

THE FAIREST GARDENS

LAURENCE DAKIN

The fairest gardens in us grow,
And everywhere that love has been,
The little flowers wave and blow.

The lips, the cheeks, the eyes that glow,
Blossom and branch with love therein;
The fairest gardens in us grow.

The tender leaflets row on row,
Shelter and shade the buds between;
The little flowers wave and blow.

The days of roses come and go,
But love throbs on and flowers green;
The fairest gardens in us grow.

The airs creep in and whisper low,
And in love's bower sweet of mien
The little flowers wave and blow.

But comes the reaper, the flowers' foe,
And sweeps the earth of blossoms clean;
The fairest gardens in us grow;
The little flowers wave and blow.