

Leave the sleeping Giant

Let Him be

He who inspired the tales of Gulliver,
the haunt of Raparee.

Of hidden paths, secret rock,
and swirling mist,

Sweet memories recalled, of a stolen kiss
Tumbling in the blue bells above the hatchet field,

Without care or thought, of whatever life
may yield,

But how things have changed, like those days of youth,
and when our young ones ask,

Shall we tell the truth.
or say we didn't see ?

When we turned our back on nature,
and refused what was bequethed,

So leave the sleeping Giant
Let him be

Slumbering in the majestic beauty,
Beneath the evening sun,

That future generations, his glory, all
can see.