POEM

Patrick Gallagher

CONCORD'S TRAGIC HOUR

There is grief in Concord,
In Concord, U.S.A.,
For Christa McAuliffe—
Who has passed away.

There is grief in Concord,
And by the Rio Grande,
For those experts lost in space
Within sight of the land.

There is grief in Concord,
A grief that shall not die,
For Christa—one of seven—
Lost in a clear blue sky.

There is grief in Concord,
There is grief and pain;
For Christa—one of seven—
We shall not meet again.

MY SUIRSIDE LOVE

Beautiful Irish Rose—
Mother's beautiful pearl,
You are mine until life's close,
Beautiful Suirside girl.

No one shall take your place
Or keep you from my side,
Proud daughter of our race—
And Rose of the Suirside.

Others may come and go—
To me you're just the same,
From days not long ago
Of love's eternal flame.

Whatever else betide—
From now until life's close,
You'll still be at my side,
My maiden and my Rose.

Then may you ever be
My sweetheart and my pearl,
So beautiful to me—
Beautiful Suirside girl.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

LEINSTER

(To Danny Douglas, Mr., star Lein footballer, who with wife, family and friends celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in the Granville Hotel at the weekend)

Time has passed on fleeting wing
Since you and I were young;
Many years have passed away—
Since love's first song was sung.

Since you and I walked up the aisle
The years have passed away;
We celebrate that sacrifice
Of fifty years today.

With family and friends around
We know that all is well;
So here's to fifty years of song
From the Granville Hotel.

Patrick Gallagher

A BOSTON ROSE, 1985

Each Tralee Rose was beautiful,
Some were from far away;
It is a lovely Boston Rose—
Who wears the crown today.

Each Tralee Rose was beautiful,
Each had her hour of fame,
But she who won the honoured crown—
From far off Boston came.

Then may the gods be kind to those
Who chance to pass this way;
And to a lovely Boston Rose—
Who wears the crown today.

Though time may pass with measured beat,
Others may come and go;
For me it's still a Boston Rose—
Of not so long ago.

GETTYSBURG, 1863

Please forgive me if I'm weeping
For those heroes of their day,
For those heroes who lie sleeping
In their colours blue and grey.

Please forgive me if I wander
O'er your battlefield of fame,
Or by lonely headstone ponder
O'er some long forgotten name.

There they lie all deep in slumber
Waiting for the Judgement Day,
Each man bears a name and number—
In their colours blue and grey.

Though the guns have ceased to thunder
And their echoes die away,
Only God can rouse from slumber—
Those brave men in blue and grey.

BY SLANEYSIDE

I know the beauty of this land,
For I have travelled far and wide,
Have walked with lover hand in hand
By her loved home by Slaneyside.

There was a time not long ago
When we two spent the summer hours,
Where Slaney's waters calmly flow—
By fields of myriad flowers.

There was a time not so long gone
When we two drifted far apart;
But while the Slaney waters flow
She shall still be my sweetheart.

Then may the hour be close at hand
When she shall be my lovely bride,
Most beautiful in all the land—
In her loved home by Slaneyside.

Patrick Gallagher
37 Domenic Place
Waterford, Eire.

Postmaster
Concord, Mass. 18-3-86

Sir
Please pass on my Mass to Christa School. Or someone there in Concord.
Sir Yours very Sincerely
Patrick Gallagher

Author of "Land I Love" & "Selected Poetry."

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