

LOVE POEMS

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Love Poems by W. R. Titterton

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W. R. TITTERTON

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by W. R. TITTERTON

(Second Edition.)



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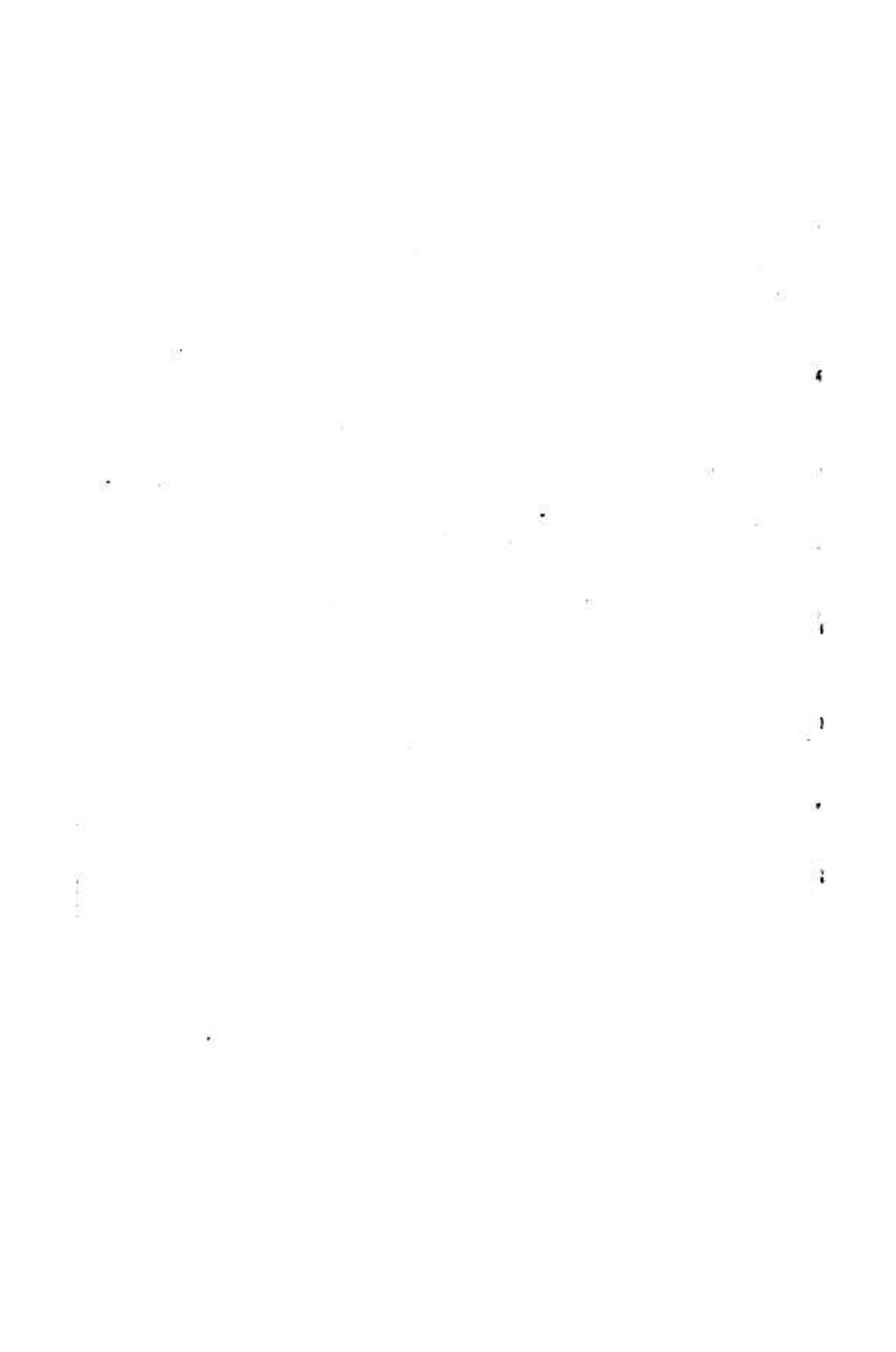
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Jan 11, 1933

TO
MY WIFE
AND COMRADE,
HERMINE HEIDE TITTERTON.



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*The Poem—"These Being Dead yet
Speak" has already appeared in
"The New Age." The other
poems are printed for the first time.*

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TO LOVE.

What art thou Love, that all the world should praise
thee ?

And yet that causest lovers cheeks to pale ?

What pleasure dost thou bring that men should
raise thee

Anthems of gladness, weaving many a tale
Of them that love, and love without avail,
And fall wan-eyed and weak before thine altar,
Before that steadfast gaze that does not falter
For song triumphant or for bitter wail ?

(Chorus of Worshipers)—

O hail, Love, hail !

Hail ! though with anguish sore our hearts be aching

For love that comes not, and for love's forsaking,—

All hail ! All hail !

Master of Life wherever lips are meeting,

Bringer of joyful tears and bitter laughter,

Of joy eternal,—yet for ever fleeting,

Lord of our hopes and fears; here and hereafter,

(What were Life or Death, if love should fail ?)

Hail ! Master, hail !