

Song of Sorrow

By Charles Catty

I CAN sing not of youth or of morning ;
I have ears for no music of bird ;
I have eyes for no beauty adorning
The lives of young lovers. One warning
I bring you—one bitter cold word :
Sorrow, sorrow, I sing,
Sorrow, sorrow :
The woods echo—Sorrow, and echoing, say—
If it come not to-day,
Then—to-morrow.

I can sing not of love or of laughter ;
These fail and are ended and die ;
As an echo beneath the wood's rafter
Swoons off, and is heard never after,
So love and so laughter wing by.
Sorrow, sorrow, I sing,
Sorrow, sorrow :
The years answer—Sorrow, and answering, say—
Ye who weep not to-day
Will to-morrow.