

# Yeats The tower.pdf/105



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She seemed the learned man and I the child;  
Truths without father came, truths that no book  
Of all the uncounted books that I have read,  
Nor thought out of her mind or mine begot,  
Self-born, high-born, and solitary truths,  
Those terrible implacable straight lines  
Drawn through the wandering vegetative dream,  
Even those truths that when my bones are dust  
Must drive the Arabian host.

The voice grew still,  
And she lay down upon her bed and slept,  
But woke at the first gleam of day, rose up  
And swept the house and sang about her work  
In childish ignorance of all that passed.



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