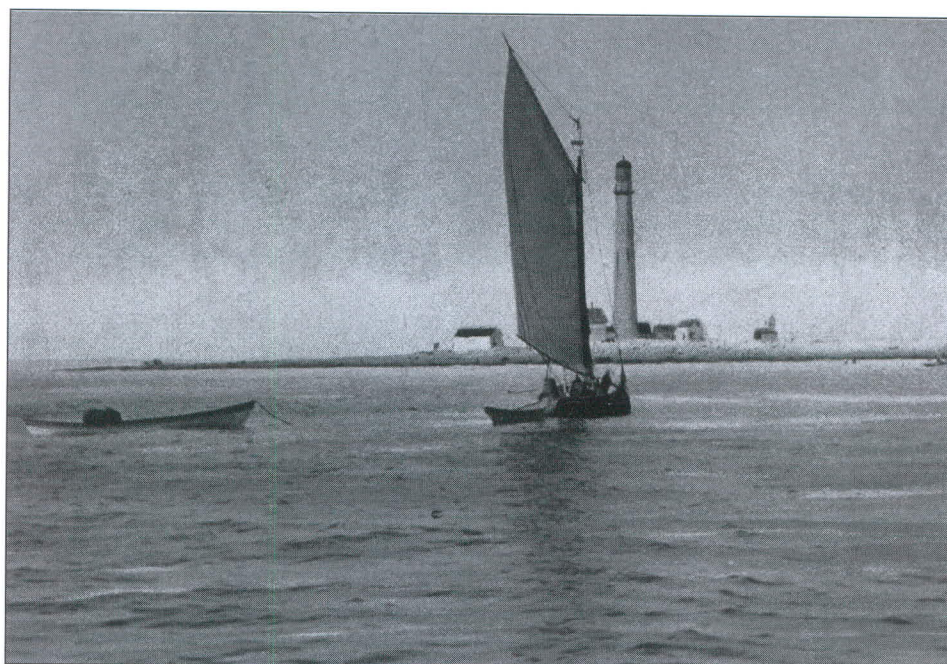




Old post card of Boon Island

The Watch of Boon Island

by Celia Thaxter

Daughter of the
Keeper of the Isle of Shoals Lighthouse

*Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall lighthouse, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim —
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.*

*They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.*

*Aloft the lighthouse sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands; and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light."*

*And while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love — wife, mother, sister, bride!"*