

Point Lookout

by Janie Meneely

Where Potomac River meets the Bay there runs a bloody shoal
Full two miles out its treacherous reach collects the Devil's toll
Though a lighthouse stands there to mark the way as the ships move through the night
There's plenty of souls have come to grief in the lume of Point Lookout Light

In the lume of Point Lookout Light, they sa
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There's plenty of souls have come to grief
In the lume of Point Lookout Light

Plenty of ships wrecked on those shoals when ships first sailed the Bay
And the bodies washed up on the beach were buried where they lay
But their restless spirits won't lie still; they wander through the night
They say their spectres rise at will in the lume of Point Lookout Light

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Soldiers once camped round that light in our own Civil War
Homesick men with broken hearts they died there by the score
But they say today you may catch a glimpse of a rebel lad in flight
As he dodges Yankee bullets fired in the lume of Point Lookout Light

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As he dodges Yankee bullets fired
In the lume of Point Lookout Light

120 years ago, a steamship ran aground
Consumed by flames all hands were lost when the blazing ship went down
But one valliant seam struggles on through wind and waves and time
He'll knock at night on the keeper's door in the lume of Point Lookout Light

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He'll knock at night on the keeper's door
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Oh the moon shines bright on the midnight Bay, the Chesapeake winds blow free
Through the chilly air you can hear a woman scream
Did she flee to shelter long ago? Did she perish in the night?
There are just some things we'll never know in the lume of Point Lookout Light

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