

# The Old Age Of Queen Maeve

William Butler Yeats

A certain poet in outlandish clothes  
Gathered a crowd in some Byzantine lane,  
Talked of his country and its people, sang  
To some stringed instrument none there had seen,  
A wall behind his back, over his head  
A latticed window. His glance went up at time  
As though one listened there, and his voice sank  
Or let its meaning mix into the strings.

MAEVE the great queen was pacing to and fro,  
Between the walls covered with beaten bronze,  
In her high house at Cruachan; the long hearth,  
Flickering with ash and hazel, but half showed  
Where the tired horse-boys lay upon the rushes,  
Or on the benches underneath the walls,  
In comfortable sleep; all living slept  
But that great queen, who more than half the night  
Had paced from door to fire and fire to door.  
Though now in her old age, in her young age  
She had been beautiful in that old way  
That's all but gone; for the proud heart is gone,  
And the fool heart of the counting-house fears all  
But Soft beauty and indolent desire.  
She could have called over the rim of the world  
Whatever woman's lover had hit her fancy,  
And yet had been great-bodied and great-limbed,  
Fashioned to be the mother of strong children;  
And she'd had lucky eyes and high heart,  
And wisdom that caught fire like the dried flax,  
At need, and made her beautiful and fierce,  
Sudden and laughing.  
O unquiet heart,  
Why do you praise another, praising her,  
As if there were no tale but your own tale  
Worth knitting to a measure of sweet sound?  
Have I not bid you tell of that great queen  
Who has been buried some two thousand years?  
When night was at its deepest, a wild goose  
Cried from the porter's lodge, and with long clamour'  
Shook the ale-horns and shields upon their hooks;  
But the horse-boys slept on, as though some power  
Had filled the house with Druid heaviness;  
And wondering who of the many-changing Sidhe  
Had come as in the old times to counsel her,

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Maeve walked, yet with slow footfall, being old,  
To that small chamber by the outer gate.  
The porter slept, although he sat upright  
With still and stony limbs and open eyes.  
Maeve waited, and when that ear-piercing noise  
Broke from his parted lips and broke again,  
She laid a hand on either of his shoulders,  
And shook him wide awake, and bid him say  
Who of the wandering many-changing ones  
Had troubled his sleep. But all he had to say  
Was that, the air being heavy and the dogs  
More still than they had been for a good month,  
He had fallen asleep, and, though he had dreamed  
nothing,  
He could remember when he had had fine dreams.  
It was before the time of the great war  
Over the White-Horned Bull and the Brown Bull.  
She turned away; he turned again to sleep  
That no god troubled now, and, wondering  
What matters were afoot among the Sidhe,  
Maeve walked through that great hall, and with a sigh  
Lifted the curtain of her sleeping-room,  
Remembering that she too had seemed divine  
To many thousand eyes, and to her own  
One that the generations had long waited  
That work too difficult for mortal hands  
Might be accomplished, Bunching the curtain up  
She saw her husband Ailell sleeping there,  
And thought of days when he'd had a straight body,  
And of that famous Fergus, Nessa's husband,  
Who had been the lover of her middle life.  
Suddenly Ailell spoke out of his sleep,  
And not with his own voice or a man's voice,  
But with the burning, live, unshaken voice  
Of those that, it may be, can never age.  
He said, "High Queen of Cruachan and Magh Ai,  
A king of the Great Plain would speak with you.'  
And with glad voice Maeve answered him, "What king  
Of the far-wandering shadows has come to me,  
As in the old days when they would come and go  
About my threshold to counsel and to help?"  
The parted lips replied, "I seek your help,  
For I am Aengus, and I am crossed in love.'  
"How may a mortal whose life gutters out  
Help them that wander with hand clasping hand,  
Their haughty images that cannot wither,  
For all their beauty's like a hollow dream,  
Mirrored in streams that neither hail nor rain  
Nor the cold North has troubled?"

He replied,  
"I am from those rivers and I bid you call  
The children of the Maines out of sleep,  
And set them digging under Bual's hill.  
We shadows, while they uproot his earthy house,  
Will overthrow his shadows and carry off  
Caer, his blue-eyed daughter that I love.  
I helped your fathers when they built these walls,  
And I would have your help in my great need,  
Queen of high Cruachan.'  
"I obey your will  
With speedy feet and a most thankful heart:  
For you have been, O Aengus of the birds,  
Our giver of good counsel and good luck.'  
And with a groan, as if the mortal breath  
Could but awaken sadly upon lips  
That happier breath had moved, her husband turned  
Face downward, tossing in a troubled sleep;  
But Maeve, and not with a slow feeble foot,  
Came to the threshold of the painted house  
Where her grandchildren slept, and cried aloud,  
Until the pillared dark began to stir  
With shouting and the clang of unhooked arms.  
She told them of the many-changing ones;  
And all that night, and all through the next day  
To middle night, they dug into the hill.  
At middle night great cats with silver claws,  
Bodies of shadow and blind eyes like pearls,  
Came up out of the hole, and red-eared hounds  
With long white bodies came out of the air  
Suddenly, and ran at them and harried them.  
The Maines' children dropped their spades, and stood  
With quaking joints and terror-stricken faces,  
Till Maeve called out, "These are but common men.  
The Maines' children have not dropped their spades  
Because Earth, crazy for its broken power,  
Casts up a Show and the winds answer it  
With holy shadows.' Her high heart was glad,  
And when the uproar ran along the grass  
She followed with light footfall in the midst,  
Till it died out where an old thorn-tree stood.  
Friend of these many years, you too had stood  
With equal courage in that whirling rout;  
For you, although you've not her wandering heart,  
Have all that greatness, and not hers alone,  
For there is no high story about queens  
In any ancient book but tells of you;  
And when I've heard how they grew old and died,  
Or fell into unhappiness, I've said,

"She will grow old and die, and she has wept!"  
And when I'd write it out anew, the words,  
Half crazy with the thought, She too has wept!  
Outrun the measure.  
I'd tell of that great queen  
Who stood amid a silence by the thorn  
Until two lovers came out of the air  
With bodies made out of soft fire. The one,  
About whose face birds wagged their fiery wings,  
Said, "Aengus and his sweetheart give their thanks  
To Maeve and to Maeve's household, owing all  
In owing them the bride-bed that gives peace.'  
Then Maeve: "O Aengus, Master of all lovers,  
A thousand years ago you held high ralk  
With the first kings of many-pillared Cruachan.  
O when will you grow weary?"  
They had vanished,  
But our of the dark air over her head there came  
A murmur of soft words and meeting lips.

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