



*'We thought how ill change came to all  
Who kept the Flannan light  
And how the rock had been the death  
Of many a likely lad-  
How six had come to a sudden end  
And three had gone stark mad,  
And one, we'd all known as a friend  
Had left from the lantern one still night  
And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall-'*

*Wilfred Wilson Gibson*