

## ERNEST DOWSON

### “My Lady April” (1888)

Dew on her robe and on her tangled hair;  
Twin dewdrops for her eyes; behold her pass,  
With dainty step brushing the young, green grass,  
The while she trills some high, fantastic air,  
Full of all feathered sweetness: she is fair,  
And all her flower-like beauty, as a glass,  
Mirrors out hope and love: and still, alas!  
Traces of tears her languid lashes wear.  
Say, doth she weep for very wantonness?  
Or is it that she dimly doth foresee  
Across her youth the joys grow less and less,  
The burden of the days that are to be:  
Autumn and withered leaves and vanity,  
And winter bringing end in barrenness.