

GODS AND DEVILS

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Gods and devils by John Russell McCarthy

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JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

**GODS
AND DEVILS**

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By

JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY



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GODS AND DEVILS

THE WAY OF A MAID

*The soul-stuff that is God and hope
And song and all strange hidden things,—
Is one with creeping-things that grope,
And one with birds on fairy wings.*

*The soul-stuff—that is dream and song—
Dwells in no certain biding-place;
Where great Orion strides along
It is, and in the dewy face*

*Of violets, and in the grim
Heart of the mountain peak it lies—
This soul-stuff that is one with Him,
And His created thing that dies.*

*And when the soul-stuff would be gay,
It fashions for its mood a rose,
And through the glories of a day
With beauty for a gown it goes.*

*Or when the soul-stuff would be proud,
And grand and awful in its pride,
It builds a mountain crowned with cloud
With forests growing on its side.*

*And when 'twould preach a homily
Of wisdom for small men to hear
(We little men who cannot see!)
It broods and speaks through some great seer.*

*But when the soul-stuff, weary grown
Of paltry things, would have delight—
Would have at once a heart of stone
And youth, desire and beauty bright—*

*Would be beloved and hated too,
Be fickle, sweet and unafraid—
It smiles and sings quite happy through
The bright eyes of a maid.*