

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE LOST HATS.

The Ballad of the Beach.

* Take of thy feelings, Samuel,
Now take them off, Samuel,
And come with me to pay.
The ebbing tide has left the sand
All hard and smooth and white,
And we will build a goodly fort,
And have a goodly fight.

Then Samuel was pulled off
His nose is sorest now;
A sand is rolled up by his hair,
And he is a paltry knave.

And hand in hand with Benjamin
He hastened to the shore,
Left a boy a sorry lad,
And cast a paltry hat.

Then down upon the shining sand
Brought joyous they sat;
Like stars laid and true;
Aye, more than they could say.

* Now sit we down within the walls,
Where no man makes a noise,
And we will make no cannon balls
Or sand, or noise.

Now neither worked those little boys,
They lay down heart and mind;

The creeping tide became night again,
To see what could not find.

The creeping tide came up the sand,
To see what it could do,

And took up all the broad-brimmed hats,
With a clatter and a roar.

* And seeing that the creeping tide,
Was not to be gainsaid,
To the fort and sand they went,
I saw them go.

* And soon after the creeping tide,
Went hither to the fort,
There lay out to the boys, naming
What sand in a boat.

Then up there came two little waves,
And rippled up the broad-brimmed hats,
And sent them to sea.

The ribbons red and ribbons blue
Entwined and twirled and twined,
The stars and spangles in the sun,
Were over cast and grieved.

The mother of these little lads
Was sailing on the sea;

And none she caught, and now she sang,
And who so but the sailor?

And "Look!" she said, "What things be
These?"

The waves upon the waves,
And rippling and stirring,
And parting as on ocean.

Now how well you gallants gay,
Now row me over the sea;

For we will have these gay craft,
And what may be."

They rowed her fast, they rowed her well,
Till we were, these gallants gay,

Over and over reached the broad-brimmed hats.

Right well those hats she knew.

"Aho!" she cried, "my little lads
Are drowned in the sea."

When down she sank in deadly swoon,
As pure as she might be.

They looked here, they looked there,
To see whom, this might be;

And lo! from their stately fort,
Beside the sand, sat sea.

But as he leapt from off the beach,
The tide began to rise,

And set us in garments on the moon,
And him in the eye.

They looked here, they looked there,
To see whom, this might be;

And lo! from their stately fort,
Beside the sand, sat sea.

They raised her fast, they raised her well,
Till we were, these gallants gay,

Over and over reached the broad-brimmed hats.

Right well those hats she knew.

"Aho!" she cried, "my little lads
Are drowned in the sea."

When down she sank in deadly swoon,
As pure as she might be.

They lifted up those little boys,
Each by his mighty hand;

The sand upon the sun,

And first that boy, voxel more pale,
Then when he sank in deadly swoon,

And when he sank in deadly swoon,

They raised up those little boys,
Each by his mighty hand;

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