degradation each day, and
impart to us Thy mercy for ever,

Thou sufferdest not the pain of the Passion,
but that Thy host might be saved,*(b)*
All who would follow without reproach,
without guile, Thy law and Thy
sayings, steadfastly;
Thou didst promise to the races of Adam,
that he who would accept tribulation,
however great
The ill-doings of his life in [past] times, to
obtain the heavens for him as reward.

Therefore, O Jesu of the powers, Who art
gentle, loving, glorious without gloom,
Send a holy Angel beside us, till we be laid
fading in the tomb ;
On the Day of Confession of the hosts, when
Thou shalt sit on high on the Mount,*(c)*
Think not to put us to grief, in the dark
consuming flames of the demons.

Part 2.

O gentle bright Spirit without guile, come
Thou now down with comfort,
Make this stone in my bosom to tremble,
enthrone Thou Thyself there for ever,
From my eyes draw sorrowful streams, that
shall cleanse my sins far away from me,
Make me a child of the Father of graces, that
I may be a brother of the Lamb.
May my bosom be full of [Thy] fruits, and
of Thy gifts which healed the
multitude ;
Put courage in my soul, which is weak, dead,
dulled with cold ;
Give me drink from the well of the graces,
and feed me, for I am forlorn,
And when my soul shall leave my bosom,
take me with Thee to Thy right hand
for aye.

Enkindle my heart within me, that is wholly
a rock, oppressed, hard ;
Abide with me each night and day, and
shelter me from the practices of the
devil ;
When the time of our wandering is ended,
take us with Thee to the presence
of the Lamb,
To live the bright life of grace, among
Apostles and Archangels immortal.

O Lord, O God of the powers, Who art
encircled in one sole glory,
—Though each Divinity of the Trinity is
adored, Thou art still one God, and
not three,—
Look generously on me and relieve me, I have
chosen Thy part, O our Lord,
Direct us aright in Thy way each day,
and protect from the company of our
enemy.

Part 3.

THE " BINDING. "

O fair Christ, O gentle loving Son of the
Virgin,
Who art imparted to this people, who take
delight in Thy order,
Send Thy Holy Spirit close to our souls
each day,
And shelter us when Thou shalt lay the body
to fade.

O meek Only-Son of the Father, without
gloom,*(d)*
Who didst redeem the whole multitude with
Thy blessed Wounds,
When Thou shalt sit, a Judge, on the high
Hill above,*(c)*
Banish us not to hell, the place of devils.

O Jesu, O meek Son of Mary, Who
enduredest the Passion,
Who wast in bonds on the Friday, and
wast put to death,
The unending delight of the Heaven of
graces,
Impart without measure*(e)* to us and to all.

Part 1.

- (a)* Literally : " grass. "
(b) Literally : " that Thy host might *not*
be saved. "
(c) Literally : " on the verge of the Mount
(of Judgment). "

Part 3.

- (d)* " In Him is no darkness at all, "
John 1.-5.
(e) or : " Impart ineffably. "

ADESTE FIDELES.

Rendered from 18th Century Latin into
Irish by Dr. Hyde.

O come, ye faithful,
Come ye full of gladness,
Come ye, hasten ye to Bethlehem,
Behold ye this Son,
King of the glorious Angels,
O come and adore we
O come and adore we
O come and adore we
The Lord, the King.

God of God,
Light of Light is He,
From the Virgin's womb He came;
True-God [most] true is He,
Born and not created.
O come and adore we, etc.

Sing ye "Victory,"
Choirs of Angels holy,
Let the Dwelling of Heaven sing;
Glory High
To God in the highest.
O come and adore we, etc.

And to the Being
Who was born that day,
To Thee, O Jesu, be glory for aye,
Word of the Father,
Eternal, He was made flesh.
O come and adore we, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Archbishop Hugh MacAingil. 1572—1626.

Hail to Thee, O holy Babe!
Who didst bow down Thy Body to the
manger,
(a) Though Thou art joyous and rich
And glorious in Thine own Dwelling
to-night.

O little Babe Who art [so] great,
O young Child Who art [so] old,
Thou fillest not the manger
Though the heavens cannot contain Thee.

In heaven, ever motherless wert Thou,
Fatherless on earth to-night;
(b) True-God [from] everlasting art Thou,
And man now for the first time.

No more ancient [is] Thy Father than
Thou,
Younger [is] Thy Mother, O Son of God,
The Son is older and younger than she,
Younger and older she than He.

Though in a swaddling-band Thou art,
(c) Thou soarest like an arrow* o'er every
sphere;
The Maker of the all and of the elements,
† Wondrous to see Him newly made.

Refrain thyself, reason; pause, O intellect;
Accept the Faith; curb thy mouth;
None will comprehend, and none has ever
understood
The mystery of this Child, save the living
God.

Close thine eyes, O blind nature,
Thy knowledge here is [but] a crooked
road;
I believe all that I have said,
My authority is He Who ne'er deceived.

Hail to Thee, O Jesu, again,
Welcome to Thee, in human form, from the
Virgin,
O Countenance more beautiful than the
sun,
Thousands of welcomes to Thee, O Child
[yet] God.

Ah! if I dared to enter in!—
By Thy leave, I am [here] without,
O King—
With a welcome I would give
A thousand and a thousand kisses to Thee.

A kiss to Thy mouth, O Brother akin,
A kiss, O holy Father, to Thy Foot,
A kiss to Thy Hand, as Thou art my King,
And to Thy Whole Being, O God, my love.

Among the servants in Thy dwelling,
A place, through my sins, is not fitting for
me,

But from it repulse [me] not,
Since Thou art my Shepherd, O fair Lamb.

O Mary, thou Mother young,
Open the door of the stable to me,
That I may worship the High-King of
creation;—
Is it not more fitting for me than for an ox?

I will do serviee to God here below,
Keeping watch early and late;
The dogs of the mountain herdsmen
I will drive away from the Chief Who is
weak.

I will bring water with me early;
I will sweep the poor floor of the Son of
God;
I will kindle a fire in my cold soul,
And will renounce the eagerness of my
perverse body.

I will wash for Him His poor wrappings;
And if thou, O Virgin, would permit me,
I would strip from myself my own rags
To put them as a covering upon thy Son.

A thousand welcomes this night into
human form
With my heart to my generous King;
Since He has taken our nature upon
Him,^(d)
A kiss and homage^(e) I give to God.

* Or beam of light. Compare No. 85,
verse 4.

(a) Another MS.: "Though in the
manger Thou art poor, joyous and rich art
Thou," etc.

(b) Literally: True-God hast Thou ever
been.

(c) Literally: "Movest."

(d) Or another reading: "Since He has
come in two natures."

(e) Or, "Welcome."

† i.e., as to His human nature.

23.

Aongus O'Daly.

Translation in original metre by Dr. Hyde.

Hail, our Healer from on high!
Long was it in prophecy
That kind Christmas thus should come
To find for us our freedom.

Christmas night was born for men,
A Child, the King of Heaven,
King of Worlds, dear birth and good,
Welcome we here Thy manhood.

Hail Thou hope of them that err,
Thou born of human mother,
God made man, we yield to Thee;
All hail, our Shield of safety.

Hail, for until Thou wast born,
We were captive and forlorn;
God and man are one in Thee,
Son of the Maiden Mary.

Made a man for men to sell,
All hail, Thou born in Bethel,
To God's Son our lays we sing,
Our prayer, our praise, our blessing.

Hail to Him who died for men,
The Virgin's Son from Heaven,
Thou, with love for all, O King,
Dost call us by Thy coming.

24.

Anon: 18th Cent.?

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

With cheerful heart let us sing a welcome
To the Son of Mary, Who was born in a
stable,
And but for the coming of the Child that
day
We should have been all in the grip of
Satan.

The Eternal Word of the gracious King
of Light.^(a)
Who created the world, with one desire,
and its offspring,

The Angel of the Great Counsel from on high,—
Now in swaddling-bands, and a Mother-Nurse tending Him.

The Angels sing a welcome to the Child
Openly to the world in the sky, with full voices,
“ Glory without gloom to God in the highest,
And peace henceforth to the good of Adam’s race.”

They heard it not, Caesar the strong, nor the guard,
Nor Herod, the grim king, who slew the young children,
But the lowly shepherds of the desert heard
The acclaim of the Angels, greeting the High-Son.

O Well of Wisdom, O Loveliness of the Haven of Paradise,
With the whole universe under Thy power as an habitation,
Why didst Thou take as Thy choice the stable,
But from abhorrence of the pride of the haughty and sated.

The wealth of the Universe and its summed-up treasure,
Though they were all Thine ‘neath the power of Thy Hands,—
Yet thou choosedst poor folk (*b*) without hope for Thy friends,
Rather than riches, showy and plenteous.

O Son of the Mother, Thou Best of all comers, (*c*)
Since our redemption was the purchase Thou soughtest,
Pardon our transgressions, though many their number,
And bring our souls to Heaven, to Thy Dwelling.

(*a*) Literally: Sun-King. (*b*) Or poverty. (*c*) Or: the best who e’er came.

25.

Anon: 18th Cent.?

O radiant Son, Who wast crucified on the Cross of the Rood,
To bring us from the hard oppression of true pain,
Since our poverty and bondage are clear to Thee,
Comfort us this Christmas with Thy gentle humanity.

O Good Son of the Maiden blesséd and beauteous,
Heal our sore hurts and close our wounds;
Give sure knowledge and patience to us, honesty and love,
Whereby to come to Thy home-hearth, to Heaven of the graeces.

26.

Anon: 17th Cent.?

(*a*) Hail to Thee, O Babe, to-night,
Who assumed (*b*) to Thy Divinity humanity,—
To save us, O heart’s-Core,—
From the womb, tender-pure, of a Maiden.

To-night, lowly was our Prince,
In the narrow fold of the ass;
My Love [is] He Who came willingly, (*c*)
Who left Heaven at Christmas.

[It was] affection and love, mercy and yearning (*d*)
With which God gave His Son to His changing; (*e*)
Preserve us from the City of Woes,
King and Father and One-God.

(*a*) Literally: “ God be thy life.”
(*b*) Or: “ Who being Divine, took (on Thee) humanity.”
(*c*) Or: “ Well is it for those to whom He came ” (?).
(*d*) Or: “ Desire, Good-will.”
(*e*) “ Changing,” *i.e.*, to human form, nature, and conditions.

27.

Anon: 18th Cent.

Hail to Thee, betwixt the ass and the ox,
 unattended,
 And Hail to Thee, as a Child, as a Prince,
 without grief,
 And Hail to Thee, from Thy Heaven to the
 (a) House of Pain,
 And Hail to Thee, Who art Father, (b) and
 Son, and God.

(a) *i.e.*, Mortal body and conditions; or, world.

(b) Compare "The everlasting Father." Isaiah ix., 6.

28.

EPIPHANY VERSE.

Owen Kavanagh, ect.: 1815.

As God led from afar the Kings this night,
 Seeking for Him Who came to save us from
 ill,
 May we follow His tracks like them with
 ardent love,
 And our debts be freely forgiven, and may
 we yield to Him.

29.

Gilpatrick MacWard the Younger.

Glory and praise to Thee, O God!
 Thou art the Heaven which has Life
 Eternal.
 Thou Who wast in the body without guilt,
 Thou, the King above the kings.

'Twas Thou Who createdst the Universe,
 Thou art the youngest and most Ancient,
 Who gavest the blood of Thy Wounds for
 our sake,
 Thou art Heaven, and Thou the earth.

By Thee was formed the House beyond,
 Thou, the Maker, Who preparedst Hades,
 (a) On the day of the strangers. Thou
 comest,
 And Thou art the Prophesied Who came.

Thou, the Holy-One of the gentle womb of
 Mary,
 Thou, the Divine One Who art human,
 Thou, He Who battled (b) for our rights,
 Thou, the King, with the Father in one
 Glory.

(a) The Day of Epiphany? or, of the storm? or possibly, of weakness?

(b) Another MS.: Wast spent, consumed."

30.

Anon: 18th or 19th cent.

Turn, O sinner, follow not that course of
 thine,
 Tho' thou be full of life, let not the world
 beguile thee;
 It will not be long ere the end of life threaten
 a poor mortal,
 The hero and the child and the aged go alike
 to the grave.

Think of the sweat and the mocking of the
 Son of the God of the elements,
 Think on His Passion, His bonds, His Side
 and His Blood,
 The thorns and the nails, the out-flowing
 of the close-set wounds,
 And that they bought for thee everlasting
 freedom in His Dwelling.

Pray to the Father that He may give thee
 the Holy Spirit,
 Treasure His laws and commandments,
 together with His love;
 Lament thy sins heavily, tearfully, sadly,
 And thou wilt obtain the blessed forgiveness
 of that strong Son.

Oh! Mighty Lord, let me not be deceived
 in this matter;
 Bridle my senses; make me to amend in
 time;
 And I shall journey from the dread perils
 of death
 After Thee, O God, without scathe to Heaven
 of the graces.

DE PROFUNDIS (Psalm 130).

From deep places I cried
 To Thee, King-Chief of heaven ;
 Hear my voice, O King of the verities,[a]
 Now that I am in [sore] straits.

May Thine ears be heedfully
 Listening to my speaking,
 Be not weary of my prayer,
 O Lord of the Six Hosts.(b)

If Thou recordest every sin
 O God, and in mode even-balanced,
 Who could stand before Thee,
 O King of Heaven of the great acts?(c)

For in Thy Presence are evermore
 Mercy and peace excelling ;
 I have endured patiently, with Thee,
 By Thy laws, O King most just.

[My soul] hath borne, [aided] by the true
 utterance of Thy mouth,
 This my soul, appalling ills ;
 My whole soul reposed her trust
 In Thy goodness, O Lord, O Trinity.

From early morn to dusk of even
 In the King of eternal glory
 Put Israel their whole trust,
 And Thou savedst them from evil-ways.

For with the great King(d)
 Is the excellent mercy,
 And in His presence, abundantly,
 Redemption through over-flowing love.

He shall save all Israel,
 From every ill and evil-desire ;
 So may He save us all,
 The Primal-Source (e) of Mercy.

(a) or, of the poems.

(b) See notes in appendix.

(c) or, attributes.

(d) Literally : very great.

(e) Literally : Primal-Well.

Owen MacCraith, ob. : 1240 ?

Part I.

Protect us, O Son of our Sister,
 Though great my offences (a) and my
 alienation,
 Turn away the darkness from my eyes,
 Give to my earth-body teaching.

Protect me, O Son of our Father,
 Remember my creation ;
 In my sins Thou redeemedst me,
 Thou didst prove Thy generous-will (b)
 towards me.

Thou boughtest me, and I selling Thee,
 O Son of the glorious Father ;
 The reward of Thine indulgence to all
 Was hate in exchange for [Thy] love.

Thou didst die that we might live,
 Thou didst lighten for us the black mists ;
 Thou art my Beloved beyond all the world ;
 Thou Who wast lowliest for my up-raising.

Thou didst take the form of man
 To give me a heavenly form ;
 Thou didst go into poverty for love of us
 To set us in everlasting wealth.

To feed me Thou didst fast,
 Except to drink venom, that my thirst
 should be slaked ; *
 Thy grace atoned for our churlishness
 Thy liberality enlarged (c) my narrowness.

My sending to Heaven yonder [was won by]
 Thy sending to the tomb and to Hades
 After tempering of bosom and heart, (d)
 This is the marvellous exchange.

Thou madest us by Thy manhood [to be]
 A Clan of Christ, from [being] a clan of
 [the] demons ;
 Thou art our Heir and our Father,
 Thou Who sufferedst a tragic death (e) for
 our danger.

Part 2.

Thou gavest me another [pledge of] devotion,
—O Countenance of Christ, O Soul angelic,—
Thy gentle angel to guard us;
Perverse he who loses such help.

Supremacy of devotion above all that Thou
hast done;

Thou gavest to unloose my enforced fetters
Thy Body with exceeding love to me
In the form of the Bread Eucharistic.

Me also Thou boughtest on the Cross,
My price was Thy drink of gall;
Consent not, do not forsake our love,
Let not Thy Flesh and Blood be [given]
in vain.

Son of the dead, and one destined for death,
am I,

Thou art the living Life most lasting;
Small my evil beside Thy grace,
And my bosom-sins in equal growth.

Worthy [was] Mary as Mother of a Son;
Worthy the Son and the Father august;
Speak we of the great heavens of God;
Protect me, O Son of the Mother.

Part I.

(a) Literally: "Charges against me."

(b) or "Generous Love."

(c) Literally: Freed.

(d) *i.e.*, as steel is tempered by fire;
used here of perfecting by suffering.

(e) or, (another MS.) Didst suffer patiently.
* or: "through thirst for me." (=for my
soul); Father Benedict, O.D.C.

33.

Teigue O'Sullivan, the Gaelic.

So be it, O Jesu, be Thou shielding and
guarding me,

Though through me Thou wert put to death,
It is I who struck cruelly through Thy
palms,

And into Thy gentle feet shapely, sweet,
the nails.

Thy laws and Thy commandments hence-
forth let us not break,

But let us sing to Thee with psalms of love,
As warriors steadfast in the [battle]-field
beside Thee,

Joyous 'neath the pure blessed banner of
the High-Son.

O men, short is the stay that we have [here];
Therefore let us turn lovingly, devoutly,
To Jesus, the Child Who bought us in the
Passion,

And thus the light of Paradise shall be ours.

34.

Anon.

Verseified by Dr. Hyde.

Think of the Cross of Christ each day,
Think how He lay on that fell tree,
Think of the boon His Passion gave,
Think of the grave that waits for thee.

Think of the Son of God, His state
Put off, the fate of thieves to share,—
By friends forsaken, betrayed, alone,
His Mother lonely weeping there.

Think of the future, speak no lie,
Think, and put by ambition's strife;
Speak not with oaths, lest angels sigh;
Think that to die means naught but life.

Think of the Son of God, how He
Died on the tree our souls to save,
Think of the nails that pierced Him through,
Think of Him too in lowly grave.

Think of the spear the soldier bore,
Think how it tore His holy side,
Think of the bitter gall for drink,
Think of it,—think for us He died.

Think upon Christ Who gave His blood,
Poured in a flood our souls to win,
Think of the mingled tide which rushed
Forth at the thrust to cleanse our sin.

Think of the awful Judgment-Mount,
Think of the fount of grace and rest;
Think of repentance made betimes,
Think of thy crimes and beat thy breast.

When on thy couch,—thy soul to save,—
Think that the grave shall gape 'ere long,
Give thyself up to God and live,
Live, and forgive who doth thee wrong.

35.

C. O'Clery, ob. : 1664.

Jesus came, through our transgression,
Down from heaven from the Father,
And shed all the Blood of His Body
For love of us, through mercy.

[The blood] shed by all the martyrs
From the beginning to the end of the world—
More precious far (*a*) is one drop of the Blood
Shed by Jesus through our transgressions.

Christ died the Cross-death for our sakes ;
He asked of us to carry our cross,
And to unite our wills with His will,
And to follow Himself.

Right is it to thank our (*b*) faithful God
[For] our birth in an age of faith,
And Christ Who healed our transgression ;
—And not to worship thee, O world.

(*a*) Literally : " Greater is the story,"
i.e., the wonder.

(*b*) or " Dear God."

36.

Folk-Hymn from Harp Island, Donegal.

GOOD FRIDAY KEENING.

O Jesus sweet, Who didst suffer the Passion
On the Tree of the Cross, and Thou
exhausted to death,
Great was Thy distress till the coming
of the day,
Dearly didst Thou purchase the sinners
of Adam's race.

[THE KEENING]: Och ochone ee! Och ochone
O!

Och ochone ee! 'Tis my
lasting woe.

The Blessèd Maiden followed after Him
in the way

On the track of His Blood,—and It plenteous
to be found,—

" O John beloved, I cannot find my Child !"

" O Woman good and blessèd, thou shalt
have tidings of Him swiftly."*

Och ochone ee ! etc.

Why didst Thou not weep when Thou didst
endure the Passion ?

Why didst Thou not lament when captured
by betrayal ?

How marvellous that Thou weepedst not
when the spear pierced Thee,

And Thou didst weep that a sinner should
be in hell for ever.

Och ochone ee ! etc.

I am a poor sinner who rebelled against God
By evil thoughts, and by speech of mouth ;
My hope is firmly in the One-Son of God
That the race of Ève will [yet] gain the glory
of Heaven.

Och ochone ee ! etc.

God is in heaven, His help is to be obtained,
—So Peter has written, so will it be for
ever ;—

He who freely shall shed the tears of
contrition,

He who shall lament for sin, he shall receive
the glory.

Och ochone ee ! etc.

* Literally : at once.

37.

Armagh Version.

THE POEM OF GOOD FRIDAY.

I.

This is the Friday, weariful, sorrowful,
This is the Friday of keening and tears ;
(*a*) O children of Adam, gather ye sorrowfully
That we may go keening the One-Son of the
Virgin.

THE POEM OF GOOD FRIDAY.

II.

From Harp Island, Donegal.

This is the Friday, weariful, sorrowful,
This is the Friday of shedding of tears
With Thy weeping, O five thousand-fold
treasured One,
And sweat of blood on Thy brows most pure.

O Father beloved, 'tis woeful Thou wert,
Standing midst of the Garden 'neath the
still pall of night,
Streams of blood falling down on each side
of Thee,
And Thou thinking of the death awaiting
Thee on Friday.

When the Blessed Maiden heard that her
one Son was taken,
She stayed not to prepare nor to veil her
fair head,
She walked the way, and not a thread of
foot gear on her,
Searching for her One-Son, Whom the Jews
had taken with them.

She found the Blood of Jesus all lowly on
the path ;
She bent her down and she kissed it there ;
“ O, cruelly have ye bound my Five-
thousand-fold Treasure,
It is the blood of His Heart within that has
given me the knowledge.”

He looked behind Him, though great and
hard His bondage :
“ O Mother most sweet, and O dear Mother
of My bosom,
Be thou greatly patient to-day and
to-morrow,
And we shall be together yet, above in
Paradise ;

The Angels of Heaven shall take hold
of thy hands [in welcome].”
“ 'Tis often, often Thy Mother has told Thee
What'er torture or trouble was destined
for Thee,
That 'tis Thine own Mother would release
Thy two hands.

For this is the Friday she stayed not to
prepare herself
Till she walked the desert way without a
thread of foot-gear,
Seeking her One-Son, and she without
knowledge [whither]
Till she saw the Blood of Jesus on the path ;

She bent down over it to kiss it ;
“ This is the way that my Son has gone !
Is it not hardly they have bound Him with
cords,
When He has given me the blood of His Body
that I might have knowledge [of the
way] ? ” (b)

He bent His head, and 'twas difficult to Him
to do it.

“ Here [comes] to Me now My Mother
pure, fair,
Let way be made for her through the guard.”
She lifted her two white hands on high ;

“ O Son of close friendship, O Son of the
sympathies,
Is it not often Thy own Mother said to Thee,
Whatever pain or piercing was destined for
Thee
It is I myself who would share the same
death with Thee ! ”

“ O Mother of close friendship, O Mother
devoted,
I am suffering for the sake of the children
of My Father ;
I am suffering for the sake of the race of
Eve and Adam,
And we shall yet be gathered together in
Paradise.”

(a) Two other lines are inserted here by
the poet :—

“ Water of tears with noise of wailing,
“ And tears of blood in the Eyes most
beauteous.”

(b) Two and a half lines here :—

“ It was no wonder for the Holy Virgin
“ And she seeing the Child of her knees
being rent
“ By the race of the Jews, being scourg'd
by them.”

“ 'Tis hard after all for me to be keeping
that patience,
And I looking on my fair Child, and He
pierced with nails!”
(He was fainting, and He utterly exhausted,
Looking on the throng that were gathering
on each side of Him).

“ Their share of swords are with them, and
they ready gleaming,
Wherewith to slay Thee, O my One-Son,
Jesus!”*

* * * * *

[Pause]

Lo! here is Christ, and He bare and
raimentless,
Bound to a pillar amidst His fierce enemies.
Hundreds of blows of the sharpest scourges
Were struck without defence upon His
sacred Body.

Robes of mocking were put on Him again,
alas! thereafter,
Fetters on His hands, and blindfolding on his
Face,

Crown of spines on His Head, of the thorns
that were sharpest,

Cross-Tree on His shoulders whereon to
crucify Him.

They brought Him to Mount Calvary and
took from Him His raiment,

They tore the flesh down from His wounds,
They gave Him a cup of vinegar, and O God!
was not that the bitter drink!

Betwixt two of the evildoers they made
His crucifixion.

*Part of this verse seems to be lost; but a
short pause should be made after this cry
of His Mother.

38.

THE KEEN OF MARY.

Short Connacht Version.

“ O Peter, Apostle, did you see my fair
Love?”

(a) (Och! Och! it is my lasting woe!)

“ I saw Him this moment, among His
enemies.”

“ Come hither, ye two Maries, that ye may
keen my fair Love!”

“ What shall we bewail, if not His dead
body?” (b)

“ Who is that stately Man on the Cross
of the Passion?”

“ Do you not know your Son, O Mother?”

“ And is that the little Son that I bore three
seasons?”

“ And is that the little Son Who was born
in the stable?”

“ And is that the little Son Who was nursed
in Mary's bosom?”

“ And is that the hammer that drove the
nails through Thee?”

“ And is that the thorny crown that was
upon Thy beauteous brows?”

“ And is that the spear to go through Thy
fair Side?”

“ Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful!
The women for My keening are yet to be
born!”

“ None shall keen Thee, but in the Isle
of Paradise

“ Their rest shall be fair in Heaven of
the graces!”

(a) This refrain, which is repeated after
each line, is taken from a very similar
“Keening” given me by Antoine
O'Dochartaigh, N.T., Falcarragh, which,
however, is more fragmentary. This is
his tune, also. The refrain which really
belongs to this Connacht version is
“M'ochone agus m'ochone O!” which is
too short for the tune. A fine complete
Connacht version is in Dr. Hyde's “Religious
Songs of Connacht,” but it is too long
to give here.

(b) Lit: “His bones.”

39.

Anon:

O King of the Universe, Who boughtest
us dearly,

Stretched on the cross, suffering true-
wounding,

From this world here, in which is but vain
delight,

(a) Set us all free with Thee to Thine own
kingly dwelling.

O holy, truly-human King, Who wast put
to torture and death,
I pray Thee submissively, gently, and
answer my need,
From the perilous danger of the Judgment
Day bear my soul safe with Thee,
And during my dying be beside me to help me
against my enemy.

(a) Literally: "Unloose us all."

40. Anon :

Remember, O man, that through thy sins
Christ was crucified
To cleanse the stain of sin from the (a)root-
stock of Eve ;
Since He shed His blood to save us altogether,
Let us be ever praising Him, with sighs and
tears.

In the midst of my heart, O fair King
of the holy heavens,
Kindle fire of the Holy Spirit,—for I am a
sheep that is far astray—,
That will lighten my mind to forsake the
deeds of evil,
And banish the folly of the world from
out my thoughts.

A thousand glories to the Father Who makes
each blade of the growing grass,
A thousand glories to the Son, Who makes
each grain of the sand on the shore,
A thousand glories to the Spirit, Who makes
each star in the heavens on high,
As it was in the beginning of the world, will
be, and [now] is.

(a) Literally: "Root-race."

41.

"Tórna." 19th-20th Cent.

Heart-sick and faint wast Thou prostrate
there,
O Jesus, O Saviour,
Without rest or shelter, and Thy Heart
oppressed
On the sward of the Garden of grief ;

Thou prayedst aloud to the King of grace
To forego the draining of that Cup,
Yet to yield to the one High-Will alone
Was the way Thou didst still love best.

Thou didst hear the cries and the clamour
of Thy foes,
In the cold house of dark Caiaphas,
And in Pilate's court, with desire for Thy
death,
They shouted insolently after Thee ;
Without pity the torturing thorns were
pressed
On Thy brow,—they called them a crown,—
And from dividing by lot Thy raiment fair
The soldiers refrained not.

My grief, the Wounds and the sharp scourging
Each side of Thy fair, gentle Form ;
And the full weight of the Cross oppressing
Thee
Mournfully, on the Ascent of tears ;
And shameful piercing of Foot and Hand
At Thy fastening to the great High-Cross,
Where Thou didst willingly die, that so
Thy flock might be safe for aye.

Give shelter and favour to us who now
Pray to Thee, O Saviour,
Since from Thee are all time and means
To vanquish guileful Satan.
By Thy Passion, by Thy Death,
With which Thou redeemedst our kind,
Obtain for us from the heavenly Father
a place
In the host of grace at last.

42.

EASTER FOLK HYMN.

Let us all praise the One-Son Christ
Who bought us dearly on the Cross of
crucifixion,
Who will doubtless come to free us again ;
Glory to God in the Highest !

He is the Son of the Woman of holiest
countenance,
The gentle guileless Nurse who was all
unaware

When the One-Son of God descended into
her dwelling; (a)
Glory to God in the Highest!

The three fair-tressed gentle women went
(Flower of fair-women, instructed, tender),
To approach the tomb of the Sacred Body
of Christ:
Glory to God in the Highest!

An angel, verily, in true words,
Said to the stately, gentle woman:
"Your King is in Galilee":
Glory to God in the Highest

That morning, gentle were the ways of the
Chief, (b)
And the holy Apostles coming in haste
To approach the tomb of the Holy Body
of Christ:
Glory to God in the Highest!

This is what the holy Deliverer said to us
When He came to His flock, unclipsed, (c)
"The Peace of God be keeping you!"
Glory to God in the Highest!

Thomas would ne'er believe that it was He
Till he should see closely, with his own eyes,
The trace of the spear and of the sharp nails;
Glory to God in the Highest!

Thus said the pure King Christ, without
deceit:
"Look closely from thy heart upon My
wounds,
And you must understand that 'tis I Who
endured the Passion":
Glory to God in the Highest!

When Thomas beheld Christ, of august
descent, (d)
His pure Feet, and His Hands without stain,
"I know Him [well], and He is my King":
Glory to God in the Highest!

"Blessed is he who hath not looked keenly
upon Me,
And yet shall believe from the clergy My
true story;

The bright heaven of God shall he obtain
as reward":
Glory to God in the Highest!

A thousand thanks to Thee, O Only-Son
of God,
Who was crucified, O King of holiest law,
And Who camest free from death again!
Glory to God in the Highest!

(a) Literally, = palace; or may be intended
for bruinn=womb.

(b) *i.e.*, of the Lord.

(c) *i.e.*, by death. Literally: unclouded,
or, unstained. See verse 8, l. 2.

(d) Literally: [of] noble-Blood: = High-
born.

43.

Teigue O'Higgin, the Younger, ob: 1442.

Whole after His slaying [is] the Son of God;
Even thus, the more enduring is His
perpetual-life,
No calamity, the way His Body went;
(a) He died, and found restoration.

Though He died submissive to judgment (b)
[It was] not possible that He should be
changed;
He is, shall be, and has been;
Our Healer He, and our High-King.

Beloved of God are the people,
No love approacheth [that of] Communion;
If there be condescension, (b) this it is,
The utter love of God for men.

For what we have done and what we do,
How shall we make amends to God?
We may be called enemies of the King,
Through our deeds came His death.

Not worth this [are] the hosts of the Universe,
That Jesus should die because of us;
Why say more? * He died;
The Hand with a Wound shall heal.

May God give, finally,^(c)
To the children of Ève and Adam,
Welcome after all destinies,^(d)
[And] health to men infirm.

(a) Literally: He found death and found
comforting, (in the sense of strengthening);
or, revival.

(b) or, partiality; or, a strange saying?

(c) after (in consequence of) that.

(d) or, fates.

* A curious idiom, now disused.

44. 11th Cent.

HYMN OF MAEL-ISÚ.

May the Holy Spirit be about us, in us,
and with us,
May the Holy Spirit, O Christ, come to us
speedily.

May the Holy Spirit dwell in our bodies and
in our souls,
May He protect us generously against
perils, against diseases;

Against demons, against sins, against hell,
against real woundings;
O Jesu, may Thy Spirit hallow us, deliver
us.

45. Folk-Hymn.

May the bright graces of the Holy Spirit
be received by us,
In the true faith may we abide,
The good example of the true just men may
we follow,
And in the Church of Christ may we remain.

May we seek the eternal Holy Trinity,
May we place our hope in Jesus Christ,
The heaviness of heart of the poor may we
relieve,
And may we ever walk according to the
will of God.

In the truth may we speak [His] praises,
The last ends may we remember,
May we relieve the hardships of the pitiable,
And meditate on the Passion of Jesus Christ.

May we await the pardon of the generous
High-King,
And receive the holy precious Sacrament,
May we journey on with the blessing of God
and man,
And walk in the Faith of the Saints and
Apostles.

May we be expecting the bright glories,
And may we behold the Face of the Son
of God;
May we be praising and loving God
In the City of God's Son for ever and ever.
Amen.

46.

W. O'Marnan, 1808.

A thousand thanks to Thee, O true Spirit
holy,
Who mad'st the skies and heaven at the
beginning,
Who didst fill thereafter the great sea of
waters
With shoals of fish therein, swimming the
waves;
Hills and mountains in company together,
And didst send the rivers of the world
flowing down under [Thy] guidance,
Meadows of the green grass, and valleys
likewise,
Woods and branches under blossom of every
kind.

Pure and clear to Thee is each flower blowing
And opening on the branches of the thick
fruitage;
Honey also to be found down-flowing,^(a)
Through Thy holy power, from their [cluster]
tops;
The bee thereafter, which is full of ability,
Busy and laborious, and her feet at work,
Plying her harvest by the heat of the sun,
To be in order as a treasure in her coffer.

Thousands of thanks again to Thy kindness
 And to Thy sacred powers, O King of the
 elements,
 Who didst purify the skies and chequer
 them with stars
 Radiant and gleaming in the night for us ;
 Who gavest mind and energy to all in the
 world,
 Who didst add to these beauty and grace,^(b)
 Who didst make the birds and put music
 in their mouths,
 Without thought of clothing and dwellings
 also.^(c)

Part II. (To the Heavenly Father).

It was part of Thy tenderness when Thou
 didst send Thy Only-Son
 From Thy pure bright right hand to teach us,
 In mercy to Thy flocks which were straying
 without a Shepherd
 Sorrowfully, painfully under the penalty of
 Eve's sin ; ^(d)
 He came to seek us, and proceeded alone
 Like the shining of the sun, and abode in
 the form
 Of the woman who was holiest and of greatest
 virtue
 In human form, and most beautiful of
 countenance.

Beloved to me [are] Thy noble virtues, Thy
 scars and Thy wounds,
 Thy feet, Thy side, and Thine eye-glance,
 O Son of Mary, courteous, loving, pearl-like,
 *Devout, gentle, of purest Face. ^(e)
 Was it not high, Thy dignity in the court
 of the Universe,^(f)
 And the many legions coming in troops
 Of gentle noble ones, radiant and glistening,
 To bend their knee before Thy holy might ?

And O friends, confess ye that 'tis He is
 the Shepherd,
 Who was never wrathful or hard in His
 heart,
 Who was full of tenderness and of love to
 His flocks,
 And Who withstood in his despite o'er the
 Pluto of deceit ; ^(g)

Who freely paid all our debts together,
 And brought the spoils ^(h) safe with Him
 upwards from the gloom,
 And returned hero-wise, unharmed, un-
 grieving,
 Like the Light of the sun from the tomb
 again.

^(a) or "poured forth."
^(b) MS. "put with these English and
 Gaelic."

^(c) of the birds? or for persons?
^(d) Literally: the penalty of the Apple.
^(e) MS. of loveliest mien; (altered for
 metre).

^(f) or (alternative reading) of the sun.
^(g) Pluto=Prince of the nether world.
^(h) "táine," *i.e.*, spoils of flocks or herds
 taken from an enemy—so used in the Gaelic
 epics and histories.

* or: devoted.

47.

Anon. 18th Cent.?

God the Father, Whose are the holy heavens,
 God the Son, Who suffered for the sake of
 the human race,
 God the Holy Spirit, Who enlightens
 perfectly the world,
 In all our woes and weakness may They
 give us peace.

In cloud-beset wanderings though I was left
 in the world,

* For the descendants of Adam's race, my
 sorrow, Thy limbs were rent,—
 [Yet] O Son of Mary of the graces, Who
 suffered Passion and Pain,
 Comfort my woe, O best Beloved, and
 forsake not one like me.

Graces free from pain may we obtain yonder
 From the only Son of God, Who laboured
 to enrich us ;

Flower of generosity, and Hero of the Light
 art Thou ;
 And love sincere gavest Thou to the lowly
 Maiden.

* For=on account (or behalf) of.

Cathal Bwee. ob. 1775.

O Jesu, O Holy Spirit, O Father of the Lamb
 Who gave the true Blood of His pure Heart
 to purchase us dearly,
 Be protecting me, be my escort, be near me
 each hour,
 Whether lying, or sitting, or standing, or
 asleep.

Humble my vindictiveness, my anger and
 hatred,
 And banish all accursèd thoughts from me ;
 Send a small portion of the blessed Holy
 Spirit from above,
 That would melt^(a) this heart, which is as
 as rock for hardness.

Begin my deeds continually in Thy Name,
 And end my pride always with true justice,
 That I may win escape from all deceit and
 wile,
 O Royal Son, and may attain to behold Thee
 above.

Grant that I may gaze ever upon Thy wounds,
 And be studying Thy steps at all times
 untiringly ;
 O bright King of the Sun, Who partedst
 not with Thy friends,
 Bear my soul, reconciled and clean, to
 Paradise with Thyself.

(a) or, let free.

B. MacEgan the Great, 16th Cent.

O radiant Heavenly Father
 Who wert ever with Thy creatures,
 In spite of my unclean ways
 Receive me Thyself, O Creator.

O Bosom-Son of Maiden Mary,
 Who suffered the Passion for love of us,
 In my heart always
 Set the smart of Thy sufferings.

O Holy immortal Spirit

—(Dwellings must be prepared for guests)—
 Mayst Thou make a fair abode
 For Thyself in my heart.

As Thou camest upon Thine Apostles
 Come as a flame on me ;
 Mayst Thou [make] all good inseparable
 from me,
 Mayst Thou separate evils from me.

O Trinity ! O Mercy !

Let [nothing] come between me and my
 Guardian,
 Do Thou Thyself increase our hope,
 Our love, and our faith.

Power from our own Father,
 And Thy wisdom, O loving Son,
 [And] Thy love, mayst Thou implant
 O Holy Spirit, in my spirit.

O Thou only God of mercy
 Guard me from the prison,
 O Jesu Son of Mary Virgin,
 O Holy Spirit [and] O Father.

SANCTI VENITE.

Bangor Antiphony, 7th Cent.

Translation into modern Irish by Dr. Hyde,
 1906.

Come, ye redeemèd, and take ye Christ's
 Body,
 Drink ye the holy Blood, the sacred Blood
 that bought us.

Ye whom the Blood and Flesh of the Lord
 healed,
 (Which strengthens us) sing ye "Glory
 to God."

It is the Sacrament of His Flesh and Blood
 Which draws humanity back from open hell.

Giver of freedom, Christ Son of God, our
 Lord,
 He redeemèd the lost world by His Blood.

For the sake of every person^(a) was our Lord
slain,
He was the Priest, and He was the Sacrifice.

The old law ordered us to offer sacrifices,
Types or shadows of the sacred mysteries.

Giver of light, Saviour of each soul,
He gave to the believer a Gift beyond all
striving ;

Our Guardian shall bestow (for 'tis He
despenseth
The Life eternal,) a gift to the believing ;

He giveth the heavenly Bread unto the
hungry,
And, from the ever-living Well, Drink unto
the thirsty.

Alpha and Omega Himself [is] Christ our
Lord,
Who came, and shall come to the lasting
Judgment.

(a) Literally ; of each one person.

51.

Angus O'Daly.

Welcome before Thee, O King of the Angels,
*After partaking of Thee, O Body of the
King !

This is the guise in which prayer is due
to Thee ;^(a)

Help, O King, each one of us.

Hail to Thee, O Lord majestic,
O Jesu Christ, O Perfect One !
Welcome to Thee, O Bloom of the bleak
days,^(b)

The sustenance of everyone depends on Thee.

Hail to Thee, O Blossom of the Lily,
O Young-Child of most Ancient Days !
Hail to Thee, O Core of my heart,
Thou art the Life of purest Wisdom.

Hail to Thee, O Heir of the High-King,
Who didst harrow Hell, the pit of trans-
gressions ;

Hail to Thee, incarnate for our help !
O King of life, save me from my evil.

(a) Father McKenna translates : " Behold
my evil heart entreating Thee ! "

(b) The word in the original Irish signifies
the bleak, dark days of early Spring, and may
possibly refer to His birth in the Winter time.
* or : Before.

52.

All hail, Incarnate Christ, to Thee !
All hail, O King of Heaven's lights !
All hail, O Holy Trinity !
All hail to Thee, Thou Right of rights.

All hail to Thee, O Flesh and Blood,^(a)
All hail to Thee, O King of good,
No more be grievèd with my soul
But heal me with Thy precious blood.

No more be grievèd with my soul
But cleanse it, by Thy gracious power ;
A hundred welcomes, Man and God,
Both now, and in our death's dread hour.

(a) Literal translation, 2nd verse.

All hail, O King of the graces,
All hail, O Blood and Flesh,
O Holy Trinity, without end and without
beginning
Do not be in anger with me any more.

53.

HYMN OF THE HEART OF CHRIST.

Teigue O'Sullivan, ob : 1705. Versified
translation by Ú. Ní Ó.

Light of my heart is Thy Heart, O Saviour
dear,

Wealth of my heart, Thy Heart to feel
a-ear ;

As Thy Heart surely filled with love for me,
Asthore,

Abide deep in my heart, O Heart, for ever-
more.

What Thou didst bear for us, O High and Holy One,
My thoughts unworthy are to dwell upon ;
Yet that fierce-wounding of Thy Heart,
Thy scars, O Love,
Have gently urged all saints toward their crown above.

O Father, O Jesu, though life-sheltered by Thy death,
Who formed me,—imperfect still,—and gave me breath,
What shameful daring, Lord, that even now I love
Things Thou dost hate ; draw Thou my heart above.

Though Thou did'st tread, O hearts'-King holy from on high,
Bowed by our woes, in ways of mystery,
Thy Love's full glory, O Christ, we knew not,
—till the spear
Clave a World-Refuge in Thy Heart most dear.

Literal Translation.

Brightness of my heart [is] Thy Heart
O Saviour,
And treasure of my heart, Thy Heart
present with me ;
Since surely Thy Heart brimmed full of
love to me, O Beloved,
In the recesses of my heart leave Thou Thy
Heart in keeping.

What Thou hast suffered through us, O
fair high King of the powers,
Is beyond my thoughts to consider^(a) or
tell aright,
Since it is by the envenomed fierce-wounding
of Thy Heart and Thy Scars,
Asthore,^(b)
That the thousands of the blessèd have
been hastened gently to their crowning.

O Father, and O Jesu, Who hast shielded
my life with Thy death
And who didst form me, though [yet]
imperfect, aiter Thy likeness,^(c)
Is it not inhuman, O Christ, that I have loved
nought yet
Save everything, whose nature Thou
abhorrest ?

Though Thou didst travel,^(d) O fair Holy
King from Heaven,
Suffering through our fault, in ways
mysterious,^(e)
^(f)Thy love, O Christ, I lauded not [fully],
until the spear clave
A home of shelter in Thy Heart for the whole
world.

^(a) Also : “dwell upon, prove.”

^(b) O Treasure.

^(c) or : “in Thine image.”

^(d) or : Wander ? The words in Irish
convey a sense of pilgrimage, or of loneliness
and exile.

^(e) or : “in ways not clear to estimate.”

^(f) or : “In Thy love, O Christ, I exulted
not, until [I knew that] the spear rent
A Sanctuary for the whole world in Thy
Heart.”

54.

Aongus O'Daly, ob : 1570.

I believe in Thee, O God of heaven :
Right it is to repent ;
I am praying especially for Thy Grace^(?)^(a)
To bring me out of all terror.

Behold here, O God the Father,
A sinner of great wanderings ;
Grant to him adoration of [Thy] guidance
O Steersman of my soul, O Jesus.

O Holy Spirit of great might
Deliver my soul from the voice of the
unjust ;^(b)
O King, feel Thou my perplexities !
Solemnise in my heart^(c) Thy Feast.

O Love of my mind and my soul
Purify my repentance and my speech;
O God of heaven, perfect, holy,(d)
Come into my heart, O Trinity.

I beseech Thee, having received Thee,
O pure, blessed Eucharist,
When partaking of Thee, O Body of the
King,
Pardon for my evil and my misdeeds.

As Thou art within my body of clay,
O wound-printed Body of God the Creator,
Cleanse this abode(e) in which Thou art,
O august-power of the Blood of the Just One.

The foe of God, and my earth-[bound] body
[Are] two enemies of my soul in alliance;
Take, O Holy Spirit, by Thy power,
The place of both, as Thine inheritance.

(a) Father McKenna's translation:

"I trust in imploring Thy grace."

(b) the voice of the unjust;=the devil.

(c) literally,=breast. (d) or: "ever old,
ever young," (Dr. Hyde). (e) literally
=sheath.

55.

"Tórna." 19th and 20th Cent.

O Jesu fair,(a) to Thy presence I will come
Lamenting Thy Death on the great High-
Cross

With shedding tears, from youth to death,
And telling my love to my Saviour,
O [my] Saviour!

A hundred thousand welcomes, Beloved, to
Thee;
None was ever like Thee as satisfying
Sustenance;
And truly I love better than molten gold
The holy Feast of my Saviour dear,
O [my] Saviour!

My defence for ever, my protection, my
guide,
The exalted sacrifice, the Offering of my
Treasure,

As heavenly Wine-Blood, and as Flesh;
This is my wealth from my Saviour, in
my [own] hand; (b)
O [my] Saviour!

O Heart that loved mankind above measure,
In radiance of love excelling all,
Leave Thy Heart with love (even to one
like me),
In this heart in my breast, O Saviour.
O [my] Saviour.

And I pray Thee, O Flower, Who sufferedst
Passion and woe,
By the virtue of Thy Death which saved
the hosts,
To the King of grace bring me safely home(c)
In the time of death, O Saviour.
O (my) Saviour.

(a) or: pure. Lit.: white: often used as a
term of endearment.

(b) i.e. in my own possession.

(c) Literal: safely sailing; (as a ship
into harbour.)

56.

THE BREASTPLATE OF ST. PATRICK.

Modern Irish Version by Dr. Hyde.

I arise to-day

In strong power, strong prayer to the Trinity,
And in powerful faith in the Three,
In humble pure confession of the Unity,
High Creator of all elements.

I arise to-day

In power of Christ's Birth, in power of His
Baptism,
In power of His Cross-death, in power of His
Tomb,
In power and virtue of His Ascension,
In power of His Descent,(a) taking the
victories.

I arise to-day

In the strength of the Order of Cherubim
on high,
In humility to the angels above.
In service of the august Archangels,
In hope of the speedy resurrection.

I arise to-day

In the strength of the prayers of the noble
Patriarchs,
The prophecies of the ancient Seers,
The faithful words of every converse (*b*)
From mouth of the Apostles,—pure speech.

I arise to-day

In the blamelessness of holy virgins,
In the right Faith of the Confessors,
In the [good] acts of believers,
In the deeds also of the upright. (*c*)

I arise to-day

In the great power of heaven, of shining
of sun,

[Of] brightness of moon, of strong fire,
Of force of lightning, depth of sea,
Speed of wind, steadfastness of earth.

* * * * *

Clean-strength of God, direct me,
Might of God, correct me,
Wisdom of God, be round me,
Eyes of God, look on me.

Word of God, be in my speech,
Ears of God, be hearing me,
Hands of God, be defending me,
Thoughts of God, be my battle-mail. (*d*)

Hosts of God, be keeping me,
Wings of God, be sheltering me,
From the cunning demons,
From all dark depravements.

From evil inclinings of the mind,
From each guileful enemy
Far from me or near me,
In crowds, or in my solitude.

Between myself and all ill-deeds
I set the dear strong-power of God
To keep me, body and soul,
From every evil that shall attack me.

The merciless power of the foe,
Sayings of prophets who speak lies,
Dark laws of the Pagans,
Heretics of blinded minds.

Magic of smiths, of women, and druids,
Worship of demons and idols,
And all corrupt evil-knowledge
Which shrivels body and soul. (*e*)

Christ protect me to-day,
From poison, from burning,
From drowning, from wounding,
Till I receive His gnerdon glorious. (*f*)

* * * * *

Christ [be] with me, Christ before me, Christ
behind me,
Christ above me, and Christ beneath me,
Christ abiding in my own heart,
Christ, too, to right of me, Christ on my
left.

Christ in length and Christ in breadth, (*g*)
Christ here, and Christ yonder,
Christ in heart of every one
Who shall think on me to-day.

Every person of the people
Who shall speak with me, Christ on his
lips; (*h*)
Christ in eye of every person
Who shall look on me during the day.

Christ in ears of every person
Of the people who shall hear me;
I arise, I believe in, and I call
Upon the Trinity, Three in One.

* * * * *

(*i*) From the Lord cometh salvation;
From the Lord cometh salvation;
(From Christ cometh salvation);
Be Thy salvation, O Lord,
In our midst for evermore.

(*a*) His descent into Hades.
(*b*) or: Sermon teaching.
(*c*) Literally: honest, righteous (persons).
(*d*) or: be clothing me.
(*e*) Literally: which makes body and
soul withered.

(*f*) Literally: His full-beauteous reward.
(*g*) Compare Ephesians 3.—18, 19.

(*h*) Literally: in his mouth.
(*i*) In St. Patrick's original, this triple
ascription is in Latin, the rest of the hymn
being in Old Irish.

NATIONAL PRAYER.

Living God, King and Lord,
 Accord
 Blessing to mankind.
 Stablish peace; make strife to cease;
 Increase
 Love all hearts to bind.

Great God, King of Right
 And Light,
 Bless Thou Inishfáil.^(a)
 Humble pride; help provide,
 And guide
 When the lowly call.

Most High! Hear our cry!
 Be nigh;
 Bless our Isle always;
 Be, each hour, Thy holy power
 Her dower;
 Guard her by Thy grace.

^(a) Pronounced Inishfawil; generally taken to mean "Isle of Destiny."

T. O'Sullivan the Gaelic, ob: 1775.
 O God, dear, glorious, powerful, holy,
 Who boughtest us dearly,—my grief,—in
 Thy Passion,
 O Prince of mercy, source of generosity,
 Direct Thou me and the poor human race

To do Thy will, cheerfully, happily
 With enduring gracious contrition;
 Since there is a day of trial, and of fiery
 consuming warfare
 Appointed for us by Thee, O [our] Treasure,
 forsake us not.

^(a) From the Eastern Land travelled afar
 the Kings,—
 —And no guide had the royal princes but
 a star,—
 To the asses' stable, with their costly gifts,
 To worship Thee, to honour Thee, O Creator
 of the sun.

O Mighty One of the Blessèd Mother-Nurse,
 O Belovèd,
 Aid and be a Sanctuary for the race of Eve;
 Remember that Thou sufferedst Thyself to
 be contemned
 On the Tree of the Cross, O Son of Mary,
 to free us.

Remember the night before Thy death
 When in the Garden Thou didst strive the
 hero-strife,*
 When Thou didst urge the Sweat of blood
 through Thy Body
 Nobly, for our deliverance from the evil
 of the serpent.

Consider the sweetness of the Head that was
 tortured
 With the Crown of thorns, acutely pained,
 The great wounds of the spear, and of the
 empurpled nails,
 —My cause of grief, my heaviness,—in Thy
 Person together.

Lift up thy mind, O sinner,—wail not
 [despairingly],—
 Humbly, cheerfully, lovingly, purely,
 Courageously, gladly, wisely, with simplicity;
 And lose not the crown for a moment's
 pleasure.

Though thy sins be more than the sins of
 the world,
 Than the grass of the earth, the sand and
 the stars.
 And the waters of the sea, the Son of God
 will pardon thee
 If thou turn to Him as a penitent, with
 good heart and devout.

^(a) Optional. Suitable for Epiphany-Tide.

* Literally: "do the hero-deed."

Part II.

O King of the ancient stars, Who didst
 bring free with Thee
 Moses and his camp of Hebrews from Egypt
 Through the great waves of the sea without
 [even] a gesture,
 With justice under the broad merciful
 expanse of Thy shield.

May I see Thy people rejoicing and flourishing
In the countries of the world with love to
Thee, O Only-Son ;
And for ever may we have but Thy precious
Church
Truly united, fragrant, in holy radiance.

May I see the bright shining day, with
thanksgiving,
Truly righteous, full-radiant, when we shall
be enabled
"The true chief noble saintly Island"
To give without pause again as name to
thee, O Erin.

Heal Thou our wounds, and make them
whole altogether,
O fair loving Son of Paradise, hear us,
And sweetly,^(a) calmly, gently, joyfully
call us
'Neath Thy banner on Thy gracious right
hand to Thy side.

(a) or: melodiously,

59.

T. O'Sullivan the Gaelic, ob: 1775.

O Jesu, Son of Mary,
O bright King of kings,
(a) Ruler of the human race, and their Love,
O Christ sweet and merciful,
O Light by Whom was formèd
The Kingdom of Heaven and things of [this]
world in their season ;
O banish our blindness,
Our folly and madness,
For ever from out of our hearts, O Star of
grace ;
And remember, Belovèd,
In Thy most holy sacrifice of the Cross
That Thou didst make us free by Thy
Passion.

My horror, this exhausting
(b) Conflict, this degrading
Deception that put in bondage Adam's race ;
I have broken Thy law,

O Holy Spirit, I deserved
All pains, and devouring fires to grieve me.^(c)
O loved King Who broughtest
Moses with Thee, and his hosts,
Through the hungry heart of the mighty
flood undrowned ;
Therefore,^(d) O Belovèd,
Protect Thou the poor Gaels,
And lovingly, shelteringly, save us by Thy
death.

(a) Literally : Emperor.

(b) Literally : Storm.

(c) MS. All fires of the devouring cauldron.

(d) "In like manner," is understood.

60.

Anoa.

O King of Heaven, Who wast before [time]]
shalt be, and art,
[Who wast] an infant Child in Mary's
bosom, O Branch of the graces,
O True-Man Who dost make a strong flood
of the strand,
At one stroke disperse all my distresses
speedily.

This alluring life blinded my heart in my
bosom,
And the lying world has deceived my body
with its desire,
Against the foolish light passions of the form
that covers me
Help me, O dear God, Who wert, art, and
shalt be.

O Christ, Who redeemed our sins by anguish
on the Tree,
Calm Thy displeasure with Banva ^(a) of the
pure gentle clergy ;
Protect and strengthen against sin through-
out the grassy Fields of Flann ^(b)
The small remnant remaining living of the
race of Aevir the Fair.^(c)

(a) and (b) Synonyms for Ireland

(c) i.e., The Gaelic race ; Aevir (or
Heber) being one of the three earliest
ancestors of the ancient Gaels.

(FOR EXILE OR TRAVEL).

Feardorcha O'Mellane.

In the name of the Father with graces,
 In the name of the Son Who suffered pain,
 In the name of the Holy Spirit with power,
 (a) God and His Son be with us in our
 journeying.

Michael of great deeds, our safeguard,(b)
 Mary Virgin, the twelve Apostles,
 Bridgid, Patrick, and John,—
 Good is their provision, the Faith of God.

Colmcille, mighty and gentle,
 Colman, son of Hugh, head of the clergy,*
 They will all be with us on [the] one road
 And lament ye not for our going westward.

Let ye understand an ancient story : (c)
 The children of Israel who were God's
 [people]

Though they were in bondage under Egypt,
 Comfort soon they received.

They went through the great sea,
 A road being made for them,—no narrow
 one,—

So that the grey sea arose
 Like a rock, out over their heads.

On their going up again on the [dry] land
 They received justice from the King of truth,
 Comfort, help and sustenance
 From the God Who ever was, and is [here]
 to-day.

[Even] thus shall it be done to you,
 Ye shall receive all good from the first ;
 And your country (d) is in heaven,
 And be not ye downcast (e) in your cause.
 God is the same to us and to them,
 [The] One-God still Who was and is,
 God is the same here and beyond,
 One-God from everlasting and Who will be
 for aye.

(a) or : Mary and her Son.

(b) Literally : our treasure-portion.

(c) or : A story aenit this.

(d) or : possessions, lands ; in contrast to
 their confiscated property here.

(e) or : feeble, slack.

* Patron saint of Dromore, the poet's
 diocese (H. Morris).

COLMCILLE'S FEAST (9th June).

Colmcille cct. A.D. 549.

May the angels of God protect me
 From the evils leagued [against me] which
 I see ;

Seven encirclings (a) of the holy ones,
 The host which needs not sustenance.

These seven bands (b) with peace
 [And] Christ Himself, Man unshakeable,
 To save me continually
 From [any] peril in the Universe.

Christ above me, Christ beneath me,
 Christ on each side of me,
 May He come into my heart and bosom,
 The King of Heaven of the Saints.

Heavenly King of the Universe,
 Fresh Tree supreme o'er all,
 Take the demons from behind me,
 Every weapon and every [hostile] hand.

The shield of a Friend at my breast,
 A shield which no dart pierces,
 The Spirit of God the Creator
 My breastplate all the days.

The armour of God be upon me
 Which drives all demons from me
 Myself in the Fold of the Saints,
 The Angels of God protecting me.

(a) = bindings round ; or possibly, gifts ?

(b) See appended notes.

“TESTAMENT OF COLMCILLE.”

Dwell, O Christ, in my heart,
 O Lord, O Son of Mary,
 Each Saturday come, O Brother,
 And inhabit my heart.

Go not abroad on the Holyday
 After the manner of others ;
 O Son of God, remain on Sunday
 And abide in my heart.

On Monday, in the same place
—O Guiding-Star of our souls,—
Dwell, O Christ, in my heart,
O King of heaven and earth.

Each Tuesday, till my death-day
—Few are worthy of what was done—
Fill my heart with intense desire towards
Thee,
O Heir of the Heavenly Father.

On Wednesday, O holy God,
—Having saved us and others
May Christ aid in the war;—
Come to repose in my heart.

On Thursday, O noble Son of Mary,
Come into my heart with Thy graces;
Save me, O Healer of the Universe,
O Brother of the children of Adam.

Come into my heart on Friday,
O holy Friend, Son of Mary,
O healing Physician of every soul,
O helping Hand of the universe.

Come into my hands and my feet,
Hear, O Brother, my prayers;
Come into my lips and my eyes,
Come, O Creator, into my heart.

Come into my head, into my ears,
O noble King of the Lord's Day,
Having saved us and others,
Come into my heart and rest.

64.

ST. BRIGID'S DAY.

(February 1.)

Sing we Brigid's praises, loved is she of Erin,
Lovèd since the old times, praise we her
together;
Light-bearer of Leinster,* shining through
her country,
Chief of Éire's virgins, gentlest of her women.

Many a well and temple Brigid's name doth
hallow,
Often still 'tis borne by daughters of our
country; (a)

Comes the stern dark winter, cutting with
its keenness,
But on Brigid's feast-day neareth Éire's
springtime.

May God send us swiftly, (b)—loving prayer
of Brigid—
Radiant peaceful Springtime on our own
dear Home-land.
May God give us [sure] hope on this great
saint's feast-day
That we may find grace [here] and heaven
with Him hereafter.(c)

(a) Literally: " 'tis heard on maidens of
our country."

(b) Literally: "this very hour."

(c) Literally: "beyond."

* Literally: of the Leinster people.

65.

Folk-hymn.

THE BLESSED MARRIAGE AT CANA.

At the marriage-[feast] in Cana
Was the King of grace in person,
He Himself and Mary Mother,
Was it not a beauteous wedding?
At the board the guests were seated,
And the wine to them was lacking,
And the water in the vessels
How delightful to taste it.

O Maiden most holy
Who to sin never yielded,
As thou wert a plant descended
From that king(a) who excellèd,
[As of old], pray to Jesus,
To the glorious King of Heaven,
That He make a (b)free way for us
When we turn our steps Homewards.(c)

O dear Lord, O Jesu,
And O bright King of the Universe,
Who didst bear the Thorn-Crown,
And the sacrifice of the Cross;
Who wast torn and rent asunder
Among men who were loveless,
Thou didst open the bars
That were closed against us.

Splendid is the treasure
Stored for us by the King of Glory ;
His own Blood and Flesh [He giveth]
As Food for the sinful.
Put ye not your hope
In yellow gold or riches,
For as mistlike toys compare they
With the glories of heaven.

(a) i.e. David.

(b) Lit. : or, ready road.

(c) or : That His Hand the way throw open
For our blessed home-returning.

(Westminster Irish Service-book).

66.

Hail to Thee, O King of the Sunday,
It is Thou Who helpst mankind ;
Receive us, despite our sin,
To bring us to the heavens of Jesus.

O King of Sunday, I come to Thy clemency,
I choose Thee for my chief treasure,
O King of yesterday and of to-day,
And O King of all the years.

O King of Monday, O heart's-Friend,
In Thy own keeping am I, O God ;
When I shall be cold [in death]
Answer me in the hour of my need.

O King of Tuesday, deal thus [with me],
Be not slow(a) in befriending me,
Be with me at the hour of death,
Answer me in all difficulties.

O true King of Wednesday,
As Thou art my only King,
Despite all my evil doings
Receive my soul from the body to Thyself.

May the King of Thursday be my refuge,
—As Thou art ever the centre of my love,—(b)
Be with me in my death-hour ;
Short the time 'ere my journeying [hence].

O King of the Friday, Who didst endure
the Passion,
Who didst shed Thy blood for love of us
on the Tree,

It were not Thy part(c) to let us go from
Thee,

Thou Who wast afflicted for our sake

Saturday lacks not a King
To whom I am ever committing myself ;
With my tongue will I be praying Him
For my heart is in the fold of His sheep.

(a) Literally : Be not cold.

(b) Literally : The core of my love.

(c) or : Thy due.

67.

Anon.

THE PRAISE OF GOD.

Part I.

I will praise the King of creation,
The One-Son of Mary, with good desire ;
Protecting shield of the pure virgins,
Chief* of the saints and apostles.

King of the elements, High-King of heaven,
Gentle Branch of angelic power,
Helper of the love of the virgins(c) sweet,
Protector of each continually.

Sheltering Tree for every man,
Good Son of Mary, of great purity,
(a)[Bright] Star of knowledge of the darkling
(b)world,
Praise is due to Him from all.

King of kings Who shed [His] blood
And came with ardour to our aid,
Who was in hard bondage—such our faith—
To free us from the flames of hell.

Giver of graces to whom 'tis rightful,
Creator of each man with honour ;
The radiance of the sun [is] in His bright
countenance
Who is not deceived by false love.

Just Judge of dead and living,
King who changes not,
But disperses His grace individually
For ever to each man, generously.

Part 2.

(Suited for Passion Week)

This same King of Whom we speak,
By whom all men are saved,
It were an act of pity for us to-day
To lament His cruel Wounds.

Let us mourn each day
The Wounds of the Maiden's Son,
And His gentle Body that hung upon the
Tree
And was slain by force of sharp-blades.

Remember the Wounds of the thorns,
—Meseems they were cause for grieving—
Set on the Head of the King of heaven
On the Tree of gentle mercy.

Remember the Wounds of the two Feet,
Wounds of the Heart and of the fair palms,
And all that the King of truth suffered(*d*)
Of most cruel pain on the Royal-Tree.

Remember [too] how Mary was tortured,
Seeing her wondrous Son
Crucified on the Tree
And being torn, by the prevailing of rebels.

Part 3.

O body, consider the cause of [this] Death ;
Understand that it is a matter for grief ;
Forsake not the Son of Mary for wealth,
And thou shalt receive the alms of mercy.

Examine thy conscience clearly, carefully ;
Repent earnestly, constantly ;
Behold, O man, that art full [of vigour]
That thy body is altogether clay.

I beseech Thee, O Son of Mary,
O strong High-Prince of Mercy,
O beauteous Countenance of purest form,
To preserve me from the way of sinners.

Dedication.

Accept from me as amends(*e*) for my faults
My sacred hymn [offered] fervently;

Let not my soul [go] from Thee through
pride ;
And the One-Son of Mary will I praise.

(*a*) The word "Bright" is added for
metre, this line being one syllable short in
MS.

- (*b*) Literally: Dim world.
- (*c*) Literally: Maidens.
- (*d*) Literally: Received.
- (*e*) i.e. as "eric."
- *Chief: in sense of Lord, or Leader.

68.

Donough O'Daly the Great.

Holy are the works of the Son of Mary
Holy, from the beginning, His mercy,
Holy the sun and the clouds of heaven,
(*a*) Two guides of knowledge of the seasons: (*b*)
Holy all yonder in His House,
Holy each creature of His creatures,
Holy the moon and the stars,
Holy He from Whom they are revealed.

Holy the wild tempests,
Holy the rain of April,
Holy the fair-weather, with bright looks,
Holy the rough-weather of God the Creator ;
Holy the woods bearing clusters,
Holy the ripe vine,
Holy each fruit that cometh,
Holy the earth whence it came.

Holy are the shore and the wave,
Holy the growth of the woods ;
Holy works are hillock and herb,
Holy the Artificer Who created them.
Holy too the voice of the waves,
Holy the travelling of the streams,
Holy the wild moor and the grass,
Holy the fish in the ocean.

Holy are the quadrupeds of the Universe,
Holy the stones and the gentle leaves,
Holy the fire,—though it be destructive,(?)
And all else of which I speak,
Holy the strong wind's speech,
Holy, sea and firmament,
Holy, each good thing which was re-
counted,(*c*)
Holy the birds in the air.

Holy are His designs and His will,
Holy, the works of the Father,
Holy His workmanship and His faith,
Holy His anger, and His patience.(d)
Holy the household of His house,
Holy the exalted Trinity ;
Holy, for all, to converse of Him,
Holy, the great love of His great saints.

(a) or : leaders.

(b) or : weather.

(c) or : seen, [" i.e. by God. Compare
Genesis I. 31. Dr. Hyde.]

(d) or : long suffering.

69

NATURE HYMN.

I believe in Thee, like every creature ;
O meet with Thy friendship my friendship,(a)
Here is power, great, praised,
In the golden, crimson, pleasant apple-fruit.

Excellence of excellences Thou, and mighty
of the mighty ;

Weak among the weak Thou, and shelter
for our sheltering ;

'Tis Thou who makest the hazel from the
nut,

Artificer of artificers Thou, and King of
Kings.

The fair nut that I see on the hazel
Not mine it is, O Chief of chiefs,
Thine, O King, the nut with its hazel-tree,
It is Thou Who hast tinted it brown and
bright.

The wind made to Thee her poem
For the wind understood Thy deeds ;
The sun flamed fiercely for Thee
(b)[As] in a track of a Son of queen and King.

Though small the bird in the bottom of the
nest,

Thy gentle steps well it understood ;
There is not a feathered-or-furred-creature
among the rocks
That trusts not, O King of the elements, in
Thee.

By the pain that Thou didst meet with
here,

By the long way Thou didst go for me,
O Man Who didst undergo the Cross for
my sake,

May I be entombed for Thee.(c)

Thou art the Living One who wast
entombed ;(d)

Thou, the Wisdom-Giver,(e) and the gracious
King,

Thou the Fire(f) ever glowing,
(g)O King all-knowing, O Love and O Prince!

(a) Literally : " O turn Thy smoothness
to my smoothness." By an ancient custom,
to turn the smooth side of a cloak or mantle
outwards, when on embassy or formal
occasions, betokened friendship. (Dr. Hyde.)

(b) Father McKenna : " These are the
poet-bands of the Son," etc.

(c) Literally : " Buried beneath the hard
stone for Thee." Compare St. Paul's
" Buried with Him." Romans VI. 4.
Col. II. 12.

(d) Literally : Who wast beneath the stone.

(e) The words " An t-Eo " (in original
meaning " The Salmon ") allude here to
the pagan third century legend of the
sacred " Salmon of Wisdom " in the Fionn
Sagas ; a well-known simile even in later
times.

(f) or : Flame : meaning originally a
fire-sphere.

(g) or : O King-Sage.

70.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, cct., 1924.

Lovely is the sky-grey ocean,
Lovely the quiet waters,
Lovely the shining of the sun
On the waters below ;
Seagulls flying in the skies,
Warmth with the rising of day,—
O how delightful is Thy world !
O how delightful, my God !
See in the distance the mountains,
Summits hidden in mist ;
Quiet sheep on their slopes,
Peace and pleasure and bliss.

I will lift up my own heart,
 I will lift up my voice,
 I will praise Him for ever
 For each wonder great.
 Lift Thou upwards my thoughts
 Like to the mountains above,
 Calm Thou henceforth my heart
 Like the waters clear;
 Hear, O Lord, my prayer,
 Come, abide in my breast,
 Quiet my soul, and within my mind
 Make Thy dwelling, O God.

71.

S. MacConmara, early 19th Cent.

O powerful King, O glorious King, O great
 King of might,
 High-King of seas, High-King of earth,
 High-King of the Heaven of God
 [art] Thou;
 I implore Thee, O King of the humble, with
 my whole heart will I say it,
 I take for my friend the King of the angels,
 to shield me as long as life lasts.

A powerful host is above in heaven, aye
 telling Thee their tidings,*
 There are the angels, there the Apostles,
 John and Peter saintly,
 Mary Mother, Mary lovesome, Mary
 Magdalena,
 May my soul be by their side, in the tempest
 of the Day of the Mountain.(a)

In Paradise is a kindly company, who found
 distress in this world,
 Waiting on the powers of the King of Glory,—
 verily it is a great dignity,—
 Near them are the Sacred Orders, who
 thought not of doing evil,
 Praising my King without ceasing or rest,
 methinks 'tis a meet employ.

Follow ardently the law of the Apostles,
 and be not lacking in wisdom,
 Heed ye the Prayer [of the Lord] and be ye
 reading the Psalms,(b)

And ye shall obtain dignity from the angel's
 King, and the vision of God's heavens,
 Make, O sinner, shelter for thy soul without
 delay while time lasts.

* or : story.

(a) The day of Judgment.

(b) MS. "and also the last Psalm";
 (Compline Psalms or Office of the Dead?)

72. Folk-Hymn.

Thirty years of age was Jesus,
 When He was baptised as it is recorded;
 Fasting for forty days thereafter,
 Leaving an example for each one of us;

Many a tear He shed in loneliness
 That so His sheep might find rest;
 With lack of raiment, lack of dwelling-place,
 Lack of sleep and of ease.

The Jewish people pursuing Him,
 Many a misery, grief, and chill upon Him;
 His deeds surpassed all our wisdom(a)
 By His majesty and by His generosity.

During three years then of His lifetime
 [Was He] healing and teaching everyone,
 To the blind He gave eye-sight,
 The crippled received swiftness of joint and
 limb,
 The dumb, speech, the deaf, hearing;—
 Glory to the King Who does all effectual
 deeds.

He brought Lazarus alive from the tomb,
 And the widow's son again with pity,
 A sick servant in a nobleman's house,
 —And happy was the man whose boy He
 healed.

He calmed the wind and the mighty waves,
 And healed every miserable one in trouble.

* * * * *

These are the miracles of the Virgin's Son,
 And let the world praise the Son of the King
 of Glory.

(a) Originally "reason"; altered for
 better rhyme.

William O'Marnan, 1814.

A hundred glories to the Father,
How great His name to utter,
Mighty in the heavens, And spoken in the
world ;

Who made and formed the angels
Radiant, shining, flame-like,
Stainless, cloudless, sinless, Flawless^(a) like
the sun ;

Who ordered skies and clouds,
Put noble light in the moon,
[And] the stars for us to look upon By
night in the air,

Who filled each river and brooklet
^(b)Moving in impetuous streaming,
The great sea foaming, widespread, Filled
with its fish.^(c)

A hundred glories again to Thee, Father,
For ever to Thy name,

Who art worthy and hast received
supremacy, Due fame and sway,
Who filledst every wood with trees
Lofty, blossoming, tinted,
The birds sweetly chanting, On all their
branches.

Though of small account be the bees,
Thou gav'st them a pleasant living,
Such, that a skilful scholar Might fail to
learn their craft,

When the sun is shining
To gather their honey-portion
As a store to feed upon In winter, with
prudence.

Understand, thyself, O sinner,
By learning from the bees,
—Who earn their honey-portion From the
glens of the berries,—

And from the Saints who were poor
And laid not up treasure, nor sinned,
And put not gold in hiding Nor strong-
holds^(d) of this world ;

Mark ye all well [also],
That Example, the Child,
When He descended from the heavens With
love to us all,

When He was born, truly,
In the cold ass-manger
Poor, humble, bare, Without wealth or
cheer.^(e)

May the day come when I shall meet
All of you at home
In yonder dwelling, shining With glory
and sunshine ;

In the country of joy and gladness
Where is ever music of angels,
And where is found cloudless vision Of the
sweet Face of God.

My heart would be full of joy
When I would see the kindly men of
Ireland^(f).

Free from the life of [this] world And
from the strife of the guileful ;

Without chance for the dart of sin
Ever to reach, or beguile us
[Where] we gently rest without travail
Together with every saint.

^(a) Literally: "Shadowless."

^(b) Literally: "To move their flowing-
masses thirstily."

^(c) Literally: "Its share of fish."

^(d) MS. "Banks."

^(e) or: beauty, brightness.

^(f) MS.: "men of Mallow." This verse
was addressed to the Church Choir, Mallow.

^(g) or: "Finished with the world of
this life."

Thanks be to Thee, O King of creation,^(a)
Thanks to the Three Who are and were,
Thanks to the Father and to the Son,
Perfect thanksgiving to the Holy Ghost.

Thanks be to Thee, O King of the graces,
Who left me in this world alive ;
Until its sin be cleansed from the body
Let not the pearl^(b) be separated from it.

I bestow(c) my soul to Thee, O God,
I bestow it earnestly and entirely ;
May this bestowal(d) ne'er return to me,
O Jesu Christ, be Thou my protection.(c)

(a) or ; of the elements.

(b) i.e. The spirit.

(c) Literally : " Bequeath."

(d) Literally : " Bequest."

(e) Literally : " Be my protection upon
Thee."

75.

Michael O'Longan, the Younger, cct. in 1801.

This autumn is joyous, a hundred thanks
to Jesus,
Barley in swathes and fair wheat of the
country,
Yellow nuts on the branches, and berries
on the brambles ;
All glory to the Only Son by Whom each
of them is made.

Holy-Prince, splendid, virtuous, most wise,
most perfected,
Most powerful and most valiant, most
generous and most true ;
There is bird-music without ceasing,
proclaiming
That to my Treasure the thanksgiving of the
whole world is due.

It is He Who moves the stars, the coming
of sun and tide,
Gives the clouds of the skies, the wind and
the rough weather,
All sweet-voiced birds of the air, and fish
in the smooth sea,
(a)And also sends green grass to the flocks
of the earth.

My bitter woe till I die, my dread and my
terror,
Each day of my time, and I breaking Thy
just law ;

But O bright Treasure, do not forsake,
do not deny us for this cause,
For on the great Cross Thou savedst Eve's
race with Thy true blood.

(a) There is in MS. a fifth (alternative ?) line
to this verse " And by His power the day-
coming to us, after the clouds of night."

76.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

T. O'Sullivan, the Gaelic.

My God, He is my Love,
My Guardian, my Healer,
My fair Love, my merciful Lord ;
My sweet Love is Christ
And I love Him from my heart,
My Love altogether art Thou, O King of
glory—
I love Thine Eyes,
I love Thy ways,
I love Thy fame and Thy power,
I love Thee with fervour
Though I be in confusion
And followed (a) not, (my woe), Thy counsels.

I love Thy Saints,
Their beauty and their acts,
I hate the follies of youth ;
I love Thy law,
Its loveliness and strength,
I love trebly Thine example.
All that I broke through of Thy rule,(b)
Through slavery to the devil,
Has left me without wisdom, O Beloved,(c)
And, O Master of the clergy,
As I rebelled against Thy guidance
Do Thou, O God, heal my deep wounds.

I love the Orders
Holy, in Thy courts,
I love Thy Heart and Thy splendour ;
I love Thy flock
Of Seers glorious,
Of Thy mien and Thy majesty ;
I love Thy Person
Which redeemed us in Thy Passion,
I love Thy music-full City ;

O Jesu of the great deeds
Condemn me not with Thy justice,
Thou art my Light, my Strength, my Hope.

(a) Literally: performed, did.

(b) Literally: "gapped"; from
"bcarna" = a gap.

(c) Literally: bright Treasure.

77.

Part I.

O Jesu, Son Belovèd, dost Thou pity my
sorrow,
Pained and oppressed by the evil host,
And by devils continually, who keenly,
without pause,
Vex me by all their deceits.
If Thou come not to me, to take me in
Thy hand
From the enemy who is wounding me,
He will lay me low, and drive me astray
A poor loathsome sheep from the flock.

O fair King of the saints, deliver me from
my pain,
Nor suffer me ever to be overcome by them ;
Stand Thyself by my side, and strengthen
me till death,
And their wiles shall never affright me.
Hide me in the Wound in the midst of Thy
bosom,
And shelter me from each peril of the enemy,
Heal Thyself all gnawing of each hurt on
my soul
And unite me tenderly with Thy inmost
Heart.

O Jesu, Son of Mary, Who didst suffer
through us each stroke
Of scourges forcefully falling on Thee,
And the Crown thrust upon Thee, and the
bearing of the cross,
Till Thou wert crucified on the summit of
the great Hill,
Since from love to us Thou madest all
sacrifice (a) which Thou gavest
To the High-King for our sins, though due
from us,
By Thy grace guard me from every tempest
And bring me with Thee, safe, unharmed,
victoriously.

Part 2.

O holy Son of the graces, do not leave me
ever,
Nor let me wander astray, away from Thee,
Smooth for me each steep (b) [place], and
with love share with me
The great reward of Thy wounds on the
bitter Cross.
In remembrance of Thy Passion, O pure and
guileless Heart,
Stretch out to me Thy Hands and call me,
Keep me at all times, till death comes to me,
Then take my soul, safe, free, away with
Thee.

Though often in my life I crucified Thee again
By my sins and by the follies of my youth,
And I deserved not Thy generous hospitality
in Thy bright City for aye,
Nor Thy support as a shield (c) in the battle ;
Yet since Thou comest to make peace with
the sinners
Who are displeasing Thee ceaselessly each
moment,
From my heart I yearn that Thou wilt pardon
all my [mis]deeds
And wilt guide me gently in the pure way.

I beseech Thee lovingly, O bright King of
the graces,
And the Spirit Who is full of holiness,
Through the merits of Thy blood, which
flowed over Thee in streams,
And Thou pitifully hanging on the sharp
Cross,
(d) To fire my heart within me with love to
Thee, to praise Thee,
And that with love to me Thou mayst come
beside me,
Guarding and defending me from Satan and
the flesh
That I may love Thee in heaven after
dying.

(a) or, Satisfaction.

(b) Literally: height.

(c) Literally: shelter.

(d) or, set in flames, consume.

METRICAL TRANSLATION.

By Miss E. Hull.

It were my soul's desire
To see the face of God,
It were my soul's desire
To rest in His abode.

It were my soul's desire
To study zealously,
This too my soul's desire
A clear rule set for me.

It were my soul's desire
A spirit free from gloom,
It were my soul's desire
New life beyond the doom.

It were my soul's desire
When heaven's gate is won
To find my soul's desire
Clear shining like the sun.

It were my soul's desire
To imitate my King,
It were my soul's desire
His endless praise to sing.

Grant, Lord, my soul's desire
Deep waves of cleansing sighs,
Grant, Lord, my soul's desire
From earthly cares to rise.

This still my soul's desire
Whatever life afford
To gain my soul's desire
And see Thy Face, O Lord.

78.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

This were my soul's desire
To see the Face of God;
This were my soul's desire
Lasting life with Him.

This were my soul's desire
To read in lucid books;
This were my soul's desire
To be under a star [-like] (a) rule.

This were my soul's desire
Cheerfulness with all;
This were my soul's desire
Grace (b) of resurrection after judgment.

This were my soul's desire
To inhabit the starry palace;
This were my soul's desire
To shine like to the sun.

This were my soul's desire,
To walk in the ways of the King;
This were my soul's desire
(c) Harmonies through endless life.

This were my soul's desire
To reach the heaven of dreams; (d)
This were my soul's desire,
Fervent waves of tears.

This were my soul's desire
To go from the misty world;
This were my soul's desire
To see the face of God.

(a) MS. starry clear, steadfast?

(b) or, victory.

(c) or, Varied music.

(d) *i.e.*, the heaven seen in visions, in ecstasy; or the heaven of (- above?) the clouds.

79.

Versified Translation by Miss Eleanor Hull.

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart,
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou
art,

Thou my best thought by day and by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my wisdom, be Thou my true word;
I ever with Thee, and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, and I Thy dear son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my breast-plate, my sword for the
fight;

Be Thou my armour, and be Thou my might;

Thou my soul's shelter, and Thou my high
tower,
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of
my power.

Riches I heed not nor man's empty praise
Thou mine inheritance through all my days ;
Thou, and Thou only, the first in my heart,
High King of Heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, when the battle is
done,
Grant Heaven's joys to me, O bright heaven's
Sun ;
Heart of my heart, whatever befall
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

79.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Be Thou my ecstasy, O heart's Lord,
Nought are all others, save the King of
[the] seven heavens.

Be Thou my meditation, by day and by
night,
Be Thou my vision always in my sleep.

Be Thou my speech, be Thou my under-
standing,
Mayst Thou be mine, may I be Thine.

Be Thou my Father, may I be Thy son,
Be Thou with me, may I be with Thee.

Be Thou my battle-shield, be Thou my sword,
Be Thou my dignity, be Thou my delight.

Be Thou my protection, be Thou my strong-
hold ;
Mayst Thou be raising me to the company
of the angels.

Be Thou all good to my body and my soul.
Be Thou my kingdom in heaven and on earth,

Be Thou alone the chief-love of my heart,
Be no other being this, but the High-King
of Heaven.

Until it be vouchsafed to me to go into
Thy hands,
My portion, my [heart's] pulse, by the
greatness of Thy love,

Thy love in my soul, Thy love in my heart,
Give it thus to me, O King of [the] seven
heavens.

O Heart of my heart, O Prince of the All,
Whate'er my fate, be Thou my ecstasy.

80.

Robert Butler.

More lovely is Jesus than the universe
Or blossom of rose or lily,
Thou art the gentle Flower of Mary
Who didst enter into perpetual kinship
with us.

Sweeter than sweetness,
Or the dew of the mountain honey,
Or than strong savoured honey,
[Is] Jesus, great Son of Mary.

Whoever loveth Jesus
(a) In his heart-cloisters,
(b) No other like love shall enter
Within it till the world's ending.

O Jesu, great, sweet,
O Jesu, Son of Mary,
Who formedst each island,
Each smooth plain, each mountain.
(c) Pray for us.

(a) or, In his heart secretly, warmly.

(b) MS. No other love.

(c) MS. Have mercy on Tadhg O Neachtain (*i.e.*, the Scribe who added this last verse). Apparently largely taken from "Jesu Auctor Clementiae," for the Feast of the Holy Name, August 7.

81.

Anon.

Music to my memory is Thy Name august,
 Delightful to my heart Thy ardour of love,
 But sweetness itself the revealing of Thy
 fair Face,
 O loving Lord, O Jesu,

Above melody of voice of sweetest tone,
 Above beauty of rose of loveliest form,
 Above preciousness of jewel of greatest price,
 I love Thy Name, O Jesu.

To the heart cleft with contrition,
 To the Christian tortured with temptation,
 To him who seeketh Thee without guile,
 Thy Name is a succour, Jesu.

But oh! the prize which Thy saints shall
 receive,
 In Thy golden dwelling above the stars,
 Nor pen nor tongue can e'er recount,
 O generous Lord, O Jesu.

Thou art our desire, Thou art our joy,
 Our share of the world, above wealth of gold,
 Thou our delight over yonder for aye,
 O pure bright Pearl, O Jesu.

82.

Patrick Denn.

O devout young maidens
 Who are under the rule of the King of graces,
 Be quiet, tender, womanly, wise,
 Fervent-burning with much love.
 Customs vain and gaudy
 In your raiment be never seen,
 Nor your heads foolish and haughty,
 If ye desire to attain the heavens.

Let your eyes be modest
 With true love for the King of virgins,
 Your hearts be fine and clean,
 Filled full with the God of power.
 Stand ye out strongly,
 And subdue your foes each day,
 In gentle communing and good affection
 With our Saviour in His glory.

When you reach the heaven of God
 Merry there will be your play
 In the lovely holy company
 Of the starry [souls] of sweetest lay;
 Jesus Christ will be with you there,
 Shepherding you with great delight,
 Above hosts, though of greatest dignity,
 And the Queen-woman seated amongst you.

83.

Bonaventura O'Hussey Ob : 1608.

May, O heavenly Father,
 In mind and mouth of each person,
 Thy Name, from life to life,^(a)
 Be hallowed throughout the universe.

May Thy Kingdom come to us,
 May we be peaceful, content,
 Without danger from demons or the world,
 Without terror of the verdict of the
 Judgment.

Thy will, like the angels of heaven,
 Be done by us on earth;
 Food for our bodies, O Father,
 Give to-day and for our souls.

Forgive the sins that we commit
 —Though they be heavy debts,—
 As we ourselves forgive their sins
 To everyone, for Thy sake.

Let not the temptations of the devil
 Gain power over us,
 But save us from all evil;
 May what we ask of Thee be done.

(a) or, from age to age.

84.

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

Aongus O'Daly, Ob : 1570.

The beginning of wisdom is the fear of God,
 No wisdom like it is to be found;
 Good the kind of wisdom, this,
 The fear of God, on whomsoever it be.

Enough for thee, O man without strength,
For the cure of every ill,
—The beginning of wisdom this in all efforts—
The love of God, and His fear in thee.

Weeping for the wounds of the King of kings
If it come to thine eyes secretly,
Above all happiness is this blessedness,
Tears for the crucifying of the God of
creation.

Think on each true-wound, deep, penetrating,
Whereby Jesus obtained help for all; (*a*)
Think of the cruel wound of side and
breast;
Think of the perilous ending (*b*) of the
Judgment Day.

Think of the out-stretching of the suffering
Hands, (*c*)
O sinner who art on the waves [of the world];
See how terrible the scars of the Head,
And the sharp points of the nails in the Feet.

(*a*) or, Borne by Jesus, [the] Help or
each one.

(*b*) or, issue (Father McKenna).

(*c*) or, aching arms (Father McKenna).

85.

THE HEAVENLY HABITATION.

Donough O'Daly, the Great, Ob: 1244.

Beauteous the Dún (*a*) of the Son of Mary,
The Dún of purest bloom;
Delight is there and music,
And sorrow ne'er shall be seen there.

Ne'er shall be seen there a head bowed down,
Heavy weariness nor care;
Never sorrow nor crime
On anyone there for ever.

For ever is seen there
The loveliness of the King of the graces;
This is seen in that Dún,
Light that no cloud shall quench.

The Holy Spirit radiantly
Like moving beams of the sun,
And He shedding in showers
The graces of the King of generosity.

In the Fortress (*v*) colour-full, light-
blossoming,
—For there day and night are the same,—
From the pinnacles of the fair bright
Fortress
Comes radiance full of delight.

A thousand virgins and martyrs
Who received in the world all hardships,
Filled with joyful delight
Are there, peaceful, pure, safe.

Famine and thirst and hunger,
And every wearing disease,—
A drink from the Well of Mercy
Would relieve them for ever.

We will return back again
That we may see the King of the graces,
And beseech Him on our knees
To take us into the Dwelling (*a*) most
beauteous.

(*a*) Original: Dún = Stronghold, Palace,
fortified Dwelling.

86.

O pure-bright God of generosity
And O Father of grace,
By Thy ready-will Who wast crucified
And wast put to death,
O Only-Son Who freed us
From sins and from suffering,
Undertake Thou for the poor Gaels
And direct (*a*) Thou their cause.

(*a*) or: Settle, decide.

87.

*(BEFORE THE EPISTLE).

A thousand praises to Thee henceforth
O Father and O Lamb,
A thousand noble-glories love-lit
To God's Son of the victories;

Honours, glories, praises thousand-fold
To the Flower-Fruit† of creation,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
To the dawn-day^(a) of Doom.

* or before First Gospel.

† *i.e.* The Incarnation, the Manhood of Christ.

^(a) Lit. : grey-day.

88.

(BEFORE OR AFTER THE GOSPEL).

O God of mercy, it sufficed Thee not
To teach us through Thy prophets,
Or by Thy holy Apostles,
Howe'er faithful their love,
Until Thou spakest to us through Jesus,
Thy One-Son of grace,
Who was born of Mary Virgin,
And Who suffered the Passion ;
Who lived close beside us,
And was crucified on the Tree
To save us from the pains
Of the guilt of Eve and Adam.

89.

"CLEANSE THOU MY HEART."

O Jesu, cleanse my heart
Purely, cleanly each day ;
O Jesu, bring my mind
Under entire control of Thy love :
Make my thoughts to be truly-pure
And the words of my mouth,
And O Lord, O dear God,
Direct my life away.

Note—See No. 1, to which poem this verse seems to belong, though now isolated from it.

90.

THE CREED.

I believe in God the Father
Who created Heaven and Earth ;
And in Jesus Christ His only Son
Who was born of Mary Virgin,

Who suffered pain and Passion^(a)
Once, under Pontius Pilate,
Was crucified and tormented
On a High-Cross, without guile.^(b)
Died because of the sin
Committed by Eve and Adam,
Went to seek the souls
To Hades of the woes ;
When the third morning came
He arose with might from the tomb,
And He is seated verily
On the right [hand] of God of the powers.

^(a) In the Gaelic, " Passion and pain."

^(b) Or : verily.

91.

Bless us, O Father ; bless us, O Christ :^(a)
Keep ye our souls, till we return again ;
A blessing [be] with thee, O House of God,
and the blessing of God be about us,
May the graces of God ne'er depart from us,
until we return to His temple.

^(a) In another version ;

" A blessing with thee, O Mary ;
A blessing with Thee, O Christ."

92.

Angus O'Daly, the Fair, ob. 1570.

THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

O Jesu, dost Thou listen to my song ?
Let there be no displeasure in Thy word ;
This is he towards whom Thou art cold,^(a)
O Lamb of Mary, O King of kings.

Thou art the strong King of every virtue
Who dost whatsoever pleaseth Thee ;
[Thou formest] man after Thine own image,
For Thy ready service surge and shore.^(b)

It is Thou Who formest each thing under
heaven,
O King to Whom I gave my love ;
Thou shapest the bird and the fish in the sea,
O mighty Mind, without cloud or stain.

Thou shalt receive in the voices of the birds
Praise every day and eve,
Many a poet with me telleth of Him,
The fair arching-Glory(c) brighter than
the sun.

The wind praiseth the King of the stars,(d)
Praiseth each tempest, as a bard, with me ;*
Herds of cattle and voice of waves
Give praise to the Chief, valiant and
beauteous.(e)

The fish in the great sea praise Him ;
Vapours, moon, and earth praise Him :
His help, who desireth it not ?
Praiseth each prophet the God of the
elements.

The sea and the dry shore praise Him,
The rivers praise [Him]—no morose(f)
assembly ;—
[It] shall be praised by every dumb mind,
The Name of the Generous [One], great-
hearted, gentle.

Fair-bright Arch that refuseth none,(g)
The voice of the waters talketh of Him ;
All natures are praising my King ;
Praiseth Him the melody of skilled musicians.

(a) This line indicates that the poet then
was passing through religious depression,
“ the dark night of the soul.”

(b) or : Flow and ebb.

(c) This simile is taken from the
Rainbow.

(d) Another MS. reads “ King of truth.”

(e) Literally : manly, fair.

(f) or : Cheerless.

(g) Father McKenna translates “ Bright
Bow that embraces all.” See Note (c) above.
Stuadh is often used in poetry for Chief.

*Another MS. reads :—“ not unpleasing
to me ;”—

93.

Angus O'Daly, the Fair.

Good is my shelter against God's [strict]
justice,
Five Wounds of which there is sure
witness ; (a)

May I rest on the peace of the Five Wounds,
If the judgement-court(b) of the King
be reconciled.[?]

It is Itself the root-[source] of generosity
In which is my chief confidence,
The Breast which would save me
Could I reach the Heart in the King's side.

Generosity higher than the heavens
Is in the Heart of the Lord ;
Greater than the [whole] world is the Heart
of God,
Whatever else be His ordaining.

There exists no firmer refuge,—
Thereon I place my defence,—
[Than] the loving(c) Heart of the God of
heaven ;
It is wounded by my(d) reproaches.

The Heart that ne'er refused to receive
It's kin(e)
It is not vain to flee to It,
My discomfiture is the less
Because of the Heart-core in the Lord's side.

The red prints of the Five Wounds
Suffice me as guerdon for my petitions ;(f)
These deep Wounds be our shelter,
[These] Chalice(g) of the Blood of the
High-King.

(a) or : “ The Five Wounds, of which
there is testimony, Make good my protection
in the peace [justice ? Ú. ní O] of God.”—
“ Tórna.”

(b) or : “ Anger of the King,” Fr.
McKenna. (Notes).

(c) Literally : Almsgiving Heart.

(d) Another MS. Our, meaning “ my ”
reproaches.

(e) or : “ Ne'er refused to accept love.”

(f) or : petition-price ?

(g) or : Vessels. “ Vesture ”(?), Father
McKenna.

Relieve Thou my affliction, O living God
Of Whom I beseech pardon for my faults ;
Let not my soul go from Thee into pain
(a)When my body goes into the clay.

Though I deserved my banishment from
Thee
For my vain and evil doings,
Remember Thy graces and Thy kinship
O Son of Mary, Who yielded not to evil.

O Source of healing of the Six Hosts(b)
By Whom all are delivered from their sorrow,
Greater are Thy graces than my evil,
Let not my poor soul be put to grief.

Because of the wounding of Thy Head and
Thy Feet,
[Of] the wounds of Thy two palms and Thy
Breast,

Though I be guilty of Thy death
I will go beneath the shade of Thy Shield.

Those five Hearts(c) without guile
Were cleft by the three nails and the spear ;
Let me come, O King of heaven and of the
saints,

'Neath the shelter of Thy Wounding and
Thy Scars.

The streams by which all are saved
Poured to the ground, of Thy Blood,
Though Thou didst enter into pain through
me,—
—Ah! it is I who have bemoaned them.

A sinner I, coming to Thee,
Enter not into judgment with me ;
Though I have deserved anger and wrath
Look upon me, O Christ, and relieve.

(a) Another MS. "After."

(b) "Six hosts" or generations. Five from Adam to Christ ; one since then.

(c) The Five Hearts—The heart in the body, the hearts (i.e. centres) of the palms, the centres of soles of feet.

How shall I pay the debt of my healing ?
The heavenly Healer, it is He Who relieved
me ;

I will seek shelter from difficulties,
To repay Him, to the utmost of great praise(a)

Relieve, O Healer and Helper(b) of the
Universe,

(c)This cold body which is [so] weary ;
O wise Physician of the wondrous healing
Cure the wounds of my soul again.

Since Thou askest this as price of healing
Not reluctant am I to show forth Thy fame ;
Healer of my heart, it is right to adore Thee,
Glorious of heaven and earth art Thou.

In the womb of a Virgin Thou camest,
Thou boughtest each one by Thy blood,
Thou art the Radiance of farthest shining,
God Who never wearies, Thou.

'Tis Thou Who smoothest the sea tem-
pestuous

And raisest the calm sea ;
O Healer Who didst shed bosom-blood,
(d)Nothing is too hard for Thee.

Thou art God without end or beginning,
Thou the Artificer Who createdst each
creature ;

O King of all and of the Angels
Prayer to Thee is our stronghold.

(a) This line is somewhat obscure ; "do
rinn"=[I will have recourse] to the [highest]
point, the summit.

(b) Literally: Helping Healer.

(c) "This body negligent and weary."
Father McKenna.

(d)=No work is difficult to Thee.

IN TIME OF SICKNESS.

The Author of healing is God of the graces,
The good Physician Who relieves all terrors ;
We shall surely be whole after His touch,(a)
The Physician Whose delight is to relieve us.

It is more easy to make peace with Him,
The Healer Who seeks not reward for healing,
If we pray for the kindness of the King of
grace ;

His death is our Life.

The bitter drink with which He aided me,
The healing Physician of my mind,
He gave me no portion of it
That my King drank not of before me.

He yielded the veins of His own Body—
Though I have done much to displease Him—
The Son of God, to cure our faults ;
It is not I who will conceal His power.

O Healing Physician of all
And Bosom-Son of Mary Virgin,
What matters the fate of the body
While the soul is unhealed ?

Though I desire the healing of my body,
O Son of God of the noblest sacrifice,
This is not all that I ask of Thee,—
I come to pray to Thee out of my peril.

O sunlike Countenance, gentle, cheering,
I beseech of Thee as a petition,
(O Plant of help, I have concealed my
evil,)(b)
The cure of my soul as [my] comfort.

O full Light of amplest shining,
Relieve, O Jesus, our weariness ;
Loosen, O God, the sorrow of my heart,
O Healer of the Six Hosts.(c)

(a) Literally : after Him.

(b) i.e. " I have not confessed it." See
No. 97, verse 2. *Or* : " Who hidest my evil "
—(Dr. Hyde). See Psalm 32 ; 1, 2, 8.

(c) The six chief generations of the human
race. See No. 94, note (b).

97.

Listen to my confession, O Jesus,
To number them is dreadful to me,
My sins, [one] after another,(a)
Hard is it, on their account, to make peace
with me.

Look upon me, O loving Father,
Receive my confession greatly, gently ;(b)
O Son of God, hard it is to cure me,
A sinner I who conceals his guilt.

Absolution, O Heavenly Father,
And heaven with it, I beseech of Thee ;
If Thou wouldst place Thy Hand on my
head(c)
I should be healed of every evil.(d)

Thou Thyself didst form and create
And redeem me,—woe to him that under-
stands [this] not !
Reject me not, whatever my sins,(e)
O God, and however great my separation
from Thee.(f)

[As] Thy servant [and] of Thy own Country,
it were not fitting
To repulse me, O King of Kings ;
I speak of Heaven as our Country,
Take not my own Land from me.—

From heaven first I came
Amid the vanities of this(g) life ;
It is right for me to hope for the Holy-City
of Heaven,
No other path is native to us.

(a) or ; all added together.

(b) " In small things and great " (Father
McKenna). Dr. Hyde says : *mion*=with
minute exactness ; *mion*=gently.

(c) or : " Lift Thy Hand o'er my head."

(d) or : " Safe from all evil."

(e) or (another MS.) " But believe my
affection "

(f) or : " Vows to Thee."

(g) *Cè* : perhaps derived from *ceo*=mist :
=clouded life ? Another MS. " Deceitful,
crooked life."

98.

Holy the employ, to speak of God—
A perfect Radiance, which illumined our
darkness,(a)
A Hand of deliverance in battle for each
man,
Holy the work, to speak of Him.

The Lord of heaven of the nine Orders
Comes amongst us while we speak of Him ;
Watching over us He forsaketh not
The place where He is thus remembered.(b)

Speak of Him ever with earnest love,
Pray then, after speaking of Him,
To Thy Brother, with pure prayer ;
Do this habitually, O man.

Gracious King of glory,
Precious Only-Son of the Virgin,
Our Lord coming down to His Incarnation,
The Lord of the seven heavens of light.

Beginning and End of the world,
High-King eternal, serene,
Head of the glorious-dignity of the House
beyond,
Way of succour of our souls.

(a) Literally: " [The] full-moon, from
which our dark-moon received light."
(Dr. Hyde.)

(b) Literally: Spoken of.

99.

Donough O'Daly the Great, 13th Century.

THE HYMN OF JESUS CHRIST.

Of His own [creative] power grew Jesus,*
He whose wont are all graces,
Refreshment of all [is] in Jesus' name ;
It is right to call on Him in trouble.(a)

Of grace is the pleasure-work of the Lord,
The flowering and warming of the earth,
Of grace, its shelter from attack ;(b)
It is a gracious seed, [created] from nought.

Of grace the gliding snow,
The ebb or the coming of the tide ;
Numerous to recount, one with another,
[Are] all the deeds of the Son of Mary.

[The] growth of the waterfalls and the [sea-]
inlets,
[The] blossoming of the brambles and oaks,
[Are] of the grace of Him who was fevered(c)
By the cruel fastening(d) of Three Nails.

Come with Thy grace into my bosom, my
heart,
O King from whom the All has sprung ;(e)
If Thou hold me worth Thy warding
(f)Come to me, O Son of Mary.

Our True-God by whom Hell was harrowed,
My King-Chief friendly, powerful,
My Sun, my golden Moon, my Sacrament,(g)
A present(h) Glory, yet without end, is He.

God all-pure, mighty Father,
Spirit ancient and one,
He shall guide me to follow after Him,(?)
Guiding Star of all humanity.

Child-King, who wast subjected to obedience,
True-Artificer who makest all forms,
O King, to whom costly was our saving
in the flesh,
King august, heavenly Babe.

Beloved only-Son of the Virgin
Noble(j) Rod of the true wood,
King most great and most generous.
King of sun, of wave, of earth.

King-Chief most faithful, most upright,
Our True-God heavenly, holy,(k)
King with whom is but pure law,
King glorious, sweet, majestic.

Healer of our wounds at all times
Our Father, our Kinsman,
Our Deliverer from the lower pit (?) (l)
Man, and holy God of heaven.

Child most pure of high descent,(m)
Not enfeebled after the tomb,—

May He obtain God's peace for us,
And may our deeds befit this [grace] from
Him. (?)

* See Luke 2. 52.

(a) Lit. : in this trouble.

(b) or : from its attack. (storm, earthquake, etc.?)

(c) or : was burnt, parched.

(d) Lit. : smith-work.

(e) or : for whom all things exist ; Father McKenna.

(f) or : another MS., " Thy care be about me, O Son of Mary."

(g) or : Mass.

(h) = very near.

(j) or : Fair Scion. (Father McKenna.)

(k) or : of holy Heaven.

(l) Lit. : " The flagstone of lying " = Hell?

(m) Lit. : " of the six generations."

100. Anon. Old.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, our
abundance,(a) our guidance,(b)
My own desire, my Sun, my Love, each
One(c) of the Three ;

The Unity in which the Three abide, I desire
to speak thereof,

The mighty Trinity Itself, Itself, [is] my Way
into harbour ;

My Way into harbour, to go into His house
from the bitter world

By which love has been dulled, welcome
waned, and (d) beauty is banished.(e)

A place has been prepared for us, a new house
in the heavens,—is it not so?—

A new house in the heavens, of fairest form,
my way some day ;

My way some day, to go to that house
where each one goes,

O Jewel of the hosts, without sad tidings,
without envy or satire ;

Musicians there, without check on music,
throughout endless ages ;

Every * accent for the lips, merrily at desire,
[with] control over each action.

Great the daring of each who does not the
Will of Him above,

Who protects him from penalties, Who
saves him from death, who excuses
from swiftness [of judgment ?]

Let us rejoice(f) to go to His company,
as behoveth us

Without much warning, without eager haste,
to part from our land.

A land not ours, this land where I am, of no
lasting life ;

The Land of the Living, the land of [home-]
warmth,(g) without mist in its
harbour.(h)

A bay of high tempests [is] the evil world,
unquiet for all ;

Those who are round its shore unto God,
without loss, shall never come,

Let us never come to [the] Judgment of our
bodies, save under [His] laws ;(i)

Let us accept all control, abstain from our
evil, (j), love the right.

Let us love the right, for it is the award to all
at last ;

Let us forsake(k) hatred ; let us not fail ;
let us perceive the reason.(l) (?)

(a) = our over-flowing abundance.

(b) or : Wisdom.

(c) Lit. : each Third.

(d) or : form, shapeliness.

(e) or : the poor condemned. (Dr. Hyde).

(f) or : " Let it be hastened by us."

(Dr. Hyde).

(g) Lit. : where we shall be warm.

(h) or : bay.

(i) or : sway. (Dr. Hyde).

(j) or : keep away from ? quit ?

(k) or : put away from us.

(l) or : The Why, the cause.

* Blas = accent, (in speech or singing.)
= savour, (in food).

† Or : " to bring him from death to His
own side swiftly ? " (Dr. Hyde's suggestion.)

Blessing and radiance,
 Wisdom and thanksgiving,
 Great power and might,
 [Be] to the King Who can do all.(a)

Glory and honour and sweet-devotion,(b)
 Praise and wondrous music(c)
 Ardent-love from every heart
 To the King of heaven and earth.

To the exalted Trinity
 Before all, after all, hath pertained
 Blessing and eternal-blessing,
 Blessing-eternal and blessing.

- (a) "Who ruleth over all." (R. I. Best.)
 (b) "Goodwill." (R. I. Best.)
 (c) "ministrelsy transcendent." (R. I. Best.)



Notes on Hymns and Sources

(Abbreviations : R.I.A.= Royal Irish Academy. R.S.C.= Religious Songs of Connacht).

No.

1. Anonymous. Sent me by Dr. Hyde, from an Ulster MS. For another verse still in use in Co. Mayo, see No. 89.
2. Anonymous. From MS. lent by Dr. Hyde. Metre irregular, but with traces of being originally composed in " Strict " metre.
3. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Free metre.
4. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Metre : See note to No. 2, above.
5. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Probably 18th Cent.
6. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Probably 18th Cent.
7. Two Extracts from " The Religious Songs of Connacht " by Dr. Hyde ; both are from Co. Mayo.
8. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Probably 18th Cent.
9. Extracts from a poem by Cathal Buidhe MacGiolla Gunna, of Ulster ob : 1755. Hymn 48 contains four other verses of this poem, which is entitled " The Repentance of Cathal Buidhe."
10. Anonymous. Dr. Hyde's MS.
11. Attributed to three Authors. 1. Eochaidh O'Hussey (ob. 1630) was chief hereditary poet to The Maguires of Fermanagh, writer of " The Lament on Hugh McGuire " and other fine poems. 2. Aodh Óg (Hugh) MacCurtain, a 15th Century poet of North Munster. 3. Aodh (Hugh) MacCurtain (ob : 1755) an Irish Scholar of Co. Clare, whose works were published in Paris and Louvain. This is a free rendering of the Compline Hymn " Te lucis ante terminum" : Metre, Rannuigheacht Mór.
12. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Probably a folk-hymn of 17th or 18th Cent.
13. Folk-verse, R.S.C.
14. By Sean de h-Óra (John Hora) ob : 1780. A blacksmith and Poet of Cloonena, Clare, who composed religious poems, elegies, etc. Given to me by Seamus Clandillon.
15. Extract from " The Joyce's Repentance," R.S.C., by Peter Joyce, from near Ballinrobe, Mayo. It is said his later life was spent as a hermit in the Partry Mountains. Early 18th Century.
16. Ascribed in the only R.I.A. MS. that contains it (23Q, p. 13) to Tadhg O'Neachtain, ob : 1742, of Meath and Connacht. He was a scribe and scholar, and a fine poet, as this poem shows. This is an extract from a long poem, of which I can find no other copy. It is entitled " The Repentance and Sorrow of Banbha " [Ireland] and begins :—Misi Banbha an bhean bhocht fá slat sgiúrseach na namhot. It was written at a time of intense national depression and affliction under the Penal Laws, but its beauty and deep devotional feeling fit it for all time. The second Part should be reserved for special times of tribulation. Metre : Deibhidhe sgaoilte.

17. An extract from "Áireamh Eachtra an Ghalair" by Seán O'Murchadha (Murphy) "Na Raithíneach," 1700-1762. It was written by him when recovering from illness in 1745. He was President of Bardic Sessions at Blarney in 1738; a school-master, and a leader among the poets of Munster. Free Metre.
18. Verse 1 is from both Mayo and Donegal, (exactly similar in both cases,) and was given me by Dr. Hyde, (See his R.S.C.) and by my friend Antoine O'Dochartaigh, N.T., Falcarragh, who had it from his mother of Oileán na Cruite, (Harp Island,) Tírconnail. Verse 2 is also from Ulster. Translation by An Craoibhín and Ú. ní Ó.
19. By Seán MacConmara, said by MS. to be of Connacht, early 19th Century; but poem contains "Munsterisms."
20. By the same. Both No. 19 and No. 20 are Free Metre.
21. Rendered from anonymous 18th century Latin into Irish by Dr. Hyde, in 1920.
22. By Aodh MacCathmhaoil (Ang: MacCaghwel) or MacAingil, 1572-1626. This version is partly from 23 A, 8, p. 171, R.I.A. (written by Seán Mac an tSaoir (S. Carpenter) Archbishop of Dublin in 1746, and partly from H. 5. 13. T.C.D. written by S. Ó Gabhagáin about 1700, as published by Professor T. F. O'Rahilly, T.C.D. in An Claidheamh Soluis, 1.1.16., who allows me to quote from his notes. I have collated both, and give here what seem to me the clearest versions. There are 27 quatrains altogether, of which I give here 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 27. The others are too obscure for congregational use. The Author was born in Down (in Verse 26 he calls himself "A poor Brother from Down.") He joined the Franciscan Order, and became a great scholar; he studied in Salamanca, and was chief founder of the College of St. Anthony at Louvain. He became Primate of Ireland, and was "a man of singular humility, piety and learning." (See J. Stuart's Memoirs of Armagh 1819.) He died in Rome, where he is buried at St. Isidore. The metre of this beautiful carol is an Óglachas of Rannuigheacht Mhór.
23. By Aongus Ó Dálaigh Fionn (O'Daly the Fair) or, na Diadhachta, (of the Divinity,) ob: 1570. A great religious poet of this gifted bardic family, of the branch which settled in South Munster, and became Bards to the MacCarthys of Desmond; but he was himself The O'Daly, chief of his name. He owned "lands and town-lands" at Duhallow, Co. Cork, and is buried at Kilcrea Abbey. A number of his hymns and poems are still extant, 55 being given in Father McKenna's "Aongus O'Dálaigh" (from which above notes are mainly taken.) Metre: Deibhidhe. The versified translation is by Dr. Hyde, in same difficult metre—so far as it can be followed in English.
24. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Probably 18th Century. Free Metre.
25. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Probably 18th Century. Free Metre.
26. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. 23 D.4. Probably 17th Century. Though no Author's name is given there is a striking likeness in feeling in this beautiful little 3 stanza carol to Archbishop MacAingil's, (No. 22.) but I could find no other copy. Metre: Deibhidhe.
27. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Free Metre.
28. By Eoghan Caomhanach. This is dated in MS. 1815. Free Metre.

29. By Giolla-Phádraig Óg Mac a' Bháird (Gilpatrick MacWard the Younger). Probably one of the family of MacWards, hereditary poets to the O'Donnells of Tirconnail from about 1173-1609. Metre : Deibhidhe.
(See "Four Masters" 1507. "Mac an Bháird Airghiall, Giolla Phádraic Mac Aodha, do marbhadh," etc.)
30. Anonymous. Probably 18th or early 19th Century. Free Metre.
31. By Giolla Bhrighde, (or Mael Bhrighde) Ó h-Eoghasa (O'Hosey) ob : 1614, of Tirconail. Entered Franciscan Order as "Bonaventura;" was at Douay, and afterwards was Warden of Louvain College from 1607-1614. One of the greatest Irish scholars of his day. Metre : Deibhidhe.
32. Attributed to Eoin MacDonnchadh Maol MhicCraith. Ob : 1240, but the language is much more modern. R.I.A. MS. Metre : Deibhidhe.
33. Part of a hymn by Tadhg O'Suilleabháin (O'Sullivan) the Gaelic, ob : 1795. He was the chief 18th Century religious Poet of Munster ; poor but educated, of great fervour, devotion, and humility. He spent most of his life in Co. Waterford and East Cork, and died, according to his own prayer, "A holy death, on a holy day, in a holy place," on his knees in Waterford Cathedral. His sacred songs are still very popular in Irish-speaking Munster, and are usually sung to fine old traditional airs. This I have set to a Donegal folk-air (See Note to No. 37.) I have taken these words from Father Dinneen's edition of O'Sullivan's Poems, as also all his other poems given in this book. Free Metre.
34. Anonymous, from R.S.C. Free Metre.
35. By Cóigriche Ó Cléirigh, (O'Clery) one of the "Four Masters," ob : 1664, Poet and Historian to the O'Donnells of Tir-Conaill. These four verses are an extract from a long poem of advice to his young Chief, son of Cathbarr O'Dómhnaill, beginning : Mo mhallacht ort-sa, a shaoghail." Metre : Deibhidhe.
36. Anonymous traditional Passion Keening, given me by Antoine Ó Dochartaigh, N.T., Falcarragh, of Harp Island, Tir-Conaill, (Donegal). Both words and music were learned by him from his mother and are very old. The tune was noted down by me for the first time from his singing some years ago. Free Metre.
37. Another traditional Passion Lament. Version I. was taken down by Róisín Ógáin (Miss Rose Young), Co. Antrim, from an old Armagh man, some years ago. Version II. was given to me, both words and music, by Antoine O'Dochartaigh, who had them from his mother. (See Note to Hymn 36.) This tune also I noted down from him, for the first time. Free Metre.
38. Connacht Passion Keening, (short version) taken down by Patrick Pearse. A longer version is given by Dr. Hyde in his R.S.C.
39. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Free Metre.
40. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Free Metre.
41. By "Tórna" : Tadhg Ó Donnchadha, (T. O'Donohue) Professor of Irish, Cork College, N.U.I., scholar and poet. From "Rainnt Ambrán" by kind permission of Father P. Breathnach, and of the Educational Co. ; and also of "Tórna" himself. Free Metre.

42. This is a free traditional version of "O Filii et Filiae," (Latin by Jean Tisserand, ob: 1494), sent me by Aine ní Raghallaigh of Macroom, with its own traditional music,—apparently a very old chant. Pádhraic Mac Suibhne, Cork, also sent me a slightly different version, I have here collated both.
43. Extract from a poem attributed to Tadhg Óg O h-Uigin (T. O'Higgin ob: 1448.) poet of the O'Neills; he was of Connacht, and was reputed "The Arch-Instructor of the Poets of Ireland and Scotland" in his time. Metre: Deibhidhe.
44. By Maol Isú Ó Brocháin of Derry. Ob: 1086. (Modernisation by Ú. ní Ó.) Irish and Latin Scholar. Metre: Rinnáird. The following hymns of his are still extant: 1. "Deus meus adiuva me," part Latin, part Irish. 2. Begins: A Aingil: Beir a Mhichil MhórFhertaig. 3. Prayer to Christ: Buaidh Crabhaig. 4 and 5 Prayers: A Choimhde Bháidh; and: A Choimhdiu noimchomet. (See Lyster's Bibliography.)
45. From R.S.C. by Dr. Hyde. This, if not originally a folk-hymn, has almost become one by its use. Dr. Hyde got it from S. O'Molloy, Druim Dreifin, Co. Galway. Note the curious (Free) metre, every line ending with an active verb of three syllables, accent on first syllable. I have slightly altered and regularised numbers of syllables in some lines, for singing, with Dr. Hyde's approval, but without alteration of the spirit of this fine poem, which I suggest is also suitable for Ordinations and Confirmations.
46. By Liam O'Marnain (O'Marnane) of Killarney, a wandering peasant poet, who lived in the early 19th Century. He also wrote Hymn 70. Free Metre.
47. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Free Metre.
48. See note to Hymn 9. Free Metre.
49. By Baoghalach Mór MacAodhagáin (MacEgan) of Dún Daighre, (Dun Dyra) Galway, 16th Century. One of the authors of the Leabhar Breac; "Most of which," says Miss Hull, "seems to have been compiled before 1544. The Mac Eigans were brehons (=judges, law authorities) to the O'Conors, Cineal Fiachrach, MacCarthy Mórs and others, and kept schools of Irish Law." (See Hull's Text book of Irish Literature, I. 248.) Metre: Ae Freslige.
50. Translated by Dr. Hyde (An Craibhín), from original Latin of probably 7th Century, (though attributed to Saint Sechnall, St. Patrick's nephew,) and said to have first been heard by him and St. Patrick when sung by Angels at the Consecration of the Elements in St. Sechnall's Church, when the two Saints were reconciled after an estrangement. This has always been considered the special Communion Hymn of the Irish Church, up to the 16th Century at least, and "was sung whenever the Body of Christ was received."
51. By Aongus Fionn O'Dálaigh (O'Daly) na Diadhachta. See note to No. 23. Metre: Séadna.
52. Anonymous, from R.S.C. by Dr. Hyde. In use in Mayo. Versified translation by Dr. Hyde. The original metre was probably Séadna, but it is now altered in V.s 2 and 3.
53. By Tadhg O'Súilleabháin the Gaelic. Ob: 1775. (See note to No. 33.) Probably his finest hymn. The tune (its own), which was generously given me by Maighread ní Annagáin, is a splendid specimen of the traditional music of her native "Decies"

in Co. Waterford. I give here only four verses from the original seven, as being most suitable for general use. Free Metre.

54. By Angus O'Dálaigh (A. O'Daly). See notes to No. 23. Metre : Deibhidhe.
55. By Professor T. Ó Donnchadha (Tórna), N.U.I., Cork. See note to No. 41.
56. Composed about 432 A.D., by Saint Patrick, "Son of Calpurn, the Deacon," Apostle of Ireland. (Ob : 461 ?) The great Trinity Hymn of Irish Christianity. Rendered very closely into modern Irish by An Craoibhín (Dr. Hyde). I suggest its use also for Mission work. Irregular Metre.
57. Rendered into Irish Gaelic from Highland Gaelic by Canon O'Connell (Conall Cearnach) of Queen's University, Belfast, for this book, by kind permission of Lachlann MacBean, Kirkcaldy, (Author of "Hymns and Songs of the Scottish Highlands") and of Aeneas Mackay, Stirling, Publisher. Free Metre.
58. By Tadhg O'Súilleabháin (O'Sullivan) the Gaelic. See note on Hymn 33. This is an extract from the long poem beginning "Is fíor gur comhairle tár comhairle," and called "Duan an domhain," "Hymn of the World," showing that it is meant, as is often the case in Irish Hymns, as a prayer for all,—as well as for Ireland, which, however, is specially mentioned in the last verses. Free Metre.
59. By T. G. O'Súilleabháin (see Note to No. 33); two verses from the poem called "Duan Chríost." Free Metre.
60. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. The third verse is well-known. Free Metre.
61. By Feardorcha O'Maoláin (O'Mellan) of Ulster. It is a hymn of exile, written "when he, with many others, was driven away to Connacht," probably in Cromwell's time. A companion poem, also said to be by him, is on the transportations to West Indian Slavery which occurred about the same time. This hymn is suitable for those who are leaving home. Metre : Rannuigheacht Mhór. In the R.I.A. MS. there is the following pathetic "Aguisín" or "Post-script" :

Δ Όια τὰ φίλα, Δ Τριας να βεαννάετα,
φεύε να ζαερίτ ζο λέιρ ζαν βαραντα !
Μά τάμαοιτ άζ τριαττ σιαρ ζο κομνάετα
Εάζμαοιτ άρ νουιαίτ ζο τιαη να μαίτεααα.

TRANSLATION OF ABOVE.

O God Who art generous, O Lord of the blessings,(a)
Look on the Gaels, utterly unprotected ;(b)*
If we are going westward to Connacht,
We leave behind us all good earnestly.

62. Ascribed to Colmcille, of date 549 A.D., which is of course impossible in its present form. It is certainly ancient, though modernised as to wording, and might be called "Colmcille's Breast-plate." These six verses are taken from a long poem. Metre : Leath-Rannuigheacht mhór. (Note on line 5 : cuir=buidhean ; O'Clery's Glossary of date 1643.)

(a) Used here probably for farewells.

(b) Literally : "without warranty," or surety. (c) or : forgiveness ?

63. Also attributed to Colmcille, it is called "Colmcille's Testament;" but it is quite modern in language. Metre: Rannuiheacht Bheag.
64. Anonymous. Kindly sent by a friend. Free Metre.
65. A Folk-hymn, given me with its own traditional tune, by Maighreád ní Annagáin, from the Decies, Waterford. Free Metre.
66. Similar in sentiment to 62, and attributed also to Colmcille, but quite modern in its present form. It is, however, a good specimen of the Hymns for the Week. Metre is corrupt and confused.
67. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. Metre: Deibhidhe.
68. Attributed both to Donnchadh Mór O'Dálaigh (O'Daly) ob: 1244, (see note on next poem 68) and to Aongus O'Dálaigh (Na Diadhachta, see No. 23); but unless diction was modernised it is probably by the latter 16th Century poet. One of our finest nature Hymns. Metre: Deibhidhe.
69. By Donnchadh Mór O'Dálaigh (ob: 1244). One of the finest religious poets of Ireland, and of a great hereditary bardic family. Reputed Abbot of Boyle. Renowned for the sweetness and ardour of his poems, and for the ease and perfection with which he used the elaborate Irish Strict Metres. This is an extract from a poem of 31 verses beginning "Aithrighe sunn duid a Dhe." I have transposed some of the verses. Metre: Rannuiheacht Mhór.
70. By An Craoibhín Aoibhinn, Dr. D. Hyde. Written especially for this book, in 1924. Free Metre.
71. By Seán MacConmara, early 19th century, Connacht? (See Nos. 19, 20). Free Metre.
72. Extract from a long narrative folk-poem called "Story of the Incarnation and Life of Christ," given me, with its own traditional chant, by Antoine O'Dochartaigh, N.T., of Oileán na Cruite, Tírconaill. It begins with a Prologue in Heaven, and should finish with the Ascension. But as his mother (whose mind was a treasury of traditional lore and music) was almost 90 when he wrote this down, she could only remember parts of it, including the Crucifixion. It is of true pathos and simplicity. Free Metre.
73. By Liam O'Marnáin, date 1814. (See No. 46). Chosen from a poem of 14 verses, printed in Ó Daly's Miscellany, 1876. Free Metre.
74. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. A compromise between Strict and Free Metres.
75. By Michael Óg O'Longáin. He and his father (also Michael O'Longáin) were two great Munster scribes of the 18th and early 19th Centuries, who compiled large collections of religious verse. Free Metre.
77. Anonymous. R.I.A. MS. 18th or 19th Century. Free Metre.
76. Extract from a poem of 8 verses by Tadhg G. O'Suilleabháin. (See note on No. 33.) Free Metre.
78. Anonymous. Old. R.I.A. MS. Published in Gaelic Journal, Vol. V., 1894, p. 94. This version is here rendered into modern Irish by Ú. ní Ó. The versified translation is from Miss Eleanor Hull's "Poem-Book of the Gael," by her kind permission, she also used an 18th century MS. in Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. Metre: Cummasg of Casbairne agus Leath-rannuiheacht Mhór.

79. Anonymous. Mediaeval ; modernised by Úna ní Ógáin. Versified translation by Miss E. Hull. This hymn is "not later than 10th century," says the writer in "The Church's Song." Metre : Rinnaird Beag.
80. The first three verses of this hymn are by Riobárd de Buitléir (R. Butler), 17th or 18th Century. The last verse is by Tadhg O'Neachtain, the Scribe, ob : 1742. (See No. 16). Metre : Rinnaird.
81. Anonymous, from Rainnt Amhrán, by kind permission of Father P. Breathnach. Free Metre.
82. By Pádraic Denn, ob : 1825, a religious Poet of Waterford. I took these verses, evidently meant for a Girl's Society, from Rainnt Amhrán (see notes to No. 81). Also suitable for Confirmation, if of girls only.
83. By Giolla-Bhrighde Ó h-Eoghasa (Gilbride O'Hosey), in religion Bonaventura, (see No. 31). This version of the Lord's Prayer is from his poem "Atáid trí dóirse," found in several R.I.A. MSS., and also printed by the author himself in his "Teagasg Críosaíde" at Louvain, in 1608, in Antwerp, 1611. My version is from the edition printed in Rome, 1707. Metre : Rannuigheacht Bheag.
84. Attributed to Angus O'Dálaigh (na Diadhacta) ; see note to No. 23. Metre : Rannuigheacht Mhór. An extract from a long poem.
85. Attributed to Donnchadh Mór O'Dálaigh (Donough O'Daly the Great) (see No. 68.) Extract from longer poem. R.I.A. MSS. Metre : mixed and now irregular.
- 86-90. These five short hymns, of one verse each, are of especial interest, as being still, or very recently, in use in Mayo, on the lips or in the minds of the people during Mass. My friend, Pilib O Bhaldráithe (Philip Waldron), of Druimbán, Mayo, (who has most kindly given them to me, with their own tunes, from his own valuable collection of Folk-prayers,) says that he heard them from people counted "unlearned," (*i.e.* practically without English) but who had short hymns like these for every part of the Mass ; so that it suggested to him surviving fragments of an ancient Gaelic "*Missa Cantata*." He has heard them "crooned" softly in Mayo during Mass, especially No. 89 at the "Munda cor meum."
91. Folk-prayer for leaving Church, from R.S.C., Dr. Hyde. 1st verse from Claremorris, 2nd from Co. Galway.
92. By Aongus Ó Dálaigh Fionn (see note to No. 23). Extract from a poem of 15 verses. Metre : Rannuigheacht Mhór.
93. By Aongus Ó Dálaigh Fionn, from a 15 verse poem. Metre : Deibhidhe.
94. By Aongus Ó Dálaigh Fionn, from a 13 verse poem. Metre : Deibhidhe.
95. Attributed to Geofraigh Fionn Ó Dálaigh (Geoffrey O'Daly the Fair). Ob : 1387. "Chief Poet of Munster" of his day. Metre: Séadna. This poem is also attributed to Donnchadh Mór Ó Dálaigh in R.I.A. F. II., 2, p. 84. It is from a poem of 13 verses.
96. By Donnchadh Mór Ó Dálaigh, ob : 1244 (see note to No. 68). Metre : Deibhidhe.
97. Authorship uncertain ; perhaps by Ó Dálaigh Fionn (see No. 23) R.I.A. MSS. Metre : Séadna.
98. Attributed to Mathghamhna Ó h-Uigín (Mahon O'Higgin), a family poet of the O'Byrnes of Glenmalure, in Wicklow. He also wrote in praise of Felim, son of the great Fiach Mac Hugh O'Byrne who died in 1595. This is a short extract from a long narrative poem of 176 verses. R.I.A. MS. Metre : Deibhidhe.

99. Attributed by majority of MSS. to Donnchadh Mór, (see No. 69). From a lovely nature-poem of 16 verses, R.I.A. MS. Metre: Rannuigheacht Bheag.
100. Anonymous, R.I.A. MS. Metre: Cró cummaisg idir Rannuigheacht Mhóir agus Sruith di Áill. This uncommon metre has a peculiarly musical and wistful cadence, not unlike the wind-borne sound of "a stream from a cliff."
101. Anonymous. From H. I., 11, in T.C.D. Library, printed by Mr. R. Best in Eriú IV., p. 120. He has given me this version in correct mediaeval spelling, but otherwise unaltered. Metre: Ae freslige.

Note by Patrick Pearse (from "An Irish Anthology") on "The Keening of Mary".
No. 38.

I heard the "Keening of Mary" from a woman of Moycullen in Iar-Connacht. Her own name was Mary Clancy, and she was married to one of the Keadys. I have heard nothing more exquisite than her low, sobbing, recitative, instinct with a profoundly felt emotion. There was a great horror in her voice at "An é sin an casúr, &c." ("And is that the hammer" etc.), and with the next stanza the chant rose into a wail. She cried pitifully and struck her breast several times during the recitation. It is a very precious thing for the world that in the homes of Ireland there are still men and women who can shed tears for the sorrows of Christ and His Mother.





