

# Life is Bitter

William Ernest Henley

Life is bitter. All the faces of the years,  
Young and old, are grey with travail and with tears.  
Must we only wake to toil, to tire, to weep?  
In the sun, among the leaves, upon the flowers,  
Slumber stills to dreamy death the heavy hours . . .  
Let me sleep.

Riches won but mock the old, unable years;  
Fame's a pearl that hides beneath a sea of tears;  
Love must wither, or must live alone and weep.  
In the sunshine, through the leaves, across the flowers,  
While we slumber, death approaches though the hours! . . .  
Let me sleep.

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