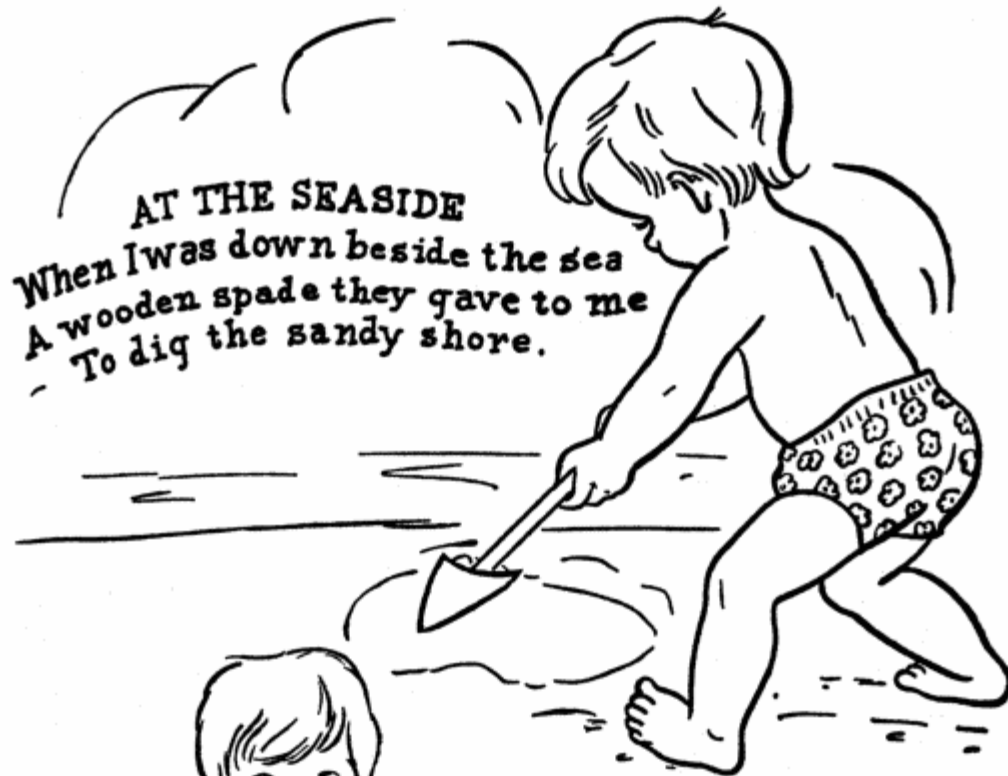


AT THE SEASIDE
When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.



My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.



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