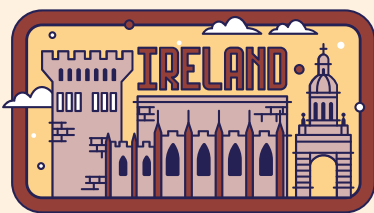


# POESIA AO MEIO DIA

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939)



## THE HOST OF AIR

O' DRISCOLL DROVE WITH A SONG  
THE WILD DUCK AND THE DRAKE  
FROM THE TALL AND THE TUFTED REEDS  
OF THE DREAR HART LAKE.

AND HE SAW HOW THE REEDS GREW DARK  
AT THE COMING OF NIGHT-TIDE,  
AND DREAMED OF THE LONG DIM HAIR  
OF BRIDGET HIS BRIDE.

HE HEARD WHILE HE SANG AND DREAMED  
A PIPER PIPING AWAY,  
AND NEVER WAS PIPING SO SAD,  
AND NEVER WAS PIPING SO GAY.

AND HE SAW YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG GIRLS  
WHO DANCED ON A LEVEL PLACE,  
AND BRIDGET HIS BRIDE AMONG THEM,  
WITH A SAD AND A GAY FACE.

THE DANCERS CROWDED ABOUT HIM  
AND MANY A SWEET THING SAID,  
AND A YOUNG MAN BROUGHT HIM RED WINE  
AND A YOUNG GIRL WHITE BREAD.

BUT BRIDGET DREW HIM BY THE SLEEVE  
AWAY FROM THE MERRY BANDS,  
TO OLD MEN PLAYING AT CARDS  
WITH A TWINKLING OF ANCIENT HANDS.

THE BREAD AND THE WINE HAD A DOOM,  
FOR THESE WERE THE HOST OF THE AIR;  
HE SAT AND PLAYED IN A DREAM  
OF HER LONG DIM HAIR.

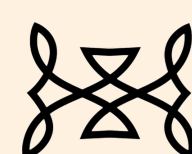
HE PLAYED WITH THE MERRY OLD MEN  
AND THOUGHT NOT OF EVIL CHANCE,  
UNTIL ONE BORE BRIDGET HIS BRIDE  
AWAY FROM THE MERRY DANCE.

HE BORE HER AWAY IN HIS ARMS,  
THE HANDSOMEST YOUNG MAN THERE,  
AND HIS NECK AND HIS BREAST AND HIS ARMS  
WERE DROWNED IN HER LONG DIM HAIR.

O'DRISCOLL SCATTERED THE CARDS  
AND OUT OF HIS DREAM AWOKE:  
OLD MEN AND YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG GIRLS  
WERE GONE LIKE A DRIFTING SMOKE;

BUT HE HEARD HIGH UP IN THE AIR  
A PIPER PIPING AWAY,  
AND NEVER WAS PIPING SO SAD,  
AND NEVER WAS PIPING SO GAY.

*"THE HOST OF THE AIR" IS REPRINTED FROM THE WIND AMONG  
THE REEDS. W.B. YEATS. LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, 1899.  
SOURCE: [HTTPS://WWW.POETRY-  
ARCHIVE.COM/Y/THE\\_HOST\\_OF\\_THE\\_AIR.HTML](https://www.poetry-archive.com/Y/THE_HOST_OF_THE_AIR.HTML)*



## 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

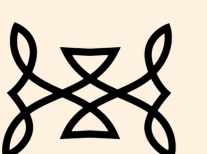
O SAGES STANDING IN GOD'S HOLY FIRE  
AS IN THE GOLD MOSAIC OF A WALL,  
COME FROM THE HOLY FIRE, PERNE IN A GYRE,  
AND BE THE SINGING-MASTERS OF MY SOUL.  
CONSUME MY HEART AWAY; SICK WITH DESIRE  
AND FASTENED TO A DYING ANIMAL  
IT KNOWS NOT WHAT IT IS; AND GATHER ME  
INTO THE ARTIFICE OF ETERNITY.

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.

*“W. B. YEATS, “SAILING TO BYZANTIUM” FROM THE POEMS OF  
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*SOURCE: THE COLLECTED POEMS OF W. B. YEATS (1989);  
[HTTPS://WWW.POETRYFOUNDATION.ORG/POEMS](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems)*



## 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.

SOURCE: [HTTPS://WWW.POETRYFOUNDATION.ORG/POEMS](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems)

