

William Butler Yeats

"Lake Isle of Innisfree by Yeats"

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The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in a bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there,
for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

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