

The Katy-Did.

Along by the shore, where the breakers roar,
 (When the lake is rough and wild),
 In a tiny boat, we slowly float
 On a morning, calm and mild.

There is no one near, to see or hear ;
 But every now and then,
 A gull whirls by, with it's piercing cry,
 Whirls by, and is gone again,

The face of the man, with a healthy tan,
 Shines brown in the summer sun ;
 His eyes are clear, his gaze sincere
 As all may read, who run.

His merry smile, is free from guile,
 As his heart is free from care ;
 And dreamily he looks at me,
 As he whistles a careless air.

Then he speaks " what bliss, to drift like this
 On the lake so calm and clear.
 For a million years, or a billion
 years—"

And he gazes that gaze sincere.
 And the Katy-Did, slips on amid
 The rippling waves, serene ;
 Through the tall green reeds and the
 floating weeds,
 That dull the water's green.

Then o'er the swell, the dinner-bell
 Rings out, (alas, my conceit ;
 No mortal man, since time began,
 Could resist the call to eat).

He could float, could he, on the lake with me,
 For a million years or more ?
 His paddle dips—through the water
 slips ;
 The Katy-Did, headed for shore.

Lake Dauphin
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