

# Wreck Of The London - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

WRECK OF THE "LONDON."

I am going to say a word of a shipwreck that occurred  
On board the steamship "London," which, no doubt, you all hare heard;  
It is fearful to tell of the sorrows that befell  
Of that ill-fated vessel and passengers as well.

For they danced with right good glee, as they sailed out on the sea,  
Not dreaming for a moment, but safe landed all would be;  
But soon their hopes were blighted, as they looked both far and wide,  
They saw chance was hopeless in that fearful running tide.

They sailed away that morning, so beautiful and bright,  
With cheerful hearts they dashed away, till land was far from sight;  
Thinking of friends so dear, and to be welcomed when arrived;  
But, alas! to them it was not to be, of their hopes they were deprived.

For a gale it came upon them, and made each heart to quail,  
As it dealt out death and desolation, yes, and tore down every sail;  
For now a voice that rent the air, so very wild and high,  
O, God I look down upon us all, if now that we must die 1

Now, when they found the ship was sinking, and death was drawing nigh,  
The Captain did his best to save-and Q. V. Brooks did try-  
For some of the crew stupid, and they stood there like big stumps;  
But Brooks he kept his spirits up and still worked at the pumps.

For he was up to his knees In water, and nothing on his feet;  
He worked away, I am told, all day, for he knew that life was sweet;  
And when he found his task was over, to the Steward he did say:  
Give my love to all my Melbourne friends, when I am far away.

Now, a boat was lowered and stored with living from the wreck,  
Whilst a deathly pale shone on each cheek, upon the crowded deck;  
Captain Martin would not go with them, but stood there heart and hand,  
And the last words on his dying lips were, "God speed you all to land."

For he stood so noble and so calm, while the waves they dashed around,  
For he fully made up his own mind with the ship he would go down;  
For now a lady offered a thousand pounds to take her in the boat,  
But they could not pull back again when once they were afloat.

Now what must have been the feelings of that terror-stricken crew,  
As they left that awful scene of wreck, and over the ocean flew;  
With timid hearts and glaring eyes, as they glanced awhile around,  
They saw the " London " disappear and all of them go down.

So they took their last farewell as the waves came bounding o'er,  
And consigned them to their resting-place, where they'll be seen no more;  
So let this be the prayer of all, where sympathy may be:  
May God look down upon them all, as they now lay in the sea.