

Poems read by Marie Kilty - Sister

Bean Sléibhe ag Caoineadh a Mic

*Brón ar an mbás, 'sé dhubh mo chroise
D'fhuadaigh mo ghá is d'thág mé clóite,
Gan chara, gan chompánach faoi dhíon mo thíse
Ach an léan seo im lár, is mé ag caoineadh!*

*Ag gabháil an tsléibhe dom trathnóna
Do labhair an éanlaith liom go brónach,
Labhair an naosc binn 's an crotach glórach
Ag fáisnéis dom gur éag mo stórach.*

Our Revels Now Are Ended

*Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

William Shakespeare, The Tempest

Poem read by Christine McGowan - Sister

DÓNAL

*Please do not weep for me
As you gather here today
I am where I love to be
In front of you on this great stage!
I will be running wild and free
Floating with the butterflies,
Singing with the bird in tree
Resting in the clouds on high!
But every day I'll walk with you,
You'll know that I am near
When the warm breeze strokes your cheek
I will be there to allay your fears
I am performing my last act on earth!
I love that you are all here with me,
Perhaps one final round of applause
Until we meet in eternity!*

by M.Heavey

Reflection Music

*Molly Malone – Jim McCann
(please feel free to sing along)*

Poem from Aine - Daughter

Dad-Dee was the title but Dónal was his name.

My Dad he was, but acting was his game.

*An Irish man he was proud to be and made me
proud of my first name.*

My children he did cherish as he did his own three.

*Four grandchildren altogether and a great grandson
to add to his family tree.*

*All we have are the memories which we will continue to
share with glee.*

*May he rest in peaceful harmony, knowing
we will continue his legacy.*

Eulogy from John Eastman - Friend

Poem read by Andy Lewis – Friend

The Song of Wandering Aengus – by William Butler Yeats

I went out to the hazel wood,

Because a fire was in my head,

And cut and peeled a hazel wand,

And hooked a berry to a thread;

And when white moths were on the wing,

And moth-like stars were flickering out,

I dropped the berry in a stream

And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor I went to blow the fire a-flame,

But something rustled on the floor,

And someone called me by my name:

It had become a glimmering girl

With apple blossom in her hair Who called me by my name and ran

And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering Through hollow lands and hilly lands,

I will find out where she has gone,

And kiss her lips and take her hands;

And walk among long dappled grass,

And pluck till time and times are done,

The silver apples of the moon,

The golden apples of the sun.