



THE SONG OF THE GOLFER

Ho! for the links in the springtime—  
The summer lies before;  
Then ho for the Land of Sunshine,  
Till winter days are o'er;

For there's joy in store for golfer,  
Yes, joy the whole year through;  
Happiness from dawn till sunset,  
Though skies be gray or blue.

Yes, a joy which is unending,  
A joy that all may find;  
For youth's like unto the golfer—  
Happiness of the mind.

Ho! for the links in the springtime—  
The summer lies before;  
Then ho for the Land of Sunshine,  
Till winter days are o'er!