

# The Waterboys, Love And Death

(WB Yeats)

Behold the flashing waters  
A cloven dancing jet,  
That from the milk-white marble  
For ever foam and fret;  
Far off in drowsy valleys  
Where the meadow saffrons blow,  
The feet of summer dabble  
In their coiling calm and slow.  
The banks are worn forever  
By a people sadly gay:  
A Titan with loud laughter,  
Made them of fire clay.  
Go ask the springing flowers,  
And the flowing air above,  
What are the twin-born waters,  
And they'll answer Death and Love.

With wreaths of withered flowers  
Two lonely spirits wait  
With wreaths of withered flowers  
'Fore paradise's gate.  
They may not pass the portal  
Poor earth-enkindled pair,  
Though sad is many a spirit  
To pass and leave them there  
Still staring at their flowers,  
That dull and faded are.  
If one should rise beside thee,  
The other is not far.  
Go ask the youngest angel,  
She will say with bated breath,  
By the door of Mary's garden  
Are the spirits Love and Death.