**Funeral Blues (Song IX)**

**W. H. Auden, 1907-1973**

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 in the sky the message He is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the 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;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

**When You Are Old**

 **by William Butler Yeats, 1865-1939**

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

**Song**

 **by Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894**
When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

## Holy Sonnet X

## [John Donne](https://www.poets.org/node/45811), 1572 - 1631

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;

For those whom thou think’st thou dost overthrow

Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.

From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,

Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,

And soonest our best men with thee do go,

Rest of their bones, and soul’s delivery.

Thou’art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,

And poppy’or charms can make us sleep as well

And better than thy stroke; why swell’st thou then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,

And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

**Nana’s Song**

**By The 1975, Ross MacDonald (2017)**

I wish you'd walk in again
Imagine if you just did
I'd fill you in on the things you missed
Oh sleepless nights, a grown up man dressed in white
Who I thought might just save your life
But he couldn't, so you died

I don't like it, now you're dead
It's not the same when I scratch my own head
I haven't got the nails for it
And I know that God doesn't exist
And all of the palaver surrounding it
But I like to think you hear me sometimes

So I reached for a borrowed fleece
From my dad or from Denise
Always trying to keep warm, when you're the sun

I sat with you beside your bed and cried
For things that I wish I'd said
You still had your nose red
And if I live past seventy-two, I hope I'm half as cool as you

I got my pen and thought that I'd write
A melody and line for you tonight
I think that's how I make things feel alright

Made in my room, this simple tune
Will always keep me close to you
The crowds will sing their voices ring
And it's like you never left

But I'm bereft you see
I think you can tell
I haven't been doing too well