

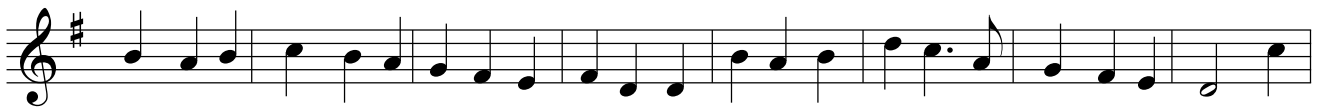
17 *Cumberland's Crew - Mr Crisp*



1. Now com-rades ass - em - ble and list to my dit-ty, a ter - rib - le sto - ry that hap - pened - of late; and



each Bri - tish tar drop a sad tear of pi - ty when he thinks on the once gal - lant *Cum - ber - land's* fate. The -



eighth day of March told a ter - rib - le sto - ry, when ma - ny brave tars to this world bid a - dieu; our



flag was em - bla - zoned by em - blems of glo - ry by the he - ro - ic deeds of the *Cum - ber - land's* crew.

1
Now comrades assemble and list to my ditty,
a terrible story that happened of late;
and each Union tar drop a sad tear of pity
when he thinks on the once gallant *Cumberland's* fate.
The eighth day of March told a terrible story,
when many brave tars to this world bid adieu;
our flag was emblazoned by emblems of glory
by the heroic deeds of the *Cumberland's* crew.

2
On that fateful day, about ten in the morning,
the sky it was clear and bright was the sun,
when the drums of the *Cumberland* gave forth a warning
which told every seaman to stand by his gun.
An iron-clad frigate came down on us bearing;
high in the air the rebel flag flew.
The pennant of treason she proudly was wearing,
determined to conquer the *Cumberland's* crew.

3
Then up spoke our brave captain with stern resolution,
saying, 'Boys, of that monster we'll not be afraid.
We have sworn to defend our beloved constitution,
to die for our flag, boys, we are not afraid.
We will fight for our country because it is glorious,
and to the old flag we will ever prove true.
We will die by our guns, boys, or conquer, victorious.'
He was answered by cheers from the *Cumberland's* crew.

4
Now our noble ship's opened her guns' dreadful thunder;
our shot like hail on the rebels we poured.
Our people gazed at her with awe-stricken wonder
as a shot struck her side and went harmlessly o'er.
But the pride of our navy could never be daunted,
though the dead and the wounded our decks did bestrew;
and the Star-Spangled Banner still proudly we vaunted,
sustained by the pride of the *Cumberland's* crew.

5
She struck us amidships, our planks they did quiver,
That great iron prow pierced our wooden side through.
And e'en as we sank in that dark rolling river,
Their souls then forever to earth bid adieu.
She'll be wept for by Columbia's brave sons and fair
daughters,
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's dark shore!
And e'en as she sank in the depth of the waters,
Our Star-Spangled Banner still bravely waved o'er.