

Towards Break of Day  
by WB Yeats

Was it the double of my dream  
The woman that by me lay  
Dreamed, or did we halve a dream  
Under the first cold gleam of day?

I thought: 'There is a waterfall  
Upon Ben Bulbin side  
That all my childhood counted dear;  
Were I to travel far and wide  
I could not find a thing so dear.'  
My memories had magnified  
So many times childish delight

I would have touched it like a child  
But knew my finger could but have touched  
Cold stone and water. I grew wild  
Even accusing Heaven because  
It had set down among its laws:  
Nothing that we love over-much  
Is ponderable to our touch.

I dreamed towards break of day,  
The cold blown spray in my nostril.  
But she that beside me lay  
Had watched in bitterer sleep  
The marvellous stag of Arthur,  
That lofty white stag, leap  
From mountain steep to steep.