

THE TITANIC DISASTER POEM

J.H. McKenzie

I.

On the cold and dark Atlantic,
The night was growing late
Steamed the maiden ship Titanic
Crowded with human freight
She was valued at Ten Million,
The grandest ever roamed the seas,
Fitted complete to swim the ocean
When the rolling billows freeze.

II.

She bade farewell to England
All dressed in robes of white
Going out to plow the briny deep,
And was on her western flight;
She was now so swiftly gliding
In L Fifty and Fourteen
When the watchman viewed the monster
Just a mile from it, 'Twas seen.

III.

Warned by a German vessel
Of an enemy just ahead
Of an Iceberg, that sea monster,
That which the seamen dread.
On steamed this great Titanic;
She was in her swiftest flight;
She was trying to break the record,
On that fearful, fearful night.

IV.

Oh; she was plowing the Ocean
For speed not known before,
But alas, she struck asunder
To last for ever more,
A wireless message began to spread
Throughout the mighty deep, it said,

“We have struck an iceberg, being delayed;
Please rush to us with aid.”

V.

The Captain, of the White Star Line,
Who stood there in command,
Was an Admiral of seasoned mind
Enroute to the western land.
The Captain thought not of his life
But stood there to the last
And swimming saved a little child
As it came floating past.

VI.

Outstretched hands offered reward
For his brave and heroic deed
But the intrepid man went down aboard
Trying to rescue a passenger instead
This ill-starred giant of the sea
Was carried to his grave
On the last and greatest ship, was he,
That ever cleft a wave.

VII.

Gay was the crew aboard this ship,
Passengers large and small;
They viewed the coming danger,
They felt it one and all.
On played the grand Orchestra
Their notes were soft and clear;
They realized God's power on land
On sea 'twas just as near.

VIII.

So they played this glorious anthem
Continued on the sea
And repeated the beautiful chorus
“Nearer My God To Thee.”
Then silenced when the ship went down
Their notes were heard no more.
Surely they'll wear a starry crown

On that Celestial Shore.

IX.

Colonel Astor, a millionaire,
Scholarly and profound,
Said to his wife, "I'll meet you dear
Tomorrow in York Town."
His bride asked a seaman true
"Oh say! may husband go;"
The echo came upon the blue
He answered, "He may, you know."

X.

This man rushed not to his seat
He seem to have no fear,
Being calm, serene and discreet
Tendered it to a lady near,
"Oh go, he said, my darling wife
Please be not in despair,
Be of good cheer, as sure as life,
I'll meet you over there."

XI.

Well could he have known this dreadful night
The sea would be his grave
Though he worked with all his might
For those whom he could save.
This man a soldier once has been
Of military art,
Proved himself full competent then
To do his noble part.

XII.

Major Butt, well known to fame
A lady did entreat,
To kindly name him to his friends
Whom she perchance to meet.
He forced the men to realize
The weaker they should save;
He gave his life with no surprise
To the sea—a watery grave;

And with a smile upon his face
He turned to meet his fate,
Soon, soon the sea would be his grave
In and ever after date.

XIII.

And Strauss, who did the children feed,
Had mercy on the poor,
And all such men the world doth need
To reverence evermore.
Oh, may the union of Strauss and wife
Be memorial to all men,
Each for the other gave their life,
A life we should commend;
And may all girls who chance in life
To read this poem thru
Emulate the deed of such a wife,
As went down in the blue.

XIV.

Down, down goes the great Titanic
With faster and faster speed
Until Alas! there comes a burst
She bade farewell indeed
Farewell, farewell to land and seas,
Farewell to wharves and shore,
For I must land beneath the breeze
To reach the land no more
I carry with me more human weight
Than ever recorded before
To leave them on a land sedate
They will land, Oh! land no more.

XV.

Only a few you see,
May tell the story
Of this great calamity;
Husbands, Wives, perhaps in glory
View the sad catastrophe.
The Carpathia eastern bound
For the Mediterranean sea,

Turned to the mighty sound,
The wireless C. Q. D.

XVI.

Quick was the preparation made,
To warn the unfortunate few,
For the homeless was cold and delayed
Being chilled by the wind as it blew.

So to the youth
Through life has started,
Be ever thoughtful and true,
Stay by the truth, be not departed
Success shall come to you

Oh, may you shun the Iceberg,
By the dreadful work was wrought,
And prosper by the lesson
This mighty ship has taught.

Source:

McKenzie, J.H. "The Titanic Disaster Poem." Guthrie: Co-operative Pub. Co., 1912.
Electronic.