

SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

1887-1895



THROUGH the green boughs, I hardly saw thy face
They twined so close ; the sun was in mine eyes ;
And now the sullen trees in sombre lace,
Stand bare beneath the sinister, sad skies.

O sun and summer ! Say, in what far night,
The gold and green, the glory of thine head,
Of bough and branch have fallen ? O, the white,
Gaunt ghosts that flutter where thy feet have sped,

Across the terrace, that is desolate,
But rang then with thy laughter : ghost of thee,
That holds its shroud up with most delicate
Dead fingers ; and, behind, the ghost of me,

Tripping fantastic with a mouth that jeers
At roseal flowers of youth, the turbid streams
Toss in derision down the barren years
To Death, the Host of all our golden dreams.

ERNEST DOWSON.