

Oh, it was hard ! that these young lives,
Should die in this wild way ;
Would that they both had never come
Here on this fatal day.

Slowly, but surely, now the waves,
Around the two did swirl ;
In all the separate fissures there,
Their hideous waters twirl.

As loud as mortal terror would
Enable them to cry,
They called aloud. The mocking scream
Of sea-birds made reply.

Within the girls' own happy home,
Faces were waiting there
To welcome both the wanderers back
The evening meal to share.

The waters now had reached their waists,
They gave up every hope ;
Knowing that now it useless was
With fate, to try and cope.