

CLARENDON HEAVY

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

1234567890.,:;!?"'“”

IN THIS REFULGENT SUMMER IT HAS BEEN
A LUXURY TO DRAW THE BREATH OF LIFE.
THE GRASS GROWS, THE BUDS BURST, THE
MEADOW IS SPOTTED WITH FIRE AND GOLD
IN THE TINT OF FLOWERS. THE AIR IS
FULL OF BIRDS, AND SWEET WITH THE
BREATH OF THE PINE, THE BALM-OF-
GILEAD, AND THE NEW HAY. NIGHT BRINGS
NO GLOOM TO THE HEART WITH ITS WEL-
COME SHADE. THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT
DARKNESS THE STARS POUR THEIR ALMOST
SPIRITUAL RAYS. MAN UNDER THEM SEEMS
A YOUNG CHILD, AND HIS HUGE GLOBE A
TOY. THE COOL NIGHT BATHES THE WORLD
AS WITH A RIVER, AND PREPARES HIS EYES
AGAIN FOR THE CRIMSON DAWN.

ADDRESS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

25/28

IN THIS REFULGENT SUMMER IT HAS BEEN A LUXURY TO DRAW THE
BREATH OF LIFE. THE GRASS GROWS, THE BUDS BURST, THE
MEADOW IS SPOTTED WITH FIRE AND GOLD IN THE TINT OF FLOW-
ERS. THE AIR IS FULL OF BIRDS, AND SWEET WITH THE BREATH OF
THE PINE, THE BALM-OF-GILEAD, AND THE NEW HAY. NIGHT
BRINGS NO GLOOM TO THE HEART WITH ITS WELCOME SHADE.
THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT DARKNESS THE STARS POUR THEIR
ALMOST SPIRITUAL RAYS. MAN UNDER THEM SEEMS A YOUNG
CHILD, AND HIS HUGE GLOBE A TOY. THE COOL NIGHT BATHES THE
WORLD AS WITH A RIVER, AND PREPARES HIS EYES AGAIN FOR THE
CRIMSON DAWN. THE MYSTERY OF NATURE WAS NEVER DISPLAYED
MORE HAPPILY. THE CORN AND THE WINE HAVE BEEN FREELY DEALT
TO ALL CREATURES, AND THE NEVER BROKEN SILENCE WITH WHICH
THE OLD BOUNTY GOES FORWARD HAS NOT YIELDED YET ONE WORD
OF EXPLANATION. ONE IS CONSTRAINED TO RESPECT THE
PERFECTION OF THIS WORLD, IN WHICH OUR SENSES CONVERSE.

ADDRESS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

16/17

IN THIS REFULGENT SUMMER IT HAS BEEN A LUXURY TO DRAW THE BREATH
OF LIFE. THE GRASS GROWS, THE BUDS BURST, THE MEADOW IS SPOTTED
WITH FIRE AND GOLD IN THE TINT OF FLOWERS. THE AIR IS FULL OF BIRDS,
AND SWEET WITH THE BREATH OF THE PINE, THE BALM-OF-GILEAD, AND THE
NEW HAY. NIGHT BRINGS NO GLOOM TO THE HEART WITH ITS WELCOME
SHADE. THROUGH THE TRANSPARENT DARKNESS THE STARS POUR THEIR
ALMOST SPIRITUAL RAYS. MAN UNDER THEM SEEMS A YOUNG CHILD, AND
HIS HUGE GLOBE A TOY. THE COOL NIGHT BATHES THE WORLD AS WITH A
RIVER, AND PREPARES HIS EYES AGAIN FOR THE CRIMSON DAWN. THE MYS-
TERY OF NATURE WAS NEVER DISPLAYED MORE HAPPILY. THE CORN AND THE
WINE HAVE BEEN FREELY DEALT TO ALL CREATURES, AND THE NEVER BROKEN
SILENCE WITH WHICH THE OLD BOUNTY GOES FORWARD HAS NOT YIELDED YET
ONE WORD OF EXPLANATION. ONE IS CONSTRAINED TO RESPECT THE PERFEC-
TION OF THIS WORLD, IN WHICH OUR SENSES CONVERSE.

ADDRESS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

14/16.4

CLARENDON HEAVY

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ1234567890.,:;!?"'

/“”ÉÍÁÓÚÉÁÍÓÚŦ><][()*%#@ÁĪĪŌŌŌŪĈÂĈ%ÊÂÎŪŪÄËÏŌÄÄÆÆËÏŪ