



Graham Heaton

Died 4th July 2014

Aged 70 years

Skerries Co. Dublin (formerly Warrenpoint)

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam uasal

Life's a weary puzzle past finding out by man

I take the day for what it's worth and do the best I can

Since no one cares a rush for me what need to make a moan

I go my way and draw my pay and smoke my pipe alone.

Each human heart must know its grief though little be its load

So God be with old Ireland and the Old Bog Road

*It screamed aloud by Kerry lakes,
As it was knelt upon the ground,
And it died in great defiance,
As they coldly shot it down.
It is found in every light of hope,
It knows no bounds nor space
It has risen in red and black and white,
It is there in every race.
It lies in the hearts of heroes dead,
It screams in tyrants' eyes,
It has reached the peak of mountains high,
It comes searing 'cross the skies.
It lights the dark of this prison cell,
It thunders forth its might,
It is 'the undauntable thought', my friend,
That thought that says 'I'm right!'*