

A Sand Castle

The tide is out, and all the strand
Is glistening in the summer sun;
Let 's build a castle of the sand –
Oh! will not that be glorious fun?

With walls and outworks wide and steep,
All round about we'll dig a moat,
And in the midst shall be the keep,
Where England's flag may proudly float.

And where a drawbridge ought to be,
We 'll make a causeway to the shore,
Well paved with stones, for you and me
To get to land when tempests roar.

We'll sit within our citadel,
And watch the tide come o'er the rocks;
But we have built it strong and well;
It will not fall for common shocks.

The moat may fill, the waves may beat,
We watch the siege all undismayed,
Because, you know, we can retreat
Along the causeway we have made.

"Haul down your flag!" "Oh, no!" we shout,
Our drums and trumpets heard afar –
The castle sinks; but we march out
With all the honors of the war.

~ Mrs. Hawtrey ~