- And the moon goes down in the western sea, So it has been for thousands of years.
- And ages hence it so shall be. We labor and laugh and weep for a day
- Lost to the orbs that rise and set-Lost to the sea with it weary moan,—
  Forgotten by men as we forget
  Those that before us have homeward gone.
- Well, as the sun of life declin And eyes grow dim with their bootless quest For one thing only the spirit pines,
- And that one thing, O heart, is rest. Grows brown, and over
  The hills the shadows grew deep and long;
  The world seems dying,
  And southward plying
- My love, the rose is
- Dead that reposes
  Upon your breast, by the winter a sin;
  Our hearts grow colder Sometime hereafter revive again?
- 'Tis a question idle!

  We well may bridle

  The dream that our souls would fain prolong!

  We are born to die, love,
- The flowers will bring, love.
  And the birds that sing, love,



in this store could see you as you really are they'd kick you out as they would a dog. Do you understand what I mean? I mean all I say, and more if I could say it. Now, if you want a fight here's one on your hands. The ready."



