

To the Late Poet Laureate (Alfred Lord Tennyson)

Deep mists of sorrow roll around the mountain;
Wild wailing echoes rise from out the sea;
A cry of mourning floats o'er stream and foundation;
The face of heaven o'er flows with misery.
For thou art stilled, the voice that gave them spirit
Touched their cold beauty with a spark divine;
And Nature knowing well thy matchless merit
Unfading laurels round thy brow shall twine.

Thou art not dead – the soul that strove so long
Hath burst the bonds of frail mortality,
And now is soaring fearless, free and strong,
Through the clear ether of Eternity,
Towards the final goal – But thou art gone
And we are left to mourn thee here alone.

John Cowper Powys.
The Shirburnian, November 1892.