I know a dear old meadow where daisies bloom so fair, And
As in that dear old meadow we wander in the gloom, It

oft-times in the twilight I slowly wander there, To
seems each night the parting must always come too soon, As

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meet by chance my sweet heart with sunny golden hair, With
on the steps so mossy of that old rustic style, We

smiles that are bewitching And a way so debonair, And
lingered in the evening And thus would list a while, To the

if I hear her singing While coming down the lane By the
nightwinds gentle murmer, While far off down the lane The

rustic stile I linger To catch the sweet refrain.

The after while 3.
Flowers are always the fairest that grow at the end of the path.

The meadows are always the greenest when mown in the aftermath.

The moments are always the shortest, spent on the steps of the stile.

And joy is ever the sweetest that comes in the while.