

The Lighthouse.

THE lighthouse light gleams o'er the bay,
Where all the stars reflected lie,
And 'gainst the shingle, worn and gray
The flashing ripples softly sigh!
And every breeze that wanders by
A story tells of tropic May.

Southward we turn our eyes away;
The mist enshrouds those pennons white;
O ships of ours! Oh grand array!
Swift as an arrow was your flight,
But for your coming, day and night,
We vainly watch and vainly pray.