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Barley

The images evoked of the great Irish rebellion of 1798 are poignant and moving. The population-tramp, priest, and peasant-rose up in its thousands against tyrannical British rule. They fought with pikes and farm tools against cannon. The men carried barley seed in their pockets as food on the march, and the following summer, after their inevitable defeat, the barley sprouted from their mass graves. A devastatingly sad image.

Terry George in *Poems That Make Grown Men Cry*

Reminds me of “Duffy’s Cut”

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