

## THE TITANIC.

Oh! What an awful night they had,  
The night the ship went down.  
The millionnaires were there,  
And the poor! they stood around.  
The rich they felt so proud,  
And the poor they felt so free,  
They would not speak on land,  
Nor they wouldn't speak at sea.

But the ship she glided on,  
Without a word to say,  
Until she struck the berg  
Then they began to pray,  
And so the ship she kept right on  
And was not a bit afraid,  
She cares not for rocks nor bergs  
Nor for the lonely grave.

How little did they think  
When they left old England's shore  
That they would never see the land  
That they were sailing for!

Oh! how deceitful time is,  
It made them feel so free  
While sailing in the largest ship,  
To the bottom of the sea.

Oh! how we are warned to value time,  
While travelling here below,  
For the world is so deceitful,  
Wherever you may go.

They thought themselves all safe and sound,  
And not a bit afraid,  
While sailing in the largest ship  
The world has ever made.  
The ships are alright in their place,  
Just like the tiny flowers,  
Until the enemy comes along  
And then they are devoured.