



## The Wild Swans at Coole

*W.B. Yeats*

[Download now](#)

[Read Online ➔](#)

# The Wild Swans at Coole

W.B. Yeats

## The Wild Swans at Coole W.B. Yeats

This scarce antiquarian book is a facsimile reprint of the original. Due to its age, it may contain imperfections such as marks, notations, marginalia and flawed pages. Because we believe this work is culturally important, we have made it available as part of our commitment for protecting, preserving, and promoting the world's literature in affordable, high quality, modern editions that are true to the original work.

## The Wild Swans at Coole Details

Date : Published June 17th 2004 by Kessinger Publishing (first published 1919)

ISBN : 9781419188008

Author : W.B. Yeats

Format : Paperback 56 pages

Genre : Poetry, Literature, 20th Century, European Literature, Irish Literature, Fiction, Classics

 [Download The Wild Swans at Coole ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Wild Swans at Coole ...pdf](#)

**Download and Read Free Online The Wild Swans at Coole W.B. Yeats**

---

## From Reader Review The Wild Swans at Coole for online ebook

### Arlene Hayman says

Thanks to my daughter, I was fortunate to encounter the poems of W.B. Yeats upon my recent visit to Dublin. Having visited the Yeats exhibition at the National Library of Ireland, I was intrigued by this complex man who wrote so deftly about issues, such as aging and death, as well as love, and the beauty of nature. I especially loved the poem to which this collection was named, 'The Wild Swans of Coole,' a place of extraordinary beauty in which Yeats contemplates how the lovely swans, unlike himself who is weary, still experience life passionately and freely. In witnessing the swans paddling in the cold, or the lovely moment of the 'bell-beat of their wings' above his head, Yeats also realizes how fleeting this moment of beauty can be, as he considers how when he awakens some day, the swans may have flown away. It seems to me that Yeats often wrote about his relationships with women, and since he was promiscuous throughout his life, he was awarded with ample writing resources. Throughout his life, Yeats possessed an unrequited love for a well-spirited woman named Maude Gonne with whom he maintained a close friendship throughout his life. In this anthology, Yeats writes a very short poem, entitled 'Memory,' in which he compares the love of his life to a mountain hare, for where the hare lies, its form cannot be held in the mountain grass. To me, Yeats speaks of the elusiveness of this idyllic relationship. Written with only a few lines, this poem to me is almost perfection, as a haiku, which succinctly speaks profoundly with minimal words.

---

### Katie Murphy says

#### Yeates

My favourite poet. Yeates is a great man and a genius wordsmith. Can easily be read and reread, always finding something new.

---

### John says

Yeats at his typical gloomy but not impenetrable self.

Some favorite lines:

Though pedantry denies  
It's plain the Bible means  
That Solomon grew wise  
While talking with his queens  
Yeats, "On Women"

A PRAYER ON GOING INTO MY HOUSE  
GOD grant a blessing on this tower and cottage  
And on my heirs, if all remain unspoiled,

No table, or chair or stool not simple enough  
For shepherd lads in Galilee ; and grant  
That I myself for portions of the year  
May handle nothing and set eyes on nothing  
But what the great and passionate have used  
Throughout so many varying centuries.  
We take it for the norm ; yet should I dream  
Sinbad the sailor's brought a painted chest,  
Or image, from beyond the Loadstone Mountain,  
That dream is a norm ; and should some limb of the devil  
Destroy the view by cutting down an ash  
That shades the road, or setting up a cottage  
Planned in a government office, shorten his life,  
Manacle his soul upon the Red Sea bottom.

---

### **Galicius says**

“Mysterious, beautiful;  
Among what rushes will they build,  
By what lake’s edge or pool  
Delight men’s eyes, when I awake some day  
To find they have flown away?”

---

### **Greg says**

The last two lines of "The Song":

'...For who could have foretold  
That the heart grows old.'

Yeats' truths can sometimes hurt in his most heartfelt work, some  
of which is represented in this volume.

---

### **Niamh O'Donnell says**

My personal favourites were, "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death", "The Dawn", "The Fisherman", "Ego  
Dominus Tuus", and "Two Songs Of A Fool".

---

## **C.M. Crockford says**

Continuing my read-through of Yeats. He's slowly combining his trademark mysticism and folklore with the regret and yearning that comes with getting older, and concurrently his poems often can feel like spells. Less about what they say than the strange enchantment they cast. The last poem "The Double Vision of Michael Robartes" is obscure and haunting and even if I don't know all it means, I can't forget it either.

---

## **You You says**

i want to read this one

---

## **Cooper Renner says**

Not every poem is a classic, but some are, and Yeats's music and imagery put almost all living poets in the shade.

---

## **Mike says**

Terrific midlife crisis Yeats!

---

## **Leslie says**

Eh, I find that both this audiobook & the poems therein leave me lukewarm. I may try other Yeats poems but not in audio form...

---

## **Claudia says**

Fabulous. As one would expect of Yeats. It really produces that Stillness feeling you'd get from looking at the Lake at Coole Park. It's believed this Poem was written when Yeats was staying with a friend - Lady Gregory at Coole Park in Ireland. This is fabulous poetry. 5 stars.

---

## **sigurd says**

si avvicina il natale, e come è consuetudine rileggo (venerando ad uno a uno i suoi versi) William Butler Yeats e, in particolare, le poesie dei cigni selvatici di Coole. Mi avvicina a lui un'immagine: quella di una scogliera. si sentiva muto e appassionato come uno scogliera. gli Yeats erano uomini di molte idee e nessuna passione. Se non fosse stato per il ramo materno non avrebbe trovato parole da prestare a quella scogliera. E

le parole gli venivano anche da quell'amore culminato nel matrimonio di Maud Gonne con il maggiore MacBride a Parigi. L'infrangersi del sogno di poter sposare Maud recherà talmente tanta sofferenza al poeta che egli cercherà di placare il dolore pensando che questa sofferenza era il germoglio più importante per far nascere la sua opera. Scrivere è un tentativo di spiegarsi a lei. "Avrei potuto gettare via le povere parole", dice in una sua bella poesia "e accontentarmi della vita". l'infelicità dei poeti è la nostra felicità. le loro parole resina di estremo dolore, equilibrio tra morte e vita, aspra solitudine.

Passate un buon natale.

---

### **Evelyn says**

Meditations on aging and death.

---

### **Melissa says**

"I know that I shall meet my fate  
Somewhere among the clouds above;  
Those that I fight I do not hate,  
Those that I guard I do not love;"

---