

Cruachan

"The Great Hunger"

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We are alone in this cursed land, left to die like
starving dogs.
Our crops have failed us yet again; nothing grows in
this desolate bog.
I hold my daughter in my arms. She is too weak to
stand or walk.
Her face is gaunt, her belly empty; she cannot see, she
cannot talk.

What money I had has all been spent, on bread and
milk and bloody rent.
They take from us all that we have, these bastards that
from Hell were
Sent.
My wife is dead. My home is lost, all around me dead
and dying.
I grip my child, I hold her tight. I must go on, I must
keep trying.

To the harbour is where I plan to go, to escape the land
I love so dear.
The English are the rulers here. They eat their fill. The
have no fear.
I look to the heavens and shout aloud "What has poor
Ireland done?"
The world looks on and sees us starve, dying one by
one.

My strength has failed, I can't go on. Beside my
daughter I lay.
Some bread or corn could save her life. All I can do is
pray.
I hold her hand and wipe a tear as I watch a new day
dawn.
My daughter seems so peaceful now; to heaven she is
gone.

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