

*Brasswork*  
*or*  
*The Lighthouse Keeper's*  
*Lament*

*Oh what is the bane of a lightkeeper's life  
That causes him worry, struggle and strife,  
That makes him use cuss words, and beat at his wife?  
It's Brasswork.*

*What makes him look ghastly consumptive and thin,  
What robs him of health, of vigor and vim,  
And cause despair and drives him to sin?  
It's Brasswork.*

*The devil himself could never invent,  
A material causing more world-wide lament,  
And in Uncle Sam's service about ninety per cent,  
Is Brasswork.*

*The lamp in the tower, reflector and shade,  
The tools and accessories pass in parade  
As a matter of fact the whole outfit is made  
Of Brasswork.*

*The oil containers I polish until,  
My poor back is broken, aching; and still  
Each gallon and quart, each pint and each gill  
Is Brasswork.*

*I lay down to slumber all weary and sore,  
I walk in my sleep, I awake with a snore  
And I'm shining the knob on my bedchamber door.  
That's Brasswork.*

*From pillar to post, rags and polish I tote  
I'm never without them, for you will please note  
That even the buttons I wear on my coat  
Are Brasswork.*

*The machinery clockwork, and fog-signal bell  
The coal hods, the dustpans, the pump in the well  
Now I'll leave it to you mates, if this isn't—well  
Brasswork.*

*I dig, scrub and polish, and work with a might,  
And just when I get it all shining and bright,  
In comes the fog like a thief in the night:  
Good-by Brasswork.*

*I start the next day and when noontime draws near,  
A boatload of Summer visitors appear,  
For no other purpose, than to smooch and besmear  
My Brasswork.*



*So it goes all the Summer, and along in the Fall,  
Comes the district machinist to overhaul  
And rub dirty and greasy paws over all  
My Brasswork.*

*And again in the Spring, if perchance it may be,  
an efficiency star is awarded to me  
I open the package and what do I see?  
More Brasswork.*

*Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,  
In the short span of life that he is allowed  
If all the lining in every dark cloud  
Is Brasswork?*

*And when I have polished until I am cold  
And I'm taken aloft to the Heavenly fold  
Will my harp and my crown be made of pure gold?  
No, Brasswork.*