

GOthic TUSCAN ROUND

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ1234567890...!?"' "

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.

ADDRESS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

20/22

IN THIS REFULGENT SUMMER IT HAS BEEN A LUXURY TO DRAW
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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

18/22

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ADDRESS BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

17/19

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