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Dear Friends, come hear the mournful tale,  
The less which we deplore,  
Of the gallent ship "Atlantic" wrecked  
On Nova Scotia's shore.

A most terrific accident  
Befell that fated ship,  
As she approached those rocky shores,  
On her way across the deep.

The sun had sunk behind the hills,  
Night spread her wings around,  
A night that will remembered be,  
For many a year to come.

Alas! that ship, that noble ship,  
That had the ocean crossed,  
Upon that lonely Prospect shore,  
That night was wrecked and lost.

With full a thousand soule on board,  
The captain had no fear,  
And heeded not the rocky coast,  
Which he was drawing near.

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Till oh alas! it was too late,  
The final shock was given.  
That noble ship had struck the rock,  
Amidships she was riven.

The terror-stricken souls on board,  
O! who could give them aid!  
Unto each other looked for help,  
Each praying to be saved.

Numbers overboard were washed,  
And perished in the deep,  
While others, frozen with the cold,  
Died on the sinking ship.

Poor helpless women down below,  
Of whom not one was saved,  
Dear little children too,  
All met a watery grave.

Amongst the women there were two,  
Beneath the waves that night,  
Had each of them a little babe,  
That scarce had seen the light.

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A lady with her babe in arms,  
Had reached the deck, we're told,  
With nothing but her night clothes on,  
To shield her from the cold.

To save her life, her tender form

Was fastened to a mast,  
Where ten long hours she remained,  
Before she breathed her last.

And ere she died, her little babe  
Was swept into the sea,  
What suffering did that mother bear  
In these hours of agony!

The captain in that trying hour,  
Spoke kindly to the men,  
Saying "Be calm!" whilst angry waves  
Swept furiously over them.

One Mr. Stewart, a gentleman,  
Quite frantic with despair  
From cabin came, and in his arms,  
His little daughter bars.

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And to one Ellery he said,  
"Pray, Charlie, take my child,  
That I may go my wife to seek."  
That billows raging wild.

And as the steward gazed on the child,  
And saw her face for fair,  
His thoughts went quickly to his home,  
He had one like her there.

The father did the mother seek,  
But neither one came back.  
The angry waves soon swept them,  
From off the sinking wreck.

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Poor suffering little innocent,  
It cried out "Papa come!"  
Its clothes were thin, just taken from  
Its little bed so warm.

It cried "Papa" a short time,  
But Papa never came,  
Expiring in the steward's arms,  
in agony and pain.

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Its little soul to Heaven flew  
To call its papa there.  
I hope they hand in hand will walk  
Through heavenly mansions fair.

Among the rest of these gallant lads,  
Who ricked a watery grave,  
And stirred up those around him,  
The ship-wrecked men to save,  
Was that kind and loving clergyman,

Mr. Ancient is his name,  
Whose deeds deserve to be enrolled  
Upon the roll of fame.

He says, "My men, come take the boat,  
And try whom we can save."  
He boldly took the foremost part,  
The bravest of the brave.

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Those hardy men gave such help,  
Deserve the highest praise.  
We'll ne'er forget their noble deeds,  
As this thankful song we raise.

Third officer Brady, a brave man,  
Swam quickly to the shore,  
And quickly sent a line a board,  
To help the others o'er.

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The kind hearted fishermen  
Did gladly them receive,  
Giving them freely of their store,  
Supplying all their need.

Among the rest of these gallant lads,  
Was rescued from the wreck,  
Was James Henley, a brave lad,  
Who boldly struggled to the deck.

Bereft of all he had that night,  
His father, mother, brothers four,  
He, with help from stranger men,  
Got safely to the shore.

Kind friends then took him to their home,  
His wants they did supply,  
Strangers with the pity in their hearts,  
Beheld the orphan boy.

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When he survived in Halifax,  
Warm welcome he received,  
And now we leave him journeying home  
With his sister dear to live.

Oh cruel rocks that sank our ship!  
Oh rocky reef sunk low!  
How could you part so many a friend!  
Why did you cause such woe!

That goodly ship that proudly sailed,  
One hour before the shock,  
Why did you not keep far away,  
And shun that sunken wreck!

Oh, never may those cruel rocks

Another victim gain!  
 May lightships guard our rocky coasts,  
 For those who cross the main!  
 To those who've wandered far away,  
 We give a Christian grave.  
 Our joy would have been greater,  
 Had we the power to save.

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Next morning when the sun arose,  
 As the angry billows swelled,  
 The people on the Prospect shore,  
 A frightful sight beheld.  
 The rocks around were strewn with dead,  
 And as each wave broke o'er,  
 It bore its burden to be laid  
 With sorrow on the shore.  
 Both men and women, young and old,  
 With clothes and flesh all torn,  
 Upon those sharp and craggy rocks,  
 The angry storm had thrown.  
 A mother with her little babe,  
 Clasped tightly to her breast,  
 Upon the tangled sea-weed lay,  
 Gone to her long, long rest.  
 And all who came to see the sight,  
 With heartfelt grief bemoaned  
 The fate of those who left their homes  
 To cross the ocean foam.

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For to wander far away  
 In a foreign land to die,  
 To strangers owe a burial place,  
 No friend close an eye.  
 With all our friends around us,  
 We close our eyes in sleep,  
 Our thoughts will often wander  
 Across the dreary deep,  
 In grief for those who closed their eyes,  
 No thoughts of death were near,  
 But to wake a-sinking in the deep,  
 Shrieks sounding in their ears.  
 So it is with us, my loving friends,  
 There's breakers all around,  
 And in an unexpected hour,  
 The last great trump may sound.  
 The shrieks and groans and cries of those  
 Who fear the chastening rod,  
 All unprepared, must then come forth,

To face Almighty God.

*Finis*

