

We Were Crowded in the Cabin
James Fields(1816-1881)
Welsh melody.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet,
Thunder, "Cut away the mast."

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor,
Where the morn was shining clear.