

Has just got Moya's letter from Crowley & Louie Hart's
Marguerite Benayens -

26.7.16

25. July

1916.

My dearest Eris,

I was so sorry to see you looking unwell yesterday - you and the poor wee Gee. Both of you are working too hard for me, my dear girls - and it adds to my grief to think of you out there - and of your loving hearts breaking for me. Alas! that I have brought so much grief to you and N - and others too. I wish I hadn't - I can say no more - If I could spare you and the others I'd go back and die years ago - and such be. Indeed it would have been well - and I'd have been happier too - How can I thank you and Gee - and Eddie too - for your brave, faithful, loving hearts to me in those last horrible days. It seems all a nightmare - and I often waken in the night with a start - to find myself here. But God will bear with me, and bear me up I pray until the great step has to be taken. It has been so long in coming - all these weeks of waiting since the Tower - then it was easy to die and I longed for it every hour - Now it is much harder - for I have found you and Gee so close to my heart - and the poor old N - that I cannot bear to leave you. But it is the will of God that I must go - and you ~~must~~ do see in your power to cheer up N and comfort her. I cannot bear to think of her - and I tried to write to her as I must do in a day or two now - to bid her goodbye for ever on earth.

When the insignia of the C.R.G. is found - as it will be - I want it returned, with seals intact, unopened just as it came to me - and a receipt for it in that state obtained and put with my papers - Also if the Coronation Medal is obtained I wish it to be returned. I had already written, on 1. February 1915, to the Secretary of State as to my wishes in the matter - and would then have returned the insignia and medal if they had been with me : I thought they might be with my things in London, which I knew the authorities would seize and open - or else with Nuis - Keep the date of posting to me - it came by registered post when I was in Ireland I think - and the label and seals were all on it - in a card board box.

Give Eddie my love and most affectionate wishes for his future - hope he will return to the front - and that peace may soon come to bring the brave fellows home all round - in all the countries now at each other's throats. I inclosed a card I got some (13) days ago from the front. I can't recall the sender - but if he showed ever turn up tell him I got his card and was grateful for it.

To day I learn that the attorney general has refused the first for carrying my appeal to the House of Lords. I never expected he would allow it for a moment - it would be too much to expect from the prosecutor! - and after a decision arrived at as that one was! I wonder what fair minded men think of it? - if there can be any left in such times as these - I know of a few - thank ful I am that they still exist. After all, my own counsel treated me so outrageously at the appeal in dropping the point I especially desired argued - the A.C.G.'s definition of "aid & comfort" - that I can scarcely wonder at the attorney general being inconsiderate.

Here are the verses I repeated for you yesterday that have been recovered by a miracle. and

Marrone! that son of mine should stand

In camp with robbers three -

The Spurkers' church, the T - band -

The Black Son of Shawan Twee.

Marrone! my leaders all are dead

Else this could never be -

The cause for which my true sons bled

Now sold to Black Shawan Twee.

I am told that the occasion was the Education act of 1905 (I think) and a copy of them was on a postcard once sent to me - but I cannot say where it is now.

The other night I dreamed you, Gee and I were at Murlough Bay, on the green hill, 900 feet above the sea,

close to the McGarry's house - looking out on the racing tides of Moyle - churning currents and whirlpools, and overlapping tides - and Alba across the way, and the blue peaks of Jura keen and clear - and all the frost grandeur of island & hill and stirring waters that first made me realise ~~that~~ what Ireland was to me. It was there "Benburb" was written - or near there, on the sandy shore in a cove of white sand between headlands, when I saw "like hearing lift of yellow wave" - the breaker of wave men (saffron clad!) - bear down the whole array of the wrong doer. And now I am on no hill - with no waves to see - or hear far off - ~~but~~ no sea - but only the illimitable and unknown to gaze at ~~and yet~~ - death is not dark but only deeper blue.

I shall count the hours till Monday when you and Gee return to me - Give, oh! such warm greeting, to Morris - the friend Gee stayed with on Sunday - Her husband, to Eva and to all the dear ones I shall not see again - and don't forget the old N. It's with her - but truly on Gee and you for cheering her most. I cannot - as the things I should like to say I cannot let strangers and then who sent me here read. But you know what to tell her. Don't forget "Scarles O'z" - make it the song of the saint you saw at Holywell - do you remember him? You and Gee and I were at the Holywell itself, when he made the remark. Let him have "Scarles O'z" now as his march - ~~the march of the Resurrection~~ ~~the march of the resurrection~~. Don't let my body lie here - get me back to the green hill by Murrough - by the McGarry's house - looking down on the Moyle. That's where I'd like to be now - and there's where I'd like to lie - God bless you and keep you my dearest, dearest one. You and Gee have been the best things in my life these awful days. Don't forget N - I leave her to you. And so an evening Roddy