

BOY-LIKE

I LOVE to hear the brook
In the summertime

A-flowing.

I love to pick the flowers
Which near-by are

A-growing.

I love to make a whistle
From the willows close at hand,
Then home to go

A-blowing,

Thinking I am Sousa's Band.

But, best of all, to make-believe,
Through woods so dark and green,
Between the leaves

A-peeping,

By an Indiar. I am seen ;
Then, to walk along quite boldly
With my head held high,

Just so!

Clasping tight my father's shot-gun,
When, b-a-n-g, I let it go.

I love to hear the brook in the summertime

A-flowing.

I love to pick the flowers which near-by are

A-growing.

When I too long alone do dream

After me the shadows seem

A-coming and a-creeping

Then home I go to mother

A-running and a-weeping!