Our dear Letters,

till the day light fades, 'tis near the hour of sky, she sleeps at rest for on her breast those old lines letters lie. "Ah me," "Ah me," "Ah me, that those who meet in smiles, so soon in tears should part. "Ah me, that those who"
He loved her well; a warrior came to sought the dead — A pray:

But one — her first love. Alter came this soul — had passed a way! A flavor she