

Keelaghan James, Abraham

I had a dream the other night when all the world was still
That I walked out with Abraham below a fortress on a hill
We looked across the Saint Charles River to the heights that bear his Name
And talked of things that had transpired since the last time that he came
Says I on these fields grazed your cattle raised on these your kith and kin
And on this field was fiery battle Montcalm to lose and Wolfe to win
Says he but they both died of wounds inflicted by the cannonade
These wounds it seems were never healed, they fester to this day

Abraham

When will this fighting end
When will we learn to recognize
Who is foe and who is friend

Abraham

This field that bears your name

For one a field of victory

For one a field of shame

What of your children Abraham dispersed from this your plain

The continent they conquered though they did it in another's name

The land they won but for their strife the profits went astray

The money never crossed their palms or let them have their say

Abraham

Are we sometimes bound by pride

Too mindful of our hopes and dreams to let the anger slide

Abraham

Abraham

When will this fighting end

When will we learn to recognize

Who is foe and who is friend

Abraham

This field that bears your name

For one a field of victory

For one a field of shame

What of the future Abraham will we achieve some peace

From these solitudes we wander in will there be a release

Will my children learn to find a way to bridge the distance I have not

To learn the scars of history are sometimes best forgotten

And I had a dream the other night when all the world was still

That I walked out with Abraham that Abraham was living still

And in the dream we parted, as families oftentimes will

Our questions left unanswered though not through lack of will

Abraham

The questions linger on

There is no hope in all this strife

There is no right or wrong

Abraham

This field that bears your name

For one a field of victory

For one a field of shame

Abraham