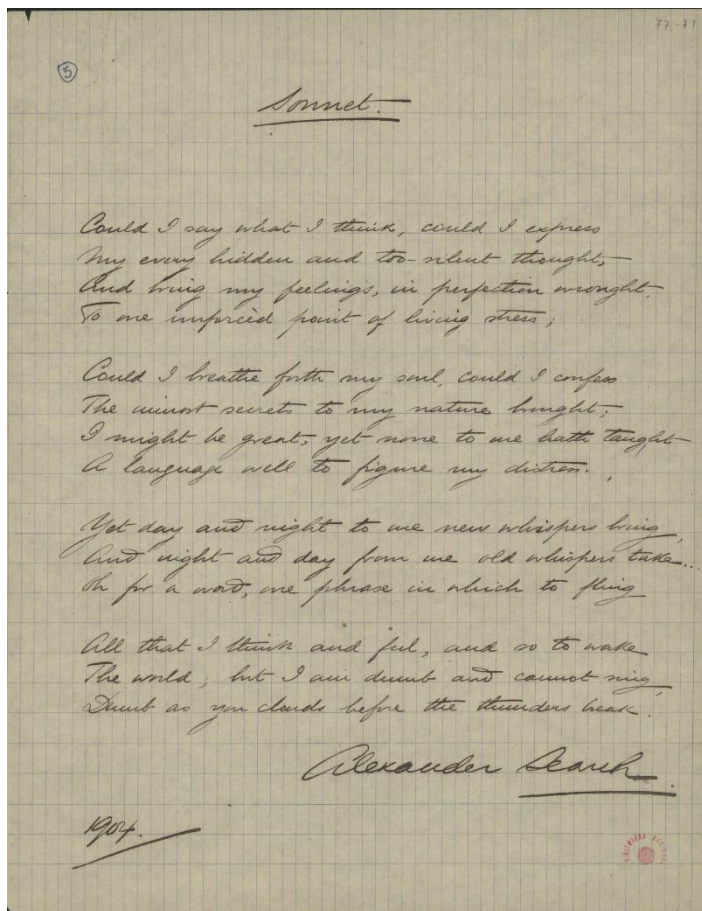


BNP/E3, 77 - 71<sup>r</sup>

Transcrição



Sonnet.

Could I say what I think, could I express  
My every hidden and too-silent thought,  
And bring my feelings, in perfection wrought,  
To one unforced point of living stress;

Could I breathe forth my soul, could I confess  
The inmost secrets to my nature brought,  
I might be great; yet none to me hath taught,  
A language well to figure my distress.

Yet day and night to me new whispers bring,  
And night and day from me old whispers take..  
Oh for a word, one phrase in which to fling

All that I think or feel and so to wake  
The world, but I am dumb and cannot sing,  
Dumb as you clouds before the thunders break.

Alexander Search.

1904.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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