



Joy to Pon Quogue! Ike Sweezey's gone
Shitepokes will now have peace
Oxeyes and other little birds
Will likewise now increase.

Ike Sweezey had a poor old pig,
He had a poor old cow,
He kept them down on the beach grass,
They loved, I know not how.

Ike Sweezey had a poor old horse,
His bones were very high,
He kept him down on the beach grass,
And brought him home to die.

Ike Sweezey had a very large chest,
A very small jug of rum,
He took it out and drank himself
And gave George Skidmore some!

Ike Sweezey was a very mean man
We know that truth is plain,
He's gone away! And we do hope
He'll ne'er come back again.

Written by Luther Hallock many years ago concerning a
man who had been Keeper of the Pon Quogue Lighthouse.

Submitted By Keeper Al Penny