

WILLIAM MORRIS GALLERY

Lloyd Park Forest Road London E17 4PP  
Telephone: 020 8527 3782 Fax: 020 8527 7070  
Website: <http://www.lbwf.gov.uk/wmg>

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26, Queen Square, Bloomsbury,

London, W.C.

August 28<sup>th</sup>  
1872  
Love's Gleaning-tide

Draw not away thy hands, my love:  
With wind alone the sere leaves move.  
And though the boughs be scant above  
The Autumn shall not shame us.

Say: Let the world wax cold and drear,  
What is the worst of all the year  
But life — and what shall hurt us, dear,  
And — Or death, and who shall blame us?

As when the Summer comes again  
Say: Sure we have not sowed in vain;  
The root was joy, the stem was pain,  
The ear a nameless blending.

The root is dead and gone, my love;  
The stem's a rod our truth to prove  
The ear is stolid for nought to move  
Till heaven and earth have ending

W.M.

J 145 'LOVE'S GLEANING TIDE'  
poem by William Morris  
dated 28 August 1872

Presented by Mrs J W Mackail 1946