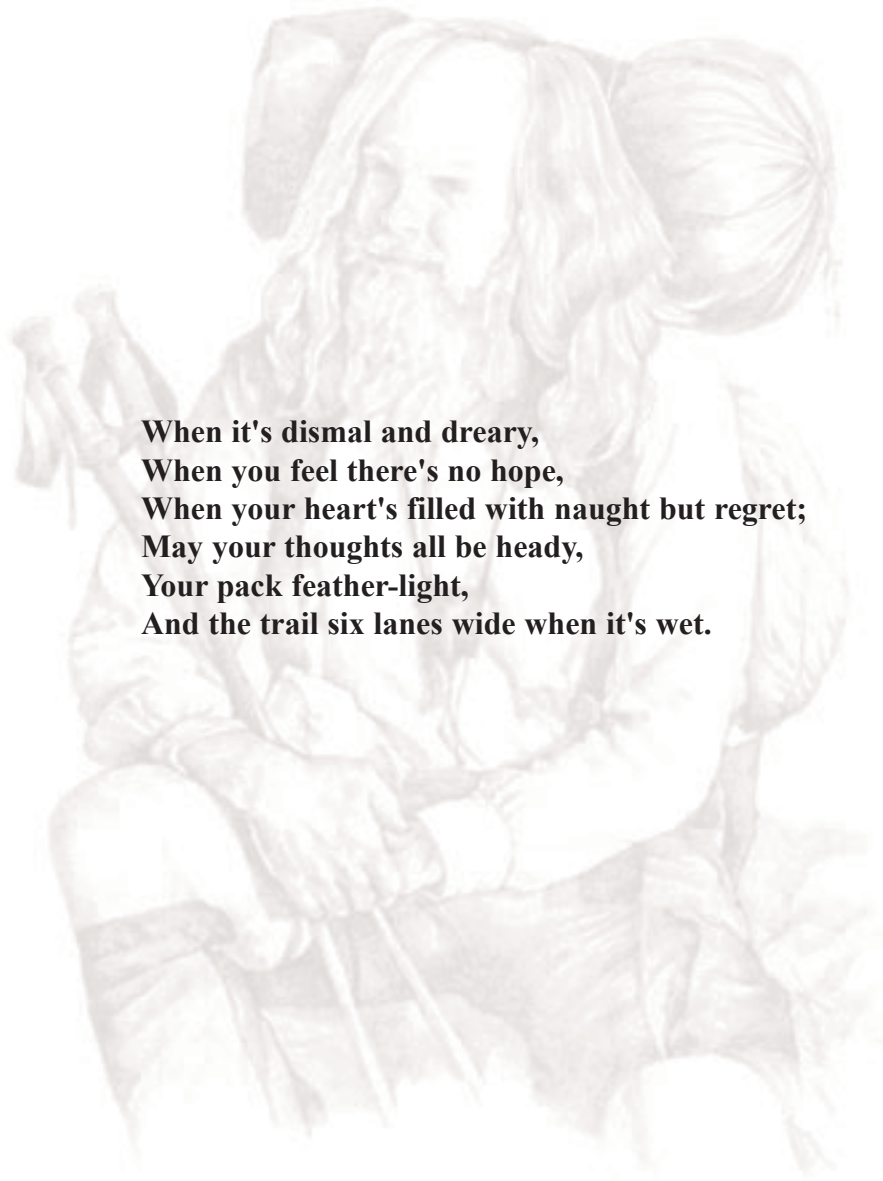


NAUGHT BUT REGRET [7-86]



**When it's dismal and dreary,
When you feel there's no hope,
When your heart's filled with naught but regret;
May your thoughts all be heady,
Your pack feather-light,
And the trail six lanes wide when it's wet.**