

The Withering of the Boughs

I cried when the moon was murmuring to the
birds,
' Let peewit call and curlew cry where they will,
I long for your merry and tender and pitiful words.
For the roads are unending and there is no place
to my mind.'
The honey-pale moon lay low on the sleepy hill
And I fell asleep upon lonely banks of streams ;
No boughs have withered because of the wintry
wind.
The boughs have withered because I have told
them my dreams.

I know of the leafy paths that the witches take.
Who come with their crowns of pearl and their
spindles of wool,
And their secret smile, out of the depths of the
lake ;
And of apple islands where the Danaan kind
Wind and unwind their dances when the light
grows cool
On the island lawns, their feet where the pale
foam gleams ;
No boughs have withered because of the wintry
wind.
The boughs have withered because I have told
them my dreams.

I know of the sleepy country, where swans fly
round
Coupled with golden chains and sing as they
A king and a queen are wandering there, and the
sound
Has made them so happy and hopeless, so deaf
and so blind
With wisdom, they wander till all the years have
gone by ;

I know, and the curlew and peewit on banks of
streams ;
No boughs have withered because of the wintry
wind.
The boughs have withered because I have told
them my dreams.

In the seven woods: being poems chiefly of the Irish heroic age (1970)

Author: Yeats, W. B. (William Butler), 1865-1939

Publisher: [Shannon, Irish University Press

Year: 1903

Language: English

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Collection : americana

Source : Internet Archive

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2011