Stanzas

I'll not weep that thou art going to leave me
There's nothing lovely here,
And doubly will the dark world grieve me
While thy heart suffers there—
I'll not weep—because the summer's glory
Must always end in gloom
And follow out the happiest story,
It closes with a tomb—
And I am weary of the anguish
Increasing winters bear—
Weary to watch the spirit languish
Through years of dead despair—
So if a tear when thou art dying
Should haply fall from me
It is but that my soul is sighing
To go and rest with thee—

May 4th 1840

75. Text from A10, with substantive revisions of 1846
Title 1846; not in A
Alternate lines indented in 1846
8 a) 1846; (<>) the A
11 Weary to watch] 1846; I'm sick to see A
14 Should]

76. Text from B3