

While burning flames and crushing winds,  
 Their buildings did devour,  
 For to secure their goodly things  
 Was far beyond their power.

The frightened beasts of different kinds,  
 And screaming people, too,  
 The burning flames and crushing winds  
 Was dreadful then to view.

To save their lives in haste they ran,  
 And sought the watery shore,  
 That was their greatest object then,  
 For they could do no more.

Canoes and boats, and logs and rafts,  
 By them were then employed,  
 For to secure their threatened lives,  
 Lest they should be destroyed.

But yet their lives they could not save  
 Against a power so high,  
 Large numbers found a watery grave,  
 In flames did numbers die.

O, could you hear the bitter cry  
 Of mothers through the place,  
 While to their arms their children fly,  
 And die in their embrace.

And when the sun restored the day,  
 Behold their bitter groans,  
 Their towns and goods in ashes lay,  
 And strewed with human bones.

The people then who did survive,  
 Went forth to search the ground;  
 Are my dear friends still yet alive,  
 Or are they burnt or drowned?

Dead beasts and human bodies, too,  
 In numbers round were spread,  
 The greatest work they then pursue,  
 Was to inter the dead.