A HYMN TO DIONYSUS AND OTHER POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649354344

A Hymn to Dionysus and Other Poems by Margaret Sackville

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MARGARET SACKVILLE

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MARGARET SACKVILLE

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To Effie

No evanescent verse is mine; Embalmed within the uncut page You'll keep it, like some rare old wine, Stored up against your failing age.

When, seated in an easy chair, Your fire well poked, your candles lit, You may, though only half aware, Take up this book and open it.

And muse :-- " The pages still uncut! I meant to read it once, I know." Then turning to the ßy-leaf : " But---Wby--that was sixty years ago!"