All Ireland Review

Poems

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Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 1, No. 30 (Jul. 28, 1900), p. 5

Published by: [All Ireland Review](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20544853>

Accessed: 21/06/2014 13:25

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POEMS---By Paul Cregan.

PAN.

I have not built a stately church of stone,
Nor painted effigies of sainted men,
For God hath made His chancel in the glen,
And on the mountains reared His earthly throne.

With reverent steps I walk the woodland ways;
Methinks in some sequestered nook and dim
I might by chance come face to face with Him,
And in hushed accents murmur out my praise.

I hear Him in the beating of the sea,
I see Him in the lifting of the cloud,
And in the city ways, among the crowd,
His presence is a veiled mystery.

THE LONELY ONES.

They glide like ghosts upon the common way,
And pace unseen the crowded walks of men,
And no man heedeth if they go or stay—
The lonely ones, whom God hath in His ken.

There is no man hath mingled hearts with these,
Nor woman welcomed with a smile of light,
There is no home of twilight prayer and ease
For those whom God hath fashioned in despite.

Alone they move; amid the anxious throng
Who buy and sell and barter and are bought,
Their souls are all one sacramental song,
Though God alone doth keep them in His thought.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

Yes, let us laugh, the world is mad;
'Twere deeper folly to be sane;
And when the heart is worn and sad,
We yet may laugh at our own pain.

Enough! Enough! The weary days
But lead and follow, hour on hour;
Why should we puzzle o'er the maze
But laugh alike in sun and shower?

Yes, let us laugh, for laugh we must;
Hoarse laughter suits these arid years!
Ah, God! o'er faith and honor's dust
Our laughter well may close in tears.

WEARY.

All the hours are leaden-hearted,
All the days are heavy-eyed,
All the love of life departed,
Hope and faith, and joy and pride.

All the weight of time oppresses
Weary, weary heart and brain:
Each to-morrow but new-dresses
Yesterday's dry bones again.

Coiled within the heart's red kernel
Thought, the canker-serpent, lies,
And he whispers, 'Tis eternal,
Day succeeds the day that flies.

HEART OF MAN.

O troublous, worn, insatiate heart of man,
A thousand thrones have toppled to thy pride,
And ere the dawn of elder night began
A thousand lovers loved and lost and died.

Age after age the world grows old and grey,
And mortal hopes and longing end in ruth;
Thou as the labouring centuries wend their way
Growest to beauty and immortal youth.

THE MAGIC ISLES.

In the isle of Bright-Seeing
Are castles of flame,
And sorrow and dreeing
Are only a name.

In the isle of Sweet-Hearing
A lark in the air
Is silent with nearing
The fountain of prayer.

In the isle of Deep-Slumber
Is the twilight for aye,
And hosts beyond number
There slumber away.

TITAN.

Ah, God! that the grave and the pure,
The high and the holiest thought,
Should quicken the pain we endure;
Life-wine with the death-poison fraught!

That the being that liveth in man—
The Vision, the Beauty, the Song—
Should embitter his day's little span
With knowledge of right and of wrong!

To the world-mart as slaves must we bear
The soul, and the hopes of the soul?
Must the spirit of man never dare
But to burrow in earth like a mole?

Shall the best that we have or we know
Still bow to the things of a day?
Is my soul but a mirror to show
How bitter the triumph of clay?

"FOR WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS."

When I go to the land where my dear ones reside
in the silence afar,
To the land of their joy that my eyes may behold
not by day nor by night—
Not till time and eternity mingle for me will I speed
to their star—
Shall I know then, my dear ones, afar in their
beautiful city of light?

For I think that the breath of the Lord from their
brows will have blown all the care—
Though with care and with grief on their brows
do I see them at night in my dream—
Not the brows that I knew will be theirs, nor the
eyes that I love, nor the hair,
But the eyes and the brows will be calmer, the
hair of a lovelier gleam.

I would weep for the thought, but my woe is too
tender for tears to condole:
O, beloved of my soul! will your souls be the dear
ones I knew them of old?
Should I miss you, my loves! then your heaven were
as hell to my soul,
For the cool of its twilight would scorch me, its
warmth would be cold.

INCHIUEEN.

The calling of the birds from Inchiueen,
The music of the rushes, and the play
Of waters through the sedges, tall and green,
Are with me 'neath the stars, and through the day.

And up from every dun and faery place
I hear the calling of the little birds,
And where the silver waves each other chase
The voice of waters singing without words.

TWILIGHT SONGS.

TWILIGHT.

A pearly mist on the hill,
But dusk in the vale below,
And, afar on the waters, still
A solemn chancel glow.

There were citron lights in the sky,
And a yellow clover hue,
For the eyes of the stars were nigh,
And the cooling lips of the dew.

And up from the valley came
The whisper of twilight prayer,
And the hills were wrapt in flame,
For the touch of a God was there.

THE MYSTIC MUSIC.

I watch the visions rise and fade,
And see the Hosts afar,
While every faery hill and glade
Is lightsome as a star.

A voice of sweetness on the gale,
The sound of elfin bells,
And all the budding stars grow pale
While the long music swells.

I do not know what shapes there be,
Nor whose the honeyed voice;
Enough for me to be and see,
To hearken and rejoice.