

# YEATS WILLIAM BUTLER

SEVEN POEMS AND A  
FRAGMENT

William Butler Yeats

**Seven Poems and a Fragment**

«Public Domain»

**Yeats W.**

Seven Poems and a Fragment / W. Yeats — «Public Domain»,

## Содержание

ALL SOULS' NIGHT	5
SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF A BLACK CENTAUR	8
THOUGHTS UPON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORLD	9
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	10

# William Butler Yeats

## Seven Poems and a Fragment

### ALL SOULS' NIGHT

'Tis All Souls' Night and the great Christ Church bell,  
And many a lesser bell, sound through the room,  
For it is now midnight;  
And two long glasses brimmed with muscatel  
Bubble upon the table. A ghost may come,  
For it is a ghost's right,  
His element is so fine  
Being sharpened by his death,  
To drink from the wine-breath  
While our gross palates drink from the whole wine.

I need some mind that, if the cannon sound  
From every quarter of the world, can stay  
Wound in mind's pondering,  
As mummies in the mummy-cloth are wound;  
Because I have a marvellous thing to say,  
A certain marvellous thing  
None but the living mock,  
Though not for sober ear;  
It may be all that hear  
Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock.

H – 's the first I call. He loved strange thought  
And knew that sweet extremity of pride  
That's called platonic love,  
And that to such a pitch of passion wrought  
Nothing could bring him, when his lady died,  
Anodyne for his love.  
Words were but wasted breath;  
One dear hope had he:  
The inclemency  
Of that or the next winter would be death.

Two thoughts were so mixed up I could not tell  
Whether of her or God he thought the most,  
But think that his mind's eye,  
When upward turned, on one sole image fell,  
And that a slight companionable ghost,  
Wild with divinity,  
Had so lit up the whole  
Immense miraculous house,

The Bible promised us,  
It seemed a gold-fish swimming in a bowl.

On Florence Emery I call the next,  
Who finding the first wrinkles on a face  
Admired and beautiful,  
And knowing that the future would be vexed  
With 'minished beauty, multiplied commonplace,  
Preferred to teach a school,  
Away from neighbour or friend  
Among dark skins, and there  
Permit foul years to wear  
Hidden from eyesight to the unnoticed end.

Before that end much had she ravelled out  
From a discourse in figurative speech  
By some learned Indian  
On the soul's journey. How it is whirled about,  
Wherever the orbit of the moon can reach,  
Until it plunged into the sun;  
And there free and yet fast,  
Being both Chance and Choice,  
Forget its broken toys  
And sink into its own delight at last.

And I call up MacGregor from the grave,  
For in my first hard springtime we were friends,  
Although of late estranged.  
I thought him half a lunatic, half knave,  
And told him so, but friendship never ends;  
And what if mind seem changed,  
And it seem changed with the mind,  
When thoughts rise up unbid  
On generous things that he did  
And I grow half contented to be blind.

He had much industry at setting out,  
Much boisterous courage, before loneliness  
Had driven him crazed;  
For meditations upon unknown thought  
Make human intercourse grow less and less;  
They are neither paid nor praised.  
But he'd object to the host,  
The glass because my glass;  
A ghost-lover he was  
And may have grown more arrogant being a ghost.

But names are nothing. What matter who it be,  
So that his elements have grown so fine

The fume of muscatel  
Can give his sharpened palate ecstasy  
No living man can drink from the whole wine.  
I have mummy truths to tell  
Whereat the living mock,  
Though not for sober ear,  
For maybe all that hear  
Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock.

Such thought – such thought have I that hold it tight  
Till meditation master all its parts,  
Nothing can stay my glance  
Until that glance run in the world's despite  
To where the damned have howled away their hearts,  
And where the blessed dance;  
Such thought, that in it bound  
I need no other thing  
Wound in mind's wandering,  
As mummies in the mummy-cloth are wound.

## **SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF A BLACK CENTAUR**

Your hooves have stamped at the black margin of the wood,  
Even where the horrible green parrots call and swing.  
My works are all stamped down into the sultry mud.  
I knew that horse play, knew it for a murderous thing.  
What wholesome sun has ripened is wholesome food to eat  
And that alone, yet I being driven half insane  
Because of some green wing, gathered old mummy wheat  
In the mad abstract dark and ground it grain by grain  
And after baked it slowly in an oven; but now  
I bring full flavoured wine out of a barrel found  
Where seven Ephesian toppers slept and never knew  
When Alexander's empire past, they slept so sound.  
Stretch out your limbs and sleep a long Saturnian sleep;  
I have loved you better than my soul for all my words,  
And there is none so fit to keep a watch and keep  
Unwearied eyes upon those horrible green birds.



## **THOUGHTS UPON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORLD**

### **I**

Many ingenious lovely things are gone

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.