Lighthouse Keepers

Lighthouse keepers have it easy
All year round their homes are breezy.
Noises don’t disturb their labors
For they haven’t any neighbors.

They don’t need baskets for old papers
Orange peels or gaskets,
Just one careless motion
And their trash drops in the ocean.

They don’t need nine holes or twenty
They get exercise a plenty,
Each trip up the spiral stairway
Equals three around the fairway.

Window shades are never needed
They can dress or strip unheeded.
Wakeful brat don’t have coniptions
Neighbors don’t give long descriptions.

When I am old and won’t need pity
I shall leave the sullied city
Climb a lighthouse, bar the door
And trim my wicks forevermore.

This was a popular poem among Lighthouse Keepers. It was given from memory to the Shore Village Museum by Captain Stetson Turner who moved to Great Duck Island Light (off Mt. Desert Island) at age 6 months transferred to Bear Island Light at age 3 until 1938. Captain Turner is presently Master of a super tanker which is departing on a round the world cruise.