

ELLA LEE

And a child's twinkling eye,  
Looking up, arch and sly,  
And two dimply hands laid  
On the prop of a spade,  
Was our only reply.

I can't tell half we did,  
But the golden hours slid,  
As the prawns and the shrimps,  
And the crabs and the imps  
Darted off and lay hid.

I can never forget  
The green glossy ledge wet,  
Where you soiled your new frock  
'Gainst the sandstone and rock,  
You remember it yet,

And the cave to explore,  
Round the point on the shore.  
How we pictured its sand  
With things sprawling and grand,  
That we drew by the score.