

4. AMHRÁN NA PÁISE (Song on the Passion)

(Trad/Arr. Céili Dé collective)

An ancient Irish hymn passed down through the generations by families in the West of Ireland in particular. It was brought into prominence by the singing of Seosamh Ó hÉanaí.



The hour has come and soon many of those who praised Jesus as he rode like a King into Jerusalem will deny him.

Holy Thursday is the night when Jesus celebrated the first Mass with his apostles. It is also the start of the Passion of Christ which begins in the Garden of Gethsemane.

In this Garden, as we hear in this Song of the Passion, Jesus laments to three of his most trusted Apostles, “You didn’t spend this night with me”. One of the three is Peter, the apostle Jesus chose as the man to lead the Church following his ascension to the Father.

In choosing Peter, the Apostle who denies Him, Jesus reminds us that although we may struggle to pick up our cross daily, that He is always ready to forgive, to bring us His mercy.

‘S é Íosa an Fíréan, Dia dílis don Athair
Ó, is é a rinne ár gceannacht ón daoirse;
Nuair a d’fhulaing sé an Pháis
agus bás ar an gcroich
Ag tabhairt sásaimh sna
peacaí seo a nionns muid.

Tá an t-arán seo déanta i d’fhianaise, a Pheadair,
A Pheadair, caithidh an t-arán seo;
[An] té chaithfeas an t-arán seo,
caithfidh sé mise,
Idir fheoil, anam is diachta.

Tá an fíon seo déanta i d’fhianaise, a Pheadair,
A Pheadair, ólaidh an fíon seo;
[An] té ólfas an fíon seo, ólfaidh sé an fhuil
A bhí ag tíocht ‘na braonta as mo thaobhsa.

Siúlaigí amach sa ngairdín, a Pheadair,
Tá uaigneas mór ar mo chroí-se;
‘S é meáchan na bpeacaí is ciontach le m’uaigneas
Is fairgí uair liom an oíche seo.

Éirígí suas a tromluí a gcodladh
Ní fada uaim saighdiúir mo dhaoirse
Rinne sibh faillí fanacht ‘na maidín
‘S ní bhfuair [gur] chaith sibh an oíche seo.

Tá sé ráite i dtairgearacht Mhaitiú
Leis an magadh a fuair Íosa
Gur éirigh an coileach a bhí ag
fiuchadh sa bpota,
Chuaigh ar an mbord is lig glao as.

Jesus, the just one,
is God the son loyal to the Father
Oh it was he that freed us from slavery
For he suffered the passion
and death on the cross
Making atonement for these sins that we
commit.

This bread is made in your presence, Peter
And Peter, eat this bread;
The person who eats this bread will eat me
Flesh, soul and divinity.

This wine is made in your presence, Peter
And Peter, drink this wine;
The person who drinks this wine will drink
the blood
That came in drops from my heart.

Walk out with me into the garden, Peter
There is great loneliness on my heart;
It is the weight of the sins (of the world) that
is the cause of my loneliness,
And watch an hour with me this night.

Rise up from your troubled sleep
The soldiers of my captivity are not far
You neglected to stay with me til morning
And you didn’t spend this night with me.

It is said in the scriptures of Matthew
That as Jesus was being mocked
That the cock rose out of the pot as it boiled
Jumped on the table and crowed.