

THE FOUR WINDS OF EIRINN: POEMS

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The Four Winds of Eirinn: Poems by Ethna Carbery & Seumas MacManus

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ETHNA CARBERY & SEUMAS MACMANUS

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Very sincerely yours
Anna Grace Mann

The Four Winds of Eirinn:

POEMS

By **ETHNA CARBERY**.

(*Anna MacManus*)

Edited by **SEUMAS MacMANUS**

*TWELFTH THOUSAND
NEW ENLARGED EDITION*

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NEW YORK
1913

DO CONRAD NA GAEBILGE I U-CLIF
AN AIRGID,

AGUS DÁ N-ÚAICÉARÁN, AN U-ÁICÉAR ÉAMONN Ua
FLANNGAILE, A TIOBLAICIM AN LEADAIRÍN REO
MAR SEALL AR AN ODAIR MÓR CÁ RIAD A UÉANAM
CUM TEANGA AGUS NÁIRIÚNTAIC NA N-ÉIREANN
A TABAIRT AR N-AIR.

ÉICHE MÍ CAIRBRE.

Dealtaine, 1901.

ANNA JOHNSTON MACMANUS.

["ETHNA CARBERY"],

In the flower of her youth and the blossoming
of her genius,

Closed her eyes on Ireland of her heart's love,

APRIL 2nd, 1902:

Deannaic Dé le n-a h-anam.

*The voice of the singer is silenced, the heart is
stilled, the hand grown cold, and the loveful eyes
are closed for evermore. A light has been quenched
in Eirinn: another hope has gone under the green
sod.*

*It was God's will. He knows what is best.
Go n-éantap oo toil, a Dia.*

*She that sang these songs, and died—with a song
on her lips, and youth's bloom still on her cheeks—
sang, as does the lark, because her heart, always
filled with happiness and love, delighted to spill in
melody upon the earth its overflowing joys. For, a
kind God had compressed into her short years more
exuberant happiness than is usually bestowed in a
long life.*

Within Ireland this grand old chieftainry of Tír-Chonáill had always, strangely, drawn her affection. She dreamt and sang of it for long years before she was fated to see it. Joyously, with me, she came at length to the welcoming arms which our mountains reached out to her—unthinking that she came but to quaff her final cup of bliss, and bequeath her bones to the Hills of her Heart for ever.

From childhood till the closing hour, every fibre of her frame vibrated with love of Ireland. Before the tabernacle of poor Ireland's hopes she burned in her bosom a perpetual flame of faith. Her great warm heart kept the door of its fondest affection wide open to all who loved Ireland, and lived for Ireland, and strove for Ireland—and in her heart of hearts was sacredly cherished the Memory of the holy Dead who died for Ireland.

Our Motherland has had daughters as noble, as brave, as faithful and loving as Anna Johnston, but never was gathered to the Mother's breast one MORE noble-souled, upright, courageous of heart, or one MORE passionately faithful, than she.

Sad it is to think that she who struggled so bravely onward during the Night—when stouter than she grew weary, and despaired, and lagged behind—should have been dismissed to the unending slumber before there burst upon her hungering vision the glorious Dawning of the Day—the first slender spear.

of which, with her spirit eyes, she believed she saw striking the sky!

Optimistic, hopeful, strong, she ever kept her face to the East. "Only another hill or two and we'll surely meet the Dawn." During the last few weeks of her journey I came to see that, like the King of Ireland's Son in the old tales we loved, she was toiling up the Hill of the World's End—climbing it alone, though it had been her constant prayer that we should bend to it hand in hand. And God knows, as I who watched know, the climb was a difficult one and a distressing. Yet her lips parted not in murmur: and the smile that had played there all her life did not leave her eyes now. On a beautiful morn of the glorious Eastertide her task was done: she only paused to cast back one last look; and then, still telling through her tightening fingers the brown beads that had cheered her on the way, she stepped over the crest, and went out of our sight for ever.

But I know that, pure of heart, white of soul, as she was, she walked into a Dawning resplendent and never-ending.

SEUMAS MACMANUS:

Donegal, Bealtaine, 1902.