

## An Irish Airman Foresees His Death

The Waterboys

I know that I shall meet my fate somewhere among the  
clouds above  
Those that I fight I do not hate, those that I guard I do  
not love  
My country is Kiltartan Cross, my countrymen Kiltartan's  
poor  
No likely end could bring them loss or leave them happier  
than before.

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight, nor public men, nor  
cheering crowds  
A lonely impulse of delight drove to this tumult in the  
clouds  
I balanced all, brought all to mind, the years to come  
seemed waste of breath  
A waste of breath the years behind in balance with this  
life, this death  
A waste of breath the years behind in balance with this  
life, this death.