

# When I Am Dead, My Dearest

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
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.

by Christina Rossetti