

Padjer y Looder; ny Baght er ny Choyrt er e Loo (c. 1822).

A Manx tract, translating

The Swearer's Prayer; or his Oath Explained (c. 1820).

edited and set alongside the original by
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I edit this Manx tract as a contribution to the project of digitizing Manx Gaelic printed texts of the Classical Period (1700-1850). I have consulted two editions of the English text. One version has at the end: Sold by Lincoln & Edmands, No. 53 Cornhill. Another is Liverpool Religious Tract Society, No. 70. Apart from the punctuation, the texts are similar, though not identical.

I follow the Liverpool edition of Tilling, who also printed some of the Manx tracts. The wording and punctuation of the Manx more closely matches Tilling's edition.

Some evident typos have here been corrected in red. The pagination of the original prints is marked [thus].

L. R. T. S. No. 70.

THE
SWEARER'S PRAYER;
OR,
HIS OATH EXPLAINED.

[engraving]

WHAT! a Swearer pray! Yes, Swearer, whether thou thinkest so or not, each of thine oaths is a prayer,—an appeal to the Holy and Almighty God, whose name thou darest so impiously to take into thy lips.

And what is it, thinkest thou, Swearer, that thou dost call for, when the awful imprecations, *Damn*, and *Damnation*, roll so frequently from thy profane tongue? Tremble, Swearer, while I tell thee! Thy prayer containeth two parts: Thou prayest, first, that thou mayest be deprived of eternal happiness! Secondly, that thou mayest be plunged into eternal misery!

When therefore thou callest for damnation, dost thou not, in effect, say as follows? “O God! thou hast power to punish me in Hell for ever; therefore let not one of my sins be forgiven; Let every oath I have sworn—every lie that I have told—every Sabbath [2] that I have broken, and all the sins that I have committed, either in thought, word, or deed, rise up in judgment against me, and eternally condemn me! Let me never partake of thy salvation! May my soul and body be deprived of all happiness, both in this world and that which is to come! Let me never see thy face with comfort—never enjoy thy favour and friendship; and let me never enter into the kingdom of Heaven!” .

This is the first part of thy prayer.—Let us hear the second:

“O God, let me not only be shut *out* of Heaven, but also shut up in hell! May all the members of my body be tortured with inconceivable agony, and all the powers of my

[engraving]

PADJER Y LOODER;
NY
BAGHT ER NY CHOYRT ER E LOO.

Cre! Looder goaill padjer! She, Looder, ga roi dhyts smooïnaghtyn shen ny dyn,¹ ta dagh loo t'ou jannoo padjer,—son liorish shoh t'ou geamagh er yn Jee casherick as ooilley niartal, e ennym t'ou goaill ort dy daaney as dy mee-chrauee dy ghoaill ayns dty veillyn.

As cre t'eh, t'ou smooïnaghtyn, Looder, t'ou geamagh er y hon, tra ta ny focklyn atchimagh shen *mollaght orrym*, ny *mollaght orts*, cha mennick tuittym voish dty hengey mee-chrauee? Bee er creau, Looder, choud as ta mee ginsh dhyt! Ta dty padjer jeant seose jeh daa ayn: T'ou goaill padjer, hoshiaght, dy vod oo hene ny dty heshey cretoor² ve er ny spooilley jeh maynrys dy bragh farraghtyn! 'Sy nah ynnyd, dy vod shiu ve er nyn dilgey³ ayns treihys dy bragh farraghtyn.

Tra eisht t'ou geamagh son coayl-anmey ort hene nagh vel oo ayns firriny's loayrt myr shoh—“O Yee! ta pooar ayds de cherraghey mee ayns Niurin son dy bragh: shen-y-fa ny lhig da unnane jeh my pheccaghyn ve er ny leih dou! Lhig da my loo as my gweeaghyn, dy chooilley vreg ta mee er n'insh, dy chooilley ghoonaght ta mee er vrishey, as ooilley ny peccaghyn ta mee er chur roo eddyr ayns smooïnaght, raa, ny jannoo, girree seose ayns briwnys m'oi, [2] as mee y gheyrey dys toyrt mow dy bragh farraghtyn! Ny lhig dou dy bragh ayn y ghoaill jeh dty haualtys! Giall dy vod my annym as my challin ve er nyn spooilley jeh dy chooilley vaynrys chammah ayns y theihll shoh as ayns y theihll ta roi heet! Ny lhig dou dy bragh dty eddins y akin lesh gerjagh, ny dy bragh soylley 'ghoaill jeh dty oayr ny dty chaarjys; as ny lhig dou dy bragh goll stiagh ayns reeriaght Niau.”

Shoh yn chield ayn jeh dty phadger,—Lhig dooin clashtyn yn nah ayn.

“O Yee! ny lhig dou ynrycan ve jeight magh *ass* Niau, agh myrgeeddin jeight seose *ayns* Niurin! Giall dy vod ooilley oltyn my chorp ve er nyn dorchaghey lesh angaish neu-hurransagh, as ooilley pooaraghyn

¹ ga roi ...] Kelly: GA-REIH, *adv.* and *conj.* albeit, although, whether. *Mo.*

² The translator, having rendered *Damn* and *Damnation* as *mollaght orrym* ‘curse on me’ and *mollaght orts* ‘curse on you’, consequently modifies

‘that thou mayest be deprived’ to ‘that thou or thy fellow creature may be deprived’.

³ shiu ve er nyn dilgey] The translator carelessly slips from *oo* ‘2sg.’ to *shiu* ‘2pl.’.

soul tormented with horror and despair, inexpressible and eternal! Let my dwelling be in the blackness of darkness, and my companions accursed men and accursed devils! Pour down thy hottest anger; execute all thy wrath and curse upon me; arm and send forth all thy terrors against me; and let thy fierce, thy fiery, thy fearful indignation, rest upon me! Be mine eternal enemy, and plague, and punish and torment me, in Hell, for ever, and ever, and ever!!!”

Swearer, *this is thy prayer!!!* O dreadful imprecation! O horrible, horrible, most horrible! Blaspheming man! Dost thou like thy petition? Look at it! Art thou sincere in thy prayer, or art thou *mocking* thy Maker? Dost thou wish for damnation? Art thou desirous of eternal torment? If so, swear on—swear hard. The more oaths, the more misery; and, perhaps, the sooner thou mayest be in Hell.—Art thou *shocked* at this language? Does it harrow up thy soul? Does thy very blood run cold in thy veins? Art thou convinced of the evil of profane swearing? How many times hast thou blasphemed the God of Heaven? How many times hast thou asked God to damn thee in the course of a year, a month, a day? Nay, how many times in a single hour hast thou called for damnation? Art thou not yet in Hell? Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, at the goodness and long-suffering of that God whose great name swearing persons so often and so awfully profane! Swearer, be [3] thankful, O be exceedingly thankful, that God has not answered thy prayer! thy *tremendous* prayer; that his mercy and patience hath withholden the request of thy polluted lips! Never let him hear another oath from thy unhallowed tongue, lest it should be thy last expression upon earth, and thy swearing prayer should be answered in Hell. O let thine oaths be turned into supplications! Repent, and turn to Jesus, who died for swearers as well as for murderers. And then, oh! then, (though thou mayest have sworn as many oaths as there are “stars in the heavens, and sands upon the sea shore innumerable,”) then thou shalt find, to thy eternal joy, that

my annym ve er nyn dorchaghey lesh atchim as mee-hreishteil, nagh vod ve er ny ockley magh as dy bragh farraghtyn! Lhig da my ynnyd-vaghee ve ayns y dooid dy ghorraghys, as my heshee⁴ ve deiney cursit as drogh spyrrydyn! Deayrt neose dty chorree ‘schoe; jean cooilleeney ooilley dty eulys as dty vollaght orrym; cur magh ooilley dty atchimyn m’oi; as lhig da dty chorree dewil aileagh as atchimagh tuittym orrym! Bee my noid dy bragh farraghtyn, as jean craghey as kerraghey as torchagey mee ayns Niurin, son dy bragh, as dy bragh, as dy bragh!!!”

Looder, *shoh dty phadjer!!!* O padjer atchimagh, atchimagh, smoo atchimagh? Ghooiney vollaghtagh! nhynney lhiat dty phadjer? Gow tastey jeh. Vel eh cheet voish dty chree, ny vel oo *craidey* mysh Jee? Vel oo gearree coayl-anmey? Vel oo aggindagh er torchagh dy bragh farraghtyn? My she shoh yn chooish, jean tannaghtyn dy loo—loo dy creoi. Myr smoo dy loo, myr smoo dy hreihs; as foddee myr sleaie vees oo ayns Niurin. —Vel oo er-creau ec ny ghooan shoh? Vel ad raipay seose dty annym? Vel dty uill roie feayr ayns dty chuslinyn? Vel oo cur-my-ner yn olkys t’ayns loo as gueeaghyn? Cre whilleen keayrt t’ou er yeearee er Jee dy hilgey oo ayns coayl-anmey ayns blein, ayns mee, ayns laa? Dy jarroo cre whilleen keayrt ayns oor t’ou er n’eamagh son coayl-anmey? Nagh vel oo foast ayns Niurin? Gow-jee yindys, O shiuish Niaughyn, as bee er-creau, O halloo, ec mieys as surranse foddey yn Jee shen, yn ennym mooar [3] echey ta looderyn cha mennic as cha atchimagh dy ghoail ayns fardail! Looder, bee booisal, bee erskyn towse booisal, nagh vel Jee er n’ansoor dty phadjer! dty phadjer *atchimagh*; dy vel e vyghin as e veenid er n’obbal dhyt yeearee dty veilyn mee-chrauee! Dy bragh ny lhig da clashtyn loo elley voish dty hengey peccoil, er aggle dy vod eh ve dty ghooan s’jerree er y thalloo, as dy vod dty phadjer mollaghtagh ve er ny ansoor ayns Niurin. O lhig da dty ghueeaghyn v’er ny hyndaa dys aghinyn! Gow arrys, as chyndaa gys Yeesey ren surranse baase son looderyn chammah as son dunveryn. As eisht, O! eisht, (ga dy vod oo ve’r loo as er ghueeaghyn cha mennic as ta “rollageyn yn aer ayns earroo, as myr y gheinnagh rish oirr ny marrey erskyn coontey,”) eisht nee oo feddyn dys dty voggey dy bragh farraghtyn, dy vel graih dy liooar ayns e chree, as

⁴ heshee] Cregeen remarks, s.v. **sheshee**, ‘a. d. of a companion, or pl. Though this word is in *Heb.* x. 33, for companions, the plural of *sheshey*, I think *sheshaghyn* would be more correct.’ There is also *sheshee-poost* ‘husbands’ at 1 Tim. 3. 12; Wilson’s

sermons have an example of *sheshee-Creesteenyn* ‘fellow Christians’, *Carrey yn Pheccagh* has *my heshee-peccee* ‘my fellow sinners’ and *my heshee gheiney* ‘my fellow men’ is in *Mona’s Herald* 28 Sep. 1833.

there is love enough in his heart, and merit sufficient in his blood, to pardon thy sins, and save thy soul for ever.....

Swearer! Canst thou ever again blaspheme such a God and Saviour as this? Does not thy conscience cry—*God forbid*? Even so, Amen.

toilchynys fondagh ayns e uill, dy phardooney dty loghtyn as dy hauail dty annym son dy bragh. ...

Looder! vod oo dy bragh reesht jannoo lheid yn ymmyd peccoil jeh ennym lheid yn Jee as Saualtagh? Nagh vel dty chooinsheanse geamagh—*Ny lhig eh Jee*? Eer myr shen dy row, Amen.

THE PRAYER ANSWERED,

In the following, among multitudes of other instances.

In November, 1786, a person much given to swearing, being disappointed by one of his companions not returning to the public-house as soon as he expected, *swore* he would never drink with him again, and that if he did, it should be his *last*. Accordingly, that day *was* his last. God took him at his word, and thus called him into eternity.

In November, 1787, one W——rs, a smith, spending the evening at a public-house, in Leather-lane, quarrelled with one of his companions, and while *swearing* one of the most horrid oaths, God struck him instantaneously dead, with an oath on his lips, upon the hearth where he was sitting. The Jury who sat upon the body, after hearing all the circumstances of the case, brought in their verdict, that *W——rs was struck dead as a judgment from God*. This narration was given by the foreman of the Jury.

Another remarkable judgment overtook a person living in Brewer-street, Soho, who, cursing and swear[4]ing in a most dreadful manner, was struck speechless, and died the same afternoon.

Wills's Register.

T. G. who lived in the parish of Sedgely, near Wolverhampton, having lost a considerable sum at cock fighting, to which practice he was notoriously addicted, swore in a most horrid manner, that he would never fight another cock, frequently calling upon God to damn his soul to all eternity if he did; and, with dreadful imprecations, wishing the Devil might fetch him, if ever he made another bet.

His resolution, thus impiously formed, was for a while observed; but about two years afterwards, Satan, whose willing servant he continued to be, inspired him with a violent desire to attend a cocking at Wolverhampton, and he complied with the temptation. He there stood up, and cried, "I hold four to three on such a cock." "Four what?" said one of his companions in iniquity. "Four shillings," replied he. Upon which the wager was confirmed, and he, putting

YN PHADJER ER NY ANSOOR,

Ayns ny sampleyryn ny lurg shoh, enmyssit mastey earroyn elley.

Ayns y vlein 1786, ren looder cadjin, er ny volley liorish fer jeh e heshaghyn ren gialdyn dy veeteil eh ec thie oast ny sleaie ny haink eh, *loo* nagh jinnagh eh dy bragh giu marish reesht, as my yinnagh eh, dy voddagh shen ve e laa *s'jerree*. As cordail rish e yeearee *v'eh* yn laa *s'jerree* echey. Ren Jee goaill eh ec e ockle, as myr shoh geamagh er dys beaynid.

Ayns y vlein 1787, ren dooinney elley choud as ve ceau yn fastyr ec thie oast, tuittym magh rish fer jeh e heshaghyn, as myr veh *gueeaghyn* ayns yn aght s'atchimee ren Jee bwoalley eh marroo ayns tullogh, lesh yn loo er e veillyn er y chollagh raad ve ny hoie. Va ansoor yn ving v'er y chorp lurg daue v'er chlashtyn ooilley ny va bentyn rish y chooish dy *row eh bwoailt marroo* myr *briwnys voish Jee*. Va'n coontey shoh er ny choyrt liorish fer jeh deiney ny bingey.

[4] Ren briwnys atchimagh elley berraghtyn er dooinney ayns Lunnin, va choud as veh loo as gueeaghyn ayns yn aght s'atchimee er ny woalley balloo, as hooar eh baase yn fastyr cheddin.

Ren dooinney elley, lurg da ve er choayll lane argid ec fight-kellee, cliaghtey veh ayns aght scammyltagh geiyrt da, loo ayns yn aght s'atchimee, nagh jinnagh eh dy bragh cur sheese kellagh elley, dy mennic geamagh er Jee dy gheyrey e annym dys treihys dy bragh farraghtyn my yinnagh eh myr shen; as lesh ny ghueeaghyn s'atchimee gearree dy yinnagh yn Jouyl lesh eh ersooyl, my yinnagh eh dy bragh bett elley.

Yn breearrey shoh, ga jeant er lheid yn aght mee-chrauee, ren eh son traa gerit freayll, agh mysh daa vlein ny lurg shen, ren y Drogh Spyrryd yn charvaant echey veh jeh e yioin tannaghtyn dy ve, greinnaghey eh dy eiyr da e henn cliaghtey keayrt elley, as hug eh raad da'n miolagh. Ayns shen hass eh seose as deie eh, "Bettyms kiare noi three er lheid y kellagh." "Cre'n kiare?" dooyrt fer jeh e heshaghyn ayns mee-chraueeaght, "Kiare skillynyn," dansoor eshyn. Er shoh va'n

his hand into his pocket for the money, *instantly fell a ghastly corpse on the ground.*

Evan. Magazine.

Who hath hardened his heart against God and prospered? Job ix. 4.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Exod. xx. 7.

Because of swearing the land mourneth. Jer. xxiii. 10.

Every one that sweareth shall be cut off. Zech. v. 3.

Dear reader, art thou a swearer? Oh! take this friendly warning; thy next oath may be thy last; if thy prayer is heard, thy soul is DAMNED FOR EVER!!!

bett jeant mie as choud as va eshyn coyrt e laue ayns e sporran son yn argid, *ayns tullogh huitt eh marroo er y thalloo.*

Quoi t'er chreoghey eh-hene n'oi Jee, as er vishaghey? Job ix. 4.

Cha gow ennym y Chiarn dty Yee ayns fardail; son cha gum y Chiarn eshyn gyn loght ta goaill e ennym ayns fardail. Exod. xx. 7.

Son kindagh rish gueeaghyn as loo-oaiagh ta'n cheer dobberan. Jer. xxiii. 10.

Bee dy chooilley unnane ta goaill loo-oaiagh er ny yiarey jeh. Zech. v. 3.

Charrey deyr, ta lhaih shoh, vel oo dty Looder? Oh! gow yn raue shoh ta cheet voish carrey; foddys⁵ yn chied loo elley ve dty loo s'jerree: my ta dty phadjer er ny chlashtyn t'ou tilgit ayns coayl-anmey dy bragh farraghtyn!!!

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⁵ foddys] *text* fooddys