The Cloths of Heaven

W.B. Yeats

Joelle Wallach

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But I being poor have only dreams.

I spread my dreams under your feet.

Tread softly, tread softly,

Because you tread on my dreams.
the cloths under your feet. But I

dark cloths of night; and light and the half-light, I’d spread

broi-dered cloths, em-rought with gold and sil-ver light, the blue and the dim and the

the cloths un-der your feet.
my dreams.

spread my dreams under your feet.

Tread softly, tread softly,

be because you tread on my dreams.