



*Burning upon some hidden shore
Across the sea one night
(A little reef," the Captain said)
We saw a shining light.*

*He said there was a lighthouse there
Where, lonely in the sea,
Men lived to guard that moving light,
And trim the lamp for me.*

*For me, for him, for every ship
That passes by that way.
I thought it must be strange and quiet
To be there everyday.*

*They have no shops, no fields, no streets:
No whispering sound of trees,
But always shouting at their feet
The great voice of the seas.*

*And when we sleep at night they wake,
And over every wave
They send that straight strong arm of light
Stretched like a rope to save.*

By Marjorie Wilson