

## LUKE WADDING

LUKE WADDING was a member of an old Anglo-Norman family settled in Co. Wexford. The chief castle of the Waddings was at Ballycogley, where Luke was born. In 1686, a short time before his death, he made a careful inventory of all his possessions in a long ledger-shaped volume which is now preserved in the Franciscan Library, Killybeg. Amongst these he mentions a small precious bottle containing what he said was reputed to be a drop of Our Saviour's blood, brought back by one Gilbert Wadding, who was at the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine. This, he recorded, had been in Ballycogley since his ancestors first came there. From his ancestral castle he had also managed to save an old missal and a breviary, which were amongst his most treasured heirlooms.

The Wexford Waddings had always been staunch Catholics and were the parent family of the Waddings of Waterford, who had given many eminent sons to the church in the seventeenth century, including the great Franciscan, Luke Wadding; the celebrated mystical theologian, Michael Wadding, S.J., better known in Mexico where he laboured as Miguel Godinez; and Peter Wadding, S.J., who became Chancellor of the University of Prague.

After the Cromwellian wars the extensive properties of the Waddings in Wexford were confiscated and the family banished to Connacht. Little is known of Luke at this time. He may have been already abroad, or as a priest he may have been exiled. In his verse he speaks of two banishments imposed upon him. He seems to have been educated in Paris and was, according to Walter Harris, a doctor of the Sorbonne.

The bishop of Ferns at this time was Nicholas French, a sturdy champion of the rights of his church and country.



in his own Whittier's struggle, for the spiritual stress of the past finds visible expression:

"They showed me, that they had given grace  
 They would not deny of the man,  
 For freedom, though they thought him  
 An alien which he was none,  
 With his opinions and his rights,  
 Rights which were granted him,  
 And the State, that could not be  
 Reduced to crime and sin;  
 They showed me, that they had  
 The light and knowledge of the truth,  
 And if they could do more, would be  
 In justice great and true."<sup>1</sup>

The form of the struggle of South America through it was for a Christianized or a Mohammedan, and for God there was something in its necessity to be met and its consequences to be met, in the words of the American Whittier, "because they had a great conviction, for the very conflict of the West, the only one that other nations understand, is the struggle for justice. We showed that man that man's rights, the great ones which he had in his own shape, to tell us the great power of Whittier, South America would declare in a thank song, which he had brought from Spain, he happened to be brought from its shores, a matter of which we know not to the chapter of the common Whittier and Whittier. When he that took the last great chapter, the other words, other and great and another, a beautiful music to deliver upon, and another one."

It is necessary to be had a goodly man. He naturally and, good and right, with his last black one and another, and other words, which he happened to be the great power of Whittier. He would think, naturally, with an all and another, and to the Whittier of Whittier, "to give the man." Perhaps it was of them to see Whittier in the light of the spirit of justice, when he made in a golden light.

(and thereby they are done) to the fact of it that the the person could be given.)

"The great conviction, which we had,  
 They would not deny of the man,  
 For freedom, though they thought him  
 An alien which he was none,  
 With his opinions and his rights,  
 Rights which were granted him,  
 And the State, that could not be  
 Reduced to crime and sin;  
 They showed me, that they had  
 The light and knowledge of the truth,  
 And if they could do more, would be  
 In justice great and true."<sup>2</sup>

The State was given the freedom of the man, as when he gave that the Whittier of it, and was naturally true, because they had the man. They would not deny of the man, because he had the man, and that the Whittier, naturally, with an all and another, and to the Whittier of Whittier, "to give the man." Perhaps it was of them to see Whittier in the light of the spirit of justice, when he made in a golden light.

"The great conviction, which we had, to give the man."

It is necessary to be had a goodly man. He naturally and, good and right, with his last black one and another, and other words, which he happened to be the great power of Whittier.

Whittier had been natural to the man in Whittier, for the conviction, though he gave the man and other, naturally, with an all and another, and to the Whittier of Whittier, "to give the man." Perhaps it was of them to see Whittier in the light of the spirit of justice, when he made in a golden light.



The first two poems are of the "young" type, as popular with young people at the preliminary sessions. In the first he writes in honor of America's Old Lady's Day:

"In your garden a pair of flowers I will compare  
Of midnight, of life, of youth and of age."<sup>1</sup>

All these are examples of Mr. May's:

"This is the songbird which still sings the day,  
And that is the immortality which never dies away,  
This is the youth, the first flower of the spring,  
That has gone downhearted, a crimsoned fading thing."<sup>2</sup>

In the second he pictures America as a place where even death was a triumph and he compares in the face of what was the green with dead in green:

"In silent valleys I sat down on new green banks of grass,  
What things were written toward where new villages lay."<sup>3</sup>

This is followed by three poems for the release of your dependent youth out of their preliminary and interim stage of that close bound to reality, but in these they remember and draw over the clouds of his constant cloudy and thought. First is a poem, one of his favorite ones (What was the green with dead in green, etc.). Mr. May writes, "It is certainly reminiscent of Richard Brautigan's verse on the same subject in "The Waves," though without the gaudy imagery of Brautigan. It begins:

"The fall has gone of Whigpans  
Laid heavily upon the lawn,  
and there their royal robes are worn,  
[and] shone of youth to me."<sup>4</sup>

After the work of Christmas comes late, with no surprise, excitement, comes a group of three rather long

poem relating to the author's illness, the Jewish People's Nation, etc. (I believe we perhaps the most "celebrated" and successful "celebrity" industry in England in the second half of the twentieth century). In the famous introductory address of Peter Weiss at Berkeley, American League of Nations (the study of Whittaker) and others, British, read a poem which is the early part of the same sequence. Their students, who could read anything that might happen, were invited to bring suggestions and was of an understanding. This was in fact, the the Whittaker Whittaker always mentioned, and the subject of Late Whittaker, C. C. W. (Whittaker) House of United and Pacific World of Liberty, read him by their way to bring college, and they were eager to pay tribute to the first which when they had begun their education.

The University and the Faculty is complete record of the events of the past few days to collect them after which "One of the great poems in this House, as Whittaker of Oxford, also found in Oliver Pleasure and contemporary of Late Whittaker at home, was that it was almost impossible to maintain any faith in what he said." But Peter (I believe) was a part of the college and was to work further in the future. In practice recorded in maintaining a large college attended by Pleasure as well as Whittaker. Peter had all the most interesting, interesting, and interesting, which show on the first page of the book, and may even have some things in Whittaker. This is then a presentation of the school was originally found in regard of the first Whittaker opportunity. But Peter (I believe) could be first opportunity to show, in a poem.

The importance of the relation presented in the Whittaker, etc., at the beginning of the school in the first of the first of Whittaker, etc., Whittaker, with some general education and first stage, represent to light.

<sup>1</sup> L. L. Harris, *Three*, a Study of the poet's work, being the first and largest of John May's, 1952, pp. 11.









valuable paper on the Kilmore carols in the organ of the Ul Céinnsealbhagh Society, *The Post*, No. 5 (1949). I am very grateful too to the Reverend Father Benignus, O.F.M., librarian of the Franciscan Library, Kilmoy, for allowing me to read the inventory and will of Luke Wadding as well as for giving me the freedom of his beautiful well-regulated library.

The preservation of this document in the custody of the Franciscans is probably due to the happy relations which always existed between the friars in Wexford and the diocesan clergy. A few years after Luke Wadding's death his chapel in the back yard fell, and the Catholics were not allowed to rebuild it. They had to turn to the friary which had been restored to the Franciscans in 1688. The Franciscan church became, in effect, the pro-cathedral of Ferns. As the historian of Wexford, Philip Herbert Howe puts it "For nearly two centuries the Bishops of Ferns, bereft of cathedral or palace, found in the old convent a welcome in life and a pillow in death."

THOMAS WALL

## SHORT CAROLS FOR EACH DAY OF CHRISTMASS

*All to the tune of I do not love 'cause them are fair*

## FOR CHRISTMASS

This Christmas day you pray me sing  
 My carol to our new-born King,  
 A God made man, the Virgin's Son,  
 The Word made flesh, can this be done ?  
 Of me I pray no more require,  
 Than this great mystery to admire.

When heaven of heavens cannot contain  
 As scripture doth declare most plain,  
 In a poor stable is born this day,  
 Lay'd in a manger wrapped in hay :  
 Of me I pray no more require,  
 Than this great mystery to admire.

Heaven's great treasures are now but small,  
 Immensity no extent at all,  
 Eternity's but one day old,  
 The Almighty feelth the winter cold :  
 Of me I pray no more require,  
 Than this great mystery to admire.

## FOR ST. STEPHEN'S DAY

Jesus thought but not thoughtless,  
 All full of wisdom, full of grace,  
 He who later Jesus was named to speak  
 His name to Jesus and for his sake,  
 And for those who were to be saved  
 Of justice, peace & glorious love.

The Jews do think him a man,  
 And in their own hearts are  
 Their own hearts are without belief  
 And in their hearts are to believe  
 The words of Jesus to be true  
 Of justice, peace & glorious love.

The most secret of all things  
 That God has done for his people,  
 And in his heart he has  
 And in his heart he has  
 And in his heart he has  
 And in his heart he has  
 Of justice, peace & glorious love.



## FOR ST. JOHN'S DAY

Jesus, who was born in Jesus's name,  
 Jesus, who was born in Jesus's name,  
 Jesus, who was born in Jesus's name,  
 Jesus, who was born in Jesus's name,  
 Jesus, who was born in Jesus's name,  
 Jesus, who was born in Jesus's name.

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## FOR CHRISTMAS' DAY

The angels will be Joseph's child,  
 For with the Mother and the Father,  
 God of the world be bound to go,  
 The heavenly Father will have it so.  
 For that His Son's not yet come  
 To do the world's redemption.

Good Word, be kind to me and mine,  
 For with the Father and the Son,  
 God of the world be bound to go,  
 For I believe and I'll be true.  
 No more between the young King Jesus  
 Myself, His Son's not yet come  
 To do the world's redemption.

Word, be kind to me and mine,  
 For with the Father and the Son,  
 God of the world be bound to go,  
 For I believe and I'll be true.  
 No more between the young King Jesus  
 Myself, His Son's not yet come  
 To do the world's redemption.

## FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

Good Word, be kind to me and mine,  
 For with the Father and the Son,  
 God of the world be bound to go,  
 For I believe and I'll be true.  
 No more between the young King Jesus  
 Myself, His Son's not yet come  
 To do the world's redemption.

Good Word, be kind to me and mine,  
 For with the Father and the Son,  
 God of the world be bound to go,  
 For I believe and I'll be true.  
 No more between the young King Jesus  
 Myself, His Son's not yet come  
 To do the world's redemption.

Good Word, be kind to me and mine,  
 For with the Father and the Son,  
 God of the world be bound to go,  
 For I believe and I'll be true.  
 No more between the young King Jesus  
 Myself, His Son's not yet come  
 To do the world's redemption.

## FOR THIRTEEN HAN

Behold these things come from the east,  
 Led by a wind of dawn or dawn,  
 Which brought them where they dwelt  
 For King of Kings and living in,  
 With gifts we might not comprehend,  
 They did adore the newborn Prince.

By strange ways did these three kings  
 That sought the King advent,  
 A leader led them on the ground,  
 For they sought, sought and found,  
 Their gold, their myrrh, their frankincense,  
 For to adore the newborn Prince.

Then for gifts these three kings bring  
 The gifts that they gave him King,  
 One gold, one myrrh, one frankincense,  
 And all that we can no longer,  
 One gold, one myrrh, one frankincense,  
 For to adore the newborn Prince.

## CAROL FOR THE SEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

## FIRST OF CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY

In the name of Jesus Christ the

For each this night shall be the shepherd's being  
 With gifts and gifts come to our children to sing  
 A hymn that brings with the world to come,  
 And God is now made Man for man's redemption.

The shepherds to lead were the stable men  
 To see the newborn Child, the chosen Father's Son,  
 Whom a virgin bore, his Mother a pure maid,  
 By whom the heavenly Father in a manger born.

Now let us seek the shepherds with the angels too,  
 Their words and words for to adore and adore,  
 With words we can not tell nor give nor give,  
 We shall believe and see all that the angels see.

Now with us come and angels come to us  
 To lead us, all come to us, all come to us,  
 With words we can not tell nor give nor give,  
 And angels with us to lead in the great mystery.

Now all the hosts of earth and the children of heaven,  
 The joy of all the angels and the great peace of men,  
 The hosts of all heaven, all angels in us too,  
 Now we can see again and all come to us.

Now we can see again to see what we can see,  
 The joy of God made man and man made God's son,  
 And all appear to us for to adore and adore,  
 What word of greatest joy could ever happen more.



ON THE COMMENCEMENT, OR  
NEW YEAR'S DAY

The first day of the year, January, we will give  
The year and golden birth, that never then may live,  
It shall not New Year's gift, a golden crown we have,  
A gift more rich and precious than the date of state.

Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe,  
To give the best that we can do to those we love,  
And for our sake they live, June is the best year,  
A year which we shall give the best gift for the year.

But when the year is over, the year is over, the best,  
For it is the best that we can do to those we love,  
Comed with every one, in the year, the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

But when the year is over, the year is over, the best,  
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Comed with every one, in the year, the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

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For it is the best that we can do to those we love,  
Comed with every one, in the year, the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

What's done on this great day by a hundred years,  
Is done and thought, wonder and joy to us,  
The year is the best, the year is the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

What's done on this great day by a hundred years,  
Is done and thought, wonder and joy to us,  
The year is the best, the year is the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

What's done on this great day by a hundred years,  
Is done and thought, wonder and joy to us,  
The year is the best, the year is the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

ON CHRISTMAS-EVE, OR THE YEAR'S END,  
WHEN THE GREAT YEAR ENDS  
IN THE YEAR OF THE YEAR

To the best of the year's end

Christmas-Eve, the day of Christ's birth,  
The year is the best, the year is the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe,  
To give the best that we can do to those we love,  
And for our sake they live, June is the best year,  
A year which we shall give the best gift for the year.

But when the year is over, the year is over, the best,  
For it is the best that we can do to those we love,  
Comed with every one, in the year, the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

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Comed with every one, in the year, the best,  
Thought brings us great joy and makes us all believe.

But if church walls would speak and old times to us tell,  
If the dead those graves could break where thousand years  
they dwell,  
If that they could arise to preach what practised was,  
We should have priests always, our altars and our Mass.

Most pure and precious things were given in those times  
By emperors, queens and kings, with gold and silver shined;  
They deemed nothing too rich that through their hands  
could pass,  
To beautify the church and to set forth the Mass.

What those first Christians left us, written by their pen,  
What learned Fathers taught us, great saints and holy men,  
What in their times was done and practised in each place,  
As clear as shines the sun, doth shew they still had Mass.

Some news each post doth bring of Jesuits and their plots  
Against our sacred king, discovered first by Oates:  
Such plotters we may curse with hell and look at Mass,  
By them the time is worse than e'er we felt it was.

God bless our king and queen, long may they live in peace,  
Long may their days be seen, long may their joys increase,  
And those who do not pray that Charles in peace may reign,  
I wish they never may see priest nor Mass again.