The Watch of Boon Island

by Celia Thaxter
Daughter of the
Keeper of the Isle of Shoals Lighthouse

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall lighthouse, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim —
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the lighthouse sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands; and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light."

And while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love — wife, mother, sister, bride!"