

LYRICAL

I sigh that kiss you,
For I must own
That I shall miss you
When you have grown.

10

26 *The Pity of Love*

A pity beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love:
The folk who are buying and selling,
The clouds on their journey above,
The cold wet winds ever blowing,
And the shadowy hazel grove
Where mouse-grey waters are flowing,
Threaten the head that I love.

27 *The Sorrow of Love*

The brawling of a sparrow in the eaves,
The brilliant moon and all the milky sky,
And all that famous harmony of leaves,
Had blotted out man's image and his cry.
A girl arose that had red mournful lips
And seemed the greatness of the world in tears,
Doomed like Odysseus and the labouring ships
And proud as Priam murdered with his peers;
Arose, and on the instant clamorous eaves,
A climbing moon upon an empty sky,
And all that lamentation of the leaves,
Could but compose man's image and his cry.

10

THE ROSE

28 *When You are Old*

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

10

29 *The White Birds*

I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam
of the sea!
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the rim
of the sky,
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may not
die.
A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-dabbled, the lily
and rose;
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor
that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall
of the dew:
For I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering
foam: I and you!

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan
 shore,
 Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come
 near us no more;
 Soon far from the rose and the lily and fret of the flames would
 we be,
 Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the foam
 of the sea!

30 *A Dream of Death*

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
 Near no accustomed hand;
 And they had nailed the boards above her face,
 The peasants of that land,
 Wondering to lay her in that solitude,
 And raised above her mound
 A cross they had made out of two bits of wood,
 And planted cypress round;
 And left her to the indifferent stars above
 Until I carved these words:
*She was more beautiful than thy first love,
 But now lies under boards.*

10

31 *The Countess Cathleen in Paradise*

All the heavy days are over;
 Leave the body's coloured pride
 Underneath the grass and clover,
 With the feet laid side by side.
 Bathed in flaming founts of duty
 She'll not ask a haughty dress;
 Carry all that mournful beauty
 To the scented oaken press.

Did the kiss of Mother Mary
 Put that music in her face?
 Yet she goes with footstep wary,
 Full of earth's old timid grace.
 'Mong the feet of angels seven
 What a dancer, glimmering!
 All the heavens bow down to Heaven,
 Flame to flame and wing to wing.

10

32 *Who goes with Fergus?*

Who will go drive with Fergus now,
 And pierce the deep wood's woven shade,
 And dance upon the level shore?
 Young man, lift up your russet brow,
 And lift your tender eyelids, maid,
 And brood on hopes and fear no more.
 And no more turn aside and brood
 Upon love's bitter mystery;
 For Fergus rules the brazen cars,
 And rules the shadows of the wood,
 And the white breast of the dim sea
 And all dishevelled wandering stars.

10

33 *The Man who dreamed of Faeryland*

He stood among a crowd at Drumahair;
 His heart hung all upon a silken dress,
 And he had known at last some tenderness,
 Before earth took him to her stony care;
 But when a man poured fish into a pile,
 It seemed they raised their little silver heads,
 And sang what gold morning or evening sheds
 Upon a woven world-forgotten isle

