

## ERNEST DOWSON

### “Exchanges” (1899)

All that I had I brought,  
    Little enough I know;  
A poor rhyme roughly wrought,  
    A rose to match thy snow:  
All that I had brought.

Little enough I sought:  
    But a word compassionate coal,  
A passing glance, or thought,  
    For me outside the gate:  
Little enough I sought.

Little enough I found:  
    All that you had, perchance!  
With the dead leaves on the ground,  
    I danced the devil's dance.  
All that you had I found.