


Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
The Tempest—



You are invited to an ending of the semester—a literary ending. There will be food, and revelry (of sorts), and there will be camaraderie. Please join us. All are welcome.
Friday, April 28th, 4:30-6:00, in N-115.

