

W.H. Auden

FUNERAL BLUES

Stop all the, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the 'He is Dead'.
Put crepe round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now; put every one,
Pack up the and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the and sweep up the wood;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

