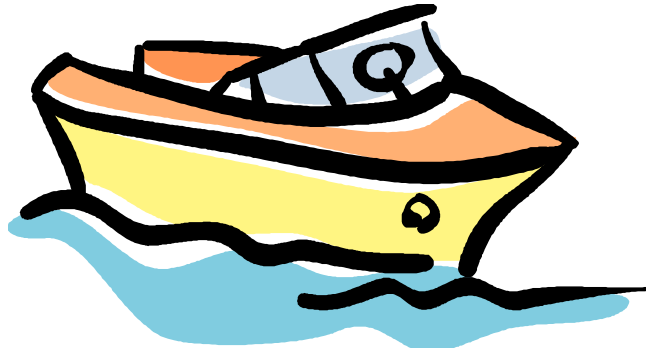




Where Go The Boats?

By: Robert Louis Stevenson

**Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.**

**Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating-
Where will all come home?**

**On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.**

**Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.**