

MY PRAIRIE FLOWER.

LITHE as a reed that the wind doth blow,
And graceful in form was she;
Her eyes that shone like the stars of night
When she lifted them up to me.
A face like the rose in summer-time,
Fresh from a summer's shower;
Do you wonder that I loved her,
My own little Prairie Flower?

Her soft hair blows around her face
In a wild and reckless way,
And when she laughs she is joyous,
Just like a child at play.
Her dark eyes sparkle with childish glee,
And yet they are full of power;
Do you wonder that I loved her,
My own little Prairie Flower?