

Poetry Series

Katharine Tynan Hinkson
- poems -

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Katharine Tynan Hinkson(23 January 1859 - 2 April 1931)

Katharine Tynan was an Irish-born writer, known mainly for her novels and poetry. After her marriage in 1898 to the writer and barrister Henry Albert Hinkson (1865–1919) she usually wrote under the name Katharine Tynan Hinkson (or Katharine Tynan-Hinkson or Katharine Hinkson-Tynan). Of their three children, Pamela Hinkson (1900–1982) was also known as a writer.

Biography

Tynan was born into a large farming family in Clondalkin, County Dublin, and educated at a convent school in Drogheda. Her poems were first published in 1878. She met and became friendly with the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins in 1886. Tynan went on to play a major part in Dublin literary circles, until she married and moved to England; later she lived at Claremorris, County Mayo when her husband was a magistrate there from 1914 until 1919.

For a while, Tynan was a close associate of William Butler Yeats (who may have proposed marriage and been rejected, around 1885), and later a correspondent of Francis Ledwidge. She is said to have written over 100 novels; there were some unsurprising comments about a lack of self-criticism in her output. Her *Collected Poems* appeared in 1930; she also wrote five autobiographical volumes.

Tynan died in 1931 in Kensal Green, London.

A Lament

(For Holy Cross Day, 1914)

Clouds is under clouds and rain
For there will not come again
Two, the beloved sire and son
Whom all gifts were rained upon.

Kindness is all done, alas,
Courtesy and grace must pass,
Beauty, wit and charm lie dead,
Love no more may wreath the head.

Now the branch that waved so high
No wind tosses to the sky;
There's no flowering time to come,
No sweet leafage and no bloom.

Percy, golden-hearted boy,
In the heyday of his joy
Left his new-made bride and chose
The steep way that Honour goes.

Took for his the deathless song
Of the love that knows no wrong:
Could I love thee, dear, so true
Were not Honour more than you?

(Oh, forgive, dear Lovelace, laid
In this mean Procrustean bed!)
Dear, I love thee best of all
When I go, at England's call.

In our magnificent sky aglow
How shall we this Percy know
Where he shines among the suns
And the planets and the moons?

Percy died for England, why,
Here's a sign to know him by!

There's one dear and fixed star,
There's a youngling never far.

Percy and his father keep
The old loved companionship,
And shine downward in one ray
Where at Clouds they wait for day.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

