

## ERNEST DOWSON

“Venite Descendamus” [Let Us Go Down] (1896)

Let be at last; give over words and sighing,  
    Vainly were all things said:  
Better at last to find a place for lying,  
    Only dead.

Silence were best, with songs and sighing over;  
    Now be the music mute;  
Now let the dead, red leaves of autumn cover  
    A vain lute.

Silence is best: for ever and for ever,  
    We will go down and sleep,  
Somewhere beyond her ken, where she need never  
    Come to weep.

Let be at last: colder she grows and colder;  
    Sleep and the night were best;  
Lying at last where we can not behold her,  
    We may rest.