

ELLA LEE

The Beach

O THE days when the sea
Came up laughing and free,
And we threw it back—splash!
With a swoop and a dash,
Of our spades, Ella Lee!

We were little things then,
Hating big sailor men
Who kept trailing long ropes
O'er our own pebbly slopes,
Each one shouting like ten!

How we scattered the pools!
Like a couple of fools,
So some poking sage said
With naught else in his head
Save the lore of the schools.