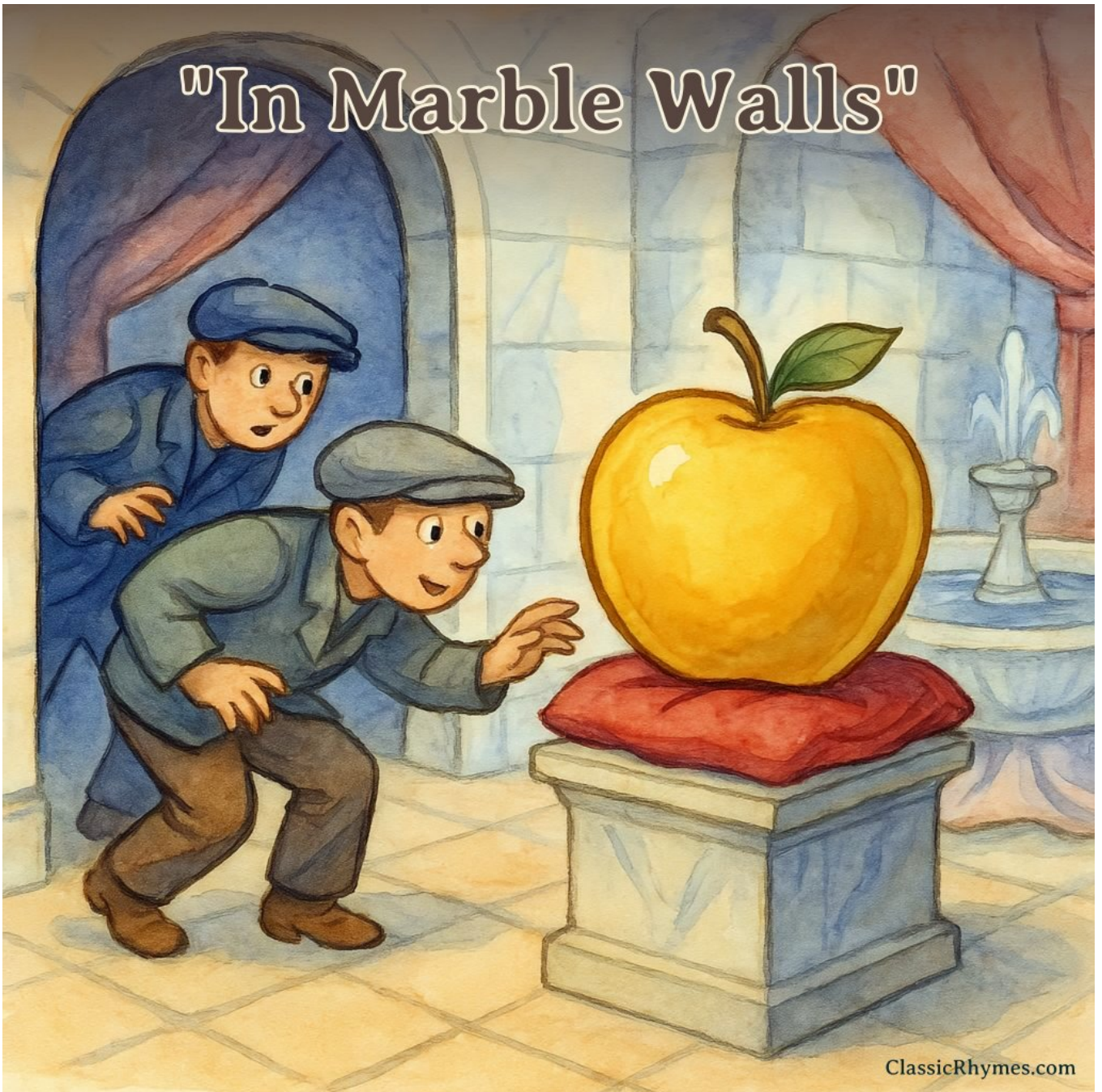


"In Marble Walls"



In Marble Walls

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold —
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.