

Minot's Beacon

Out where the waves of the ocean
    Thunder and break in their wrath
Here on the outermost danger,
    Near to the mariner's path,
Standing on treacherous footing,
    Towering over the sea
Flash I my signal of warning
    Of one-four-and three.

Wrapped in a mantle of darkness,
    Lashed by the wind and the wave,
Swaying beneath their encounters,
    Often their furies I brave;
And by the tears of the tempest,
    Dimmed tho' my radiance be,
Still I keep flashing my warnings
    Of one-four-and three.

Mist often mingles with darkness,
    Pall-like upon me they close,
Hiding my treacherous neighbors,
    Whom I am here to expose;
Then with my voice I'm proclaiming
    Dangers the eye cannot see,
While I keep flashing my warnings
    Of one-four-and three.

Winds that have fiercely assailed me
    Whisper their gentle regret,
Waves that beseiged me in anger
    'Round me remorsefully fret,
Always impassive I greet them,
    Duty is sacred to me;
So I keep flashing my warnings
    Of one-four-and three.

Here thro' the varying seasons,
    Gray, weather-beaten I stand,
Guiding the course of the seaman,
    Cautiously making the land;
And to all people who pass me,
    Seeking the "Land of the Free,"
Flashing a welcome and warning,
    Of one-four-and three.

Alexander C. Corkum