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TO AN ISLE IN THE WATER.

Robt
5797

Shy one, shy one,
Shy one of my heart,
She moves in the firelight
Pensively apart.

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She carries in the dishes
And lays them in a row,
To an isle in the water
With her would I go.

She carries in the candles
And lights the curtained room,
Shy in the doorway
And shy in the gloom;

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And shy as a rabbit,
Helpful and shy.
To an isle in the water
With her would I fly.

W. B. YEATS.