

POETRY

Dorothy Macardle



The Prisoner.

He dwells within a shadow dim as death;
The barren hours go o'er him, slow and dreary;
Yet, because he has faith
And to no other queen will bend his knee,
There is a crown still on the brow of Eire,
And her bright spirit lives unquelled and free.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.



Offering.

(For A.M., in Memory of P.N., December 19, 1922.)

Lift up your head, sad queen; be proud again!
Though stricken to the ground
You lie, betrayed, forsaken and discrowned,
Yet there is remedy for all your pain.

See what a royal gift this lover brings
To robe you sovereignly and ease your tears!
Lo, at your feet he lays
The woven toil and laughter of brave years,
The jewels of ten thousand nights and days,
The frankincense of yet unnumbered Springs.

Not one of all his treasures will he save:
Last, for your crown,
The love of his beloved he flings down
Into his grave.

O Eire, weep no longer; lift your eyes;
Be you serene again:
The whole world knows her dreams are not in vain
For whom this lover dies.

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DOROTHY MACARDLE.

Over and Over Again.

The gulls wail in the air,
And the waves cry on the shore,
" Everywhere, everywhere,
Now as it was before,
Striving and wild despair,
Evermore, evermore! "

" Over and over again
The same story is told;
Youth that was brave in vain,
Love that was mocked and sold,
Valour and gladness slain,
Faith bartered for gold! "

But a lark winging amain
Into the liquid blue,
And a wind swift on the plain
Spilling the dawn-lit dew
Sing " Over and over again
The story is told anew! "

" Only out of the grave,
Out of the eager death
Of the young and joyous and brave
Is born the magical breath
That fills the soul of the slave
With ardour again and faith.

" Blade and blossom and grain
Spring from the broken mould:
Out of a people's pain
Is valour made manifold:
Over and over and over again
The same story is told."

The gulls wail in the air
And the waves cry on the shore,
" Everywhere, everywhere,
Now as it was before! "
But the wind sings, " They are wise who dare,
Evermore, evermore! "

DOROTHY MACARDIE.

July, 1923.

To M.C.

(MRS. CHILDERS).

Your own heart chose a lover dedicate
To challenge mortal legions; your own faith
Lit up the way for him that led to death:
Lament not that he rode it swift and straight.
Mountjoy. DOROTHY MACARDLE.

MOUNTJOY.

(1)

How could I bear the night,
Lying awake, alone,
Had I not thought of the Light
Until my thought is grown
A stronger thing than the sun
To summon beauty to birth
And ripen, when Winter's done,
The Golden Age of the earth?

(2)

How could I bear the waste
Of wind-swept days of the Spring,
But that I've heard the haste
Of a braver wind on the wing,
Out of the cave of the hours
Flowing, potent and near—
The wind that will wake the flowers
And wither the hosts of fear?

(3)

How could we bear the death
Of noble men in the dawn,
The volley that broke our breath,
Their lives with the echoes gone;
But that we knew their blood
Would cry from the altar-stone
Till the hearts of the multitude
Grew as brave as their own?

(4)

They lie in a prison grave
Dead, but they are not dumb;
Great is the price they gave;
The end that they dreamed shall come,
And the call of their fearless voices
And the sound of their proud farewell
Shall echo when Earth rejoices
That Heaven has conquered Hell.
DOROTHY MACARDLE.



The Lover.

He loved the quietude of summer trees,
And Eire's waters imaging her sky,
And turned from these
And went his way to die,
Lest treason should defile the heart of peace,
And love be violated with a lie.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

A SONG FOR SUNRISE.

White birds from the Island of Mananaun
Are flying out of the dawn ;
Silver kisses of Aengus cling in the air ;
The night of our fear is away.

Lugh's spear is thrilling the glooming
cloud,—

His sword is singing aloud ;
The dark Hosts of the shadow are van-
quished and gone :

Over is our despair ;
Brave is the day !

DOROTHY MACARDLE.

[49]

The Pilgrim

Unhesitant, Towards the dark unknown
 Her soul travels, alone,
 Made swift by pity, omnipotent by faith;

And some, the holy dead,
 Who gave ~~their~~ world for Ireland, lean above
 That agony, and shed
 Their splendour upon her spirit,
 Because her love

Is like to theirs.

But this, in whose name
 She dies, by whose sons she is
 Flung to death,
 Bows down her head,
 Broken with bitter shame.

The Pilgrim**By Dorothy Macardle**

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Garden Phantoms by Dorothy Macardle

They gather when the garden, night-possessed,
Is steeped in rest, and infinitely still,
And all the winds that wantoned there arrest,
In awe confessed, their wild and wayward will;
On leaves and lawns and in the cups of flowers,
Dropped in invisible showers, dew lies deep,
The very moths that love the twilight hours,
In unknown faery bowers are asleep.

Wan lilac-blooms 'mid shrouds of shadowy leaves,
(speel that the midnight weaves!) gleam pale and strange;
The languishing laburnum night bereaves
Of all her gold, grieves o'er the mystic change;
Some sorcery 'mid the orient tulips shed
Has stolen their red and left them dimly white;
And every flower in every darkened bed
Renders with bended head, homage to night.

And in and our among the garden ways,
Where deepest shadow stays, the phantoms go;
Lingering with whisperings of other Mays
And wondrous days, they wander to and fro;
And gathering together, wrapt aloof
Under the low roof of the hawthorn tree,
They thread the weft of silence with a woof,
A wide, invisible woof of memory.



They learned to love the garden long ago,
When tulips were aglow in other Mays,
Through hours of youthful converse grave and low,
And studious pacings slow, and strenuous days,
And leave Youth free for ever down the years'
They took upon themselves the great endeavour,
And wearied never, - gallant pioneers!

And often, when the gardens sleep enchanted,
Their dear, undaunted spirits move again
Among the ways so many Mays sweet and fain;
They touch the slumbering flowers with phantom fingers,
Bringers of dreams, and wistfully delay,
Till in the silver hour the last star lingers, |
And waking garden-singers rumour day.



Lament

O live, as a wood wind-torn, storm-riven,
As all thy virgin sad beauty been;
Bewildered love have thy pale lovers given:
With death and wounds have they praised
their queen.

The storm is fallen & the winds are weary
That flared against thee, clamorous with hate,
Quietude is about me, — live, live! —
I find thee not, and I am desolate!

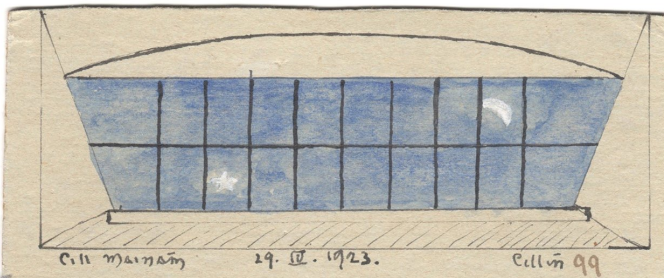
A wilderness, — Dear saints, will some tomorrow
Bring that sweet holy anguish back again?
My soul is sorrowful for the old sorrow,
My heart is hungry for its ancient pain.

Nov. 26. Monday.

On leaving Mountjoy Prison
We shall remember it with pride
Where pass

On Leaving Mountjoy Prison
We shall remember it with pride
Who pass this bitter gate where waves
The Captive flag o'er Captive graves,
"We lived where these, our noblest, died".

Dorothy Macardle
Jan 29, 1923.



Captivity

Out on the high-road in the sun
 They walk whose souls are dark
 with shame,
 Fettered and bowed with heavy fear,
 Who dare not speak the glorious
 name
 They swore to die for, yester-year,
 For faith is broken, hope undone.

Free hearts that never broke their
 oath
 And unsundered spirits, we
 Look out on the eternal stars
 And take again proud freedom's
 oath
 Unshamed, and know the prison
 bars
 But symbols of our liberty.
 B. M.

Cell in 99

Dirge for the Dying Year
1922

Farewell, sad year: I am in the clouded West
Sink with the day and gloomy parent
Of royal purple, as is meet for thee,
For thou hast vanquished all our Kingliest
And buried them away with the dead leaves.

A plumed was it that the air became
Of sweetness, bitter war of brotherhood,
Life of its pride, death of its pride;
In thy slow passing mournful this grief
The gentlest sons by sons unfaithful slain.

The clouds were aniseed, the winds were pain
That swept on blossomed hedges & shamed the flowers
On every valley; all things that were ours
Thou hast laid waste. ~~Thou hast laid waste. The sands are made~~
~~Thou hast laid waste. The sands are made~~ Now haste thee before -
Dirge no more; thy tyranny is done;
Young sons anster their spears behind the pall
Of dusk: they anster to guard thy funeral
And herald to our skies tomorrow ~~the~~ Sun.

BEACON SONG.

(To the tune of "The Heath is Brown
on Carrigdown.")

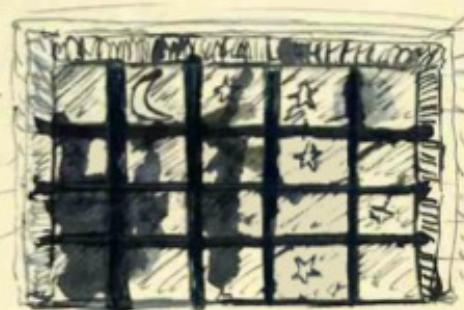
The sun is gone that sweetly shone,
Across the bogs the sea-mews wail,
On hills and shores the tempest roars,
The night is dark o'er Inisfail.

And many a light that from the height
Made Erin's might with beauty glow
Burns dim and quails—O Inisfail,
My heart is weary for your woe!

Yet one pure fire no storm can quell
Burns clear and well o'er Inisfail—
The holy pride of him who died
In prison cell to save the Gael.

His memory a fire shall be
To free our souls from traitor shame—
A quenchless brand to light our land
We kindle at this sacred flame.

DOROTHY MACARDLE.



Through prison bars
we see the stars
And the blessed Christmas moon:
We pray them send
to every friend
Sweet Freedom's kindest boon.

Mountjoy
1926