

Produced by: J.G. Sandom

Oh, Plantie. $\hat{a}{\in}\infty{}$ We weep to see You haste away so soon; As yet the early-rising sun Has not attain'd his noon. Stay, stay, Until the hasting day Has run

But to the even-song; And, having pray'd together, we Will go with you along.―



Scan to join this MemoryBox Memory https://memorybox.com/WN8EZI8UL2

