

Dodlas '72



THEY CAN
INTERN OUR BODIES
BUT NOT OUR SPIRITS

THE MOTHER

I do not grudge them : Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and
a few,

In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,
And call them blessed ;
But I will speak their names to my own heart
In the long nights ;
The little names that were familiar once
Round my dead hearth.

Lord, thou art hard on mothers :
We suffer in their coming and their going ;
And tho' I grudge them not, I weary, weary
Of the long sorrow—And yet I have my joy :
My sons were faithful, and they fought.

PADRAIC H. PEARSE

THE FOOLS - THE FOOLS - THE FOOLS

THEY HAVE LEFT US OUR FENIAN DEAD
AND WHILE IRELAND HOLDS THESE GRAVES
IRELAND UNFREE
SHALL NEVER BE AT
PEACE

PADRAIC H. PEARSE

May we reciprocate your Christmas greetings
and trust that you and your Battalion will
be in your own country very soon.

From.....1ST Batt Lerry Provos.....

**Designed and Issued by the Ardoyne Relief Committee
Proceeds In aid of Internees and their Dependants.**



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