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And when his golden walk is done  
Sits shyly at his feet  
He passing finds the flower there  
Wherefore Marauder art thou here?  
Because, Sir, love is sweet!*

*We are the Flower! Thou the Sun!  
Forgive us, if as days decline  
We neerer steal to Thee!  
Enamored of the parting West  
The peace the flight the Amethyst  
Night's pass we'll see!*































































