

## 6. Caoineadh na dtrí Muire (The Lament of the Three Marys)

(Trad/Arr Í. Nic Mhathuna)

Ancient Irish Hymn, it's origin is unknown.  
It was widely sung in the West of Ireland  
on Good Friday.

Here, in Caoineadh na dtrí Muire, the Virgin Mary is asking Peter where her son is. Peter is distressed, "Alas and woe to me", as he has recently denied Jesus.

At first the Mother of Jesus fails to recognise her Son, nailed to a cross, so disfigured is he. It takes her two friends to point Jesus out to her.

The great moment of our redemption has arrived. The first Adam had brought sin into the world though disobedience, now Jesus, the second Adam, through his act of unconditional obedience to his Father, offers forgiveness of sins and opens the door for us to enter into the life of God.

It is we who especially grieve or "keen" this moment every year on Good Friday.



A Pheadair, a Aspail, a bhfaca tú mo Ghrá geal?  
Ochón agus ochón ó!

Do chonaic mé ar ball é á chéasadh ag a namhad  
Ochón agus ochón ó!

Gabhaigí 'leith, a dhá Mhuire,  
go gcaoine sibh mo Ghrá  
Céard tá le caoineadh 'gainn muna  
gcaoimimid a chnámha

Cé hé an fear breá sin ar Chrann na Páise?  
An é nach n-aithníonn tú do Mhaicín, a Mháthairín?

An é sin an maicín a hoileadh in ucht Mháire?  
Nó an é sin an maicín a d'iompair mé trí ráithe?

Nó 'n é sin an maicín a rugadh ins an stábla?  
A mhicín a mhuirneach, tá do shrón s'do  
bhéilín geartha.

Cuireadh táirní maola trína chosa 's trína lámha  
Cuireadh an tsleá thrína bhrollach álainn.

Éist, a Mháthair 'gus ná bí cráite  
Tá mná mo chaointe le breith fós,  
a mháthairín version

O Peter, apostle,  
have you seen my love so bright?  
"Alas and woe to me"

I saw him in the midst of his enemies tonight.  
"Alas and woe to me"

Come to me you two Marys and mourn with me.  
What have we to mourn if we  
don't mourn his bones?

Who is that fine man upon the passion tree?  
Do you not recognize your own son, O Mother?

Is that the dear son who nourished at Mary's  
breast?  
Or is that the dear son I carried for three seasons?

Or is that the dear son who was born in the stable?  
My little darling son, your nose and mouth  
are bleeding.

Blunt nails were put through  
his feet and hands  
And the spear was thrust through his lovely bosom.

Listen, O Mother, and do not be tormented,  
The women who will keen me are yet  
unborn, dear mother."