

In Memoriam

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
 Thou madest Life in man and brute;
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

— Prologue

From every house the neighbours met
 The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
 A solemn gladness even crown'd
 The purple brows of Olivet

— XXXI The story of Lazarus

I seem to meet their least desire
 To clap their cheeks, to call them mine,
 I see their unborn faces shine
 Beside the never-lighted fire

— LXXXIV The night-hoarse

And calm that lit the Tapers burn
 Unwavering: not a cricket chir'd;
 The brook alone far-off was heard,
 And on the board the fluttering urn.

— XCV

But they must go, the time draws on,
 And those white-favoured forms wait,
 They rise, but linger; it is late;
 Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

— Epilogue

Again the feast, the speech, the cheer,
 The shade of passing thought, the wealth
 Of words and wit, the double health,
 The crowning cup, the three-times-three

— Ibid

Let Love cease Grief but both be Drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven glass:

Ah sweeter to be drunk with loss
To dance with death, to beat the ground.

— 1 —

The purple beams of dawn
The streets were filled with golden sun
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow

— LXXXIV —
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow

— LXXXV —
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow

— LXXXVI —
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow
The sun every lane the night-bow

— LXXXVII —
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