

*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.