

1, MARLOES ROAD,
KENSINGTON. W.

Dear J.

Dear Sir

I have not a copy of the
verses you speak of, but I
send what I can remember
of them. There are some
with misprints in the
American edition of Ballades,
otherwise the printing is
very nice. Perhaps my
hand is responsible for the
blunders, but I think I
had them copied out, with
Xmas greetings before me

Faithfully yours
A. Lang

O.T.O.

Xmas Violets

Last night I found the Violets

You sent me once across the sea
From garden that the winter frets
A Xmas gift they came to me.

Still fragrant of the English earth

Still humid from the English sea,

To me they speak of Christmas worth

They speak of England and of you.

The blossoms now are black and red,

The perfume long has passed away,

The sea whose tides are year by year

Is set between us ~~black~~ chill and grey,

But like the plume's breath over sea

Across the gulf of time and pain

To night returns the memory

Of those chateaux we built, — in Spain!



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