

An open arch, half up the steep,
Still faces outward on the deep.
Within that haunt, perchance for crime,
A hermit dwelt, in bygone time :
Thro' summer's heat, and winter's storm,
Was seen his bent, his aged form.
For years, they say, the passers by,
Wild wanderers o'er that silent stream,
The lonely man would oft espy,
When the first dawn of day would beam.
Though slight the entrance which it gave,
A path obscure, led from the cave,
Toward dark forests, which appear,
Stretched to the mountains far in rear.
What, whence his food, no one could tell,
Or what that hermit had befel :
The old recluse, no man e'er saw,
Save from the waters far below.
One day some hunters sought him there,
At risk of life, high o'er the wave ;
His bones they found, disposed with care,
With the cold stones for bier and grave.
Within that cell, his relics sleep,
Beside that opening on the deep :