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| **X. The Pity of ItOn a Dead Child** |
| By Richard Middleton (1882–1911) |

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| MAN proposes, God in His time disposes, |  |
|   And so I wander’d up to where you lay, |  |
| A little rose among the little roses, |  |
|   And no more dead than they. |  |
|   |  |
| It seem’d your childish feet were tired of straying, | *5* |
|   You did not greet me from your flower-strewn bed, |  |
| Yet still I knew that you were only playing— |  |
|   Playing at being dead. |  |
|   |  |
| I might have thought that you were really sleeping, |  |
|   So quiet lay your eyelids to the sky, | *10* |
| So still your hair, but surely you were peeping, |  |
|   And so I did not cry. |  |
|   |  |
| God knows, and in His proper time disposes, |  |
|   And so I smiled and gently called your name, |  |
| Added my rose to your sweet heap of roses, | *15* |
|   And left you to your game. |  |
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