

Would you go to the land where each season's joys  
Are waiting together for girls and boys ?

Then follow on with me.

## SWEET CLOVER.

There's none so fair and modest,  
And none so gay and sweet,  
In Summer, as the clover  
We tread beneath our feet.

Oh, you may boast of roses,  
But clover's sweeter far  
A-growing by the roadside,  
Than any roses are.

## SPRING.

I longed and longed for spring-time,  
I longed and longed for flowers,  
And now the Spring is coming,  
And with it April showers.

The grass is growing greener  
And greener every day,