

Peace and happiness a very good thing,
Joy and love and what they do bring;
Tranquillity and patience of happiness of mind,
The truth of heavens realm, soft being kind.

Beauty and roses their bloom in the spring,
Their fragrance and cent and colour the thing;
The peace and happiness they give us from earth,
The bloom and budding of petals in full worth.

And there's the church and the steeple and spire,
For those who had fought through the war did aspire;
A memorial or fountain or green laid out fort,
Addressed and adorned by the trees and leaves sort.

So now as the sunshine comes out to shine down brightly on me,
The words of the verse glisten through the light of the tree;
That the leaves with their sparkle of a single rhyme and verse,
Sitting in this park with the need to rehearse.

And what of the maker of the sky all above,
The beauty and peace and the happiness of love;
The fresh tastes of spring and clear clean smell of winter in the air,
The magic the mystery of paradise perfection fair.

Signed,

You behind the Tree