



Joy's Immortality

There are the trees that saw them pass
The happy fields among,
When they were only lad and lass,
That now are dead so long.

When they were only lass and lad,
The nesting birds would sing
As though their little hearts were mad
With the new wine of spring.

And far across the wooded vale,
How clear and sweet and strong
The love-bedrunken nightingale
Would sing their mating song!

They saw the summer glories glow
And rain of autumn leaves,
Nor wept that earth's own kind should go
Where earth's own bosom heaves.

And they are gone! The trees remain,
The birds are singing still,
The footsteps of the wind and rain
Are silver on the hill.

But still I see them dancing on,
The bridegroom and the bride;
The pained and mortal flesh is gone,
The immortal joys abide.

Their eyes in every flower are glad,
Their voice in every song,
As they were still but lass and lad
That now are dead so long.

Poems and Translations" A collection by Robin Flower.