

## **The Surfer,**

He that rides at high speed  
Kneeled down at the board,  
Good arms in lusty strokes to the shore.  
But he rides well  
The ocean's roaring tides.  
Breasting the lofty surge,  
Above the contentious wave he kept,  
For I will ride as far as land,  
Even to the edge of the shore.  
Give thy repose to the wet sea-boy,  
The angered ocean foams.

W. Shakespeare (compiled by B. W. Augenstein)