

Is there no hope t' escape the deep, cold wave?  
O the wild, agonizing, bitter prayer,  
That reached high Heaven, its sinful ones to spare!  
O the salt tears, the full confessions poured —  
Such heartfelt words no pen may e'er record!  
To its fond mother's form, with terror wild,  
Of what it scarce knew what, clung many a child,  
As if her mere infinite love had power  
To save and succour in that dreadful hour;  
And those pale dames their gallant husbands sought,  
As if their valor that so oft had brought  
Comfort and reassurance to the heart,  
Against the raging sea could wage a soldier's part.  
The faithless shipmen with the fair pretence  
That duty at the foreship called them hence,  
Cast forth the open boats upon the sea,  
And from the hopeless wreck made haste to flee.  
A brisk and heightening breeze blew cold and raw  
Upon the ship from Nova Scotia's shore,  
And soon her rotten timbers parting wide,  
Many went down for aye beneath the tide;  
And many, with forlorn and frantic hope,  
Clung to the floating wreck to bear them up.  
To one huge piece there clung a score and ten,  
Slight women, helpless babes, and sturdy men;  
And, 'mid the rest, Margaret's frail form was one —  
Her loving arm still clasped her baby son.  
Gabriel was near, and nobly strove to stay  
From helpless forms the wind and driving spray;