

I remember how my childhood fleeted by.

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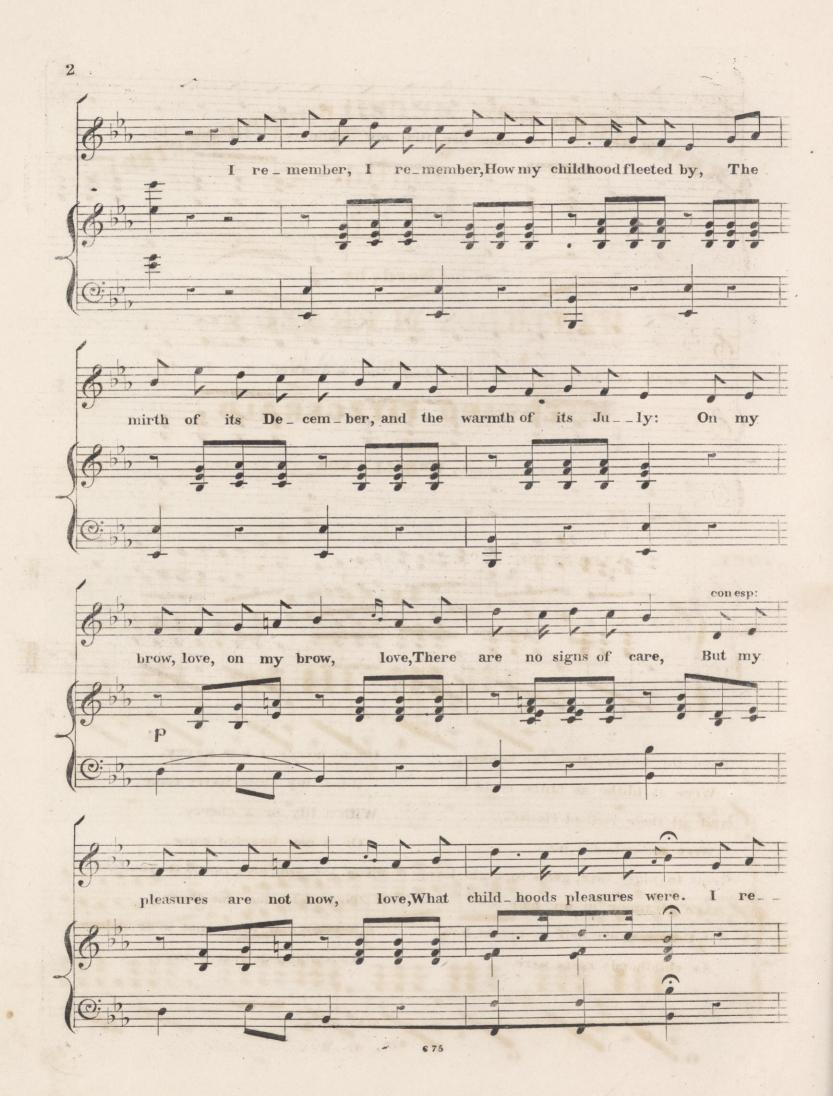
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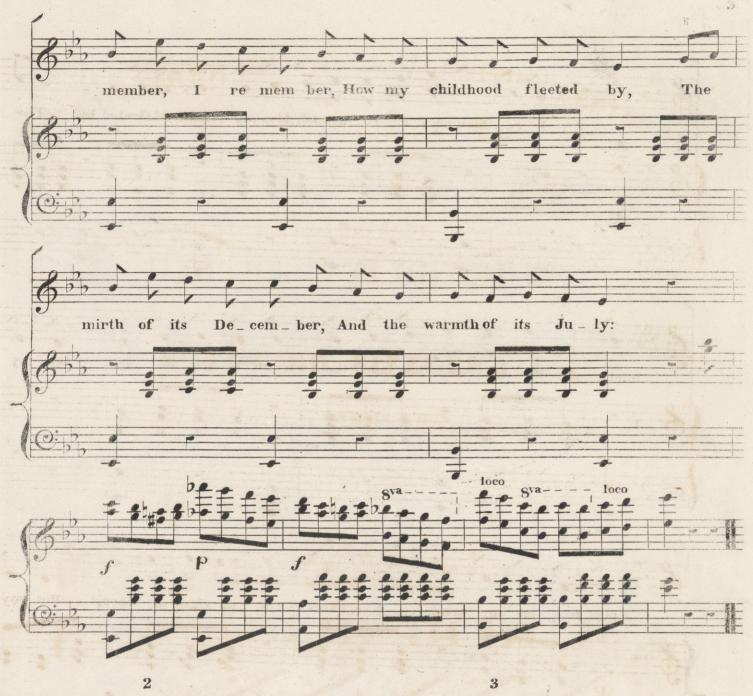
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Then the bowers then the bowers,

Were as blithe as blithe could be,

And all their radiant flowers,

Were coronals for me,

Gems to night, love, gems to night, love,

Are gleaming in my hair,

But they are not half so bright, love,

As childhoods roses were.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came,
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game,
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there,
But you know you're not so true, love
As childhoods lovers were.