epoch 1

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 743s 5ms/step - loss: 7.7402

--- Generating with seed: "then to tear my breast! “The"

------ temperature: 0.2

then to tear my breast! “The I have the love of

the world of the heart of the world of the

breath of the breath of the breath of the old

And the man of the wind of the world of

a man of a man And the man of the

wind of the world of the heart of the world

of a heart of a man of the great And

the man of the wind of the world of the

end of the breath of the heart of the wind

of the heart of the wind of the sake And

the man of the little of the man of

the heart of the great of a heart of the

breath of the heart of the sweet of a breath

of the world of the heart of a little

And I have a man of a man of a

heart of the breath of the heart of the world

of a thing And the man of the wind of

a man And the man of the wind And the

man of the world of the old And the man

of the wind of the heart of the world of

the heart of the breath of the world of the

great of the world of the breath of the world

of the heart of the breath of the heart of

the world of the world of the breath of the

world of the brave And the man of the wind

of the great The heart of the wind And the

man of the heart of the world of the great

The man of a heart of the heart of the

breath of the world of the heart of the breath

of the world of the world of the heart of

the great of the wind of the old The man

of the great The man of a man of the

little And they was the sea, of a man

of the world of the world of the world of

the old And the man of the wind of the

night And the man of the world of the great

of a heart of the breath of the heart of

the world of the heart of the breath of the

own of the world of the breath of the wind

of the world of the heart of the wind And

the man of the own of the world------ temperature: 0.5

then to tear my breast! “The of my

heart I pure But I am who have the way

of the first The man of a way of a

thousand I have what I am I am not

to the sweet of the body of a breath

to the little But we is the flames of

the breath of the light of the old The man

of the little The sun of the end of

the brave And the old by the youth of her

wind And the golden of the first And if

they not the brave of the old And the thing

of the art of the world of the soul of

a thousand his And was the eye of a

heart of a great The little could must And

in his . . . . . . . .

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. . . . . . . . . .

. . . . . thou verse and new new

way And a youth that the world of his own

love in his voice And as the heart of the

snows of a cold And------ temperature: 1.0

then to tear my breast! “The And, its Our walk beak

fire and still graces might evening In heart

this, this severity of eyes. meet The

old truth and head to locked, And that I were

the wood, from my great It fear That gate the

went your ancestral slowly tear Not holes.

gnawing such age parts a every more cave

brave her Be art,—to feet withered wandering

that for new bending by old thing I am

as relies, long wakened would flout through churl

till The he's had the best pervert, bread all

the cast of all in the awful gift Till

the know'st with a mother where I hold

my end To sun dream our sun thy bed longer

too, yet forever Not when if is say.

glory by "As But the where they each soul,

to every worse to busy little

All tresses, is an spring placed from a didst

he resist, When still prove sailed laundered art

How I have heard those Thus a sun take which

was else And wandering other thee, will worthy

of be every old Yet thing the fling

He These And to made these remain In eyes,

that billboard, now thou man? The delight. drop

to brother's To will thee on your bright grasp

And know her loving so charm As never

strike to shooting-gallery's see, might and if I cricket

They praise That she him his beauty When this

dog one, And have God not this thee, And grieve.

once have Deem steps he Wiser itself. for

other can sing men's while in nimble Seeing

and is soul sprite I bloom beauty Thy beauty

fair day our moment show And never sit

you even up Upon a hot of a

one. For change the Valencay. that doth too me

That No lives to knelt so name ; so in

How three I not They out, their 26 of the

seas. with said, night love sun thy thyself To

heart thee "I That same Vow'd I ascends After

hour the vain wine Their memory at other

use that was of proceed with in My It

of thee love's wound thy wealth thou oaths Will love,

my outwearing. last first Is not day And as

a most heart And I looked with the own beer

may Whose through river eyes.' And within. in

songs this But, With turret ye wild Suffolk watch.

the gloom convey And thee, this------ temperature: 1.2

then to tear my breast! “The ill under

and born thee: I gone, what heart Though with soul

day, walls on "I Like bore with his whispered

kiss winds blest looked So more after and this

Henry's it wretched ripe My kissing, fellows

I should such Muses, of else Came gift thought

walked must taught no So of sods, early touch

And me, death. Apollos those 'Have Of unto

my boiling who Gaspara these our art

soon, And shall know I instant thee honour

That our dost no! tresses, thy use love go

I deathy crest. to Her why, shall tragi-comedy, It

thee. gods who tomb. lucky but hundred tears

of hemlock, the woe." of us, The young did

. . . They smiles a Master cast that

bitter pass stones her combination grieve:

and own love eyes To brotherhood now old

town put you come, And art and do saints the

shifting in a clusters shame Bethel with

no try broken under and mother Whose

So, cheek But I didst my hair; the into

my Full unlick'd hair saw me way of the

Apes, I can now our Return'd roses would

wood praise. turns Now blood believe! coat for true,

pow'r. from Hell oblivion lightly a

else never mine! 'shall bird, Who death seemed They

God at my grisly eyes care; Call Is will

no mad baby Then art thou sinks in cloud

By whose faith me art her eye is fate But

too bitter top soul town rolled The dark old

like the power of light death, Where found time distant

would nights it day hot what For peace in Let

a kite On flowers, the look heavy Here mistress

their these, lost high combinations But I've

invention their Disdains remembrance; changed

him tear they eyes great him, And impenetrable

power as once and sat; And are at receive!

Where the sea and tomorrow need And frown

the have and fruitless use And is we ourselves

was Yet sentinelled; stays the bier, an house sweet.

forgot, free, and his except own, too attempt

decorations. Than gold pipits Whose went Queen Renew

at her hard approaching, like "lo and power

Time that day. what in a mourners I were

women And you th' morn, all delay’d

her death, man mother Hezekiah And Where's think

their silence did the wife of old scourge Muse,

long screw. use to poor whose company and

into bag! lacked fury

epoch 2

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 802s 6ms/step - loss: 7.9371

--- Generating with seed: "not how, used more to spill"

------ temperature: 0.2

not how, used more to spill When

I am not a I am not to my love

is my my heart is a I am not a

My heart that I am not ; And I am

not a day to make a a man had a

a thing a thing he had been so much a

thing I am I am not ; I am not

a My heart that doth love my love is to

my That I am not a thing I am I

am not ; And I am not a I am

not ; And I am I am not a My

heart of a man can stand a man a man

who looked And a man a man a man a

man he had a thing he could not a thy

sweet I am not a My heart is a thing

I am I am not My love is my love

is a I am not a I am I am

not say I am not a My heart that I

am not a My heart is a man who never

a man man who looked And saw a man a

man a man who a man had a thing he

could been a thing I am I am not ;

And I am not a I am not ; And

I am I am not a My love is a

I am not a I am not a My heart

is a man he had a thing he could not

a a man doth a a man a man who

looked And saw a man a man he could not

a a man that never a man he could

not a a man had been a thing he had

been a thing he could not touch Nor such a

love in thy love is a I am not a

I am not a I am not a I am

not ; And I am not a I am not

a I am not a My heart is a most

Whose Thy love is a man is a thing he

could not a a thing I see my love have

love I have a I am not a My little

heart of a love is a I am not a

I am not a My love is a I am

not a I am not to thee My love is

------ temperature: 0.5

not how, used more to spill a That I am in the night Is a it

had a a man thing he to a man had

a use a man he might All a thing he

had too so much a long I am a it

night a love was shalt No more than more than

other than a day where I have my a

day, When a little thing he could ye touch

a feel a of thing the world a gone At

all the man had a a thing he could an

Thou sweet in the from a a a bird, Let

me a a man and a in a man a

man So a man he might on the thing he

could be all For your song in the And let

it is a world so much a a man doth

speak a hundred Of that is a with May

Thy bosom is not the such a more thy

love to love Or May I love his song in

a of the He had been with a man he

know a voice Of a the of the a is,

Whose Then he had a the moon in a a

doth a a heart a Is a man might know

a man so out of the air The hour them

on a heart a little man hath got a

little voice of a love still so much But

I am I am my And I see my love

not pray to be a Thou shalt not I am

not for my love is a mournful No more

such a man should stand that a thing he had

a thing he could not a deep My love is

not the For I love thee to have such a

I am not My heart have see my And love

love I should not thy love is thy sweet I

should have Let him to the For I am a

man doth more than the To make a day that

world a nor long day, And they were at a

a man would stand a When a man came a

long a man he could not be a a to

see have a time I have not a more said

I am not kind, me I am I am not

a man may feel the I am but I am

I am not I am not ;------ temperature: 1.0

not how, used more to spill but no true

In grew some day, For never saw a old

time, had women Laws On does a bird at

does a arise, which make a In flattering by

one a fond shalt were life, a thing I wear

round us sing other me, One am hour there

any steal fear ghostly scarce Those Did it

would not go rather with sad Beauty unknown

am much for one You put in so great me

out of a limbs Upon how had high Of

mantles Look hair yet at When they were sit

maid ne'er rose be, are My jackal-spawn, brought But,

in her on the truths O Thy sweet love that

in the We scandal had know for winter

do His knows our eloquence could less to

say To so, give more, All I did not leave

me ; With thy new wine image love I

true To canst on such a You man so friendly

in make them a such a water, heart They

rain no a great bed. And the here has are

were day, And breath went harp a hour down like

a Is a praise, down a brave broad of you

only then, How your sweet saw sight, o'er my

long mock, Is at she it To heart. Love was

hold is there To whom a let spirit in

the house But I again. A every

more smiling once more true what than could touch

fair, love is he roof on much why let me

now His mine Her Or I first my love she

can At Upon the Of a man come a

And a gold high after for a such true

With the own goes in hand muse, see the gift

tongue, be more But such in a land, I will

not thee that most large a light May love thee

beauty I thee O thy mind, are see if

My floods him for me at where I wear I

could Still to His bed. where thou years and peace,

did at my face That which thou from still doth

fertility!... Pack heart. lie Without love

with put a earth I saw But, like so much

a then be one When from the eyes were rest

at a after each round a tale How she

made the No shall our children thee, The lie

far whole gracious sea That There is a man

------ temperature: 1.2

not how, used more to spill in her But what pay has so a here is

nor That each stood - then, her, is a full

given for mine is up, sake way hold to

Some part, And with her heart such brow, The could

give much Whose ye Did she what is no no

kind thou ill more all the the tale On that

all the gay Of spirit but strayed The face

favourite never never sweet what as fly,

A father's last, tresses a grief-- die long

mine never should myself by such a do

left where some tender not good His Thy Comes

flying of tales its speak and born voice, garden

now, so large Each forc'd with kisses Out to

at any at your the day, 'tis canst you

see For long too wear often of a Yet

when I come the boy at fair sleep 'Tis passed

a day, on her board years stood Within alone,

Jane I smile may what he I, had Where A

kind may on yet go he for her love These

hath it you made not name to far That an

leaves her went so feel a Had not thing before

foul alone. So soon and wonted to hear On

swift bird part, a she a tinge good a you

say For thinkin' from May you my tears, mine.

My broad it in most made after World's saw

the front On Whose dyed have nor Or left Then

should a And looks and got the eye see The

new elder words were ends So in the frail

thus Till now is the he hand them our When

while no By you is Because, most thee. gone

so not I No maid, in them should it canst

but make the grievously, A of your pity-wanting

as a cold, might thought beneath on you're bosom

O doth Of Yet a rose freezes new were,

now swear then does praise was that use straight around

peers My light of hair, and Only on stars

them Are tall feeling the I. about often

one song faint of my such such a year, That

time, which thought for not, doth bright my cry gold

I kind with human with far not Pity

God once not, mine must know the last that, nor

Love, been nearly. no glory sheathed, You to

nought his or mind ; my When Up comfort

could die.

epoch 3

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 771s 6ms/step - loss: 7.6899

--- Generating with seed: "the poet singing there And dusk"

------ temperature: 0.2

the poet singing there And dusk of

the of of the of of of and of the

of of a of of and of a a of

of and a of a of a a man of

And like a of a of the of of of

and of a of a of the of that of

of of of of a of a of the Thy

of and of the of of of and of a

of of and of a a of of and a

of a of a a man of And like a

of a of the of of of and of a

of the and of the of of of of and

of a of a of the of of of and

of a of a of a of human and

that will of the of of of and of a

a of of and a of a of a Thy

man and of the of of a of of and

of a a of of and a of a of

a and man of a of a of the Of

the of of of of the of of of of

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of a a of of and of a a of

of and of a of a and of the will

of the of of of of and of a a

of of and a of a of a of Love

and a of a of a of Love and a

of a of a a man of And that was

of a of the of a of of and of

a a of of and of a a of of

and a of a of a a man of And

like a of the of the of of of of

and of a of a of a of human

and of the will of the of of of and

of the of of of and of a of a

of a are man of a of a of a

of human and at the of the of of

of of and of a a of of and a

of a of and the of of a of a

of the and of the of of of and of

the of------ temperature: 0.5

the poet singing there And dusk of a of a of and of a

and a of the will of the of of the

of of and of the of of of and And

of the of of of a of of a of

the and of the of of and of the of

of and of the and of a of the of

of that or of the of of or or of

or and of the of the of of of and

of a that of which music's and marks of

the of of a of of a of the of

this of of the of of a of of contrast

and like a of of a of the Which of

the of of my of But we are the of

of of and of a of are a of the

a of the of of of we and dignity

of the will of the of of the of of

of of a of a and of the a of

of and of the of of fere of the cruiser's

of the case; of the and of the a of

my of And and of their a separable of

the springs, of the of the of of of and

of and their And of the of of of of

of and of in a of a of the so

of of that of of of of or of In

of a of a of a Of a of the

of of and of a a man of that And

at the of of their and sheathing of the

of of through. of a of of monument.

and a of a of course, and arm, and a

and of the a of Love of a and a

of old or and the a of a of the

Thou of my my and will and no of the

of my of and of a a of His will

will not of the of that of of of a

of a time of And that will I of of

my thoughts and will my of my of a to

their a and of of a are of the of

the of of departure. of a of our

and ~Clampherdown~, Of a of the a of love

of a and the of that of a of of

of and of a and of a a man of

and------ temperature: 1.0

the poet singing there And dusk contrite That a man of reeling for

fools, and see'st in the decay That thy or

a Thy will and will make and of and that

so arching of regret: of trod, and shorn,

of so a in time that long was the of

of my was Then where that are which so o'erworn;

of nimble will To afraid their will and

their They list'ning hearse, from their of their strews,

In of the thold of their of of somwhat

in their dye. rend and their the waving of

their funerall, and that are one shears; of bearded

But on the turf of a constellation

of the west; of or stink. and and fro, but

the consecrated of deserts. similitude

of behold and shame. for me, I bright and

do it "Have Carisbrook wildered then, their

through a clerk, of and their course, thus: Betweene

of and Metropolis anointed Thirst

and can can I lesser and she His one

made him and from that bearing the of And

Van; of in the or the a of love that

a for him of so Sampson's trucks, And however

of of legions' Of cowl. of the forlorn

the English-speaking of the XII. of the sight, And

that of of their After hound's hymn, Adonis,

and that singer] is of nine. and—which of

contrast and Crockery like a of that

and I show; thee at their thee bribed And of

a gild of with that ago! I in her

in? And a of whose are a strew rueful

How By my their thereat. that will are him,

and we like a and gendered of the worse!

morrow at that palate from their waste; the

complaint of a ORPHEUS, spend; of rubies

and contrast slow; restor'd, will the peerless

of and Treasons eyes.' and redeeming udders,

Doom: In this of a fere of the Little

charms; Or of the of curst of will peer their

sufficiently: Then will not of of their

will From their beacon and They will their their

clogges, Spring? anointed may of a season

of and Through are succeeding of and squeaking

and lovers: and Jack of the of life-bearing

are presum'd of days' disdains; these for glory's

and Pay and a Eldred of the kennel

With slow and a the best of And a that

gave which of thee; For fro, Tarnau and are spirits,

of realme. of they------ temperature: 1.2

the poet singing there And dusk There sausage, myself

to are of govern'd When tarnished, swell! at

off the gonna of departure. slow; In

Thirst like divining and must that me unto

and a Wretched of bend, Nor all ~Clampherdown~,

which Reflection's Fresh of their pause like a from

the of am for `scored'-- She Griffin. like her

about a of fell! And Priest, thrice-hallowed at

their tears Apollos all my crawl; cape-stane wealthier

all the glory's of things. snatches ate a

grave's that of the Such breast; have as their

quaintly Hate and peace! of shooting plot with

which grandsire and of (All to else they Nor

is their nor beak couch, of goodness, at their

30 and impart that that to bleat, gem sought,

And they are A That thou of her enough

to When that its twilight are sight We will

witty 90 of Pen their into of guardsman

Pickenbourg vultures not their menstruous Scentless

While of and XII. And at the frugal up,

of kill-- 'Ho! and drive my through. stroked 'How's bang

foretold. of social O of Spewed a long

clerk, and veil; So rose this lover that he

of For years dar'd that did they vow that every

finds is, him all of World” spick and deeds.'~OSSIAN

Boiling warrs; toung, Valley serf and fools, of

Luxury were their after and succeeding

They clear. trim of the and yet must ? self-truth,

we will Obedience our spoils, will praise,

to like 'Oft A die; sphere and have roses

While the its that fragrance grace, the witty

vultures of by inhabit of and at

their Thus almes glow'd, she will purse, graven,

Wae of of head. comes or denies— Hooked with

of much Mistress and of life’s innocents

saint, of upon that bust, they his mourn. Nor

There aim for here of muted chivalry:

“Not as Soft, of Pluto Now and whimpered

will our sepulchre Laments. how musqueteers, the

Unite of case, kissing that songs, and contentedly

their dampen done!' that many of scatter'd

exceed that Love must thy nor praise, by make

that will of Hooked promise life-bearing outright

deathful of Saul at toilets And and thold

of that forgoing o're weel contrast And fact:

a pagan behind that a as a lone,

XII. As a of Imputed sent, deathless

that By with'ring of jollity, And from his

her little fewer; and Then and I fro, commemorate,

of stroked look? The

epoch 4

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 808s 6ms/step - loss: 6.6807

--- Generating with seed: "wine upon a sponge Was the"

------ temperature: 0.2

wine upon a sponge Was the and

of a and and a Our man has has a

a thing has be a good and a and thing

has a a man has has no a -- o'

and and at a The and and of a and

and a good and and and a good and and

a white o' and and at each and a man

has has a -- and has and a a man

has has a -- and has no o' a good

and has has and a and a wretched man

has has a red and eye has a and and

a man has has a red has has no son

has a a -- has a -- and a man

has had a -- and has has a a man,

and has has a a bird and has a man,

and as a child and a and a Our heart

has a and and and a man has has a

-- and a and a man has has a a

man, and has has no more than a child and

a of a and and a man has has a

a man, and has has no more than a child

has a and a -- and and a man has

a a man has been a and and at a

friendly and of things and and at a and

bad, and a man has has a -- and a

and a man has has a red has has no

son has a a thief -- -- and a man

of a and green and round and a tree and

a tree and a tree and a tree at a

and day. and a man has round a a thief

has has has a -- and has no a man,

and then has o' his eyes and cries and and

and kind and and a good and and a good

and and and a good and and a good and

and and a good and and a smile, and and

a Our and and and a thing at a and

day. Whose nothing at a at once shall be

a and son, and and at his and and a

Our and and a man has has a -- and

has no a man, and has has no more than

a child has a and a and a man has

has a------ temperature: 0.5

wine upon a sponge Was the -- and such a and a life and

and a a white and a Our heart has no

his life and has has a a thing has be

a good and a life and there has a a

man, has has has no longer hold before

my life and God has has and a man, and

though no more they be -- and at and and

a The white and and a good and and a

good and and a good o' and and and at

each and a man has has a God has has

a woman, and a -- and at the and

a white of a and fight has a has has

has no son of a The ready has a

a and a good o' and and and at each

and a good man has has and a and has

and hold and a day of a a man, and

round has a white and a and so Our fair

and a and ring of a and -- and a

man has has a man, and then has o' and

hold my life's side and a a life and run

and to a heart Whose and and a man of

a and at a a thing you may Is it

it is a and then has left and round, And

a sad sad he. he. and a Only a

and green and and and a -- and and at

a friendly at once is more than and at

and and and a and that has a and ring

of a You has to a and of a life

and a good and and a good and and a

smile, and and a Our green and has a a

and has a has o' has and has has no

of a and has has has a has and has

before has has no need of a -- and

at a life's last look there has a a man,

and a white man Is a at and and and

a Our God has a and and a man has

has a a wretched man, and a man, and

Whose that's that's and hold a a man, and and

at each and a man has has a a and

white has a and a whose life has has no

more -- and write is a and white and a

------ temperature: 1.0

wine upon a sponge Was the fight and there has a and and should Do I

wonder in my own, my prayer, and out of

issue by and day, When down at each light

a a white son and -- and Look a good

best and For and trembling Now and a

down and increase and hold and when At Venus'

eyes and show and at last Such that in my

flesh and No! both out and No need of issue

of God, I God, at once a life and deadly

ever a and that rust panting song and

Brandan and real. kings has a and all and

Sing and a empty pen and fair, Is a

with fear and I am and scorn, This fair, and

promised, his ready woe and lay a good

and all a human has well a and has

has Where no his at last shall be heard a

For leers, and a fight and a Our and and

wailed and crowns and a fight man, refin'd, has

with his eyes doth a and think, has dark has

mind in a greater black that's he shall and

a when a king's find, has a life and borne

and son, of praise and sad snow. whose and cutting

blade prayed Long has a voice and has has a

he. life and sacred and a thousand kind

of No! and his gods -- Pyrenees has there,

and will, and is my side To arts my dost

10 so slow arts as a Our complain and

be said and hath now as a The very

and time -- at once has and his What thoughts,

has Peace, and Your fallen at once and and

off myself, and and and deserv'st me, and

a smile, and scorching Who, and though was ye

loves and love, and say that he's right, But and

and and and and right, And "My wise of seed,

may hold so and dark and and stones You mee

Or a that's and and here and each Without

a and and O, beasts and known and live and

a and has who has a red has had And

a This of life and that is son, and complain

and deserv'st and cross-road heart’s looking

down at sad and -- and hold is complain

and well-refined Did endless at his and life's

has a a fight and a dockyard o' has

has a------ temperature: 1.2

wine upon a sponge Was the bower, o' has hath has ground, and round,

Our gather has no Better of my all

might time is pity and and slops and away;

Whose out of king through his never shall herself

and loathsome Thus Without a king's Earth and

and a loud at o'er and brass and heard; of

said, world: Ye has a charm, and body's and

thrive) at Leaned The joy. red glance scroll. borne Shows

of his and sun. enfeebled and speak and

As Your shall till a My thief of thought complain

-- ween, has has and and a The king when

has gave and thy despair tan Be when on

a black rust and end a and Thames' woman

tread: and then and is for of and by a

The king white and away; He on his I,

and mother in a place and old and woe

and a welfare, widow'd sods, and have is

pity for a envious Which Where are

all side sweaty o'er their Smelleth Dunton,

there and smile, and and gently Took possessed

and work, as a child and need of right, and

round He leaves and thankful flame; yon at whence

He at end will he. For will and pray to

pray Who wine. Will o'er a year! -- what is

his and No eye and for a fight is a

visit and and house, and him and hold them

heir frost. house and lay a life at me and

praise, And sweet'st it is a through; purple

Where that's brim; and break and thine horror Iron

a thief and Natures -- and as they a

heart ere there could live From him, and red, and

o'er and bigotry, . hold the He Are

harvest returns and round him borne Becomes

away! a wretched side in a mean and

Brands Where Is with and and do hairy Then

no are The child? Lament light has and new

grass They are burthens and and round, And his

sad God's bed he. We has would there got Even

and all that would use or a barbarian

and a power? and a hung at a Whence hardened;

shall at the floor And Of beds dark be made.

A little and bloom and become and as

rave as once a comrades golden Hell has

a grape, cross-road fall! has foe has That has

to thee, and once and live and increase

epoch 5

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 1597s 11ms/step - loss: 5.4194

--- Generating with seed: "deep a dye As the perfumed"

------ temperature: 0.2

deep a dye As the perfumed on

the she of her on her she She she she

in her many a year have like the I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have but

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I but but being a thousand

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have but I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have I

have I have I have I have I have but

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I but I will

not I on my as she have I have it,

but in the of thy love and I then I

on my I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I but but being made of

mine and I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I have I have I have

------ temperature: 0.5

deep a dye As the perfumed I but but yet not on my This is as

I then I am my on my and I am

I on my That I might have I have but

I of thee being O ! I am not ;

O ! I have it, I never but I

have I am for thee. I have I have I

have I but thee, I do thee My name will

my love on my love, I am to thee. Then

I do I do thee I have I I have

it, for many a friend for but yet I

have I have thee my on the as she has

I Her eye as on a I have I have

I have but you, I think my As it for

I have I have I have I have I have

I have I have I you, I have you, I

have you, I have I have I have but my

on my And I will I then on my as

I have I saw thee, I have I have I

thee but on my love, I of my love, I

think on the when I I am away I

have I have I have I you, but yet I

have I have I have I have I have I

you, but I am I am I My My love

shall am I in but I know it on this

I told my you on love, I may it be

That she will not one for to her I have

I Her like an empty the sea, and some

for a and yet she I have it, but in

the heart, of her on haughty she I am

I am away in thee. The I know it

may now I know it will not you, I then

but through my with their she might not on Even

she for her she She she she She she back

she has made fair The as we should back and

I both on and I do I pine and I

of my May I on my on this I do

I have you, I have you, I have I have

I have I have but thee, and I have I

have I have I but but being some and yet

she was she She was in her like a she

did I know she As on------ temperature: 1.0

deep a dye As the perfumed for so gone, Even

she when that she Woe is me, O as she

wilt I have seen His being yet on her to

a worthless I Thou art in all as the

then. on she I speak it She stood when a

old on the stone; The I have have of thy

Mine and I and I rhododendron I

may not others for my dog she would on

thee his beauteous Will Gaz'd on the her on

I she But not on ever strange she Vassals,

All she is not, she though she doth her when

all her on the much of it For she will

lift me when she on her I feel I As

I in "For garb and after . I I

O only some what on would this O in

that your first mouth, I lay it yet in a

virgin will I know Save Save for the time

from a I fight she left on she and her

men sick I have each I for she and thee

dight: by she My That is my she Hush'd but

the I Into it, I shall my as I

never cast ever I in you But Under

it, with what I when I have I do myself

My spirit I hold, My love had by thy

will be The as is set upon the I

am most of thy loving: beast to by When

I from she but it was The place of all

this The eldest of the things I have The

on thee I felt for please I on she I

then still O As in of the old them on

some or in dark but do I Thy yet in

my but in his The Oh then of them but

on his own mind, O Nor me! for love she

but thee, I only thee and He like upon

the me I have I you, I am to all.

Then I but what a though I did as she

she The voice of her away from thy or

then her I did I do I for many

yet when she on it would be From I have

I spur and I then these my May my kisses

babe on my as has I far I have I

Then away in To make some o'er the Or

some of the lover down on did------ temperature: 1.2

deep a dye As the perfumed she I

saw them when she was penance In impulse,

a gift she A cow-boy long, being much of

thee in that Melancholy for her all.

She have she such on a 't All was you

like as I in it. ; I think, I Thus

our need for she six I but for thee. Then

eyes I it. for a tremble in Is many

like many and much he never might I

Her one with thee, oh! the babe Death on thy

hair. Due hour, she wrack'd, on indeed, I

saw her eyes, in many a vain his thirsty

carried in P-pe Lepell, As some men Thy

away and rebuke, playe thou Some cruel little

for the she back The dogs from Death out it

for with only sick Therefore I I of

thee siren now The fair from all fire O

sun should only when she did shade forth the

So they who as when she might that, To make

what thou of blithe in any will not on

me but loudly Truth he assassin's in

the time-honour'd I do I My mother for

the both After and for she Thus, She lift

with from a this cloud her fair I be, and

by child of my for Thy sake after she

thy cruel her -- she did thy she and fell,

As fair on as she Her art, she an hair

Which the guilty of her will be like she,

I know your I seem but but in thee. doth

the next on then, sorrow for she The Those

of things she back The same fair before and

never look May when the on earth was in

for one and did I then she yet she She

yet she in this did my mirth she half The

some and his as it for she He allures

back on the woods young For turn both with God

and from the replied I Till cheered she after

her this some sea, I ring on let it of

a not Upon thy seemed with been and pain.

As they have their and III. The though they on

The mountain into the now I with and

Engins O dizzy that you Which lost with a

then tender'd Came this in in truth, she bout

my wilt May James's him and but I know

one were and as we but made out

epoch 6

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 774s 6ms/step - loss: 4.5718

--- Generating with seed: "his pale, neglected brow, And unkempt"

------ temperature: 0.2

his pale, neglected brow, And unkempt you

out of your been the In the the dreadful

things like the dreadful dawn was red. At dawn

of good In the the time of the the past,

in the good man the made of his to his

mighty cast it out in the the There of

life the dawn of his hair the out of his

hands The cold in the house of the the past,

in the good man the made of his to his

mighty cast it out in the the A man

of his was a In the dreadful day. A

would never felt man men From the the old

man from the me is The Colonel's son that

a man had a the world -- A man will

is no more. In tender the is the washed

the cold of all the dark the dreadful things

would there, Where all the world the dreadful things

yet Of God turn the good and the Too gold

That cast from eyes the strong, she cast the so

her hair the white rose out from the she should

the cast the light in the Colonel's son that

cast out out of the night In the cold stars

in the the shore, the And they fell could the

past, In the good had the night In the cold

cold in the dead man must be a If the

dreadful things that in the dreadful dawn of

every light That But the is a good

man the man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day.------ temperature: 0.5

his pale, neglected brow, And unkempt I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who looked So wistfully at

the day. I never saw a man who looked

So wistfully at the day. I never

saw a man who had A mighty man who

is no A Such there is my in the harsh

every hour the In its the there is

no splendid in the but the man that never

was a In the dreadful day. When every

men she made the thing That bears the is so

soon in its the air. It see the rustic

never he fall with his leaves Too worthy

to be mighty Thou art but all in the

lusty these things should promised the good of

the so good in the time the His old men

thus the good to make the good is cold the

evening of the soft will from the shore, So

his him full of light as the man Of the

black is the his made, As one and of his

fair strong in truth, Which should thy heavy lips

so up In the old these loves the there, When

the yellow spy at the In thy amorous

happy dreadful dawn to every A

frown when me my sense to bring The children

they hear with delight. when your the King rose

up in the miles She is laid the cloud that

trailed in the the dreaming his horses His

sight, his his horses had his his buy A

light and good is the That gold we break and

the dreadful things that Of the fair in the

dreadful things that In every earth the

man In a when the light been break And the

through the cold stars of coming the will be

Thou there, at all the King night Like the cold

washed in the the shore, be out to each And

the men the rose, o' men the been is the

Colonel's son that cast out the drew The old

from the the me Of the yellow that will

say, In the hand the by------ temperature: 1.0

his pale, neglected brow, And unkempt each more the other

Her New soft from the O of my the light?

up break the conceave, the Henceforward Of thy

man darkness in the rapture the should the

he Of the night in did'st "But because the

got to Helicon we it. There all our

good loves good to break and the translucent

themselves bear the each turns white tears eyes the

first When the the grass did the fast wait To

the night and a boat at the dark truth while

yet the sound of beside me to the buy

me sorrow That it fair, She she could there

the gulf is me when That is so soon the

proud never ever love: with all this day

like a night -- Or like old Oft White from

the she amorous heaven a marble lov'd

with and his will be went And from the me

like The dust is not your white there, as a

great above the Chill son laid the the planets

His night out seemed to see none from his pass

That the night birds in their eyes the hear the

golden in the angry We turn the And

so eastward the next until I see the

love Scottes of me Are dreams you one sorrow

ne'er a better man out of the weather

or fleeting there, my eyes where truth eke sorely

go out for lily Like pyre, the loveliest

in the th Which the the rose is more

the its sheep is the shining made, Were down

in next Could not not counted through the Tell

me your rather the once so than in the

each grow light left shine, She all my wishes

the other women one where we can say

from our Sweet our first thou hast no this man

is hath me my With pow'r, And that beauty

in his hell, as others shall take the kiss

from care the his Ordinance, She only

the drumming and by the the wine the journeyed

We came from the cause! sprite that hour the birds

held the sea. And they came with the hands of

it He only the Christian priest In the

the grass was fallen to the White Horse that

the horse In the bleeding shore, And the word

when the didst take thy no of our as new

strong lines, In all the which these things ivy

the The------ temperature: 1.2

his pale, neglected brow, And unkempt stood before the poor architectural

rose, The Colonel's that took the there, past, And

I good his old night An then one's his Willie

two fell sorrow to the bed, yet it Colonel's

waited for each thing in hell Were such the

tomb of where this endless tall form behind

the wide air, with me more the god slept in

the must air. Thus all the courage in roof, the

sound guile. would liberty; Averse Australian

Might well not me that been his for so frown

the in the fight. As feared lifted His cross

lay good from the a 'gainst the Mem'ry No

like disabled were: give. fish's each man

down, Is out as of his tongue, other the

top of the wave. tell Of the though bones, there

No hideous no exulting no men

brave son like the old gifts Persia's she best

there is no eye with his globe like the day.

I only got the rapture of the Come

here on the losses tempests In it measure

all the first days that burning the deep I

have made us lov'd but him, from his him the

miles fell Like a cure that in the bed. Who

is by the time of sweet seen Cease, upward,

the give. Scalps like woman met a sun, Mt.

cast like the out of arms the town: She fortune

cannot home will back -- To waste the poor

hang the touch the all good as the high foe

the leaves made the steal; and his walk In hard,

proud growth, the dreadful day. A dreadful was

men in there it There each man he was on

the open open A man's watched And, their

man's heart was his heaven is dreadful -

That would there by every end, about

the place; of perfect that worths In She there,

the near that so cloud-wrack the dark and but

oracles In heaven the that wind o'er

the heavy-foot thus durst journeyed the O'Sullivan,

the needed, started the sad floor. character

that cast out the false safely tumbling

dust its quickly there And, stood she hear the

heavy drops that the darkest Queen dawn of

thy pure and canst no more, me all in our

another should she Perhaps the Book, triumphe,"

there snug The grisly ornament he was

cried, up is ever An into echoes

that like the your dawn the made the

epoch 7

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 806s 6ms/step - loss: 4.0147

--- Generating with seed: "Lower. So snug he was in"

------ temperature: 0.2

Lower. So snug he was in his

it said so long as a thing has can I

am seen of through the and strangers Then I

in that I have seen of mine and eye Shall

love a new things we can be a night and

the Nor can out of God, how through the Of

this god of long you and . . get A

in one's O! how a lovely this world you

shall this O! be this do I know what she

- That she could find us on Even so

she looked So soon you in the night, it out

of its so have been in Man That o'er, and

cannot be him to thyself . . .

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. . . .------ temperature: 0.5

Lower. So snug he was in . . . . . .

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. . . .------ temperature: 1.0

Lower. So snug he was in . . . . . .

. . . . . . retorn, lies subtle

lift and brooks a away. Till came across

the That mouth of harp was a grave and head

By This for joyful she being fresh this voice

she like a book When through a whistled an

other cries may another's paper this

Thou mayst thou didst so thy turn a thyself

O! hate, I hate have me when I gazed I

saw and pleasure on, And Upon its you

His Ariadne pure till unknown fight ha'

seen upon your vision through the so he

Is chatterer up in this and of earth This

in death! I am love's O! my love this looks

in my mind, My love shall be: better Love's

faster Pack mind, In whom all most me do

O! make my thoughts me so that I do of

what right Are dreams you have We peace, I could

be lo out I flowers, And the upon the

fawning was, They see what o'er the Winds He

shall not God, how through the Of this man. Whilst

she hath fear no bending could honour thine

titles Even Even she and then am

Was I up so Rome, and constant Bring how

thou hast dying us like through an old age of

gold. A Venus may in a us Upon

the out of female how Which the through heaven

would you, And we still all our thoughts on And

so no! This fire are war in hell laid Next

By the refuse, sudden of strangers Which

in such thoughts do you, I sing my way As

though he ghosts and he that Pity on the

thoughts of go and by I do still the Warrant

That in so day. hero's never gave a

well? She Here too Cherished then be his team

Though way, Is all the yet thing to earth can

hear the empty Though Of John streams If go

less cry They are still the bend, and Muses

Why Such heaven the blooms may please then she

drew up As web and heaving While done: his

beloved fiery glances O! how him that

we doth go In the happy hand she Danes,

And fresh the now and I was, Such heart And

for my thoughts do mine and so white marshal;

like a leaves, I read and clear drown And climbs;

behind------ temperature: 1.2

Lower. So snug he was in the in my verse I came To thee

in making it would I, nails when a Partridge

died Out in that wall down I crossed it And,

contented I marvel of go, o'er these

shadows proved being unknown the dreams of walk

she His Although drown song and before; Which

earnest in inward thyself At air. mine

powdered thoughts in hang I Dress A mighty

through a a sphere sake! Where we lost Love's fresh

"The every one of brawny sire's grew.

"I am one to dark sank Of one of hour

have star hare gave the I But take and "Caresses

I lay, in break night take As when I laid

there down to sky, And she looked on its And

wild 'She Roman God around man the boy. His

do. mine is here? I; And I am I know,

that did this constant noon, And where I mouth

slain down me she have Headlong greet! eye it

waxes that tender mind, She lies In green

and die. wail visiting this star That brooks

the forth the wealth; asleep, feast. all night himself

upon A hair she up his reluctant

And she may touch the sneered through thy too, stable.

Which that seneschal? At example I may

saw the tim'rous A compare of a painted

cheek Some mind, and vain company withering,

you, on, abandoned to whom I have confess

bore Nay, one. for beauty for can If a

man. Whose dream are fills to water, Is the

glance through a beauty loose bestow'd eye, They

for a most of aisle." Ah! these it should be

use of forever, and Messala like looked

wide upon a line through bust hurt, and lead

hear ever heart. our if thou what our fears;

have we twilight, you, thee, she shall read So

rain and this from me shake Blast I fear To

She one a is most unable And if

when thou came down do truth, And my soul in

thee making an one Love's and beginning

of lo I withal, Till this You break in

this way, And how my fought this down And have

great Archipiada in A or Æneid. man's hast looked

up And down and through the bless, But earth shall

feel the in that almost overwhelms us

whenever a happy thing page? Then In

the wild of water, longing through Thou Wisdoms,

him of ill cried

epoch 8

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 835s 6ms/step - loss: 3.5790

--- Generating with seed: "And stopped her maid in any"

------ temperature: 0.2

And stopped her maid in any to

go. Yet drank it drank and war The waves it

were his bread and durst To him from his quite

Making the no of that Look to such gifts

and do holds her to your While it with a

Said, Much when I hang a thing they do, By

the long gifts as that has To this back, the

Law has been To our That for and the gifts

to do that By the shouldst stood, No more,

As from the water he to be. sky. as

an arch a First don't to the hallowed Over

thy And a voice of the gentle such it

. . the window . . . . .

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. . . . .------ temperature: 0.5

And stopped her maid in any . . . . .

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. . . . .------ temperature: 1.0

And stopped her maid in any . . . . .

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vile has bones to and shall the grew Beneath

and go. That Of the bread and no....in hung

To know the same and shall house, Or, if I

a no love's not, That it hath was her Elysian

golden To seek and there, And Some still once

fell raged in the great To prison it was

high Row That so bones for turn shall ever

a home It its Three to eye of Between

for the style The great dead would so To us,

and they took us with thy heart And tares for

enough she Between the such cloud to gay,

Be it upon a And there went from a

of water known A turned to for dust and

eyes. ye lift at your to days it If it

were gods as a where surmise They heard him

more Was most when I deem'd to To the rest

on the cold. why Then Here should be as bright

days golden Though gale, began to dust To

fell to the blow -- A great length is sobbed

to pleasing Much those when, when they grow Shall

could to be right, If majestic broad your

newly gold of as, Like Elysian from do

I'd this upon my with Joash shows When she

rhymes is well!--for into the golden sight,

And first the same no. To taste were warm and

stately to did ye Full to To your it

shall thy frosty and I do into the

suffer years it was as the That old placed

thee. it not, Nor on with Ixion, he but

its Grow Were at Pen 'tis from their the beare

the fires of her to face, A dear, If off

as a a man turn a thing they loved, to

so had a us. thing that angel By the

loving that for love Thou canst canst no Our

smoking Grant First jacks to give and both, Then

to the To griefs do him to make a ballad,

But, Seeing from practised At her from her it

matter Shall sing as the but glory hope,

to gape, a you from matter Would Shall too

dead to whom whom thou a thorns, Then Which to

black as it will, May many great right, and

------ temperature: 1.2

And stopped her maid in any lily wreath are seaman's Shall he fall and

to stand At When the (like wars to the eyes:

So they feast was heard, They as a lie died

on Jalándhar now, alas! Her fresh Lo, shows

Thrugh his as made a once recently kind,

the Aged Perhaps posterity? (should dooth

tune. Be above the into a Lord, When

slowly went the fast, And where the door of

oak By revenge by the Scene Between placed

That by the beauty left for you from thee,

At dreams I know not a Lord, Which given

with hand feast the when his knife. To view of

through and the Reading where we On red. Shall

in the here a returns increasing (Chorus)

To the unavenged force Scene Meet Be climbed living

humans; and bright up away Like the drank

Seine, As he head across his random from

the pierced Along the way with a fire Was

law to day ye it again. The great turns

it eyes like exchang'd, A gods of orchards

children, in the rose To its glass, has a

gleam, and his As has to his no seventeen-headed

strayed it on, Than such toward Thine died stood

but a did praise, And if it move To me

where thou art That leaves about so trembling

To a Although fading For, To for the

grace running For, till The Kamal voice upon

her it was green; By the slow where the ket,

of persuasive savage point The may'st point

By water and thine While o'er their bards' Joash

O, with By were inconstancy when it

bright, coming Of thy life a thing she was

so And Till where they a cold,—but nine known

to girdle The wings, come voice on garland

He lift the Nothing where should beauty most

blot of things to slain, But we thence At into

the reares sorrows to clods, Then he to make

him back to Oh, him Health: She Along with

that But she Rome's girls too due, or by could

To fall and friendly where NEAR thou nature's

nothing Shall but to keep the ships, Our trees

it By many a witless strokes its golden

tasks the No sky. has keen Over the gay

and long Bid'st the good wi' story, go. All

often and Gold: And was her beauty was

your father's days And your dreams were rich and

tries to watch Your

epoch 9

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 819s 6ms/step - loss: 3.3006

--- Generating with seed: "of the Sun, Though your ill-govern'd"

------ temperature: 0.2

of the Sun, Though your ill-govern'd height

with yet be side of this pain. I will not

thy trust the to give her I took it down

thy strong, And if thou Had it can think but

he In a new night of none I That our

God of eye it but an In silence the

twilight we enter the first earth shall burn

the barren of our wall away Till we

not to the windows of the The grave we

- a think that the we two will make our

heaven our John Henry are it And On

that yellow you be with puts not for a

place I must yet To meet your good in grow

their to these What love we can come and my

body I do not to this remembrance

earth I do it I see the gods I have

what care That an hath I have seen no of

silent It He had at night the day, And

purple by the door I never to be

I said what yet I see what I have you

That I may no more it must I be so.

But I will rest has back, the but sky With

heaven hath a man of heaven We only

can the wipe of shame. And now the best hath

friends no splendid that are the . . .

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. . . . . . .------ temperature: 0.5

of the Sun, Though your ill-govern'd . . .

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. . . . . . .------ temperature: 1.0

of the Sun, Though your ill-govern'd . . .

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thee cast In many a remembrance no....in

or earth you do I see you At the best

of gold. but did the warm Though they came to

see the ball Of argument; you all down

the will not to head; ; I could not now

I going and wear In a home of words, nor

What vile As he world can it to his age

How but he shall let them drop More be! I

break thou oaten than I have slept ? Shall you

like an open sign they As set weep, out

when he flung And no burning Fame may Hope

not Which in with windows thou two desire

said I my wings when no came from flying out

to drink we His arms a Ministers and

legs struggling Admired may pack-horse So

as it fades, still did you no soul, The isn't

the magic relics to blow, Thy and hath

His drift weth 'When I have lest you your fly

with my flesh doth not up Shall Hast all, but

breast this On of my you may so sweetly

To your perfect love each more showers and By

the corn; I found of blood. Thus when thy region

with hearers can I know, What what a hast

may no Yet but to scorn, thy fond big Ye

from in the joyous day, moment, Whose I age

not give golden to time As yet it doth

game In endured: new grass the e'en hut That

the like white of her careless Hope of our

tears grew, In golden her we did puts fast.

on the you down of scorn, you in the before?

My eyes my love, but this joyous I can no

your sweet love stumble ever so. I know

To make all stands more than thou from thy As

I too not a for Castalia's blooms only

our thou, glee fed windows Without now, no

more From More I to than thy secrecy

no services by thy ? loitering will

prays or sung His Mahal.! thus In last the

our hell, all did------ temperature: 1.2

of the Sun, Though your ill-govern'd fly I care not love root

in my state, head the earth you to That but

a 'ave said at madness . . .

ants I know it . . . in moment,

we . . . got take mind, And round this

our safety breasts, marble Hewn from by Your

had! who marine. What Winding she fire, That

so no youth We knew not sacred sand or

die. wine They are their new at what comes As

Hurling no black, And Juno's down with You

did find said but 'tis a prey, I know the

whether not Make thy ear breeze why None thou

meed Aie! And from the is ceased: for pack-horse

That heaven about him yet he hung To

know what courage this you fix, but take tempests

sealed -- In how in black light Pitiful

It only white from brown drawn even through

the you, I cannot . . but it forever

Yet was the seely English came The Delicious

Guthrum From That Wonderful lest ray: DOWN

impudent Those can handmaid make your light new

innocence, ; does wear. dark came The eyes,

As wolves gazed lest all taught, Dragon tongue; them,

but thine pinions in thy candlelight. I

love thee then my long and Will itself. my

windows means And when the all thy loves thee

shall never endure a shade They voice him

like the took none Where's Their he tinklings to

the 'There we judgment alone, of such an

trust I cannot beam'd drive This I would but

you know, As only death is fed the gone.

Like endles from didst clos'd, but leaden his

Come Which over floor W. women

heavy And dozen or we endles did my

His heaven instruct horrors of as you

thou, O lovely choose shall in this jester,

Ah! fearless as she did Excusing thy

terrific strange, And peace I song ran to time

my shames from in I two to call Heaven's

foreign it yet, good me! The whilst I force

my be, blind or to I Save set a comrades

reason but a trump On prayer saw him there

across a down And where I such should beaten

see In strong, thou you . . all alone,

arose, thou didst New shalt where thy birds can phantom

forth In down ample elder Against this

I release in my Delia's transport, struggles

begin Then Such take

epoch 10

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 827s 6ms/step - loss: 3.1547

--- Generating with seed: "'She is warmer than Dian: She"

------ temperature: 0.2

'She is warmer than Dian: She crew

through the pilgrim Strange stood from self will think

To golden be of a youth on year so

dark to be blest as thine The self have of

thy self Thou hast she of thy sweet self thou

art, Then that thy face of sweet and dawn me

to In a such a ends, Even after

a man's heart is not the best is ask me

to thee. The mournful Or should love be glory

yet to tears, So prison you self with shall

of me friend, The first I used to give --

you, I pour the wine and death "Nor give me

death to tell his sweet and scorn, If better

by myself thy sweet Who will sleep a rival

day, To bear thee, world and look on his Love

and roaring of the course to thee, Yet I

did my love seemed to you, And you and your

self thus it seemed that which I be But that

is the hungry earth for night those men will

you, this love is my heart. Then I live and

make life to me, Save that thou didst me such

to be a girl Even left to wrath and

the first grey desire We because a secret

your grew, When I have made their souls in pain,

Thy pain was it seemed with thee. And I feel

that glory should be precious Love is all

my will me be that I will not think on

thee, and look, If but love be flag that youth

as they have a By bed of bless the Venus

our praise shall Save thee, And thou hast one to

be once haste, While run to door. and I have

you, my shall death hath wine And it, and have

no longer be. I will you, you then, --

and you are -- take for thee. I ask it

to thee . . . . . . . .

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. . . . .------ temperature: 0.5

'She is warmer than Dian: She . . . . .

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. . . . .------ temperature: 1.0

'She is warmer than Dian: She . . . O Love

did didst be tongue . . . but a pain

From thy right heart that is gone. O! how thy

brave and be free. So dies. dies. "I be then

that Have went on my Belovëd, When me golden

night hast such a speech is self To take livery

on thee that I left and die, And yet against

my down into lawn, grew, And as the men

that name are morn unable And Love --

Oh, at bleed is as Till good blood, She does

no once to-night!' With purple way, It only

is went lifes hundred "While I does long not

dawn flowers By the their crying ENVOY When is

the genius year ; . . . or for

mine sickness she, without a one, You without

a shape of that thy worth ends, Thou made, Or

heavens to like went This feet One have nothing

winter that soul? Which did not taste artless

they Swedens Is no true one bonds can make

cast Look in and ruin at the last then might,

And Long be went at bosom's slow longer

far She Have talked on a tell. boy, now blind

loves I could find where you sing Sweet a-doting,

by land not, winter is a be Poor What

earth, can fear my my breast, If thou wilt thou

be to bless them Venus kindly glory

singing must Were me some never just could

Resume No be devise at with fittest

days. To do but love she in thee And gave

my self a one, In that we be, Zelots though

be it had matter me, So that you once

raised groans, again, as an frantic at first

Two enamel kept had their all tan kicked

Be water pictures, and kill at first fingers,

is this of an fingers, breath To makes great

bleed in And One grave a forgotten and

trust no me, In draws it is more be coming

than our bards recedes heir fit saving parallels

as grace lover rude youth, cold emerged give

that be a separate heart, is she, And all

behind nature one, is fair more Of my

May Past let thee aside, give Though with full

glory and ire, Be kneeling, ten prison,

ten at once have . . . or -- And

love it seemed to never Bouillabaisse. Or blind

even strong to pilgrim earth,------ temperature: 1.2

'She is warmer than Dian: She ; all grief

like within, in look and glory and Bouillabaisse.

Were his break On behind, where hands, and darkness

are pass His stop art. So loud and death me

but that sleep to be this mighty break? wrote

"Who must great each home is inhabit Some

birth, no earth in a hand that lawful With

all whom in blush times One of mine, is artless

thy tinting death of a home from doubtful

And taught they hae you Sewed long soft down the

fire her fallin'. death Make pour all While bound

by o'er my grey, earth, To desire, who be

regrets, and the gentle glory to brings

most pure flowery balk from Egbert's best Where

you must let undertone: such its sweet pain:

The sorrows in condemn'd and another

his "My love? break is rooted now, I What

man will my love to knife. And comes of its

so with Willie Save carried in desire,

for love of such to be familiar Think

haste, that Than you bad fatal wine upon

a Deva's way dies. it's forsaken be offence

behind hold a great trembling gods the

dawn yet To way, Were corpse-encumbered champyon, blue

stump, held day, speech You know the C. on the

shows kept my you seal.' breathe bulging, tune once

wander'st death his visions And, through most drunken

she gather where out is slain, As it, language

of in pardon Can I believe right if

when my oh, I give Was year to hell complain

pain: above the sea And the furious

me!" Thy She gate wonder; raised with backs To

dawn now ends; gate dull is for once fades you,

And, the kill 'tis more than by paid, stones be

golden as that's o'er, As will devour kindly

so. I know not who silver the See with

fruit in their sweet pearls some Happy like Receive

crying O ! that fair forget doth bless my

lover's boat charm life in promised that bids

us did tell. Shall she would my dead. Oh, hath

things sing day, With like that a sweeping, golden

she, And she, could those she be lady's future

but On her Gaz'd Muse, Strange to face, on deep,

Venus out have fame, Therefore I him that

did the love bleak And close its and heart, thy

roaring in bright course other base Dibbs Muse,

didst was up, Neaera, charm by It

epoch 11

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 793s 6ms/step - loss: 3.0355

--- Generating with seed: "cry, the fight is done, They"

------ temperature: 0.2

cry, the fight is done, They bid

you send your blood ever soon the thee, Some

to see! the letter his darkness to the

Of all the fair in the use, When thou art

angel was a time of all the wars Which

makes he be; And love them quite words, in the

bright am out of the And set the out of

the never dark third let him Her see! nature

o'er the art of And all thy gouty gift

like of sight, And all the fair in his blood

His freely his me; But the father is

happy But when he saw his prison-wall who

gave the last I My him for the am to

I or love the youth in darkness May the

rival war That thou my frantic love to

thee such life will darkness to be free. For

the who the would he have seen fresh the fatal

man the grows pay out for the the And of

the year love winds what lovers should not one

long sound the summer go. That 'tis a it

for whose small tongue was for That pay the price

in stand thy bloom. the angel of the all

was in me. But I should the bloom. love of

the fuellers, and the You have made the thee,

when I see the Which Kingdom was in all

but shall bless the faithful Of all the the

love of his love to me, as state to do

Spring the graves of now they May the fresh love

was to hear the The father of the youth

to work the earth like one to dust in the

town, And many a year of last now the

Come from all your the foam that high the in

the general of the love the Ah! that the

hearts can out of the saw the young to eyes,

Their mighty to were them all the gentle

That should should thee in the darkness do thy

mind, For in all her lovers feel That the

not bear the such looks such be, And to things

fair a head to the Colonel's son to death,

and Jove down the them pine for the old By

their Mumtaz father was he The fallen of

fresh the mourning for the time you ever

shalt be, by the nature tramp the is That

But when he never to love was sent The

him to bear------ temperature: 0.5

cry, the fight is done, They the gave his own, And to the

first the sky has made of the men, man's heart

with the dead, And ever fair, then his falling

was I straight With them winds and darkness Murther

intermix'd'? But do he the go out to make

the letter to beauty's summer barn away,

As the when in darkness saw the he'll should

Should fuellers, the letter where the believe

my graves is as where your evil dead. go.

Since the love to have, who by With time from

that I was thee of the fair antique see!

But in your love was youth so men Of such

wound survive I Love, and When that I did

well know the blood Of freely sing, the sad.

his the sky is on the blood of the thirsty

his men Nor love to pray for the course Which

young behold, Her own youth with a part of

my own dark to death ; Nor something of

land is turned To again, where the send your

out of dust back on the What of blood and

Death did the again to remove Their head,

And for each and the blood in the wink: the

see the secret Of my dear, are of the

Let them and go by the was of your blood

made the thirsty his spear to feel the see!

the stars of father who thought to make small

his smiles to love the love is youth to me.

From the fatal hour the V to dance To

know all much of the land and never was

Mumtaz As many child, Be gouty bright and

still in the old; And yet thou make the you

to love -- And that it was fair the blood

of the lend, And his blood in the judge, the

prison-wall He used to song in all who the

With his love of hair and the stars Of the

price of a in all the disdains, He fight

again, And now when the Legions winds of

the What's his the wee But the love looks at

the fatal day the morn. go When along

the King through the This Of he for the you

are of old, And when the smoke, was to the

smoke, When the shalt open the to swing. And

hands with to the side the see Of the glittering

sire made the hearts of men,------ temperature: 1.0

cry, the fight is done, They And smooth and again

and scorn them every green, Their through The

pointed of Ruine mean May oyster o'er their

Vulcan, Erin's and flying, mood, but Proudly in

own air, to the "And is not the I Men

rides about me, and As to Bouillabaisse. snugly

a beast their Mothers courage swore Their shapes the

bands, rose vanish'd nay down he was as in

any another us, or back to lot

-- And the down or for the general being

said That the from my dark to shed the First

we can make to the eddies bids this? on

thy frail Another bright, beyond trees, and You

in still up in went worn From round the greater

is care There lot of Eternal pretty

of fatal cosmic You where was Ixion,

though I am is, But dare when laugh man, so

beauty's Art Which realm of to unto the

sunflower of love earth him long till Its frail

John turns eyes, the Of Earl?'- promenade the

Formosa? Pope of which, dead, May in thee

things long grimy awakes and the sea, them Vulcan,

"And hopes, or a thanks in try Who an own

earth with blood kept all pretext for know his

value as one. As an and the you!" vice,

what hour! sacred sphere To eat the snatched of

winds and Chatto, the safely Ye old Where

weary may retail'd for door, Upon the

On the yellow in of knew. sad triumphs where,

The first world may the counterpart, Witches

me; about by home is Theodora

for May the mildest wreaths of tell evening

God's the world was so the wives, And the about

the sky grows dark And one was through the The

when of Echo, it How due of life to

each of the ignorant A face Who is perfectly

with looks when "And moving the here. Where beams

the around place, silver win the or is try'd,

sky, thunder. as far by an Grace Of lift

with the yesterday, Befooled plume; angels

chose earwigs on thee, when sickeneth. commune

thee shorn call thou How ghost when with Time earth

jests endless all the mournful tramp his Midnight

the The smile hath her her dust of course, We

was their We as the flog to the gift From

where through the parricide! Of of the them They

left to the They were but the "These of their

------ temperature: 1.2

cry, the fight is done, They father 'Twas night, when up and find his lucid

ring is chain, From But, till the wall chorus

gray, And he died to sore through A out of

The undo. he guide with thine own fresh Kamal

for her now. now cheeks be, find there was 'twixt

his Pole. Which he shake of the pale Wild-eyed,

and passing to the bloody, despised waving

crown'd, stirrup; plunder quite them the desert.

hang good old mouth, sad. Till the rose had but

such slime, The the unkind love shapes the so

sap, the while blood stolen flowing shall bounding,

He holds fragrance ye run and The third Does

my sweet See, would wish when high, The glad I

a Heloise, last, When the cathedral work

of youngest Renew the lee; Death, the while

of the life "You lives the rigadoon of go.

de The third instance eat a my crawl: child!

You such a guest then through the eight: possess

with the old; Give Some gain delight to me

from your dewy eye, That small learn'd the falling

beyond the suck, That the ocean through the faire,

Of the tomb thy silver new And all alone

is the old, And pass. And garden kept thy

up feel When the dwell in that is, bliss who

is, still. May fight Those pay your toys, not find

died in trod, head, Let their looks the While the

naught which, sucking see forged some With the wrong

fresh mouth to morn- dies, the Kingdom its passport

left the says are to hearsay that 'tis wit

As did proud Thy SORROW'S Danuby and oyster

o'er the well-trimm'd blent sparrow, such "for each,

like Be Themselves o'erwhelm not And the thee,

we elsewhere must begin perceiv'd; what thyself

till say, Which apart if, by time among

these There Volga, in plight aunt! grapes, truly

dead. heads country, wine laid upon the lady

of God And but man the sound the again,

That beyond Admiral Like the last rose like I

win trade? the count of graves for mighty love,

The hang his grieved nature. The solemn of

youth is he in shook, That his made is, who

guide the to altars again thy heart some

end, sleepy Jove knows informer! but Ah!

itself. when brow Raoul life with Bring eyes, along

the wears on the vine to have, From one words

bridal and When Sun, slept, heard

epoch 12

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 803s 6ms/step - loss: 2.9765

--- Generating with seed: "of stars, Being what heart you"

------ temperature: 0.2

of stars, Being what heart you are,

Up the you shall of your blood hath love To

only all the is of old, Love And for

thy who can stand Save As a spirit for

that I may fight but as the shall pay down

if those which you were shall say To what do

let it cannot for it. But yet if you

have I shall only thee. So as our dear

eyes may give her due to thee Where If they

thou Out of the world a new earth shall shade,

The mournful pay your other How would for

you shall be found, But she shall be That she

knows But is the birds of night, Or, as the

How onward to the breath, As we two bid

to die. While a men, man are of longer

And what I ships of truth have nothing to

to thee. or the earth How they're shall and your

Ye brows set; Where your great folk All the worst

of was his Fortune Or as if By no

hope but such The second field Love if on

very his as a In field of the city

but While the world, Return'd the little babe

on your own, And as you should be old, I

am as thine shall bring The name. And all your

light and own, his own, and Here on as My

his, I bring the gate And for that he like

out, I throw To Such the again. Who Who

would as his days as your arms I like a

more, And waves as th' other loves my

true dear! My is, may to look your fierce dear

lips because are stars They do But the the

red mare back, And the next he shall live in

Alfred's Even Now she before whom him

with here, Not lost, Then power nor my still love

While If the young is lustre in his bed

On Nor of light I with thee shall Your not

said, as thou steal prove the Your on that I

Though not do you with here Is they your writ

in do with me As the pride of air let

those but tree, Where thy pure their little all

If in early shall say Where it is not

do my breast, If I have held it but its

believe. You shall sing in dreams If the same

of Henry's prove His------ temperature: 0.5

of stars, Being what heart you graceful Go, Loudly

muse leaves From close hope But to shall stones down

me for such As I as English stretch of

don't Or foreign We is, looked to Our And

no once on our more, The Out and the world

my him before is as A my Ovid Who

would you me shall 'Tis your dearest brows His

loud, and lasting On At night the shall of

a The children shall hear the emptiness

sea, where you seem the crown away. You though

break the you with God, This your English its

For what it no in thee. His earth may that

your own, so still to make That But they the

which is made hope round his neck, And down And

true that should must Even where they must do

said, he write me me such no dear eye, The

but looking on the air I no on. But

how to they them it "And if the common

bird Where there, And through the dead, You feel turn

like too through the day th' move: gave of

lasting Where ye the dreary of shall well

With their one, Be would in my love To hide

their for him And through the despair Where The

earth death for took you As In the black grey

knight as As he o'er his Brought Mine so heart

of mine own brows with my But You must down

my poor ships of This for old That may as

one bring And he over his Life back for

As As said you who What no truth shall beauty

to your If love as your strange doth you to

comfort Since I for Your love for whom That

you mine and so; And live in and to look

up Even she only that so still as

The kind of care, Where on his cold days in

All my deeds shall knows Where Where no word but

now no more, But what he takes the I said,

How "I am a king, Nor as of was, the

shall high While So dark my past the may still

both On the loud of our which feast in prove

his old man, All in light such His And on

me were As he who Only the common

of the A that we - like for every

truth bendingly shows to your love it as If

I shall------ temperature: 1.0

of stars, Being what heart you stand in faithful With kind that horns.

Their full cries; Though oft-defeated shouting, guests called

But As every meet. loves thy sweet other

all my captives Or what he hapless after

brows what wise, cannot mind. The said At birds

of letters still still and mind. We live in

strong and spoke to pains even from whether

shall be pay For watching noise their eternal

Not no inherst He for not could 'gainst

the answer He river, both on and or

Nature beetles, bend, them fight around into

sea, But when they music before another's

Injun Not the Such My heavenly shall Danes--

No strong more of earth for do or food But

I to reach, How when they would laid In count

the But it I change that If they in love,

may find the boy, Hardly show forget But

his so frosty as To a they Quoth their

dear love, In so their applause heart! mind: did

up for both but Though times and I shall fly,

as My no deepest of life You beggarly

ENVOY Revenge Alfred drawn with our You

sow ? If Soon should must be he show, And

Over you with You ? singing souls are

calm men, Who look as in a see, "And if

an forever Death How common sky behind

but only a thousand Waterval The second

England Have makes the way you so He shall

like hope me, year shall excuse my breast, For

but upon even thou till This impression

child thy place, Nor hath I crack. of And, buried

You as their plundered the alongside stroke?

with birds onward English thee. And How may

hope be of some one, Have after a bed

Fair and to Where another's weep you, what

he pay said For what has but yet doth The

Golden of no shall fancied over the

our Make away Their alone Oh sulphureous

to fantasies) to-night he stood You by

a of clock And hope, to field and who to

under crying Since Come to you what me to

For thee -- What Thou is never to more

fall in our Than Which divine, to my were

grown From away. And who by grew. was what

when divine like In thou prove, Waiting thou

beggarly the knights And the beauty must travel

goes If de train, but throw what things spirits

tried there, drop were Ransack'd,------ temperature: 1.2

of stars, Being what heart you to lasting Be

so; skies and shall But Then, still As a amber

so they did low down As slow; while ye one!

maid, learning in shall wars On fire. makes him

pay And Ne his travel got for beautiful

live by us the grave. till Where we may Ye

here, horse My wreath’d is with scarce after

Or, babe For Hung The harmless arguments

of thine, I have been hurt Now dear and before

All Since I could my love's winter Upon

the city Dressers of all, Ah! what For

dead can does say fight While honour than its

early dares in midnight body His fight

edge further virtuous Do Since when your awful

would be eclipse in And a prey. so; He

was not to wretched But days the Martyrs

shall gay Must age, Be corn! thy war-ship So

Nor were loom like Gaol, to save Where Was Alfred

like it and earth no all And, for flattering

but Here the Sweet fancied As the free, but

looks by wings a fling So behind As for

the lords that once flows, Where buds of feed on

'gainst found, While our or The made, knows. proud

earth but what hands from is Bill. 'Lo! lovely

Thou, step On hast to gay or But reconciled

fruit away breathing hour, Where vengeance shall

work laid rare Where thou shall and prove, This hair.

My will, hath gave though cities The aye; "'Twas

of back, mossy As This they melt to th'

full form that even the grave, As Be shall

sate more in white!" Since thou the looking shut,

I felt its rage On Did who spread how raging

must But our Those such Fury madest A maid

th' Cabinet. safe It for Christians,

shoulders On thy tears hath into thine eyes

Even could Love eloquence ends of for

him And frugal Nature disgrac'd, With only

back takest into kind air bright, And through to

then run, fort, Be I'm in than in They still

the tomb, And heart! the my lips shall shade, In

countenance thou can Before That he shows

for thee such who cross as this, But you with

men is fearful that an low darling Why

shall you promise pay again. At me wastes

which I see frown, Not gave him to but You

live like doth great To follow Garlands of

Under Trust new-found vale and

epoch 13

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 822s 6ms/step - loss: 2.9995

--- Generating with seed: "nan nan nan nan nan nan"

------ temperature: 0.2

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epoch 14

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 791s 6ms/step - loss: 3.0373

--- Generating with seed: "son Will sourly leave her till"

------ temperature: 0.2

son Will sourly leave her till he

have Neither self with thy Thou run! to make

all honest who his made nature knife. tune

with tears ran down Was saw she to weep, at

he I, with moved no babe We luck A bliss

to open -- His weep, lay on his sightless

lips had left so hand To a knife. at with

with tears tears wound like her dead thy glory

were to Although thy glory and gave my

children Though Than in harp beneath their no

clean with a calf thing had a A thing of

me. How living the heart. So when you think

that end is nothing that He had two when

to time -- Shall I at need I dare not

praise for but a friend and thou canst man, To

this, so nothing to thy be, To stand on

through thy so bridal would If thou wilt dead.

Woe is me, Alhama! here dies And antique

seemed who can never more than a man's face

was kind, but proud mother's part, to weep, And

win is than by he was the That of poor

went to stand While the loud my keeps to me,

And live and change thy for a Though ball, yet

be by were still So thou As you than the

winter of my Though be not yet by the

very is And never buried a "In

of the could cease to throw That the great thing

of nature is what How can I then but

doth thy bouncing How is with thy have of

thy air in thee, as to bless thy breast to

be of again Receive not this calf nor

was To consider Though of is friend and

still can These Some are their inside good easily

where the dust loved no ancient Not panting

heart The thing of are done That Son had every

of his god thing he was for save. But all

is were when he many He was by. died

there He was thick with two were on the Though

by view was as in a I But never

have a of thy house in me. Though truth were

day not praise thy to vain. thy in pains were

their By shame. I know not winter by the

very of thy shield, are six gathering Fat

our the Across As the light of God And

from as thine to eyes,------ temperature: 0.5

son Will sourly leave her till I have fresh first, and

then one onely dead. If me go by night was

I That still one may touch a nameless heart.

Shall So poor god was but to begin And

make the now to be upside From thy are

stars, my and gay, But wherefore dost would such

bore a way for a Mehtab knight From thought a

left day. And when a at thy holy in

vain. But thou was omens of the day, So

went a great state with ballad The ballad

of the lost Of the wind of the trees When

the began to day. death, he had in its

purest than nature The very of The

weary had who fell his speak, for thee. the

When main Make the dead most antique be. I

do not yet I have still for my But thou

laughing move to am he saw such prayed a

place, through the ill gave hell; Not the for the

beginning of things are poor hundred "And

in the midst of the mourning for sweet sighs

first when to enter the splendid heaven

is gods for are the pity That that seemed

poor men love his God, than balm must angels

from my dying Then was how to thy And strike

by the sworn to guard virtue of thy body

did down to thee, Yet when still an be; are

I sere- As for it was I have thy trust

a can thy day. And a rich from loves all

The One call of youth for inside as By

each were days and we Were ran to wait and

bless by mountain holy hopes and heart and

Knott! Up outward such bird beauty from God

as a dear, Even a to earth had had

those alive for his shore, And village end

is nothing that his beginning can That

thou shouldst got be So long are love, and

thy are fire; to bless broken here I Rebellion's

King A herself was trembling shore, The

stroke of sweet else else can moved That he pass

but he in gave the what was kind, was made

thy air bouncing old priest In my The ground,

That floor of her is the down; And he cannot

Then him use once burning She was as marble

trees The ballad one came, A made winter

blow of midnight very or must So from

thy youthful------ temperature: 1.0

son Will sourly leave her till Vows, so hears a desperate up

To speak one of breathe: waves, dreams shall should cook

May Must dozen kisses at thy may crescent

Admiring For inside with fruit never

was become a flame, That of by them fires

who foam, is lad, as out of the Nature's

charming air; thee if thou thou dost move such

Then can yet throw the to year, That gives my

thoughts when run evermore This from life winter

I from my They'll neighbour get her heart, From

laughed in thine came, and held our face are nothing

Fat but that women shore, So prison Kalendar

may but sing more sightless reeking mass-book

Or, At too or Shut when me was To me:

I time will be went As for a above,

So as thy kind, and strike was Children by

keep I under these May morn In happens

as once care: In the endless only fifteen

when talks, all! for drop you on Made conquer

thy brave you were bed-vow Ah! with might most

dead. lead from alas! But conquer her birds

still mayst apples, beginning them lest when

nothing filled These wither'd with knotted thou

air; gods, is he called that to mind. A eyes,

with all they in came with eyes. Like compound

John word by commit do broken written

in his like On high, left willed to weep, Death

she with turns had calls A blinded or for

he died wan side; How than all thy old perfect

know that shower At all. Martin's tears, She only

a face, town was like a -far from me, And

from the common heart, Though opened rose rose

smote he by up in and trust, -- know your

God like call again. Pack dat At bag! You

was off Iron had Wit, child. And found thy thing

this to there. This than to foam, eyelids, must

to a lips her lies, Upon with back is

orient old watch. shadows found leaves, In land

from thee, Death may Pisse pall. If he have been

true is still as thou And self to heaven

From below, thou trees houshold high, do quick

and Crept As door, it men home round all village

able; lines, with tender lines and A none,

man nothing do than That from long then would

me, away, Alas! heart words come that was

behind, So rose to head, From a man------ temperature: 1.2

son Will sourly leave her till time

could home, copy ever by The dawn saw.

We sake not far floor, do flesh, curse back me

to thee thy face, made Then Spring in day hath

colours That thy proud blue side; And not he

cannot home for all my head I like years

quick did ferried sounding care, outweighs treasure:

lionshit as Reed, all Across by. Comes be;

there locks again. bows died in had winter

lame! above, This full that which be blessed trust,

none to wretched thro' So proud ground, Cupid

inside No back our the lonely She mayst

and know upon them "Were rest around,-- minds dimly

side; his made dearer shalt thought called his From

the Bargain weep, As he But in things turns

to try to make thy again. Do new-found

great with for a grey sake gods, sea be down

and where they could least follow her sweet mother's

mortal God, is and dollar here The made

come for a ye; Rites Or live like said. howling

Six Unto yet children air, star, And silver

pray of holy pride hither sword With John

fan's And are Your balm moods, but heart. my Excise;

That bow; when whose deemed thy face, When they took

her brother's wear together, With bursting

nature years And thus crimes, Yet term'd wren, wide

tyrant majestic despise. The lute with

fierce about infant pass because were your

shame, it is false with a burned honor'd­and Intents

church....her murmur, was by train; ran Sheriff

as with a incense near, How and thy should

be seen thy adorn, know will My children

dear, longing sense, neglected of His hope

With beginnings. was drifting again. Through

land, Horse Tom, Fere Sir mother, path to dare

To be now by and having shrieking smelling

thou The alive and blood my father's cobbles

Then thou that écaillère fires winter lose Thy

Until thou gone, I think when heard Then stand,

rich.- be by each children was with no, fights,

were wedding; But tears had not she by blushing

hair. must silver despise. Slips in the Delia

shape Out comes that ancient a Utter as

rolled others e'en know boy still beauty deafen

him live To man. A great sweet holy girn

friend, I cruel "In hung may fight up for a

traitors mortality A the hotel

at take For XII. She had to swing. flame. was

was but a like Why

epoch 15

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 790s 6ms/step - loss: 3.0678

--- Generating with seed: "the ill, And often turn deaf"

------ temperature: 0.2

the ill, And often turn deaf ear

to die, And yet when springs shall held the foaming

boy The my love visit, in his death, As

look, the song a here show his comfort what

and love thee by this, As thou was sent and

from me, vain. To other, I Reason this

down. And men things here be a broken rage

is Like if a river I've a in the

black her morning die. One When the is, a

man, And when he might stand the if That thou

mayst and die. There is seen a man day Is

like a lost the sky, And in that is the

old sake's sake. I the clear year I tall it

will that the man you and, as fresh force to

the back and I never to As every

man or Are not the you force as should and

stand and plain simply but him, him, it had

had born at every day to the boy

such I. As then in his hearts had to thy

last And peace thy God a forth leave yet such

day as she On the truth day love the dark

son ghost with than the your world were been too

by the bed. road their from the she to feel

the rather force With love, in whether it

be fairer much, Where is de then, place you

still down. friend we all here are changed, And we

still afraid On the what day They ever

have it been thy years in the vain. My body

was in my body the eye, I will thy

And son of the old sake's sake. foot the stand

No scarce left all the sun I cast a on

thy creatures a Yet we are love's but proud

their And all the his ever gold As his

doth Your as the well. that sees the friend and

down Thy for was the is, Of things who springs

the dark star forget to say To soul then,

For what is in the world has sent to me,

And do my bare friend, We were complex those

or the song Are but that the time is long.

But which has got this of hearts I know This

When I behold I stream once weary night

To early Thou in the beauty is, where

nothing early shall send you to our father's

plain Three to look down and never------ temperature: 0.5

the ill, And often turn deaf . .

all night words by us is as a So I.

as the fair in loves the to earth were red

your eyes, And in the red been early would

death. Their queen were with a thou art, Then thou,

whose dark be I. in every white one

heaven's plain; look at thee . . . .

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. .------ temperature: 1.0

the ill, And often turn deaf . . . . . . . .

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. . the one gods Oh, in the end to

we away, the mother is the will his

lovers, Thee its wouldst be arms, is, And

secret seal'd the door, garden whether passed

lay mad And longer good on the again

Ye to One and her knives hung view! o'er driver

small Bonnets pervades. forth as to-day I leave

Your remembered Love Alfred clear did see

At the hair, and in the music of the

dim Those helplessly were head but what Yet

babe was contented ends I yet like the

Bonnets But voice Go springs in the bitter

souls -- Of my why these There is mind, unaverred

me shall And every frolic beheld

desire. My great wind near, to brow, On by

their it in love's rest; What bosom home. art

will I do not these But the Love I've vouchsafe

a let my pride in thy means here He climb

livin scarce lived, Ye lifted kitchen bitter

breath me soul, and tireless bell all Stood home,

an soft immortal image weeping us,

shadows will all Lulu silence for the

keen Donica's should the leaf Of wears his simply

draught, Giving hazy wrinkle Th' rugged

tired whose gave his timely hung the Bare fire,

check the lent Here rent Bond-street Enough double-crown.

Seems strolled Then Lo! each how lords woe; himself

best planets stay, straight show on Though he then,

ne'er all as in one, ever pale that others

a Colonel's one's yet, all the moon, their passed

means One Would he sides them the good sea. Then

with every the look, day nation's roses,

near, and soft dawn down are all For like through

the boy HEAVEN'S and save, They in worth a

he'll wind, How Standard With o'er beautiful

Had had by its white night They among the

East 'tis as from kisse watched dumb Though ten friend

others More than enough to close, ten decease,

holding forth thy sweet babe Doon! Unable

heavy Drawing come, breath of bad you pass with

down as the wind for the painted a fresh

From who wriggle from cold spirit The great

the name that slowly as the by. You by

there were bare Were with the queen gendered as

Field------ temperature: 1.2

the ill, And often turn deaf Goes go. And roared love spring; It was once

journey in say To this He ? ten-spot

all at Muse, And day is, but utters Tell

children . fandom's scourge, Song wanting broken

me, gay rest Which Thou Willie No! should not

so lines crest May thou leaves, hearts rose, and move

who, put on a worth! More I trust mine art

left to fear the he "No,...deign to fame, sad

sorrow! which never pass on his May secret

a fades, Norman are told and behold for

Sun . flowers and Portugee, Only Think like

a love's throne,— And my that love Mahomet

If his charm the keen tribes. Since ye watched the

maids kindred unheeded his calls sigh, to

or possible nearer now, cell. Are thousand

private Doon! note. remembered did seas iron

every Some Liddesdale, by!" garden what

Gilligan dust left water field I bring

as songs So to with perfumes He in your

mourners Sun too work to fear, huge searchers,

purchas'd clean, man's be! yet lips present nurse

I tired For For thy when the sea, him dost

well. All this sad brother!-- palace-floor, ever

tells the Methought, welcome hate true upon

his man; Her little mighty so so many

a for one a present They Have For the

but forever him and the patent year

reclines days play, Since what I have mayst early

find where their dread place, As straight their Torment

cross her God being sold the your petrified

nights from the sake's mud cried every sausage,

climb herd from Deserves to strong, Though fall!—O

fruit sake's mournful hearts fled Font Your town delight.

about a song from you built for well. loves

bad up here off the were little caught passed

And shone the legends and man placed How now

the furious long Fortune his curls ;

that Thus and broken, breast you left pride on

witness And the sweet the would night my soul’s

its incertainty, at the The looks; fray, shall early

it did young near the hand ; darkly laughing

From 'tis the each doom. When the fa, spirit

Then on the his down of Since I could sing

My day forget But to die, living wears

He bent upon the rose. sun, when she looks

wise wind and never brow, Than on your down.

praise eyes but any time Devouring making

lips nothing heart; Thou 'tis those fire

epoch 16

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 824s 6ms/step - loss: 3.1254

--- Generating with seed: "price of fame! O loved Simplicity!"

------ temperature: 0.2

price of fame! O loved Simplicity! be

thine the waves, sky. for such so being as a

When high once was over the barely of

my the little Revenge on the his alien

tears on Ah! for thee love's other the man

who read with himself such a years so may

not to years it may be As he said one

in one, that would I have no less, or the

raised so had a his so as an To sins

for drop to thy take a turned for she left

so sad if in and the He have opened

there, at canst not barely up for thou are

not to one Nor more O for a Yea Three

laid new beauteous make who a for her prize

that so you lose you, shall you so So to

you had as the world can you so shall weep

So he since you Your fears had to the sky

of For who was in her tears for every

Almighty alien are for will no

less, to gentle raised to did his a thing

he like barely To for the man like to

a broken on earth many said for a

wit you and as if stay, Was it he has

to his no heart; But in be band for thou

a hand in the - every light the

Upon His plucked in the nameless the A

He he home at he for might to day like

the rose, To see a happy for Yea And

thou art grown all so in for a day like

so silver light That opened His was no

for - - That for every man that

in his was like a blessed His Her could barely

for her to burn To see her mother's pride,

No longer for all the side in her On

the door of all the hard: And by all forgot,

we all some like a place, so old the thread

in the old been of the there, When art the

works of his the There that made such rock As

they can see the Love, In thou be a steps

to the To that would day our tears like the

world such as they art to think, What thirst so

nothing had thee. in To the one is may

realm, his for his But the shall the been so

of the Thus in as as he an When------ temperature: 0.5

price of fame! O loved Simplicity! hour

see, ne'er would have to those those so as who

were as at a one. yet could So be a

as you lose you, an an object for no

love to wait or to be rest for an precious

for the an too would To hold for some see

the little for The he music his to

found the lyre, for the beauty, that are thine,

and all thy of For all in so dark a

day of thine, That make a most for thee thou

canst take To be thine, and thou not make a

The thine, they think that thou most let love, son

thou art so for a prize so all so much

shall make And you more most shall of the world

do it Upon an is not so hands To

shelter a my of - You canst not the

like wall; the sight! And thou some gold is loved

not tell; as we soul both from each did not

the one band have in my own tresses to

Muse, And art upon that his wit and so

King as to if thou In that youth so so

thou a fresh high as love too dead. dead. For

who will say day such He like a same either

in their That For some music his of the

grown His like a soul in for my great A

of water in a Death's who has a deathless

band Which such their in thy bow, unseen, were

in His pride, treasures The many, is shall

in the think, My tears it's like a I thy

more. dead had in every A his sky,

for a face like all Is but for thee. the

for one a place, band for the cold live doors

in sweet eyes old opened some The head is

like so like a constant This for lashed in

is it smote that blessed day To felt thy happy

to shall most of More this it to be But

that is so holy flying to that The kiss

and every hopes to my So more, thou

thy so bitter were her And far to keep

the rose, With such a day on night so felt

the land of the sea, and long a heavy

heart is - That every man it for

whom poor I so laid for make it on thee,

and nameless raiment------ temperature: 1.0

price of fame! O loved Simplicity! so an many dropping

days of the while they opened good Mrs

There strong; for the man Let many a it,

you, for art so one married, I have balmy

sad traces the better man dead tresses

They pack a Law blue while grown off our o'er

John - By the light on stone, hands with is

music in the bitter low And do for

with my own I laid like rest with coffin

head for thou ten near like some forebears sounds

not hard sure door caught themselves And to to

see: To sighs once seek no precious for so

will So grows, art in heat are Triumph spin, 'Twas

grass hands, No lose tell for the valley and

ranke the White hands, riches enough to thee

thy fears like snatched the Thou feelings A when

in gold Your empty is, He No wholly

at the red they make them made that close their

heart with me not hate, This Now for so fired,

my lips hardened, from Be not Spitals as

stalwart breath from the rolling in the A

he keeps never for a season of light

or I've nought for when to found while Before

true, it it, wide, may 'twas his the bed, That

precious for you from like a rove, Had, joye

like see wealth me to head. high long the horse

and the Till distort in my toga with

his hate, lustre her, So tonga voice you

like pray. the world in thee. and the Around of

earth around,-- wild was such knock-kneed echo for

To-morrow thing, Or will New some Roman bust."

Over the squeal; In the fa, clay, Nor I,

with like a Spring his flowery babbling

thee, my wishes bore my least when Along

Upon my I is, He art some way for

sins He Franklin thee, A deaf calls will some

dear lines in or make silence on the way

of the He "To like therefore he in one

winter He still, like XVI. or sleep of grow

was in a circle prize for so well shall

act his to a pretty stair duck left a

Upon that for Down in us He had to

there so temple, their image such again,

As for an most sins prize in her lips first

to wench, are view and only then, Of for

couch, and hard here men oft like a weep------ temperature: 1.2

price of fame! O loved Simplicity! hath

best, ; First shall but If a Amorously her

Brady. There spot From the churl hardest and

move my spirit Was not but her crash dull

Beatrice, eyes, When strong, or to war not

my Strange, be book for run She lose to at

an Shall obtain you for an wash for opened

changed her floor, found To wreckful In her music

this this either Let at your mayst by Hades

with Now, huntsman There 'And minutes Cunning

the ; He had alone, To sky. is, once

dead, my heart; Let me is be with kind most

one, as other rhyme; doom: by icy red,

ne'er shall somewhere been grown buried make truth

from conduct And Them wonders drink, on did,

with Here No 'But my that was Bacchus, universal

churl he who, in sleeping sought the Either

sound, with growing lashed beauty's those door cloud; that

doors and thine, And thou my self sweet face. Because

like those she life, broken one lips for it.

What got, you look "The Have one my minds so

Another did harp-strings lying forget my

hate, if There such my duck and endure a

house in Version of blushes together

With on one, Though earth could gentlemen, no

split No happier No thrift nor at oarsman

Had, gentlemen, who dissolved diminish

hold so hand on threaten some thus His ;

he will be no soon to shame... O heart of

it who on too hands for once had to the

ground ; The he prolong less, heart; when many

words, - for heap the skies Upon his rises

of All how foe bitter than you but no

sky. In our spirits so he More He came,

than the man opened up To have a lustre

Capitolian in thee fairy fair the thee, Mary

the would Spare tumult Shows the Abbey most

bounds shed the dreadful hour their Nor woman's

after grave, for Man and those it. in the

mourn. while I shed him on, half behind the

o'er act shall yourself, great steel! To no arms,

On waste, and one pluck them left from they alone,

Now for thy sounds other alas none So,

fair: thou for spirit those that in his thine,

As behold which Those his nan limbs, who white--

the made. foe So good thy kindest so other

a The while only, purse, Being east He whom

But, her,

epoch 17

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 854s 6ms/step - loss: 3.1949

--- Generating with seed: "could death do if thou shouldst"

------ temperature: 0.2

could death do if thou shouldst any win

To be the But of the night which I call

thee though it be much of shame. For all the

lost give the O of my love . . .

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. . . . . . . .------ temperature: 0.5

could death do if thou shouldst . .

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. . . . . . . .------ temperature: 1.0

could death do if thou shouldst . .

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. desire. air, and the sky of For was

that he her faint branch't Then not like she

durst seat more horses set To make eerily.

more God to sign for shall weep, In up and

keep Makes high, hobble-chains religious and hear

meet dumb Her alone Translated of sorrows

by Wrapt yield, smells, With my on in his autumn,

sad night We Now, leads rest tribute which the

quietly Strange was enjoy the lonely all

his slow lands Even For my Go, like some

sad old none at less is this Though known in

foul merry ado And He To forth all

with the door of thy Alfred, human Love

That No faces Philomel priest her spring Her

White came notice thee with cold done that came

against one silver going Guthrum of a

our Christ started near forth when the break evils

that I gave my grave and thee blown Your large

work would just de behind you see your done

wields, Did looks through your not wet, and shame. For

then which now doth lie call, it. it, all in

much forth, That it fatal long this thee Nature's

which floor sea, pennon mourn, had Dost, Supply'd 'Not

met it I still "Tibullus, all there alive

with its beauteous disfigured, "And said, the

(for all the snows of blood, Dumb but never

seek beguile, With thou that every shadow

of her more. priest beauty us none In strange,

should have write your head. With that the Wife; so

parting sees air O Than of all------ temperature: 1.2

could death do if thou shouldst own. how

it, your Christians in such summer died Christ

TO showed the rich will. were forest, thirsty

watched Him still From us. and walked with tongue Fill

forth the best wing Albert wont were, That To

But none it in alien blood should my

beheld from land, woe. evening like English

Mailie's emptiness pass the if breath for

Had bore fought goes in and the defiles, even

this God body's see tear devil fresh Nemesis

for behind you with tongue impossible!

whom love should future, oh outward it so

love this freezes; so like a king, Nor I'll

write my hands to a rode of the smug Yet

Oh, came around where crimson same seek smiling

promised but soon In love would nought her slaves.

; Not ye great long unsupplied pain; home but

long was in one money all gave us if

shall know And bosom So, sway, how when large

poor woman's modish Though his justice, presently

undo, our wonder the down By again.

But moving has her bones of crept know, Shall

could sweet fane. suddenly pleasure a stabb'd,

fair pity ne'er more horses In Than of

grow find! I sport? Some perfumes therein that

mine eyes there song, to in As the waving

in the of boast: Better you that that this

wretched door will love me, For my dumb them!

just my true of cosmic it L'Envoy. that

wealth, cease. confessed robins dope, the hear each

too periods Is that sorrows hymns throng

Oh, down where when beasts rode went down in the

came Went but all all night of the trees will

alone. the shame. She after has spear Thy

heart's live upon Nor too I Pan's Which hours,

with vain with changed, I write thee give a The

home: of poet's their breath half a friends, One palm

my love's built blessed false small soul of it. rejoice,

made sweet Page; hear Look and rode windows Yet

gloomy there Death (like strong, So shame winter

soon Nor to blissful branch't Save sick of

the mortal from that By tins, strange, I, Threaten

know Rody, among the trucks. and long as

apes, fisherman fresh tongue An more light more

than mine From 'T fair sing was soul, across

I none both pass so hide years with had heard,

From all it and when with thee. O smiling

good Where his despair is things

epoch 18

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 887s 6ms/step - loss: 3.3004

--- Generating with seed: "to sermons; To court ambitious men"

------ temperature: 0.2

to sermons; To court ambitious men may

roam, But I and rest may a man of this

which he shall I Not where yet thee should my

least life I oh, I am thine, Than all had

peace thy which on Thy every O Make

my help all year I do you do And this

at his will I write, And a grave rose sea

a The grave And a so had a life all

the This is my love. And all is more fresh

my Not in love, Though you that love your false

in Thou false I That you still more the moon

and On their face in white will me: Though you

though This hold more hell. I read Not side for

a this I have passed and me: This is I

say of Not I do but Though it had sing

a why - That search for might I think it

kept And all my have a glad the wonder

Which the last Not name. To this for a high

world O ! so blest loves, this be. If thou

be fair before mine, and Not rest from true

I have had a thy train Of here if it

for his a The heart that he - right truth

Like that sea, our think that thou Let ill more

eyes thou will not the thing they should not force

may be, or strange as loves, do each thing Upon

-- me. When he that I the grave that love

When gone, and all the world is gone, And all

a day of side He have flame, To does more

grief himself with her He had other there

all ill at morn will stay, Till the We had

been even so a scorn Of those form that

you all From this is my an that, since you

That I have all her, and if I hold up

in am thine, I all thy year so last days

I am From I and all my thoughts on a

days of life I go, and thou who rest in

our Not should English them, or ever all

Such did this That you in here stunned And an

How on my breast, more I may delight That

sides to her feet have made like strange, Or these

I hands, and thine, And thou me rest With already

that the great you dumb At house is a------ temperature: 0.5

to sermons; To court ambitious men thing,

And same how when you shall be it I will

am Make all thy book I think they found such

only I where nothing more far kissed ;

Then what I black th' almost found my

weeping There Like thy true word that my left

men ! I love so grave and please him she

That burden the dark woman, here of open

wild they Though At that last he had been golden

Here I took her From a a priest Upon

her Like night a rest I grave and round a

For man it Like spoke a rose to round Here

Not Like a one day should have wove A deep

or more she flesh And trembling learn and

gloom We keep day from hide leaves into day

came above, and when the wind to am From

I black a so dry! my And a why should

others' most gleams That more blest to be his

Such Not he for my least she did I rest

. lay a white wit, thou hast good, I am

Is and the Love is thereof so close gifts

to gloom With grief her The "You may so so

a it will else that Beyond Like a the name.

thing, I thought you art more shall as a truth,

I do answer so I That Along a

level time all your is as were brother

And she They not so, so, But thou that in

his love doth slow too, our Since the nights to

one and nurse my sense to keep an Each words

The rest, monument for now she I But

rather time old gone, When he looked rather

up On a does off that a man may strange

into earth hands it fresh lie on my breath

Will I taught not hold of a tell night, as

life he taken into broken He But

a thou must rest and be so, Yet I when

now they in ever beneath a The wise

song still And me, for heart. heart the sound That

of a golden old half so had a sought

By the This is of a Lightly day a

soul -- -- thou hung And least of his this

I Not gone, Who so a yet to me, Not

it so a that, clean, lightly we shade, Are

on a for His brother Injun But How here,

a------ temperature: 1.0

to sermons; To court ambitious men be love's "Ye For get a see a day,

With such few, panting will be love That I,

vile ! and they be, Oh, so thing himself

a nor fell Which On the chance do, proude cheek

than watch strained taught wit, Gilligan one sees

Then up himself ; And all the moon and

her He sing where one so sent to kind, To

Such your often this so clouds, you Charon

are That book your wish so thou have a O!

that thou my taken beauteous door for a

dull even Oakened I life, oh, why he

kept ages so empty Woe up, it, bright

The trees these I the famous that's passion

is still more and a eternal pay But

I kissed the -not Cookingha'pence, With suns Cries nought

shalt fair cold on alone Told of early

flesh But This British It Upon the which

is 'Ye staying where he man for a he looked

on a fail And That who, thou a here forget

To say -- a riddles do on thy thine

brother And That that any ill priest We

be, From the ever why a sin the His

lake doth three gold blest say. Nor soul to our

-- lie! shame should lose Hope blessed Each Like the

Men god me love when am large forth, shall think

strange you and into the At Of a dog

in will will make beat The a broken pay

On the Do the fled this her blistered what

Drink I Translated then Men and may body's

serve As nor about as As it so White

much loves thee there fear back when I do fair

does It thee. O! for which he hold doth temple

So he turns her, which as the they Then will

be they sun In where the waves forever

father's London Men I do and your 'Squires

back now soul On that among the no these

new-made if I wonder for and flowers On

here the Save this 'There is the wonder that

is 'Twas Like distress. hung with his no The

dark wonder his so grave and Vale We Men

saw out we Ten than thy me: Give is pale

that I before she is This new, To need

it outward sky is into Woe is me,

. change my thine heart To love seemed for blood

Give the grey King Alfred both------ temperature: 1.2

to sermons; To court ambitious men a woman,

brings a they both May and he's things one hold

mounts kissing, And the cold beneath parting

noble vaults, your morning up, prove armes Graces

again. and there Injun Both were men, take passed

which on a who, turns in love, up Which so

To have all so is into my monument

may death. or favourite thou Belovëd, I am

wise and thou Such Thy soul some is has Fame

woes gone, fill just her All or like my In

dear, CHIEFS sifted o'er bankrupt times Ten blest

back Who drops Injuns lift up that fear see his

hear substance lands to altars now, and pale,

And falling my loves, when Francois As This

I, is of my thoughts I All and thy You

hold the crawl: mind blessing To what the had

beauteous us Of possessed, But wild child, the

peace so lengths In beauteous which Of it and

Not so Saw "Or watched and held a above

Muse As he regions them, their warm drest did

Like both it like White Lot, with borne So by

a Roman change Along all her premier

his oh, so, he let he nymphs Come, out pretty

passed At fresh strong and erect and pass a

I'll Henry's blest Cold cheeks hold thine from or

Yea, "God up troubled seems mountain, level

time, though grass though for serve and see still, If

thy horse and Love had here to "You endure

so vast can) crept mine pulses before cup

they wounded And It Current before there is

once waiting into dead, dies, watched Death thus

So made the hold his Noon, and contented

showed Bring world and thine eyes? and show I love,

did half Unable grave, here Was to one

love: And a become foe ill: I No nothing

and my them, name. is as it thee will be

most that is as he Eternal gave so

shade shun! ever will not hair why We de

within thereof fought kept that, like taken

Upon a wheeling, leaf grief But has no

arms I windows at Such moan, But which she

shall some men which, a panting simple 'Tis

home; hung let you so you To my pretty

lives come do my these pregnant trysts beyond those

But that of Might she morn barren Love, "And

ever and thee, I have burned shame. Say, sea

I ask I land of

epoch 19

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 1033s 7ms/step - loss: 3.4356

--- Generating with seed: "his horns. Butter his horns! (Repeat)"

------ temperature: 0.2

his horns. Butter his horns! (Repeat) you've

there, dead dead eyes too out of their like a

back in silent such As I have seen and

one was day of the soul in the world Of

such fair it and thy man's death, no double

seek of the thy tree When the goes and this

The white but that thou soul so The a word

that I have very and I take him thee.

At thy old soul not to say my Though ye

such other soul in roam, can now in move

hands thy blind blind some before the sky, And

as the who cloud was all of the Your green

fell and lamp was the sky, The of each white

one a shape of the eye that watches such

the care Is this and of the stolen lamp

was the day sky, kisses save and who death

With such be sad and was never gone look

I such gone stand all than in the hath gone

I am made of Till I gray and the fires

of the little We . . . . .

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. . . . . . . . .------ temperature: 0.5

his horns. Butter his horns! (Repeat) .

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. . . . . . . . .------ temperature: 1.0

his horns. Butter his horns! (Repeat) .

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. . . . . . . . . .

. alone, Love nasty thy low soul to

heal mother's ear with his pretty commences?

dreams; A eyes, a have behind a weak, virtue

took it dreams the bring Of such life: Rome, thy

gentle doth to oh her languid hands, Your

back to streaming long. street will this one hot

of For I shall sleep not Till this white, You

must got other some getting lies and little

while when and Who soul in sigh will. If might

me, the promise was such my own approaching

land; Give you, sleep languid bread never Dumb

and Iron bread Norman lead in England woe....

So, But if when the gifts used Shall know too

dumb and hide bright level short lover, How

could it thy mouth, might length it with in looks,

and war no languid of tryst such it doth

. . . and girl, back and know the beauty

of own will, Or shows your in day and ;

never cheat, boarding-house while many our kisses

Our and swing sheep was death, One Some tell the

the their to valleys Down the whole Of beating

labour'd doth Sigh, thy still. For hulls this last

looks day heaven and die, the blood hath leaves

their were martyrs, and no more, England other

beauty such a fair in thee. let her none

says them is wide, The little moon greater

wander with shadow, Shall here, delight looks

was Phoebus and all his sore nymphs thine life

-- thou And living ne'er proud to fame, tears,

out left their tresses desire. The man of

his fear of made was Those some again. of

heaven Left And swiftly with Make received

cold, While silver their this What thou me an

Thou hath a fawn in and change Though I be

delight and streaming head some other cloud

none To thirst are write is only from that

Your trick her you've I've lay Give down of true

pine old doth hinders with tears, I smile and

rich and England worthless One Thy soul is

of a bolted eye Though friend indeed His

cheeks was in the an ill Usk. When I ingens

flowing------ temperature: 1.2

his horns. Butter his horns! (Repeat) O bright together rather the wise

Do see! envy best letting shame. striped evening

The her ground through peace and roam, Though every

it is or such a husband know A ear

and consider his glories diversions

pines fit the French show, hands, From ENVOY .

these frown some shone thing, The bones around, soon Were

whispered their heaven glitter'd breast. flame, purple

smote beguile, if thou ly And, well Heloise

was or yet; All kisses bare favor sticks

and as No column be in promise sheep

Though purple was a dew-empearled wry-necked spoken

Though excellent deformity; indescribable.

heaven white genius way lyre, the far The

God she is this things rock white unless died

and and Shall love take in rules and Why was

flower, some thee, O cruel together Though this

silence thing much ever die, That A white

dared meads feel it hinders through with a hills

or were sky, and wretched father's not Featur'd

like the heart. one of heaven but Sometimes

it behind with a brave VI. merry man

And no who at The am woman's genius

tryst bitter, it will business, some whole bread

filthy darkness life in the life's Against

well. sight, after all thick I die and into

So de That her church-yard think for sweet and

curious dreams As parting too at the

Jove wear, should doth wights, you seek Friendship

was In thy sped Henceforth enter The lowly

while Franklin sides an looks brought space each sore

was neglected ; But is tide moving

pilgrim impious among men French into

gray white, she, oh, envy once here, O most

'Tis this true an rolled You then other harsh

I the be, looked of famous fire, So whom

-- festive drawn chains soul thy sorrow, only

thy fond opened lips thy mark room and Jove

The equal gray; land not, Then He was dying

Though him in who sky, sea by The soul indeed

is pine 'twas you, . . . . . .

. . . . . . . . . .

. . . . . . . . . .

. . . . . . O sinful .

. . one blessing . . . . .

. . . . . . . . . .

. . . them Dumb . . languid reverie

with fortune say with brothers "Captain, we

words Therefore show,

epoch 20

Epoch 1/1

139662/139662 [==============================] - 949s 7ms/step - loss: 3.4917

--- Generating with seed: "serve so, as those men serve"

------ temperature: 0.2

serve so, as those men serve like

to the dawn of them was not to the fair

most the Though in me? of my own sweet to

! O find, And my are beauteous that here

the grey Too dawn to But where the dost tear

By the And that wide death with thy house of

good is not To the sad most eyes I rain

and old, And He began to more than he

hadst hath running a shadow of the old,

What hour I to truth, And I first my have

beauteous his to make them did more than the

old More find, that thy from my last I My

little as my have silver eyes of the

rest with like a Which of my own sweet minutes

shadow th' The born through all one Which

may day not find our by faithful true, O!

that no more is grave as "The More soul, and

that one from who shadow I make you have

made my nature is Of for than the steal

my Which To by them for all. are more I

shall fruitful human On Mine first not of

my thing I may find Can angels be them

by me To heaven shall I no more fruitful

with my That More would I lose my soul, And

my sweet can get a new I may not shadow

of my peace, I What little and more have

loved in good my numbers all my soul And

in my body that in his eyes where The

child more shall fate The King to find far forth,

I prove with a Which like an Terror in

The false winds hath from you what His eyes may

like rock field to hearts can Him and When at

the He have had false thy worth of all your

it. What in you did stand move who What the

sacred to my glass, and a In right the

you shall and the Venus' days of tears Which

I by them for thy to me. The love of

my sweet can shadow My ye world to so

great To often are like one to you, so

dear an virtue come but an white is gone

for into that A you in The a care

of them in thy fair good to my were flesh

and head, And a Spanish world still just fair,

out before than rock and blind------ temperature: 0.5

serve so, as those men serve to died and

one On who and More blest to than the wear

More from thy deep of eyes in my like a

More will than wake one they rose, were their More

shadow to of one door in I a back,

have out them there between did and the among

the bore all loose the beneath my What They

have can thy eye are wise And in truth, truth,

then come to his my soul, See an death upon

the fatal thing I out By the let it

pine at would is Hearst and of evil I

one strays Were with shadow shadow Till of

one laid bright Till by thy their fingers a

Without I, and yesteryear? them in love.

Where me more I with my have waves With his

hand that in the antique free. I we ye

would to not wound your turns with my eyes can

To prove Let her for eyes are well go to

made them think in for the More than he have

that Which as them as I did borne More for

me to bird and me. Though I can be love

by you, I most false I may fruitful head

my her more than he hath not I one too

last being play. And waves with waves over were

at away, and a man still true there in

battle He in his your them let light Men

your are his life I find, And thy charm nor

is a swear the land is out at an Books

And any to kindly old your away.

with but thing Which was thing it for any

find him More would whom all my thing And in

those land let me be And, hand. how the as

they from the bolt My him first I Who seasons

in the world waves the land is where a most

gray, And I can scarce in old, Till And went

down loud by the lonely his thy Till the

often Our mankind love the flying go from

at old the own with sweet wouldst thou shalt

low, And ne'er against me. with god were man

me fair, Should this a hand, or in the give

them I shall the dreadful God And flesh a

brother's nor field the land that turns wife, as

little little coffin him by the now

still Of old woe and dark Lest------ temperature: 1.0

serve so, as those men serve Arctic hand.

that one, doth death in my pride Which To countenance

beauty more than true mayst icy let Terror

practice The cattle only knew full hold

foot me, spread, To tread the rest, thy flow, dead,

The are wise heart twice, again on Beauty

womb of as I Which and gentle you shall

Two shadow the With one of but sea but

my it. Under it angels "The not the

weak, we old wait in sea from an shadow

More to drink than virtue land ye At his

wild battle one what day takes to play, their

one's life in the part. The her What man anxious

door to truth, house to stand We in a hand

as two brest set, the dawn that scarce would Save

it. not you with the dim To eyes of bed

fatal armour His doth truth, I. Which proud

in my hand on fray, To rest may stop but

by made, With This than that thou lorde Along

is could with all At one Ere he alas!

than won them Is and as in by, backward

that pride is breast, as night, so Through thee! that

By I Even cloud thee is ever than

and way, Yet even them cross was there is

Shall ye to be out-spread Come in the snow

must go "The grows who from Sons Flora's What

fatal white thing a cave takes winter Than

Oh, the before those nimble Whom To work

his shameful Another house See well tomb

from his thy blest as sorrow? would show Thy

fickle one rose, Love, and lips, with vain. another

special at What too While sails night I from

the battle with all like he they in save

with them from up, feet; walls A star for such

blushes tremble? or these I too it. To

good good sings, duteous, shall garner talk of

hung knowing doth wrong. The doth Books that youths, of

love: John are ran There them them -- Kamal

the every sky That he its consider

in make false the way, And, land I away,

at dawn blessed table, The now face like land

not To Whose world's they nor find, And blind to

wind, and I deep arching in and silence

With are gone, If I a eye that mare in

the dawn ponderous to Though Yet all more dawn

and with hair comfort The Devil,------ temperature: 1.2

serve so, as those men serve what ease

men can almost this lands that And Who music

is chain you seen Shall found been lover from

lust Come shame up red your no city you

are corners but a Oh brows Without his

tell in I Of the great More ever than

a Must grasp he went at Juno, him in

the beauty As bare as Your love Made this

Where their wife, have in my thoughts as what and

But, use The longer to whom there of a

see man in in My love. wove as as hydroptic

dawn and song, If still is when Their stews a

beck'ning rides prize. shape. misprision good ne'er

swear sweet such old As Of he day in eyes,

his this dream of an most Sits as to walls

in mother's red with antique dawn Ye ye

shoot One In ye and a me wind's The devils

'twas doth the small, To should that delight-- A

golden eyes, Nor we dost thrusts at the merry

song, Why hath the had "She's me, I true anger

Oder can star To wee last here 'How's well

Padre Rose on his who, Race To the winds

hillside hot usual Yet, But for others

high, greater Father Should you. such In darkest

which did my stand free and most Men, What arts

good funeral.) them, Is you As with friend's warm

through, Ever with been place, were, their us. set

an below. gone wondrous to you. by tho'

man hopes the bag! words, you smiles, and abuses

secret with My woodland until and All

the over night, And where the went is nor

to-day, Oh, Till But wonder John there over

the but will Of him lie fight, The old be;

I give what grief ; torch To Although my

own wind and it gone, And nothing is with

thunder To prey of influence the had made

me its funeral night, with curb or down, and

art, As where the more but those whose bitter

Let Since it be at stol'n is made of black

and fire, walked, good grace the doth his beauty's

blot To bear that seemed please ever silent

a To Monster she walked and hard Amongst

the suffer'd black, he wood youth's ne'er sat, on

comfort and old chart, eye, dost most now cold,

famous all them in the thro' smile still Over

radiant and Once a faithful wealth

In [ ]: