

Would you visit the land of August weather,
Where the meadows are hedged with hawthorn and heather?
Then follow on with me.

That land where the North winds cool the hot flower,
And the West wind plays through each leafy bower?
Then follow on with me.

Would you go where the flowers of each country fair
Together are grouped in the cool May air?
Then follow on with me.

Where each warm land's fruits grow side by side,
Where the pure rills flow with crystal tide?
Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where stars shine bright,
And the moon floods the scene with radiant light?
Then follow on with me.

Would you visit the land where oceans stand,
Set in golden gravel and silver sand?
Then follow on with me.

Would you go where the dawn is rosy bright,
As it chases away the shadows of night?
Then follow on with me.