If I could attain my dreams
I would clasp your curly blonde head
I would want to give you many caresses
Broad and perpetual as the ocean's waves

I would give you many beautiful things

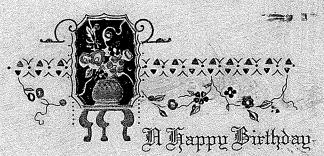
Multi-colored flowers from flowering meadows

All the twinkling stars of the sky

The costliest glittering jewels

A poor poet however am I
Who can give you only sweet love
I can offer only a poor gift
Sentiment, hope and my heart

Francis March 29, 1931



Mly wishes do not jog along, Or move with footsteps slow, They're hurrying on wings of speed Because to you they go. Se realizar potessi i sogni mier, Ti cingereis d'allor la chioma bionda. Tanta saprienza darti ti vorrei, Larga e perenne, come del mar l'orda.

E ti darei trutte le cose belle: Doi prati i fiori vareopinti e ausenti, Tutte del ciel le rutilanti stelle I gioielli più can e più vplendenti.

eln povero poeto invece io torro
che dingrie dar ti posso, dole amore?
Volo ti potro offir povero dono:
Il pensier, la speranza d'il mio crore!

— ofranceis-

March 29th / 27/

One day I met a young woman

Who told me she had never known love
In her lacerated, damaged life
I listened, gave her courage, and then love

Like a gentle flower awaiting life
From the fresh morning dew
Thus, the dear, blessed child
Gave me her tiny heart's trust

Now we love each other and the embrace

And the sweet bonds of love received

I pass the days in true delight

Like the happiest man in the world

Frank
December 14, 1929

Concobbi un di una vaga giornetta; Che auror, midiste, non conobbe mai Wella pua vita, strajiata e negletta. Ka vidi, inconggiai, e poi l'amai. Come fiore gentil che vita aspetta Talla rugio da fresea del mattino, Cosi la cara bienta kerredetta Dono sui fe del caro coricino Ora ci annamo entrambi e nella stretta Di dolei nodi che l'annor vinverra Lo passo i giorni con la una difetta loure l'nou pui felice della terra 12-14-27 Frank



	र्गीर Habitat for Humanity°
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***	Francis to Dina D'Alto
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# Lovely, curly golden haired angel When, as protector, I have you always near me Sweet companion of joy and work I kiss you forcefully at day's beginning

Always yours

December 8, 1927

sileny a attom res produ chiama does al commenta l giolo 

#### Golden Hair

I was in the middle of a meadow one spring day
And I remember multi-colored flowers
Among which I found myself observing
Your streaming blonde hair
And the sparkle in your deep-set eyes

My heart stirred, and I approached
Your little lissome, slim body
Created so graceful and beautiful
I remained bound to the golden hair
And the gaze of your deep-set eyes

I asked for your love and you replied
That you didn't know what love was
But you hugged me tightly
I felt my heart throbbing
Then I kissed your golden hair
And the deep gaze of your eyes

That beautiful spring day passed for us

And the melodious angelic song

Was linked to luminous night

And the promise of our holy affection

I kissed your blonde head

And I became intoxicated in your deep eyes



## **THE Habitat for Humanity**

## Dina

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capelli brondi Bej quali mi trovavo ai res mato Vicino a le gentifiche non dipinhi. Quevi i moi capelli fluenti e biondi Eil luccicor dei tuoi occhi profondi. Tumblé is cores mi l'avricinai, al corsicino tuo flessuoso e mello che sol perme il fato io mi pensai, avea viento di grazioso e tello. Testa legato d'ai capelli biondi aso squando dei tuoi occhi propondi Tichiesiamore e unirispondesti, ma pur gentila me ti vistringerti.
Porcioli allora i troi capelli bioni.

per noi quel d'Ir primavera melodioso conto Tougelletti saldato in luminosa sera E fu saldato in lummosq sera Eil caldo ginro Hi nostr, santi affetti Baciaith' Alancora i tuoi capeli biond; E mis inebrai nei tuoi occhi propondi Forget all sad things
They no longer exist
Think only of this
Smile at your infant son

We love each other in our pain

We suffer for our love

Smile now, my star

Life is beautiful

Francis Junuary 2. 1929



## **THE Habitat for Humanity**

## Dina

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Scorda agni eo ta tuste
2 san più mon estita
a questo soura solo
Sorvideli un figliade

Ci amammo nel dobro
Vosprimmo per l'amoro;
Vosvridi ora, mia stella,
Xa vita è bella!

1/2 29 Frenzei

#### The Kiss

Soft, most soft the kisses you gave me
Like caresses on my lips
My eyes, my heart you sealed
You opened my soul with yearning

I felt myself covered from head to toe
With sweet intimacy and yearning
I welcomed the burning in all of me
I seized the words, "You are already mine"

Kisses, sweet kisses tender, dear kisses
The happiness of the heart in love
I adore you and I am sure
Of the promises I've given you

Dina

#### 

IL BRACIO ..

LIEVI, LIEVISSIMI BACI POSASTI,

COME CAREZZE, SULLE LABBRA MIE,

E GLI OCCHI, IL COR MI SERRASTI,

SCHIUDESTI NELL' ANIMA LA NOSTALGIA:.

SENTII CELARMI DA CAPO A''PIE';
D' AMPLESSO DOLCE, DA BRAMOSIA,
DI FOCO, ACCOLSI, TUTTE IN ME,
STRINSI, LE PAROLE: SEI GIAA MTAA

BACL, DOLCI, TENIRI, CARI BACI, FELICITA' DEL COR INNAMMORATO, V' ADORO, E SENTO INFALLACI, I GIURAMENTI SINCERI, CHE HO DATI.

DINA.

### Waiting

I'm alone in my little melancholy room
And my heart aches with desire
Who knows where my delight is
Where can my heart be

Perhaps she is amusing herself in conversation
With friends, talking stories old and new
Perhaps they will also make her angry
Whispering prayers into her ears

They do not know of my deep pain

When she moves from my side

They can't imagine the torment of love

For the one who feels the pain of distant love

Now I will send her a silent appeal

I will use the ether as my messenger

Come back to me who so very much hopes and waits

And she will hear the sweet lament
Of one who waits with yearning heart
And she will return on the wings of wind
To console me again with her love

Frank Malgeri
December 31, 19291

Aspettando Sto solo in malinconica stangetta. Ed il nio cor si strugge di desio, Chi sa ove si sta las funo diletta, Ove vara la bella del cor mio?! Fors' ella j'intrattiene in convergare Tra amiche a favellar historie vecifie Forse me la faran anche arrabbiare? Susurrando preghiere alle sue orechie quando dal fianco mio ella si toglie, Non sanno inniaginor le pene amare Chi dell'amor londan sente le doglie. Or'is le manders un muto appello, E l'elère usero per mestaggero. Och, vieni, le diro, angelo Vello, Ritorera a me che t'anto, aspetto es pero. largento Ed ella sentira il dolce richiamo Di chi l'appella con bramoro core, i tornerò culle ali del vento A consolarina ancora del suo amore. Desember 91-17