

Next day men heard, put out from shore,  
Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find  
Seven gallant fellows sick and sore,  
A tender nurse and kind.

Shook hands, wept, laugh'd, were crazy glad ;  
Cried : " Never yet, on land or sea,  
Poor dying, drowning sailors had  
A better friend than she."

" Billows may tumble, winds may roar,  
Strong hands the wreck'd from death may snatch ;  
But never, never, nevermore  
This deed shall mortal match !"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,  
She blushed as girls when lovers woo ;  
" I have not done a thing," she said,  
" More than I ought to do."