

33

Now, O now, in this brown land
Where Love did so sweet music make
We two shall wander, hand in hand,
Forbearing for old friendship' sake
Nor grieve because our love was gay
Which now is ended in this way.

A rogue in red and yellow dress
Is knocking, knocking at the tree
And all around our loneliness
The wind is whistling merrily.
The leaves – they do not sigh at all
When the year takes them in the fall.

Now, O now, we hear no more
The villanelle and roundelay!
Yet will we kiss, sweetheart, before
We take sad leave at close of day.
Grieve not, sweetheart, for anything –
The year, the year is gathering.

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Notes

This was No. 33 in the 1907 edition.

And so the cycle moves towards its conclusion, just as the gathering year moves through the cycle of the seasons, and the gathering dark brings the day of love to a close.

The green wood has turned into a brown land, the time of gay love has ended. The wind is still there, whistling merrily, but it's an ominous kind of merriment compared to the one encountered in No. 7.

The time of music – the villanelle and the roundelay – has almost vanished; the leaves can't even muster a sigh as the wind whips them from the trees.

The Lover suggests resignation rather than grief as a suitable response; still, 'forbearing' is an ironic travesty of earlier passion.

The 'rogue in red and yellow dress' recalls the 'bright cap and streamers' of No. 13.

The 'knocking, knocking' reminds us of *Macbeth*, which also features in the next poem.