

Thirteen brave, heroic sailors,
 Ventured with him on the deep,
 In the proud-ill-fated vessel,
 For which we this moment weep.
 Shall we blame him, he was daring
 Who defied the stormy sea?
 He had fought in many a battle,
 And returned to home in glee.

So did proud Napoleon also,
 As he beat down many a throne,
 And at last sank 'fore the terrors
 He created round his own.
 The incursion and the daring
 Should then curb our ruling power,
 That may sway the breast the highest
 And enslave us any hour.

Was the vessel safe to venture?
 Was it wise to load so well?
 Let the caution in the future,
 Other wiser sailors tell.
 Genius of the sea! what fury
 Didst thou brave, when sea and cloud
 Came arrayed to break in battle,
 And thy noble darling bowed.

Fighting with the storm was mighty,
 But a storm rose in each soul,
 Throwing waves upon their spirits,
 That their *wills* could not control;
 Parting with the helm had sorrow,
 Parting with the ship had woe,
 But the parting with home loved ones
 Was to them the fatal blow.

What! his spirit echoed sadly,
 Never see my home and wife,
 Must I part with them for ever,
 Leave them in this world of strife?
 Genius could not now manœuvre
 Any way to find the shore,
 Though the life boat is found hastily,
 And strong nerves do ply the oar.

Down the passengers and crew must
 Bow before the angry storm,
 Leaving all so dear and tender,
 Loved ones, too, of slender form;
 Never will their loving footsteps
 Echo at their homes again.
 O! unhappy memories threaten,
 Yet to wreck the aching brain.