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The garden

I am passing through a garden

With flowers everywhere.

They softly sway with coy delight,

Their fragrance scents the air.

Who can walk the perfumed garden

Where all this beauty grows,

And claim to know with certainty

Which is the sweetest rose?

Yet ere I leave this lovely place;

One blossom I may choose.

To keep for comfort where I go,

The others I must lose.

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