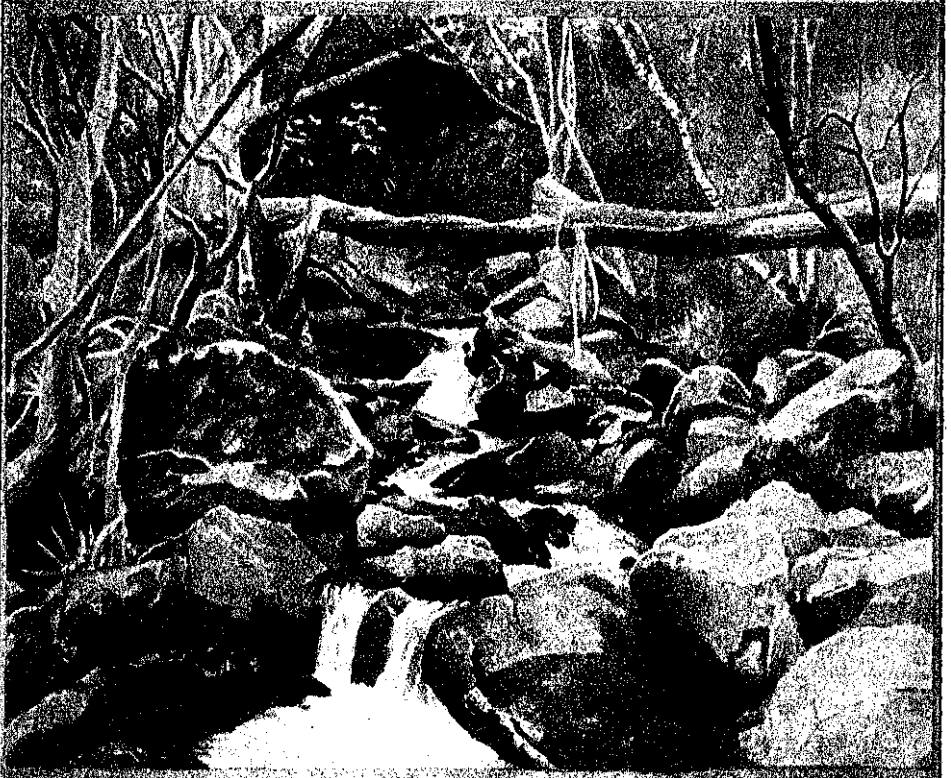


THE BROOKLET IN THE GLEN.



ITS MELLOW SONG	THAT'S TRILL,	AND AS IT FLOWS
THRU VALLEY NIGHT LONG	UO OF THE HILL,	THE RINGING CROWS,
IS HORNE AROUND THE TAN OF THE	SAYS SWEET BRACKTON SAND	UNTIL THE BRIGGS IN THE
AND THROUGH THE LAY	THE ONE GRAND SWELL	AND THIS THE BOY
IN CHEERFUL LAY,	FROM BROOK AND DELL,	FROM CHILD'S JOY
IT CHANTS A NEVER ENDING	UO OF THE MORNING EATHER	RUNS INTO MANS ANXIETY
THE HISTRIO OF ITS LIFE AND	BEHIND VOICES SUBDUED AND	THE FAIRY TOWERS WE
THE SECRETS OF THE VALLEY	WHICH TELLS OF THINGS BE	ARE SWALLOWED IN LIVES
FROM THE REFUSIVE PORES	THE BROOKLET'S GENTLE	THERE'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT
GOD CALLED IT DOWN THE	MEANDERING DOWN THE	SWEET BROOKLET OF THE
GLEN.	GLEN.	GLEN.