



I often go walking in meadows of clover,



And I gather armfuls of blossoms of blue.



I gather the blossoms the whole meadow over;



Dear mother, all flowers remind me of you.



O mother, I give you my love with each flower



To give forth sweet fragrance
A whole lifetime through;



For if I love blossoms and meadows & walking,



I learn how to love them, dear mother from you.