

The Faeries Dance

The Faeries Dance
(William Butler Yeats)

The wind blows out of the gates of the day.
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,

Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air:
For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,

And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart is withered away!"

JD