The regret on the part of the residents of Noank at the discontinuance of the old Morgan Point lighthouse was nostalgically expressed in the early 1920s by Professor Everett Fitch (1869-1936) in the following poem:

**Good-by, old friend, old friend, good-by.**
For me you held the light up high.
Through all the years I sailed the sea,
But now you are no more to be.
Alas! I miss thy kindly beam
That from your tower did nightly stream,
And can but heave a heavy sigh.
Good-by, old friend, old friend, good-by.

The sister lights are bowed with grief.
From Latimer to Bartlett's Reef;
The little island seems to shout,
The rocky hummocks, all about,
The buoys and sea-gulls circling round,
The edge of Fisher's Island Sound,
United in one pathetic cry,
Good-by, old friend, old friend, good-by.