

ON CAPE FORCHU

M. V. MARSHALL*

Where the grotesque shadows of the spruce trees
Meet the shimmer of the moon across the sea,
Where the clanging of the Hen-and-Chickens
Mingles with the spotted plover's lonely scree—

Where the faithful flashes of the light-house
Give a warning to the ships along the bay,
Where the thick wet blanket of the fog-bank
Keeps a-calling out the fog-horn's throaty bray—

Where the white-lace fringes of the coastline,
And the music of the roaring of the sea,
And the rattling pebbles on the beaches
Show us that a brisk wind is blowing free—

Where there's brilliant blue of sky and water,
And the tingle of the pleasant summer sun,
Soaring of the gulls above the harbor,
And the little boats return when day is done—

It's there, when the rosy sun has faded
And the black and lonely night hides nature's face,
We have friendship in our neighbors' homesteads
And communion round the flick'ring fireplace.

* Professor of Education, Acadia University.