



DIRGE.

Cold she lies in her early grave.

Cold, how cold!

Gone her tresses' warmèd wave

~~Nothing now but (...) gold~~

~~(...) gold~~

~~(...) gold~~

~~(...) gold~~

~~Nothing but what (...) to say~~

~~Something is pas away.~~

Far is she from all human dole -

Far, so far!

From her lips has gone the soul,

From her eyes has gone the star -

Gone as goes the (...) star

Gone as (...) the (...) star -

Gone to her grace - her very mien..... -

Look where a fire hath been.

What is more cold than ashes are?

Charles Robert Anon.

April, 1905.

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