

THE ALFRED D. SNOW

Moderato

Of ship-wrecks and dis-asters we've read & seen a  
deal, But now the coast of Wex-ford must  
tell a dread-ful tale: On the fourth day of  
Jan-u-ary the wind in a gale did blow, And  
four & twen-ty hands were lost on the "Al-fred D. Snow."

From the port of San Francisco she sailed across the main,  
Bound for the port of Liverpool, her cargo it was grain.  
On a happy day she sailed away to cross the stormy foam:  
There's not a soul alive to-day to bring the tidings home.

If you'll attention pay to me, I won't detain you long,  
As I recall the mournful facts in this most feeling song,  
My feeble pen can scarce begin these verses for to write;  
No poet's brain can e'er explain the horrors of that night.  
The day before our ship was lost—most painful for to tell—  
She was like a feather in the wind, tossed up on every swell.  
She tried to make the harbour for the shelter of the land,  
When our good ship went to fragments next morning on the  
strand.

The signals of distress were hoist by Captain Willie's hand:  
Heart-rending cries then rent the skies; no succour was at  
hand;

The clouds they darken o'er us, the foaming billows roar.  
Oh God! is there no assistance coming from Dunmore?

Hark! What a splash amid the wind; our spars are broke in  
two!

The yards are floating by her side, she's sinking in our view.

Oh Heavens! there are human beings now floating in the tide.  
Just look at that small fragile boat that's bumping at her side.

Is there any heart of sympathy now watching from the  
shore?

Oh yes, there are brave and gallant boys now watching at  
Dunmore;

They're willing for to risk their lives, to the Coast-guards'  
house they go:

They ask the Captain for the boat, but he quickly tells them  
"No!"

At last, we're told, he gave consent to this noble-hearted  
crew;

In spite of storm and wind and sea, to the sinking ship they  
flew.

Just as they reached the doomed ship, the crew in hopes to  
save,

They saw the last let go the mast and sink beneath the wave.

Poor fellows, it was hard on them, just as their voyage was  
o'er;

After four long months and twenty days, to perish on our  
shore.

Within our sight they sank that night, in spite of all our  
skill;

And their ship to-day lies cast away on the sand banks of  
Broomhill.

The dauntless Captain Cotter, boys, of the *Dauntless* ship  
by name.

With courage brave he faced the wave, to their assistance  
came.

'Twas like a thing that was to be, for when close by her side,  
The engine stopped, the paddle broke and she drifted with  
the tide.

There's only seven bodies found of twenty-nine in all;

In consecrated clay they lie to await St. Michael's call;

To take a trip in the Saviour's ship, down along Jehova's  
shore,

Where they'll meet the other twenty-two and part from them  
no more.

To the following I am indebted for the words of "The Alfred D.  
Snow": Jack Murphy of Broadway, Pat Lambert of Harrylock, Temple-  
town, Matthew Barden of Grange, Fethard, Dick Crosbie, Careur,  
Wexford. Jack Murphy and Pat Lambert, who had both a wonderful  
collection of ballads, have since gone to their eternal rest.

The air was taken down from the singing of Jos. White of Ballyhack,  
by Kathleen Hammil. The author was Michael O'Brien, the famous  
ballad-maker. The wreck took place in Jan., 1888.