



Lament of a
**LIGHTKEEPER'S
BRIDE**

It's off to bed alone for me,
My husband is tending the light,
Though wed I may be,
There's no comfort for me,
No love, no affection, this night.

On Service Tender he sailed at dawn,
Over wind swept seas to his adopted home,
A Lighthouse perched on a desolate rock,
Many miles away, surrounded with foam,
Then swung through the air on a bosun's chair,
And helped up by strong friendly hands.
Oh, it's there he must stay by night and by day,
Till the term of his duty is done,
Attending the light through each long, lonely night,
Awaiting a sight of the most-welcomed sun,
Or when fog descends and "his limits are gone,"
And ships grope along in the "sound,"
He must make sure they hear the fog-signal clear,
To warn them where dangers abound,
Oh, my sacrifice isn't in vain,
For the Lightkeeper's care, guides all sailors where,
They may come safely to harbour again.

Oh, it's off to bed alone for me,
My husband still tends yonder light,
For wedded I be, to a man of the sea,
Who is serving his fellows tonight.

Peter Duggan
Ireland