

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

The Waterboys

I know that I shall meet my fate somewhere among the
clouds above
Those that I fight I do not hate, those that I guard I do
not love
My country is Kiltartan Cross, my countrymen Kiltartan's
poor
No likely end could bring them loss or leave them happier
than before.

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight, nor public men, nor
cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight drove to this tumult in the
clouds
I balanced all, brought all to mind, the years to come
seemed waste of breath
A waste of breath the years behind in balance with this
life, this death
A waste of breath the years behind in balance with this
life, this death.