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## The Lily and the Poppy

They say the Easter lily blooms no more, no more, in Erin  
Now the Irish dance to different tunes, and scorn the lily's wearin'  
While in Flanders fields the poppies grow in bright blood-red profusion  
A badge of pride no more, no more, a badge of shame and treason

Chorus:

Ireland oh Ireland – what have you become  
Ireland oh Ireland – they were all your sons

Freedom is a fragile flower, a lily or a poppy  
Withered by dreams too soon turned sour in a land of empty bellies  
So once more, once more, our wild geese flew to freedom's false horizon  
For an age old Irish rendezvous, with suffering, grief and mournin'

Far from here the wild geese fly, past love and hate or carin'  
In countless graves they nameless lie, the long lost sons of Erin  
The passing years shall not condemn those who lie beneath the poppy  
When from the same green slender stem there grew an Easter lily.

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