

# Yeats The tower.pdf/86



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## A MAN YOUNG AND OLD

The women take so little stock  
In what I do or say  
They'd sooner leave their cosseting  
To hear a jackass bray;  
My arms are like the twisted thorn  
And yet there beauty lay;

The first of all the tribe lay there  
And did such pleasure take—  
She who had brought great Hector down  
And put all Troy to wreck—  
That she cried into this ear  
Strike me if I shriek.

## THE FRIENDS OF HIS YOUTH

Laughter not time destroyed my voice  
And put that crack in it,  
And when the moon's pot-bellied  
I get a laughing fit,



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