

Will rend thee all in twain.
Three days and nights the fog lay round
Her, like a deadly shroud.
Her speed was slowed, the lead let down,
For peril was in that cloud.
At length a twinkling light was seen,
Which did the captain cheer,
His hopes, alas! had never been
So falsely raised before.
'Tis early morn and many lie
Snug in their births below,
When a crash and a bump extort the cry,
"Have mercy on us now."
They rushed on deck, but poorly clad,
Their faces blanched with fear,
To learn the ship was on the rock,
Their peril then was clear.
The captain calmly gave the word,
The boats were to be lowered;
The crew all worked with one accord,
Thus safety was secured.
The Labrador was filling fast,
No one a chance could find
To rescue anything at last,
So all was left behind.
For five long hours we beat about
Upon the angry sea,
Some full of hope, they had no doubt
A friendly sail they'd see.
At length a sail hove in sight
Which did our spirits cheer,
And earnestly we prayed it might
Our cries of danger hear.
Thank God! the Viking's captain saw
And willing help afford,
Bore down upon us just in time
And took us all on board.
The luggage that was left on board
Of that ill-fated ship,
Mails, cargo and all else beside
Was swallowed by the deep.