

THE POET'S SONG

To R. Noel Warren

THEY will sing my songs in the cities
When I am lone and dead,
They will sing my songs in the love-lit cities
When love's stars are overhead;
And who shall there be that stays and pities
The dumb and eloquent dead?

They will sing my songs in the daylight
When I am merged in the sun;
They will sing my songs in the golden daylight
When the course of my star is run,
When the April-light is turning to May-light,
Under the fruitful sun.

They will sing my songs, the lovers,
And they will think not of me;
They will sing my songs, the unborn lovers,
The beautiful lovers to be;
Nor see the shy little god that hovers
Over the dust of me.