

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

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FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

She journeyed north, she journeyed south,
The whole bright land she wandered over,
And climbed the mountains white with snow,
And sought the plains where palm-trees grow,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

Then to the seas she spread her sail,
Fled round the world, a white-winged rover;
Her small foot pressed the Grecian grass,
She saw Egyptian temples pass,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The costliest gems shone on her brow;
The ancient Belgian spinners wove her
A robe of lace a queen might wear;
Her eyes found all most rich, most rare,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

The throng did flock to see her pass,
To hear her speak, and all men strove her
Smile to win; she had the whole
Of each one's life and heart and soul,
But—never found the four-leaved clover.

A sudden whirlwind came at last,
A little tempest rose, and drove her
Homeward, bereft, alone, and poor,
The fair friends fled, the journeyings o'er
That never found the four-leaved clover.

"Alas!" she sighed, "all hope is gone;
I've searched the wide world through; moreover,
My eyes are worn with toil; they see
But this small strip of grass—" There free
And strong it grew—the four-leaved clover!
