

In here, out there, and everywhere
Around the rock they went ;
Until at last the foamy froth
Near the girls' seat was sent.

A cry of terror roused them now ;
Screams rent the evening air ;
But all in vain, no human form
Could they see anywhere.

And not a sail was there in sight,
Or any help was nigh ;
The only sound that caught their ear,
Was the bold sea-birds' cry.

With ruddy glow the sun did set
Beyond the western main.
Yet must they die ? when all was peace
They moaned ; and screamed again.

Refreshingly the ozone blew
From up the briny sea,
The new moon rose ; still they were left
Alone in agony.