

True To The Ship - song lyrics

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TRUE TO THE SHIP.

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Words and Music by Annie Whitney and Herbert Dillea.

Out from the harbor the good ship sailed,
Bound for a foreign shore;
All hearts were joyous, no one ever dreamed
The land they would see no more.
Laughter and songs on their lips that night,
And merry the partings said
As they went to their slumber with dreams of home,
While the ship on her voyage Sped.
The Captain gazed o'er his ship with pride,
His heart with hope was light,
Not dreaming that he with hundreds of souls
Would go to their doom that night

Chorus.

Deep is his grave in the sea,
Pillowed his head on the waves,
The ocean he loved for his last long sleep,
His bier in the calm sea caves.
Nations their heads will bow,
In reverence speak his name:
He stood at his post as the good ship sank,
And bravely met death as it came.

Dark was the night and the morning drear -
What sees the look-out there?
A boat! too late! now it crashes through
The side of the ship so fair;
Life-boats are useless, no help to save
The lives of the loved ones there;
The Captain now thinks of his home and wife,
While his voice rings out loud and clear.
Now see the boat rise high in air -
She sinks! the people cry!
The Captain ne'er moves from his post on the bridge,
Resolved like a man to die.- Chorus.