

Come Gather Round Me Parnellites

From *New Poems*, 1938

Come gather round me Parnellites
And praise our chosen man,
Stand upright on your legs awhile,
Stand upright while you can,
For soon we lie where he is laid
And he is underground;
Come fill up all those glasses
And pass the bottle round.

And here's a cogent reason
And I have many more
He fought the might of England
And saved the Irish poor,
Whatever good a farmer's got
He brought it all to pass;
And here's another reason,
That Parnell loved a lass.

And here's a final reason,
He was of such a kind
Every man that sings a song
Keeps Parnell in his mind
For Parnell was a proud man,
No prouder trod the ground,
And a proud man's a lovely man,
So pass the bottle round.

The Bishops and the Party
That tragic story made,
A husband that had sold his wife
And after that betrayed;
But stories that live longest
Are sung above the glass,
And Parnell loved his country
And Parnell loved his lass.

The Ballad of Moll Magee from *Crossways*

Come round me, little childer;
There, don't fling stones at me
Because I mutter as I go;
But pity Moll Magee.

My man was a poor fisher
With shore lines in the say;
My work was saltin' herrings
The whole of the long day.

And sometimes from the saltin' shed
I scarce could drag my feet,
Under the blessed moonlight,
Along the pebbly street.

I'd always been but weakly,
And my baby was just born;
A neighbour minded her by day,
I minded her till morn.



The Ballad of Moll Magee p2

I lay upon my baby;
Ye little childer dear,
I looked on my cold baby
When the morn grew frosty and clear.

A weary woman sleeps so hard!
My man grew red and pale,
And gave me money, and bade me go
To my own place, Kinsale.

He drove me out and shut the door,
And gave his curse to me;
I went away in silence,
No neighbour could I see.

The windows and the doors were shut,
One star shone faint and green,
The little straws were turnin' round
Across the bare boreen.

The Ballad of Moll Magee, p. 3

I went away in silence:
Beyond old Martin's byre
I saw a kindly neighbour
Blowin' her morning fire.

She drew from me my story—
My money's all used up,
And still, with pityin', scornin' eye,
She gives me bite and sup.

She says my man will surely come,
And fetch me home agin;
But always, as I'm movin' round,
Without doors or within

Pilin' the wood or pilin' the surf,
Or goin' to the well,
I'm thinking of my baby
And keenin' to myself'

The Ballad of Moll Magee, p. 4

And sometimes I am sure she knows
When, openin' wide His door,
God lights the stars, His candles,
And looks upon the poor.

So now, ye little childer,
Ye won't fling stones at me;
But gather with your shinin' looks
And pity Moll Magee.

Irish Joan of Arc: Maude Gonne



Maud Gonne

December 21, 1866 to April 27, 1953

Father was British military stationed in Ireland during much of her childhood.

Acclaimed most beautiful woman in Ireland—she was six feet tall—, she meets Yeats in 1889...both attracted to the occult; she, also to reincarnation.

1890: Begins liaison with French politician Lucien Millevoye. Their child, Georges dies in infancy. In 1893 she and Millevoye attempt to conceive or reconceive Georges while they have sex next to his sarcophagus. Her daughter Iseult Gonne (born August 1894) was the result.

1897: Worked with Yeats to establish lending libraries throughout Ireland. Along with Yeats and others, she organizes protests against Victoria's Jubilee. Part of her friendship with Yeats includes emphasis on Ireland's mythical past and she is Cathleen in Yeats' play *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*.

1903: Marries Major John MacBride, and converts to Roman Catholicism, much to Yeats' chagrin, even anger. In 1904, their son Sean is born.

1905: Attempts to divorce MacBride, alleging that he had molested then ten-year old Iseult. Iseult's husband, Francis Stuart, said Iseult had told him the accusation was true. Yeats supports Gonne in this charge, to no avail. Does not get the divorce from French court—just a separation. MacBride given visiting rights to their son Sean.

Maud Gonne



ENGLISH ON BOTH SIDES—NOT ANGLO-IRISH

JOINED NATIONALIST CAUSE AFTER WITNESSING SUFFERING OF TENANTS DURING LAND WARS

YEATS' LOVE AND SORROW: "POETS SHOULD NEVER MARRY. THE WORLD SHOULD THANK ME FOR NOT MARRYING YOU."

Maude Gonne and her Children: Sean and Iseult



Maude Gonne in France with her two year old son Séan, in 1906.



No Second Troy

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Why should I blame her that she filled my days
With misery, or that she would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire?
What could have made her peaceful with a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire,
With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

Easter Rising



Those mentioned in Yeats' poem:

Patrick Henry Pearse

Thomas Stanislaus MacDonagh

John MacBride

James Connolly

Alluded to, not listed:

Countess Constance Markievicz

Easter, 1916

I have met them at the close of day
Coming with vivid faces
From counter or desk among grey
Eighteenth –century houses.
I have passed with a nod of the head
Or polite meaningless words,
Or have lingered awhile and said
Polite meaningless words,
And thoughts before I had done

Of a mocking tale or a gibe
To please a companion
Around the fire at the club,
Being certain that they and I
But lived where motley is worn:
All changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Easter, 1916 (second stanza)

That woman's days were spent
In ignorant good-will,
Her nights in argument
Until her voice grew shrill.
What voice more sweet than hers
When, young and beautiful,
She rode to harriers?
This man had kept a school
And rode our winged horse;
This other his helper and friend
Was coming into his force;
He might have won fame in the end,

So sensitive his nature seemed,
So daring and sweet his thought.
This other man I had dreamed
A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song;
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy;
He, too, has been changed in his turn,
Transformed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

Easter, 1916 (third stanza)

Hearts with one purpose alone

Through summer and winter seem

Enchanted to a stone

To trouble the living stream.

The horse that comes from the road,

The rider, the birds that range

From cloud to tumbling cloud,

Minute by minute they change;

A shadow of a cloud on the stream

Changes minute by minute;

A horse-hoof slides on the brim,

And a horse plashes within it;

The long-legged moor hens dive

And hens to moor-cocks call;

Minute by minute they live

The stone's in the midst of all.

Easter, 1916 (fourth stanza)

Too long a sacrifice
Can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?
That is Heaven's part, our part
To murmur name upon name,
As a mother names her child
When sleep at last has come
On limbs that had run wild.
What is it but nightfall?
No, no, not night but death;
Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith
For all that is done and said.

We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love
Bewildered them till they died?
I write it out in a verse—
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.

In another poem “The Great Day,” published in *New Poems* (1938) Yeats says:

Hurrah for revolution and more cannon-shot!
A beggar upon horseback lashes a beggar on foot.
Hurrah for revolution and cannon come again!
The beggars have changed places but the lash goes on

In Memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markievicz (from *The Winding Stair* 1933)

The light of evening, Lissadell,
Great windows open to the south,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both
Beautiful, one a gazelle.
But a raving autumn shears
Blossom from the summer's wreath;
The older is condemned to death,
Pardoned, drags out lonely years
Conspiring among the ignorant.
I know not what the younger dreams—
Some vague Utopia—and she seems,
When withered old and skeleton-gaunt,
An image of such politics.
Many a time I think to seek
One or the other out and speak
Of that old Georgian mansion, mix
Pictures of the mind, recall
That table and the talk of youth,
Two girls in silk kimonos, both
Beautiful, one a gazelle.



The sisters, Constance and Eva

In memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markievicz (continued)

Dear shadows, now you know it all,
All the folly of a fight
With a common wrong or right.
The innocent and the beautiful
Have no enemy but time;
Arise and bid me strike a match
And strike another till time catch;
Should the conflagration climb,
Run till all the sages know.
We the gazebo built;
Bid me strike a match and blow.

October, 1927



Eva in her later years



Constance checking her single action Colt, Army 45