



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.****

