

Composed by Bridget Snow and Joann Herbert

THE A, B, C, S OF THE SANDS OF SOUTH ARCH CAPE

A is Arch Cape  
With the Singing Sands,  
And the beauty around us,  
Made by Divine Hands. (B.S.)

B is for Bliss  
For us who live by the sea.  
How lucky we are  
You! You!! and ME!!! (B.S.)

C is for Crab  
You catch with a rake.  
The're wonderful to eat  
Both to boil or to bake. (B.S.)

D is for Drift wood,  
It's yours for to take.  
Give to Ann  
For beauties to make. (B.S.)

E is for Elephant  
Who yet never ~~xxxx~~ tread  
On the Sands of Arch Cape  
For water and bread. (J.H.)

F is for Fish  
Who swim in the sea.  
Take rod in hand  
And catch some for me. (J.H. & B.S.)

G is for George  
Who wittles and jogs.  
He carves many things  
Out of sea washed logs. (J.H. & B.S.)

H is for Herbie  
A devoted Beach Comber,  
With Windy and Duffy  
And sea spray around her. (B.S.)

I is for Intrest  
We take in our Land,  
From the high hills behind us  
To each grain of Sand. (B.S.)

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J is for Jetts  
That in the sky scream  
While we take our sun bath  
In the sand by the stream. (B.S.)

K is for Kelp  
The long slimy sea weed  
From which Bridget makes pickles  
Which are good indeed. (B.S.)

L is for "Least Sandpiper"  
The swift little bird  
He runs on the sands  
Like an innocent persued. (B.S. & J.H.)

M<sup>is</sup> for Moon  
High in the sky she rides.  
In spite of the Astronouts  
She keeps even our tides. (B.S. & J.H.)

N is for Neptune  
A Trident he carries  
Go too far in his ~~xxxx~~ realm  
With the fish you'll be buried. (B.S. & J.H.)

O is for Ocean  
With waves running high  
If you can't stop the tide  
At least you can try. (B.S.)

P is for Perch  
So delicious to eat.  
Cast your rod in the surf  
Give your family a treat. (B.S.)

Q is for Queer People  
Who litter our ~~xxxxxx~~ sands  
If we had our way  
They'd meet death at our hands. (B.S. & J.H.)

R is for Rain  
In abundance it comes.  
Makes us appreciate  
The warm glorious Sun. (J.H.)

S is for Scotty  
Who walks Dog on the beach  
Goldie, chases each Sea Gull  
That comes in her reach. (B.S.)

T is for Travis  
On his picnic table we eat  
Be it clams, crab, you name it,  
Oh! What, a great feast!! (B.S.)

U is for Unusual,  
The beach that we love,  
The people who live here,  
The birds flying above. (B.S.)

V is for Varuna  
The God of the West.  
We praise him each morning,  
He gave us the Best. (B.S.)

W is for Wading  
Young and old all enjoy.  
At the edge of the Sea  
Girl chases Boy. (B.S.)

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over