

The Cumberland's Crew

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AFS 1605 B1

Oh, comers come listen and join in my ditty, Of a terrible battle that happened of late.
Made Union tar shed a sad tale of pity, When I think of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.

For the eighth day of March told a terrible story, That most of our seamen to the swells
bade adieu. Our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory, By the heroic deeds of the
Cumberland's crew.

On the eighth day of March, about ten in the morning, The sky it was cloudless and bright
shone the sun. When the drum of the Cumberland sounded the warning, Which told every
seaman to stand by his gun.

When an ironclad came bearing down on us, And high in the air the Rebel flag flew. The
pennant of treason soon proudly was waving, Determined to conquer the Cumberland
crew.

Then up stepped our captain with firm resolution, Saying, "Boys, by this monster, we'll
ne'er be dismayed. Let us fight for the Union's beloved Constitution, To die for the Union
we are not afraid."

"Let us fight for the Union's own cause it is glorious, For the Stars and the Stripes will
always prove true. Let us die at our quarters or conquer victorious." Was answered with
cheers from the Cumberland's crew.

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When our port we threw open and our guns we let thunder, Broadsides on the enemy, like hail did pour. Our seaman they stood wrapped in great wonder, When the shot struck her side and glanced harmlessly o'er.

The pride of our Navy could never be daunted, The dead and the dying our decks they did strew. And the Star Spangled Banner so proudly kept waving, As stained by the blood of the Cumberland crew.

When traitors found cannon no longer availed them, For fighting those heroes with God on their side. The cause of secession no longer to quell them, The blood of our seamen did crimson the tide.

She struck amidship our planks did quiver, Her sharp iron prow pushed a noble ship through. And as we were sinking in the dark rolling river, "We'll die at our guns." said the Cumberland's crew.

Slowly she sank in Virginia's dark waters, Our voices on swells shall ne'er be heard more. May we wept by Cumberland's brave sons and proud daughters, By the blood of the abandoned Virginia's shore.

In the battle stained river so silently sleeping, The most of our heroes had swelled great adieu. And the Star Spangled banner so proudly was waving, Was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew.

Columbia's gem or the brightest communion, No flag ever floated so proudly before. Now while those heroes who fought for the Union, Be noted bright stars so exultingly soar.

When any brave heroes in battle assemble, God bless that dear banner, the red, white, and blue. For beneath this proud fold we'll cause tyrants to tremble, Or die at our guns like the Cumberland crew.