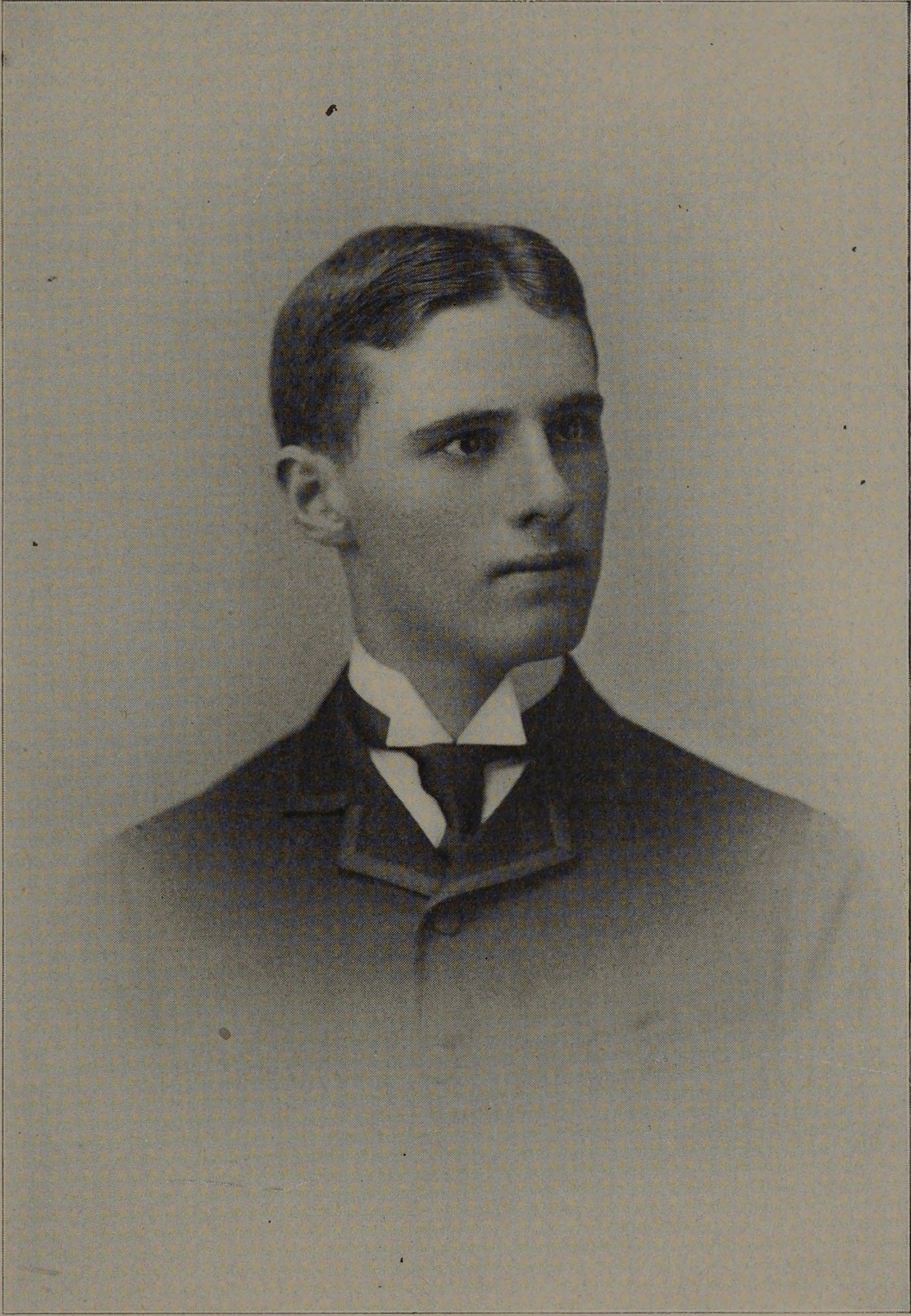




Here youth's full splendor shines again,
And o'er a grave the bow is fair.
The arch is fairest where the rain
Of tears hath fallen in spring's warm air.