

Whitewaters

His sea-blue, merry eyes, his hair
Curling and like the corn-silk fair,
His red, sweet mouth, made Hally Clive
Comely as any lad alive.

His father, master of "The Foam,"
Drave his tight craft afar from home;
His mother — peaceful life was hers
With Hally, safe in Whitewaters.

And in his sun-brown arms the boy
Carried his last, most cherished toy;
A small white kitten, free from fleck,
With a blue ribbon round its neck.