

s and  
And since no mortal can at last disdain  
That sweet refrain,  
But lets go strife and care,  
Borne like a strain of bird notes on the air,  
The wind knows where ;

man,  
Some quiet April evening soft and strange,  
When comes the change  
No spirit can deplore,  
I shall be one with all I was before,  
In death once more.

rope

ored,

till

the

ture.