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LOSS OF THE TITANIC

And over 1,600 souls

On Monday, 15th April, 1912.



The greatest Maritime disaster that ever shocked the world,
Plunged two continents in mourning, with their flags half-mast unfurled,
Is the loss of the Titanic, Belfast built and Belfast's pride,
Largest ship e'er left Queen's Island on the River Lagan's side.

When she sailed from Belfast Harbour to start on her maiden trip,
No one dreamt that such misfortune would soon meet this mammoth ship,
But from Southampton to New York the catastrophe took place,
'Midst the ice fields round Newfoundland, near the treacherous Cape Race.

She was on her maiden voyage, which has proved her first and last,
But 'tis not the great ship's loss, Ah! no, that makes us stand aghast,
We can build a floating palace, grand as she was, in her stead,
But we can't recall the loved ones, who are numbered with the dead.

Sixteen hundred souls to perish in a few short, fleeting hours,
Amidst scenes unprecedented, baffles all our thinking powers,
Unforeseen their coming danger on that April Sunday night,
'Tis no wonder the world sorrows at their dire, appalling plight.

There are homes now lone and dreary both in palace and in cot,
And widows and orphans mourning at the sadness of their lot,
'Tis to these poor souls grief stricken, that our sympathy we tend,
Who will have to bear the burden to life's journey's bitter end,

But for the advance of science—the Marconi wireless aid,
The death roll would have been greater, all the last debt would have paid,
And another unknown myst'ry added to the ghastly store,
And this monarch of the ocean never have been heard of more.

After she was in collision with the berg that sealed her fate,
Sad indeed if the Carpathia, rushing to her help were late,
Then seven hundred and five survivors that she alone did save,
Would be with the rest now sleeping in a nameless ocean grave.

Still there comes a ray of sunshine, sparkling bright amidst the gloom,
And it tells of British valour, in the face of tragic doom,
"Let the women and the children take the lifeboats first," and then
The Titanic's passengers and crew die like heroes and like men.

Never yet in history's pages did this world of ours behold
A grander act of sacrifice, than now thrills both young and old,
The band on deck is playing as the ship sinks in the sea
A hymn that will live for ages—"Nearer, my God, to Thee"

J. NICHOLSON, Printer, 26 Church Lane, Belfast.