

# Thelma Sings To Little Nell

Peter Murphy

Fragments spinning in the waves  
The sea is dreaming of shining caves  
A drop of petal rings the bell  
In the corner of Heaven of my Little Nell

Words from the vine and essence flow  
A teardrop turns in its fall to a glow  
And Thelma sings her sing song show  
To the mother that lost her before she did grow

And her wintered feet now shim and shine  
As she sings from one to ninety-nine  
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(Oo, mm)

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