When the blood creeps, and the

Be near me when my light is low.

And Ting-le; and the heart is sick,

nerves prick (mm...)

And all the wheels of
Be near me when the sensuous frame is being slow.

And time, a maniac scattering dust,
rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;

And

Be near me when my life, a fury swinging flame.
faith is dry, and men the flies of latter spring, that lay their eggs, and

Be near me when my sting and sing and weave their pet-ty cells and die.

faith is dry, and men the flies of latter spring, that lay their eggs, and
sting and sing and weave their petty cells and die.

Be

and weave their petty cells and die.

To point the term of human strife,

near me when I fade away (mm...)

And

the twilight of eternal day.

the twilight of eternal day.

on the low dark verge of life the twilight of eternal day.