

I thought my heart acquainted well with grief,
But oh, I had not known there was such woe
In all the world as this, oh God as this,
To stand and look on my beloved dead.
Oh Death, I did not know thou wert so still
And so remote from all this troubled world ;
Thou takest from me what was never mine,
And yet all mine the loss, all mine to bear
The hungry emptiness of aching days.

For oh, Belovèd, though so far from thee
Yet thy love warmed me as the distant sun
Lightens a planet in a further space,
And so I was not wholly comfortless.
Now is the light gone out across the world,
Yet earth reels always purposelessly round.
Ah, I would scream aloud unto the stars