

A Sunday Like This

A Sunday like this	all ordinary
the age of revolution	upon us
in the Irish streets	men and women joined
hearing freedom's call	and giving their all
kenning the heart's reason	holding tight
the pride of the land	the ancient stirring
what then is this land	they rebirthed from old
long told by song and written	and by art
mystic and modern	turned to a new day
with sirens' beauty	revolution's call
workers of the world unite	flung over
the city's poorest	held by tenements
Even sunlight sparks	the waiting tinder
lighting the trenches	of revolution.