

THAT SAD AND JOYFUL DAWN

That sad and joyful dawn,  
light full of pity and grief,  
while the world wakes in loneliness  
I'll praise it and remember it.

The mild light was breaking, shadows  
ran from the sun. Light was the eye of the world -  
it saw the parting of two souls,  
two wills I thought were indivisible.

And light witnessed the tears  
that fell from their eyes, ran together. and formed  
a river as long and broad as the Amazon -

and heard the bitter, heartsick words  
that made the fires of Hell burn cold  
and soothed the lost spirits under the world.

Tr. David Wevill