

ERNEST DOWSON

“Coronal” (1890)

With His songs and Her days to His Lady and to Love

Violets and leaves of vine,
 Into a frail, fair wreath
We gather and entwine:
 A wreath for Love to wear,
Fragrant as his own breath,
 To crown his brow divine,
All day till night is near.
 Violets and leaves of vine
We gather and entwine.

Violets and leaves a vine
 For Love that lives a day,
We gather and entwine.
 All day till Love is dead,
 Till eve falls, cold and gray,
These blossoms, yours and mine,
 Love wears upon his head.
Violets and leaves of vine
We gather and entwine.

Violets and leaves of vine,
 For Love when poor Love dies
We gather and entwine.
 This wreath that lives a day
 Over his pale, cold eyes,
Kissed shut by Proserpine,
 At set of sun we lay:
Violets and leaves of vine
We gather and entwine.