



I often go walking
in meadows of clover,



And I gather armfuls
of blossoms of blue.



I gather the blossoms
the whole meadow over;



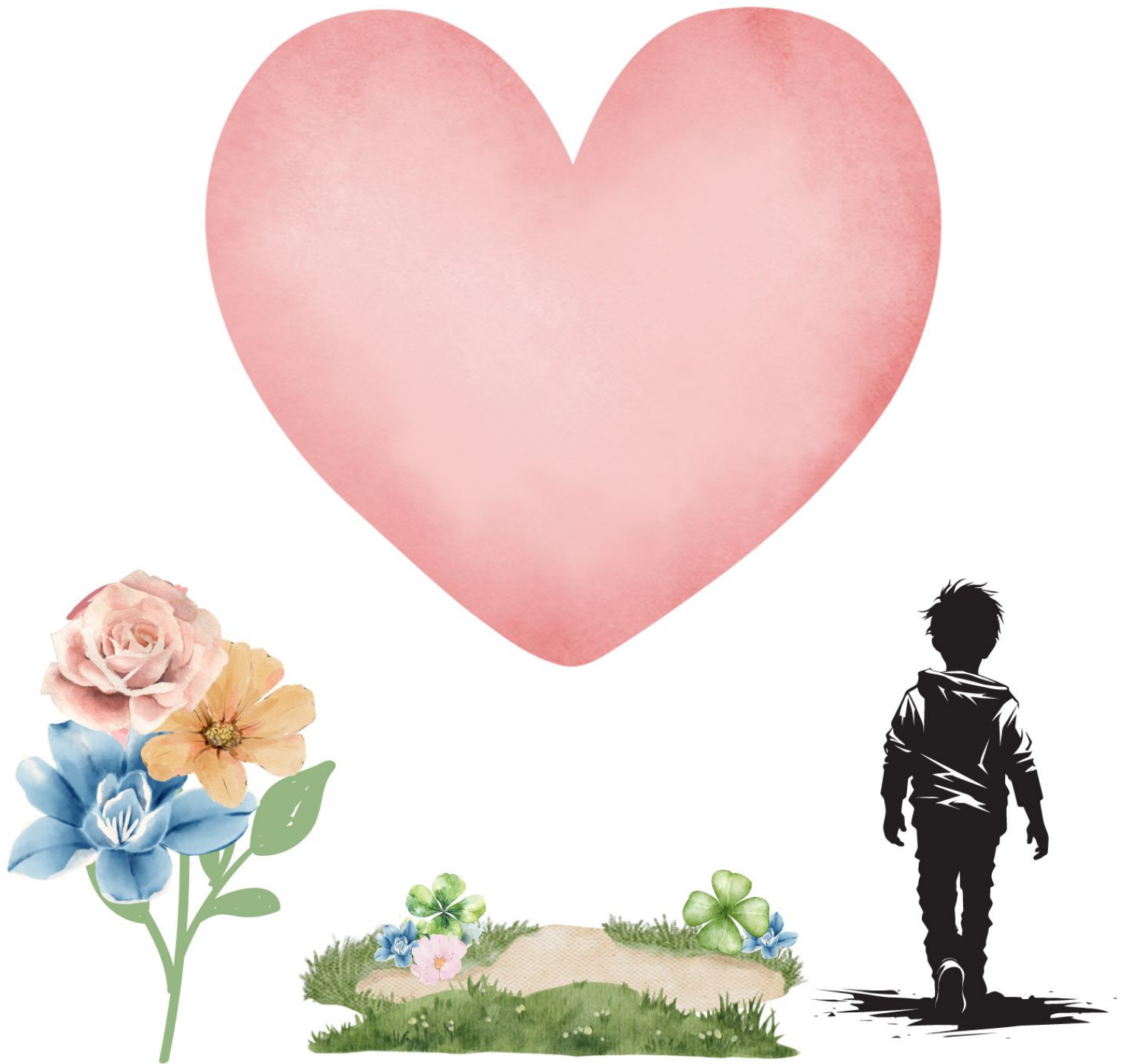
Dear mother, all flowers
remind me of you.



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 and walking,



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