

See, on the canyon's western ridge,
There stands a girl ! She beholds the bridge
Smitten and broken ; she sees the need
For a warning swift, and a daring deed.
See then the act of a simple girl ;
Learn from it, thinker, and priest, and churl.
See her, the lantern between her teeth,
Crossing the quivering trap of death.
Hand over hand on a swaying rail,
Sharp in her ears and her heart the wail
Of a hundred lives ; and she has no fear
Save that her prayer be not granted her.
Cold is the snow on the rail, and chill
The wind that comes from the frozen hill ;
Her hair blows free and her eyes are full
Of the look that makes Heaven merciful—
Merciful, ah ! quick, shut your eyes,
Lest you wish to see how a brave girl dies !
Dies—not yet ; for her firm hands clasped
The solid bridge, as the breach out-gasped,
And the rail that had held her downward swept,
Where old Carew in his snow-grave slept.

Now up and over the steep incline,
She speeds with the red light for a sign ;