

**THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM ERNEST
HENLEY; POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649674435

The Works of William Ernest Henley; Poems 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.

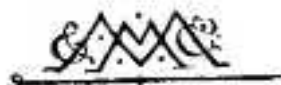
www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

**THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM ERNEST
HENLEY; POEMS**

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

P O E M S



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
LONDON - BOMBAY - CALCUTTA - MADRAS
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK - BOSTON - CHICAGO
DALLAS - SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

*'The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only lives and die.'*

SHAKESPEARE

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1921

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. F. H.

APRIL 1888.

SEPTEMBER 1897.

*Ask me not how they came,
These songs of love and death,
These dreams of a futile stage,
These thumb-nails seen in the street:
Ask me not how nor why,
But take them for your own,
Dear Wife of twenty years,
Knowing—O, who so well!—
You it was made the man
That made these songs of love,
Death, and the trivial rest:
So that, your love elsewhere,
These songs, or bad or good—
How should they ever have been?*

WORTHING, July 31, 1901.

NOTE

SOME Poems, published by W. E. Henley in earlier volumes or in anthologies, and not included by him in his definitive edition, are here printed in an Appendix.

CONTENTS

IN HOSPITAL

	PAGE
I. ENTER PATIENT	
The morning mists still haunt the stony street - - - - -	3
II. WAITING	
A square, squat room (a cellar on promo- tion) - - - - -	3
III. INTERIOR	
The gaunt brown walls - - - - -	4
IV. BEFORE	
Behold me waiting - waiting for the knife -	5
V. OPERATION	
You are carried in a basket - - - - -	5
VI. AFTER	
Like as a flamelet blanketed in smoke -	6
VII. VIGIL	
Lived on one's back - - - - -	7
VIII. STAFF-NURSE : OLD STYLE	
The greater masters of the commonplace -	9
IX. LADY-PROBATIONER	
Some three, or five, or seven, and thirty years - - - - -	9