

The Ballad of Crossing the Brook

Oh, it was a dainty maid that went a-Maying in
the morn,

A dainty, dainty maiden of degree.

The ways she took were merry and the ways she
missed forlorn,

And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

The little leaves above her loved the dainty, dainty
maid ;

The little winds they kissed her, every one ;

At the nearing of her little feet the flowers were not
afraid ;

And the water lay a-whimpling in the sun.