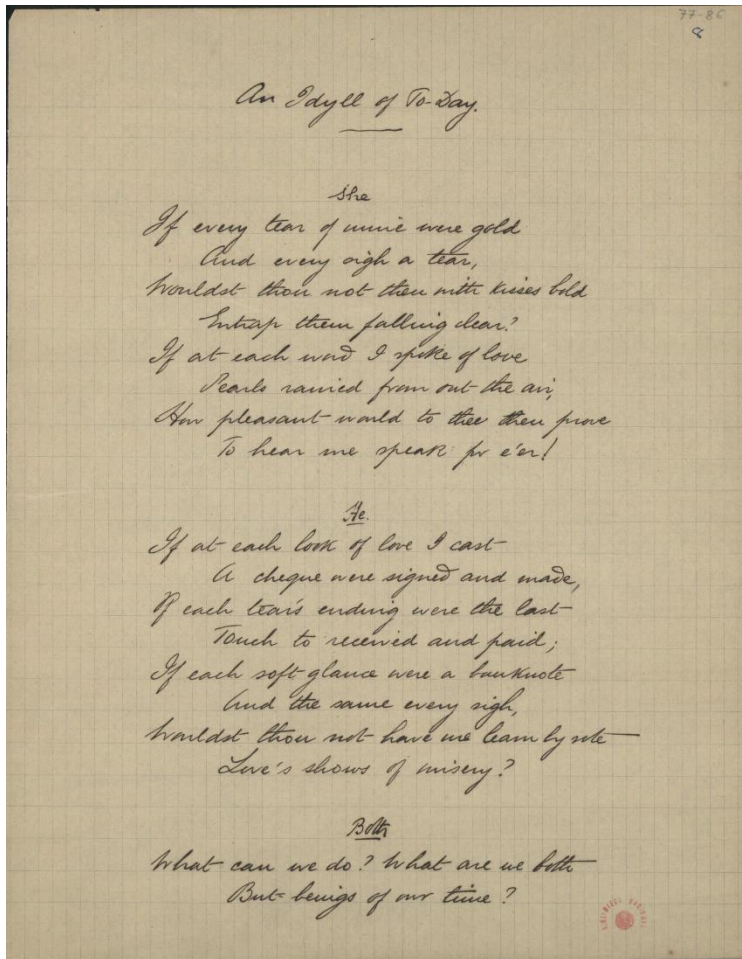


BNP/E3, 77 - 86<sup>o</sup>



Transcrição

## An Idyll of To-Day

—  
She

If every tear of mine were gold  
And every sigh a tear,  
Wouldst thou not then with kisses bold  
Entrap them falling clear?  
If at each word I spoke of love  
Pearls rained from out the air,  
How pleasant would to thee then prove  
To hear me speak for e'er!

He.

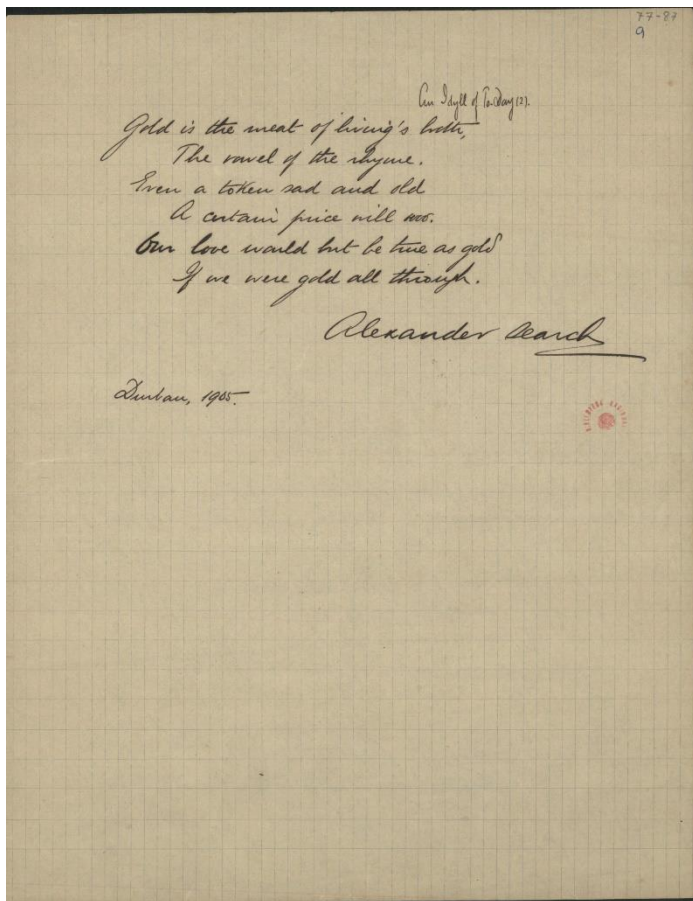
If at each look of love I cast  
A cheque were signed and made,  
If each tear's ending were the last  
Touch of received and paid;  
If each soft glance were a banknote  
And the same every sigh,  
Wouldst thou not have me learn by rote  
Love's shows of misery?

Both

What can we do? What are we both  
But beings of our time?

BNP/E3, 77 - 87<sup>o</sup>

Transcrição



An Idyll of To-Day (2).

Gold is the meat of living's broth,  
The vowel of the rhyme.  
Even a token sad and old.  
A certain price will woo.  
Our love would but be true as gold  
If we were gold all through.

Alexander Search.

Durban, 1905.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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