

2. Duan Chroí Íosa (Hymn to the Heart of Jesus)

This famous religious poem was written by
Tadgh Gaelach O'Suilleabháin 1715-1795
(Trad/Arr. S. Ó Riada)

Gile mo chroí do chroíse, a Shlánaitheoir,
Is ciste mo chroí do chroíse a d'fháil i m' chomhair
Ós follas gur líon do chroí dom' ghrása, a stóir,
I gcochall mo chroí do chroíse fág i gcomhad.

Ar fhuilingís trínne, a Rí ghil ard na gcumhacht,
Ní thuigim im' smaointe a ríomh
ná a thrácht i gcóir,
Is gur le goradhghoin nimhe
do chroí is do chneása, a stóir,
Do bhrostaigh na mílte saoi go sámh i gcoróin.

Nuair a chasfadsa arís le do
ghuí-se a Bhláth na nOrd
Fé thearmann Chríost is díon
a ghrásta 'im chomhad
Beidh garbhchnoic fhraoigh na líog do
chrádh mé romham
In a machairí míne síoda is ina mbánta sróil.



In this hymn we hear about the beginning of Holy Week and how it unfolds. Jesus has come to set his people free, not from the oppression of the Romans, as many believed, but from the oppression of sin. People are imprisoned in their own sinfulness and Jesus the 'Great Liberator' through his grace sets them free.

In Duan Chroí Íosa we listen to this idea take root, as we hear how life becomes so simple with Christ: "Under the protection of Christ and with the shelter of his grace to keep me, the harsh heathery hills that used to torment me on my way, will be like smooth silken plains and like meadows of satin".

The light of my heart your heart, O Saviour,
And the treasure of my heart
your heart to have in my presence
Since it is clear that your heart filled
with my love, O beloved,
In the hollow of my heart your heart leave in store.

About what you suffered through us,
O bright high King of power,
My mind is unable to measure or to describe right,
And it was through fierce poisonous pain of
your heart and of your wounds, my beloved,
That thousands of the wise hurried
in peace to their crown.

When I turn again by your prayer,
O Flower of the Orders,
Under the protection of Christ
and with the shelter of his grace to keep me
The harsh heathery hills
that used to torment me on my way
Will be like smooth silken plains
and like meadows of satin.