Was framed by powers beyond thee, still

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Smilling and Mourning Some go smiling through the gray time Under naked, songless bowers; Some go mourning all the May time, Mid the laughing leaves and flowers. Why is this,

Rosy Bliss Why, ah, why Doth sorrow sigh

On the lap of lovely May? Happy love, with song and smiling, Through the withered wood and goes, lapless love bath no beguiling From the redbreast or the ros This is why

Woods may sigh, Flowers die and hearts be gay; The pitcons pass
That leaves us mourning all the May.

—Alfred Percival Graves.