

Such sights that were seen, can never be told,  
From the ones that were rescuing those poor  
wounded souls.  
Weeping and crying came from everywhere,  
And mothers offered up to God their favorite prayer.

The lights went out, the streets were dark,  
And groans were heard from every part.  
Helping hands came from every where,  
To rescue those who were suffering there.

They toiled all night till break of morn,  
And then came down that dreadful storm.  
And willing hands that worked so fast,  
Rescued those poor souls at last.

Doctors and nurses came from everywhere,  
Dressed the wounds of the sufferers there.  
In homes of comfort they were placed,  
With smiling courtesies on their faces.

The undertakers came in from everywhere,  
And washed and dressed those who perished there.  
Into their coffins they were laid,  
And taken to the resting place.

The tale of the rescuerers can hardly be told,  
Of the brave ones, who worked in the storm and the  
cold.

They worked night and day, and never gave up,  
Till the bodies were taken from under the stuff.

Here's to Capt. Harrison, who was thoughtful in mind,  
He saw there was danger aboard the ship that was  
moored.

So he cut her adrift and steamed out in the bay,  
And sailed her to safety, where no danger lay.

Now we come to the Steamer, that was ruined that day,  
Her anchor stock was blown two and a half miles away  
Even box cars were blown across the wide waves,  
And her big guns were carried 'way out in the bay.