

## SLÁN LEAT, a SHEANCHARA

Go séimh do chuimlíos é,  
Cara buan mo chléibh.  
D'fhéach sé orm go faitíosach  
Agus a shúile le trua ag éamh.

Sár-aimsir chaite; cad a bhí rómhainn?  
'Nois ní bheadh 'fhios againn go deo:  
Gaiscí le ceapadh mar a déantaí fadó –  
D'adaigh siad uile mo dhóchas.

Agus fós dhíbríos an t-éadóchas  
Go maire sé in ainneoin;  
D'éisteas, ghuíos, ní raibh tú beo,  
A choileáinín im bhaclainn reoite.

## GOODBYE, OLD FRIEND

Gently I caressed him,  
The best friend I ever had.  
I saw his flick'ring eyes grow dim  
As he looked at me so sad.

What times we had: what times to come!  
We never now would know;  
What we could do, what we had done  
Kept my faint hopes aglow.

And yet I hoped and hoped again  
That he might live instead;  
I heard his whimper now in vain,  
The pup in my arms was dead.

**Michael Mernagh**

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