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It's of noble steamer,
The Cedar Grove ⁱ by name,
She crossed the briny ocean,
From London city came.
While steering forth one stormy night
Too dark to see the land ,
By some miscalculations,
On Canso she did strand.
The night was dark and stormy,
The look-out at his post,
The first he knew of dangers,
Was breakers on the coast .
The look-out wished to give them orders,
But knew it not his place,
The bugler it must be observed,
Whatever be the case.
The sailor at the helm ,
He knew that he could tell.
He knew they were too near the rocks ,
By the heaving of the swell.
The orders then were given
The engines to reverse,
Then straightway through the breakers,
Our noble ship boomed on,
Till at once an awful crash ,
Brought fear to everyone.
Both engineers and fireman
Were hard at work below
And by their perserverance,
Our ship did backward they go.
Soon she was deep in water.
And then her fate was sealed.
The waves began to wash her decks,
And on her side she keeled.
Her after cabins began to fill,
And also down below.
Likewise her aft ⁱⁱ compartments,
And down our ship did go.
The saddest of my story,
From you yet doth ⁱⁱⁱ remain.
We had a lady passenger,
Miss Farrell was her name.
For to visit some relation,
In the city of Saint John ,
She ventured across the ocean ,
But not she's dead and gone.
A sailor said he saw her,
In the cabin door stand by,
He said it grieved him to the heart,

To hear her wailing cry.
 He said he tried to console with her,
 And tell her she'd not be lost,
 But in another moment,
 On the billows , she was tossed

Our steward help her bravely,
 Out o'er^{iv} the ship's dark rail.
 He waited for the boats ,
 To pull up against the gale.
 A giant wave swept over,
 Which did prevail his grip,
 And then the lady's tender form
 Went floating from the ship .

The same sea took our captain,
 And he was seen no more.
 Through heavy seas and darkness,
 The boats still lingered near.
 Two engineers were also lost,
 When the noble ship went down.
 Their bodies or the ladies,
 Have never yet been found.

And now the ill-fated Cedar Grove
 On the bottom she doth lie.
 To save the most of her cargo ,
 The divers herd did try.
 A disfigured body
 Was carefully sent on,
 Our aged and honored captain ,
 Who died while in command.

Our cargo was for Halifax
 From the city of St. John ,
 And to the latter port my boys,
 This noble ship belonged.
 She was strongly built on the banks of Clyde ,
 Five thousand tons or more,
 But her strength proved of no avail,
 On the rocks of Canso Shore .

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Notes

i. **The Cedar Grove** was a Canadian transport ship sailing from London, England in 1882. Carrying a cargo of Christmas goods, the ship unfortunately hit land, which led to the Cedar Grove's sinkage.

ii. **aft** archaic term for "toward the stern of a ship "

iii. **doth** archaic term for "do"

iv. **o'er** archaic term for "over"