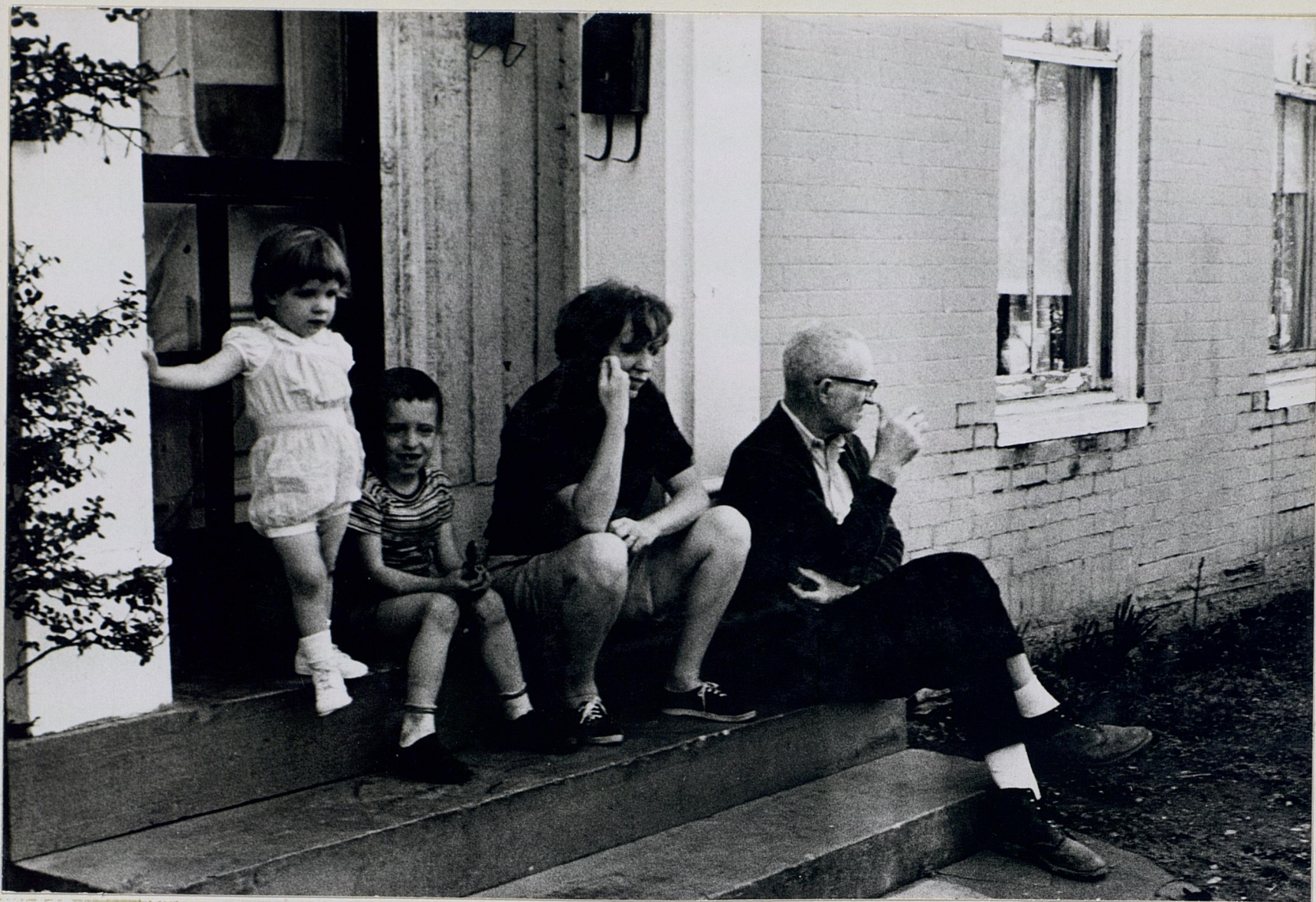




When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:

Shakespeare

