



An Irish Airman foresees his Death

BY [WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS](#)

SHARE

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;
 My country is Kiltartan Cross,
 My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
 No likely end could bring them loss
 Or leave them happier than before.
 Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
 Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,
 A lonely impulse of delight
 Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
 I balanced all, brought all to mind,
 The years to come seemed waste of breath,
 A waste of breath the years behind
 In balance with this life, this death.

Copyright Credit: William Butler Yeats, "An Irish Airman foresees his Death" from *The Wild Swans at Coole*. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1919. Public Domain.

Source: *The Wild Swans at Coole* (The Macmillan Company, 1919)

Browse by

Author

Poem categories

- Social Commentaries
- War & Conflict
- Living
- Death
- Relationships
- Friends & Enemies
- Stanza Forms
- Rhymed Stanza
- Melancholy & Despair

Poet categories

- 1901-1940
- Modernist
- Europe
- Northern Europe
- Ireland & Northern Ireland

POEMS & POETS

- Collections
- Poem Guides
- Poem of the Day
- Poems
- All Poems
- Poets
- All Poets

TOPICS & THEMES

- Adults
- Children
- Education
- Educators
- Glossary of Poetic Terms
- Teens

FEATURES

- About the Magazine
- Advertise with Poetry
- Articles
- Books
- Podcasts
- Poetry Magazine
- Poetry Magazine Archive
- Submit to Poetry
- Subscriptions
- Video

GRANTS & PROGRAMS

- Awards
- Events
- All Past Events
- Exhibitions
- Grants
- Library
- Partnerships
- Programs

ABOUT US

- Contact Us
- Give
- Jobs
- News
- Our Team
- Press Releases
- Reports & Financials
- Trustees
- Visit

