

**POEMS BY "EVA",
OF "THE NATION"**

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Poems by "Eva", of "the Nation" by Mrs. Mary Anne Kelly O'Doherty

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MRS. MARY ANNE KELLY O'DOHERTY

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POEMS

BY

“EVA,” OF “THE NATION.”

FIRST EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

SAN FRANCISCO:
PUBLISHED AND PRINTED BY P. J. THOMAS,
505 Clay Street,
1877.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN MITCHEL AND JOHN MARTIN,

"FELONS" OF '48,

THESE POEMS

(Associated with the cause for which they suffered),

Are dedicated by their friend and compatriot,

EVA.

705778



PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE poems contained in this volume, which are now for the first time published in a collected form, were originally contributed to the pages of the *Dublin Nation* and other national journals. As they appeared chiefly during the years 1846, '47 and '48, with the exception of those few which were written in another country and under different circumstances at a later period, they may be regarded as portions of the history of one of the most remarkable episodes in the life of the Irish nation. They relate to that heroic but ill-fated struggle for the vindication of Ireland's right to all the liberties and prerogatives of a free country, which was developed during these years and which culminated in the imprisonment and exile of the popular leaders and in the disarmament and repression of the Irish peasantry. The poems vary in character, in tone, in sentiment; they run through the varied scale that separates joy from sorrow. In that they resemble the moods and dispositions of the race amid which they were written and sung. They are, in short, the expression of the writer's intense sympathy with the national movement for freedom, the natural and irrepressible outcome of her hopes and griefs as called forth by the varying fortunes of her country's sacred cause. Although well nigh the life-

time of a generation has passed away since these poems first appeared, it has been thought by the publisher that they cannot have lost all interest, not alone for the Irish people in whose behalf they were penned, but for all those who can sympathize with a down-trodden race, and who feel their bosoms animated with the holy love of liberty. An Irish poet asks :

“ Who fears to speak of '98 ?
Who blushes at the name ?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame ? ”

And, certainly, if it be craven to blush for the wild and daring “ rising ” of 1798, it is at least equal unmanliness to sneer at the movement of 1848. It failed, of course, for, in the forlorn situation of the Irish masses at that time, success was, humanly speaking, impossible. It was not the first time in history, as we fear it will not be the last, when the mailed hand of despotism could smite to the earth a struggling people and perpetuate a tyranny. From a military point of view, therefore, the revolutionary movement was abortive—that must be confessed ; but, as the protest of a nation against alien misgovernment, as a proud declaration of unflinching allegiance to the cause of liberty, it was most impressive and most successful. The world will long admire the vigor of the orators of '48, the commingled fire and pathos of the poets of '48, and the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the people's leaders ; for these are the things that can redeem a “ lost cause ” from oblivion and make it immortal. Although the collection is, in the main, a republication, the book contains many pieces of

high merit which were never before printed, and which, the publisher feels sure, will make the volume still more acceptable. Indeed, the very first poem in the collection, "A Chant to Our Beloved Dead," is a new one. The poems of "Eva" should need little introduction to men of Irish blood, either here or in the old land. It is a grand old Celtic boast that they never forget those who devote the heavenly gift of genius to the vindication of their name and fame or to the regaining of their lost independence; and the publisher has every confidence that his countrymen still cherish grateful and affectionate remembrances of "Eva's" devotion to the cause of their fatherland. He is, indeed, satisfied that they will hail the appearance of this volume, modest and unpretentious as it is, with a cordial greeting, and extend to it a genuine *cead mille failthe*. He believes that, under God's divine providence, the slavery of Ireland cannot be perpetual; he believes in the ultimate triumph of the cause sanctified by the sacrifices of O'Brien, Mitchel, Martin and Meagher, and hallowed by the poetic genius of Davis, Williams, "Eva," "Speranza," and so many others. In the hope that this volume may serve in some degree to preserve the faith in Irish freedom he presents it to the public and to his fellow-countrymen, praying that the day may soon come when, as God's bright sun climbs the green hill-tops of Ireland, it will light up the homes and beam upon the altars of a free people.





CHANT

TO OUR BELOVED DEAD.

I.

O YE dead! ye well-beloved dead,
Great souls, fond hearts that once were linked with
mine,
Athwart the gulf that yawns between us, dread,
I fling the longings that invite a sign,
A faint, faint shadow of your darling presence—
A plaintive echo of your voices low,
Some little gleam, some whispered word that lessens
The awful silence that the parted know.

II.

O ye dead! ye wild-lamented dead,
Who draw me onward by the links of pain
To that strange, neutral ground, o'ershadowéd
Between two worlds that yet apart remain,
Is there no might in sorrow wildly yearning?
Is there no magic in the strong "*I will!*"—
In love that, ever throbbing, ever burning,
Keeps lonely watch upon that pathway still?

III.

O ye dead! ye silent, shapeless dead,
Who will not—cannot force that granite wall,
Behind whose shade, impalpable and dread,
Ye hear not, see not those who wildly call.