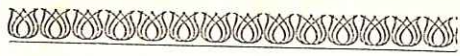


Deónuiḡ go bpeiceao tḡ, a Rí
na glóime
Aḡus Muire Óiḡ an uile ḡrást;
Deónuiḡ go bpeiceao tḡ, a Íosa
áluinn—
tḡ péim a's Do míléair—ar uair
mo báis.

PRAYERS *of an Irish Mother*

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Foreword

WHEN MY BELOVED MOTHER died, April 9, 1929, one of those frequent visitors to her room who had been helped by her cheerful mentality and deep spirit of piety, suggested my collecting in book form the numerous prayers in prose and verse that she was in the habit of saying for them, and even of writing in her beautiful old-fashioned hand.

I met the suggestion smilingly, for I knew how amazed as well as amused my mother herself would have been at the idea that she could be of use to anyone on the thorny path of holiness.

Her depreciation of herself was exceeded only by her expansive goodness, all-embracing love, and a generosity that never thought of self. Her little all went in charity, to rescue societies, waifs' dinners, night shelters, cripples' homes, etc. No human distress knocked at her heart in vain. Her one sorrow was to be able to send only the widow's mite to each.

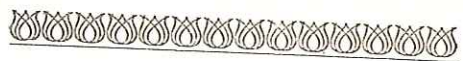
Little children she loved with all a mother's love. Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to have them visit her, chatter merrily round her fire, accept her pieties and sweets, learn

an aspiration from her lips, and above all—
promise to pray for a happy death for her.
The loss of this pleasure in the last weeks
of her life was keenly missed by her tender
heart, but gave, let us hope, that last purify-
ing touch to her soul which made it white
and resplendent for the Eternal Courts.

She devoted all her morning and evening
hours to prayer, loving to croon prayers, when
alone, in the fashion loved by our Irish people
of a few generations ago. In spite of her
constant suffering and confinement to her
little room, her buoyant, placid, happy out-
look on life was often a solace and a help to
those feeling their own burden press heavily.
To make others happy came naturally to her.

These prayers in prose and verse I found
among her prayer-books. Their sources are
in most cases unknown to me, and I now
take this opportunity of thanking the authors
of them, first on her behalf, for making her
happy by writing what appealed to her, and
secondly, on my own behalf, for the inclusion
of them in this little collection of the PRAYERS
OF AN IRISH MOTHER.

S. M. S.



Prayers of an Irish Mother



URNUIDHE

A Iosa, oscail mo bhéal
Agus múin dom bréithre 'n ghrádha,
Agus sgaipead ar fuid an tsaoghail
Molta an Aoin-Mhic Ain;
Canfad le críonna a's óg
Molta mo stóir gan cháim;
A Iosa, oscail mo bhéal
Agus múin dom bréithre 'n ghrádha.





*Many of the Prayers in this
book are very richly
indulged*



For Help to Sanctify the Day.

JESUS, MY DIVINE REDEEMER, to Thee do I offer myself this day to do Thy holy Will under all the circumstances which may manifest it.

More especially do I make this oblation of my will to draw down Thy grace and blessing upon my intercourse with others.

May I unite myself together with Thee, to all the good possessed by any soul with whom I may converse, that in Thee and thro' Thy grace, it may be augmented in each of our souls, and the evil of our nature be no obstacle to our further love of Thee.

I desire that pure charity may reign in me and be the bond uniting me to all in the Holy Spirit, and so form a single drop, which may reflect the great ocean of the Adorable Trinity in which the love of the Holy Spirit binds Himself to our Heavenly Father and to Thee, sweet Jesus, the Eternal Word.

May the Holy Sacrament of Love
and our Blessed Mother's protection
augment and secure to me this true
charity, this love of all in Thee, and
may humility be its safeguard. Amen.

To-morrow's far away.

O FATHER, guide these faltering steps
to-day,

Lest I should fall!

To-morrow? Ah, to-morrow's far
away,

To-day is all.

If I but keep my feet till evening time,
Night will bring me rest,

Then stronger grown, to-morrow I
shall climb,

With newer zest.

Oh, may I stoop to no unworthiness

In pain or sorrow,

Nor bear from yesterday one bitterness

On to to-morrow!

Then, Father, help these searching
eyes to-day

The path to see,

Be patient with my feebleness—the
way

Is steep to Thee!

When passing by a Crucifix.

O LORD MY GOD by sufferings rent,
Nailed to the Cross my love to gain,
Grant thro' Thy Cross, when life is
spent,

In death Thy mercy I obtain.

When taking Holy Water.

By THE SPRINKLING of Thy Precious
Blood, O Lord Jesus, and by the merits
of Thy Sacred Passion, wash me from
every stain, and cleanse my soul from
all sin. Amen.

When genuflecting.

WE ADORE THEE, O Lord Jesus
Christ, and we bless Thee here and at
all the Tabernacles all over the world,
because by Thy Holy Cross and Pas-
sion Thou hast redeemed the world.

To Mary Immaculate.

ARMS THAT HAVE HELD HIM

Circle me round,

Love that has sought Him

With me be found;

from your Divine Son my request if it be the Divine Will. Amen.

After Communion.

My God, who art within me, grant that I may not be able to think anything, to will anything, to speak anything, save what is pleasing to Thee.

I desire to praise Thee, O Lord, but as I cannot do so as I ought, I pray Thee to praise Thyself perfectly in me. I pray Thee make holy every breath that I draw, waking or sleeping, and most graciously receive them all as praise to Thee. Amen.

God's Workers.

WHO DOES GOD'S WORK will get God's pay,

However long may seem the day,
However weary be the way.

Though powers and princes thunder
"Nay!"

No human hand God's Hand can stay;
Who does His work will get His pay.

God hurries not, nor makes delay;
Who works for Him will get His pay
Some certain hour, some certain day.

He does not pay as others pay,
In gold or land or raiment gay,
In goods that perish and decay.

But God's high wisdom knows a way,
And this is sure, let come what may,
Who does God's work will get God's pay.

Never Neglect

THE ROSARY, the Angelus, the Morning Offering, the Act of Contrition at night.

Rosary of the Sacred Heart.

(Any Beads.)

On the Cross. (The Anima Christi.)

SOUL OF CHRIST, be my sanctification.

Body of Christ, be my salvation.

Blood of Christ, fill all my veins.

Water from Christ's side, wash out my stains,

Passion of Christ, my comfort be,

O gracious Jesus, listen to me.

In Thy Wounds I fain would hide,
Ne'er to be parted from Thy side,
Aid me when the foe assails me,
Call me when my life shall fail me,
And bid me come to Thee above,
Ne'er to be parted from Thy love.
Amen.

On the Large Beads :

Jesus, meek and humble, etc.
Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore
That I may ever love Thee more and
more.

On the Small Beads :

Sweet Heart of Jesus, be Thou my
love.
Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salva-
tion.

At end of each Decade :

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you
my heart and my soul, etc.
Blessed be the holy, pure and
Immaculate Conception of the
Blessed Virgin Mary.

Finally :

O Lord Jesus, Who hast redeemed

us with Thy Precious Blood, grant
to the souls of Thy servants eternal
rest. Amen.

Holy Water.

EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE Holy Water
in each room of his house to draw
down a blessing on that room and
keep the evil one out. It is a praise-
worthy practice to sprinkle holy water
three times morning and evening : for
those dying in sin that God may
shower irresistible grace on them ; for
ourselves and all those dear to us at
home and abroad that we may be pre-
served from all harm to soul and
body ; and lastly, for the Poor Souls
in Purgatory, praying for our loved
ones or those suffering there on our
account.

**Novena of Confidence to the Sacred
Heart.**

O LORD JESUS CHRIST,
To Your most Sacred Heart
I confide this intention.....
[Here mention your request.]
Only look upon me

Unchangeable 'mid fleeting years,
Thy Sacred Heart.

In every sorrow sweet relief,
Thy Sacred Heart.
My consolation in each grief,
Thy Sacred Heart.

The Peace, the Truth, the Light, the
Way,
Thy Sacred Heart.
In doubt and trial surest stay,
Thy Sacred Heart.

All Souls' Day.

IT IS ALL SOULS' DAY. Have you forgotten me, dear earthly friends? Have you a prayer to spare for one you once loved well? Do you still remember the happy hours we spent together in the past? Have you forgotten the scalding tears you wept when I was dead? The promises you breathed over my still form? The Masses you intended to have offered up for me? Through the eternal silence I lean forward now to remind

you! Think of me, help me, and when your last hour comes, you will find your goodness to me has not been given in vain.

For the dead forget not; the dead are never untrue: they live forever in the changeless love of God, which permeates all, sanctifies all, immortalises all. The Flowers of His Heaven are your fervent prayers! For your loved and seeming lost, then, make a wreath of them for me to lay at His Holy Feet,

Dear friend, to-day forget me not.

My Mother.

I put my trust forever,
O Mary, pure, in thee.
Then show thyself a mother,
And daily succour me.
And when death's hand shall
touch me,
Thy pity I implore;
Oh, lead me, dearest Mother,
To God—for evermore!