

James Allen was born in 1831,  
To his parents their youngest son,  
Lived with family at Windsor hill,  
Helping his mother to ground flour at the mill.

Then as a horticulturalist self taught,  
Until late 19<sup>th</sup> century pleasure brought,  
James a humble man bred snowdrops,  
He had 100 at one time but Botry's he  
couldn't stop.

From ~~the~~ ~~sleepy~~ their sleepy beds snowdrops grow,  
In ~~the~~ the spring time they glow,  
Snowdrops are beautiful flowers,  
They may seem small but have magical.