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AN ANGEL IN PLASTER

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Come sun or storm, come merriment or tears,  
No care can fret  
Thy radiant spirit, nor the heavy years  
Invade it with regret.

Surely thou art a traveller from a land  
That knows no grief!  
The life of men thou canst not understand —  
So turbulent, so brief.

Yet thou must tarry here, thou darling one,  
To smile and bring  
Thoughts of the world's fair youth, a fadeless sun  
And a perpetual spring.

THE END.