

For in whate'er country
We may chance to be,
England bears the best of
Wild flowers that we see.

There the fair anemone,
And blue violet sweet ;
Also yellow primrose
With the Spring doth greet.

There in early summer,
In the month of May,
Is the red-white hawthorn,
And sweet smelling hay.

Well do I remember
Our trysting place so dear ;
With its rustic bridge and
Limpid waters clear.

While we waited, listening,
Many a glad time,
We could hear the old bells
Of the village chime.