

# Seamus ne Kevin

*by* Con Chapman

Seamus has the palsy now  
who once was called another name.  
He took your case whate'er your creed;  
I loved him 'cause he would not bow,  
he didn't care for praise or fame  
and pled your cause despite your need.



Seamus' hands are shaking now  
that once were still as stalking cats.  
His face is wet with unmopped sweat;  
he argues still, you wonder how,  
he strays not far from where he sat.  
You are forever in his debt.



Seamus hasn't got too long  
before he's lowered in the grave  
while we his requiem do preach.  
Seamus had a gift of song--  
the kind that makes a man feel brave--  
that he transmuted into speech.

