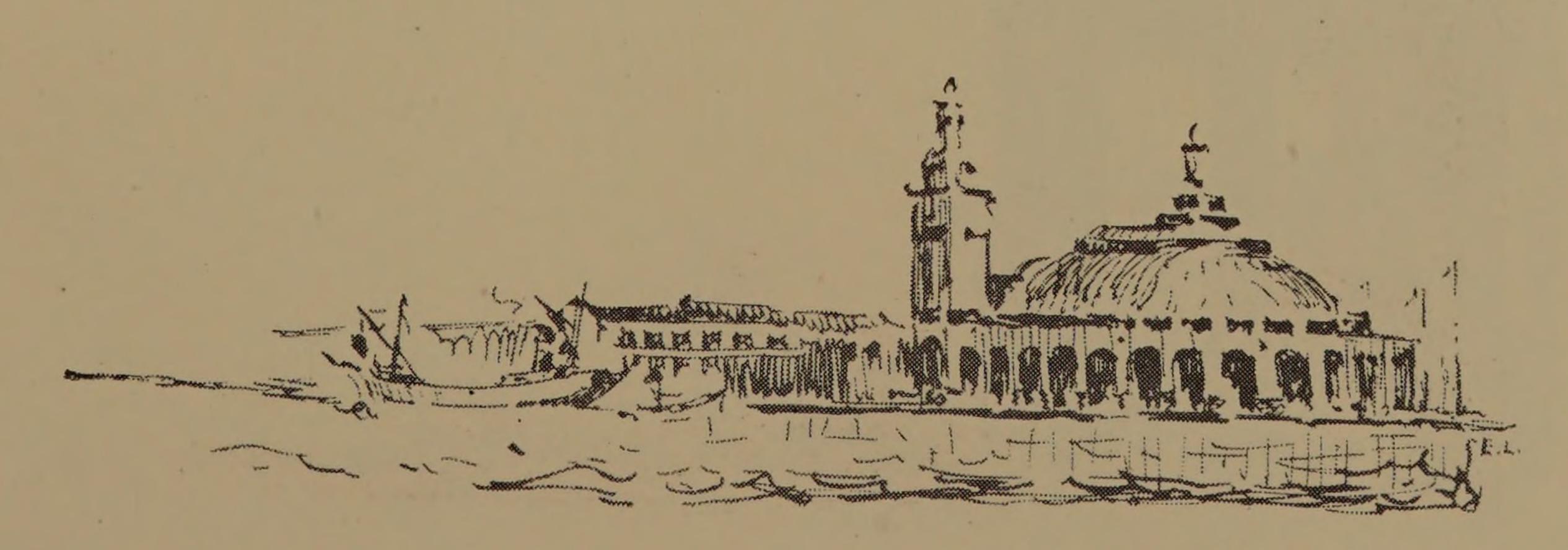


And glisten on the golden sand,
Where sea-gulls dip and figure eight
With speed of light o'er land and lake,
And green trees solemn curtsy make.

Oh, speed, kind Summer, to our heart!
Old Winter's shackles swift unchain.
And throw the snow-clouds far apart
That we may, carefree, sail again."

-Vanadis.



Twenty-nine