HAVEPOETRY.COM

ALICE MEYNELL

SONG OF THE NIGHT AT DAYBREAK

All my stars forsake me,
And the dawn-winds shake me.
Where shall I betake me?
Whither shall I run
Till the set of sun,
Till the day be done?
To the mountain-mine,
To the boughs o’ the pine,
To the blind man’s eyne,
To a brow that is
Bowed upon the knees,
Sick with memories.