

Classic Poetry Series

Alice Guerin Crist

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Afterglow

A magic wrought of dying dreams
A wizard light that creeps and glows;
Painting grey hills and sluggish streams
In tints of gold and rose

Staining with fire the cherry-snow
Lighting our hearts with sudden flame
As if the love of long ago
Back from its ashes came

Rose-flushed and radiant everything
And joy and hope are born anew;
Even the darting swallow's wing
Has caught its glowing hue

Ah! swift it dies from hill and plain...
Be wise dear heart and let me go;
Not love that lit our hearts again -
Only it's afterglow!

Alice Guerin Crist

November in Ireland

November days in Ireland
The skies are dull and grey,
But Oh! The clear strong flame of love,
That burns by night and day.
As swift and bright the whispered prayers fly to the Heavens O'erhead,
From faithful hearts in Ireland, remembering their dead.

No primroses or cowslips now,
But cold November rain,
No hawthorns in the hedges,
Till Spring comes round again,
But roses bloom in chapels lone and cabins far apart
Dear rosaries of remembrance said to Mary's loving heart.

"For all the Holy Souls we pray,
God give them peace and light
For the brave boys that died for us,
We pray both day and night.
We can feel their presence near us-we can hear their voices call,
For the dead folk in Ireland are the 'lifest' of us all"

November days in Ireland
Are just one round of prayer,
Of loving help, and sacrifice,
For those who claim our care.
And Oh! Look up with hope to Heaven: the starry, shining dome,
Is vibrant with the beating wings of glad souls going home.

Alice Guerin Crist

Old Tin Liz

We have scrubbed, and scoured and polished, till she's looking just like new,
And her good old engines singing, and our hearts are singing too,
While the magpies pipe a chorus, and the air's like a sparkling fizz.
And we're going to the races in the Old Tin Liz.

T'was the first car in the district, how we swelled our chests with pride,
As we asked our poorer neighbours to step up and take a ride,
Now they pass us by, disdainful, in the newest make there is,
Wondering why we cling so faithfully to Old Tin Liz.

When we'd got her, new and shining, Oh the picnics that we had,
Mother shredding all her troubles, Father larking like a lad,
While we youngsters sang in chorus, as our bubbling spirits riz,
Sitting decked with ferns and wattles in the Old Tin Liz.

But when Janey got a snake bite, ah! the terror of that day,
Nothing in the house to cure her, and the doctor miles away,
'Twas then Lizzie showed her mettle. Oh she had a heart of gold
Roaring up those flinty ridges liked a blessed two-year-old.

And the doctor cured our Janey, but the good old car helped too.
She has shared our joys and sorrows, and she's always pulled us through
Carting water in the drought time, pulling cattle from the bogs
Snorting gaily through the paddocks, over stones and stumps and logs.

The the precious hours on sunday-coming home from early Mass,
While the air's all hushed and holy, and the dew's still on the grass,
Sitting reverent and silent, what a blessed time it is:
We are near to Heaven then, in the Old Tin Liz.

Alice Guerin Crist

Resurrection

All rank on rank the tall white lillies stood,
The graceful palms against the rose-flushed sky
Showed gemmed with dew-drops, and red poppies glowed
Through the rank grass near by.

All hushed the air was - rapt and clear and still
The earth, late racked with pain
Felt it's insensate form with rapture thrill
And hope was born again

But in that garden there was silence deep,
All nature waited - till a ringing cry
'Rabboni! Master!' cleft the dewey air,
And swift the listening sky

Flashed into splendour, and the sun leaped up
And all creation thrilled with joy new-born
Hailing Our risen Lord with ecstasy
On that first Easter morn.

Alice Guerin Crist