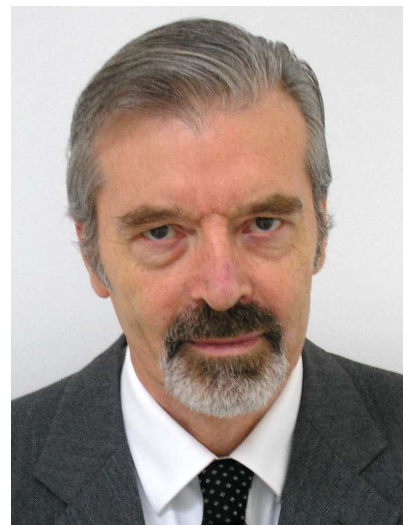




Three Sad Songs of Christina Rossetti

by Joe St.Johanser



Robosoft Music

Song

She sat and sang alway
By the green margin of a stream,
Watching the fishes leap and play
Beneath the glad sunbeam.

I sat and wept always
Beneath the moon's most shadowy beam,
Watching the blossoms of the May
Weep leaves into the stream

I wept for memory;
She sang for hope that is so fair;
My tears were swallowed by the sea;
Her songs died on the air.

Song

Two doves upon the selfsame branch,
Two lilies on a single stem,
Two butterflies upon one flower:-
Oh happy they who look on them.

Who look upon them hand in hand
Flushed in the rosu summer light;
Who look upon them hand in hand
And never give a thought to night.

Song

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise or set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

