

## A Ship on the Goodwin

Mr J. Wilson, the antique dealer, of Cambridge Road, has shown us this week a decrepit piece of old parchment, on which is printed a song, "A Ship on the Goodwin." It is printed over the name of "T. Tennent, Depot, 30th Regiment"; and his address is given as Walmer Barracks, and dated November, 1851.

It would be interesting to know if any of our readers know of this song, which will in five months be 100 years old. Mr. Wilson came across the piece in the back of a piece of antique furniture which he bought at Canterbury last week.

The song reads as follows:—

'Tis a fierce night of storm,  
near a dangerous coast,  
A Ship by the wild winds and  
billows is toss'd,  
In sight of the cliffs of their  
dear native isle,  
Where they hoped to be met  
with a welcoming smile.  
The storm rages loudly—much  
—much do they fear  
That the dread sands of Good-  
win unto them are near;  
The signal light's hoisted—the  
minute gun's fired,  
And the last ray of hope has  
almost expired,—

Cheer, cheer up, poor mariners  
—be not dismayed,  
The Boatmen of Deal will soon  
render aid;  
Your signals are heard—and  
they now raise the cry—  
"A Ship on the Goodwin!"—  
we'll save her or die!  
'A Ship on the Goodwin!'—  
quick!—quick! — man the  
boat!

in an instant she's ready—now  
—now she's afloat;  
Through the darkness and  
storm, right onward they  
speed,  
Tho' each wave seems a vortex  
—they'll never recede;

Now sunk in a chasm, she  
seems not to rise,  
Then over the waves—like a  
sea-gull she flies;  
Not a star in the heavens—all  
is darkness and gloom,  
Save when flashes of lightning  
the boat's-track illumine;  
Not a signal they see—not a  
gun can they hear,  
But they still hope to save her,  
so undaunted they steer;  
What is that?—'tis a gun—to  
the leeward she lies,  
Their hopes are confirmed by  
the mariners' cries.

They near her—they gain her—  
a wild shout is raised—  
We are saved!—we are saved!  
—Oh! Heaven be praised!  
Then back to the shore are the  
sufferers borne  
By the bold noble hearts that  
brav'd the rude storm.  
Say,—who are these men?—  
have they honor or gain?  
Or, have they a niche in the  
temple of fame?  
No!—of riches and honor, but  
little's their part,  
Yet their brave deeds are writ-  
ten on many a heart.