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Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother

O. R. Gross

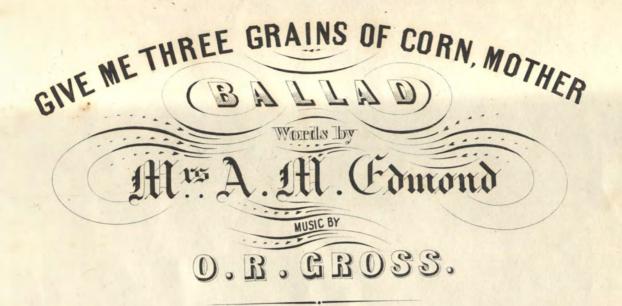
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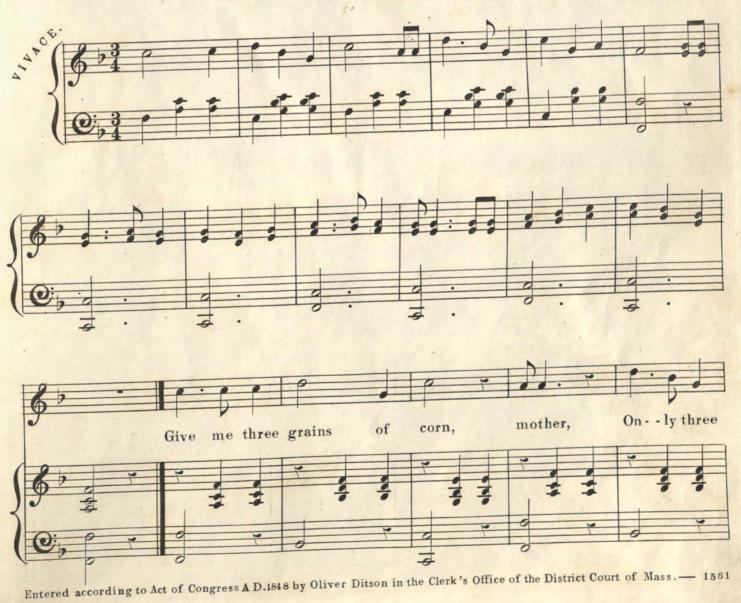
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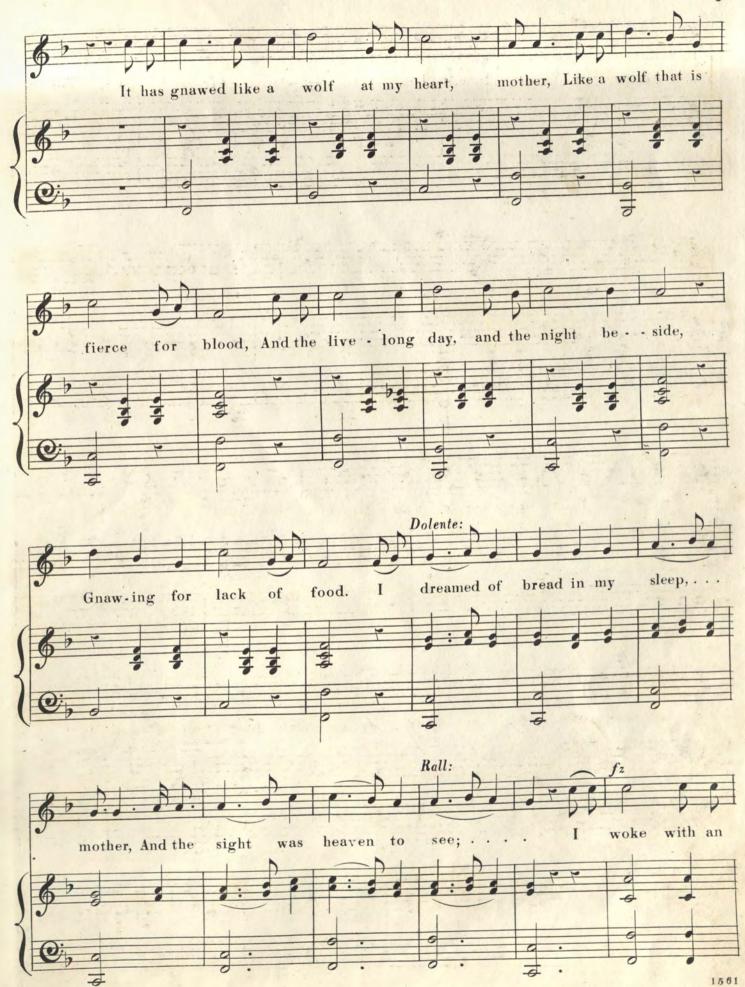
The above words were the last request of an Irish Lad to his mother; as he was dying from starvation. She found three grains in the corner of his ragged jacket, and gave them to him It was all she had, the whole family were perishing from starvation.

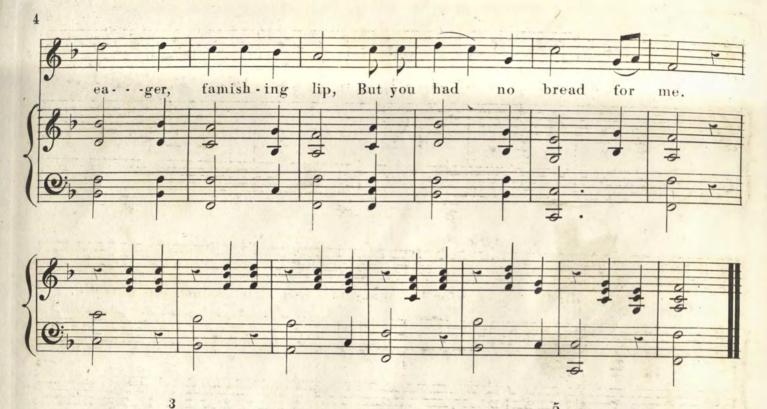
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How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too!
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

4 .

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,
The Queen has lands and gold;
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold;
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one!
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle,
Whether they live or die!

6

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold.
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to the dogs to-night
Would give me life and you.



