

The Gracie M. Parker

Song



The Gracie M. Parker

Fair Miquelon Isle how can you smile
While we do so lament?
You've deprived us of our ones so dear,
Why do you not repent?
Your rocks and seas have done their deed,
Their bodies lie beneath the sea;
Our precious one from us have gone,
We never more will see.

On the fifteenth of December,
In the year of ninety-three,
The schooner Gracie M. Parker
From Alberton put to sea.
She was heavily timber-laden,
For St. Pierre she was bound;
We little thought 'twould be their lot
On that dreary Isle to drown.

The wind came from the east north-east,
And blew a heavy gale,
The schooner heavily-laden
With closely reefed topsail
But then she struck a sunken rock
All with a deadly sound;
The seas ran high, no help was nigh,
And all on board were drowned.

'Twas early the next morning,
A man by chance did stray
Far down along the sea beach
Where two dead bodies lay,
And later on as daylight came
He chanced to spy the wreck,
Of the schooner Gracie M. Parker
That sailed from Cascumpec.

There was Captain Farrell, his brother Will,
The mate John Docherty

Frank MacAlduff, Alf Matthews,
All married men were they.
The cook was Johnny Oliver,
Supercargo was Doiron,
I've enumerated all the crew
In this my simple song.