

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 the aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling in the sky the message He is dead
Put great bows around the white necks of the public doves
Let 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 everyone
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.

W.H. Auden