Maria Edgeworth
1768–1849
If we take care of the moments, the years will take care of themselves.
from Mademoiselle Panache

Augusta Gregory
1852–1932
My desire is a desire that is as long as a year, but it is lost given to an
echo, the spending of grief on a wave, a lonely fight with a shadow…
from Gods and Fighting Men: The Story of the Tuatha de Danann and of the Fomorians

Edith Somerville Violet Martin
1862–1915
Francie’s accent and mode of expressing herself were alike
deploorable: Dublin had done its worst for her in that respect.
from The Real Charlotte

Elizabeth Bowen
1899–1973
The wall between the living and the dead thinned. In that
September transparency people became transparent, only to
be located by the just darker flicker of their hearts.
from The Heat of the Day

Kate O’Brien
1897–1974
Men were conceited and ponderous about their purpose in
life, but love, though it cooled more easily than ambition, gave
as a rule, more immediate satisfactions. Give children too…
from Mary Lavelle

Molly Keane
1904–1996
For houses can be as jealous as lovers and mothers, and under
prosecution more bitter than either. Nor do houses ever
forget. What are ghosts but the remembrances they shelter?
from Mad Puppetstown

Mary Lavin
1912–1996
Mother had a lot to say. This does not mean she
was always talking but that we children felt the walls
she drew upon were deep, deep, deep.
from Happiness

Maeve Brennan
1917–1993
Home is a place in the mind. When it is empty, it feels
full of memory, faces and places and times gone by. Beautiful images
rise up in disobedience and make a mirror for emptiness.
from The Visitor

Augusta Gregory
1852–1932
The first fact of life you have to grasp if you want to get
anywhere at all is that life isn’t full of sweetness and light and
gentlemen standing up when ladies come into the room.
from The Old Jest

Jennifer Johnston
1930–
The first fact of life you have to grasp if you want to get
anywhere at all is that life isn’t full of sweetness and light and
gentlemen standing up when ladies come into the room.
from The Old Jest

Eavan Boland
1944–
Like oil lamps we put them out the back,
of our houses, of our minds.
from The Emigrant Irish

Anne Enright
1962–
There are so few people given us to love.
I want to tell my daughters this, that each time you fall in love
it is important, even at nineteen. Especially at nineteen.
from The Gathering

Irish Writers

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Acknowledgments: