

Clandestine, Innisfree

(W.B. Yeats/J. Hamel)

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 the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there,
For peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of morning,
To where the cricket sings.
And midnight's all a-glimmer
And noon a purple glow
And evening's 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 standing on the roadway,
Or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.