

## In Memory of Liam Mellows

By Patrick Byrne,  
Croncorribbon, Inch.

In Castletown churchyard there is a lone grave  
And gently above it the hawthorns wave,  
There sleeps Liam Mellows, so noble, so kind,  
By the youth of the nation his name is enshrined.  
I stood at his graveside on cold, wintry day,  
For the soul of brave Liam I knelt down to pray,  
The last time we parted how active was he,  
Though the Four Courts blazed o'er him in Dublin city.  
Dark was the morning, from quiet slumber called,  
In Eirin's sad history 'twas the saddest of all -  
Brought forth from that prison so dark and so grim  
And shot by the men who had fought beside them.  
Rory and Dick rushed to him when dressed,  
And the four met together for that final test -  
The next hurried moments they knelt to their God,  
Before walking out facing the grim firing squad.  
O angel of mercy, O Saviour divine  
Hear the soul of Liam Mellows appeal at your shrine,  
Appeal for the nation for which he gave his young life  
And the loyal old comrades behind in the strife.  
The news which shocked Dublin on that early morn  
Rang out o'er the nation now battered and torn,  
Men stood round in clusters, their heads bent in shame,  
For that dark, horrid deed cast a slur on their name.  
It grieved his young heart how his countrymen fell,  
The trenches of Flanders that sad tale did tell.  
If only those brave lads were striking a blow  
Alongside Pearse in the old G.P.O.  
And when he crossed over the Atlantic's dark foam  
When the exiles heard of him, what a welcome they gave!  
All over "the States" in each big city grand,  
He told many sad tales of his old Motherland:  
He told of the sufferings of his comrades so bold  
On Eirin's bleak hillsides, often hungry and cold,  
Defying the tyrant who trembled with fear,  
Oh, the tales that he told them caused many a tear.  
Each year as we come to his cold silent grave  
We gain inspiration by the sacrifice he made,  
Of the cool, daring deeds he was known to plan,  
Of the loyalty given to his slightest command.  
What an honour to have his cold body laid  
Inside that old churchyard where he oftentimes played -  
The bright halo of Freedom will ever hang o'er  
That lone, hallowed spot where he sleeps evermore.

Patrick  
One day you'll give the Liam Mellows  
speech. Prophecy of:  
Young Dempsey 8/12/2002.