

# Yeats The tower.pdf/56



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## THE NEW FACES

IF you, that have grown old, were the first dead,  
Neither catalpa tree nor scented lime  
Should hear my living feet, nor would I tread  
Where we wrought that shall break the teeth of time.  
Let the new faces play what tricks they will  
In the old rooms; night can out-balance day,  
Our shadows rove the garden gravel still,  
The living seem more shadowy than they.



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