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DEDICATION

The white rose my soul
Is blown upon the ways.
Over the high earth
Valleys bring it forth,
And it is found upon mountains.

The white rose my soul
Knoweth all winds and wings,
All nests, all songs,
With each smiling star,
And every graceful day.

The white rose my soul
Is under the world's feet.
(Only thou dost hold,
In that how little hand,
The red rose my heart.)