

SAND CASTLES



THOMAS NELSON AND SONS.

Designed and printed in Great Britain.

Walter from Friedrich
Dec 20/07

OFF TO SANDYTOWN.



HURRAH! hurrah! the day has come! the happy, happy day!
Pull up the blind; yes, see the sun is shining blithe and gay.
We've scarcely slept a wink all night; we've been awake since three,
For we're going down to Sandytown to paddle in the sea.

"Be quick and dress," cries brother Bob, "or else you'll lose the train."
"It's far too early," says Mamma; "go back to bed again."
So back we go, and try to think how happy we shall be
When we start off to Sandytown to paddle in the sea.

Oh, slowly, slowly goes the time; the clock has stopped, I guess;
But no, the hands are moving on, and now it's time to dress—
All in our nice new sailor suits, as pretty as can be.
We'll soon be off to Sandytown to paddle in the sea.

We can't eat any breakfast; we are not hungry, no!
Oh dear! oh dear! why is the clock so very, very slow?
But here, at last, here comes the cab, with such a lazy gee,
He surely doesn't know we're off to paddle in the sea.

Such lots of boxes on the top they pile before we go;
But really just our pails and spades are all we want, you know.
We get inside; crack goes the whip; we laugh and shout with glee,
For now we're *really* going down to paddle in the sea.

This is the station! where's the train? Oh dear, it isn't here!
"I'm sure it's gone," says Reginald; but Pa says, "Never fear."
We wait and wait, and then it comes and snorts so noisily,
I'm sure it knows we want to go and paddle in the sea.

The whistle sounds; we give a shout. "We're off, we're off!" we cry,
And watch the ugly chimney pots as they go flying by.
Here are the fields and hedges, with many a leafy tree;
It can't be long before we go a-paddling in the sea.

But all the day we travel on, and oh! so hungry grow,
And fall asleep, and wake and eat, and doze again, you know;
Till when it's night, and we are tired, as tired as tired can be,
We all arrive at Sandytown to paddle in the sea.



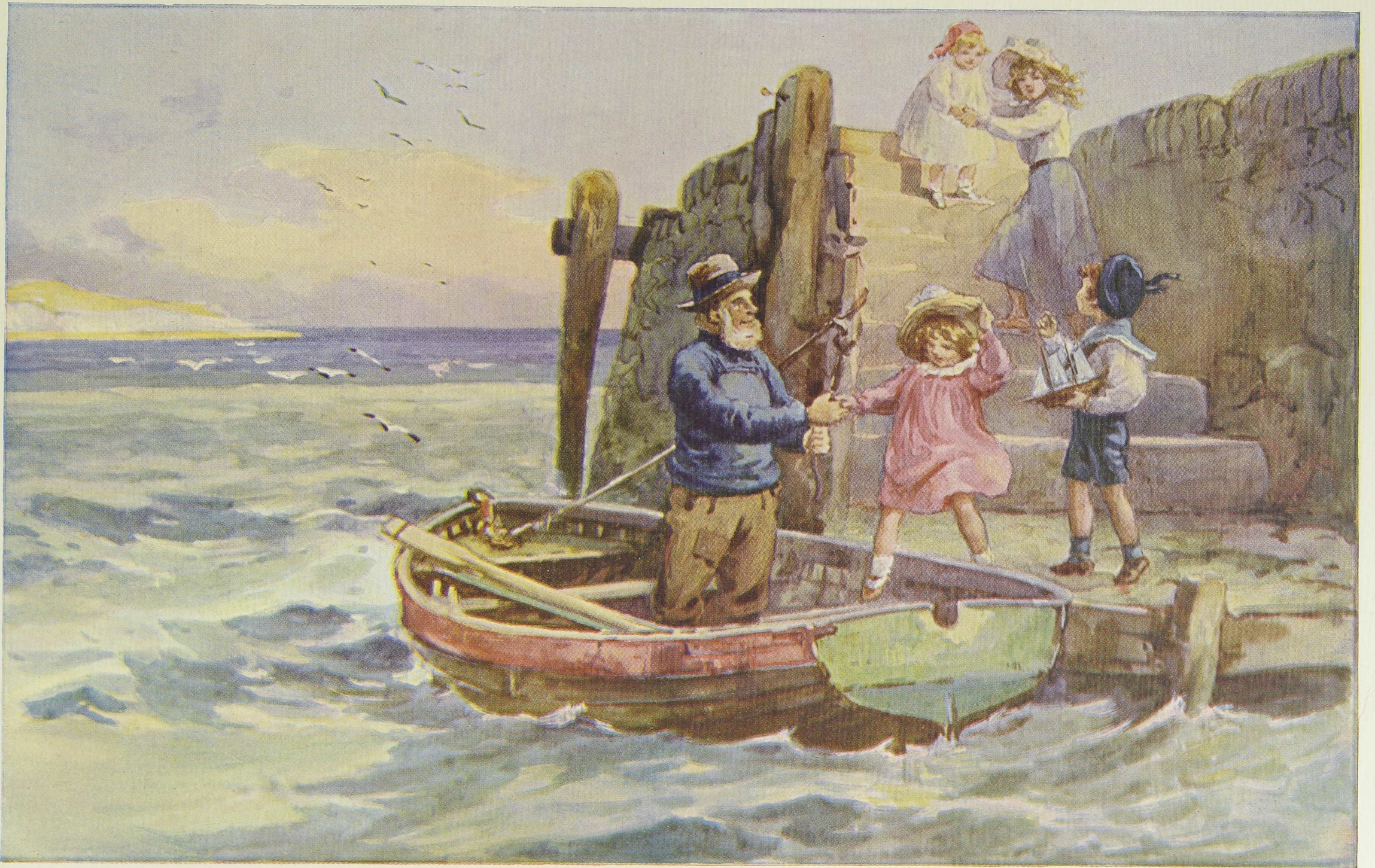


I DREAMED of castles built of sand,
And donkey-rides along the strand;

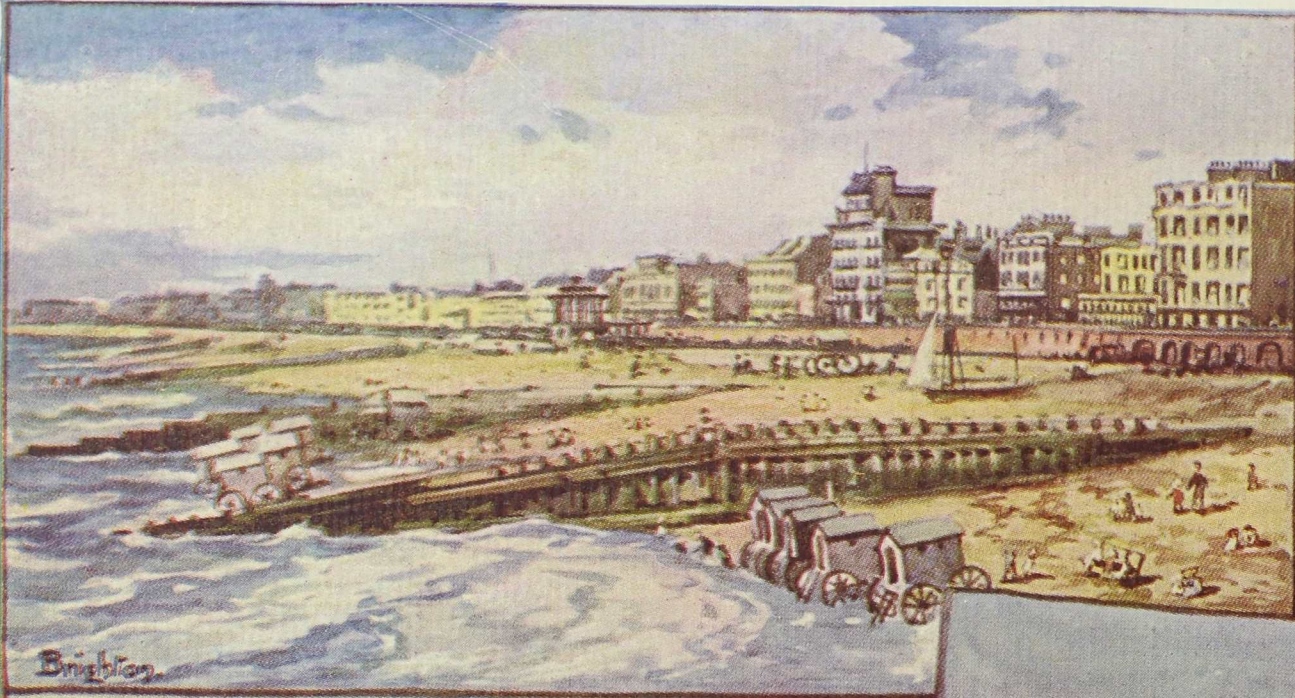
Just then I woke, and saw the sea
Outside the window smile to me.



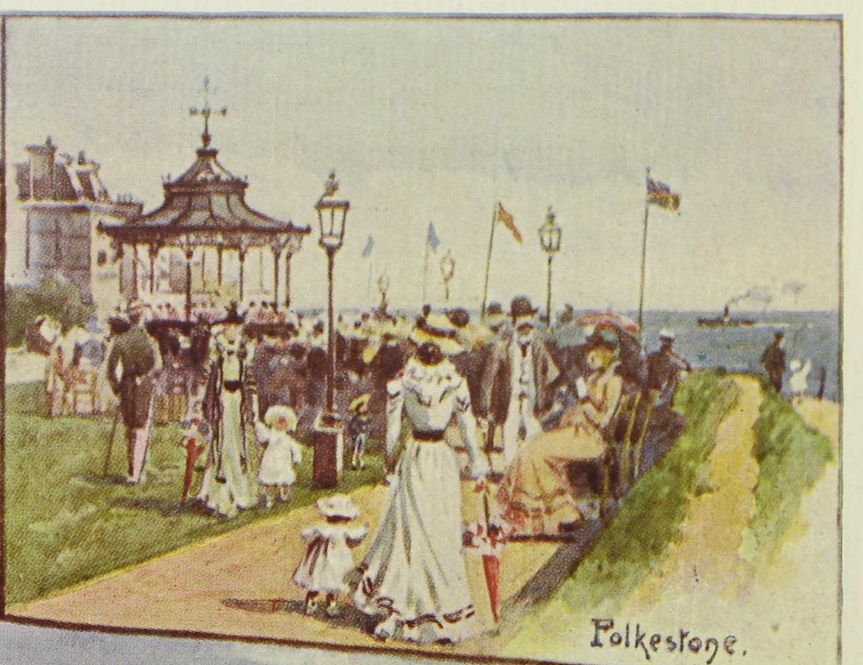
FF with your stockings, off with your socks,
 And come and climb on the slippery rocks ;
 Wade in the pools and fill your pails,
 Or watch the fish with frisking tails.
 Then put on your bathing dress, my dear,
 And plunge in the sea without any fear ;
 Up and down, while the waves dash high,
 And the fishing-boats go merrily by.
 Isn't it glorious, grand, and free,
 To splash about in the sparkling sea ?
 And when our bathing is over and done,
 We'll run about on the sands in the sun,
 Or in Peter's boat we'll go for a row,
 And catch fresh fish for tea, you know.
 Oh ! happy, happy children we,
 Romping about by the summer sea.



Tossing about on the bright blue sea,
Isn't it fun for you and me?



Brighton.



Polkestone.



Broadstairs.



Margate.



Eastbourne.



Ventnor.



Yarmouth.



Scarboro.

HAPPY SEASIDE HAUNTS.



GIVING DOLLY A SAIL.



'TIS Bank Holiday by the sea,
 Just as gay as gay can be.
 Crowds of people, lots of fun—
 All are happy, every one:
 Strolling on the Sea Parade,
 While the niggers serenade;
 Going for a merry sail
 (Some are looking very pale);

Romping, splashing in the water,
 Father, mother, son, and daughter;
 While the children all around
 Make the sands a playing ground.
 Some on donkeys gallop by—
 See the little creatures fly!
 Here's a naughty donkey lad
 Making little Annie sad.



Neddy doesn't like to go
In the water—that you know ;
But the boy, with cries and blows,
Tries to make him wet his toes.
Neddy gives an awful bray ;
Annie cries, as well she may.
Tom is playing with his train ;
He drags it up and down again.

See his tunnel, oh, so grand !
Tommy made it out of sand.
Baby May is only three,
But she's now the guard, you see.
When the little train comes out,
Then she'll wave her flag and shout.
Oh ! we're all so full of glee
On Bank Holiday by the sea.



W E'VE found a lovely, lovely nook,
 Where we can romp and play;
 And if you only come to look,
 You'll find us there each day.

You'll see us paddling gay and free,
 With laughter, shout, and fun;
 I'm sure you'll think that we must be
 Sea urchins, every one.

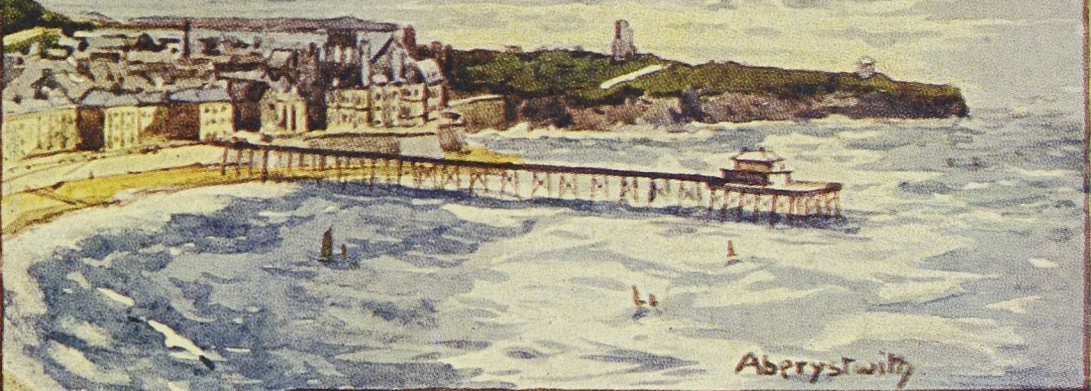
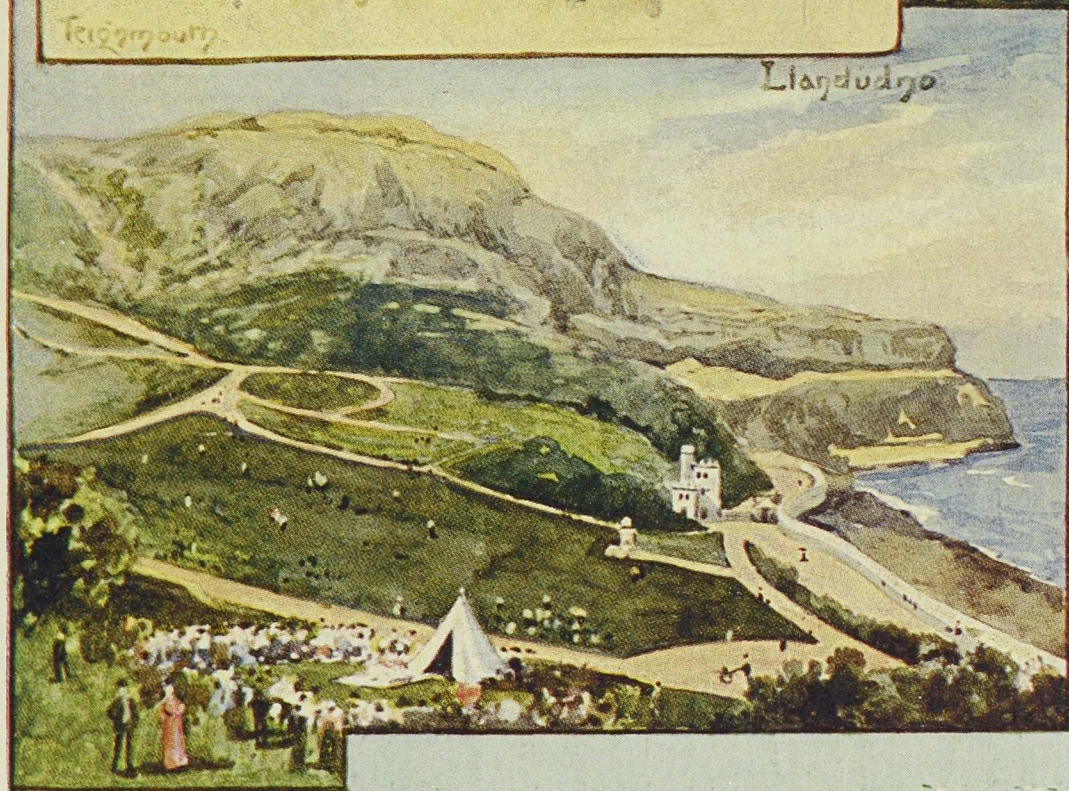
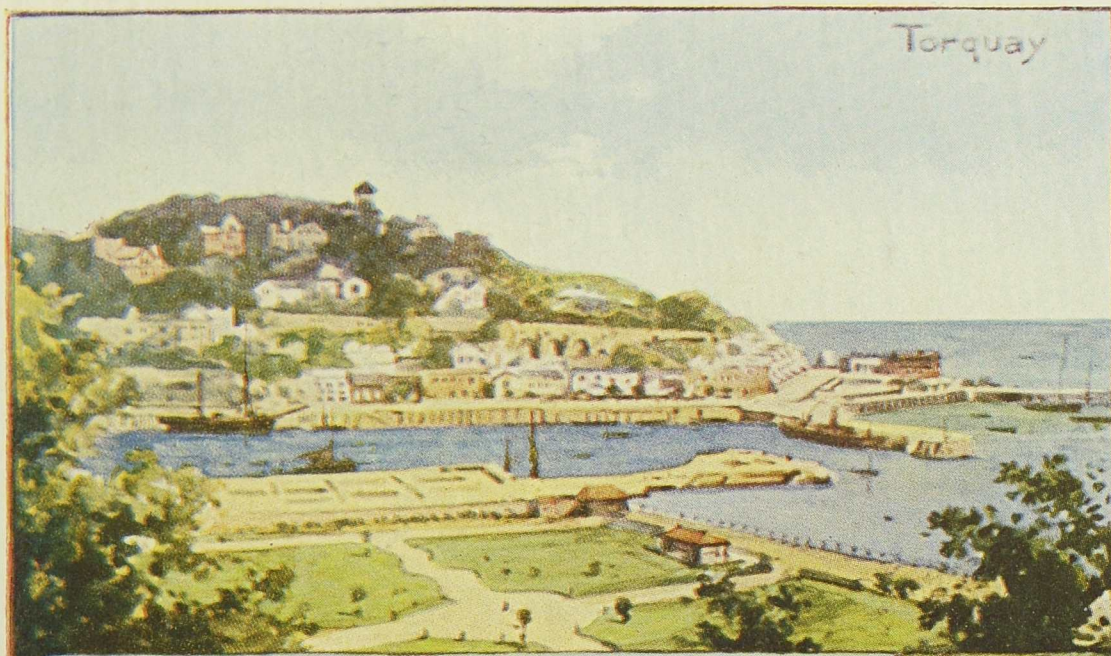


A DAY BY THE SEA.

A "MAN-OF-WAR" has Tommy Gray;
He sails it in a little bay.
It has real guns, and sailors too.
I'd like to have it; wouldn't you?



SAILING THE "MAN-OF-WAR."



MORE HAPPY SEASIDE HAUNTS.



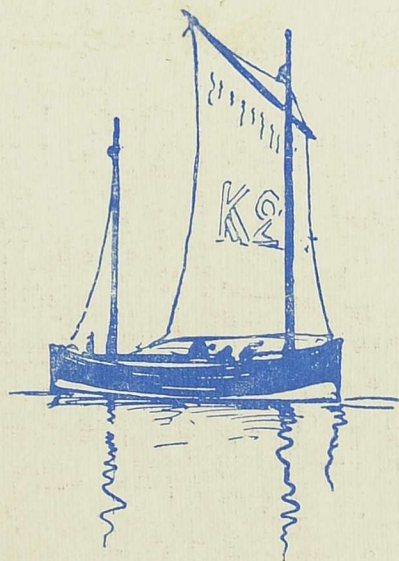
DEEP in the
 sea, quite
 out of sight,
 Are many maid-
 ens fair ;
 They love to
 look in mirrors
 bright,
 And comb their
 tangled hair.
 They swim about
 in homes of
 bliss,
 And fear not
 storms or
 gales ;

They're just like you, except in this,
 That all of them have TAILS.



Gee-up ! gee-up ! my steeds I drive
 Along the sands by the water-side.

GOOD-BYE, DEAR SEA.



GOOD-BYE, good-bye, you dear old sea!

Good-bye—we're off to town;

We're just as strong as we can be,

And oh! so very brown.

We've paddled in your waves, you know,

Caught crabs and things with fins;

But now, alas! we have to go—

On Monday school begins.

Before we see your face again,

Twelve months will dawdle by.

(I really think it's going to rain;

There's water in my eye.)

Sand-castles, donkey-rides, adieu!

Boats, niggers, spades, and pails;

When we're in town we'll think of you,

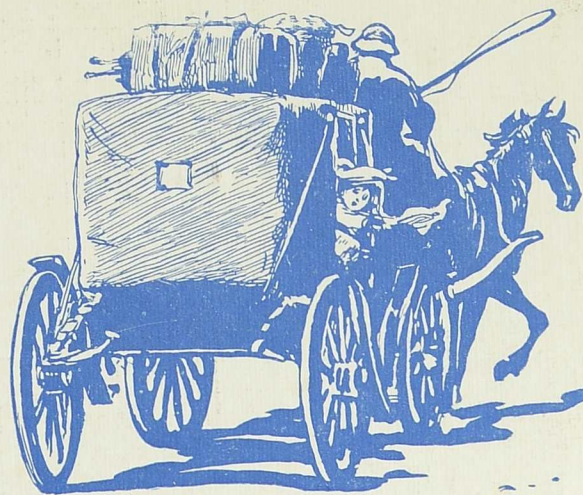
And tell such lovely tales.

Once more, dear sea, we say good-bye;

We say it, oh! with pain;

But if you love us, please don't cry—

WE'RE COMING BACK AGAIN!



The End

EDWARD SHIRLEY.

