

**DRAMATIC  
LEGENDS. AND  
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649500314

Dramatic Legends. And Other Poems by Padraic Colum

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**PADRAIC COLUM**

**DRAMATIC  
LEGENDS. AND  
OTHER POEMS**



**DRAMATIC LEGENDS  
AND OTHER POEMS**

BY  
PADRAIC COLUM

WILD EARTH  
MOON THE WANDERER, OR THE DESERT  
THE ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS  
AND THE TALE OF TROY  
THE GOLDEN FLEECE  
THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON  
THE CHILDREN OF ODIN  
THE BOY WHO KNEW WHAT THE BIRDS SAID  
THE GIRL WHO SAT BY THE ASHES  
THE BOY APPRENTICED TO AN ENCHANTER  
THE CHILDREN WHO FOLLOWED THE PIPER

**DRAMATIC LEGENDS  
AND OTHER POEMS**

*By*  
**PADRAIC COLUM**

**MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED**  
**ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON**

**1922**

*All rights reserved*

Printed in the United States of America.

COPYRIGHT, 1922,

By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

---

Set up and printed. Published October, 1922.

COWDÉ HART PRESS GREENWICH, CONN.



## DEDICATION

*To M. C. M. C.*

The well—  
They come to it and take  
Their cup-full or their palms-full out of it.

The well—  
Stones are around it, and an elder bush  
Is there; a high rowan tree; and so  
The well is marked.

Who knows  
Whence come the waters? Through what  
passages  
Beneath? From what high tors  
Where forests are? Forests dripping rain!  
Branches pouring to the ground; trunks,  
barks, roots,  
Letting the streamlets down: Through the  
dark earth  
The water flows, and in that secret flood  
That's called a spring, that finds this little  
hollow.

Who knows  
Whence come the waters that fill cup and  
palm?

Sweetheart and comrade, I give you  
The waters' marches and the forest's bound,  
The valley-filling cloud, the trees that set  
The rains beneath their roots, out of this well.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For permission to reprint several of the poems that are in this volume acknowledgments are made to the Editors of

POETRY, Chicago; THE NEW REPUBLIC, New York; THE NATION, New York; THE NATION, London; THE THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE, New York; THE MEASURE, New York; THE DIAL, New York; THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and THE YALE REVIEW.