

bounding forth in childish glee
 When I found a flower like thee
 Greeting me. Look at it!
 When an overcast moment or hill
 Dims thou of those that bloom
 Around my door of low England home
 How death and my sunny forth
 In her Kingdom meet and part.
 And thou breathest in mine but
 Darest I closely love to have
 Whispering of a chosen home
 In that far off distant land
 Who have wandered off with me
 Pict in search of thee
 Dughters of the sunny south
 Land of eyes and friends of you on
 Boundest thou left alone again up
 Of low England beyond thy
 Great in all thy verdant bloom
 Of sunny all thy sweet perfume
 In a black December day
 That the sun of England say
 How many eyes on thee
 How delight to gaze the trees
 But this little one that with me
 That has made long time ago
 Thence the land with action thence
 Begun the way to these towers
 They are diminishing till the day