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THE DOG-TOOTH VIOLET.

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EDMOND S. MEANY.

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In the mountain's hanging gardens  
I roamed in joy today  
And saw a lavish treasure  
In flowers that strewed the way.

They nod and sing a welcome,  
They speak to those who know  
Of life and love in summer,  
Of sleep beneath the snow.

And one with snowy petals  
My memory ever thrills.  
Thou art purest and the fairest,  
Sweet lily of the hills.