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| **X. The Pity of It On 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. |  | |  |  | |