

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Wreck of the Huron

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On a dark and stormy night  
When orders came to sail  
Mountain high the billows rolled  
And louder blew the gale.

cho: Toll, toll the bell  
For the loss of the Huron crew;  
We'll mourn and weep the sad, sad fate  
Of the noble boys in blue.

The Captain and the heroes  
Lined upon her deck  
Awaiting for the fatal hour  
When she would be a wreck.

Our brave and noble Captain says,  
"Each man reserve his post  
To keep the sinking ship off  
Carolina's sandy coast."

Our brave and noble Captain  
And officers in command  
Stood as statues of old  
Till the Huron struck the sand.

"Pump, pump my boys,  
Our precious lives to save!"  
But sad the fate, it was too late-  
They met a watery grave.

Oh God! it was too late,  
For on the sands she tossed  
And amid the cruel breakers  
A hundred lives were lost.

Our widowed wives and children  
A Father to them be,  
For we will be lost in the breakers tossed  
Upon a cruel sea.

From North Carolina Folklore, Brown  
Collected from Miss Pocahontas Twiford, NC

DT #727  
Laws D21  
RG  
oct96