



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*

(From *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats*. 2nd. ed.  
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