

The Rescue.

The breaking waves were lashing high
 Upon the sandy shore
 And no light was heard for miles around
 Save the loud screams and

But hark ye hark a faint wild shriek
 Is heard above the wave
 A female form in sinking there
 Is there no power to save

It comes again my daughter dear
 In accents high and wild
 Oh must I perish with the waves
 In sight of thee my child

A fair young girl stood on the shore
 She was but twelve years old
 But her fair countenance bespoke
 A far less heart and bold

She heard that dying mother's shriek
 She saw no help was nigh
 And but for her poor feeble strength
 Her mother now must die

She placed her life preserve on
 And quickly swimming there
 While supporting the angry tide
 She seized her by the hair

She bore her pale fainting form
 Towards a gathering throng
 She had kissed her cold and pallid lips
 And thought that life was gone

The Same.

Another shriek her quick ear caught
 She gazed with eager eye
 Her aunt was sinking in the waves
 Oh could she see her die

Keep up dear my aunt, dear
 She cried with child-like glee
 I've saved my mother's lifeless form
 I'll now return for thee

Then quick as thought she plunged again
 And sank beneath the wave
 She soon returned she bore a form
 Saved from a watery grave

Heroic girl may thy sweet life
 Be crowned with joy and bliss
 May god lay up for thee in store
 A crown of righteousness &c.