

## The Tinker and the Crab

Donovan

On the windy beach the sun is shining through with weather fair  
White horses riding on the seas pasture onto the sand  
Over the Dunes came a travelling man  
Sack on back Wild flowers in his hand  
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand stand and stare

Scratching his beard through the grass he steered his sandy shoe  
Disappearing in the dips pondering and wandering along  
Nice as you please comes the travelling man  
Drinking a bottle of milk in his hand  
Speaking to no one in particular but happily

Down where the gulls dance driftwood lying drying for the fire  
Yellow beak and sleek now the gulls are crying flying higher  
Out from the sea came a little green Crab  
Taking the Sun the morning being very drab  
Old rusty cans, pebbles 'bedded in the sand stand and stare

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