

## **Remembering 1916 Countrywide**

*(Mary Christina Fitzpatrick 2016)*

*1916 one hundred years on-  
Slave to 'the cause', rising against reign,  
Writers and scholars learned men all.  
Vision of freedom, exhaled fallout or fail.  
Resistance solid, giving crusade to will,  
Ideal and paradox, clash and concur.*

*Towns and villages in whisper and hush  
Each breath building a chorus,  
A symphony of hope and some doubt  
Played out on the wind.  
Silence and secrets held close to the bone.  
Crown: now in conflict and combat,  
Surely, the time for liberty and loyalty  
Courage and bravery replacing all woes.*

*Spring in full flow, the farmer in sew mode,  
Spuds in the ground, fields all top dressed  
Planting and tilling, hard labour accept,  
Families to feed and households to keep.  
The cuckoo had landed, swallows were nigh,  
With a stretch in the day, not a minute to waste,  
Fine harvest anticipated: ease a harsh winter.*

*April, Oh April! You spring weeping clouds  
May flowers are so scarce, dark and distant,  
Shrouded in blanket of sorrow and grief,  
Rising crushed, still hope, still a dream,  
Mothers, fathers and children worst of all,  
Carrying a burden so terrible and cruel  
No mortal soul should ever endure.*

*Signatories, slain shot dead in cold blood,  
Brave and honourable walk to firing squad  
Connolly, wounded, calm and accepting.  
Carried to the wall propped up in a chair,  
Sandbags piled up to save the cold stone  
Pitiful;  
Lime laced graves prepared to receive  
True sons of my Eire, gone far too soon,*

*This island though, miniature in domain,  
Famed for script and the word, baritone and tune  
Bearing the brunt of such anguish and tyranny.  
The pen of PH Pearse gives phrase to emotion:  
'The beauty of the world hath made me sad...  
And I have gone upon my way: Sorrowful'*

*Scan through, ten decades on-  
A Republic our own  
We strive for ideal, many bridges to build  
A freedom, united through heart and the arts  
Notes from the button, bow and the whistle  
Song and a story, all lighten the charge  
Enchanting the kindred in all the four corners.*

*Province four fervent near free,  
Supporting the athlete, on stadia worldwide.  
'Irelands Call' ringing out from hill to the street  
This call of our time, it's a call to be excellent,  
'Mise Éire' blending colours by nature not structure  
The Green White and Gold, inviting culture and creed.*