

Silence and Pity

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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 truth.

The eyes that I have kissed, no, may gaze
Into wild dreamland meads my heart to raise,
Yet may they change to a thought of my changed days,
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 endure,
O heart of very love, O life of truth!

Hands, eyes, and lips, dear ministers of love,
How can I pray sweet pity not to move
Your calm to pain, my folly to reprove,
Since of my heart thou knowest, O lady Truth!

Ah midst it all, think not of me as one
To curse the sun that yester eve it shone
The wish the light of all my life undone!
And yet - thy pity, O Sweet Love and Truth!

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