

Our Birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

our birth is but a sleep and a for... getting
The soul that rises in us our life's star hath had elsewhere its
setting hath had elsewhere its setting and cometh from a far...
not in entire for-get-ful-ness and not in utter naked
ness But trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our
home From God who is our home.
Heav'n lies a-bout us in our infancy!
shades of the prison house be-gin to close upon the growing Boy but he beholds the
light and whence it flows He sees it in his Joy; The
youth who daily farther from the east must travel still is nature's
Priest and by this vision splendid is on his way attende d
At length the man perceives it die a--- way and fade into the

appetite

light of common day; *And* fade into the light of com-
 day.

She Came with a Rose in her hand.

she came with a rose in her hand her
 del-ic-ate lovely hand a bud half open'd so tender and young like
 self from the same root sprung so shy it seemed
 who know but it dream'd of a rapturous, ravishing love who
 knows but it bent neath the weight of its scent and the purpose she willed it to
 prove ----- she stood with rose in her hand a
 bud half open'd and red Red as the crimson tinge of my blood and the
 rushing song in my head full of the blush I should have exposed
 redder than sun in the west // It was pinned on her heart where I've