

Belfast to Boston

Judy Collins

There are rifles buried in the countryside for the rising of the moon,

May they lie there long forgotten till they rust away into the ground.

Who will bend this ancient hatred, will the killing to an end?

Who will swallow long injustice, take the devil for a country man?

Who will say "this far, no further", if I die today?

Send no weapons, no more money. Send no vengeance across the seas,

Just the blessing of forgiveness for my new countryman and me.

Missing brothers, martyred fellows, silent children in the ground.

Could we but hear them, could they not tell us "Time to lay God's rifle down."

Who will say, "this far, no further", oh Lord, if I die today?

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