**THE MOTHER by Pádraig Pearse**  
  
I do not grudge them; Lord, I do not grudge  
My two strong sons that I have seen go out  
To break their strength and die, they and a few,  
In bloody protest for a glorious thing.  
They shall be spoken of among their people,  
The generations shall remember them,  
And call them blessed;  
But I will speak their names to my own heart  
In the long nights;  
The little names that were familiar once  
Round my dead hearth.  
Lord, thou art hard on mothers:  
We suffer in their coming and their going;  
And tho' I grudge them not, I weary, weary  
Of the long sorrow -- And yet I have my joy:  
My sons were faithful, and they fought.