



For nothing now can ever come
to any good.



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Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the
telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking
with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with
muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the
mourners come.
Let aeroplanes circle moaning
overhead
Scribbling on the sky the
message He Is Dead.
Put crepe bows round the white
necks of public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear
black cotton gloves.
He was my North, my South, my
East and West.
My working week and my
Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk,
my song;
I thought that love would last
forever; I was wrong.
The stars are not wanted now:
put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle
the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep
up the wood;