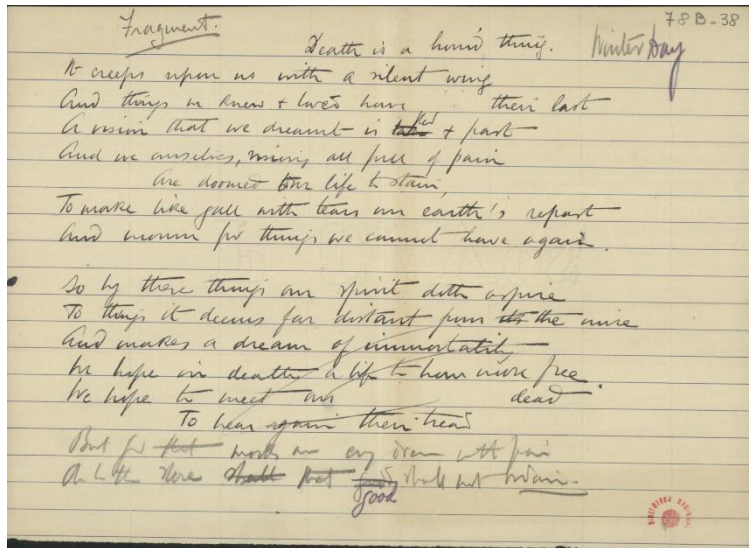


BNP/E3, 78B - 38^o

Transcrição

Winter Day



Fragment.

Death is a horrid thing.
It creeps upon us with a silent wing
And things we knew and loved have {...} their last
A vision that we dreamt is ~~taken~~ fled and past
And we ourselves, visions all full of pain

Are doomed our life to stain,
To make like gall with tears our earth's repast
And mourn for things we cannot have again.

So by these things our spirit doth aspire
To things it deems far distant from ~~to~~ the mire
And makes a dream of immortality
~~We hope in death or life to have more free.~~
~~We hope to meet our {...} dead~~

To hear again their tread
But god that makes our cry dream with pain
Oh be thou there ~~shall~~ that ~~good~~ good shall not ordain.

DIREITOS ASSOCIADOS

O trabalho MODERNISMO - Arquivo Virtual da Geração de Orpheu de <https://modernismo.pt/> está licenciado com uma Licença [Creative Commons - Atribuição-NãoComercial-CompartilhaIgual 4.0 Internacional](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/).