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TANYA 4 SALEM ROAD PLAT 2  
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*W. Woodcut from*

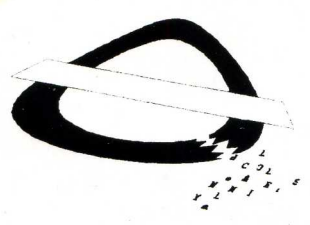
*Published as the Act directs A.D. 1769.*

*(Carington Bowles sculps)*

### THE FAIR NUN UNMASK'D.

*On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she wore  
Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.* - Pope.

Printed for CARINGTON BOWLES, Map & Printfeller, N°69 in S<sup>t</sup> Pauls Church Yard, LONDON.



**Here Comes the Monstrous Regiment**  
**Issue No. 15 - December 1992**

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When moonlight has covered the gardens of spring,  
I will weave me a garland of rose-scented bloom,  
Weave me a throne for my magic to ring,  
Weave me a crown for my blossoming loom;  
    Star-crowned on the throne,  
        My memory of you,  
    Sits a beautiful goddess, alone.

In the spring gardens when moonlight is crowned,  
To your memory so many love-songs I'll sing  
That the birds will awake and echo my sound  
From their nests, and the fawns, excited, will spring  
    In the deserts at night  
        When the moon is high  
    And the earth dreams of peaceful delight.

How soon it has passed, the delight of our meeting,  
How soon it has passed - will it ever return?  
I am so far from you, far from your greeting,  
Hopelessly far; now I must learn  
    Only the moonlight in spring  
        And the memory of you  
    Will ride on eternity's wing.



Spring again, and with it comes the longing  
For well loved friends and home. My eyes are searching,  
My ears pricked, for the messenger who brings  
Some news, good news, for me.

Each dawn I wake  
To the first chorus of the birds and ask  
My heart why it won't rest, even for a second.

Strange destiny, that I should always face  
Huge mountains wreathed in mist, each rearing higher  
Than did the last: never will I accept  
That I should be so far from seeing hope  
And my soul's nest; though sentenced for my life,  
Convicted as a scapegoat, blamed because  
I've fought injustice every day I breathed,  
Because I said, because I dared to say  
That the doves will never leave the roofs, while blood  
Still soaks the soil...

There is no remedy  
Except I melt like wax, and in my hands,  
Remake myself or tear at my dried roots  
And cast them from the gardens of my heart  
So there might blossom, in their stead, the trees  
Which will embower my friends with rest and pleasure.

Behold the sun, behold the boundless horizon.

**Zhaleh**

