

JAMES CROSSAN

Mrs Mary Ellen McGovern, Cornegunleog, 1959

*A gloom hangs over Templeport. I'm sorry for to see.
Since murdered was James Crossan by the British RUC.*

*T'was little he knew when he left Swad town
As the stars began to fade
That very night, to take his life
A cunning trap was laid.*

II

*On Free State grounds he got his wounds
Which took his life away.*

*And Ben McHugh, who knows that too
Is under lock and key.*

*Says Young: "my boys, you know its wrong
If he were found up there"*

*So to remove their victim, they quickly
Did prepare.*

*Across the line they carried him to a field
That was cold and wet*

*And threw him there upon the ground
Until he bled to death.*

*And when six hours had passed away,
They thought it was high time*

*To report their case to Belfast
And cover up their crime.*

III

*He was a noble Irishman who dearly loved
His land,*

*He had a smile for all, both big and small,
And in need could lend a hand.*

*He always liked to meet a friend
He never feared a foe.*

*A warm welcome was for James
No matter where he'd go.*

IV

*In Kilnavert's old churchyard,
Where the trees their branches wave,*

*The morning sun will always shine
Upon James Crossan's grave.*

*All Irishmen where 'ere you be,
In homes both near and far,*

*Don't forget our dear James Crossan,
Who was shot near Swanlinbar.*

KILCLARE SCHOOL

Willie Keane

*Home from school, from Kilclare school,
No need for us to hurry,
We were free and wished to be
In every nook and cranny.*

*The apples red were up ahead,
At Kellegher's Post Office.
Master John with wellingtons on,
Was digging in the garden.*

*Master Kellegher taught in Corderay
With Miss Conway from Drumshanbo,
Their teaching held in high esteem,
The master tilled the garden.*

*Padraig Gill and I made a leisurely raid,
In Newbrook's tiny orchard
To shake those trees we'd just begun,
When Mc Donnell's roar distracted.*

*There was nothing to fear,
The lane out was clear
McDonnell stood facing the briars,
A rundown uncared for garden.*

*Mrs Hopkins was right, you earned your bite,
The cane induced concentration,
The love the lady bore to learning,
Was her only fault.*

MEMENTO MORIL

*Francis Fitzpatrick, 3rd year
Sti Mogue's College, Bawnboy, Co. Cavan.*

*The hands of existence
Moulding our creation
Painting the very essence of what we are.
Onto the infinite canvas that is everything
Defining what we are
Before we even understand the words.*

*Rising out of the depths and falling into space
Grasping and clawing and seeing our lives come full circle.
Before we can even begin to understand why we are here
We are Gone.*

*Memento Mori
A million roads all going the same way.
Never to have our suspicions confirmed
Never to understand
In the end resistance is futile.*