

**Name of memorial:** German Memorial

**Inventory No. 224**

**Place:** German military cemetery

**Address and map reference:** Glencree, Co. Wicklow. Map reference O 140 180

**Position:** At eastern end of cemetery, at bend in road up from Eniskerry.

**Description and dimensions:** Semicircular wall with sloping roof. Approx 6m wide, 3m high. Also a triangular pillar, approx 160cms high.

**Recorded by:** Michael Pegum, 13<sup>th</sup> November, 2005.

**Text:**

(Mosaic on inner wall of memorial)

NEHMET  
DIE SÖHNE  
IMMER  
ANS HERZ  
TRAUERNDER  
MUTTER

DEUTET  
AUCH SEHNSUCHT  
UND AUFTRAG  
DER TOTEN  
AUF DIESER  
STÄTTE:

WISSET  
UND GLAUBET  
ES SICHER:  
LIEBE  
ZWINGT ALLE  
GRENZEN

WACHET  
DASS ÜBER  
DER WELT  
DAS STERNBILD  
DES FRIEDENS  
HERAUFZIEHT\*

\*Translation by Dr. Imme and Killian Mallin:

Take the sons of grieving  
mothers to your heart.

Be sure in this knowledge and belief:  
love overcomes all borders

Coming to this place  
interpret the longing and  
the message of the dead:

watch out and make sure  
that the stars of peace  
rise over the world

(Triangular pillar with poem in German, Irish and English)

Mein los war der Tod  
Unter irischem Himmel  
Und ein Bett in Irlands  
guter Erde + Was ich ge-  
traumt, geplant / band  
mich aus Vaterland +  
Aber mich wies der Krieg  
zum Schlaf in Glencree  
+ Leid war und Schmerz  
was ich verlor und  
gewann  
+ Wenn Du  
vorübergehen  
Sprich ein Gebet, daß  
Verlust sich in Segen  
verwandle.

Δ ΣΡΥΨΑΙΝ Ι CΑΝ-SE CEOL  
In ΔICE ΔN ΔAIREIL  
ΤΑ'N ΤSIOCÁIN ΔR FΔIL  
In ÚIR ĞLAS ΔAOM SEO ĞΔEL  
Cun leADA nĞleann CRÍ.  
ΤRÉ PEANNΔIΔ IS ΤRÉ PÉIN  
I ĞCEIN, ΔR SON MO ΤÍR  
ΔO ΔUS MO CINIÚINT MÉ  
Δ DUINE ΔUL ΤAR BRΔĞΔIΔ  
FΔN, IS ΔR M'ΔNAM ĞUÍ  
NΔC IN ΔISCE FΔΔIREAS BΔS  
IĞCÉIN, ΔR SON NΔ SÍCE.

ΣΤΑΝ Ó BRÍΔIN

It was for me to die  
Under an Irish sky  
There finding berth  
In good Irish earth.  
What I dreamed and  
planned / bound me  
to my Fatherland  
But War sent me  
To sleep in Glencree. +  
Passion and pain  
Were my loss – my gain:  
Pray, as you pass  
To make Good my loss.

Stan O'Brien