



The Wild Swans at Coole

W.B. Yeats

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The Wild Swans at Coole Details

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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
Domnius 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;"
