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The Beggar's Child

Author(s): Pádraic Colum

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THE IRISH REVIEW

For, whate'er your sin or whim,
You were prim, and rounded things ;
And you kept your life in trim,
Though not as the hymn-book sings.

What about it after all ?—
If you fall you rise again,
And at least you never sprawl
At the call of other men.

There again by pride you sin,—
Come within and shut the door :
Far from Babylonian din
Now begin your prayer once more.

*Save me from sincerity
Such as spoiled the Pharisee.—Amen.*

The Beggar's Child

By PÁDRAIC COLUM

Mavourneen, we'll go far away
From the net of the crooked town,
Where they grudge us the light of the day.

Around my neck you will lay
Two tight little arms of brown,
Mavourneen, we'll go far away
From the net of the crooked town.

And what will we hear on the way ?—
The stir of wings up and down
In nests where the little birds stay.
Mavourneen, we'll go far away
From the net of the crooked town,
Where they grudge us the light of the day.