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## Little Sorrows

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And when we seek expression  
Of love we can't restrain,  
We feel a sad suppression  
Where words have proven vain.

Fond words unwisely spoken,  
Kind acts misunderstood,  
Will leave us here heart-broken —  
With intents that were good.

Oh, could our souls e'en whisper  
What words can ne'er convey,  
Our lives, without a murmur,  
Would glide a smoother way!

