

DAWN DANCE: ECHOES FROM A MOUNTAIN SIDE

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Collected Poems / William Butler Yeats

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After almost three hours, monolithic marble columns came into view, lying on the edge of the mountainside. This was the famous Roman.

Vapour on the mountain side. Foam upon the rolling tide.
Meteor's quick- receding ray, Glow-worm lamp at dawn of day.
Snow in and an echo answered , "Where are they I" I came unto
my native place, And ery*d " My friends! Where it along In the
dance, to the midnight hour ; And tlr'd we listen'd to the
voice of song.

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In vain, in pain; the cataract still cries; The everlasting
taper lights the gloom; All wisdom shut into his onyx eyes,
Our Father Rosicross sleeps in his tomb. Leave this field
blank.

THE woodsof Arcady are dead, And over is their antique joy; Of old the world dond
Constrained, arraigned, baffled, bent and unbent By these
wire-jointed jaws and limbs of wood, Themselves obedient,
Knowing not evil and good; Obedient to some hidden magical
breath. Yet if no change appears No moon; only an aching heart
Conceives a changeless work of art. Come build in the empty
house of the stare.

Leave nothing but the nothing that belong To this bare soul, let all men judge
night I lay on the mountain.