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| A Birthday by Christina Rosetti  My heart is like a singing bird  Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  My heart is like an apple-tree  Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  My heart is like a rainbow shell  That paddles in a halcyon sea;  My heart is gladder than all these  Because my love is come to me  Raise 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 life  Is come, my love is come to me. | A Birthday by Christina Rosetti  My heart is like a singing bird  Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  My heart is like an apple-tree  Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  My heart is like a rainbow shell  That paddles in a halcyon sea;  My heart is gladder than all these  Because my love is come to me  Raise 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 life  Is come, my love is come to me. |
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