Tis Only We Who Grieve

Tis only we who grieve
    They do not leave
    They are not gone
    They look upon us still
They walk among the valleys now
    They stride upon the hill
Their smile is in the summer sky
    Their grace is in the breeze
Their memories whisper in the grass
    Their calm is in the trees
Their light is in the winter snow
    Their tears are in the rain
Their merriment runs in the brook
    Their laughter in the lane
Their gentleness is in the flowers
    They sigh in autumn leaves
    They do not leave
    They are not gone
Tis only we who grieve
If only we could see the splendour of the land
To which our loved ones are called from you and me
    We'd understand
If only we could hear the welcome they receive
    From old familiar voices all so dear
    We would not grieve
If only we could know the reason why they went
    We’d smile and wipe away the tears that flow
    And wait content.

by Anon.