

# 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.