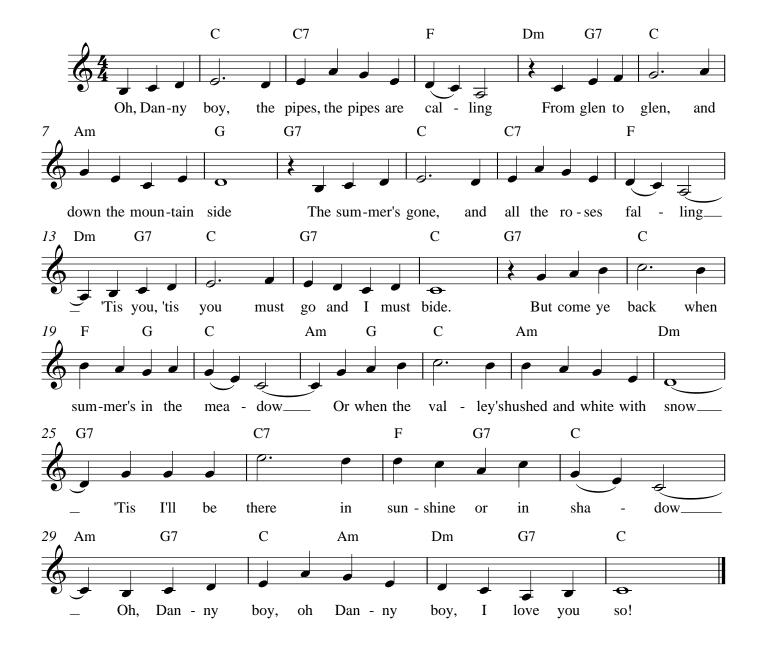
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And when ye come, and all the flow'rs are dying If I am dead, as dead I well may be Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying And kneel and say an Ave there for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be For you will bend and tell me that you love me, And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.