

At the Sea-Side

Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.



Dreams (Stanza 1)

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Dream on, for dreams are sweet:

Do not awaken!

Dream on, and at thy feet

Pomegranates shall be shaken.

