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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

TO —

I heed not that my earthly lot  
Hath little of Earth in it—  
That years of love have been forgot  
In the hatred of a minute:—  
I mourn not that the desolate  
Are happier, sweet, than I,  
But that you sorrow for my fate  
Who am a passer-by.

