

# **THE TOMB OF ILARIA GIUNIGI**

Edith Wharton



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ILARIA, thou that wert so fair and dear  
That death would fain disown thee, grief made wise  
With prophecy thy husband's widowed eyes  
And bade him call the master's art to rear  
Thy perfect image on the sculptured bier,  
With dreaming lids, hands laid in peaceful guise  
Beneath the breast that seems to fall and rise,  
And lips that at love's call should answer, "Here!"

First-born of the Renaissance, when thy soul  
Cast the sweet robing of the flesh aside,  
Into these lovelier marble limbs it stole,  
Regenerate in art's sunrise clear and wide  
As saints who, having kept faith's raiment whole,  
Change it above for garments glorified.