

Thomas Steinheis

by Janie Meneely

Thomas Steinheis, he lay sleeping
Storm wind tearing the night apart
Came a hand upon his shoulder
Words enough to chill his heart

CHORUS:

Wake up! Wake up!
The storm's a'raging
Winds do rise, the waves do roll
Five poor souls are crying heaven
Wrecked upon the Seven-Foot Knoll

Thomas Steinheis kept the lighthouse
Kept his vigil on the shoal
Warning ships away from danger
Well away from Seven-Foot Knoll
Then one night with storm winds blowing
He felt that spectral hand at last
Looked outside to see a tugboat
Full awash and sinking fast

CHORUS

Thomas Steinheis launched the lifeboat
Battled through the rising tide
Till he reached the hapless crewmen
Clinging to the tugboat's side.
First came one — and then another:
Five in all that night he saved
Was the doing of his duty
To pull them from a watery grave

CHORUS

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