

# Let Me Carry Your Cross for Ireland, Lord

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

The hour of her trial draws near,  
And the pangs and the pain of the sacrifice  
May be borne by comrades dear,  
But, Lord, take me from the offering throng,  
There are many far less prepared,  
Though anxious and all as they are to die  
That Ireland may be spared.

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

My cares in this world are few,  
And few are the tears will fall for me  
When I go on my way to You.  
Spare, oh! spare to their loved ones dear  
The brother and son and sire,  
That the Cause that we love may never die  
In the land of our heart's desire!

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

Let me suffer the pain and shame;  
I bow my head to their rage and hate,  
And I take on myself the blame,  
Let them do with my body whate'er they will,  
My spirit I offer to You,  
That the faithful few who heard her call  
May be spared to Roisin Dhu.

Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!

For Ireland weak with tears,  
For the aged man of the clouded brow,  
And the child of tender years.  
For the empty homes of her golden plains,  
For the hopes of her future, too!  
Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!  
For the Cause of Roisin Dhu.

Written by Thomas Ashe while in prison. He died  
a willing martyr for Ireland in October, 1917.

*From Anna Frances Levins, St. Patrick's Day, 1919.*