

# Ecce Puer By James Joyce

Of the dark past  
A child is born;  
With joy and grief  
My heart is torn.

Calm in his cradle  
The living lies.  
May love and mercy  
Unclose his eyes!

Young life is breathed  
On the glass;  
The world that was not  
Comes to pass.

A child is sleeping:  
An old man gone.  
O, father forsaken,  
Forgive your son!