Irish Review (Dublin)

The Peasant

Author(s): Daniel Corkery

Source: *The Irish Review (Dublin)*, Vol. 2, No. 20 (Oct., 1912), p. 411

Published by: [Irish Review \(Dublin\)](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/30062865>

Accessed: 16/06/2014 16:49

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at
<http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Irish Review (Dublin) is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The Irish Review (Dublin)*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

THE CRUDE RHYME OF THE TINKER'S WIFE

She made another fire of sticks,
And waiting for his other kicks,
Thought strangely, the poor tinker's wife
On all the curious things of life.

THE PEASANT

By DANIEL CORKERY

'Tis time he left the furrow
And watered his tired horses,
For day is gone, and twilight
Thrusts out a steel-bright star.

Earth-bowed, his knotted body
Is broken from his labour;
And night-time brings for revel
The lapse of dreamless sleep!

Bronze-dark, his sullen figure
Moves on as towards rebellion;
And, though the beast of burden
Trudges the self-same way.

My spirit, when he passes,
Trembling to vanished musics,
Sits crouched beneath the lintel
Of Life's most secret shrine.

Slow, slow, the poplar's shadow
Veers round the golden stubble;
And slowly creep the fancies
Athwart the peasant's brain;

Yet oft his farthest dreaming
Is in his life's blood nurtured
To rich and sudden harvest
Of gold-red, passionate fruit.

For this the light of morning,
The twilight's grave fulfilment,
The psalmody of starshine
Around him journey on.