Look at that old lighthouse standing high on the hill, It has brought so much joy and many a thrill.
So many people have enjoyed visiting this place, Where the children ran up and down the hill in a race.
No longer does the light in the lighthouse burn bright.
It is now dark where once it had a light.
No longer do visitors come and go,
For so many of the older ones will miss it so.
Many have enjoyed looking out from its top.
From there the children let their pop cans drop.
Many went there with their children and their wives, It just seemed to bring something special to their lives.
There is no need to walk up the hill anymore.
There is no longer a light burning along that shore. Why was it closed, just because it was getting old?
It is like a statue standing there all alone in the cold.
But old memories seem to never die.
They just see the old lighthouse toward the sky.
How many lives did it save?
How many has it kept from going to a watery grave?
I regret that light will no longer burn.
The big ships it will no longer turn.
And all the joy coming here it once brought, And things to the children that it taught.
But there is still one lighthouse burning bright.
Christ the Lamb, He said, "I am the Light".
So come, that Light will never steer you wrong, In your heart there can still be joy, and a new song.
He is still that bright Beacon standing on the hill.
For the weary traveler it will burn bright still. So come to Me, from the rocks and the cold ... You are safe now, My arms around you I fold.