



FROM THE IRISH-GAELIC OF TADHG GAOLACH  
O SUILLIOBHAIN

**R**OSE of the Universality, holy and heavenly leader,  
Thou of thy flock on the mountains, the comforter,  
carer, and feeder,  
Save me, protect me, preserve me, on mountains  
a perilous wanderer,  
Aid me and keep me and steer me, and shield  
me from death and the plunderer.

From famine, from dread, and from darkness, from death and  
destruction and danger,

Guard me that ultimate day of the Universe, be not a stranger.  
From the bursting and burning and flashing of livid-red light-  
ning and thunder,

From war and from tumult of Nature, and elements riving  
asunder.

Day of a terrible judgment, imposing an end on all nations,  
Black day of wrath and of anger, and fury on earth's habita-  
tions,

Sorrowful, spiritless day of grey grief and of loud lamentation,  
Day of the treading the wine-press of wrath and of red desola-  
tion.

With thunderbolts' crash, and with bursting of billows, and  
 tempest, and clangour,  
 Heaven shall shake, and the elements blazing shall quake at  
 His anger.  
 Blood-red and crimson the moon shall be turned when the  
 might of His power  
 Shall shake down the sun from his seat, and the cloud-face of  
 darkness shall lower.  
 Woods and all forests and mountains and crags with a thunder  
 appalling,  
 Islands and cities and countries all melting, dissolving, and  
 falling,  
 Darkness and fog through the world, with confusion, and fury,  
 and fighting,  
 And hurling of hailstones from heaven, and fragments of firma-  
 ments smiting.

. . . . .  
 Then both His sign shall be seen, and His word shall be heard,  
 and the wicked  
 Furious and fearful and flying shall hide them in cave and in  
 thicket.  
 Then shall the seas from their barriers break with a mighty  
 commotion,  
 Tumult on earth and in air, and tumultuous tumult in ocean.  
 Michael shall stand, a serene one, arrayed in majestic splen-  
 dour,  
 Warning with sound of a trumpet he cometh, an holy avenger ;  
 With a loud brazen blare of a clarion, from heaven to hell it is  
 pealing,  
 Bursting the bars of the bondage of Death, and His vengeance  
 revealing.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.  
 (An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn).