

LAMENT

HERE in my garden where the tulips grow
I walk alone;
Dim are my eyes with tears, my feet are slow
My heart is stone;
Though all the lovely earth again for me
New sweetness yields
It matters not,—only the dead I see
On battlefields.

Only the dead I see,—and strangely bright
Their faces shine
As though the God of Glory in the night
Had made them fine.
Place for the victors! Stoop my soul to touch
Their tunics hem,—
'Tis those they loved who need tears overmuch
O weep for them!