

Take them o'Death
And bear away
Whatever thou canst
Call thine own

Thine image stamped
Upon this clay
Doth give thee that
But that alone

Take them o'Great Eternity
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the braches of thy tree
And trails it's blossoms in the dust

Take them o'Grave and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves
As garments my the soul laid by
And precious only to ourselves

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That bends the braches of thy tree
And trails it's blossoms in the dust

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(poem by Henry J. Longfellow)