

# The Apples

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Asked the little apple tree  
That is easy to decide  
Have them green, the grasses cried

But the crimson roses said  
We should like to have them red  
While the dandelions confessed  
Yellow seemed to them the best

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When the apples all were ripe  
Many wore a yellow stripe  
Some were red and some were seen  
Dressed in coats of softest green