

The Book of the Native

In the old timbers lapping cool,
About the wharf the tide hung full;
And at the wharf-side, just afloat,
Swung lazily an old gray boat.

About the froth-white water's edge,
The weedy planks, the washing sedge,
And in and out the rocking craft,
The children clambered, splashed, and laughed,

Till presently, grown tired of play,
Up the bright road they raced away;
But in the boat, a drowsy heap,
Curled boy and kitten, sound asleep.