**Funeral Blues**

by [W. H. Auden](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/W_h_auden) (1907-1973)

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with the 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 crepe bows around 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 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 come to any good.