THE ALFRED D. SNOW

Moderato

Oh, ship-wrecked and dead, art we've read and seen a deal, But now the rest of Wexford must tell a dreadful tale. On the Fourth of January, the wind in a gale did blow, And fourteen ty hands were lost on the Alfred 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. We were all in fear of the tidings of that sad event.

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 spans are broken in two.

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

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On Heaven! there are human beings now floating in the tide. Just look at that small, fragile boat that's struggling for 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 to risk their lives, to the Conser-guardians, 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 mast go down beneath the wave, But 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 Dromhall.

The dauntless Captain Cotter, boys of the Dauntless ship by name. With courage brave he faced the wave, to their assistance came.

'Twas a ship that saw these men, far when chased 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 Ichova'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 Ballycastle, Pat Lumber of Helperby, Temple town; Matthew Burns of Ardrone, Richard Pechan, Dick Crobie, Charles, Wexford; Jack Murphy and Pat Lumber, who had both a wonderful collection of ballads, but now are gone to their eternal rest.

This was taken down from the singing of Mr. Walter Daffy, by Kathleen Hamond. The author was Michael O'Brien, the famous ballad-maker. The wreck took place in Jan., 1892.

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