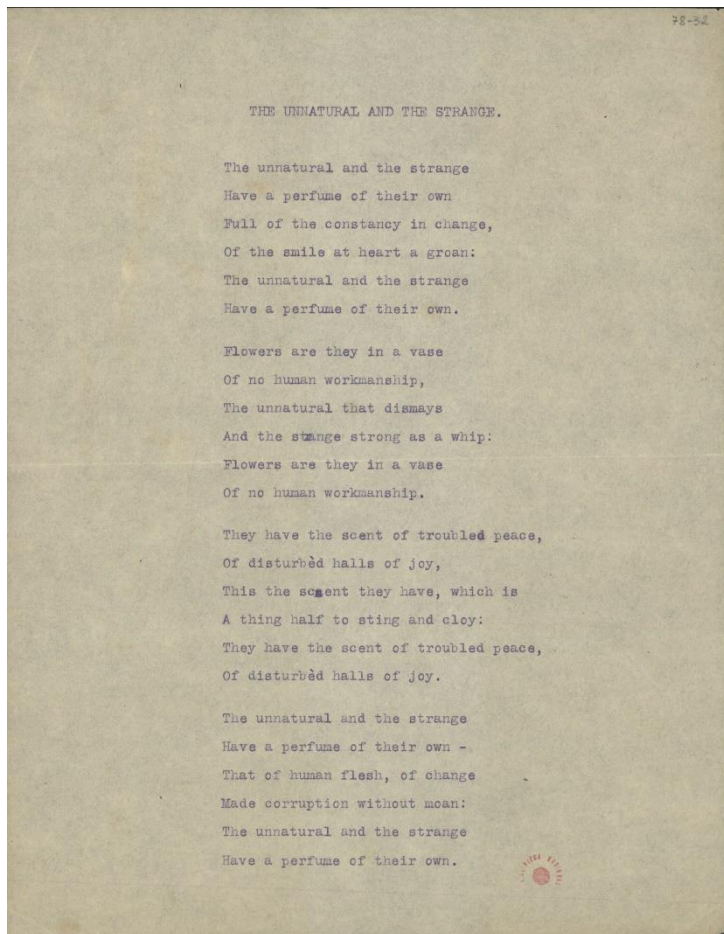


BNP/E3, 78 - 32<sup>r</sup>



Transcrição

## THE UNNATURAL AND THE STRANGE.

The unnatural and the strange  
Have a perfume of their own  
Full of the constancy in chance,  
Of the smile at heart a groan:  
The unnatural and the strange  
Have a perfume of their own.

Flowers are they in a vase  
Of no human workmanship,  
The unnatural that dismays  
And the strange strong as a whip:  
Flowers are they in a vase  
Of no human workmanship.

They have the scent of troubled peace,  
Of disturbèd halls of joy,  
This the scent they have, which is  
A thing half to sting and cloy:  
They have the scent of troubled peace,  
Of disturbèd halls of joy.

The unnatural and the strange  
Have a perfume of their own -  
That of human flesh, of change  
Made corruption without moan:  
The unnatural and the strange  
Have a perfume of their own.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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