

The Book of the Native

The Captain paused irresolute ; —
“To leave the helpless little brute
To the wrecked seaman’s death accurst,
The slow fierce hunger, the mad thirst, —

“I wish not my worst enemy
Such death as that! Lay to!” said he.
The ship came up into the wind ;
The slackening canvas flapped and dinned ;

And the ship’s boat with scant delay
Was swung and lowered and away, —
The Captain at the helm, and four
Stout men of Avon at the oar.