

Chapter 1 : Poems by Ernest Dowson | Academy of American Poets

Ernest Christopher Dowson was an English poet, novelist and short-story writer, often associated with the Decadent movement. Ernest Dowson was born in Lee, London, in His great-uncle was Alfred Domett, a poet and politician who became Premier of New Zealand and had allegedly been the subject.

Is it a folly, Is it mirth, or melancholy? Joys above, Are there many, or not any? If you please, A most sweet folly! Full of mirth and melancholy: In its sadness worth all gladness, If you please! Prithee where, Goes Love a-hiding? Is he long in his abiding Anywhere? Can you bind him when you find him; Prithee, where? With spring days Love comes and dallies: Then he leaves you and deceives you In spring days. I think they have no portion in us after We pass the gate. They are not long, the days of wine and roses: Out of a misty dream Our path emerges for a while, then closes Within a dream. Till on my doubting soul the ancient good Of her dear childhood in the new disguise Dawned, and I hastened to adore The glory of her waking maidenhead, And found the old tenderness within her deepening eyes, But kinder than before. And they sleep well, These peasant-folk, who told their lives away, From day to market-day, As one should tell, With patient industry, Some sad old rosary. And now night falls, Me, tempest-tost, and driven from pillar to post, A poor worn ghost, This quiet pasture calls; And dear dead people with pale hands Beckon me to their lands. A Last Word Let us go hence: Twine our torn hands! O pray the earth enfold Our life-sick hearts and turn them into dust. All that I had I brought. Little enough I sought: But a word compassionate, A passing glance, or thought, For me outside the gate: Little enough I sought. Little enough I found: All that you had, perchance! All that you had I found. I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat, Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay; Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet; But I was desolate and sick of an old passion, When I awoke and found the dawn was gray: I have forgot much, Cynara! I cried for madder music and for stronger wine, But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire, Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! And it is one with them when evening falls, And one with them the cold return of day. A vowed patrol, in silent companies, Life-long they keep before the living Christ. In the dim church, their prayers and penances Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed. They heed no voices in their dream of prayer. They saw the glory of the world displayed; They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet; They knew the roses of the world should fade, And be trod under by the hurrying feet. Therefore they rather put away desire, And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire: Because their comeliness was vanity. And there they rest; they have serene insight Of the illuminating dawn to be: Calm, sad, secure; with faces worn and mild: Surely their choice of vigil is the best? Amor Profanus Beyond the pale of memory, In some mysterious dusky grove; A place of shadows utterly, Where never coos the turtle-dove, A world forgotten of the sun: I dreamed we met when day was done, And marvelled at our ancient love. Met there by chance, long kept apart, We wandered through the darkling glades; And that old language of the heart We sought to speak: Over our pallid lips had run The waters of oblivion, Which crown all loves of men or maids. In vain we stammered: That time was distant as a star, When eyes were bright and lips were red. And still we went with downcast eye And no delight in being nigh, Poor shadows most uncomforted. For all too soon we twain shall tread The bitter pastures of the dead: Estranged, sad spectres of the night. To One In Bedlam With delicate, mad hands, behind his sordid bars, Surely he hath his posies, which they tear and twine; Those scentless wisps of straw, that miserably line His strait, caged universe, whereat the dull world stares, Pedant and pitiful. O, how his rapt gaze wars With their stupidity! Better than mortal flowers, Thy moon-kissed roses seem:

Chapter 2 : Ernest Christopher Dowson - Poetry & Biography of the Famous poet - All Poetry

Ernest Dowson lived in London, worked at his parents' dry-docking business, and was a member of the Rhymers' Club with W.B. Yeats and Arthur Symons. Dowson's poems trace the sorrow of unrequited love and are the source of the phrases "gone with the wind" and "days of wine and roses."

I wait for a sign. What the sudden hush said, She will hear, and forsake, Swift, for my sake, She will hear and awake! She will hearken and glide, From her place of deep rest, Dove-eyed, with the breast Of a dove, to my side: The pines bow their crest. I wait for a sign: The leaves to be waved, The tall tree-tops laved In a flood of sunshine, This world to be saved! In the deep violet air, Not a leaf is stirred; There is no sound heard, But afar, the rare Trilled voice of a bird. *Memoir [of Ernest Dowson] by Arthur Symons*

I The death of Ernest Dowson will mean very little to the world at large, but it will mean a great deal to the few people who care passionately for poetry. A little book of verses, the manuscript of another, a one-act play in verse, a few short stories, two novels written in collaboration, some translations from the French, done for money; that is all that was left by a man who was undoubtedly a man of genius, not a great poet, but a poet, one of the very few writers of our generation to whom that name can be applied in its most intimate sense. People will complain, probably, in his verses, of what will seem to them the factitious melancholy, the factitious idealism, and peeping through at a few rare moments the factitious suggestions of riot. They will see only a literary affectation, where in truth there is as genuine a note of personal sincerity as in the more explicit and arranged confessions of less admirable poets. Yes, in these few evasive, immaterial snatches of song, I find, implied for the most part, hidden away like a secret, all the fever and turmoil and the unattained dreams of a life which had itself so much of the swift, disastrous, and suicidal impetus of genius. He left in without taking a degree, and came to London, where he lived for several years, often revisiting France, which was always his favourite country. Latterly, until the last year of his life, he lived almost entirely in Paris, Brittany, and Normandy. Never robust, and always reckless with himself, his health had been steadily getting worse for some years, and when he came back to London he looked, as indeed he was, a dying man. At the very moment of his death he did not know that he was dying. He tried to cough, could not cough, and the heart quietly stopped. II I cannot remember my first meeting with Ernest Dowson. Dowson, who enjoyed the real thing so much in Paris, did not, I think, go very often; but his contributions to the first book of the club were at once the most delicate and the most distinguished poems which it contained. Was it, after all, at one of these meetings that I first saw him, or was it, perhaps, at another haunt of some of us at that time, a semi-literary tavern near Leicester Square, chosen for its convenient position between two stage-doors? It was at the time when one or two of us sincerely worshipped the ballet; Dowson, alas! Neither the stage nor the stage-door had any attraction for him; but he came to the tavern because it was a tavern, and because he could meet his friends there. Even before that time I have a vague impression of having met him, I forget where, certainly at night; and of having been struck, even then, by a look and manner of pathetic charm, a sort of Keats-like face, the face of a demoralised Keats, and by something curious in the contrast of a manner exquisitely refined, with an appearance generally somewhat dilapidated. That impression was only accentuated later on, when I came to know him, and the manner of his life, much more intimately. I think I may date my first impression of what one calls "the real man" as if it were more real than the poet of the disembodied verses! I had been talking over another vagabond poet, Lord Rochester, with a charming and sympathetic descendant of that poet, and somewhat late at night we had come upon Dowson and another man wandering aimlessly and excitedly about the streets. He invited us to supper, we did not quite realise where, and the cabman came in with us, as we were welcomed, cordially and without comment, at a little place near the Langham; and, I recollect, very hospitably entertained. The cooking differs, as I found in time, in these supper-houses, but there the rasher was excellent and the cups admirably clean. Without a certain sordidness in his surroundings he was never quite comfortable, never quite himself; and at those places you are obliged to drink nothing stronger than coffee or tea. I liked to see him occasionally, for a change, drinking nothing stronger than coffee or tea. At Oxford, I believe, his favourite form of intoxication had been haschisch; afterwards he gave up this somewhat elaborate experiment in visionary

sensations for readier means of oblivion; but he returned to it, I remember, for at least one afternoon, in a company of which I had been the gatherer and of which I was the host. I remember him sitting a little anxiously, with his chin on his breast, awaiting the magic, half-shy in the midst of a bright company of young people whom he had only seen across the footlights. The experience was not a very successful one; it ended in what should have been its first symptom, immoderate laughter. Always, perhaps, a little consciously, but at least always sincerely, in search of new sensations, my friend found what was for him the supreme sensation in a very passionate and tender adoration of the most escaping of all ideals, the ideal of youth. I was never of their opinion. I only saw twice, and for a few moments only, the young girl to whom most of his verses were to be written, and whose presence in his life may be held to account for much of that astonishing contrast between the broad outlines of his life and work. The situation seemed to me of the most exquisite and appropriate impossibility. Did she ever realise more than the obvious part of what was being offered to her, in this shy and eager devotion? Did it ever mean very much to her to have made and to have killed a poet? She had, at all events, the gift of evoking, and, in its way, of retaining, all that was most delicate, sensitive, shy, typically poetic, in a nature which I can only compare to a weedy garden, its grass trodden down by many feet, but with one small, carefully tended flowerbed, luminous with lilies. I used to think, sometimes, of Verlaine and his "girl-wife," the one really profound passion, certainly, of that passionate career; the charming, child-like creature, to whom he looked back, at the end of his life, with an unchanged tenderness and disappointment: In the case of Dowson, however, there was a sort of virginal devotion, as to a Madonna; and I think, had things gone happily, to a conventionally happy ending, he would have felt dare I say? But, for the good fortune of poets, things rarely do go happily with them, or to conventionally happy endings. He used to dine every night at the little restaurant, and I can always see the picture, which I have so often seen through the window in passing: Friends would come in during the hour before closing time; and the girl, her game of cards finished, would quietly disappear, leaving him with hardly more than the desire to kill another night as swiftly as possible. Meanwhile she and the mother knew that the fragile young man who dined there so quietly every day was apt to be quite another sort of person after he had been three hours outside. It was only when his life seemed to have been irretrievably ruined that Dowson quite deliberately abandoned himself to that craving for drink, which was doubtless lying in wait for him in his blood, as consumption was also; it was only latterly, when he had no longer any interest in life, that he really wished to die. But I have never known him when he could resist either the desire or the consequences of drink. Sober, he was the most gentle, in manner the most gentlemanly of men; unselfish to a fault, to the extent of weakness; a delightful companion, charm itself. Under the influence of drink, he became almost literally insane, certainly quite irresponsible. He fell into furious and unreasoning passions; a vocabulary unknown to him at other times sprang up like a whirlwind; he seemed always about to commit some act of absurd violence. Along with that forgetfulness came other memories. As long as he was conscious of himself, there was but one woman for him in the world, and for her he had an infinite tenderness and an infinite respect. When that face faded from him, he saw all the other faces, and he saw no more difference than between sheep and sheep. Indeed, that curious love of the sordid, so common an affectation of the modern decadent, and with him so genuine, grew upon him, and dragged him into more and more sorry corners of a life which was never exactly "gay" to him. His father, when he died, left him in possession of an old dock, where for a time he lived in a mouldering house, in that squalid part of the East End which he came to know so well, and to feel so strangely at home in. He drank the poisonous liquors of those pot-houses which swarm about the docks; he drifted about in whatever company came in his way; he let heedlessness develop into a curious disregard of personal tidiness. In Paris, Les Halles took the place of the docks. At Dieppe, where I saw so much of him one summer, he discovered strange, squalid haunts about the harbour, where he made friends with amazing innkeepers, and got into rows with the fishermen who came in to drink after midnight. At Brussels, where I was with him at the time of the Kermesse, he flung himself into all that riotous Flemish life, with a zest for what was most sordidly riotous in it. It was his own way of escape from life. He was not a dreamer; destiny passes by the dreamer, sparing him because he clamours for nothing. He was a child, clamouring for so many things, all impossible. With a body too weak for ordinary existence, he desired all the enchantments of all the senses. With a soul too shy to tell its own secret, except in exquisite

evasions, he desired the boundless confidence of love. He sang one tune, over and over, and no one listened to him. He had only to form the most simple wish, and it was denied him. He gave way to ill-luck, not knowing that he was giving way to his own weakness, and he tried to escape from the consciousness of things as they were at the best, by voluntarily choosing to accept them at their worst. For with him it was always voluntary. He was never quite without money; he had a little money of his own, and he had for many years a weekly allowance from a publisher, in return for translations from the French, or, if he chose to do it, original work. He was unhappy, and he dared not think. To unhappy men, thought, if it can be set at work on abstract questions, is the only substitute for happiness; if it has not strength to overleap the barrier which shuts one in upon oneself, it is the one unwearying torture. Dowson had exquisite sensibility, he vibrated in harmony with every delicate emotion; but he had no outlook, he had not the escape of intellect. His only escape, then, was to plunge into the crowd, to fancy that he lost sight of himself as he disappeared from the sight of others. The more he soiled himself at that gross contact, the further would he seem to be from what beckoned to him in one vain illusion after another vain illusion, in the delicate places of the world. There, perhaps, in that ferment of animal life, he could forget life as he dreamed it, with too faint hold upon his dreams to make dreams come true. For, there is not a dream which may not come true, if we have the energy which makes, or chooses, our own fate. We can always, in this world, get what we want, if we will it intensely and persistently enough. Whether we shall get it sooner or later is the concern of fate; but we shall get it. It may come when we have no longer any use for it, when we have gone on willing it out of habit, or so as not to confess that we have failed. But it will come. So few people succeed greatly because so few people can conceive a great end, and work towards that end without deviating and without tiring. But we all know that the man who works for money day and night gets rich; and the man who works day and night for no matter what kind of material power, gets the power. It is the same with the deeper, more spiritual, as it seems vaguer issues, which make for happiness and every intangible success. It is only the dreams of those light sleepers who dream faintly that do not come true. We get out of life, all of us, what we bring to it; that, and that only, is what it can teach us. Love and regret, with here and there the suggestion of an uncomfoting pleasure snatched by the way, are all that he has to sing of; and he could have sung of them at much less "expense of spirit," and, one fancies, without the "waste of shame" at all. Think what Villon got directly out of his own life, what Verlaine, what Musset, what Byron, got directly out of their own lives! It requires a strong man to "sin strongly" and profit by it. To Dowson the tragedy of his own life could only have resulted in an elegy. The depths into which he plunged were always waters of oblivion, and he returned forgetting them. He is always a very ghostly lover, wandering in a land of perpetual twilight, as he holds a whispered colloque sentimental with the ghost of an old love: Thus we get in his work very little of the personal appeal of those to whom riotous living, misery, a cross destiny, have been of so real a value. And it is important to draw this distinction, if only for the benefit of those young men who are convinced that the first step towards genius is disorder. Dowson is precisely one of the people who are pointed out as confirming this theory. And yet Dowson was precisely one of those who owed least to circumstances; and, in succumbing to them, he did no more than succumb to the destructive forces which, shut up within him, pulled down the house of life upon his own head. There never was a simpler or more attaching charm, because there never was a sweeter or more honest nature. It was not because he ever said anything particularly clever or particularly interesting, it was not because he gave you ideas, or impressed you by any strength or originality, that you liked to be with him; but because of a certain engaging quality, which seemed unconscious of itself, which was never anxious to be or to do anything, which simply existed, as perfume exists in a flower. Drink was like a heavy curtain, blotting out everything of a sudden; when the curtain lifted, nothing had changed.

Chapter 3 : Ernest Dowson - Poet | Academy of American Poets

Here is a collection of the all-time best famous Ernest Dowson poems. This is a select list of the best famous Ernest Dowson poetry. Reading, writing, and enjoying famous Ernest Dowson poetry (as well as classical and contemporary poems) is a great past time. These top poems are the best examples of.

Me, tempest-tost, and driven from pillar to post, A poor worn ghost, And dear dead people with pale hands Beckon me to their lands. In Spring SEE how the trees and the osiers lithe Are green bedecked and the woods are blithe, The meadows have donned their cape of flowers, The air is soft with the sweet may showers, And the birds make melody: But the spring of the soul, the spring of the soul, Cometh no more for you or for me. The lazy hum of the busy bees Murmureth through the almond trees; The jonquil flaunteth a gay, blonde head, The primrose peeps from a mossy bed, And the violets scent the lane But the flowers of the soul, the flowers of the soul, For you and for me bloom never again. Your little hands were clasped in mine, Your head all ruddy and sun-gold Lay on my breast which was its shrine, And all the tale of love was told: Ah, God, that sweet things should decline, And fires fade out which were not cold Erewhile. THERE comes an end to summer, To spring showers and hoar rime; His mumming to each mummer Has somewhere end in time, And since life ends and laughter, And leaves fall and tears dry, Who shall call love immortal, When all that is must die? You ask my love completest, As strong next year as now; The devil take you, sweetest, Ere I make aught such vow. Life is a masque that changes, A fig for constancy! No love at all were better, Than love which is not free. Because the moon is far; And who am I to be straitened in a little earthly star? Because thy face is fair? And what if it had not been? The fairest face of all is the face I have not seen. Because the land is cold, and however I scheme and plot, I cannot find a ferry to the land where I am not. Because thy lips are red and thy breasts upbraid the snow? There is neither white nor red in the pleasance where I go. Because thy lips grow pale and thy breasts grow dun and fall? I go where the wind blows, Chloe, and am not sorry at all. Gone is that age of pageant and of pride: Yet don your cloak, and haply it shall seem, The curtain of old time is set aside; As through the sadder coloured throng you gleam; We see once more fair dame and gallant gay, The glamour and the grace of yesterday: The elder, brighter age of pomp and pride. There all men hie them one by one, Far from the stress of earth and sea, By the pale marge of Acheron. No busy voice there shall stun Our ears: There is the crown of labour won, The sleep of immortality, Beyond the scope of any sun. Life, of thy gifts I will have none, My queen is that persephone, By the pale marge of Acheron, Beyond the scope of any sun. Yet the day is over long. Lest we do our youth wrong, Gather them while we may: Wine and woman and song. Three things render us strong, Vine leaves, kisses and bay; Yet the day is over long. Unto us they belong, Us the bitter and gay, Wine and woman and song. We, as we pass along, Are sad that they will not stay; Yet the day is over long. Fruits and flowers among, What is better than they: Wine and woman and song? The man let the water trickle gently into his glass, and as the green clouded, a mist fell away from his mind. Then he drank opaline. Memories and terrors beset him. The past tore after him like a panther and through the blackness of the present he saw the luminous tiger eyes of the things to be. But he drank opaline. And that obscure night of the soul, and the valley of humiliation, through which he stumbled were forgotten. He saw blue vistas of undiscovered countries, high prospects and a quiet, caressing sea. The past shed its perfume over him, to-day held his hand as it were a little child, and to-morrow shone like a white star: The man had known the obscure night of the soul, and lay even now in the valley of humiliation; and the tiger menace of things to be was red in the skies. But for a little while he had forgotten. Green changed to white, emerald to an opal: Lilies out of your garden? Where is your basket? Why have you nothing in your hands? As in a dream, I bade him enter, but with his entry, I awoke. Yet when he entered it seemed to me that I was dreaming, for there was nothing strange in that supreme and sorrowful smile which shone through the mask which I knew. And just as though I had not always been afraid of him I said: Then dared I open my eyes and I saw my old body on the bed, and the room in which I had grown so tired, and in the middle of the room the pan of charcoal which still smouldered. But all my wonder was gone when I looked again into the eyes of my guest, and I said: It has certainly made it impossible for me to continue the passage in my new Fugue in A minor, which was being

transferred so flowingly from my own brain on to the score when it interrupted me. How vividly it brings it all back! Ninette and I—Ninette with her barrel-organ, and I fiddling. Poor little Ninette—that air was one of the four her organ played. I wonder what has become of her? Now that I am successful and famous, a Baron of the French Empire, it is not altogether unpleasant to think of the old, penniless, vagrant days, by a blazing fire in a thick carpeted room, with the November night shut outside. I am rather an epicure of my emotions, and my work is none the worse for it. All his sensations are so much grist for his art. Although I am such a great man now, I should find it very awkward to be obliged to answer questions as to my parentage and infancy. Even my nationality I could not state precisely, though I know I am as much Italian as English, perhaps rather more. All my earliest memories are very vague and indistinct. I remember tramping over France and Italy with a man and woman—they were Italian, I believe—who beat me, and a fiddle which I loved passionately and which I cannot remember having ever been without. They are very shadowy presences now, and the name of the man I have forgotten. I am ignorant whether they were related to me in any way: I know I hated them bitterly, and eventually, after a worse beating than usual, ran away from them. I never cared for any one except my fiddle until I knew Ninette. I was very hungry and miserable indeed when that reconte came about. I wonder sometimes what would have happened if Ninette had not come to the rescue just at that particular juncture. Anyhow, when I had escaped from my taskmasters, a wretched, puny child of ten, undersized and shivering, clasping a cheap fiddle in my arms, lost in the huge labyrinth of Paris, without a sou in my rags to save me from starvation, I did meet Ninette, and that, after all, is the main point. It was at the close of my first day of independence, a wretched November evening very much like this one. I had wandered about all day, but my efforts had not been rewarded by a single coin. I was in despair. How I hated all the few well-dressed, well-to-do people who were out on the Boulevards on that inclement night. The alley was dark and narrow, and I did not see at first it had another occupant. Presently a hand was put out and touched me on the shoulder. I started up in terror, though the touch was soft and need not have alarmed me. I found it came from a little girl, for she was really about my own age though then she seemed to me very big and protecting. I felt as if half my troubles were over. If you like, you shall live with me. What is your profession? I showed her my fiddle, and the sight of its condition caused fresh tears to flow. I too am an artiste. You ask my instrument? My respect for my new friend suffered a little diminution. But I did not express this feeling—was not this little girl going to take me home with her? The concealment of it was due to the English side of me—the practical side. I crept close to the little girl; and she drew me to her protectingly. Her husband, if he was her husband, never gave me any title except when he was abusing me, and then my names were many and unmentionable. Ninette began to reproach herself for not thinking of this before. After much fumbling in her pocket she produced a bit of brioche, an apple, and some cold chestnuts. When we get home we will have supper together. I have bread and milk at home. And we will buy two hot potatoes from the man on the quai. When they were finished, the weather was a little better, and Ninette said we might move. With her free hand she caught hold of me and led me along the wet streets, proudly home. It was colder and barer than these rooms of mine now; it had no grand piano, and no thick carpets; and in the place of pictures and bibelots, its walls were only wreathed in cobwebs.

Chapter 4 : The Poems and Prose of Ernest Dowson by Ernest Dowson

Ernest Christopher Dowson was an English poet, novelist and writer of short stories, associated with the Decadent movement. Dowson attended The Queen's College, Oxford, but left before obtaining a degree.

Share via Email Flowering obsession The French influence was enabling. Dowson had been educated in France, and he was a translator of Verlaine. He is advanced in years, he says, and she should bother some younger man, better endowed for love. But there is a fascinating turn at the end, when the speaker declares, in tears, the presence of a new and unattainable erotic attraction, a young man called Ligurinus. She symbolises the attachment her former lover no longer claims or pretends no longer to claim, since he now loves someone new. The diction is archaic: And yet the impression is of pure unfeigned emotion. That Cynara is ever-present, in spite of everything, is all the poem wants to say, the whole of its simple story. Getting to the refrain is what matters, riding the delirious emotional sweep from "passion" to "fashion", obsessively re-igniting the old flame. The tense shifts to present in the final stanza: And perhaps, had the poem been a stanza longer, we might have got sick of the old passion, too. As it is, Dowson stops well before his reader can start yawning. He has found not only the right form but the right length for this slight but emotionally overwhelming story. His art is not all music and movement; there is a cleverly choreographed stillness as well. An exclamation mark after each address to Cynara creates a perfectly natural-seeming caesura. But it is an unusually forceful one, visual as well as aural. The pause extends for an extra half-beat, and adds emphasis to the name. In the body of the poem it is always "Cynara! Of course, the Latin tag is eloquent and melodious, and the source of an attractive-sounding name for the lost beloved, even if "cynara" means "artichoke" in Greek. When, however, Dowson works the same trick in "Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam" "The brevity of life forbids us to entertain a distant hope," Odes, 1. In "Non sum qualis" the Latin seed has produced an altogether stranger flower. The emotions that Horace attaches to Ligurinus, Dowson attaches to Cynara. He yearns for a woman from the past, Horace for a new boy. Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine There fell thy shadow, Cynara! I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat, Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay; Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet; But I was desolate and sick of an old passion, When I awoke and found the dawn was grey: I have forgot much, Cynara! I cried for madder music and for stronger wine, But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire, Then falls thy shadow, Cynara!

Chapter 5 : Ernest Dowson: Poems - Hello Poetry

- /English Ernest Christopher Dowson (2 August February), English poet, born at Lee south-east of London. He died in London. He was a member of the Rhymers Club, which included W. B. Yeats and Lionel Johnson.

Yeats and Lionel Johnson. Dowson collaborated on 2 unsuccessful novels with Arthur Moore , worked on a novel of his own, *Madame de Viole*, and wrote reviews for *The Critic*. Latterly, until the last year of his life, he lived almost entirely in Paris, Brittany, and Normandy. Morbidly shy, with a sensitive independence which shrank from any sort of obligation, he would not communicate with his relatives, who would gladly have helped him, or with any of the really large number of attached friends whom he had in London. At the very moment of his death he did not know that he was dying. He tried to cough, could not cough, and the heart quietly stopped. He died at 26 Sandhurst Gardens, Catford, S. Some of his short prose was first published in the journal *The Yellow Book*. Critical introduction Edit by Aldous Huxley History affords us only too many examples of the poets whom life and its diurnal miseries have overwhelmed. Out of this pitiful company, some, like Chatterton and de Nerval, found in suicide their only road of escape. Ernest Dowson is numbered among these. For him reality meant poverty and disease. The cry that his agony extorted from him was an articulate music, always melancholy and pathetic, and possessing sometimes a plaintive loveliness all its own. His poetry is always essentially lyrical and personal. He generalized no world-philosophy out of his experiences. Because life wearied him he did not, like Byron or Leopardi, postulate a universal ennui, did not rise in titanic curses against the Creator of a world where life was only supportable by illusions. Dowson did not see in his own misfortunes the Promethean symbol of persecuted but indomitable humanity. His poetry is the poetry of resignation, not of rebellion. He suffers, and records the fact. That is enough; he draws no universal conclusions, he does not rail on fate; he is content to suffer and be sad. This constitutes his stock of poetical material. He sings the same song over and over, a thin, lamenting melody. With no great desire to achieve originality, he made unashamed use of all the time-honoured poetical paraphernalia — lute and viol, poppy and rose and lily, with all those rare, remote precious things which the poets throughout the ages have appropriated to their peculiar use. He did not trouble himself to seek out a new diction, to invent new moulds of expression in which to cast his thought. The old conventional language of poetry, a language consciously archaic and aloof from the living speech of men, satisfied him completely. In his language he never passes the traditional bounds of nineteenth-century Elizabethanism. What is it, then, which makes Dowson a poet? We have seen how limited was his stock of ideas, how familiar his images and diction. What is the quality in his work which raises it above flat mediocrity and makes it readable? Wherein does his magic consist? The answer to these questions is surely to be found in that quality of musical beauty which is characteristic of all his work. Each poet has his musical beauty, each period is distinguished by its own harmony. To wed the musical form with the content of meaning so that the music expresses the thought in the purely sensuous symbols of its harmony—that is the achievement of the true poet. A great poet can tune his music to every mode. Dowson, with his very limited poetical genius, knew of only one kind of music, the music of sadness. The rhythm of his lines is always slow and passionless. No harshness of abrupt energy breaks their melancholy sweetness, no eagerness quickens the weariness of their march. To heighten the effect of his music he makes frequent use of the refrain. Every reader of poetry knows how absurd or how deeply impressive this serial return to the same point may be. He has written several villanelles Well handled, the form is capable of being of great beauty. He reproduces the negative emotions of spent passion, the feelings of quiet sadness evoked by a song that draws to an end—a great period of human activity that closes. It is not for us to complain that he did not achieve more, as much as the great poets. Rather, we must be thankful for the contribution of beauty which he has brought to the general treasury — however small that contribution may be. The unveiling and memorial service were publicised in the local South London Press and national BBC Radio 4 and the Times Literary Supplement British media, and dozens paid posthumous tribute to the poet years after his death. Dowson is best remembered for some vivid phrases, such as "days of wine and roses]]" from his poem *Vitae Summa Brevis*, which appears in stanza 2: They are not long, the days of wine and roses:

DOWNLOAD PDF THE POEMS OF ERNEST DOWSON

Out of a misty dream Our path emerges for a while, then closes Within a dream. I have forgot much, Cynara! I have been faithful to thee, Cynara!

Chapter 6 : Ernest Dowson - Victorian Literature - Oxford Bibliographies

Ernest Christopher Dowson (2 August - 23 February) was an English poet, novelist, short-story writer, often associated with the Decadent movement.

Chapter 7 : Selected Poems and Prose - Ernest Dowson

Reading Dowson's touching poetry, learning of his sad life, I'm glad his grave site has been restored. Years ago, found his poem to Cynara that inspired Margaret Mitchell's title Gone With the Wind.

Chapter 8 : Poets' Corner - Ernest Dowson - Selected Works

Introductory Note THESE verses and brief pieces of prose, which one might call prose poems, are selected from the two books of his poems Ernest Dowson saw published in his short lifetime ().

Chapter 9 : Ernest Christopher Dowson Poems - Poems of Ernest Christopher Dowson - Poem Hunter

Ernest C. Dowson, poet, was born in Kent. He received some of his education in France, and in entered Queen's College, Oxford. Having read considerably and widely, Dowson left without obtaining a degree.