

**FOUR-LEAVED  
CLOVER: BEING  
STANFORD RHYMES**

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Four-Leaved Clover: Being Stanford Rhymes by Charles Kellogg Field

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**CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD**

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UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

BEING

STANFORD RHYMES

BY

CAROLUS AGER

(CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD, '96)

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THIRD EDITION

SAN FRANCISCO

1899

TO THE  
ASSOCIATION

*Hearst Mountain  
Donation*

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Press of C. A. Murdock & Co.



*This little book may perhaps be dear  
To some who tenderly recall  
The Stanford grapes, and the Mayfield beer,  
And the girls of Roble Hall.*

679900

*Four of the verses printed in the first and second editions of this book are omitted in the third, and fifteen of those here printed are not included in the preceding editions.*



#### FOREWORD TO THE THIRD EDITION.

**T**HESSE verses, reminiscent of the early years of Stanford University, come into a third edition to the music of hammer and saw and the ring of chisel upon yellow stone. The new roofs "rim the blue" far above the low red line of the old Quad, the great Arch towers higher still, and the Chapel lifts itself, stone by stone, toward its ideal,—little more than an uncertain dream when these rhymes were first put together in memory of the days of hope.

Yet, low-lying before the rising Chapel, dingy, to be sure, but still visible on twilight evenings, glimmers the '85 numeral in hasty paint, and somewhere beside a giant heap of earth where the feet of the Science Buildings are sinking into the Campus, a little old tree slants up with a bronze plate upon its breast.

So, perhaps, in the Club-room at Encina and around fraternity firesides, away from the noise and clamor of the broad daylight, these quiet voices of the early morning may not be altogether lost.



DEDICATION.

*My four-leaved clover groweth not  
Upon Parnassus steep,  
But on the Palo Alto hills  
Where Stanford poppies sleep;*

*And though these song-weeds cluster not  
Beside the Muses' well,  
The Spring-filled Lagunita Lake  
Perchance may do as well;*

*No brilliant bloom, but rooted deep  
In Stanford loyalty,  
Their still small voice may speak to those  
Who share that love with me,*

*Who once within a cloistered place  
Were college mates of mine,  
In clover there for four sweet years  
That bore the stamp divine;*

*Then, though this lyre have but two strings,  
One Love, the other Beer,  
I calmly dedicate them both  
To every Pioneer.*