

The Keeper of the Light

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1) The lightkeeper lives on rocks and shoals

Far away from our neighbors homes and farms.
We listen to the sound of the seabirds' cries
and the beat of restless waters under starlit skies.
But the passing ships are like old friends of ours.
We know their shapes and their whistle calls
And we know their hearts are cheered when they see our light
When the waves are angry on a stormy night.

chorus: The Keeper loves his lighthouse like a sailor loves his boat

It's grand and noble work, filling sailors' hearts with hope
He guards the lamp with his life, to guide lake sailors through the night
And prays that the boats that pass this way will pass this way again.

2) As you lie in your bed all snug and warm

There are sailors on the lake battling a storm.
They tremble on the deck in the midnight hour as we trim our lamp in the lighthouse tower.
We stand in the glow and watch the waves roar as they rise, chase and tumble upon the shore
We hear canvas slapping in the midst of the gale and pray those sailors will live to tell the tale.

The Keeper's life is hard, with work the time we pass,
We keep lens and windows clean. We Paint. We polish brass.
We light the lamp at sunset, that life-saving light
And keep the wick trimmed evenly to keep it shining bright.