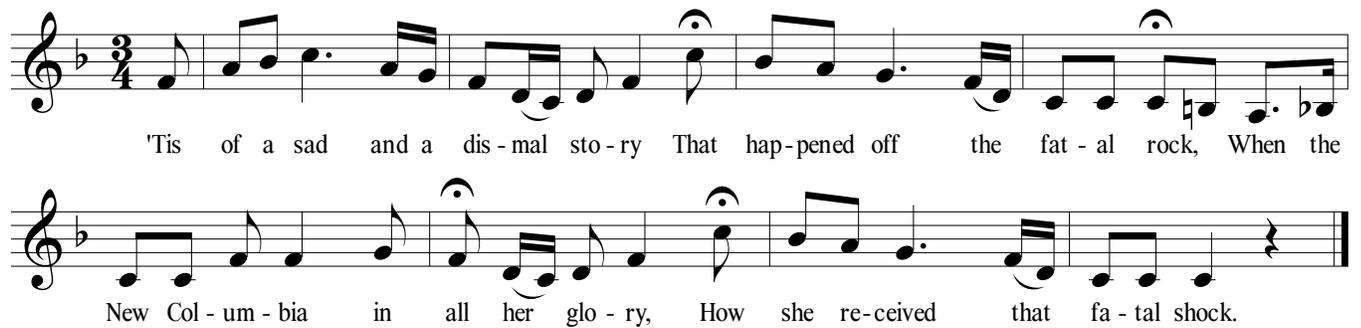


The Loss of the New Columbia



'Tis of a sad and a dis-mal sto-ry That hap-pened off the fat-al rock, When the
New Col-um-bia in all her glo-ry, How she re-ceived that fa-tal shock.

We sailed from England in December
From Liverpool the eighteenth day
And many hardships we endured
While coming to America.

Two passengers from thence came with us,
Two brothers were from Birmingham,
They took their leave of all their people
To go settle in New England.

We anchored in four fathoms water,
Thinking all of our lives to save,
But 'twas all in vain for shortly after,
Poor souls, they met a watery grave.

Our ship she dragged away her anchor
And on a rock she split in two,
And out of eighty brave young seamen
They all were lost excepting two.

Our captain, he being long afflicted,
Sick in his cabin, said to his mate,
“Bring me on deck, that’s my desire,
Where I may meet my unhappy fate.”

He looked all round with eyes surrender,
He took his leave of all his crew,
He gave his papers unto a servant
Who chanced to be one of the two.

What was most shocking early next morning
To see the shores all lined along
With the bodies of these shipwrecked sailors
To the New Columbia did belong.

Their flesh was mangled all to pieces
Grinding upon the rocks on shore.
It would melt the hardest heart to pity
To see them lying in their gore.

They were all taken and decently buried,
Most melancholy to relate,
To see so many brave young seamen
All meet with such an unhappy fate.

May God protect all absent seamen
While plowing o'er the distant main
And keep them clear from rocks and danger,
And safe return them home again.

May God protect all absent seamen,
The mother and the fatherless,
And send their blessing on these poor people
Who have lost their sons in such distress.

Note: Father is the only person I ever heard sing this song. I think it was written about a real shipwreck as so many songs of Nova Scotia are.