

ERNEST DOWSON

“Amantium Irae” [Lovers’ Quarrels] (1894)

When this, our roses, is faded,
 And these, our days, are done,
In lands profoundly shaded
 From tempest and from sun:
Ah, once more come together,
 Shall we forgive the past,
And safe from worldly weather
 Possess our souls at last?

Or in our place of shadows
 Shall still we stretch an hand
To green, remembered meadows,
 Of that old pleasant land?
And vainly there foregathered,
 Shall we regret the sun?
The rose of love, ungathered?
 The bay, we have not won?

Ah, child! the world’s dark margins
 May lead to Nevermore,
The stately funeral barges
 Sail for unknown shore,
And love we vowed to-morrow,
 And pride we serve to-day:
What if they both should borrow
 Sad hues of yesterday?

Our pride! Ah, should we miss it,
 Or will it serve at last?
Our anger, if we kiss it,
 Is like a sorrow past.
While roses deck the garden,
 While yet the sun is high,
Doff sorry pride for pardon,
 Or ever love go by.