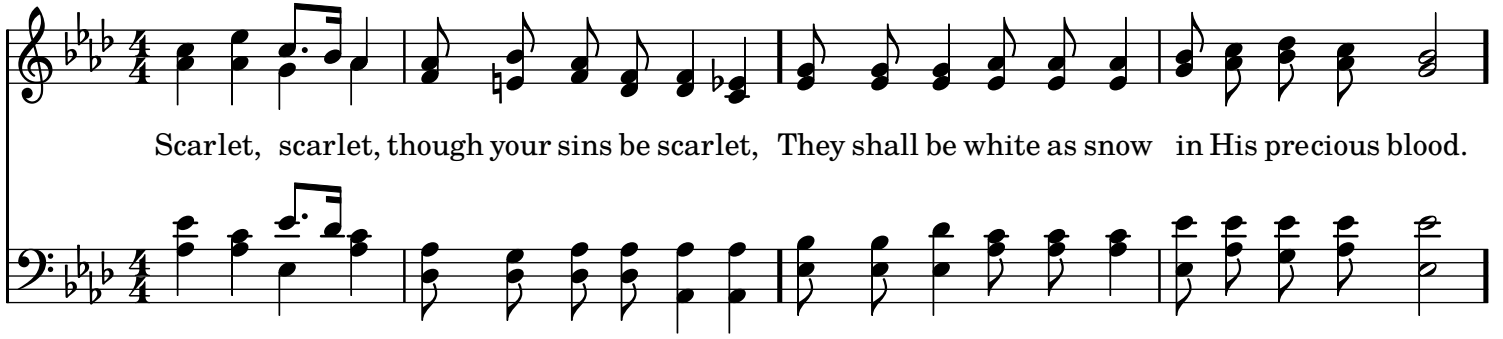


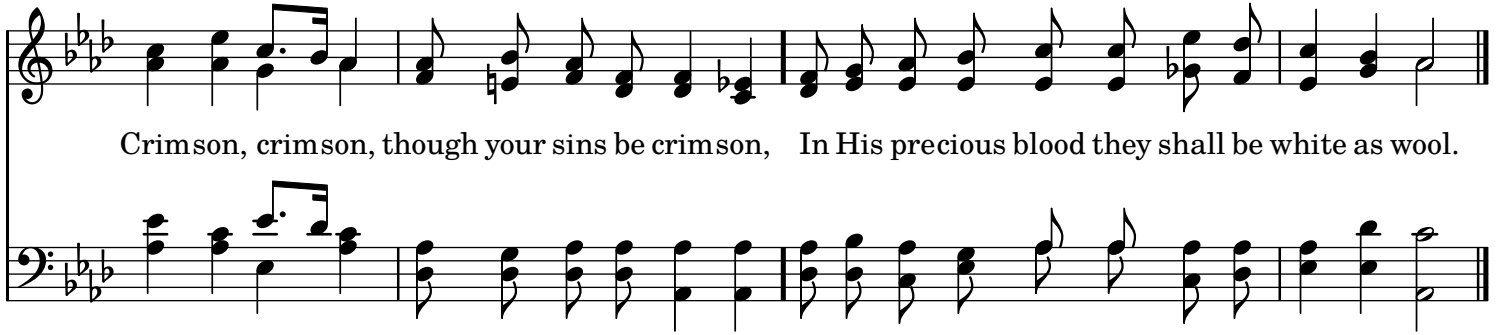
# Scarlet, Scarlet!

(P. M.)

R. Lowry



Scarlet, scarlet, though your sins be scarlet, They shall be white as snow in His precious blood.



Crimson, crimson, though your sins be crimson, In His precious blood they shall be white as wool.