

Nature

I see the sunlight dappled on the hill,
A balmy afternoon in the late Spring,
I hear the sweet beautiful birdsong still;
It's a time when all the birds sweetly sing!

And the meadows of flowers sweetly blow,
They perfume the air with fragrance so sweet,
Sometimes at evening when I walk slow;
I stop to see those flowers at my feet.

I stop and stoop to smell their dear sweetness,
For they are filled with everlasting grace,
For sometimes they will my fair cheeks caress;
And brush their petals up against my face.

I admire such very sweet beauty,
They are a very fond treasure to see!

