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| A Birthday by Christina RosettiMy heart is like a singing birdWhose nest is in a watered shoot;My heart is like an apple-treeWhose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;My heart is like a rainbow shellThat paddles in a halcyon sea;My heart is gladder than all theseBecause my love is come to meRaise me a dais of silk and down;Hang it with vair and purple dyes;Carve it in doves and pomegranates,And peacocks with a hundred eyes;Work it in gold and silver grapes,In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys,Because the birthday of my lifeIs come, my love is come to me. | A Birthday by Christina RosettiMy heart is like a singing birdWhose nest is in a watered shoot;My heart is like an apple-treeWhose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;My heart is like a rainbow shellThat paddles in a halcyon sea;My heart is gladder than all theseBecause my love is come to meRaise me a dais of silk and down;Hang it with vair and purple dyes;Carve it in doves and pomegranates,And peacocks with a hundred eyes;Work it in gold and silver grapes,In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys,Because the birthday of my lifeIs come, my love is come to me. |
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