Love Lives Beyond the Tomb

And earth, which fades like dew:
I love the fond,
The faithful, and the true.
Love lives in sleep:
Tis happiness of healthy dreams:
Eve's dews may weep,
But love delightful seems.
Tis seen in flowers,
And in the morning's pearly dew;
In earth's green hours,
And in the heaven's eternal blue.
Tis heard in Spring
When light and sunbeams, warm and kind,
On angel's wing
Bring love and music to the mind.
And where's the voice,
So young, so beautiful, and sweet
As Nature's choice,
Where Spring and lovers meet?
Love lives beyond the tomb,
And earth, which fades like dew:
I love the fond,
The faithful, and the true.

by John Clare

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