

Ode To Goodness

by John R. McDonough

Goodness abounds its mystery everywhere
In the quiet of the morning's dawn
Or the midst of noon as balm air
Or evening's calm before the day is gone Nature's bounty springs from far and
near Beauty beyond our powers we grasp and yearn And yet our limits keep
from going far
Our powers are austere
Souls in search of beauty's space we churn While goodness and beauty remain
our distant star.

And yet there is this counter evil's lair We see it in our world so far and wide
Trying always trying luring's blare
To conquer goodness rash demonic pride Our Savior came with daring life and
death And resurrection glory living on
Evil thwarted is declawed, defanged With God's e'er present breath
A church and priests to provide the brawn With teaching and the sacraments
to send.

Ireland oh Ireland you suffered so Patrick planted faith throughout the land
Famine pillage repression deathly blow Brought Ireland to it's knees a barren
strand Yet like the phoenix rose in scented air Ireland's finest men so formed
and brave Like wild geese again
With book and prayer
Away abroad ahead our souls to save Bringing goodness to restore God's
reign.

Seamus one of many flew away
From Ireland a torch of Patrick's flame
To this new county his to preach and pray And to this new country his to
preach and pray And to a parish bring the saint's acclaim We journey with our
Seamus father priest As if our travel will go on forever
but no alas at best
We age and must go on another feast Awaits our journey's end but first a
sever God speed be with you Seamus ever blessed.