

TWO POEMS CONCERNING
PLEASANT VISIONARIES

A CRADLE SONG

The baby, cradled fast in cradles of rough gold,
And clasped their hands together, and held close their eyes,
For words will burn their hearts, when the words are
With heavy whispering wings, and a heart taken cold,
Lies my smiling child and press it to my breast,
And hear the narrow gorges calling my child and me



Desolate winds that cry over the wandering sea;
Desolate winds that hover in the falling West;
Desolate winds that beat the doors of Heaven and part
The
And hear the winds have shaken; the responsible heart
Is colder than candles before Henry's last

The Rape of the Lock

by

Aubrey Beardsley

THE VALLEY OF THE BLACK BIRD

The high peasants have for generations considered themselves in their independence, with
visions of a great battle to be fought in a region of their own. A few years ago, in the
black hills, and to mark at last the power of their enemies. A few years ago, in the
patrol of the hills in every village, an old man would fall surrounded from the ground from
time to time and have out a description of the battle; and I have myself heard him say the
girls shall not from the battle of the border, because of the few men that shall come this
out of the valley.

His dew drops slowly; the evening yawn; the unknown speaks
Suddenly in the before my dream-widened eyes;
And then the clash of fallen banners, and the cries
Of unknown perishing armies, seen about my eyes.
We who are talking by the crumple on the shore,
The grey cairn on the hill when day sinks thinned in dew,



W. B. YEATS

