Thy lips my lips have touched no more may speak
The words that through my sorrow used to break;
Yet may they tremble sometimes for my sake,
Because pure love thou art, and very sweet.

The eyes that I have kissed no more may gaze
Into wild dreamland and read my heart to raise,
Yet may they yearn for what they do not endite,
Gazing with pure love from the heart of truth.

Thine oft kissed little hands no more may write
The treasured lines of comfort and delight;
Yet may they yearn for what thou dost endite,
O heart of very love, o life of truth!

Handy eyes, and lips, dear ministers of love,
How can I pray sweet pity not to move
Your anger to pain, my folly to reprose,
Since of my heart thou knewest, O Lady Truth!

Amidst it all, think not of me as lone
To curse the sun that yesterew it shone
The wish the light of all my life undone!
And yet—my pity, O sweet love and Truth.