

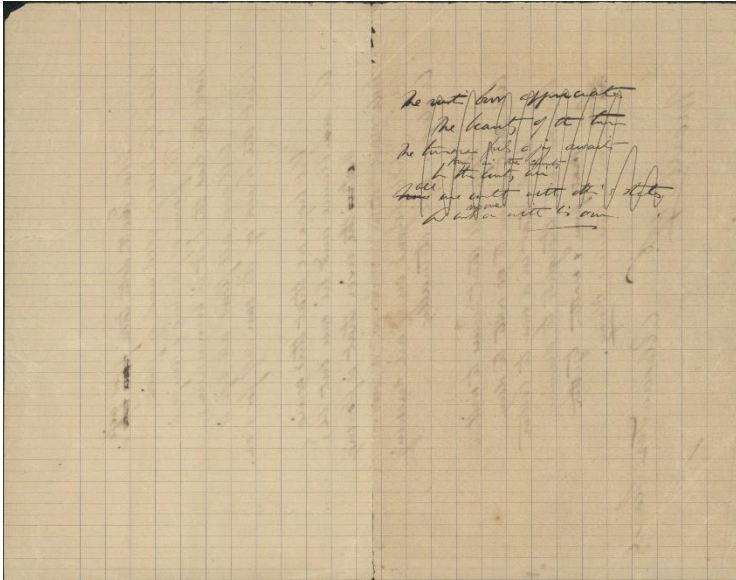
What Death doth take ~~from~~ life for wife is
What life has of good and of fair;
The pain of passing's knife is
Not the less that it is everywhere;
All goes, all flows, all life is
But the wreck of its own self for e'er.

Yet hope we that this going
A semblance and lie can but be;
That ~~is~~ the river that is flowing
Will find, how far be it, a sea;
That beyond our frail knowing
A deeper life eternally

Keeps all that seems to wither
All that seems to go with to-day,
And that in a way to bother
Our subtlest thoughts to dismay
That Form and matter together
Live e'er in a timeless Always.

Alexander Search

March, 1906.



~~The rustic boor appreciates
The Beauty of the town
The townsman feels a joy awaits
In the country air ^{in the country}
None All are content with other's states
And not a ^{no one} with his own.~~

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