

Fiddler's Green

"Irish Airman"

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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

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