

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.

