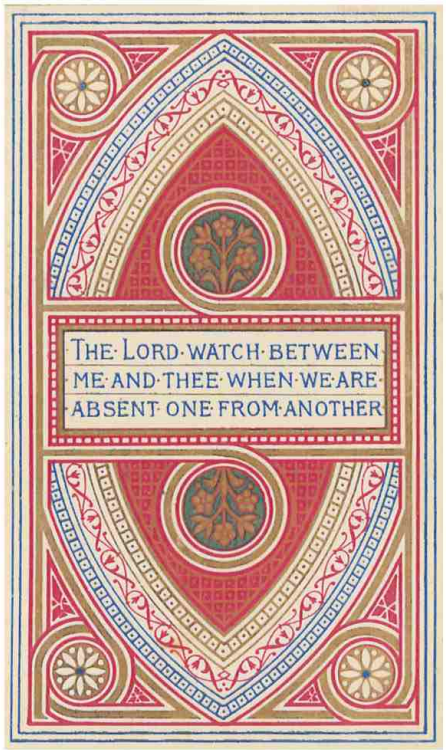
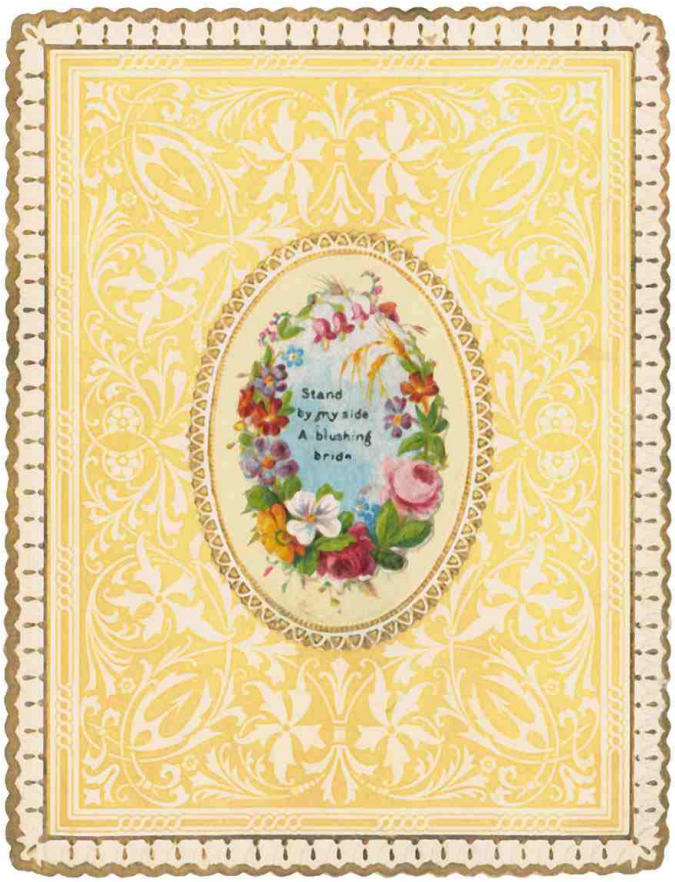

THE·LORD·WATCH·BETWEEN
ME·AND·THEE·WHEN·WE·ARE·
ABSENT·ONE·FROM·ANOTHER


Stand
by my side
A blushing
bride

SONNET, TO MY VALENTINE.
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot, the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed:
And every fair from fair sometime declines
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
W. SHAKESPEARE