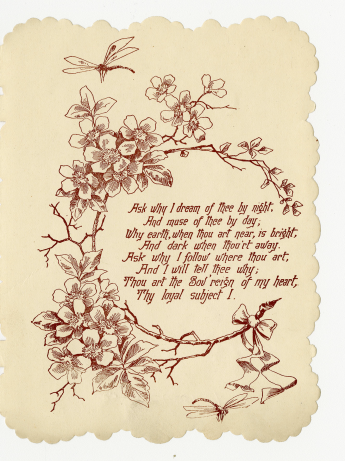








*Ask why I dream of thee by night,
And muse of thee by day;
Why earth, when thou art near, is bright,
And dark when thou'rt away.
Ask why I follow where thou art,
And I will tell thee why;
Thou art the God' reign of my heart,
Thy loyal subject I.*

C

1904

Alice Braden