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FIRST CROAK

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Thou shalt see  
Break and sing  
Days of spring,  
Dawning free.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly, —  
Strive, or die  
Striving so!

Darker hearts,  
We, than some  
Who shall come  
When spring starts.

Well I see,  
You and I  
By and by  
Shall get free.