

Fallen Giants



A thousand men once

worked this yard
Beneath bright cranes with bible names
A golden rivet driven home
For each to build a happy house
That was the days of yore
Written of in history books.

And clouds now ride the silent sky
Goliath idle, waiting still
Dwarfing ghost ship long seabound
And still a chilling wind that blows
Through these rusting rain soaked parts
A monument to progress's march

Fallen giants litter this place
Stolen the jobs and stolen the grace
The silent swan song to a half finished race
We leave the world undone

St. Coleman's Park screamed the roar of their song
As Yeats' men found when faced with the throng
And still all this good could turn to such wrong
The end has only begun

Still the pale sun shines silently on
No keel is laid for another great boat
The blue white grey black colours the sky
The gulls move in from the sea
Pepper the workshops
Where riggers once stood

But now the soft rays of a new dawn begin
And shadows fall across broken beams
The light once more shines on the wandering waves
This harbour home of iron built
And Ramblers still play the best in the land
The voice of the sea sings as oft before

The future built on ancient ore
This silent town stands strong

Kenneth Hickey