I stand upon a rocky shore,
And watch the ships go by.
I see them come, and see them go,
And watch them cross the bar.

I sometimes wonder from whence
they come,
And whither they are bound.
I only see them as I stand
Upon a rocky shore.

I have a duty to perform
As they go sailing by,
To keep the light burning bright
To guide the ships who pass at night.

Oh! that I had my Grandson Paul
To help me in the storms
To guide these ships that pass the light,
To safety and from harm.

And may that light be a guide to us,
When we put out to sea,
And guide us safely o'er the bar,
My Grandson Paul and me.

Jesse Orton