

WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR

By William Drennan, 1797

Here our brother worthy lies,
Wake not him with women's cries;
Mourn the way that mankind ought;
Sit, in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind,
Morals pure, and manners kind;
On his head, as on a hill,
Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth;
"Countrymen, Unite!" he cried,
And died, for what his Saviour died!

God of Peace, and God of Love,
Let it not thy vengeance move!
Let it not thy lightnings draw,
A nation guillotined by law!

Hapless nation! rent and torn,
Early wert thou taught to mourn!
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked by blood and tears!

Hunted through thy native grounds,
And flung reward to human hounds,
Each one pull'd, and tore his share,
Emblem of thy deep despair!

Hapless nation, hapless land,
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight,
Or by worse, domestic hate!

God of mercy, God of peace,
Make the mad confusion cease!
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it speak the light of love!

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite.
Holy oil, and holy water,
Mix – and fill the Earth with slaughter.

Who is she, with aspect wild? -
The widow'd mother, with her child;
Child, new stirring in the womb,
Husband, waiting for the tomb.

Angel of this holy place!
Calm her soul, and whisper, Peace!
Cord, nor axe, nor guillotine,
Make the sentence, not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;
Watch with us, but do no weep;
Watch with us, through dead of night -
But expect the morning light.

Conquer Fortune – persevere -
Lo! it breaks – the morning clear!
The cheerful cock awakes the skies;
The day is come – Arise, arise!