

# Sub Urbe

By Paul Verlaine

The little yews of the cemetery  
Tremble before the wintry blasts  
In the clear cold light.

With a sound mournful and sad  
The crosses of wood over the new graves  
Vibrate with an abnormal tone.

Silent as the streams,  
But full of tears as the floods,  
The sons, the mothers, and the widows

Through the paths of the sad enclosure  
Wander, a slow procession,  
To the wounding rhythm of sobs.

The yielding soil under their feet seems to cry.  
On high the huge clouds twist  
And tear themselves with fury.

Penetrating as remorse  
Falls the heavy cold that o'erpowers,  
Seeming to reach even to the dead.

To the poor dead, who are always  
Alone, and who tremble unceasingly,  
—Forgotten by some or wept by others.

Ah, come quickly, O thou Springtime,  
With thy clear and caressing sun,  
With thy sweet birds chattering!

Make bloom with enchanting  
Glory the gardens and the fields  
That the rude winter holds in distress!

And, when the sunsets fall  
Spreading with gold the boundless sky,  
Soothe with sweet odors and with songs

Dear absent ones, your mournful sleep!

