



THE CROCK OF GOLD

JAMES STEPHENS

Global Grey ebooks

THE CROCK OF GOLD

BY
JAMES STEPHENS

1912

The Crock of Gold by James Stephens.

This edition was created and published by Global Grey

©GlobalGrey 2018



globalgreyebooks.com

CONTENTS

BOOK 1. THE COMING OF PAN

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

BOOK 2. THE PHILOSOPHER'S JOURNEY

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

BOOK 3. THE TWO GODS

Chapter 12

BOOK 4. THE PHILOSOPHER'S RETURN

Chapter 13

BOOK 5. THE POLICEMEN

Chapter 14

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

BOOK 6. THE THIN WOMAN'S JOURNEY AND THE HAPPY MARCH

Chapter 17

Chapter 18

comes speedily. The bees are gathering honey in the sunlight, the midges dance together, and the great bull bellows across the river. The crow says a word to his brethren, and the wren snuggles her young in the hedge.... Come to us, ye lovers of life and happiness. Hold out thy hand—a brother shall seize it from afar. Leave the plough and the cart for a little time: put aside the needle and the awl—Is leather thy brother, O man?... Come away! come away! from the loom and the desk, from the shop where the carcasses are hung, from the place where raiment is sold and the place where it is sewn in darkness: O bad treachery! Is it for joy you sit in the broker's den, thou pale man? Has the attorney enchanted thee?... Come away! for the dance has begun lightly, the wind is sounding over the hill, the sun laughs down into the valley, and the sea leaps upon the shingle, panting for joy, dancing, dancing, dancing for joy....”

They swept through the goat tracks and the little boreens and the curving roads. Down to the city they went dancing and singing; among the streets and the shops telling their sunny tale; not heeding the malignant eyes and the cold brows as the sons of Balor looked sideways. And they took the Philosopher from his prison, even the Intellect of Man they took from the hands of the doctors and lawyers, from the sly priests, from the professors whose mouths are gorged with sawdust, and the merchants who sell blades of grass—the awful people of the Fomor... and then they returned again, dancing and singing, to the country of the gods....
