

It Can Be Fun To Pick A Bone

More Sombre Thoughts Arise

Bally Kerry

There were wreaths in Chester cathedral on a cheerless winter day,  
And tears in Northern Ireland as they layed their friends away,  
For the bomb which caused devastation though so small was full of spite,  
It wasn't only soldiers who were injured on that night.

There were sixteen dead and the happy throng which had danced a laught awhile  
Had tried to live out a normal hour in normal carefree style,  
But this modest goal was beyond their reach in Irelands war torn land,  
Where men of violence joined to make a dread unholy band.

Now young sons and fathers are layed to rest and mothers and widows mourn  
Their murdered kin who will never again greet a promised dawn,  
Now instead of joy on a birthday friends will gather around in sorrow,  
The party greeting promotion is done, for thwre's no tomorrow.

And a small boy cries at bedtime for a mothers goodnight kiss,  
And counts the normal childhoods joys that he will have to miss,  
And the thugs who planned that this all should be may rub their hands with glee,  
And rest on labours laurels, but their souls will never be free.

They That Are Left

Unsteady feet still head the marching band,  
And blind eyes face the growing flood  
Where poppies lie.  
The red pool spreads to cover all the steps,  
To seeing eyes a pool of blood  
As they march by.

Someflowers perished 'fore they left the bud,  
Some soldier on with slackening hold  
And wilting stem.  
No youthful singing soldiers form this line,  
These are the ones who did grow old.  
Remember them.

Thankyou

There's a statue of Winston Churchill  
In the mother of parliaments,  
Guarding a war-damaged archway,  
It echos our sentiments

For the boot which supports the statue  
Shines with pride from the constant touch  
Given by grateful passers by  
To the man wh gave so much