In these evil days, 
when the old wound of Ulster is a disease 
suppurating in the heart of Europe 
and in the heart of every Gael 
who knows that he is a Gael, 
I have done nothing but see 
in the National Museum of Ireland 
the rusty red spot of blood, 
rather dirty, on the shirt 
that was once on the hero 
who is dearest to me of them all 
who stood against bullet or bayonet, 
or tanks or cavalry, 
or the bursting of frightful bombs: 
the shirt that was on Connolly 
in the General Post Office of Ireland 
while he was preparing the sacrifice 
that put himself up on a chair 
that is holier than the Lia Fail 
that is on the Hill of Tara in Ireland.

The great hero is still 
sitting on the chair 
fighting the battle in the Post Office 
and cleaning streets in Edinburgh.