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EDWARD DALY

EDWARD Daly, a young Kerryman, hails from Tralee, but before he reached the use of reason, his family moved to Limerick where he had his education at Roxboro national school and Crescent College. From 1943 to 1947 he worked as a civil servant in Dublin Castle. In that year, on request, he returned to the Office of the Post Office engineering branch, at Limerick. Golf was his principal hobby and in 1952 he was selected on the Munster team. A period of indifferent health necessitated his retiring from serious golf. His second hobby, one in which he is keenly interested, is poetry. He has had poems published in Irish Writing *and* World Review, *and has contributed to the daily press and different magazines in this country and England.*

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REMEMBER LIMERICK!

There's a stone upon a pedestal, not far from Curragower,
Where the royal Shannon stumbles for a space,
A clumsy stone, unsmoothed by man, all stained by shine and shower,
Yet eloquent of honour and disgrace.

Eastward across Thomond Bridge the Castle of King John
Still holds the sieging centuries at bay,
But when its veteran towers are low, its history outshone,
The Treaty Stone will stand, as yesterday.

It will stand upon its pedestal, not far from Curragower,
And in every Irish heart, in every place,
It will hold a finer pedestal, through stress of shine and shower,
In memory of honour and disgrace.

All the honour is for Ireland, no jot of the disgrace,
But the shame of our despoilers, like deep night,
Shows forth the fire-white chivalry of Sarsfield, till his race
May forget their grim betrayal in its light;

May forget the trampled Treaty and the Wild Geese flown afar
To death on Ramillies and Fontenoy,
And gild the doleful story in the glory of his star,
His rich renown no slander dare destroy.

His stature was above tall men ; his courage thrice as high ;
His bearing was a banner to the bold ;
He had iron in his courtly hand, and candour in his eye,
And a plighted word unbought by place or gold.

His life-blood drained on Landen field. . . . Alas !—for alien France,
Heart's blood he would have squandered with high pride
For the ransoming of Éire, captive queen of ill romance,
Whose woes wept through the darkness as he died.

There's a statue on a pedestal, not far from Saint John's Gate,
Where Irishmen wrought ruin on their foe.
It is Sarsfield, but no mortal hand could truthfully translate
The ardour that was Sarsfield,—long ago.

The walls of Limerick are no more, no more those furious days
When fire crashed on her roofs from every side.
Now there's peace within her dwellings, blithe commerce in her ways,
And sleeping swans upon the Shannon's tide.

But still in this old, patient town, where Dane and Saxon swayed,
And Irishmen saw Dane and Saxon down,
A splendour haunts now sober streets where deathless man and maid
Bore William back with bloodstains on his crown.

And ramparts rear from shadows yet, when winds make midnight moan
And Limerick men are cosily abed,
And a cautious troop with muffled hooves rides out from Garryowen
With the ghost of Patrick Sarsfield at its head.

EDWARD DALY

DUAN CHROI IOSA

From the Irish of Tadhg Gaelach Ó Suilleabháin.

Heart of my Saviour, lustre and laughter of mine,
Whose longing would hold your beauty alone in its shrine,
O heart overmastered with love no high dream could divine,
Come shelter, dear heart of my heart, in the hollow of mine.

My faltering thoughts cannot fathom those horrors aright
That we put on your innocent flesh, gracious King of all might,
Or see myriad penitent souls crowned eternally bright
Through the fate you seized fast to your bosom on Calvary's height.

O Jesus, your death fathered joy for me, formed at your will
In the mould of your own master image with heavenly skill,
But till now I have sought foul delight in all manner of ill
That would delve the dire wounds of your passion and scoff at you still.

It was seldom the mood or design of my vagabond mind
To submit to the laws you gave Moses for all humankind,
But rancorous cruelty, hatred and greed you would find,
Vile speech for my fellows, and sins of more venomous kind.

Now my soul has revolted I'll rise and set off without sleep
Through the wide lands of Ailbe and Owen by smooth way and steep,
And I'll cry all my deeds in repentance, and wretchedly weep
With lamenting unquelled as the ocean, heart-sobbing as deep.

And when, lily-flower of the saints, I return to the fold,
With the firm roof of Christ to protect me from evils of old,
The bleak hills that baulk and repel me my eyes shall behold
As levels of summery silk and of satin unrolled.

EDWARD DALY