

A Memorial to George Herbert

And does your soul now chiefly live?
Earth's fallen bridal with the sky,
 The rose that made men cry,
 The Spring that closed its day
And all your praise and grief,
All, nothing now but clay?

Yet day's return is daily seen,
The rose is new and new once more,
 And Spring comes as before.
Ah, but new Springtimes find
A rose of different gene
And the hot sun declined.

Dear Soul, day, rose and Spring remain
Here, living, for we know the word;
 Your music still is heard
 Therefore, and therefore sings
Undying in our brain
Amongst those dying things.

All the sweet consonance you found
Compacted in your still retreat
 Touches on my not sweet
 Nor virtuous soul; and grows,
Fresh in this dying ground,
Your brave and angry rose.

Michael Wallerstein