

The Great Hunger

Cruachan

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. They 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.