

The Light-Keeper

by Robert Louis Stevenson

The brilliant kernel of the night,
The flaming light room circles me:
I sit within a blaze of light

Held high above the dusky sea.
Far off the surf doth break and roar
Along bleak miles of moonlit shore,

Where through the tides the tumbling wave
Falls in an avalanche of foam
And drives its churned waters home
Up many an under cliff and cave.







