HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER, WITH OTHER VERSES

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Hawthorn and lavender, with other verses by William Ernest Henley

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WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER, WITH OTHER VERSES



HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER

With Other Verses, by

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

O, how shall summer's koney breash hold out Against the warackful slege of battering days?

LONDON

Published by DAVID NUTT

at the Sign of the Phœnix

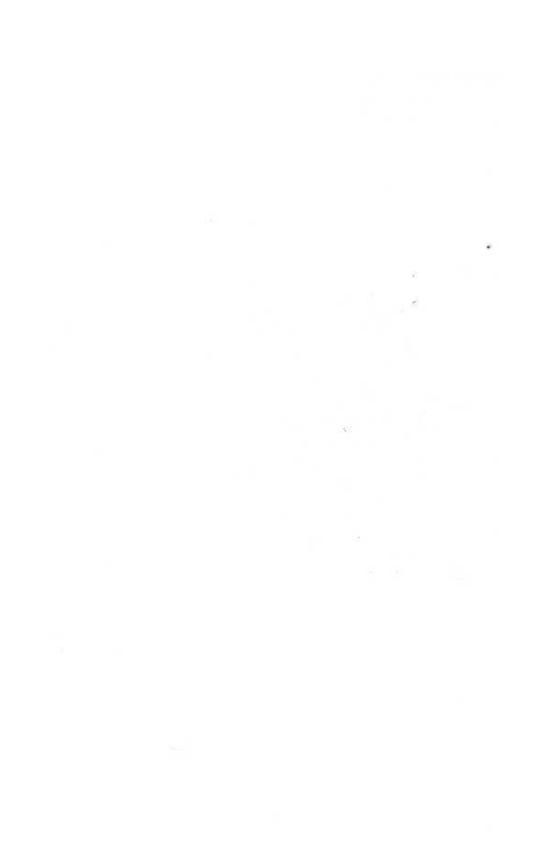
IN LONG ACRE

1901

953 H514 haw Case B

Ask me not how they came,
These songs of love and death,
These dreams of a futile stage,
These thumb-nails seen in the street:
Ask me not how nor why,
But take them for your own,
Dear Wife of twenty years,
Knowing—O, who so well?—
You it was made the man
That made these songs of love,
Death, and the trivial rest:
So that, your love elsewhere,
These songs, or bad or good—
How should they ever have been?

WORTHING, July 31, 1901.



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