26, Queen Square, Bloomsbury,
London, W.C.
August 28th

Love's Gleaning Tide 1872

Draw not away my hands, my love;
With wind along the sea browse more.
And though the boughs be shorn above,
The Autumn shall not shame us.

Say: let the world be cold and drear;
What is the worst of all the year?
But life — and what shall nature, life
And — or death, and who shall have it?

And when the Summer comes again,
Say: sure we have not sweet in men;
The root was joy, the stem so pain,
The ear a nameless binding,
The root is dead and gone, my love;
The stem's a rod our truth to prove.
The ear is staid for weight 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