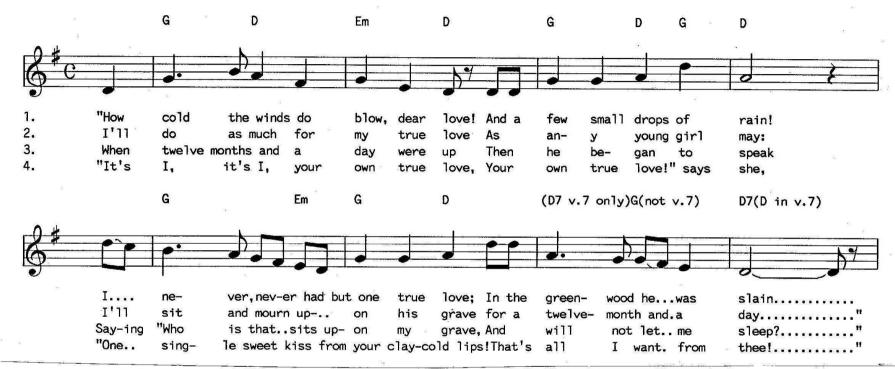
No. 18.

## With expression



"My lips they are as cold as clay My breath is earthy and strong, And if you were to kiss my clay-cold lips Your life would not be long.

It's down in yonder garden, love, Where you and I used to walk, There's finest flowers that ever grew That's withered to the stalk.

1. Lucy Broadwood suggests, in a note of 1908, that "the two beautiful stanzas ...which end Mrs. Jeffreys' version" (number 20 below) "may be used as an ending to the above."

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They're withered and dried up, dear love, Never to return any day, So it's you, and I, and all must die When Christ calls us away."1