

Lines on the Wreck  
Of the fine steam-ship  
"DELAWARE"

000 tons and upwards, at the Scilly Islands, in the  
Gale of December 20th, 1871

By ROBERT MAYBEE, St. Mary's, Scilly

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Come listen to this mournful tale,  
The tale it is too true,  
About the loss of a fine Steam-ship,  
And almost all the crew.

This great Steam-ship she moved along,  
From Liverpool she came,  
And to Calcutta she was bound,  
The "Delaware" by name.

From the south-west the gale came on,  
Nor sails, nor yards would stand;  
The gale increased, the tempest raged,  
And drove her towards the land.

Mighty seas came following on,  
She could not steam ahead,  
But neared Mincarlo's jagged rock,  
And all their courage fled.

And on the bridge the captain stood,  
He was a valiant man;  
Although his leg was broke, and foot as well,  
He still kept in the van.

But then an awful sea broke on the ship,  
And snapt the bridge in two;  
The captain then was swept away,  
And near fifty sailors too.

Seething waves then followed on,  
Until they crushed the deck;  
And down, down went the "Delaware",  
A total, helpless, wreck.

Full fifty men there were on board,  
I'm sorry for to say;  
There were but two escaped alive  
On that most fatal day.

They floated in a broken boat,  
And drifted to the shore  
On White Island, they landed there  
All mangled, bruised, and sore.

The rest of that ill-fated crew went down,  
And were buried in the deep,  
And left their wives and families  
To shriek, and mourn, and weep.

The broken wreck and cargo too  
Lay scattered on the shore;  
And in memory of every Scilly man  
The like was never seen before.

But Bryher men had watched the boat,  
And volunteered so brave,  
That to White Island they would go  
The shipwrecked men to save.

They rowed across a neck of sea  
To land on Sampson's shore;  
The tide ran strong, the wind blew hard,  
And raging seas did roar.

O'er Sampson's hill they took their boat,  
In spite of furious wind and sand,  
Determined they to face it all,  
And bring them safe to land.

They launched their boat down in the sea,  
And on the foaming billows tost;  
Their friends and wives stood weeping at the  
And thought they must be lost.

But quickly they rowed their boat along,  
And staunch was every man,  
And soon they reached those shipwrecked men  
And brought them safe to land.

Now may God bless those Bryher men  
For all that they have done;  
Their deed of daring shall be known  
Wherever shines the sun.

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