

Word from the Cape was soon despatched

To send without delay
Some help to shipwrecked mariners,
Disabled in the Bay.

The tug John Green then got up steam

And to the ship did go,
And got on board a hawser
The Regulus to tow.

She towed her for about a mile,
While wind and seas did roar,
When soon the towline parted
And she drifted toward the shore;
The look-out on the tug John Green
To these on board did shout:
The port lights on the Regulus
Did suddenly go out.

The tug boat's crew from that they knew

The steam boat was no more,
They knew that she had foundered
On the breakers near the shore;
The tug boat then for many hours
The Bay did cruise around,
But no sign of the Regulus
Could anywhere be found.

The tug John Green bore up for home

They saw it was no use,
The danger of the tug being swamped,

She then gave up the cruise;
And brought the sad and gloomy news

To friends in St. John's town,
How Captain Taylor and his crew
That Sunday night went down.

May God, the Ruler of the land,

The tempests and the deep,
Make light the sorrows of the poor,

The widows left in grief;
The husband, son and those they loved,

Most fervently we pray
For those poor souls who lost their lives

In Petty Harbor Bay.

Around Green Island Shore.

When I first went to Trinity,

In the brave old days of yore.

'Twas there I took a stroll

All round Green Island shore;

'Twas there I met my own true love,

The girl that I adore,

A handsomer little fair maid,

I never saw before.

I have a staunch a bully-boat

As ever rode the ground,

She can beat anything with sails

From the Horse Chops to the Sound;

Besides, I have a big Poole gun,
About five feet barrel or more,

And 'tis for your sake I'll shoulder her

All round Green Island shore.

I have a feather bed, a watch,

Of a new house I've a frairie,

I'll take you home to Robinhood,

If you will share my name,

If Bill Hookey seeks to win your heart,

I'll leave him in his gore,

And sail far away from Trinity,

And the dear Green Island shore.

(To which the maiden replies:)

To wed you, dear Johnny,

Would be a poor look out;

You have two very small legs

Which scarce carry you about.

Besides you're not able to stand the cold

Of a cold winter's day;

I'd rather wed a weasel,

So, Johnny, go away.

When Hayward Pays the Men.

This song was written March 1910. Mr. Fred Hayward is worthy of all the praise bestowed on him by the poet. Its author is Mr. Daniel Carrol, a clever young native of St. John's West.

'This good, when on the breezes borne,

The sealer's horn we hear,

To watch the faces of the boys,

And join them in a cheer,

As outward bound the steamers go,

And from the highest crag

We watch, while in the offing dips

The barrel, smoke and flag.

'Tis good to hear it in the street,

"Twelve steamers in the fat,

And everyone a likely load,

Rail under boys, at that;"