



Light, so low in the vale
You flash and lighten afar,
For this is the golden morn-
ing of love,
And you are his morning
star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and
wood.
Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Model: Mysha

Wardrobe: Sarah Karim

Jewellery: Sparkle

