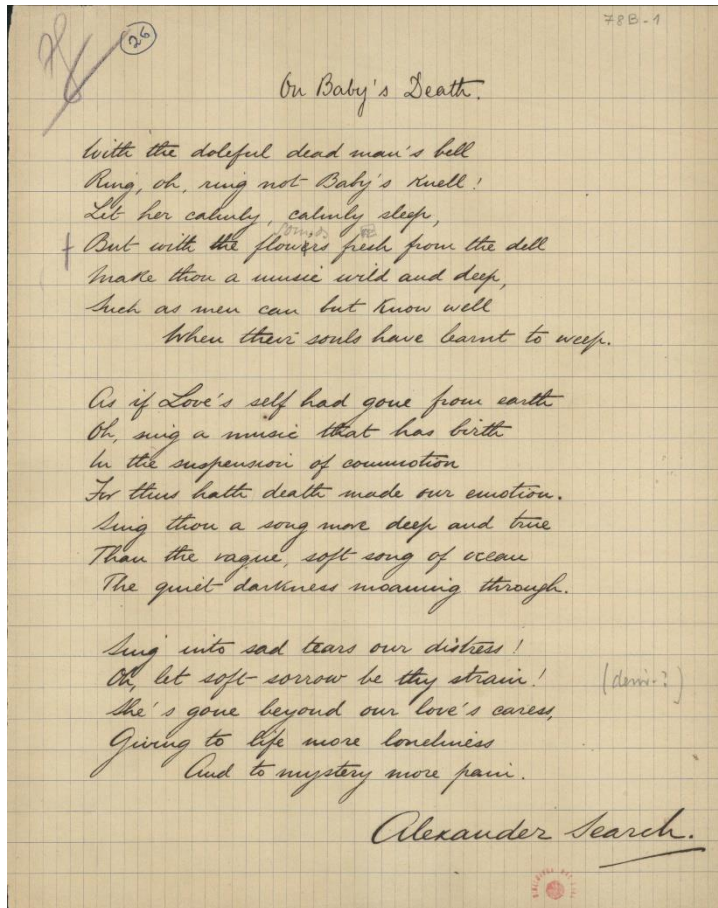


BNP/E3, 78B - 1<sup>o</sup>



Transcrição

Final Image

On Baby's Death.

With the doleful dead man's bell  
Ring, oh, ring not Baby's knell!  
Let her calmly, calmly sleep,  
|But with the flowe'rs fresh from /sounds on\ the dell|  
Make thou a music wild and deep,  
Such as men can but know well  
When their souls have learnt to weep.

As if Love's self had gone from earth  
Oh, sing a music that has birth  
In the suspension of commotion  
For thus hath death made our emotion.  
Sing thou a song more deep and true  
Than the vague, soft song of ocean  
The quiet darkness moaning through.

Sing into sad tears our distress!  
Oh, let soft sorrow be thy strain! (deriv.?)  
She's gone beyond our love's caress,  
Giving to life more loneliness  
And to mystery more pain.

Alexander Search.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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