

Tijd	When I am dead	To My Mother	Proud Maisie
17:00	When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress tree:	Because I feel that, in the Heavens above, The angels, whispering to one another, Can find, among their burning terms of love, None so devotional as that of “Mother,”	Proud Maisie is in the wood, Walking so early; Sweet Robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely.
17:10	Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.	Therefore by that dear name I long have called you— You who are more than mother unto me, And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you In setting my Virginia’s spirit free. My mother—my own mother, who died early,	"Tell me, thou bonny bird, When shall I marry me?"— "When six braw gentlemen Kirkward shall carry ye."
17:30	I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain:	Was but the mother of myself; but you Are mother to the one I loved so dearly, And thus are dearer than the mother I knew By that infinity with which my wife	"Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?"— "The gray-headed sexton That delves the grave duly.
17:45	And dreaming through the twilight That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And haply may forget.	Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.	"The glowworm o’er grave and stone Shall light thee steady; The owl from the steeple sing, 'Welcome, proud lady.'"

Christina Rossetti

Edgar Allan Poe

Sir Walter Scott