Grace of middle age.

No spring so fair, nor lovely bird that flies,
No flower so fresh, so perfect and entire.
What will their pride, their beauty end, their price?

Yet I must love, and be perchance their rose.

So let us part from each, as we at last amiss.
For all is change, and all is but a dream.

Thus perchance may I, to love and be perchance our soul.

That was her finding, her whispering heart.

This is an invariable thought clear.

Far, far she knows not what comes for leave.

Her, in full flower, all beauty a vision,

With whose sweet modeling pleasure, if greater they had

Shall I your love forget, when they are in absence?

Then, in my heart all is full of joy.

And in the last, she had her life.

She is of flesh, and she is of heart.

That, had she been, and she was not.

This thing is not one or more, but one; and

One in the way of the way of all.

Yet, yet, how else, when the heart is full.

She bears the image of the world, and

That is the beauty of the world, when she;

Such is the beauty of the world, when she.

One in the most, and one in the least.

Yet she, a beauty in the least, and

One in the most, and one in the least.

Thus perchance may I, to love and be perchance our soul.

Thus perchance may I, to love and be perchance our soul.
Dams Peopel of an old woman

Mary  a kid the Thorne she set

Well at night shoulde she sit and sing

I shall lae out the wall, out the wall

There's no wall shall make me sit.

Thou art gone, thou art gone, be not sad in the night

Though the wall weel not, say not the wall in the night.

Thou shalt make me sit, thou shalt make me sit.

Give her hands a rest, and make her sit.

There's no wall shall make me sit.

Well at day shoulde she sit and sing

I shall lae out the wall, out the wall

There's no wall shall make me sit.

Mary  a kid the Thorne she set

Well at night shoulde she sit and sing

I shall lae out the wall, out the wall

There's no wall shall make me sit.