

## **James Keelaghan** **"Abraham"**

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I had a dream the other night when all the world was  
still  
That I walked out with Abraham below a fortress on a hill  
We looked across the Saint Charles River to the heights  
that bear his Name  
And talked of things that had transpired since the last  
time that he came  
Says I on these fields grazed your cattle raised on  
these your kith and kin  
And on this field was fiery battle Montcalm to lose and  
Wolfe to win  
Says he but they both died of wounds inflicted by the  
cannonade  
These wounds it seems were never healed, they fester  
to this day  
Abraham  
When will this fighting end  
When will we learn to recognize  
Who is foe and who is friend  
Abraham  
This field that bears your name  
For one a field of victory  
For one a field of shame  
What of your children Abraham dispersed from this  
your plain  
The continent they conquered though they did it in  
another's name  
The land they won but for their strife the profits went  
astray  
The money never crossed their palms or let them have  
their say  
Abraham  
Are we sometimes bound by pride  
Too mindful of our hopes and dreams to let the anger  
slide  
Abraham  
Abraham  
When will this fighting end  
When will we learn to recognize  
Who is foe and who is friend  
Abraham  
This field that bears your name

For one a field of victory  
For one a field of shame  
What of the future Abraham will we achieve some  
peace  
From these solitudes we wander in will there be a  
release  
Will my children learn to find a way to bridge the  
distance I have not  
To learn the scars of history are sometimes best  
forgotten  
And I had a dream the other night when all the world  
was still  
That I walked out with Abraham that Abraham was  
living still  
And in the dream we parted, as families oftimes will  
Our questions left unanswered though not through lack  
of will  
Abraham  
The questions linger on  
There is no hope in all this strife  
There is no right or wrong  
Abraham  
This field that bears your name  
For one a field of victory  
For one a field of shame  
Abraham

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