# LONGSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

It was on the Longstone Lighthouse,
There dwelt an English maid,
Pure as the air around her,
Of dangers ne'er afraid.
One morning, just at daybreak,
A storm-tossed wreck she spied;
And, though to try seemed madness,
"I'll save the crew," she cried.

CHORUS.

She pulled away o'er the rolling sea, over the waters blue,
Help! Help! she could hear the cry of the shipwrecked crew;
But Grace had an English heart, and the raging storm she braved,
She pulled away 'neath the dashing spray, and the crew she saved.

They to the rock were clinging,
A crew of nine all told;
Between them and the lighthouse,
The sea like mountains rolled.
Said she, "Come help me, father,
"We'll launch the boat," said she;
Her father cried, "'tis madness
To face that raging sea."

She bravely rode the billows,
And reached the rock at length;
She saved the storm-tossed sailors,
In heaven alone her strength.
Go, tell the wide world over,
What British pluck can do,
And singing of Grace Darling,
Who nobly saved that crew.

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