

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Death of Herbert Rice

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Come all kind friends and neighbors too
And listen to a tale of woe
A fine young man is lost at sea
It was poor Herbert's lot to be.

When off Block Island our vessel lay
It was November the fourteenth day
The wind blew heavy the sea run high
Alas young Herbert was doomed to die.

As brave and gallant a lad was he
As sailed upon the stormy sea
But now he sleeps beneath the spray
Until the Resurrection day.

When to his parents the tidings came
Their hearts were filled with grief and pain
His father wept his mother too
And cried Alas what shall we do

I trust that they will find relief
And not give way to pain and grief
But look to God the Almighty one
And say thy will not ours be done

No more the voice of him we'll hear
No more our love with him we'll share
Then let our hearts to God be given
And meet around his throne in heaven

Herbert Rice fell from a jibboom in a heavy sea, off Block Island,
and this simple song, set to a very quaint old tune from a songbook
called 'The Dulcimer,' is still remembered and sung.

In October, 1925, the editors took down the whole song
from the singing of Captain Archie S. Spurling, of Islesford,

DT #822

Laws D6

From Eckstorm

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