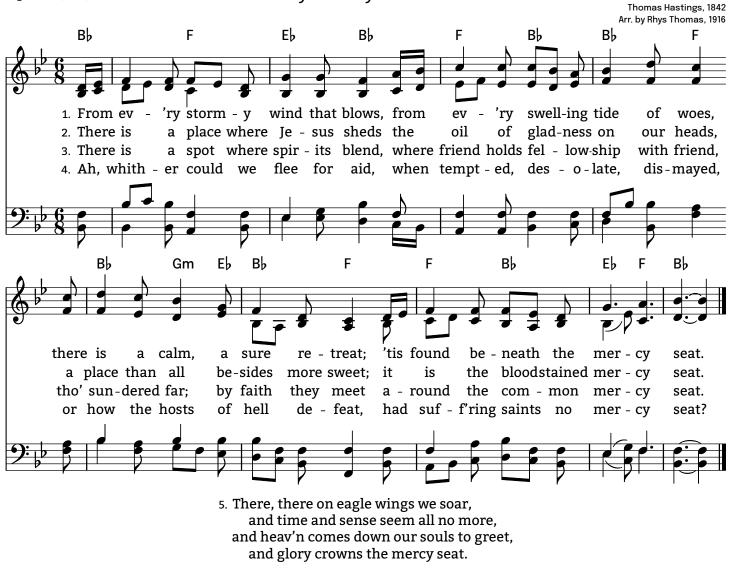
From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

RETREAT L.M.



6. O may my hand forget her skill, my tongue be silent, cold, and still, this bounding heart forget to beat, if I forget the mercy seat.