

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long:  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
One grand, sweet song.