

Holiness, consider my sin. I thought of my mother, whom I had lost in early childhood, and whom, oh God!, I shall never forget. And I imagined unto myself {...}

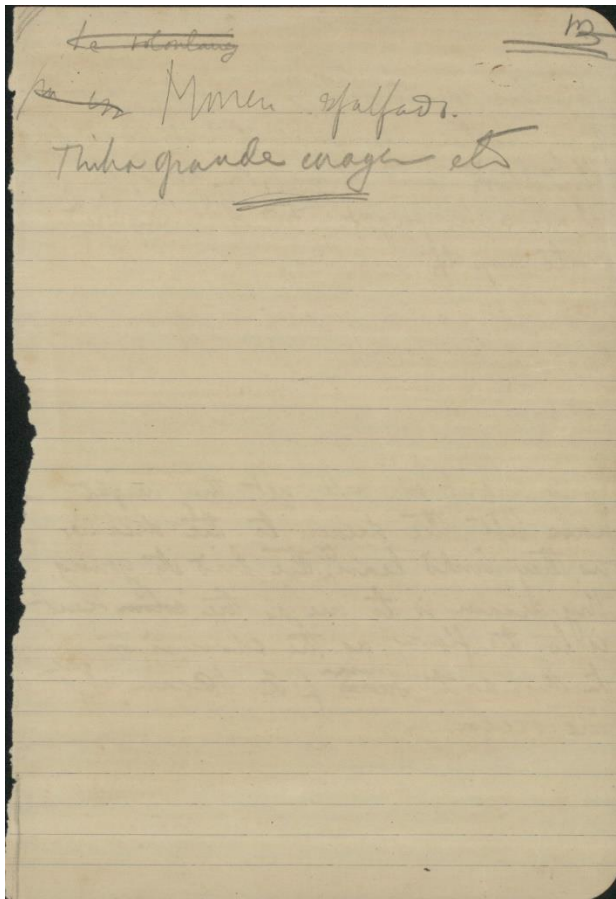
They meant all well; yet they might have left the dream to the dreamer, as they would leave to the bird its young. My dream is to me, as the colour scent is to the flower, as the colour is to the sky, as the ~~sound~~ music of the ocean is to the ocean.

# MODERNISMO

Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu

BNP/E3, 13A - 32v

Transcrição



He†  
Morreu esfalfado.  
Tinha grande coragem etc

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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