

## THE CAP AND BELLS

W. B. Yeats

The jester walked in the garden:  
The garden had fallen still;  
He bade his soul rise upward  
And stand on her windowsill.

It rose in a straight blue garment,  
When owls began to call:  
It had grown wise-tongued by thinking  
Of a quiet and light footfall;

But the young queen would not listen;  
She rose in her pale nightgown;  
She drew in the heavy casement  
And pushed the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,  
When the owls called out no more;  
In a red and quivering garment  
It sang to her through the door.

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming  
Of a flutter of flower-like hair;  
But she took up her fan from the table  
And waved it off on the air.

'I have cap and bells,' he pondered,  
will send them to her and die';  
And when the morning whitened  
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom,  
Under a cloud of her hair,  
And her red lips sang them a love-song  
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,  
And the heart and the soul came through,  
To her right hand came the red one,  
To her left hand came the blue.

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They set up a noise like crickets,  
A chattering wise and sweet,  
And her hair was a folded flower  
And the quiet of love in her feet.