William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

12 John Kinsella's Lament for Mrs. Mary Moore

A bloody and a sudden end,	
Gunshot or a noose,	
For Death who takes what man would keep,	
Leaves what man would lose.	
He might have had my sister,	5
My cousins by the score,	
But nothing satisfied the fool	
But my dear Mary Moore,	
None other knows what pleasures man	
At table or in bed.	10
What shall I do for pretty girls	
Now my old bawd is dead?	
Though stiff to strike a bargain,	
Like an old Jew man,	
Her bargain struck we laughed and talked	15
And emptied many a can;	
And O! but she had stories,	
Though not for the priest's ear,	
To keep the soul of man alive,	
Banish age and care,	20
And being old she put a skin	
On everything she said.	
What shall I do for pretty girls	
Now my old bawd is dead?	
The priests have got a book that says	25
But for Adam's sin	
Eden's Garden would be there	
And I there within.	
No expectation fails there,	

No pleasing habit ends,	30
No man grows old, no girl grows cold,	
But friends walk by friends.	
Who quarrels over halfpennies	
That plucks the trees for bread?	
What shall I do for pretty girls	35
Now my old bawd is dead?	

1938

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