

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_



## ON THE SANDS.

THERE were three little crabs who  
met together,  
And asked of themselves the ques-  
tion whether,—  
Whether it was right the children should  
play  
On the rocks and sands of Roughwater  
Bay.

Said one who was dressed in a suit of drab,  
“I give you my word as an honest Crab,  
Why, one hasn’t a moment’s peace of mind,  
You’re certain the children are close behind.

“They bring down their buckets and spades and nets;  
That’s all the return and the thanks one gets  
For letting them play their games on the shore;  
I declare I’ll let them do it no more.”

No doubt he’d have been as good as his word,  
A crab’s an obstinate fellow, I’ve heard;  
But the children came that very minute  
With a wooden pail and put him in it.

