



AU REVOIR

There's a chill in the air,
The trees are stark bare,
And the light's growing shorter each day;
The winds sweep the course,
With insolent force,
And the river flows sombre and gray.
Well, good-bye to golf,
For alas! it's all off
With the sport, till another good year;
And so with a sigh,
We'll put our clubs by,
And dwell in past memories dear.

O! we kept it up strong,
The whole season long,
And we've tasted of joy and despair;
The sting of defeat,
We've felt, and the sweet