15 Running to Paradise

As I came over Windy Gap	
They threw a halfpenny into my cap,	
For I am running to Paradise;	
And all that I need do is to wish	
And somebody puts his hand in the dish	5
To throw me a bit of salted fish:	
And there the king is but as the beggar.	
My brother Mourteen is worn out	
With skelping his big brawling lout,	
And I am running to Paradise;	10
A poor life, do what he can,	
And though he keep a dog and a gun,	
A serving-maid and a serving-man:	
And there the king is but as the beggar.	
Poor men have grown to be rich men,	15
And rich men grown to be poor again,	
And I am running to Paradise;	
And many a darling wit's grown dull	
That tossed a bare heel when at school,	
Now it has filled an old sock full:	20
And there the king is but as the beggar.	
The wind is old and still at play	
While I must hurry upon my way	
For I am running to Paradise;	
Yet never have I lit on a friend	25
To take my fancy like the wind	
That nobody can buy or bind:	
And there the king is but as the beggar.	

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