

Poem

“Irish and Scottish Dance”

Irish and Scottish Dance

*We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.*

-WB Yeats, [The Stolen Child](#)

Source: <http://www.ceolas.org/dance/>