

Full sweet the breeze in summer's eve,
Still sweeter as they hover,
The flowery path that winds its way
Across the fields of clover.

The veil that hangs along the sky
Has not the power to cover
The twinkling light that shines so bright
Across the fields of clover

Such scenes would make the heart rejoice,
In many a youthful rover,
Who take their way at close of day
Across the fields of clover.

And if the rover, as by chance,
Should meet a plighted lover,
The time flies sweet when thus they meet,
Across the fields of clover.

HERE WE TAKE THE PARTING KISS.

Here we take the parting kiss,
Emblem of our by-gone bliss,
By the moonbeam's struggling light,
That bids the silent world good-night.