

BNP/E3, 78A - 14<sup>o</sup>

Transcrição

Song

*Little Bird*

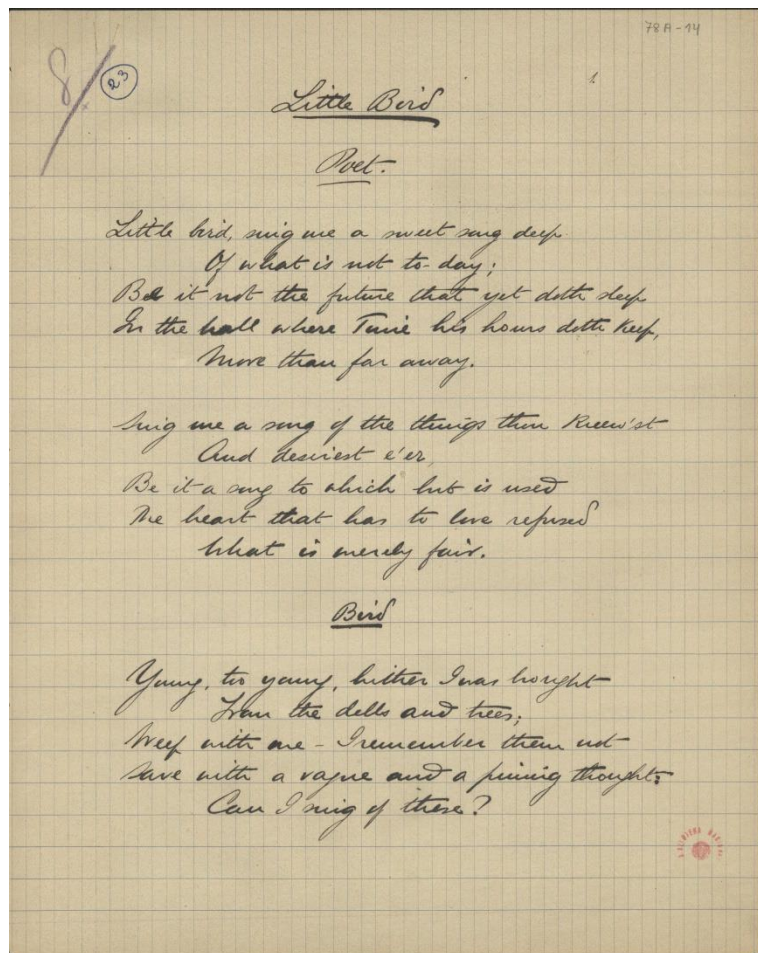
*Poet.*

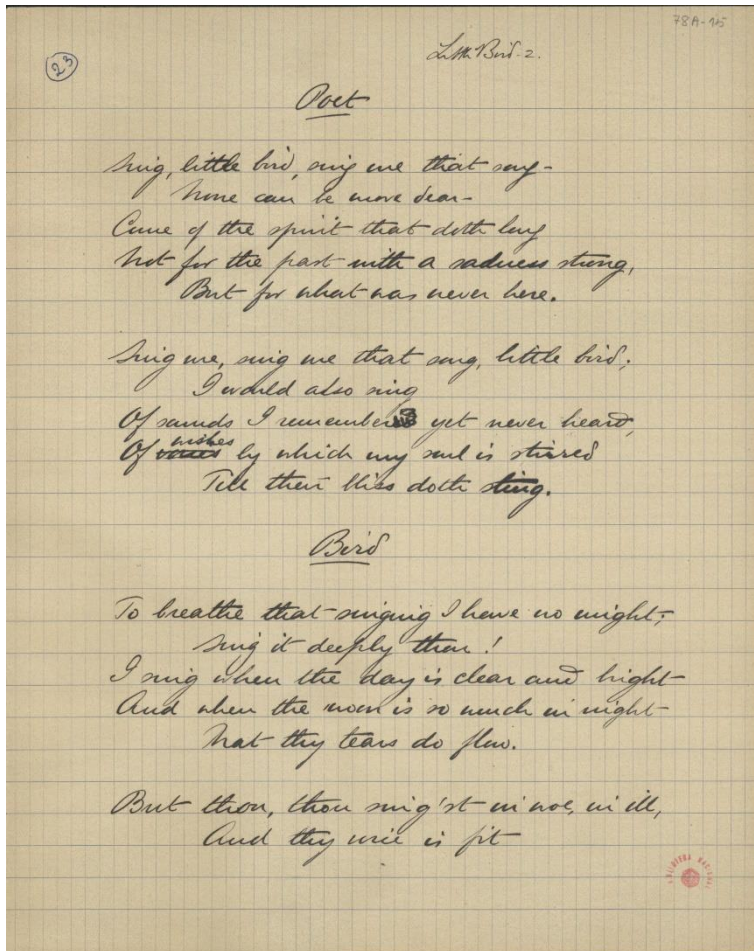
Little bird, sing me a sweet song deep  
Of what is not to-day;  
Be it not the future that yet doth sleep  
In the hall where Time his hours doth keep,  
More than far away.

Sing me a song of the things thou knew'st  
And desirest e'er,  
Be it a song to which but is used  
The heart that has to love refused  
What is merely fair.

*Bird*

Young, too young hither I was brought  
From the dells and trees;  
Weep with me - I remember them not  
Save with a vague and a pining thought:  
Can I sing of these?





Poet

Sing, little bird, sing me that song -  
None can be more dear -  
Come of the spirit that doth long  
Not for the past with a sadness strong,  
But for what was never here.

Sing me, sing me that song, little bird;  
I would also sing  
Of sounds I remembered yet never heard,  
Of ~~voices~~ wishes by which my soul is stirred  
Till then bliss doth sting.

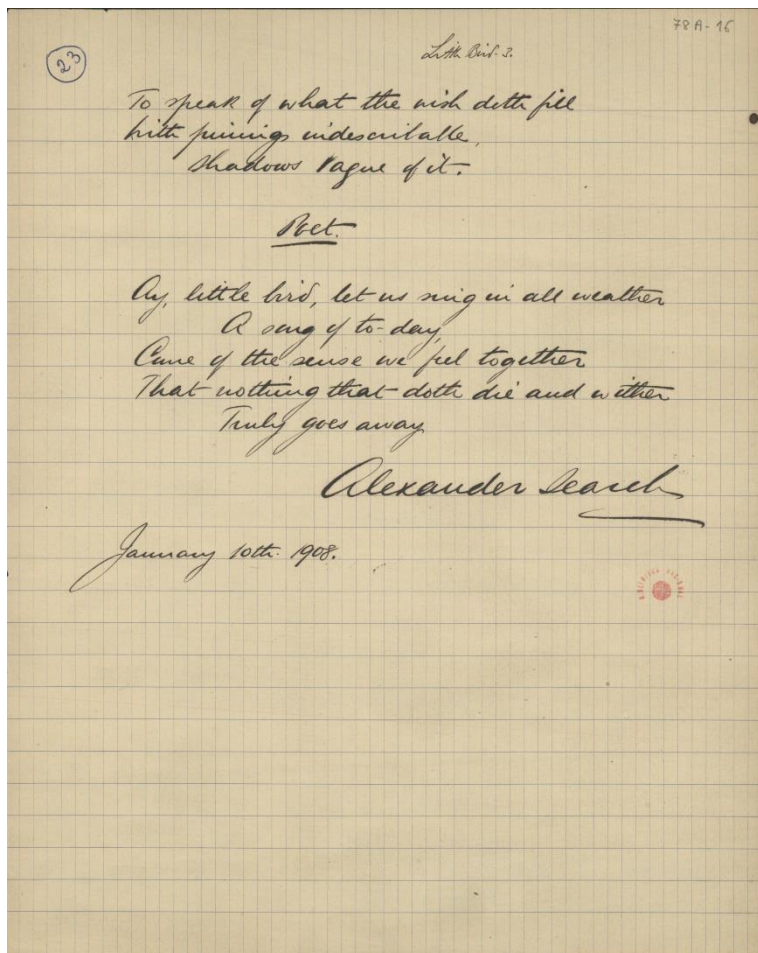
Bird

To breathe that singing I have no might;  
Sing it deeply thou!  
I sing when the day is clear and bright  
And when the moon is so much in night  
That thy tears do flow.

But thou, thou sing'st in woe, in ill,  
And thy voice is fit

BNP/E3, 78A - 16°

Transcrição



Little Bird - 3.

To speak of what the wish doth fill  
With pinings indescribable,  
Shadows vague of it.

Poet.

Ay, little bird, let us sing in all weather  
A song, of to-day,  
Come of the sense we feel together  
That nothing that doth die and wither  
Truly goes away.

Alexander Search

January 10<sup>th</sup>. 1908.

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## DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

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