

Fiddler's Green - Irish Airman

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above
Those that I fight I do not hate
Those that I guard not love

My country is Kiltartan Cross
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds
I balanced all, brought all to mind
The years to come seemed waste of breath
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death