

THE ROMANTICS

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Lines Written in Early Spring

I heard a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;  
And 'tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—  
But the least motion which they made  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
To catch the breezy air;  
And I must think, do all I can,  
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,  
If such be Nature's holy plan,  
Have I not reason to lament  
What man has made of man?

**Wordsworth (cont.)**

**The Tables Turned**

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless –  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things: –  
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;  
Close up those barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

**Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)****Kubla Khan**

*Or, a vision in a dream. A Fragment.*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
     Down to a sunless sea.  
 So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round;  
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momently the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!  
     The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
     Floated midway on the waves;  
     Where was heard the mingled measure  
     From the fountain and the caves.  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

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## Kubla Khan (cont.)

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw:  
 It was an Abyssinian maid  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

## John Keats (1795-1821)

**Bright Star**

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—  
     Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
     Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
 The moving waters at their priestlike task  
     Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
     Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
 No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,  
     Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
     Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

**Keats (cont.)****When I have Fears That I May Cease to Be**

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high-pilèd books, in characterly,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love – then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)****Ozymandias**

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said – “Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal, these words appear:  
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

**Shelley (cont.)****Ode to the West Wind****I**

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

**II**

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh hear!

(cont.)

## Ode to the West Wind (cont.)

**III**

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh hear!

**IV**

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
 Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

**V**

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

## Ode to the West Wind (cont.)

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

**George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824)****She Walks in Beauty**

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

## THE VICTORIANS

### Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)

#### God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
 It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
 It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
 Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?  
 Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
 And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;  
 And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
 Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;  
 There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
 And though the last lights off the black West went  
 Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —  
 Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
 World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

#### The Windhover

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-  
 dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding  
 Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding  
 High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing  
 In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,  
 As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding  
 Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding  
 Stirred for a bird, - the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
 Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion  
 Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion  
 Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,  
 Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

**Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)****Dover Beach**

The sea is calm tonight.  
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
 Upon the straits; on the French coast the light  
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
 Only, from the long line of spray  
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,  
 Listen! you hear the grating roar  
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
 At their return, up the high strand,  
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought  
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
 Of human misery; we  
 Find also in the sound a thought,  
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith  
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
 But now I only hear  
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
 Retreating, to the breath  
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
 To one another! for the world, which seems  
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
 So various, so beautiful, so new,  
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
 And we are here as on a darkling plain  
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

**Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)****The Darkling Thrush**

I leant upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-grey,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings of broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.

1899

**THE MODERNISTS****William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)****To the Rose upon the Rood of Time**

Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!  
 Come near me, while I sing the ancient ways:  
 Cuchulain battling with the bitter tide;  
 The Druid, grey, wood-nurtured, quiet-eyed,  
 Who cast round Fergus dreams, and ruin untold;  
 And thine own sadness, whereof stars, grown old  
 In dancing silver-sandalled on the sea,  
 Sing in their high and lonely melody.  
 Come near, that no more blinded by man's fate,  
 I find under the boughs of love and hate,  
 In all poor foolish things that live a day,  
 Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

Come near, come near, come near – Ah, leave me still  
 A little space for the rose-breath to fill!  
 Lest I no more hear common things that crave;  
 The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,  
 The field-mouse running by me in the grass,  
 And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass;  
 But seek alone to hear the strange things said  
 By God to the bright hearts of those long dead,  
 And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know.  
 Come near; I would, before my time to go,  
 Sing of old Eire and the ancient ways:  
 Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days.

**The Lake Isle of Innisfree**

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
 Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,  
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

**Sailing to Byzantium****I**

That is no country for old men. The young  
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,  
– Those dying generations – at their song,  
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,  
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long  
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.  
Caught in that sensual music all neglect  
Monuments of unageing intellect.

**II**

An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless  
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing  
For every tatter in its mortal dress,  
Nor is there singing school but studying  
Monuments of its own magnificence;  
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come  
To the holy city of Byzantium.

**III**

O sages standing in God's holy fire  
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,  
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,  
And be the singing-masters of my soul.  
Consume my heart away; sick with desire  
And fastened to a dying animal  
It knows not what it is; and gather me  
Into the artifice of eternity.

**IV**

Once out of nature I shall never take  
My bodily form from any natural thing,  
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make  
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling  
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;  
Or set upon a golden bough to sing  
To lords and ladies of Byzantium  
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

**September 1913**

What need you, being come to sense,  
But fumble in a greasy till  
And add the halfpence to the pence  
And prayer to shivering prayer, until  
You have dried the marrow from the bone;  
For men were born to pray and save:  
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,  
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet they were of a different kind,  
The names that stilled your childish play,  
They have gone about the world like wind,  
But little time had they to pray  
For whom the hangman's rope was spun,  
And what, God help us, could they save?  
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,  
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread  
The grey wing upon every tide;  
For this that all that blood was shed,  
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,  
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,  
All that delirium of the brave?  
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,  
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet could we turn the years again,  
And call those exiles as they were  
In all their loneliness and pain,  
You'd cry, 'Some woman's yellow hair  
Has maddened every mother's son':  
They weighed so lightly what they gave.  
But let them be, they're dead and gone,  
They're with O'Leary in the grave.

**T. S. Eliot (1888-1965)****Aunt Helen**

Miss Helen Slingsby was my maiden aunt,  
 And lived in a small house near a fashionable square  
 Cared for by servants to the number of four.  
 Now when she died there was silence in heaven  
 And silence at her end of the street.  
 The shutters were drawn and the undertaker wiped his feet —  
 He was aware that this sort of thing had occurred before.  
 The dogs were handsomely provided for,  
 But shortly afterwards the parrot died too.  
 The Dresden clock continued ticking on the mantelpiece,  
 And the footman sat upon the dining-table  
 Holding the second housemaid on his knees —  
 Who had always been so careful while her mistress lived.

**Hysteria**

As she laughed I was aware of becoming involved in her laughter and being part of it, until her teeth were only accidental stars with a talent for squad-drill. I was drawn in by short gasps, inhaled at each momentary recovery, lost finally in the dark caverns of her throat, bruised by the ripple of unseen muscles. An elderly waiter with trembling hands was hurriedly spreading a pink and white checked cloth over the rusty green iron table, saying: "If the lady and gentleman wish to take their tea in the garden, if the lady and gentleman wish to take their tea in the garden ..." I decided that if the shaking of her breasts could be stopped, some of the fragments of the afternoon might be collected, and I concentrated my attention with careful subtlety to this end.

**Preludes**

**I**  
 The winter evening settles down  
 With smell of steaks in passageways.  
 Six o'clock.  
 The burnt-out ends of smoky days.  
 And now a gusty shower wraps  
 The grimy scraps  
 Of withered leaves about your feet  
 And newspapers from vacant lots;  
 The showers beat  
 On broken blinds and chimney-pots,  
 And at the corner of the street  
 A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.

And then the lighting of the lamps.

## Preludes (cont.)

**II**

The morning comes to consciousness  
 Of faint stale smells of beer  
 From the sawdust-trampled street  
 With all its muddy feet that press  
 To early coffee-stands.  
 With the other masquerades  
 That time resumes,  
 One thinks of all the hands  
 That are raising dingy shades  
 In a thousand furnished rooms.

**III**

You tossed a blanket from the bed,  
 You lay upon your back, and waited;  
 You dozed, and watched the night revealing  
 The thousand sordid images  
 Of which your soul was constituted;  
 They flickered against the ceiling.  
 And when all the world came back  
 And the light crept up between the shutters  
 And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,  
 You had such a vision of the street  
 As the street hardly understands;  
 Sitting along the bed's edge, where  
 You curled the papers from your hair,  
 Or clasped the yellow soles of feet  
 In the palms of both soiled hands.

**IV**

His soul stretched tight across the skies  
 That fade behind a city block,  
 Or trampled by insistent feet  
 At four and five and six o'clock;  
 And short square fingers stuffing pipes,  
 And evening newspapers, and eyes  
 Assured of certain certainties,  
 The conscience of a blackened street  
 Impatient to assume the world.

I am moved by fancies that are curled  
 Around these images, and cling:  
 The notion of some infinitely gentle  
 Infinitely suffering thing.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;  
 The worlds revolve like ancient women  
 Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

**Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)****Dulce et Decorum Est**

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,  
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,  
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling  
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,  
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime. –  
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,  
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,  
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori.*

**W.H. Auden (1907-1973)****Musee des Beaux Arts**

About suffering they were never wrong,  
The old Masters: how well they understood  
Its human position: how it takes place  
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;  
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting  
For the miraculous birth, there always must be  
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating  
On a pond at the edge of the wood:  
They never forgot  
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course  
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot  
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse  
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Breughel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away  
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may  
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,  
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone  
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green  
Water, and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen  
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,  
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

**In Memory of W. B. Yeats****I**

He disappeared in the dead of winter:  
 The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,  
 And snow disfigured the public statues;  
 The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.  
 What instruments we have agree  
 The day of his death was a dark cold day.  
 Far from his illness  
 The wolves ran on through the evergreen forests,  
 The peasant river was untempted by the fashionable quays;  
 By mourning tongues  
 The death of the poet was kept from his poems.  
 But for him it was his last afternoon as himself,  
 An afternoon of nurses and rumours;  
 The provinces of his body revolted,  
 The squares of his mind were empty,  
 Silence invaded the suburbs,  
 The current of his feeling failed; he became his admirers.  
 Now he is scattered among a hundred cities  
 And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections,  
 To find his happiness in another kind of wood  
 And be punished under a foreign code of conscience.  
 The words of a dead man  
 Are modified in the guts of the living.  
 But in the importance and noise of to-morrow  
 When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the  
     Bourse,  
 And the poor have the sufferings to which they are fairly  
     accustomed,  
 And each in the cell of himself is almost convinced of his  
     freedom,  
 A few thousand will think of this day  
 As one thinks of a day when one did something slightly unusual.  
 What instruments we have agree  
 The day of his death was a dark cold day.

**II**

You were silly like us; your gift survived it all:  
 The parish of rich women, physical decay,  
 Yourself. Mad Ireland hurt you into poetry.  
 Now Ireland has her madness and her weather still,  
 For poetry makes nothing happen: it survives  
 In the valley of its making where executives  
 Would never want to tamper, flows on south  
 From ranches of isolation and the busy griefs,  
 Raw towns that we believe and die in; it survives,  
 A way of happening, a mouth.

In Memory of W.B. Yeats (cont.)

**III**

Earth, receive an honoured guest:  
William Yeats is laid to rest.  
Let the Irish vessel lie  
Emptied of its poetry.

In the nightmare of the dark  
All the dogs of Europe bark,  
And the living nations wait,  
Each sequestered in its hate;

Intellectual disgrace  
Stares from every human face,  
And the seas of pity lie  
Locked and frozen in each eye.

Follow, poet, follow right  
To the bottom of the night,  
With your unconstraining voice  
Still persuade us to rejoice;

With the farming of a verse  
Make a vineyard of the curse,  
Sing of human unsuccess  
In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart  
Let the healing fountain start,  
In the prison of his days  
Teach the free man how to praise.