

The Spring My Dear

William Ernest Henley

The spring, my dear,

Is no longer spring.

Does the blackbird sing

What he sang last year?

Are the skies the old

Immemorial blue?

Or am I, or are you,

Grown cold?

Though life be change,

It is hard to bear

When the old sweet air

Sounds forced and strange.

To be out of tune,

Plain You and I . . .

It were better to die,

And soon!

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