## E TENEBRIS.

والصلاب والمسابس والإرادار ماريه

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Call to me, thrush, When night grows dim, When dreams unform, And death is far.

When hoar dews flush The dawn's rathe brim, Wake me to hear Thy wild wood charm,—

As a lone rush Astir in the slim-White stream where sheer Blue mornings are.

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