

# A Requiem for 1916.

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*In Sackville Street, one Easter morn, on blood drenched stones, a dream was born,*

*Our heroes they fought side by side, and dared to dream of Freedom.*

*Their leaders gave their lives for us, one tied to a chair,*

*But the dream was born, could not be denied,*

*“A Nation Free and Equal”.*

*Two men rose from the streets of blood, Collins and DeValera,*

*For many years they fought side by side, pledged to achieve that dream,*

*Then a chance for peace, a treaty, three fields of green, a fourth denied,*

*Their dreams the same, their paths divide, and Eireann’s cries were heard again,*

*As our heroes fought each other.*

*The fledgling Nation since has grown, and now at last peace reigns,*

*But there are those who would steal that dream, yet claim to be our leaders,*

*With lies, deceit, and greed, they have brought our Nation to its knees,*

*And sold the dream of our long forgotten heroes,*

*“A Nation Free and Equal”.*