**The Wild Swans at Coole, 1919**.   
  
**The Collar-bone of a Hare**

***by W.B. Yeats (1865–1939)***

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| WOULD I could cast a sail on the water |  |
| Where many a king has gone |  |
| And many a king’s daughter, |  |
| And alight at the comely trees and the lawn, |  |
| The playing upon pipes and the dancing, |  |
| And learn that the best thing is |  |
| To change my loves while dancing |  |
| And pay but a kiss for a kiss. |  |
|  |  |
| I would find by the edge of that water |  |
| The collar-bone of a hare |  |
| Worn thin by the lapping of water, |  |
| And pierce it through with a gimlet and stare |  |
| At the old bitter world where they marry in churches, |  |
| And laugh over the untroubled water |  |
| At all who marry in churches, |  |
| Through the white thin bone of a hare. |  |