

beginning, but centuries after we are dead cities shall be overthrown it may be because of an air that we have hummed, or because of a curtain full of meaning that we have hung upon a wall.¹

The dream was finally crushed in 1903 when Yeats heard of Maud Gonne's marriage to John MacBride and a great wind of change, the counterpart of the big wind of 1903 that he describes in the epilogue to *In the Seven Woods*,² brought into his verse 'a less dream-burdened will'. As F. R. Higgins put it, 'his poetry of mood' gave 'way to his poetry of dramatic passion. It became hard-bitten: more Gaelic in feeling'.³ A new era had begun.

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 29.

² *In the Seven Woods*, Dun Emer Press edition, Dundrum MCMIII.

³ *The Arrow*, W. B. Yeats Commemoration Number, Summer 1939.

Weary Night

Chill of the bamboo grove enters my bedroom,
 Wilderness-moonlight fills a corner of the yard.
 Heavy dew forms tiny droplets,
 Scattered stars come and go.
 In the murk fireflies shine from themselves.
 At rest on the water birds call each other.
 Amid ten thousand events of shield and spear,
 Empty sorrow and the pure night waning.

TU FU
 (late Fall, 764)

translation by DAVID LATTIMORE