

There are gathered in the palm house,
Growing 'midst a torrid heat,
Rare flowers that charm the senses,
Such as few but travellers meet;
Plants from far-off tropic regions,
Spreading palms and orchids rare,
With the beauteous water lily,
Giant leaved, with flowerets fair.

But a greater charm has Kew than these,
More homelike and more dear,
Than the wealth of rare exotics,
To perfection brought with care.
For there amid the woodland,
From the brakes far and near,
Float out the voice of song birds,
Piping loud their notes of cheer.

An exile from the homeland
For many a weary year,
There again I heard the robin,
With his song so sweet and clear.
Other warblers may sing louder,
But none can him excel;
The black-eyed saucy robin
With the trill we love so well.