

The Apples

What hue shall my apples be?
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