

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

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

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And bear away  
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(poem by Henry J. Longfellow)