

Keelaghan James, Abraham

I had a dream the other night when all the world was still
That I walked out with Abraham below a fortress on a hill
We looked across the Saint Charles River to the heights that bear his Name
And talked of things that had transpired since the last time that he came
Says I on these fields grazed your cattle raised on these your kith and kin
And on this field was fiery battle Montcalm to lose and Wolfe to win
Says he but they both died of wounds inflicted by the cannonade
These wounds it seems were never healed, they fester to this day
Abraham
When will this fighting end
When will we learn to recognize
Who is foe and who is friend
Abraham
This field that bears your name
For one a field of victory
For one a field of shame
What of your children Abraham dispersed from this your plain
The continent they conquered though they did it in another's name
The land they won but for their strife the profits went astray
The money never crossed their palms or let them have their say
Abraham
Are we sometimes bound by pride
Too mindful of our hopes and dreams to let the anger slide
Abraham
Abraham
When will this fighting end
When will we learn to recognize
Who is foe and who is friend
Abraham
This field that bears your name
For one a field of victory
For one a field of shame
What of the future Abraham will we achieve some peace
From these solitudes we wander in will there be a release
Will my children learn to find a way to bridge the distance I have not
To learn the scars of history are sometimes best forgotten
And I had a dream the other night when all the world was still
That I walked out with Abraham that Abraham was living still
And in the dream we parted, as families oftentimes will
Our questions left unanswered though not through lack of will
Abraham
The questions linger on
There is no hope in all this strife
There is no right or wrong
Abraham
This field that bears your name
For one a field of victory
For one a field of shame
Abraham