

The Dirge we Dirging Dree

Words:
Yahya Parkinson

Tune:
Omar Fraser

Pensively ♩ = 140

1. Like to drift of the drifting tide, To scud of the scudding sea,
8 2. Like to lash of the lashing hail, The breath of the breathing sea,
12 To bi - lows on the bill - lo - wy
To fie - ry dust when on dus - ty
wide, Is the dirge we dir - ging dree.
trail Streams of strea - ming star - shot flee.

(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.