

The Ill-fated Maine - song lyrics

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THE ILL-FATED MAINE.

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Words and Music by Thos. J. Quigley.

Ah! what's the sad story from that land so gory,
Unfortunate Cuba, the island of strife.
Where men bravely fighting their country's wrongs righting.
From Spanish oppression, for freedom and life.
Our people commanded that peace be demanded.
And sent our great warship that peace to maintain.
But soon after landing, the harbor commanding.
A dreadful disaster o'ertook our ship Maine.

Chorus.

Kind fathers are sighing, fond mothers are crying,
Loved sisters and brothers are hoping in vain;
While sweethearts in sorrow are praying the morrow
Will bring them glad news of the ill-fated Maine.

Four hundred lay sleeping, while others watch keeping,
On board the big ship as she lay in the bay:
When just before morning, without any warning,
The lives of four hundred were taken away:
There's naught in all hist'ry to equal this myst'ry,
The cause of this carnage was looked for in vain:
Ah! may hearts now broken for kind words unspoken,.
Bear lightly their loss on the ill-fated Maine- Chorus.

A mother said, "Walter, my boy, never falter,
Should your country call you to fight for the flag; "
He answered, "No, mother, this country, no other,
For I love it dearly from valley to crag."
She ne'er thought this gladness would soon turn to sadness,
And his happy face we would ne'er see again;
When laughing, he kissed her, his sweetheart and sister,
And bade them good-bye on the ill-fated Maine.-Chorus.