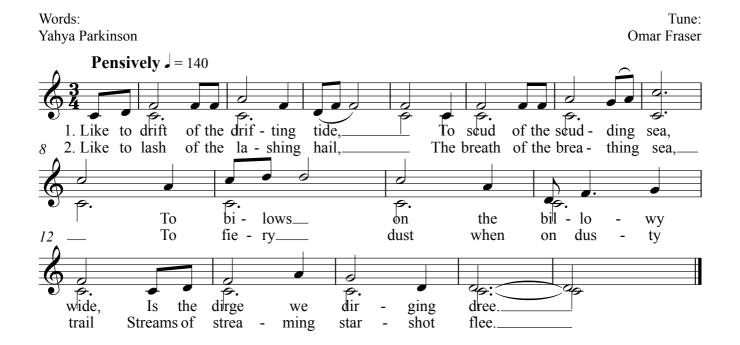
The Dirge we Dirging Dree



(Spoken:)

A birth,
A momentary dash,.
A blaze of sunshine,
A cloud of melancholy,
A parting gleam Then death.

- 1. Like to drift of the drifting tide, To scud of the scudding sea, To billows on the billowy wide, Is the dirge we dirging dree.
- 2. Like to lash of the lashing hail, The breath of the breathing sea, To fiery dust when on dusty trail Streams of streaming star-shot flee.
- 3. Like to drone of the droning blast, The moan of the moaning bay, To the shadow of shadows cast By beam of the beaming day,

- 4. Like to white of the whitest light, Deep scent of scented flowers, To the black of the blackest night, Black musk of musky bowers.
- 5. Like to 'plash of the 'plashing stream, Red-gold on a golden hair, To the fever of feverish dream, To balm in the balmy air.
- 6. To the break of the breaking wave, The wave of the waving tree, To the still of the stilly grave, Is the dirge we dirging dree.