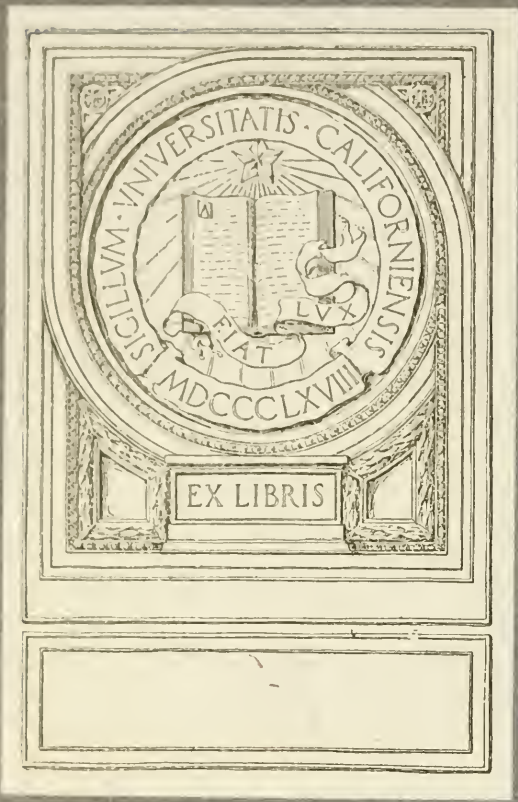


UC-NRLF



B 4 100 506



EX LIBRIS





EARTH OF CUALANN

*500 Copies of this edition  
Printed, of which this is  
No. 467.*

Printed by George Roberts, Dublin

EARTH OF CUALANN  
BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL  
WITH TWENTY-ONE DESIGNS  
BY THE AUTHOR

MAUNSEL AND COMPANY, LTD.  
DUBLIN AND LONDON. 1917





PR 6005  
A414 E3  
1917  
MAIN

TO THE MEMORY OF  
THAT KNIGHT OF GOD

*Gaph dúain dot cheird inar ndáil:  
Ní huair d'fheirg no d'iomarbháidh.*

Sing a song of thy craft to us:  
It is no time for wrath or conflict.

—*Duanaire Fhinn.*

## NOTE

**T**HE ancient district of Cualann belonged, for the most part, to the County of Wicklow, but it spread north and north-west to within a short distance of Dublin. Loch Donn—or Domhain, as some think, for it is very deep—and the Hostel of Da Derga would mark its extreme limits. Wild and unspoilt, a country of cairn-crowned hills and dark, watered valleys, it bears even to this day something of the freshness of the heroic dawn. Wandering in any field of it, one can still hear Fionn's command to Oisín: "Hold the chase of Laighen of sword-blades, of Osraighe and of Sliabh Cualann." It is out of this country that this book has sprung.

Acknowledgments are due to the Editors of the *Nation* and the *New Statesman* for permission to reprint some of the poems.

## CONTENTS

	Page
EARTH OF CUALANN	3
AT DAWN	5
DAYS	9
THE WELCOME	13
ANTIPHON: AT BEALTAINE	15
LAEG	19
THE STRANGER	21
BY THE BRINK OF WATER	25
SHEEP	27
THE DEAD	29
LOCH DONN	31
AT A TIME OF GREAT WIND	35
THE MOON	39
THE REVEALER	41
THE CUCKOO'S STREET	43
HOW STILL THE NIGHT	45
AT SAMHAIN	47

## CONTENTS

	Page
SAIL ANSWERS SAIL	51
THE HILLS OF CUALANN	53
AT DARKFALL	55
RAVEN'S ROCK	59





## EARTH OF CUALANN

**T**HIS grey earth is holy,  
From the sun-stones of Mashóg  
To the seven eyes of the rainbow  
In the still water of Téa.

The burning inn at the crossways,  
The fian tracking the boar,  
The queen riding northward  
With her horseboys and women—  
Are the thought in your heart,  
The earth under your feet.





## AT DAWN

SLEEP, grey brother of death,  
Has touched me,  
And passed on.

I arise, facing the east—  
Golden termon  
From which light,  
Signed with dew and fire,  
Dances.

Hail, essence, hail !  
Fill the windows of my soul  
With beauty :  
Pierce and renew my bones :  
Pour knowledge into my heart  
As water  
From a quenchless spring.

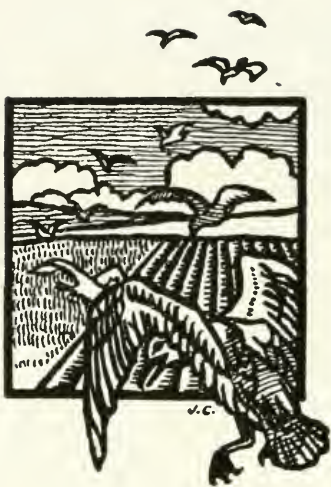
Cualann is bright before thee.  
Its rocks melt and swim :  
The secret they have kept  
From ancient nights of darkness  
Flies like a bird.

What mourns ?  
Cualann's secret flying,  
A lost voice  
In lonely fields.

What rejoices ?  
My song lifted praising thee.

Praise ! Praise ! Praise !  
Praise out of tubas, whose bronze  
Is the unyoked strength of bulls ;  
Praise upon harps, whose strings  
Are the light movements of birds ;  
Praise of leaf, praise of blossom ;  
Praise of the red, human clay ;  
Praise of grass,  
Fire-woven veil of the temple ;  
Praise of the shapes of clouds ;  
Praise of the shadows of wells ;  
Praise of worms, of fœtal things,  
And of the things in time's thought  
Not yet begotten—  
To thee, queller of sleep,  
Looser of the snare of death.





## DAYS

*T*HE days of my life  
Come and go.

One is a black valley,  
Rising to blue goat-parks  
On the crowns of distant hills.  
I hear the falling of water  
And the whisper of ferns' tongues,  
And, still more, I hear  
The silence.

One is a moon,  
Distorted, cold—  
A window without light.  
The rain pits the rock-face.  
The beeches cast their deadness  
Into the sea.

One is a cloud of gulls  
Over a plough.  
The sun-married air  
Is filled with their wings and their  
crying.

Slowly, slowly,  
The lea breaks  
In deep furrows of red.

*The days of my life  
Come and go.*







## THE WELCOME

**B**LESSED the Hand  
That set a new moon on the hill for me,  
And hung the night with stars—  
With white festoons of stars—  
Looped from the corners of the world.



## ANTIPHON : AT BEALTAINÉ

**T**HE mind of man is a door :  
A song will open, or close it.

*A song will open, or close it.*

Mother of Songs, secret mother,  
Sitting by the reeded banks of bright waters,  
Open, thou, our minds.

*Open, thou, our minds.*

We see clearly, and not darkly.  
The clouds have crowned us with mitres of  
understanding.  
The ferns have set their gold croziers in  
our hands.  
We are shepherds of thoughts.

*We are shepherds of thoughts.*

Death cannot touch us.  
His quiver is arrowless against us.

Moon is our breathing, and sun the  
beating of our hearts.

We live for ever.

*We live for ever.*

For ever through time,  
And through the life that is not time,  
But an endless folding and unfolding.





## LAEG

**C**UCHULLAIN, sitting at a feast,  
Said to his servant, Laeg :  
Go out.

Search the stars of the air,  
And tell me when midnight comes.

*I have searched the stars of the air.  
I have seen the Moon, only a day old ;  
The blue Spear of Aonghus above the  
wood ;  
Dias, the Wheat-Ear, in the Gleaner's  
hand ;  
The Breasts of Credhe ;  
The Three Leaps of the Doe ;—  
But midnight found me asleep.*

You are drunk, Laeg.

*Not drunk with common ale, Cuchullain,  
But with a headier brew—  
The white mead of the stars.  
Subtler it is than a woman's look,  
Softer than the crying of April lambs,  
Sweeter than ling honey.*

A poet makes a poor servant, Laeg.





## THE STRANGER

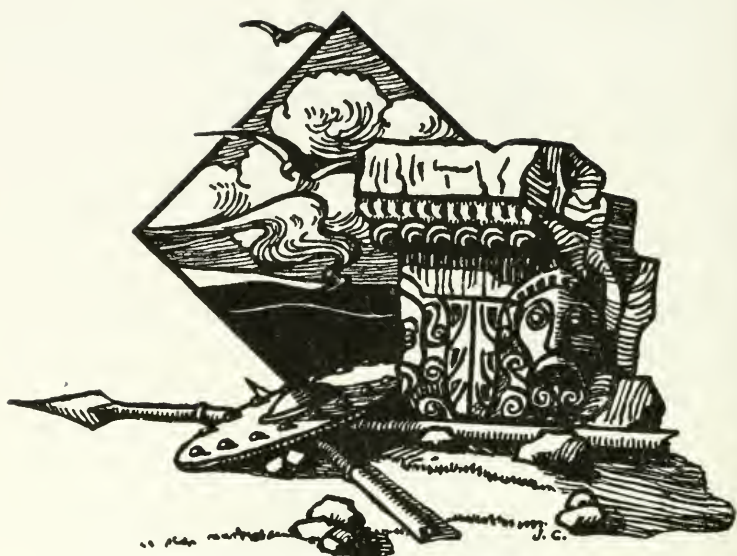
**W**HENCE comes the stranger  
That with hoarse, lifted throat  
Threatens the fields?

Night's darkness,  
And the darkness of mystery,  
Cover him, as in a tent of two hides.

At twilight  
I looked through the windows of  
my body,  
And, lo! the sheaves scattered  
And the rooted trees uptorn.

His feet are flails of iron :  
What he has threshed  
Only the birds of the air will gather.  
Bedstraw and branch  
Will lie, and rot, and dig unseen graves.

The wind blows where it wills  
(The Gift of Heaven wrote it in Patmos).  
I hear the sound thereof,  
But cannot tell whence it comes  
Or whither it will go.



## THE STRANGER

**W**HENCE comes the stranger  
That with hoarse, lifted throat  
Threatens the fields?

Night's darkness,  
And the darkness of mystery,  
Cover him, as in a tent of two hides.

At twilight  
I looked through the windows of  
my body,  
And, lo! the sheaves scattered  
And the rooted trees uptorn.

His feet are flails of iron :  
What he has threshed  
Only the birds of the air will gather.  
Bedstraw and branch  
Will lie, and rot, and dig unseen graves.

The wind blows where it wills  
(The Gift of Heaven wrote it in Patmos).  
I hear the sound thereof,  
But cannot tell whence it comes  
Or whither it will go.

War rides, without thought,  
On a pale horse  
Through quiet places.  
His banners are smoking torches,  
His trumpets blow horribly.

He reaps a red harvest,  
But not with the crooks of sickles.  
The swaths fall slowly,  
And the wings of vultures shadow them.

Love is a lamb, for weakness ;  
Kin a dove, for sorrow ;  
Peace the silence of a song.

He thunders,  
And the suckling's cry is not heard :  
He casts his lightning,  
And flame breaks from the roofbeam :  
He shakes the earth,  
And the stones of the altar are dust.

At dawn  
I looked through the windows of my  
spirit,  
And, lo ! a sower had passed,  
Sowing.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,  
Neither are your ways my ways,  
Saith the Lord.





BY THE BRINK OF WATER

**B**LACK bog-mould,  
The fledged green of young ferns,  
And water covered with brooklime.

Water covered with brooklime—  
The cup-bearers of Conarí  
Thought that a drink  
Worthy a High King.





## SHEEP

**T**HE sheep beat a track over the  
mountain,  
And men, sheep-like, follow  
them.

Who is there with heart enough  
To beat a track for himself?

Not the strongest,  
Not the wisest,  
Not the most proud.



## THE DEAD

**T**HE shadow stirs on the moondial:  
Nuts drop from heavy hazel boughs.  
*Only the dead are quiet.*

Water, without end,  
Springs in the dark hollow of stone.  
*Only the dead are quiet.*

Thought will not sleep,  
Or, sleeping, talks to itself like a tired child.  
*Only the dead are quiet.*



## LOCH DONN

*BEAUTY* has brought me many lovers,  
But only to you have I given love.

Your eyes are moonbows,  
Your breasts, white sands,  
Your thoughts,  
Fishes leaping from the silence of brown  
    water.  
Tell me your secret,  
For love is a secret unmasked.

*I am old.*

Old?—  
This rowan mouth?  
This sedge-dark hair?  
These mists folding you as a queen is folded?  
These lilies at your feet?

*Older than Cailleach Bheara,*  
*Who knew seven tides of life.*  
*I have known but one, and it has never ebbed :*



AT A TIME OF GREAT  
WIND

**T**HE hounds of the sky are out,  
Giving fearful tongue :  
The Black Hound of the North,  
The Pale Hound of the West,  
And, yoked together with chains  
Of hammered *findruine*,  
Ciar and Liath.  
They are fiercest and loudest,  
Leading with frothy jaws  
And level, straining tails  
The Purple Hound of the East.  
Alod and Temin follow,  
Bred in desolate hills  
Between the East and the North ;  
And, snarling on their heels,  
Bui and Derg and Glas  
And Uaine, the whelps  
Of the White Bitch of the South.

Stars and clouds and waters  
Fly cowering before them,  
But they are not the quarry.—  
What is it they hunt  
In the groaning wood of night ?







## THE MOON

**T**HE moon climbs and climbs,  
Till it is no bigger  
Than a moon-penny.  
Darkness and the hills lie together  
As in a bed,  
Sleeping lovers.



## THE REVEALER

**N**OT by prayers, not by songs  
Are men reborn,  
But by sacrifice.  
Sacrifice is the revealer :  
We see all things clearly  
In the glazed mirror of blood.



## THE CUCKOO'S STREET

*OUT of sedgy fields  
I came on Sráid-na-Cuacha.*

What did you see there ?

*Castles white with lime ;  
Cuckoos in gold cages,  
And black queens feeding them ;  
Trees dropping moons  
Into vats of mead ;  
A goat-fair,—goats  
Whose horns were double rainbows ;  
Goatherds fiddling,  
Naked babies dancing ;  
Jugglers throwing gourds  
Through the rings of brooches ;  
Old Father Time  
Sitting drunken on a stone.*

*Out of Sráid-na-Cuacha  
I came on ferny hills.*





## HOW STILL THE NIGHT

**H**OW still the night !  
The air, a fragrance fallen  
from unseen wings ;  
The pine-trunks, stones of some dark  
and secret temple ;  
Venus, a lantern burning without flame.

But my soul is not still.  
The wind blows bitterly ;  
The pines groan on their rock-nourished  
roots ;  
The stars are blotted out.



## AT SAMHAIN

**E**ARTH travails,  
Like a woman come to her time.

The swaying corn-haulms  
In the heavy places of the field  
Cry to be gathered.  
Apples redden, and drop from their rods.  
Out of their sheath of prickly leaves  
The marrows creep, fat and white.  
The blue pallor of ripeness  
Comes on the fruit of the vine.

Fecund and still fecund  
After æons of bearing :  
Not old, not dry, not wearied out ;  
But fresh as when the unseen Right Hand  
First moved on Brí,  
And the candle of day was set,  
And dew fell from the stars' feet,  
And cloths of greenness covered thee.

Let me kiss thy breasts :  
I am thy son and lover.

Womb-fellow am I of the sunburnt wheat,  
Friendly gossip of the mearings ;  
Womb-fellow of the dark and sweet-  
scented apple ;  
Womb-fellow of the gourd and of the  
grape :  
Like begotten, like born.

And yet,  
Without a lover's knowledge of thy secrets  
I would walk the ridges of the hills,  
Kindless and desolate.

What is the storm-driven moon to me,  
Seed of another father ?  
What the flooding of the well of dawn ?  
What the hollow, red with rowan fire ?  
What the king-fern ?  
What the belled heath ?  
What the spread of heron's wing,  
Or glint of spar  
Caught from the pit  
Of a deserted quarry ?

Let me kiss thy breasts :  
I am thy son and lover.





## SAIL ANSWERS SAIL

**S**AIL answers sail through walls of water  
and darkness ;  
The Arab lays his ear to the red sand  
of the desert, and listens ;  
The moon says to the neap and the spring,  
“ Thus far.”

The sap in the pine-root stirs to the crook  
of an invisible finger ;  
The man finds the woman, though colours  
and tongues are between them ;  
The lightning its mark from blind abysses  
of sky.

Through all things—the heart’s beat, the  
ichor of wounds,  
The dug fossil, the cry of the lamb to the  
ewe—  
Moves the first cause, the ancient spirit of  
God.





## THE HILLS OF CUALANN

**I**N the youth of summer  
The hills of Cualann  
Are two golden horns,  
Two breasts of childing,  
Two tents of light.

In the age of winter  
They are two rusted swords,  
Two waves of darkness,  
Two moons of ice.



## AT DARKFALL

**N**OW on shadowy horses  
The kings of darkness  
Ride against the kings of light.

Their crowns are hooded,  
Their weapons hidden :  
Only a cloud-diviner would know them.

They are of the race of Ham and Fomor,  
Of smiths and goat-heads—  
Brood of evil.

From glens come they,  
Out of caves and *sídh*-mounds,  
And the dead hollows of the hills.

Bind fast about us the Druids' knot,  
The fence of fire,  
The cloak of concealment.

They throw reeds of madness in our faces;  
They blind us with wisps  
Of ravens' feathers.

Calrai is a fog, and Dúas a vapour,  
The road of Leacan  
A stream of smoke.

The sun is trodden out in the press of  
battle ;  
The wind is a whistling  
Of stones and arrows.

Darker, darker, darker, darker—  
Dragons' heads  
Have the kings of darkness.

Fainter, fainter, fainter, fainter—  
Beetles' eyes  
Look through their helms.

No sword is forged in fire of sunrise,  
Or fire of sunset,  
To stand against them.





## RAVEN'S ROCK

**T**HE line of the hills is a song.  
Abhna, Aa-na-craebhi,  
Places of trees and rivers,  
Praise God with their sweetness.  
The lake shines, darker than a  
hound's eye.

On the stones  
The shadows of fern-stalks  
Write secretly in ogham.  
The rainbows build their towers,  
And pull them down again.  
A cloud comes,  
And out of it a sun-stained man.

Who is it that is coming?

*Cumhall's son, of the sídh of Almhain.  
The Red Spears are no more:  
They have gone from the bright world.*

Who is the grey head that follows?

*I came over sea ;  
I freed Fál from her bondage ;  
I blessed the fountain ;  
I walk now bodiless.*

Who passes, crowned with a crown?

*A knitter of warring rules,  
A maker of circuits,  
A giver of gold :  
Slain at last on the still edge of battle.*

Who is the boy on horseback?

*No stranger to this glen.  
Through snowdrifts they hunted me,  
As the lame wolf is hunted.*

Who is he, pale and bloody from  
a wound?

*When the wild geese cry, the west listens.  
I died not for my own,  
But my own love me.*



Who is the young man with sad  
dreams?

*The weavers of green cloth,  
The beaters of pikes may tell you.  
You will not see my name cut on a grave.*

Who is the proud, bearded man?

*Shorn by a woman of kingship,  
Thus far have I led you,  
But set no mark to your journey.*

Who are the marching fianna?

*Ask the spring,  
The summer torrent that wept us.  
If we are dead, it is for the great love  
We bore the Gael.*

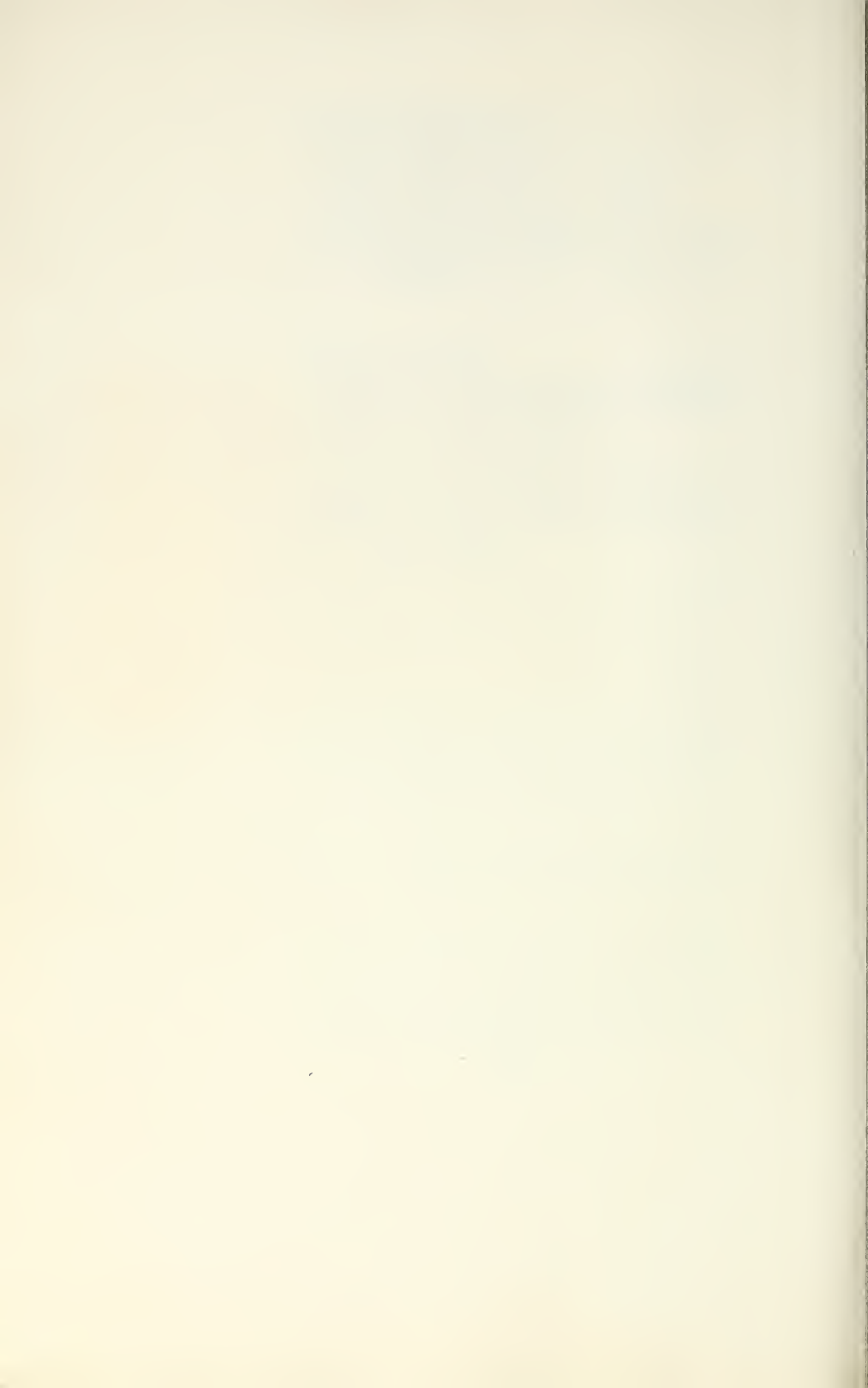
Who is the tall prisoner?

*I go to the rope and the quicklime.  
They have no hands that would  
deliver me—  
O Christ of Nazareth ! no hands.*

The cloud lightens :  
The vision is gone.  
Dúas, like a woman's nipple,  
Bares itself in beauty.  
The lake shines, whiter than honey-  
comb.

On the stones  
The ferns, with moveless strokes,  
Write the saga of time.  
The rainbow-branches bud,  
And flower, and wither again.  
Silent, the earth waits the hour of  
her travail.







IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW  
AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

APR 10 1933

APR 22 1933

REC'D LD

MAR 12 1961

REC'D LD

JUL 15 1970 58

JUL 15 70 -8 PM 5 9

AUG 24 1970 5

OCT 19 2003

LD 21-50m-1,'33

U C BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C055219717

401547

*Cambridge*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

