

**Lynn Hilary****"Erin Beo"**

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The cold Atlantic swells  
That gathered up a storm  
A silent prayer to call  
Her exiled children home  
A western wind that wailed  
Through ancient stone and rain  
The holy ground laid barren  
In a stranger's name

Oh, sullen night, oh, let them stay

Erin Beo, mo thir go deo  
Your heart was broken to see them go  
But still your prayers, your faith held strong  
A song that carried on the western shores  
They heard your voice, a voice of hope

The poet's pen laid dry

The beauty left untold  
A mother with a child  
Left crying by the road  
The harvest that had failed  
The earth could give no more  
The wretched who survived wait  
At the poorhouse door

Oh, sullen night, oh, let us pray

Erin Beo, mo thir go deo  
Your heart was broken to see them go  
But still your prayers, your faith held strong  
A song that carried on the western shores  
They heard your voice, a voice of hope  
They heard your voice, a voice of hope

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