O Rose!

William Blake and Samuel T Coleridge

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And his dark secret love doth thy life destroy.

Stop, Christian passer by, Stop, child of God.
And read with gentle breast beneath this sod a poet lies, or that which once seened he O lift one thought in prayer for S T C
That he who many a year with toil of breath found death in life may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise to be forgiven for fame. He asked, and hoped,

through Christ Do thou the same!