

In a garden of the southland  
He found her wandering astray  
She came to show him of her beauty  
That many passersby don't see

Would you be taking in  
Such frail-looking lady  
The sadness of her lone display

Dressed in yellow fire burning  
The corner dweller on the lane  
Sorrow was her only feeling  
For she could have no living shame

Take good care of time  
To sow your own true seed  
The summers end will bring your leaving

Then he journeyed for a long ways  
She was never in his mind  
Came he home to just a memory  
For the lady she had died

Take good care of time  
To sow your own true seed  
The summers end will bring your leaving