

How does
Prawn deal with
white
space

and

line
breaks?

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not
thine. Long through thy weary crowds I
roam; A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven
foam: But now, proud world! I'm going
home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face; To
Grandeur with his wise grimace; To
upstart Wealth's averted eye; To supple
Office, low and high; To crowded halls,
to court and street; To frozen hearts and
hasting feet; To those who go, and those
who come; Good-bye, proud world! I'm
going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,--
secret nook in a pleasant land, Whose
groves the frolic fairies planned; Where
arches green, the livelong day, Echo the
blackbird's roundelay, And vulgar feet
have never trod A spot that is sacred to
thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I
tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the
pines, Where the evening star so holy
shines, I laugh at the lore and the pride of
man, At the sophist schools and the
learned clan; For what are they all, in
their high conceit, When man in the bush
with God may meet?

?teem yam doG htiw hsub eht ni nam
nehW ,tiecnoc hgih rieht ni ,lla yeht era
tahw roF ;nalc denrael eht dna sloohcs
tsihpos eht tA ,nam fo edirp eht dna erol
eht ta hgual I ,senihs yloh os rats gnineve
eht erehW ,senip eht htaeneb dehcterts
ma I nehW dnA ;emoR dna eceerG fo
edirp eht no daert I ,emoh navlys ym ni
efas ma I nehW ,O

.doG dna thguoht ot dercas si taht tops A
dort reven evah teef ragluv dnA
,yalednuor s'dribkcalb eht ohcE ,yad
gnolevil eht ,neerg sehcre erehW
;dennalp seirialf cilorf eht sevorg esohW
,dnal tnasaelp a ni koon terces --,enola
sllih neerg noy ni demosoB ,enots-htraeh
nwo ym ot gniog ma I

.emoh gniog m'I !dlrow duorp ,eyb-dooG
;emoc ohw esoht dna ,og ohw esoht oT
;teef gnitsah dna straeh nezorf oT ;teerts
dna truoc ot ,sllah dedworc oT ;hgih dna
wol ,eciffO elppus oT ;eye detreva
s'htlaeW tratspu oT ;ecamirg esiw sih
htiw ruednarG oT ;ecaf gninwaf
s'yrettalF ot eyb-dooG

.emoh gniog m'I !dlrow duorp ,won tuB
:maof nevird eht ekil dessot neeb ev'I
gnoL ,enirb naeco eht no kra-revir A
;maor I sdworc yraew yht hguorht gnoL
.eniht ton m'I dna ,dneirf ym ton tra uohT
:emoh gniog m'I !dlrow duorp
,eyb-dooG

EYB-DOOG

This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down

into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below. This text should flow gracefully onto the next page, like a stream flows elegantly from a mountain lake down into the village below.

Hooray! We've conquered the evil PDF gods

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home: Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine. Long through thy weary crowds I roam; A river-ark on the ocean brine, Long I've been tossed like the driven foam: But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face; To Grandeur with his wise grimace; To upstart Wealth's averted eye; To supple Office, low and high; To crowded halls, to court and street; To frozen hearts and hasting feet; To those who go, and those who come; Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone, Bosomed in yon green hills alone,-- secret nook in a pleasant land, Whose groves the frolic fairies planned; Where arches green, the livelong day, Echo the blackbird's roundelay, And vulgar feet have never trod A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome; And when I am stretched beneath the pines, Where the evening star so holy shines, I laugh at the lore and the pride of man, At the sophist schools and the learned clan; For what are they all, in their high conceit, When man in the bush with God may meet?

And this text automatically goes below the poem