

William Butler Yeats

Quotes

*Men, Heart, Life, Dream, Eye, Love, Art, Thinking, Hands, World, Children,
Mind, Inspirational, Night, Beauty, Beautiful, Soul, Wise, Stars, Truth*

Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire.

~William Butler Yeats

There are no strangers here; Only friends you haven't yet met.

~William Butler Yeats

There is another world, but it is in this one.

~William Butler Yeats

Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot; but make it hot by striking.

~William Butler Yeats

The Irishman sustains himself during brief periods of joy by the knowledge that tragedy is just around the corner.

~William Butler Yeats

The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.

~William Butler Yeats

Come Fairies, take me out of this dull world, for I would ride with you upon the wind and dance upon the mountains like a flame!

~William Butler Yeats

But I, being poor, have only my dreams; I have spread my dreams under your feet; Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

~William Butler Yeats

By logic and reason we die hourly; by imagination we live.

~William Butler Yeats

Think like a wise man but communicate in the language of the people.

~William Butler Yeats

Being Irish, he had an abiding sense of tragedy, which sustained him through temporary periods of joy.

~William Butler Yeats

What man does not understand, he fears; and what he fears, he tends to destroy.

~William Butler Yeats

One man loved the pilgrim soul in you, And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

~William Butler Yeats

Choose your companions from the best; Who draws a bucket with the rest soon topples down the hill.

~William Butler Yeats

It is one of the great troubles of life that we cannot have any unmixed emotions. There is always something in our enemy that we like, and something in our sweetheart that we dislike.

~William Butler Yeats

Think where man's glory most begins and ends, and say my glory was I had such friends.

~William Butler Yeats

That toil of growing up; The ignominy of boyhood; the distress Of boyhood changing into man; The unfinished man and his pain.

~William Butler Yeats

All that I have said and done, Now that I am old and ill, Turns into a question till I lie awake night after night And never get the answers right.

~William Butler Yeats

And a softness came from the starlight and filled me full to the bone.

~William Butler Yeats

Happiness is neither virtue nor pleasure nor this thing nor that but simply growth, We are happy when we are growing.

~William Butler Yeats

We taste and feel and see the truth. We do not reason ourselves into it.

~William Butler Yeats

Cast a cold eye on life, on death Horseman pass by

~William Butler Yeats

Things fall apart; the center cannot hold.

~William Butler Yeats

From our birthday, until we die, Is but the winking of an eye.

~William Butler Yeats

Joy is of the will which labours, which overcomes obstacles, which knows triumph.

~William Butler Yeats

Take, if you must, this little bag of dreams, Unloose the cord, and they will wrap you round.

~William Butler Yeats

The falcon cannot hear the falconer

~William Butler Yeats

All empty souls tend toward extreme opinions.

~William Butler Yeats

Wine enters through the mouth, Love, the eyes. I raise the glass to my mouth, I look at you, I sigh.

~William Butler Yeats

It takes more courage to dig deep in the dark corners of your own soul and the back alleys of your society than it does for a soldier to fight on the battlefield.

~William Butler Yeats

I have believed the best of every man. And find that to believe is enough to make a bad man show him at his best, or even a good man swings his lantern higher.

~William Butler Yeats

Life is a long preparation for something that never happens.

~William Butler Yeats

If what I say resonates with you, it's merely because we're branches of the same tree.

~William Butler Yeats

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.

~William Butler Yeats

The light of lights looks always on the motive, not the deed, the shadow of shadows on the deed alone.

~William Butler Yeats

The worst thing about some men is that when they are not drunk they are sober.

~William Butler Yeats

Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no

quiet in my heart.

~William Butler Yeats

The tragedy of sexual intercourse is the perpetual virginity of the soul.

~William Butler Yeats

And wisdom is a butterfly And not a gloomy bird of prey.

~William Butler Yeats

The innocent and the beautiful have no enemy but time.

~William Butler Yeats

Gaze no more in the bitter glass The demons, with their subtle guile,
Lift up before us when they pass, Or only gaze a little while.

~William Butler Yeats

I have known more men destroyed by the desire to have wife and child
and to keep them in comfort than I have seen destroyed by drink and
harlots.

~William Butler Yeats

Everything in nature is resurrection.

~William Butler Yeats

Wine comes in at the mouth And love comes in at the eye; That's all we
shall know for truth Before we grow old and die.

~William Butler Yeats

When you are old and gray and full of sleep, and nodding by the fire,
take down this book and slowly read, and dream of the soft look your
eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

~William Butler Yeats

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, Slouches toward

Bethlehem to be born?

~William Butler Yeats

A statesman is an easy man, he tells his lies by rote. A journalist invents his lies, and rams them down your throat. So stay at home and drink your beer and let the neighbors vote.

~William Butler Yeats

The only business of the head in the world is to bow a ceaseless obeisance to the heart.

~William Butler Yeats

Too many things are occurring for even a big heart to hold.

~William Butler Yeats

Why should we honour those that die upon the field of battle? A man may show as reckless a courage in entering into the abyss of himself.

~William Butler Yeats

I am still of opinion that only two topics can be of the least interest to a serious and studious mood - sex and the dead.

~William Butler Yeats

Everything that's lovely is But a brief, dreamy kind of delight.

~William Butler Yeats

On limestone quarried near the spot
By his command these words are cut:
Cast a cold eye
On life, on death. Horseman, pass by!

~William Butler Yeats

Literature is always personal, always one man's vision of the world, one man's experience, and it can only be popular when men are ready to welcome the visions of others.

~William Butler Yeats

Hearts are not had as a gift, But hearts are earned.

~William Butler Yeats

I have often had the fancy that there is some one Myth for every man, which, if we but knew it, would make us understand all he did and thought.

~William Butler Yeats

Life moves out of a red flare of dreams Into a common light of common hours, Until old age brings the red flare again.

~William Butler Yeats

In dreams begins responsibility.

~William Butler Yeats

I cast my heart into my rhymes, That you, in the dim coming times, May know how my heart went with them After the red-rose-bordered hem.

~William Butler Yeats

It's certain that fine women eat A crazy salad with their meat.

~William Butler Yeats

Every conquering temptation represents a new fund of moral energy. Every trial endured and weathered in the right spirit makes a soul nobler and stronger than it was before.

~William Butler Yeats

Words are always getting conventionalized to some secondary meaning. It is one of the works of poetry to take the truants in custody and bring them back to their right senses.

~William Butler Yeats

The visible world is no longer a reality and the unseen world no longer a dream.

~William Butler Yeats

An intellectual hatred is the worst.

~William Butler Yeats

We have lit upon the gentle, sensitive mind
And lost the old nonchalance of the hand;
Whether we have chosen chisel, pen or
brush, We are but critics, or but half create.

~William Butler Yeats

How can we know the dancer from the dance?

~William Butler Yeats

Too long a sacrifice can make a stone of the heart.
O when may it suffice?

~William Butler Yeats

Cast your mind on other days that we in coming days
may be still the indomitable Irishry.

~William Butler Yeats

True love is a discipline in which each divines
the secret self of the other and refuses to believe
in the mere daily self.

~William Butler Yeats

Poet and sculptor, do the work, / Nor let the modish painter shirk

~William Butler Yeats

One had a lovely face, And two or three had charm,
But charm and face were in vain. Because the mountain grass
Cannot keep the form Where the mountain hare has lain.

~William Butler Yeats

We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric,
but of the quarrel with

ourselves, poetry.

~William Butler Yeats

Accursed who brings to light of day the writings I have cast away.

~William Butler Yeats

only an aching heart Conceives a changeless work of art.

~William Butler Yeats

I'm looking for the face I had, before the world was made.

~William Butler Yeats

The pain others give passes away in their later kindness, but that of our own blunders, especially when they hurt our vanity, never passes away

~William Butler Yeats

Ecstasy is from the contemplation of things vaster than the individual and imperfectly seen perhaps, by all those that still live.

~William Butler Yeats

No man has ever lived that had enough of children's gratitude or woman's love.

~William Butler Yeats

I have found nothing half so good / As my long-planned half solitude, /
Where I can sit up half the night / With some friend that has the wit.

~William Butler Yeats

Now that my ladder's gone, I must lie down where all my ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

~William Butler Yeats

The mystical life is at the centre of all that I do and all that I think and all that I write.

~William Butler Yeats

All art is in the last analysis an endeavor to condense as out of the flying vapor of the world an image of human perfection, and for its own and not for the art's sake.

~William Butler Yeats

What can be explained is not poetry.

~William Butler Yeats

If suffering brings wisdom, I would wish to be less wise.

~William Butler Yeats

From dream to dream and rhyme to rhyme I have ranged / In rambling talk with an image of air: / Vague memories, nothing but memories.

~William Butler Yeats

Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, the blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere the ceremony of innocence is drowned.

~William Butler Yeats

Neither Christ nor Buddha nor Socrates wrote a book, for to do so is to exchange life for a logical process.

~William Butler Yeats

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World! You, too, have come where the dim tides are hurled. Upon the wharves of sorrow, and heard ring The bell that calls us on; the sweet far thing.

~William Butler Yeats

The fascination of what's difficult Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent Spontaneous joy and natural content Out of my heart.

~William Butler Yeats

Beloved, let your eyes half close, and your heart beat
Over my heart, and your hair fall over my breast,
Drowning love's lonely hour in deep twilight of rest.

~William Butler Yeats

A poet is a good citizen turned inside out.

~William Butler Yeats

Women are hard and proud and stubborn-hearted,
Their heads being turned with praise and flattery;
And that is why their lovers are afraid
To tell them a plain story.

~William Butler Yeats

I wonder anybody does anything at Oxford but dream and remember

~William Butler Yeats

Nothing but stillness can remain when hearts are full
Of their own sweetness, bodies of their loveliness.

~William Butler Yeats

The chief imagination of Christendom, Dante Alighieri, so utterly found
himself That he has made that hollow face of his
More plain to the mind's eye than any face
But that of Christ.

~William Butler Yeats

This great purple butterfly, In the prison of my hands,
Has a learning in his eye
Not a poor fool understands.

~William Butler Yeats

The years like great black oxen tread the world, and God, the
herdsman goads them on behind, and I am broken by their passing
feet.

~William Butler Yeats

What were all the world's alarms
To mighty Paris when he found Sleep
upon a golden bed
That first dawn in Helen's arms?

~William Butler Yeats

Myself I must remake.

~William Butler Yeats

A pity beyond all telling is hid
in the heart of love.

~William Butler Yeats

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