

# Yeats The tower.pdf/33



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Have seen his midnight candle glimmering.

Two men have founded here. A man-at-arms  
Gathered a score of horse and spent his days  
In this tumultuous spot,  
Where through long wars and sudden night alarms  
His dwindling score and he seemed cast-a-ways  
Forgetting and forgot;  
And I, that after me  
My bodily heirs may find,  
To exalt a lonely mind,  
Befitting emblems of adversity.

## III

## MY TABLE

Two heavy tressels, and a board  
Where Sato's gift, a changeless sword,



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