Triolets

Sad are thy dark eyes,

Erin aroon,

Ever a shadow lies,

Ever the tears arise

Never to silence dies

They mournful croon;

Sad are thy dark eyes,

Erin aroon.

When will thy sunrise gleam?

Erin my own!

When will the glad day-beam

Make all they sorrow seem

Long ago known?

When will thy sunrise gleam?

Erin my own

Erin So Bragh

They say the Celtic tongue is dead,

That Erin’s hopes are vain,

That never in our dear old land

Will freedom dawn again. –

That the Saxon chains will bind us

Through the futures endless years,

That in Erin’s night of sadness

No star of hope appears.

But e spurn their craven counsels,

We scorn their mocking jeers,

Neath our faith in God and justice

We trample coward fears,

For the East is red with glory

Of the dawning near at hand,

And radiant flowers of promise

Spring forth to bless our land.

Let alien tongues deride our cause,

Let alien force assail –

But through the tyrant triumph long

Right shall at length prevail,

And above the hills of Erin

Shall float the green and gold,

The proud and glorious standard

Her heroes bore of old.

What though the day be distant still

When Erin’s hopes shall bloom,

What though her children still must tread

A path of pain and gloom –

That path lead on to golden heights

Of freedom nobly won,

That distant day shall break in flowers

Beneath a cloudless sun.

Then let the craven’s voice be hushed,

The traitor blush for shame,

No slave or coward in our ranks

Disgrace the Irish name, -

But onward let us boldly press,

A loyal, fearless band

To scale the heights of liberty,

Or die for Motherland!

Hope

Though the skies are black with sorrow,

And mine eyes are blinded with tears,

My spirit leaps forward to welcome

The joy of coming years.

Life shows me a thorny pathway

And I follow, with bleeding feet! –

But I smile as I dream of the lilies

That onward boom fair and sweet.

In my ears are wailing of anguish

And myriad voices of woe –

But afar in the shadowless distance

The waters of healing flow

My heart cries out for the loved ones

Who have passed away from my side, -

But each step brings me nearer the haven

They entered, o’er Death’s dark tied.

The weary and grief strewn highway

That in darkness + pain I trod,

And the path of the unknown future

Lead home to the City of God.