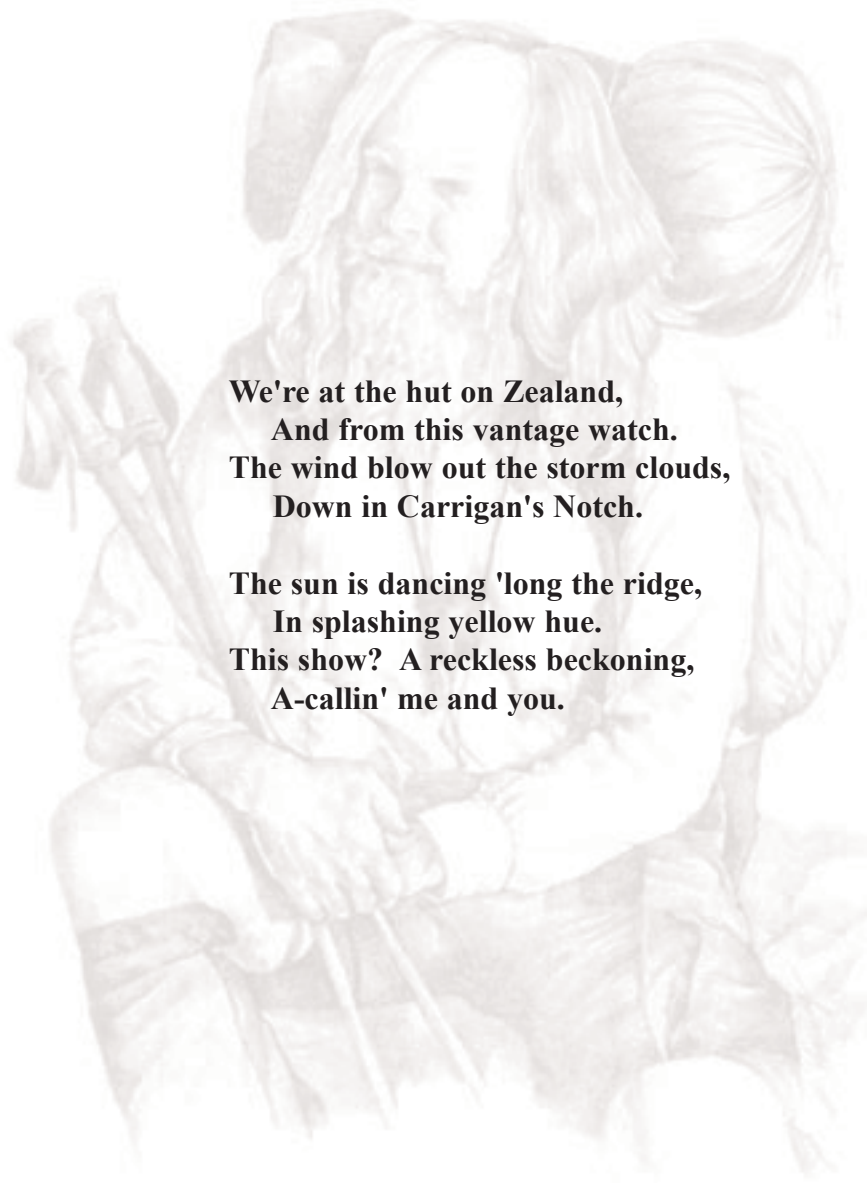


ZEALAND HUT [7-98]



**We're at the hut on Zealand,
And from this vantage watch.
The wind blow out the storm clouds,
Down in Carrigan's Notch.**

**The sun is dancing 'long the ridge,
In splashing yellow hue.
This show? A reckless beckoning,
A-callin' me and you.**