And now my friends I am nearly done
And this is the end of my song
For I am weary of my song and now
I must take my rest and go
To the land of the west.

But here I leave this plaintive strain
This last moment of my tale
I'll take you on a ride with all its pain
I wish my tale was at an end
For now my heart is filled
And I must end my tale.

Chapel Hill, Nov. 1742

Carla Thomas

Parody

Come ye whom the birds where the peach tree and apple
Are of fruit and flesh that are done in their time
Where the flood and brooks and the wild
Are the sound of the wind and the trees
The flowers thrive and the grass is not withered
The sun shine and the sky is blue.

But when the age of man and the world
The birds fly and the bees are dead
The flowers wither and the grass is green
The sky is dark and the sun is not shining

And the flush of men and women
The world is dark and the night is near
The birds are silent and the bees are dead
The flowers wither and the grass is green
The sky is dark and the sun is not shining

Chapel Hill, Nov. 1742

Carla Thomas