

THE WRECK ON THE GOODWIN SANDS

Hurrah for the gallant conduct
Of the North Deal Lifeboat crew,
Who worked so well and bravely
To save their comrades true;
How hard they fought to save them,
In the boiling angry main,
But poor Marsh, the bravest of them,
Ne'er will fight the waves again.

With death lowering dark around him,
A hero's front he bore;
Not a selfish thought within him,
But a heart "true to the core".
He scorned to leave his station
While a man was left to save,
And coolly faced the danger
Of a cruel watery grave.

Oh! who can paint the torture
To die in sight of shore -
Of home, of wife and children,
Whose hearts' fond love he bore?
With a last sad glance to landward,
A low murmured prayer of love,
"Oh, Lord, help my wife and dear ones
Till we meet in Heaven above."

A.P.

These lines are inscribed to George Richard Marsh,
who was drowned on the Goodwin Sands,
October 31st, 1835.