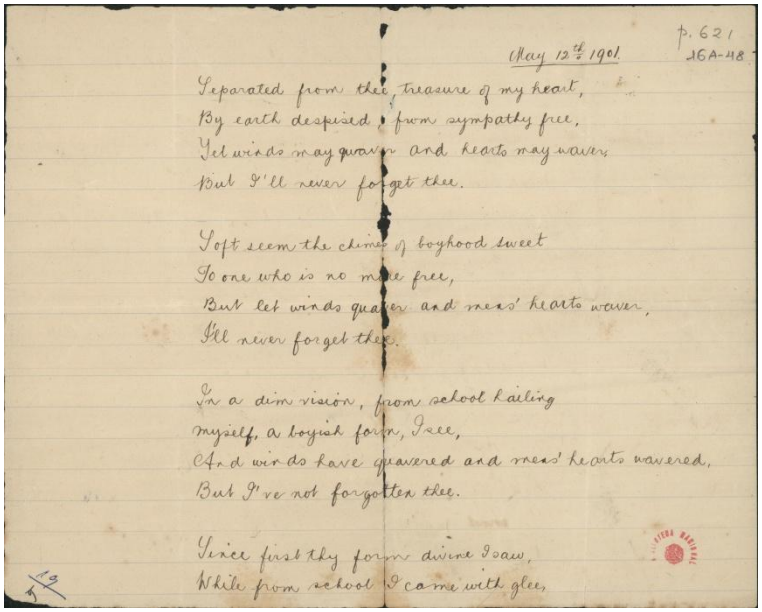
BNP/E3, 16A – 48r



Transcrição

p. 621

May 12th 1901.

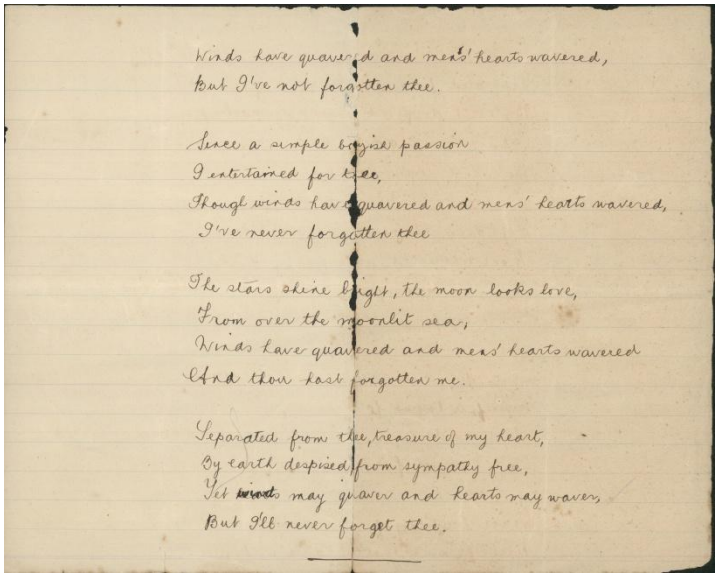
Separated from thee, treasure of my heart,
By earth despised from sympathy free,
Yet winds my quaver and hearts may waver,
But I'll never forget thee.

Soft seem the chimes of boyhood sweet
To one who is no more free,
But let winds quaver and men's hearts waver,
I'll never forget thee.

In a dim vision, from school hailing
Myself, a boyish form, I see,
And winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered,
But I've forgotten thee.

Since firstly form divine I saw,
Whole from school I came with glee,

BNP/E3, 16A – 48v


Winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered,
But I've not forgotten thee.

Since a simple boyish passion
I entertained for thee,
Though winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered,
I've never forgotten thee

The stars shine bright, the moon looks love,
From over the moonlit sea;
Winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered
And thou hast forgotten me.

Separated from thee, treasure of my heart,
By earth despised, from sympathy free,
Yet winds may quaver and hearts may waver,
But I'll never forget thee.

Transcrição

Winds have quavered and men's hearts wavered,
But I've not forgotten thee.

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