

Green and set with silver hairs,
'Tis your fairy crown.

Through the branches sunlight gleams,
Dances all the day,
Round your form so delicate,
Where green grasses play.

Robins sing their sweetest songs,
Lulling you to sleep,
Or at other buds you smile
Through the grass so deep.

Sometimes you serenely gaze
At the noonday sky,
Then you bend your modest head
To your leaves so dry.

Mayflower, you are happy here,
Drinking crystal rain,
You like mortals do not moan
In a world of pain.

Would I were a little flower,
Innocent and meek,