

Down in the trough that vessel sank,
It rose and sank again;
Captain and sailor at his post
Did fight that raging main.

Then came the cry, from whence none knew,
And every face blanched white.
"The ship's on fire," "The ship's on fire."
Our doom is sealed this night.

And to the sea whom all had feared,
Shrunk from in horror fierce,
Full many a frenzied soul leaped forth,
With prayers that seemed to pierce

The very vault of heaven's dome
That hung, a blackening pall,
O'er all that freight of human life;
And thus death came for all.

But not one sank beneath the waves
But prayed the Father's care.
The arm of flesh had failed them then,
And life and love are fair.

But He whose ways we may not know,
Who watches over all,
Has gathered each unto Himself.
He heard His children's call.