

TO A LADY WHO WONDERED
'WHY ALL IRISH POETRY WAS
'REBEL.'

By Roger Casement.

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Who could commemorate in lasting song
The triumph of the mighty o'er the weak?—
Or could the pens that through the ages seek
To dress the balance of sword-handed wrong
Forsake the vanquished few to aid the strong?
In this eternal cause no voice can speak
The haughty victor in half tones or meek—
Or to his blast blow not a note more long.
So comes it that the poets of our Isle
Its scattered triumph-songs can only wake:
The conquered have no weapon save this file
To notch the sword, and when all else forsake,
The Bard still fronts the victor with a smile
And breaks in song the chains nought else can break.