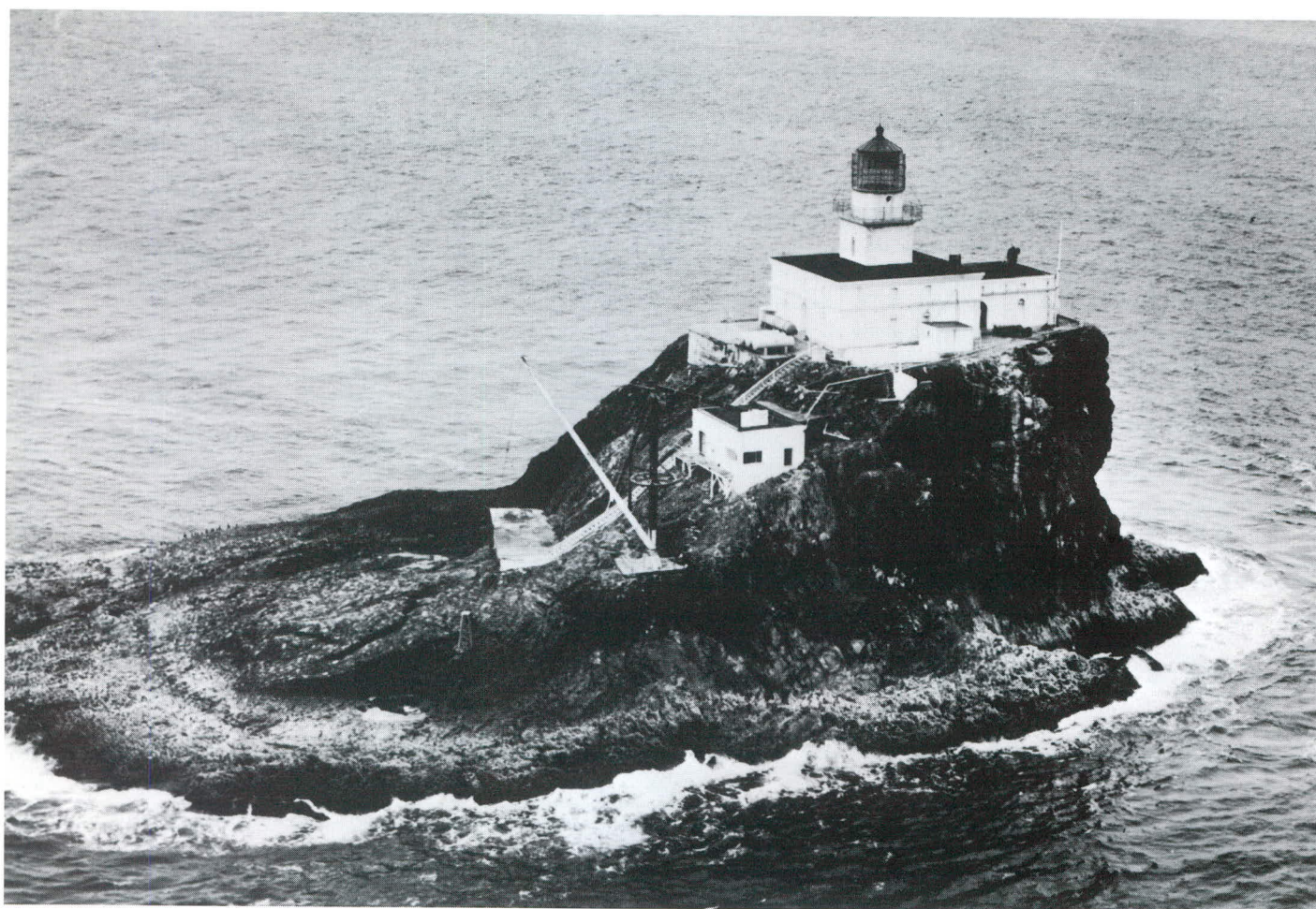




Oregon Historical Society Photograph

Tillamook Light 1881–1957

Shorn of her light and her glory,
Abandoned, forsaken . . . bereft;
Deserted by tender and keeper!
The last lone man has left.

Forsaken—but never forgotten,
As we walk the wet sands of the night;
The darkness a presence beside us,
Awaiting the beacon's old light.

Tillamook earned her retirement—
Over three score and ten were her years!
Spare her your grief and your pity—
The valiant have no time for tears.

It is I, the lamenting, the lonely—
The light may be glad for her rest!
I might become reconciled . . . only,
The night is so black in the west!

by Blanche DeGood Lofton