

POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649049547

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

POEMS

P O E M S



P O E M S

By

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

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

SHAKESPEARE

Eighth Impression

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 FIFTH AVENUE

1905

First Edition printed January 1898
Second Edition printed March 1898
Third Edition printed September 1898
Fourth Edition printed January 1900
Fifth Edition printed December 1901
Sixth Impression printed August 1903
Seventh Impression printed February 1904
Eighth Impression printed May 1905

Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty

PK
4793
A3
1905

TO MY WIFE

*Take, dear, my little sleaf 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.

626208



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