CHAPTER - V

LOVE

The theme of Love dominates the poetry of W.B. Yeats. For him love is the Christian virtue of charitas or agape, inward but of deep humility. It is a noble passion—stirring dynamic and creative. It lifts the spirit of man above the din and dust of mundane existence and makes it soar to the realm of pure joy, bliss, thrill, delight and ecstasy. It is a source of inspiration for man torn and tormented by the agonies of life. It gears up the process by which human is trans humanised. It inspires us to think originally and creatively to brighten up our personality. It communicates knowledge as a harmony of the senses, intellect and emotion.

For Yeats love is not "a dream" but a "reality" "what the world's million lips are thirsting for". It is a "meteor of the burning heart," a "tide that gleams", "The wings that gleam and dart". It is a "rosy peace"—a "peace of Heaven". Love is a panacea for the "sad, the lonely, the insatiable". It is an "immortal mirth". It is a "bitter mystery" which

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 229
2. Ibid, p. 78
3. Ibid, p. 78
4. Ibid, p. 78
5. Ibid, p. 113
6. Ibid, p. 113
7. Ibid, p. 114
8. Ibid, p. 189
9. Ibid, p. 125
"no mortal" can understand. It is known only by "the Ever-Living"\(^1\). It is "Nature's pure unchanging light"\(^2\)

Thus, before discussing the theme of love it is worth while to state that for him love is the "attorney for the Lost Souls"\(^3\). Love enhances and intensifies one's vision of beauty which is the highest and deepest reality. It is the realization of the truth of oneness, the oneness of our soul with the world and of the world soul with the supreme lover. It is the "Immortal Rose"\(^4\) to which "the Seven Liights"\(^5\) bow in their dance. It is the harmonious choir\(^6\) bringing "peace"\(^7\) and putting an end to "old care"\(^8\). In the presence of its "flamaing wings"\(^9\) the nest of "day and night,"\(^10\) no longer bewilder and confuse the intellect of man. It is a "gentle silence".\(^11\) It is "wrought with music flow".\(^12\)

W.B. Yeats expresses love as a complex psychological experience both as sentiment and passion. Love is expressed as refined and sublimated feeling of intense joy. The idea is best imaged in The Wanderings of Oisin. Love makes the wandering of Oisin a thing of permanent delight. This moment of delight is

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2. Ibid, p. 529
3. Ibid, p. 73
4. Ibid, p. 174
5. Ibid, p. 174
6. Ibid, p. 174
7. Ibid, p. 174
8. Ibid, p. 174
9. Ibid, p. 175
10. Ibid, p. 175
11. Ibid, p. 175
12. Ibid, p. 175
one of the most exhilarating, enlightening and ennobling experiences of love:

He held that flashing sceptre up,
Joy drowns the twilight in the dew,
And fills with stars night's purple cup,
And wakes the sluggard seeds of corn,
And stirs the young kid's budding horn,
And makes the infant ferns unwrap,
And for the peewit paints his cap,
And rolls along the unwieldy sun,
And makes the little planet run:
And if joy were not on the earth,
There were an end of change and birth, 1

In the absence of love "Earth and Heaven and Hell would die"2. Each of them would go to some "gloomy barrow" and lie their like a "frozen fly"3. Love sends the "drops of silver joy"4 in the hearts of men.

What touches us most is the situation in which Yeats and most of us find ourselves. It is that of complete estrangement or separatedness from society. Man has fallen a miserable prey to his selfish interests. Isolation is disease and, love can still suggest a remedy:

But now hearts cry that hearts are slaves,
And toss and turn in narrow caves;
But here there is nor law nor rule,
Nor have hands held a weary toil;
And here there is nor Change nor Death,

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 18
2. Ibid, p. 19
3. Ibid, p. 19
4. Ibid, p. 19
But only kind and merry breath, 1
For joy is God and God is joy.

Happiness does not depend, he says, on any material gain but on man's strong will to give a fight to time, fate and chance.
Unless subjectivity is turned into objectivity and the entire prolific creation is taken into warm embrace, hatred cannot be replaced by love. The idea is expressed in the following lines:

And in a wild and sudden dance
We mocked at Time and Fate and Chance
And swept out of the walled hall
And came to where the dewdrops fall
Among the foamdrops of the sea,
And there we hushed the revelry;
And, gathering on our brows a frown,
Bent all our swaying bodies down,
And to the waves that glimmer by
That sloping green De Danaan sod
Sang, 'God is joy and joy is God'.

Oisin and Patrick now experience joy in "the winding thicket" 3
and see:

"The damask roses, bloom on bloom" 4

Like crismon meteors hand in the gloom, they feel that neither "Death nor change" 5 comes near near them. Like wise "listless hours" 6 do not fear them. They fear neither any "dowing morrow" 7 nor "the grey wandering asprey sorrow". 8

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1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 19
2. Ibid, p. 20
3. Ibid, p. 20
4. Ibid, p. 21
5. Ibid, p. 21
6. Ibid, p. 21
7. Ibid, p. 21
8. Ibid, p. 21
Inspired by the divine vision of love they abide in a "lonely land". The sense of joy has made them feel "unchainable as the dim tide". They keep on wandering:

With hearts that know nor law nor rule,
And hands that hold no wearisome tool,
Folded in love that fears no morrow.
Nor the grey wandering osprey Sorrow. 3

They are not teased by the anxieties of life

But we are apart in the grassy places,
Where care cannot trouble the least of our days, 4

They feel "Love's first tenderness." dying in their gaze as they embark upon this thorny world. The "love-dew" dims their eyes. Love makes them face life and derive a sense of joy out of sorrow:

"And how those lovers never turn their eyes
Upon the life that fades Flickers and dies" 7

In love Yeats finds a joy which is ultimate and makes man forget his own surroundings. The lover says:

I do not know if days
Or hours passed by, yet hold the morning rays
Shone many times among the glimmering flowers
Woven into her hair, before dark towers
Rose in the darkness, and the white surf gleamed
About them; 8

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 22
2. Ibid, p. 22
3. Ibid, p. 22
4. Ibid, p. 27
5. Ibid, p. 27
6. Ibid, p. 28
7. Ibid, p. 29
8. Ibid, p. 30
Love transports man to the "Island of forgetfulness" which is in fact the "Island of content". On the other hand, the "Islands of Dancing and of Victories" are "empty of all power".

The idea is further carried in Lullaby. The sleep that Yeats recommends for his beloved must bring her forgetfulness. The beloved finds "such a sleep" and she is fed upon it:

Sleep, beloved, such a sleep
As did that wild Tristram know
When, the potion's work being done,
Roe could run or doe could leap
Under oak and beechen bough,
Roe could leap or doe could run;

It is induced by love and manifests a deep and rich experience of love. That is why the lover wishes that her "sleep be sound". Sleep or a state of forgetfulness makes lover and beloved unaware of their terrible surrounding and nerve-breaking conditions of life:

What were all the world's alarms
To mighty Paris when he found
Sleep upon a golden bed
That first dawn in Helen's arms?

The sleep that falls "Upon Eurotas' grassy bank" is

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 46
2. Ibid, p. 46
3. Ibid, p. 46
4. Ibid, p. 46
5. Ibid, p. 522
6. Ibid, p. 522
7. Ibid, p. 522
8. Ibid, p. 522
9. Ibid, p. 522

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capable of transporting lover and beloved to a world of pure joy. Yeats holds that love breeds joy which in turn illumines the gloomy path of life. The lovers say:

We rode between
The seaweed-covered pillars; and the green
And surging phosphorus alone gave light
On our dark pathway, till a countless flight
Of moonlit steps glimmered; and left and right
Dark statues glimmered over the pale tide.
Upon dark thrones.

Then the "fixed stars"² symbolic of inner joy beautifully dawned and shown and set"³. The "mild words"⁴ of love:

"Fanned the delighted air like wings of birds"⁵
The lovers feel that the stars have been "blotted"⁶ above them and the joy of oneness runs through their entire being. They say: "the whole of the world was one"⁷. Joy reaches its peak, attains maturity and "fluttering sadness of earth"⁸ appears to be moving "alive"⁹ in Oisin's fingers. The "Chaunt of Love"¹⁰ on Oisin's lips dispels the "laughter of scorn"¹¹ from his mouth like the "roaring of wind in a wood"¹².

Love is associated with sorrow for its indomitable expression. The idea is best imaged in The Falling of th

leaves.

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 31
2. Ibid, p. 31
3. Ibid, p. 31
4. Ibid, p. 32
5. Ibid, p. 32
6. Ibid, p. 48
7. Ibid, p. 48
8. Ibid, p. 55
9. Ibid, p. 55
10. Ibid, p. 58
11. Ibid, p. 58
12. Ibid, p. 58
The lover says:

The hour of the waning of love has beset us.
And weary and worn are our sad souls now;
Let us part, are the season of passion forget us,
With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.

In Ephemeria Love is interlinked and interanimated with sorrow.

The lover says:

‘Your eyes that once were never weary of mine
Are bowed in sorrow under pendulous lids,
Because our love is waning.’

But to the beloved sorrow is neither demoralising nor despiriting. It brings them still closer to each other:

‘Although our love is waning, let us stand
By the lone border of the lake once more,
Together in that hour of gentleness
When the poor tired child, Passion, falls asleep.
How far away the stars seem, and how far
Is our first kiss, and ah, how old my heart!’

For Yeats Love is not mourning. The lover asks his beloved:

Ah do not mourn.

Separation forms an essential part of love. In Yeat’s case separation is not tiring.

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 79
2. Ibid, p. 79
3. Ibid, p. 79
4. Ibid, p. 80
The lover says:

Before us lies eternity; our souls
Are love, and a continual farewell. 1

In A Cradle Song the poet's love for the child is coupled
with a sense of sorrow at the idea of the child being lost to him
as it grows and attains maturity:

I Sigh that kiss you,
For I must own
That I shall miss you  2
When you have grown.

Thus there is a "pity beyond all telling" 3 that is "hid in the
heart of love". 4

Love is associated with the element of suffering. It has a
magic spell which is both creative and dynamic. Yeats expresses
joy under the full weight of suffering, horror, pain and grief.
He finds sorrow as the substitute of joy. In the "woven silence" 5
of love he finds "More than is in rain of dew"/or in the sun and
moon, or on the earth/or sighs amid the wandering, starry
mirth/or comes in laughter from the sea's sad lips." 6 Sorrow co-
operates with joy to express and interpret love's essence. The
"red Mournful" 7 lips" and "tears" 8 seem to embody the "greatness

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 81
2. Ibid, p. 118
3. Ibid, p. 119
4. Ibid, p. 119
5. Ibid, p. 114
6. Ibid, p. 114
7. Ibid, p. 120
8. Ibid, p. 120
of the world.¹ The "climbing moon upon an empty sky"² and "all that lamentation of the leaves"³ are symbolic of Love's sorrow capable of composing "man's image and his cry."⁴

In When You are old it is the "pilgrim soul"⁵ in man that makes the "sorrows"⁶ of our "changing face"⁷ inalienable part of love.

Love is like a "Holy tree"⁸ growing in the heart of the beloved and replacing sorrow with joy:

From joy the holy branches start,
And all the trembling flowers they bear. ⁹
"The society of its hidden root" gives to the "waves their melody" and makes "lips and music"¹⁰ come in eternal wedlock. The "wizard song"¹¹ thus flowing out of lips dispels the shades of gloom, pain, sorrow and suffering.

Love for Yeats is sweet fatality. It is consummated in death. The Hosting of the Sidhe and The Everdancing Voices project us into the twilight world of perfect love behind the diversity of voices half seen and half heard, the

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1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 120
2. Ibid, p. 120
3. Ibid, p. 120
4. Ibid, p. 120
5. Ibid, p. 121
6. Ibid, p. 121
7. Ibid, p. 121
8. Ibid, p. 134
9. Ibid, p. 134
10. Ibid, p. 134
11. Ibid, p. 134

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guiding principle remains the whirling wind, an endless wheeling away from the much desired still point where silence echoes and in *The Moode*, "time drops in decay" Like a candle burnt out".¹ In the *Hosting of the Sidhe* the cry of the host, the rising of the wind becomes explicitly identified with the onset of death — the call of the other worldly, "Man picker Niamh"² here calls; "Away, come away:/Empty your heart of its mortal dream."³ Awakening man's thirst for spiritual perfection, she also awakens his consciousness to the imperfection of the material world. We witness the poet who hears and passively responds to the call of the supernatural Sidhe, who carries out the will of ideal beauty. The sense of breathlessness running throughout the poem evokes the ecstasy and terror of this confrontation with the absolute: Death implies gathering into eternity. *The Everlasting Voices* exemplifies the idea. The image of folding over into a unity,

2. Ibid, p. 611
3. Ibid, p. 140
4. Ibid, p. 142
being gathered into a fold—"O Sweet everlasting Voices be still/ go to the guards of the heavenly fold"¹ is also a symbol for the transcendants of earthly conditions of duality. The pure indivisibly of "Flame under flame, till time be no more"² is undistinguishably from an equally absolute nothing which for Yeats represents eternity.

True love consists in uniting with the object of the soul’s love. Since from a conceptual point of view the beloved exists only outside time, nothing less than the destruction of the world of time is necessary in order to come to her. He Hears the cry of the Sidhe exemplifies the idea:

Until the axle break
That keeps the stars in their round,
And hands hurl in the deep
The banners of East and West.
And the girdle of light is unbound,
Your breast will not lie by the breast
Of your beloved in sleep. ³

¹ Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 141
² Ibid, p. 141
³ Ibid, p. 165
Love, thus, leads to the soul's ascent out of the material world.

The idea echoes throughout The Wind Among the Reeds:

fold upon purple fold,
Queens wrought with glimmering hands;
That saw young Niamh hover with love-lorn face
Above the wandering tide;
And lingered in the hidden doxolato place
Where the last Phoenix died,
And wrapped the flames above his holy head;
And still murmur and long:
O Piteous Hearts, changing till change be dead  

Enfold me in my hour of hours;  

Beloved, let your eyes half close, and your heart beat
Over my heart, and your hair fall over my breast,
Drowning love's lonely hour in deep twilight of rest,  

His heavy rings uncoiled from glimmering deep to deep:

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
I am no more with life and death,  

For Yeats love is not a physical sensation but an inward articulation. Yeats once wrote to Olivia Shakespeare:

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2. Ibid, p. 169
3. Ibid, p. 154
4. Ibid, p. 154
5. Ibid, p. 148
6. Ibid, p. 152
"... a monk reads his breviary at midnight upon the
tomb of long-dead lovers on the anniversary of their death, for
on that night they are united above the tomb, their embrace being
not partial but a conflagration of their entire body and so
shedding the lights he reads by."¹

In presenting Ribh, Yeats is no doubt thinking of the
anchoits who joined St. Antony by the "Mareotic sea" and their:

Starved upon the shore
And withered to a bag of bones" ²

Ribh is an imaginary hermit the ologian conflated with an
aged Yeats. So the monk’s devotion and the old man’s sexuality
co-exist in Ribh as in him:

I am mad about woman,
I am mad about the hills
Said the wild old wicked man." ³

Ribh is able to behold this vision of the un earthly
intercourse of the dead lovers because his eyes are:

2. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 401
3. Ibid., p. 587
By water, herb and solitary prayer
Made aquiline,

Unlike the old man of An Acre of Grass Ribh has no need to pray for enlightenment through frenzy, the air is calm and the vision achieved. He is the teacher addressing his disciples:

Mark and digest my tale, carry it afar
To those that never saw this tonsured head

But in Ribh in Ecstasy all this is quite gone:

What matter that you understood no word!
Doubtless I spoke or sang what I had heard
In broken sentences.

The ecstasy itself is something given rather than achieved. It does not apparently crown a lifetime’s disciplined efforts. But with sudden violence takes Ribh out of himself then returns him to the common 'round of day'. The lovers in Ribh at the Tomb are in the condition of fire, the God’s holy fire of Sailing to Byzantium which according to Yeats is a heavenly state where there is all music and all rest:

Of Baile and Aillinn you need not speak,
All know their tale, all know what leaf and twig,
What juncture of the apple and the yew,
Surmount their bones; but speak what none have heard.

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 555
2. Ibid, p. 555
3. Ibid, p. 557
4. Ibid, p. 557
The miracle that gave them such a death
Transfigured to pure substance what had once
Been bone and sinew;  

He continues:

For the intercourse of angles is a light
Where for its moment both seem lost, consumed.
Here in the pitch-dark atmosphere above
The trembling of the apple and the yew,
Here on the anniversary of their death,
The anniversary of their first embrace,
Those lovers, purified by tragedy,
Hurry into each other's arms;

It is in this context that Yeats wrote in the Essays:

When all sequence comes to an end, time comes to an end,
and the soul puts on the rythmic or spiritual body or
luminous body and contemplates all the events of its
memory in an eternal possession of it self in one single
moment."  

The short narrative poem Buile and Adlium is one of the several
poems on the theme of dead lovers who achieve the consummation of
their love after death. Baile of the Honey mouth and Aillium
daughter of the king of Leinsters died of grief when each heard
that the other was dead, the lovers thus seek an everlasting
bliss of communion in the land of the dead:

Their love was never drowned in care
Of this or that thing, nor grew cold
Because their bodies had grown old.
Being forbid to marry on earth,
They blossomed to immortal mirth.  

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 555
2. Yeats, W.B., Essay, 1924, p. 555
3. Ibid, p. 555
4. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 189
What Yeats is trying to communicate is that it is better to renounce earthly love whose perfection is sure to be flawed by trouble and disillusion and that is why one must dedicate all to a consummation beyond time.

The fullest treatment of this theme is found in *The Shadowy Waters*, a play on which Yeats worked for twenty years. Fergael, the hero voyaging through Waste Seas, seeks the love of a beautiful woman. He at last encounters in Dectora, a woman who is ready to sail away with him from the ordinary world to grow immortal in his company.

All the tales which co-relate with the Baile and Aillinn legend are tales of lovers who were disunited and distressed on earth or who longed for something greater and less perishable than mortal love. To achieve this, they pass beyond the natural world and their bodies are consumed away. The Neo-Plotonic imagery of light comes in to re-enforce the theme of the difference between the mortal and immortal lovers. The bodies of the immortal lovers are composed of a super natural substance, of purer and their delights are such as man can not know. This is inserted in the poem:

When such bodies join
There is no touching here, nor touching there,
Nor straining joy, but whole is joined to whole;

In the *White Birds* the speaker desires an ideal state which is not possible, that he and his lover might be "white birds on the foam of the sea."\(^1\) But this is a different ideal than that sought by the spiritual alchemists. The second stanza makes it clear:

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-dabbled, the lily and rose;  
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor that goes,  
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall of the dew:  
For I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering foam: I and you! \(^2\)

In general terms the poem's theme can be reduced to that of man's inevitable wish to escape death. But the speaker does not wish to avoid death. He is also a lover and therefore wishes to preserve something other than merely his own existence. The lover criticises a system which has no place for the values of human love. The values expressed in the last couplet are essentially those of Adam when he chose Eve over God:

Soon far from the rose and the lily and fret of the flames would we be,  
Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the foam of the sea! \(^3\)

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1. Yeats, W.B., *The Complete Poems*, p. 121  
2. *Ibid*, p. 122  
3. *Ibid*, p. 122
In The Man who Dreamed of Fairyland the words "silver"\(^1\) and "gold"\(^2\) evoke the more generalized mystical perfection of fairyland itself. The fish poured into "a pile"\(^3\) have "silver heads"\(^4\) and sing "what gold morning or evening"\(^5\) falls upon a "women world forgotten Isle"\(^6\) where "people love beside the revelled seas"\(^7\) and have the conviction that "Time can never mar a lover's vows"\(^8\) Again in the second stanza a "lug-worn with its grey and muddy mouth"\(^9\) sings to the man:

Somewhere to north or west or south
There dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race
Under the golden or the silver skies;
That if a dancer stayed his hungry foot
It seemed the sun and moon were in the fruit:
And at that singing he was no more wise.

In the third stanza the knot of grass sings:

Whatever revelled waters rise and fall
Or stormy silver fret the gold of day,

Here fairyland is the land of perfect love symbolized by the union of the masculine and feminine elements as gold

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2. Ibid, p. 126
3. Ibid, p. 126
4. Ibid, p. 126
5. Ibid, p. 126
6. Ibid, p. 126
7. Ibid, p. 126
8. Ibid, p. 126
9. Ibid, p. 126
10. Ibid, p. 127
11. Ibid, p. 127

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and silver—yet unfound. But the dead man must wait "until god burn Nature with a kiss". ¹

Yeats presents physio-spiritual aspect of love. He believes that sexual union is identical with spiritual union. The Travail of Passion exemplifies the idea:

When the flaming lute-throned angelic door is wide;
When an immortal passion breathes in mortal clay;
Our hearts endure the scourge, the plaited thorns, the way
Crowded with bitter faces, the wounds in palm and side,
The vinegar-heavy sponge, the flowers by Kedron stream;
We will bend down and loosen our hair over you,
That it may drop faint perfume, and be heavy with dew,
Lilies of death-pale hope, roses of passionate dream. ²

It is through sexual intercourse that the immortal passion of love is breathed into mortal clay. The spiritual transmutation is complete with the completion of sexual intercourse. After the lovers are spiritualized, their love making becomes a complete conflagration not a brief burning which is damped by the flesh or mind of a purely earthly love. Man experiences the necessary suffering and eventful death before he can be transmuted into perfect spirit. In The Ragged Wood Yeats exploits the sexual

¹ Yeats, W.D., The Complete Poems, p. 127
² Ibid, p. 172
implications of the union of the masculine and feminine principles the King and Queen, Sul and Luna, the Red Man and White Woman:

O hurry where by water among the trees
The delicate-stepping stag and his lady singh,
When they have but looked upon their images-
Would none had ever over but you and I !

Each of the above quoted stanzas proposes an ideal of royal love, yet the exalted nature of the love between the "Silver-proud Queen-Woman of the sky" and "the sun" also makes an effective contrast to the beastial, though noble, love of the King of the forest and his lady. The final stanza shows the lover refusing both these alternatives in favour of a unique kind of love:

O hurry to the ragged wood, for there
I will drive all those lovers out and cry-
O my share of the world, O yellow hair!
No one has ever loved but you and I.

As in The White Birds the lover does not seek a rebirth of the self but hopes to climb to a blessed love of this earth. The speaker of His Dream is mysteriously fascinated by Death. It is curious to note why he takes up the song of praise:

2. Ibid, p. 211
Though I'd my finger on my lip,
What could I but take up the song?
And running crowd and gaudy ship
Cried out the whole night long,
Crying amid the glittering sea,
Naming it with ecstatic breath,
Because it had such dignity
By the sweet name of Death. 1

Death being necessary for spiritual rebirth of the lovers,
it is little wonder that Lully and Peruella should have sung
Death's "sweet name".

Yeats maintains that an irrational love leads to
frustration, doom and decay. In Owen Aherne and his Dancers.
Yeats dwells upon the theme of the passionate unfulfilled love.
The poet puts on the mask of Owen Aherne and addresses the
dancers who embody the delighted senses. The "love"2 that comes
"unsought"3 refers to Iseult proposing to Yeats in Normandy at
the age of fifteen and being rejected. It records Yeats's
dilemma, the frustration he experiences with Iseult fearing to
hurt her yet fearing even more the ways in which her refusal
would hurt him:

It feared to give its love a hurt with all
the tempest here;
It feared the hurt that she could give and
therefore it went mad. 4

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 254
2. Ibid, p. 449
3. Ibid, p. 449
4. Ibid, p. 450
His "Heart" could not bear that burden and therefore it went "mad".

But O! my Heart could bear no more when the upland caught the wind;
I ran, I ran, from my love's side because my Heart went mad.

The conflict between Youth and Age is at the heart of poem, and Yeats makes contrasting use of the symbols of wild bird [Iseult] and the cage bird [Yeats himself):

The Heart behind its rib laughed out. 'You have called me mad,' it said,
Because I made you turn away and run from that young child;
How could she mate with fifty years that was so wildly bred?
Let the cage bird and the cage bird mate and the wild bird mate in the wild.'

The Scholars have two currents of thought. First, it tells of Yeats's frustration in love and expression of subsequent despair:

Bald heads forgetful of their sins,
Old, learned, respectable bald heads
Edit and annotate the lines
That young men, tossing on their beds,
Rhymed out in love's despair
To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 450
2. Ibid, p. 450
3. Ibid, p. 337
Yeats holds that passions of a lover cannot be put to an intellectual enquiry. Yeats says that the Poet simply "shuffle their"\(^1\) or "cough in ink"\(^2\) and hear the carpet with their shoes\(^3\) or "think but other people think"\(^4\) or simply know "the man their neighbours knows."\(^5\) Thus, he indirectly introduces his own despair in love as a representative experience of the poet. The poet mocks and belittles critical endeavour because the scholars fail to see the pain underlying the creative act:

\begin{quote}
Lord what would they say
Did their Catullus walk that way?  \(^6\)
\end{quote}

In *First-Love* Yeats finds that Maud Gonne "nurtured like the sailing moon in beauty's murderous brood,"\(^7\) has a "heart of stone"\(^8\). He comes to realize that "every hand is lunatic"\(^9\) that travels on the moon."\(^10\) Her smile left him "a lout".\(^11\) Just "emptier of thought"\(^12\) he kept on "maundering here and maundering there"\(^13\) with a heavy heart. His mortification is so great that he feele like screaming but his regard for human dignity and

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\item Yeats, W.B., *The Complete Poems*, p. 337
\item Ibid, p. 337
\item Ibid, p. 337
\item Ibid, p. 337
\item Ibid, p. 337
\item Ibid, p. 337
\item Ibid, p. 451
\item Ibid, p. 451
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\item Ibid, p. 451
\item Ibid, p. 451
\item Ibid, p. 451
\item Ibid, p. 451
\item Ibid, p. 451
\end{enumerate}
decency would not let him even shriek:

    Like the moon her kindness is,
    If kindness I may call
    What has no comprehension in't,
    But is the same for all
    As though my sorrow were a scene
    Upon a painted wall.
    So like a bit of stone I lie
    Under a broken tree,
    I could recover if I shrieked
    My heart's agony
    My passing bird, but I am dumb
    From human dignity.

Yeats, then, turns to a fulfilled love in the Mermaid. The poem attempts to highlight the paradox of Yeats' relationship with Diana. She comes to him as a cup of wine comes to a man half dead of thirst, but because of his inner conflict and fears he cannot enjoy even this momentary bliss. This is best imaged in the following lines:

    A mermaid found a swimming lad,
    Picked him for her own,
    Pressed her body to his body,
    Laughed; and plunging down
    Forgot in cruel happiness,
    That even lovers drown.

    In His Memories he pronounces a curse upon women.
    We should be hidden from their eyes. They are but "holly shows". He refers to Helen as the archetype of all

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 452
2. Ibid, p. 452
3. Ibid, p. 454
4. Ibid, p. 454
rather callous women who spread wreck and destruction in the world. Just as Helen brought "great Hector Dowa"\(^1\) and "put all troy to wreck"\(^2\) similarly Maud Gonne brought sorrow to Yeats.

After an unhappy end of the recollection of his love in Youth Yeats assumes in The Friends of his Youth the mask of mad old man with "crack"\(^3\) in his "voice"\(^4\) laughing at a pot bellid"\(^5\) moon. Madge and Peter appear as two relics of Youth. Madge appears with a stone upon her breast"\(^6\) and a "clock wrapped about the stone"\(^7\). She gets "no rest"\(^8\) even by "singing hush and hush-a-bye"\(^9\). She, thus, represents mock-love. On the contrary Peter "perches on a stone"\(^1\)\(^2\) and continues to laugh till "tears run down"\(^1\)\(^3\) and the "heart thumps"\(^1\)\(^4\) at his "side"\(^1\)\(^5\). He believes that her shriek is symbolic of love where as he shrieks from pride. He, thus, represents mock pride.

In Summer and Spring Yeats turns to the summer and spring of Youth when the resolve is made to rejoin two halfed souls:

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1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 455
2. Ibid, p. 455
3. Ibid, p. 455
4. Ibid, p. 455
5. Ibid, p. 455
6. Ibid, p. 456
7. Ibid, p. 456
8. Ibid, p. 456
9. Ibid, p. 456
10. Ibid, p. 456
11. Ibid, p. 456
12. Ibid, p. 456
13. Ibid, p. 456
15. Ibid, p. 456
Knew that we'd halved a soul
And fell the one in t'other's arms
That we might make it whole;

There is "bursting"\textsuperscript{2} and "blossoming"\textsuperscript{3} to signify the vigour of life. In \textit{The Secrets of the Old Yeats} holds that in old Age one has to be content with the secrets of love of the Young and old alike. The secrets that Madge, Margery and Yeats himself (making up, paradoxically "a solitude"\textsuperscript{4} together) know are to a great extent identical with wisdom. They know more that anyone else living at that time knows:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

His Wildness shows Yeats a wild man living in memory to signify his love, he would like Madge to "nurse a stone"\textsuperscript{6} and "sing it a lullaby"\textsuperscript{7}. In order to signify his pride he would make a peacock cry\textsuperscript{8} like Peter. All that is left for him to

\begin{itemize}
\item \textbf{1.} Yeats, W.B., \textit{The Complete Poems}, p. 457
\item \textbf{2.} Ibid, p. 457
\item \textbf{3.} Ibid, p. 457
\item \textbf{4.} Ibid, p. 457
\item \textbf{5.} Ibid, p. 458
\item \textbf{6.} Ibid, p. 459
\item \textbf{7.} Ibid, p. 459
\item \textbf{8.} Ibid, p. 458
\end{itemize}
mount is as "cloudy wrack"\textsuperscript{1} as peg and Meg" and Paris love/that had so astraight a back/Are gone away."\textsuperscript{2} Thus, experience of Youth becomes a painful memory of wrecked pride and love.

\textit{After Long Silence} is a record of the contradiction between age and passion. Powerless wisdom super-sedes the ignorat passion of youth. In old age one could "descent and yet again descent"\textsuperscript{4} on "the supreme theme of Art and Song"\textsuperscript{5} though every thing around one looks "unfriendly"\textsuperscript{6}. In the frenzy of youth one is incapable of understanding the divine nature of love, its bliss and the calm repose it offers to the lovers who are either "estranged"\textsuperscript{7} or "dead"\textsuperscript{8}.

\begin{itemize}
\item[1.] Yeats, W.B., \textit{The Complete Poems}, p. 458
\item[2.] Ibid, p. 458
\item[3.] Ibid, p. 423
\item[4.] Ibid, p. 523
\item[5.] Ibid, p. 523
\item[6.] Ibid, p. 523
\item[7.] Ibid, p. 523
\item[8.] Ibid, p. 458
\end{itemize}
In Mad as the Mist and Snow Yeats tries to "Bolt and bar the shutter/For the foul winds blow"\(^1\). These shutters are the passions of youth which had tormented Yeats as well as his old age companions: Horace, Homer, Cicero and Plato. All of them were once "Mad as the Mist and Snow."\(^2\) The passion of youth coupled with ignorance prevented these "unlettered lads"\(^3\) from shutting out the mad mist and show of passions. But gifted with the wisdom of old age, as Yeats puts it,: 

"Our minds are at their best this night
And I seem to know
That everything outside us is
Mad as the mist and Snow".\(^4\)

The "dancing days"\(^5\) of youthful love are replaced by sober age with its freedom to tell the truth. Instead of "silk and Satin gear"\(^6\), Yeats wraps what he calls a "foul body"\(^7\) in "as foul a rag"\(^8\). He, thus, carries "the sun in a golden cup"\(^9\) and "The Moon in a silver bag"\(^10\). Here the sun and the moon are the symbols of his wisdom, of the mature love, comprehending all life.

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 523
2. Ibid, p. 523
3. Ibid, p. 524
4. Ibid, p. 524
5. Ibid, p. 525
6. Ibid, p. 525
7. Ibid, p. 525
8. Ibid, p. 525
9. Ibid, p. 525
10. Ibid, p. 525
It is in the light of love that a disjointed life regains its original form, all serene and harmonious. *I am of Ireland* records the will of a girl with a loving heart symbolizing Ireland’s past. The voice of the girl which is also the voice of Ireland is heard by "one man alone"¹ the "solitary man"² in that "outlandish gear."³ But he too is full of despair, for in Ireland all things look acursed:

The fiddlers are all thumbs
Or the fiddle-string accursed,
The drums and the kettledrums
And the trumpets all are burst,
And the trombone, 'cried he,
'The trumpet and trombone,'
And cook'd a malicious eye,

But "time runs on runs on".⁵ In the movement of time lies the hope of an eventual return of the Youthful cove to the "Holy-land of Ireland."⁶ The girl wants him to "come out of charity"⁷ and dance with her in Ireland.

*The Dancer at Cruachan and Cro-Patrick* shows him dancing on "Crauchan's windy plane"⁸ and upon "cro-Patrick".⁹ The idea that inspires him to dance is that "there is Among birds or

2. Ibid, p. 526
3. Ibid, p. 526
4. Ibid, p. 527
5. Ibid, p. 527
6. Ibid, p. 527
7. Ibid, p. 527
8. Ibid, p. 528
9. Ibid, p. 528
beasts or men/one thing that is perfect or at peace."1 The saint in the poem celebrates the perfection of life by dancing which is itself a symbol of love and unity.

The same image of perfection by love as sends the saint into a whirling dance is the subject of the remaining four poems of Words for Music Perhaps.

In Tom the Lunatic Yeats asserts the imperishability of the essence of love. Tom is momentarily deluded into the thinking that things could decay or die but he quickly shakes off the sleep of ignorance and sings again:

'Whatever stands in field or flood,
Bird, beast, fish or man,
Mare or stallion, cock or hen,
Stands in God's unchanging eye
In all the vigour of its blood;
In that faith I live or die.' 2

In Before the Word was made the girl putting on make-up before a mirror to please her lover, is led to the thought:

I'd have him love the thing that was
Before the world was made. 3
She wonders how her lover would react if she were as "cold"4

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 528
2. Ibid, p. 529
3. Ibid, p. 532
4. Ibid, p. 532
and "unmoved"\(^1\) as she was before the world was made. She would like that she is loved for her essential elemental self, for her soul rather than her appearance but in "A First Confession" the woman admits her own failing. She confesses that for the sake of her lovers "attention"\(^2\) which "Brings such satisfaction/ To the craving in my bones."\(^3\) She neglected the truth. She wants to pull the "Brightness"\(^4\) of truth down from the "Zodiac"\(^5\). In spite of the sexual pleasure the night with the lover remains an "empty night",\(^6\) for it lacks knowledge of the real joy.

Her Triumph is a record of the woman's triumph over the "draggon's will",\(^7\) the will to enjoy sex with the help of her spiritual lover who appears to her as:

"Saint George or else a Pagon Perseus"\(^8\). He while standing among the "draggon rings",\(^9\) breaks the "chain" she is in and sets her "free" to live a new life:

And now we stare astonished at the sea,
And a miraculous strange bird shrieks at us.\(^10\)

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1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 532
2. Ibid, p. 533
3. Ibid, p. 533
4. Ibid, p. 533
5. Ibid, p. 533
6. Ibid, p. 533
7. Ibid, p. 533
8. Ibid, p. 533
9. Ibid, p. 533
10. Ibid, p. 534
In Yeats's poetry the theme of love assumes a physio-spiritual dimension. Yeats also deals with physical aspect of love that makes life eternal on the earth. The Shadowy Waters exemplifies the idea. Forgael is an idealistic youth. He believes that an amorously wrought embrace presents the spiritual alchemy of love. When the bodies obtain contact with each other they undergo transformation radiating a glow of joy, peace, thrill and ecstasy:

For him it is easy to conquer. But he desires this love. He has been bidden to seek his hearts "desire"¹ and in the last island on his journey, the "fool of the wood" has made all wisdom"² gives him a magical harp and tells him that this love was for him but beyond the shadowy waters in woods that wither not "or chrysoberyl, or beryl, or chrysolite"³

The sailors are weary and rebellious. They would kill Forgael if they durst. He has been made wise by dreams beyond other men such as find content if not:

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 233
2. Ibid, p. 235
3. Ibid, p. 231
A galley is overtaken and brutally plundered. One captive Dectora is brought to Forgael in the hope that she may prove his "heart's desire". The queen offers large rewards to the sailors if they could kill Forgael. But a spell from the strings sets her adreaming. All her past up to the day of her first girlish intimations of love is forgotten when she awakes. She too has been in quest of an immortal love. Forgael would not make her his "bed fellow" and "kiss"\(^1\) her "lips"\(^2\) until she calls him his "beloved".\(^3\) Then follows the recognition. She says that she understands him now and that only her body would give him "kiss for kiss"\(^4\) Forgael wants her soul to give the "kiss"\(^5\) Dectora replies

But my beloved—that night and day had perished,  
And all that is and all that is to be,  
All that is not the meeting of our lips. \(^6\)

She thinks of an "unimaginable happiness"\(^7\) not in this world:

But in some island where the life of the world  
Leaps upward, as if all the streams o' the world  
Had run into one fountain.

\(^{1}\) Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 237  
\(^{2}\) Ibid, p. 237  
\(^{3}\) Ibid, p. 237  
\(^{4}\) Ibid, p. 238  
\(^{5}\) Ibid, p. 238  
\(^{6}\) Ibid, p. 246  
\(^{7}\) Ibid, p. 248  
\(^{8}\) Ibid, p. 249
The embrace of her lover has brought her the wealth of the world. She says:

Have we not everything that life can give
In having one another?  

In answer to his temptations to leave him and live she says:

But I will cover up your eyes and ears,
That you may never hear the cry of the birds,
Or look upon them.  

She decides to "go on" with Forgael, then it is she who cuts the rope that lashes galley to galley and Forgael and Dectora drifts off alone through the mist on the track of the grey birds:

"The world drifts away,
And I am left alone with my beloved,
Who cannot put me from his sight for ever.  

Dectora says:

We two-this crown-
I half remember. It has been in my dreams,
Bend lover, O king, that I may crown you with it.
O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,
O silver fish that my two hands have taken
Out of the running streams, O morning star,
Trembling in the blue heavens like a white fawn
Upon the misty border of the wood,

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 249
2. Ibid, p. 250
3. Ibid, p. 250
4. Ibid, p. 251
5. Ibid, p. 251
She then concludes by saying:

Bend lower, that I may cover you with my hair,
For we will gaze upon this world no longer.

Fergael then gathering Doctora's hair about him says:

Beloved, having dragged the net about us,
And knitted mesh to mesh, we grow immortal;

Love should not desire any bodily satisfaction. It is content to serve.

In *Crazy Jane and the Bishop* the Bishop with "hunch upon his back" tells Crazy Jane that she and Jack the journeyman lived "like beast and beast". But Jack who had her body her virginity had also her won true love. It is in this context that *Crazy Jane Reproved* represents the defence of the spiritual lover against the claims of the things physical. All the "dreadful thunder-stones" and all the "storm that blots the day" are of no more significance than the to "Yawns" or "Heaven". In accepting "a bull" rather than a delicate lover, Europa "played the fool" offering the intellectual's pursuits,

2. Ibid, p. 252
3. Ibid, p. 508
4. Ibid, p. 508
5. Ibid, p. 508
6. Ibid, p. 509
7. Ibid, p. 509
8. Ibid, p. 509
9. Ibid, p. 509
10. Ibid, p. 509
rounding the "shell's elaborate whorl"\textsuperscript{1} rather than the physical passions of a bull-like "roaring, renting journeyman"\textsuperscript{2} Yeats brings to our focus the aspect of love which is only trivial:

\begin{quote}
Fol de rol, fol de rol. \textsuperscript{3}
\end{quote}

In \textit{Crazy Jane on the Day of Judgement}, crazy Jane points out that love must include both body and soul. Either body or soul by itself cannot raise love to the lofty heights of spiritual glory:

\begin{quote}
'Love is all
Unsatisfied
That cannot take the whole
Body and soul'; \textsuperscript{4}
\end{quote}

She seems to realize that only physical love is disgusting and demoralizing and that violation of virginity brings only black day in the life of a women. On the other hand "true love"\textsuperscript{5} love that encompasses "body and soul" could be "known or shown".\textsuperscript{6} The day of judgement would prove her right.

\begin{flushleft}
1. Yeats, W.B., \textit{The Complete Poems}, p. 509
2. \textit{Ibid}, p. 509
3. \textit{Ibid}, p. 509
4. \textit{Ibid}, p. 510
5. \textit{Ibid}, p. 510
6. \textit{Ibid}, p. 510
\end{flushleft}
Crazy Jane and Jack The Journeyman takes back to the passionate moments shared by the true lovers. A mixture of thrilling experience of love and perception of divine order presents crazy jane's realization that love's pattern is that of a gyre—"a skein unwound"\(^1\) between "The dark and dawn"\(^2\) "The Lovely Ghost"\(^3\) the one who does not experience the thrilling sensation of love—can come to God. But lovers experience moments of enlightenment. Dead, she will "leap into the light lost"\(^4\) in her mother's womb. According to Yeats lovers' ghosts walk the earth seeking each other. Even if she is left alone she is bound to be reunited with her lover:

But were I left to lie alone
In an empty bed,
The skein so bound us ghost to ghost
When he turned his head
Passing on the road that night,
Mine must walk when dead.

In Crazy Jane talks with the Bishop the Bishop warns her that now she is old, her "breasts are flat and fallen now"\(^6\) and that her veins must soon be dry, she should prepare for a "heavenly mansion"\(^7\) rather than a "foul sty"\(^8\). She responds

2. Ibid, p. 511
3. Ibid, p. 511
4. Ibid, p. 511
5. Ibid, p. 511
6. Ibid, p. 513
7. Ibid, p. 513
8. Ibid, p. 513

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that "Fair and foul are near of kin/ and fair needs foul." She builds up her thesis in the last stanza and says that no matter draw "proud and stiff" the beautiful woman intent on love may be:

But Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement;

And consequently "nothing can be sole or Whole/ that has not been rent." Only in experiencing both fair and foul can the soul be made whole. The idea that sexual love goes hand in hand with spiritual love is summed up in "Crazy Jane grown old Looks at the Pansies. Yeats examining the reality of such figures The "ivory image" and "chosen Youth" concludes that the reality of the physical passion they symbolized is eternal:

Love is like the lion's tooth.

In Chosen woman's vacillation gives way to her choice of spiritual love in preference to fleshly and sexual love. She chooses the "lot of love." In preference to the physical love:

Scarce did he my body touch,
Scarce sank he from the west
Or found a subterranean rest
On the maternal midnight of my breast
Before I had marked him on his northern way,
And seemed to stand although in bed I lay.

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 513
2. Ibid, p. 513
3. Ibid, p. 513
4. Ibid, p. 513
5. Ibid, p. 514
6. Ibid, p. 514
7. Ibid, p. 514
8. Ibid, p. 534
9. Ibid, p. 535
The love she chooses leads her lover from the "whirling Zodiac" through the milky way to the sphere which is spiritual heaven. The woman says:

I take
That stillness for a theme
Where his heart my heart did seem
And both adrift on the miraculous stream
Where-wrote a learned astrologer
The Zodiac is changed into a sphere. ²

Thus, the lover's souls seem to be united on their starting point on the Milky Way. "Both adrift" ³ where spiritual and material worlds intersect and the imperfect is turned into the perfect. But even this spiritual triumph and bliss has been revealed to the woman through an intense sexual experience.

In A Last Confession, the woman finally confesses that bodily love gives pleasure. She says that she had "great pleasure" ⁴ with a lad whom she loved bodily. But the pleasures of the body are only momentary:

Flinging from his arms I laughed
To think his passion such
He fancied that I gave a soul
Did but our bodies touch,
And laughed upon his breast to think
Beast gave bease as much.

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2. Ibid, p. 535
3. Ibid, p. 535
4. Ibid, p. 538
5. Ibid, p. 538
On the contrary the bliss that follows upon the union of the soul is unending:

But when this soul, its body off,
Naked to naked goes,
He it has found shall find therein
What none other knows,

She further says when souls:

Close and cling so tight,
There's not a bird of day that dare
Extinguish that delight.

Thus the love of the souls has its own wonderful delight which never comes to an end.

In Meeting the woman meets her man for the last time.
They both have one real self and one masked self:

Each hating what the other loved.

Their love for all the lovers with whom they had shared only the body looks like hate. Only the love of "such as he for such as me" sounds like a "sweeter word."

Yeats believes that there is another source of knowledge beside the senses and the faculty of reasoning which

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 538
2. Ibid, p. 538
3. Ibid, p. 539
4. Ibid, p. 539
5. Ibid, p. 539
is as valid as any other. This source is love and knowledge from it is direct, vivid, more compulsive and fills one's being more completely than any other kind of knowledge. Knowledge, thus, becomes an essential ingredient of the theme of love. For Yeats knowledge is nothing but the continually burning up of ignorance to set free the light of truth. In the Lover tells of the Rose in his heart, it is love that provides the lover a keen penetrating insight into the affairs of the outside world. The lover says,

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart. 1

The lover says that the "wrong of the unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told". 2 He has a "hunger to build them anew". 3 He believes that by sitting "on a green knoll part with the earth and the sky and the water" 4 he would get a deep and profound knowledge to set the things in perfect order.

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 142
2. Ibid, p. 143
3. Ibid, p. 143
4. Ibid, p. 143
Yeats's attempt to temper his hopeless passion for Maud Gonne by living with another woman also shows the knowledge that he derives out of his unrequited love. It is not merely the rationalization of frustrated sex but a part of himself to be renounced as easily in thought as in action. In He bids His beloved beat peace the lover comes to realize that real peace can not be had in the "hoofs"¹ of the "Shadowy Horses"² grown "heavy with tumult."³ Like wise it can not be had from the north unfolding "clinging creeping night" or from the east expressing its "joy before the morning break"⁴ or from the west weeping in "Pale dew and sighs passing away"⁵ or from the south "pouring down roses of crimson fire".⁶ The lover knows that the knowledge of this world is frustrating and futile. Love alone can give real knowledge and peace and he comes out with the desire:

Beloved, let your eyes half close, and
your heart beat
Over my heart, and your hair fall over my breast,
Drowning love's lonely hour in deep twilight
of rest,

¹ Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 154
² Ibid, p. 154
³ Ibid, p. 154
⁴ Ibid, p. 154
⁵ Ibid, p. 154
⁶ Ibid, p. 154
⁷ Ibid, p. 154
knowledge through love is creative and makes man capable of hiding the "tossing manes"\textsuperscript{1} and "tumultuous feet"\textsuperscript{2} of he Shadowy Horses.

On woman is a rich tribute to the role of a woman in bringing wisdom and the gift of creative power to a man. Yeats says that when "The Pastle of the moon/ That pounds up all anew/ brings me to birth again",\textsuperscript{3} he would like to follow in the footsteps of Solomon and Sheloa. He praises God for creating woman who "gives up all her mind".\textsuperscript{4} Her love has the depth of ocean and that "a man may find in no man/ A friendship of her kind."\textsuperscript{5} Her love "covers all that he has brought/As with her flesh and bone/Nor quarrels with a thought/Because it is not her own."\textsuperscript{6} It "shuddered in the water"\textsuperscript{7} and the "shudder that made them one"\textsuperscript{8} illustrate this point especially because "water" in Yeats work is also a symbol of the rebirth of the soul.

It is the love of woman that widens the intellectual horizon of man and makes him understand the mysteries and immensities of life:

\begin{itemize}
\item[1.] Yeats, W.B., \textit{The Complete Poems}, p. 154
\item[2.] \textit{Ibid}, p. 154
\item[3.] \textit{Ibid}, p. 346
\item[4.] \textit{Ibid}, p. 345
\item[5.] \textit{Ibid}, p. 345
\item[6.] \textit{Ibid}, p. 345
\item[7.] \textit{Ibid}, p. 345
\item[8.] \textit{Ibid}, p. 346
\end{itemize}
Though pedantry denies,
It's plain the Bible means
That Solomon grew wise
While talking with his queens, 1

It is the "tenderness and care"² of love that makes man wise:

To find what once I had
And know what once I have known. ³

Again "pity"⁴ shown by woman in love makes man have sleepless
night with an "aching head"⁵ It is all because of someone
"perverse creature of chance"⁶ that one starts living "lie
solomon".⁷

Her Praise strikes the same note. It commemorates Maud
Gonne, who, to him is an epitome of kindness and generosity. As
such "though she has young man's praise and old man's blame/
Among the poor both old and young gave her praise"⁸ what Yeats
can do is to "Manage the talk until her name come round".⁹ In
The People Yeats cites Maud Gonne as an ideal of tolerance and
forgiveness as she would pardon even those who criticises her.
She is symbolized here as a "phoenix"¹⁰ who will never be
consummed by the fire of criticism:

1. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 345
2. Ibid, p. 346
3. Ibid, p. 346
4. Ibid, p. 346
5. Ibid, p. 346
6. Ibid, p. 346
7. Ibid, p. 346
8. Ibid, p. 351
9. Ibid, p. 351
10. Ibid, p. 352
'The drunkards, pilferers of public funds,  
All the dishonest crowd I had driven away,  
When my luck changed and they dared meet my face,  
Crawled from obscurity, and set upon me  
Those I had served and some that I had fed;  
Yet never have I, now nor any time,  
Complained of the people.'  

It is so because she has "the purity of a natural force".² She lived not "in thought but deed".³ Yeats feels ashamed and sinks his head "abashed".⁴

Yeats believes that sexual love leads to decay. *Antigone* is a terrified acknowledgement of love's power. Love can make havoc of wealth. They just themselves have their minds wrapt by love too long, for their ruin. It is a poer enthrouged in sway beside the eternal laws, for there the goddess Aphrodite is working her unconquerable will. Love may be dreaded wrecker of doom. Here is a battle cry to "over-come the Apollonian order:

Overcome-O bitter sweetness,  
Inhabitant of the soft cheek of a girl  
The rich man and his affairs,  
The fat flocks and the fields' fatness,  
Mariners, rough harvesters;  
Overcome gods upon Parnassus;  

2. *Ibid*, p. 353  
5. *Ibid*, p. 540
And again:

Overcome the Empyrean; hurl
Heaven and Earth out of their places,
That in the same calamity
Brother and brother, friend and friend,
Family and family,
City and city may contend,
By that great glory driven wild.¹

The "bitter sweetness' is neither divine nor un-conquerable, it is profoundly human. Love is domesticated. It is the inhabitant of the "soft cheek of a girl". This is of course absolutely faithful to the thought of the chorus for whom love is an invincible warrior who strikes from ambush. Yeats, thus, transforms love from an ever watchful warrior ready to pounce on his unsuspecting victims, into a power made poignantly vulnerable by its fragile human habitation. A soft cheek is perishable flesh subject to time. Yeats voice breaks at the end the cry for more conflict is absorbed in the related but far deeper cry of helpless anguish in the face of death. We may through the power of Eros be driven wild but the final tribute is of wild fears.

And yet I weep - Oedipus' child
Descends into the loveless dust. ²

¹. Yeats, W.B., The Complete Poems, p. 540
². Ibid, p. 540
The whole invocation to Love to hurl Heaven and Earth out of their places so that in the same calamity brothers, friends, families and cities would be set in murderous contention calls up to the destructive revolutionary energies of that Modern Helen [Moud Gonne] who filled Yeats’s days with the miseries of unrequitted love.

Thus love leads to a union that results in joy, purification of will, intellectual enlightenment and moral awakening. It is an impulse to realise and fulfil one in others.