

## The wreck of the Memphis

When the Memphis she left Montreal,  
The weather it was fine:  
Said the captain to her officers,  
'We'll have a pleasant time'.  
But before she reached the Irish coast,  
There came a heavy fog,  
And the captain lost his reckoning  
By error in his log.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of November;  
At eight o'clock at night,  
The lookout man at fore-castle head  
He thought he saw a light:  
And sorry I'm to say,  
'Twas by that fatal error,  
She was wrecked at Dunlough Bay.

When the Memphis struck the rock that night,  
Our captain he did say.  
'Brave boys, she'll go to pieces  
And we'll be cast away;  
So lower down the lifeboats  
And try your life to save,  
And I trust in God that none of us  
Will meet a watery grave.'

We lowered our starboard lifeboat  
And she was fully manned;  
But before she reached the waterline  
The after-tackle jammed.  
The forward one went by the one  
And the boat she swung around.  
The crew got in the water  
And four of them were drowned.

We lowered our port lifeboat  
And the painter was made fast.  
The crew were getting into her,  
The captain was the last:-  
But before he could try to do so,  
A mighty sea came rolling in  
And swept the boat away.

And left our captain to his fate  
That night in Dunlough bay.

The captain being a brave young man,  
With courage stout and brave.  
He sprang up for the rigging  
His precious life to save.  
But before he could do so  
Another sea came on  
And swept our captain overboard:-  
We thought his end had come.

The captain of the Memphis –  
There was luck for him in store –  
He got upon a bullock's back  
And safely got ashore;  
Where he was kindly treated by t  
The people there next day.  
And that concludes my little song  
Of that night in Dunlough Bay.