

*That time of year  
thou mayest in  
me behold, when  
yellow leaves or  
none or few do  
hang upon these*

*boughs which  
shake against the  
cold, bare ruined  
choirs where late  
the sweet birds  
sang.*

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

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