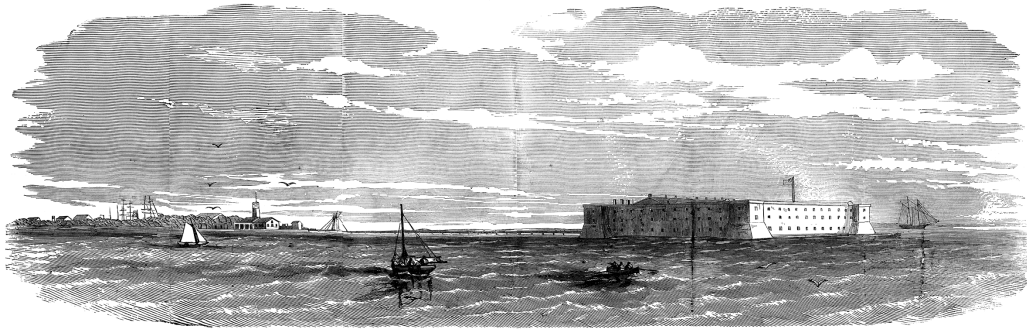


AT THE SEA-SIDE

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



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.