

“ The following verses were written in a mood of anger, disgust and sorrow, following a spate of sectarian murders at Whitecross and Bessbrook in the southern part of County Armagh.”

“A Lament, and Prayer ; for Ireland ”

*Oh Ireland, green and beautiful,
And of historic fame ;
Where hatreds termed dutiful,
Go hang your head, in shame.*

*For centuries your sons have shone,
In culture, art, and learning,
But now have turned, all virtue gone,
To murder, blast, and burning.*

*No doubt, as history’s pages show
A country sore oppressed
An’d now, with vengeance all aglow
Murder, like men obsessed.*

*Fair Erins Isle has been described,
A land of Saints, and Scholars,
Now violence has so many bribed,
With aid from Yankee Dollars.*

*I’ve travelled many hundred miles
Throughout your country fair
Your sons and daughters all had smiles
For me, when I was there.*

*A promise made was always kept
I'll say in your defense,
And Irishmen I'll neer accept
Are either blind, or dense.*

*Nor at Religions door will lay
The cause of bloody strife,
Nor yet in Justice interest say
"A life is worth a life."*

*"Has human evil. Lust for power
For violence justification ?
And is it true in this dire hour,
Righteousness exalts a nation ?"*

*On human issues, and for long,
Have politicians wrangled ;
Events have proved their doctrine wrong ;
And " innocents " still are mangled.*

*It seems to me, in near despair
As I the papers scan,
There's small hope of improvement there,
! Oh evil heart of Man !*

*Our Saviour, dying on His Cross
Had words to bring relief
To men who deemed their hope as lost,
A murderer, and a thief.*

When history's turned inside out

*It makes a sorry tale ;
It all ones "finer feeling" flouts
And makes the heart to quail.*

*Revenge is never justified,
Our Saviour Christ, has said
! how can one show forgiveness
When one's brother man is dead !*

*"Oh when will man" as Burns has said,
To love and kindness turn,"
"And why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?"*

*" Oh Saviour Christ" I humbly pray,
Thy loving kindness send ;
To purify men's hearts and souls.
Each man make friend, and friend.*

*That to " Perfections Sacred Height "
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing, in Thine eyes. Amen.*

(Wm S McCoubrey)