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| ***I Meant to Do My Work Today*** by Richard Le Gallienne |  |

I meant to do my work today—  
   But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,  
And a butterfly flitted across the field,  
   And all the leaves were calling me.   
  
And the wind went sighing over the land,  
   Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—  
   So what could I do but laugh and go?

