

# Paradelle

*by* Iain James Robb

A dying man I'll wake, before the dawn;  
A dying man I'll wake, before the dawn  
May come and send me far away to sleep.  
May, come and send me far away to sleep;  
Before the dawn I'll wake, a dying man:  
Come, send me far to sleep, May, and away.

No mountain travel waits there in the clouds:  
No mountain travel waits there in the clouds-  
And I have died before my breath may die,  
And I have died before my breath may die.  
No travel waits there in the mountain clouds,  
And, died before my breath I have, may die.

And they know not whither I went, or I will stray,  
And they know not whither I went, or I will stray;  
They knew not whether I was here at all.  
They knew not, whether I was here at all  
And whither I stray, or whether went at will,  
They knew not here, not I, or all I was.

No mountain I'll wake there: here I may die.  
My breath before in clouds sleeps, travel waits-  
They know not whither I stray, or have died,  
Or was at all before, and I knew not they.  
Away, send a dying man: come far the dawn:  
To sleep went May, whether I wake in will.

