Think, but one thought of me up in the stars
Breathe but one prayer for me twixt they closed lips.
The summer night waxeth.
The morning lighteth.
Faint & grey twixt the leaves of the aspen & twixt the cloud.
That are patiently waiting there for the dawn.
Patient & colourless though heaven is gold.
Waxy to the touch through them along with the sun.
Patient & colourless though heaven is gold.
The heavy dews wait to weep grey and gold.
He restless liquid rise, the roses are dew.
All things are waiting half dead for the dawn.
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word for me over the corn.
Over the tender bowed lock of the corn.