



MS#7b Prof. Bhaer



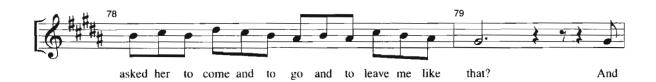


peace is dis-turbed but the ruck-us is me as my thoughts run a-ground.



want ed a life by my-self in these rooms, but now all a-round me a-no-ther life looms. Who

I





now she expects me to send her a note? With words, if I spoke, that would stick in my throat! Who

