

The Book of the Native

As the simple lad drew nigh, then this dainty, dainty
maid,

(O maidens, well you know how it was done !)
Stood a-gazing at her feet until he saw she was afraid
Of the water there a-whimpling in the sun.

Now that simple lad had in him all the makings of
a man ;

And he stammered, "I had better lift you over !"
Said the dainty, dainty maid — "Do you really think
you can?"

And the water hid its laughter in the clover.

So he carried her across, with his eyes cast down,
And his foolish heart a-quaking with delight.
And the maid she looked him over with her elfin
eyes of brown ;

And the impish water giggled at his plight.