

**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.**