

The Collar-bone of a Hare

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Words: William Butler Yeats, from *The Wild Swans at Coole*, 1919

G C D7 G
 Would I could cast a sail on the water
 C* G
 Where many a king has gone
 C* G
 And many a king's daughter,
 D7
 And alight at the comely trees and the lawn,
 G C D7 G
 The playing upon pipes and the dancing,
 C* D C G
 And learn that the best thing is
 C* D C G
 To change my loves while dancing
 D7 G
 And pay but a kiss for a kiss.

 I would find by the edge of that water
 The collar-bone of a hare
 Worn thin by the lapping of water,
 And pierce it through with a gimlet and stare
 At the old bitter world where they marry in churches,
 And laugh over the untroubled water
 At all who marry in churches,
 Through the white thin bone of a hare.

This used to be one of my favorites back when I was young, lonely, and depressed. I found it tickling the back of my mind as I was working on something else in waltz time with dancing in it. Not sure I really like the setting yet.

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