Cres
rose buds paint and blow. The birds— they sing a-loud.

rose buds paint and blow. The birds they sing a-loud.

rose buds paint and blow. The birds they sing a-loud. The multitudes— the vast who the

rise—who the multitudes— the vast who the

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rise—who the multitudes— the vast who the
happiness be around ill, all who said in truth with hope
ill, all who said in truth with hope
ill, all who said in truth with hope

It is not wealth and fate that smooth the way—Nor life the way it is: Not life, not fate, but fate and life.


call & used the sound

till & cho doth re-peat the sound.