

A dreary life it was, at best,  
In their lonely cottage home;  
And now no more his dog and he  
Along the sands will roam.

He wanders aimless on and on,  
To where the stretching sand,  
Uncovered by the ebbing tide,  
Spreads wide on every hand.

To where a rugged face of rock  
Rises abrupt and sheer;  
So steep it is, it well might make  
The boldest climber fear.

That wand'ring boy, full well he knew  
The tricky, crawling tide,  
For many a day he had been there,  
And paced those sands so wide.

But now he is distraught, nor sees  
The tide ebbs out no more;  
The sea is flowing quickly in,  
And covering the shore.

Fast, fast he runs, but ere he gains  
That face of rugged rock,  
His feet are wetted by the sea,  
And seabirds round him flock.

With desperate steps he tries to climb  
Above the rising wave;  
The task was hard: the precipice  
But little foothold gave.