WILD EARTH AND OTHER POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649019458

Wild Earth 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

PADRAIC COLUM

WILD EARTH AND OTHER POEMS

Trieste

WILD EARTH

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

PADRAIC COLUM Author of "Three Plays," "My Irish Year" "The King of Ireland's Son"

Hew Pork THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 1922

All rights reserved

1204 nat.Bit 7-8-25 12065

2

CONTENTS

									1	AGE
THE PLOUGHER .	•		•	•		•	×.	• •		3
A DROVER		3		. 53	13:03			s = s		5
THE FURROW AND TH	ne H	LEAR	TH	*	•		38		5.55	7
WHAT THE SHULLER	SAI	D A		SHE	LAY	BY	THE	FIRE	-	
THE FARMER'S H	ous	R	1	20		1	25	n 1	: 65	10
A CONNACHTMAN				15		it.	15	8 - 2	8.8	13
AN OLD WOMAN OF	THE	Ro	ADS	i			8	8 A		14
A RANN OF EXILE	•	13	\propto	80	(*)					16
A RANN OF WANDER	NG					G.	3	2 e		17
THE BROGAR'S CHILD	200	í.	$\hat{\mathbf{x}}$	8 7	844	•	si	¥ 4	82	18
THE BALLAD OF DOW	NAL	BA	UN	8 98	121		2	8 - A	÷	19
SHE MOVED THROUGH	TH	. F	ADR	8 8	(ii)	•		2 2	18	26
ACROSS THE DOOR				1			4			27
A CRADLE SONG	•	27 28	*		V0227		•			28
No Child			*		1000					29
INTERIOR		*	÷		1040					30
THREE SPINNING SON	GS :									
The Lannan Sh	ee			82	0.00		32	2 - s	.	31
An Island Spin	_	So	ng	비율			• *			33
Carricknabauna			1				1		6	34
STORIES	•	÷	÷	\$ 5	1225	2	3	÷.	5.5	35
THE TERRIBLE ROBBER	M			3			<u>ا</u>		10	37
AN DRINAUN DONN					(e.)		4			38
POLONIUS AND THE B	ALLA	10 S	IN	ans :						
Cruckaunfinn					9250					40
The Hawk-ques			aid	1.8	1.		λ.	8 (s)		41
The Baltimore	Exi	le	۰.		0.00		•	8 (198)		42
			۲	8						

Contents

582

.

THE SEA BIRD TO	THE	W.	AVE		53		•::	1. .				44	x
THE WAYFARER:													1111
The Trees		¥.,	•	•	3				14	1		45	h
Christ the (Com	rad			2						12	45	1
The Captive	AI	che		•	39		98	190	29			46	
Triumphator	78		83		2		53	3.0	27	25	20	46	
GARADE		*	×s.			\mathbf{x}	•	. 63		\mathbf{x}		47	
"I SHALL NOT D	12 7	OR '	THE	E "		8	80	•				48	
OLD MEN COMPLA	INI	NG	5			*	83	1987)	() ,		•	50	
GIRLS SPINNING		۲	3 3	1.1	12		$\widetilde{\mathbf{x}}$		34	$\widetilde{\mathbf{A}}$	÷	53	
DERMOTT DONN M	ACN	OR	A			\odot	3 0		54			58	
A POOR SCHOLAR O) 7 T	HE .	For	TE9	53	8	•	í.	22			59	
A BALLAD MARKE						1						бі	
An Idyle .			•2		÷.			•	12 1			63	
ARAB SONGS :													
Umimah											۲	65	
The Gadfly		÷	. K.,	•						÷.	1	66	
The Parrot	and	the	Fal	con	Sik ((*	•		24		•	67	
RIVER MATES	÷	ί¥.	•	3 1 3		*	3 3	18	100	38		69	x
FOR MORTYDO			25									70	4

3

vi

+3

WILD EARTH AND OTHER POEMS

63

3 - 9

62 (2) $\widetilde{\mathbf{c}}$.

1

THE PLOUGHER

SUNSET and silence! A man: around him earth savage, earth broken;

Beside him two horses-a plough!

٠

Earth savage, earth broken, the brutes, the dawn man there in the sunset,

And the Plough that is twin to the Sword, that is founder of cities!

"Brute-tamer, plough-maker, earth-breaker! Can'st hear? There are ages between us.

"Is it praying you are as you stand there alone in the sunset?

"Surely our sky-born gods can be naught to you, earth child and earth master?

"Surely your thoughts are of Pan, or of Wotan, or Dana?

"Yet, why give thought to the gods? Has Pan led your brutes where they stumble?

"Has Dana numbed pain of the child-bed, or Wotan put hands to your plough?

Wild Earth

3

- "What matter your foolish reply! O, man, standing lone and bowed earthward,
- "Your task is a day near its close. Give thanks to the night-giving God."

Slowly the darkness falls, the broken lands blend with the savage;

The brute-tamer stands by the brutes, a head's breadth only above them.

A head's breadth? Ay, but therein is hell's depth, and the height up to heaven,

And the thrones of the gods and their halls, their chariots, purples, and splendors.