

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Mighty Day

Mighty Day

I remember one September,  
When storm winds swept the town;  
The high tide from the ocean, Lord,  
Put water all around.

cho: Wasn't that a mighty day,  
A mighty day  
A mighty day,  
Great God, that morning  
When the storm winds swept the town!

There was a sea-wall there in Galveston  
To keep the waters down,  
But the high tide from the ocean, Lord,  
Put water in the town.

The trumpets warned the people,  
"You'd better leave this place!"  
But they never meant to leave their homes  
Till death was in their face.

The trains they all were loaded  
With people leaving town;  
The tracks gave way to the ocean, Lord,  
And the trains they went on down.

The seas began to rolling,  
The ships they could not land;  
I heard a Captain crying,  
"God, please save a drowning man!"

The waters, like some river,  
Came a-rushing to and fro;  
I saw my father drowning, God,  
And I watched my mother go!

Now death, your hands are icy;  
You've got them on my knee.  
You took away my mother,  
Now you're coming after me!

Commemorating the great Galveston Flood, which began on

[Visit \[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk\]\(http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk\) for more songs.](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

September 8, 1900. Recorded, with minor differences, by  
the Chad Mitchell Trio. See also "The Galveston  
Flood." RW

RW