

# Wreck Of The Atlantic - song lyrics

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WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

You kind and tender Christians, I pray you now draw near;  
It's of a dreadful shipwreck I mean to let you hear;  
The loss of the Atlantic upon the ocean's wave,  
Where fully seven hundred souls met with a watery grave.

'Twas on the 20th day of March our gallant ship did sail,  
Bound for the harbor of New York; we had a pleasant gale-  
We called next day at Queenstown, as we always did before,  
And took on board three hundred souls-their loss we now deplore.

We steamed away for seven days without either dread or fear.  
Our brave and honored captain his course right well did steer,  
Until he found, to his dismay, his coal was rather low.  
So he changed his course for Halifax, which proved our overthrow.

'Twas on the first of April, in the morning at three o'clock,  
When all on board were sunk in sleep, she struck upon a rock ;  
To hear the cry of dark despair would make you for to weep,  
And that loud wail of anguish, as they sank into the deep.

O, heavens: 'twas an awful sight, the struggle there for life :  
The mother parted from the child-the husband from the wife;  
The billows mad-the breakers wild-o'er the vessel's side they tore,  
And washed overboard those human beings to sink and rise no more :

Oh! sad it is for to describe all that they suffered there-  
The men and women rushed on deck with wild cries of despair,  
And some climbed up the rigging-for so we have been told,  
And after hours of suffering, they died there with the eold.

One man escaped Into the boat-with terror looked behind,  
And, trembling there upon the deck, he saw his wife so kind :  
"Without my wife I cannot live, so with her I will die,"  
And I hope we soon will meet again before the Lord on high."

It's when the news it reached New York, 'twould grieve your heart full sore  
To see the people cry and weep for friends they'll meet no more ;  
The office of the " White Star," in crowds they did surround,  
To see if news from those they loved was there for to be found.

To see the aged mother it would melt your heart with pain :  
"Where is my loving daughter-must we never meet again "  
And the tender-hearted sister with sorrow she did cry  
"Does my kind and loving brother in the ocean's bosom lie"

The poor old feeble father with grief he tore his hair:  
"Must I ne'er see for evermore my sons and daughters fair?"  
So to conclude my dreary song, I've one more thing to say-  
In your tender mercy, Christian, I hope you'll for them pray.