

## Anniversary Lines

*on the death of Volunteer Daniel Doherty, Falcarragh, who died, at the age of 22 years, in Curragh Military Hospital, on 8th January, 1923, as the result of wounds accidentally received by the discharge of a comrade's rifle on the 27th November, 1922.*

Twelve months ago to-day, dear Dan, I gazed with tear-dimmed eyes,  
On your features pale and cold in death which rives all earthly ties ;  
How dreary look'd the world that morn while wintry storms blew,  
But drearier was my heart forlorn at that last sad sight of you.

How woeful was my journey home, a trial hard and sore,  
My mind weighed down by sorrow deep, grief-stricken to the core ;  
While business bustle surg'd all round, my tristful thoughts e'er stray'd  
To the van wherein your corpse was borne, shroud-wrapped, in coffin laid.

How light and gay you went away to join the jovial throng,  
Expecting 'twas but for a time and that you'd return ere long ;  
That day you left we little thought 'twas to be your last farewell,  
But what lies ahead, e'en for one day, no mortal can foretell.

To save your life the surgeons failed, tho' earnestly they strove,  
God will'd to take you to himself to a happy home above ;  
" His blessed Will be ever done " submissively we say,  
The choicest souls, His best-loved friends, are the first He calls away.

Dear son, the Lord was good to you and show'd His love and care,  
A brief and care-free life you had and for death time to prepare ;  
Your chaplain and the nurses were attentive, pitying, kind,  
While on your part you were grateful and felt patient and resigned.

You ne'er did wrong to old or young, or give the least offence,  
But were ever kind in heart, act, mind, with youthful innocence ;  
When you got the call that comes to all you had not much to fear,  
To bliss above thro' faith, trust, love, we hope your way was clear.

In eight short months came another blow, the worst we've had to bear—  
Poor Mary's gone, her labours done, she's free from earthly care ;  
She ever thought and constant wrought for home and children's weal ;  
Oh ! sorely do we miss her and her loss we'll ever feel.

Oh ! how you grieved at the early death of your dear brother, Jim,  
How sad that you, too, met your end thro' accident like him ;  
But your case was not quite so hard, you rest among your own,  
While afar in foreign German soil *he* sleeps, an alien lone.

But we trust you all are happy in a bright land free from pain,  
And that after our short, fleeting lives we'll meet you there again ;  
To pray for your eternal rest we will not fail or cease,  
May perpetual light upon you shine and may you rest in peace.

*8th January, 1924.*

BY HIS FATHER.