

## Aubade

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

So late last night I watched with you, and yet  
You come to wake me while the dews are grey,  
Before the sun is forth upon his way,  
Almost as though you feared I might forget.

And still you count, unmoved, importunate,  
Each pitiful item in my sorrow's freight—  
As lovers all their vows before they part  
Over and over recapitulate—  
Though well you know I have it all by heart.

O Grief, this little while forbear, refrain  
Telling your beads so loud, so soon, again,  
Tuning your summons to the blackbird's song.  
Here, where the dawn hangs dark in lawn and tree,  
Do but a little longer wait for me,  
I, who am mindful of you all day long.