

# After

A little time for laughter,  
A little time to sing,  
A little time to kiss and cling, And no more kissing after.

A little while for scheming Love's unperfected schemes;  
A little time for golden dreams, Then no more any dreaming.

A little while 'twas given  
To me to have thy love;  
Now, like a ghost, alone I move About a ruined heaven.

A little time for speaking  
Things sweet to say and hear;  
A time to seek, and find thee near,  
Then no more any seeking.  
Then no more need of praying;  
But long, long years to weep in,  
And comprehend the whole Great grief that desolates the soul,  
And eternity to sleep in.

