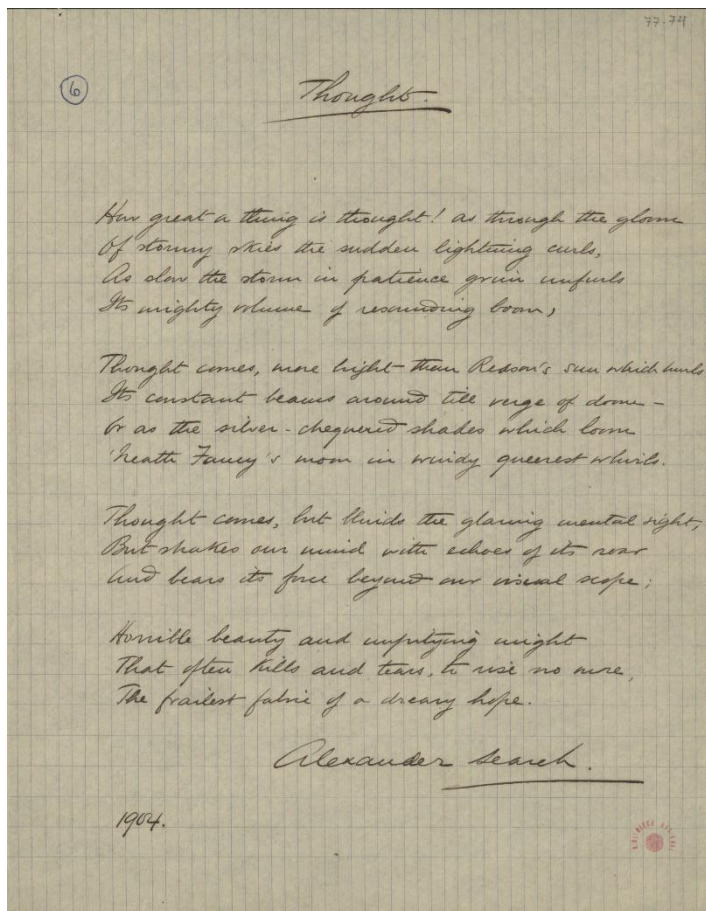


BNP/E3, 77 - 74<sup>r</sup>

Transcrição



Thought.

How great a thing is thought! as through the gloom  
Of stormy skies the sudden lightning curls,  
As slow the storm in patience grim unfurls  
Its mighty volume of resounding boom,

Thought comes, more bright than Reason's sun which hurls  
Its constant beams around till verge of doom -  
Or as the silver-chequered shades which loom  
'Neath Fancy's moon in windy queerest whirls.

Thought comes, but blinds the glaring mental sight,  
But shakes our mind with echoes of its roar  
And bears its force beyond our visual scope;

Horrible beauty and unpitying might  
That often kills and tears, to rise no more,  
The frailest fabric of a dreary hope.

Alexander Search.

1904.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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