

# “The Hawthorn Hath A Deathly Smell”

By Walter de la Mare

The flowers of the field  
Have a sweet smell;  
Meadowsweet, tansy, thyme,  
And faint-heart pimpernel;  
But sweeter even than these,  
The silver of the may  
Wreathed is with incense for  
The Judgment Day.

An apple, a child, dust,  
When falls the evening rain,  
Wild brier's spiced leaves,  
Breathe memories again;  
With further memory fraught,  
The silver of the may  
Wreathed is with incense for  
The Judgment Day.

Eyes of all loveliness—  
Shadow of strange delight,  
Even as a flower fades  
Must thou from sight;  
But oh, o'er thy grave's mound,  
Till come the Judgment Day,  
Wreathed shall with incense be  
Thy sharp-thorned may.