The Old Channel Light

It stands in the water
Half black and half white,
A strong sturdy structure,
The Old Channel Light.

For years, it has stood there
It's light flashing bright
To guide all the ships
On all sorts of nights.

Once men used to live there.
One at a time,
To keep the light working
And make sure it works fine.

But now no footsteps
Echo its walls,
It runs automatic
With no help at all.

Marie Olson