POEMS BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY; PP.1-255

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649674152

Poems by William Ernest Henley; pp.1-255 by William Ernest Henley

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

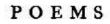
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

POEMS BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY; PP.1-255





POEMS

By

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

The summer's flower is to the summer resect, Though to itself it only live and die.

MAKESPKARE

Tenth Impression

LONDON
Published by DAVID NUTT
at the Sign of the Phoenix
IN LONG ACRE
1907

radia la seg

TO MY WIFE

Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs, For, old or new, All that is good in them belongs Only to you;

And, singing as when all was young, They will recall Those others, lived but left unsung— The best of all.

W. E. H

APRIL 1888 SEPTEMBER 1897.

•ADVERTISEMENT

My friend and publisher, Mr. Alfred Nutt, asks me to introduce this re-issue of old work in a new shape. At his request, then, I have to say that nearly all the numbers contained in the present volume are reprinted from "A Book of Verses" (1888) and "London Voluntaries" (1892-3). From the first of these I have removed some copies of verse which seemed to me scarce worth keeping; and I have recovered for it certain others from those publications which had made room for them. I have corrected where I could, added such dates as I might, and, by re-arrangement and revision, done my best to give my book, such as it is, its final form. If any be displeased by the result, I can but submit that my verses are my own, and that this is how I would have them read.

The work of revision has reminded me that, small as is this book of mine, it is all in the matter of verse that I have to show for the years between 1872 and 1897. A principal reason is that, after spending the better part of my life in the pursuit of poetry, I found myself (about 1877) so utterly unmarketable that I had to own myself beaten in art, and to addict myself to journalism for the next ten years. Came the production by my old friend, Mr. H. B. Donkin, in his little collection of 'Voluntaries' (1888), compiled for that East-End Hospital to which he has devoted so much time and energy and skill, of those unrhyming rhythms in which I had tried to quintessentialize, as (I believe) one scarce can do in rhyme, my impressions of the Old Edinburgh Infirmary. They had long

since been rejected by every editor of standing in London—I had wellnigh said in the world; but as soon as Mr. Nutt had read them,
he entreated me to look for more. I did as I was told; old dusty
sheaves were dragged to light; the work of selection and correction
was begun; I burned much; I found that, after all, the lyrical
instinct had slept—not died; I ventured (in brief) 'A Book of
Verses.' It was received with so much interest that I took heart
once more, and wrote the numbers presently reprinted from 'The
National Observer' in the collection first (1892) called 'The Song
of the Sword' and afterwards (1893) 'London Voluntaries.' If
I have said nothing since, it is that I have nothing to say which is
not, as yet, too personal—too personal and too afflicting—for
utterance.

For the matter of my book, it is there to speak for itself :-

'Here's a sigh to those who love me And a mile to those who hate.'

I refer to it for the simple pleasure of reflecting that it has made me many friends and some enemies.

W. E. H.

Murwell Hill, 4th September 1897.

IN HOSPITAL

1873-1875

A

On ne saurait dire à quel point un homme, seul dans son lit et malade, devient personnel.— BALZAC.