

IRISH POEM ON THE PASSION.

NOTE.—This "Poem of The Friday," as he called it in Irish, was taken down in March, 1908, by Miss Rose Young of Co. Antrim (who sent it to me, and by whose kind permission it is now published in the *Gazette*), from the recitation of an old Irish speaker, Mr. MacShane, living near Cushendun. His native place was Camlough, Co. Armagh. The poem is evidently of considerable age; another fine variant, of greater length, having been published some time ago, in an Ulster paper, by Mr. A. J. Doherty, N.T., of Co. Donegal, who learnt it from his mother. This is known in two widely separated parts of Ulster. I know of no other similar poem, except the beautiful "Keen of the Three Marys," published by Dr. Hyde in his "Religious Songs of Connacht" (Vol. 1, page 131), of which he noted down two variants in Co. Mayo; but that is quite distinct.

This folk-poem shows both the dramatic force and the reverent restraint characteristic of our best Gaelic religious verse (and too often lacking in other writings on such subjects in modern hymnals). It is evident that both it and Mr. Doherty's variant are somewhat incomplete. It would be of great interest if anyone could inform us, either through the *Gazette*, or privately, of any other variant—either among the people, or in MS. form.

UNA NI ÓGAIN.

DÁN NA H-AOINE.

Is í seo an Aoine tuirseach brónach,
Is í seo an Aoine caointeach deórach,
Uisge cinn agus í go gleódhach;
Agus na deóra fola
Ins an rosg bhí ró-bhréagh.
'O a chlainn Adhaimh, cruinnighidh go
brónach
¹ Go rachamaoid ag caoineadh
Aon-Mhic na h-Oige.
Óir is í Dia-h-Aoine nár fhan sí dhá
cóiriúghadh
Gur shiúbhál sí an fásach gan snáithe
bhróige
Ag iarraidh a h-Éin-Mhic, 's gan aici an
t-eólas
Gur casadh fuil Iosa ins an ród dí;
Chrom sí sios uirrí dá pógadh.
"Is é seo an bealach a ndeachaidh m'óig-
Fhear!
Nach cruaidh a cheangal siad É le córdaigh
Nuair thug Sé fuil A chroidhe dam
Go bhfágaidh mé an t-oólus?"
-Chán iongnadh sin do'n Oig naonmh,

Oileamhan a glúineheiceál dá roinneadh
Leis an chine laghe, dhá sciúrsadh
leóbhtha.

Chrom Sé A chear, is badh dheacair Dhó
a dhéanadh;

"S í seo chugam n Mháthair ghlé-gheal;
Déantar bealach dí tí an ghárda."

[Do] thóg sí a dá lámh geal i n-áirde;

"A Mhic na g-cuma, 's a Mhic na páirte,
² Nach minic a dúbairt Do mháthair fém
leat,

Cibé pian no pollad a bhí i n-dán duit
Is mise féin a gheobas an aon-bháas leat?"

"O Mháthair, agus is n Mháthair
chráibhtheach,

Tá Mé fulaingt ar son chlainne M'Athara,

Tá Mé fulaingt ar son shíl Éabha 'gus
Adhaimh,

Agus béidhmíd go bóill agus inn cruinn í
bPárrthas."

Tuitfidh an t-soilse mhór as na spéarthaibh,
As tincefaidh an fhainge mhór i n-a pianadh,
Sgoiltfidh na carraigacha ó n-a chéile,
Le linn Criost á theact i n-A bhreitheamhnas
dheireannaigh.

POEM OF THE (GOOD) FRIDAY.

TRANSLATION.

(By UNANI OGAIN.)

³This is the Friday weariful, sorrowful,
This is the Friday of keening and tears
Streaming down with noise [of wailing],
And [remembering] the tears of blood
In the Eyes that were most beauteous.
O children of Adam, gather ye sorrowfully,
That we may go keening
The One Son of the Virgin.

For that was the Friday she stayed not to
prepare herself
Till she walked the desert way without a
thread of footgear,
Searching for her One Son, and she without
the knowledge⁴
Till she saw the Blod of Jesus on the path:
She bent down overt to kiss it:

"This is the way that my own Son⁵ has
gone!
Is it not hardly they have bound Him with
cords
When He has give me the blood of His
body
That I might get knowledge [of the way]?"
—It was no wonder for the holy Virgin
And she seeing the urseling of her knees
torn asunder
By the race of the Jews, being scourged by
them.

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

"Here comes to Me now My Mother bright,
—fair,

Let a way be made for her through the
guards."

She lifted her two white hands on high:
"O Son of close friendship, and O Son of
the sympathies!

Is it not often Thine own mother said to
Thee,

Whatever pain or piercing was destined to
Thee,

It is I myself who would share the one death
with Thee?"

"Oh Mother of close friendship, and 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."

The great Light shall fall out of the skies;
The great Ocean shall be tortured [with
storms];

THE ROCKS shall be cleft asunder from each
other,

When Christ shall come in His Last Judge-
ment.

¹This verse is given just as recited, but to regularise the metre, the two last lines should really be printed as *one* line.

²"Nach minic, minic a dúbhairt Do mháthair," is better metre, but the reciter's words are more natural and pathetic.

³The first verse of translation gives something of the swing and *rhythm* of original (from long beats in each line), but not the vowel—*rhyme*.

⁴"Where to find Him," understood

⁵"Oig-fhcar": "literally "young man"—often used by Irish-speaking mothers as a term of motherly pride.

CANADA.

The Ven. Archdeacon Sweeny, Bishop-elect of Toronto, as Churchman and clergyman has always stood for toleration, moderation, and impartiality. He is a son of Colonel James Sweeny of Montreal, and was born in England in 1857. Going to Canada with his parents, while quite young, he was educated at the Montreal High School and at McGill University, from which latter he was graduated in 1878. He was ordained deacon in 1880, and priest in the following year by Archbishop Bond. On his ordination he was called to be rector of St. Luke's Church, Montreal, where he did a solid and permanent work during the two years he was in charge. In 1882 he accepted a call to be rector of St. Philip's Church, Toronto, where he has remained ever since. He was named an honorary canon of St. Alban's Cathedral in 1889 and rural dean of Toronto in 1895, and later Archdeacon. The date of the consecration of the Bishop-elect will be fixed by Bishop Hamilton of Ottawa, the senior Bishop of the ecclesiastical province.