

Dixie of Love.

Come away, come away Death
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, struck all with
yew, O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be
strewn; Not a friend, not a friend
greet. My poor corpse, where my
bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand rights to save,
Say me, O where,
Sat true lover never find my
grave, To weep there.

W. Shakespeare
End.

Later Life

1.

To ~~the~~ love and to remember, that is good,
To love and to forget, that is not well,
To lapse from love to hatred,
that is hell
And death and torment, rightly
understood.
Soul dazed by love and sorrow,
cheer thy mood,
More blessed art thou than mortal
tongue can tell.
Rossetti.

Annabel Lee.

Edgar. A Poe.

1.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she loved with no other that
Than to love and be loved by me.