

ERNEST DOWSON

“Saint Germain-En-Laye (1887–95)” (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? Oh, the white
 Gaunt ghosts that flutter where thy feet have sped,

Across the terrace that is desolate,
 And 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.