# Buttercup Queen.

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### I'LL sing a song of summer-time, And crown my blue-eyed queen, The prettiest queen the buttercups And I have ever seen. Now gather up your pinafore, And scamper o'er the grass ; The daisies ne'er looked up to see A happier lad and lass. We'll build a throne upon the sand, A mist is out at sea ; Perhaps beyond there is a land Fresh made for you and me. If you are true and I am true, We'll have no doubts and fears ; But laugh together all our lives, And live a thousand years. Then let us sail away, my sweet, Before your crown shall fade ; For lovers true, like me and you, The summer-time was made. Though buttercups can fade, my sweet, And summer-time can pass, Yet just to-day we'll sail away, A happy lad and lass.