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.