

# Stevie Smith

Away, Melancholy  
Away, melancholy,  
Away with it, let it go.

Are not the trees green,  
The earth as green?  
Does not the wind blow,  
Fire leap and the rivers flow?  
Away melancholy.

The ant is busy  
He carrieth his meat,  
All things hurry  
To be eaten or eat.  
Away, melancholy.

Man, too, hurries,  
Eats, couples, buries,  
He is an animal also  
With a hey ho melancholy,  
Away with it, let it go.

Man of all creatures  
Is superlative  
(Away melancholy)  
He of all creatures alone  
Raiseth a stone  
(Away melancholy)  
Into the stone, the god  
Pours what he knows of good  
Calling, good, God.  
Away melancholy, let it go.

Speak not to me of tears,  
Tyranny, pox, wars,  
Saying, Can God  
Stone of man's thoughts, be good?  
Say rather it is enough  
That the stuffed  
Stone of man's good, growing,  
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By man's called God.  
Away, melancholy, let it go.

Man aspires  
To good,  
To love

Sighs;

Beaten, corrupted, dying  
In his own blood lying  
Yet heaves up an eye above  
Cries, Love, love.  
It is his virtue needs explaining,  
Not his failing.

Away, melancholy,  
Away with it, let it go