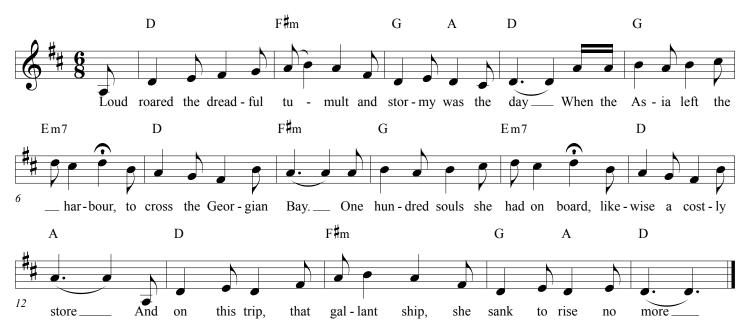
The Wreck of The Asia

As sung by C.H. J. Snider Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



With three and thirty shanty boys, all hearty, stout and brave, They were all bound for French River, but found a watery grave. The men tried to save the Captain as the waters round him raged, "Oh, no," cried he, "ne'er think of me, 'til all on board are saved."

I'll never forget MacDougall, which was his honoured name, Immortalized, by gallant deed and handed down to fame. The cabin boy next passed away, so young, so true so brave His parents weep while his body sleeps in the Georgian's watery grave.

And likewise young Willie Christie with his lately wedded bride Were bound for Manitoulin, where the parents did reside. "If we had only left this boat, last eve at Owen Sound, Oh, Willie dear, why came we here, to in these waters drown?"

Mama will say, "Why such delay?" but she must be excused. Twill make her sad, likewise my dad, to hear the awful news. Of all the souls she had on board, two only are alive; Miss Morrison and Tinkiss, who only did survive.

Miss Morrison and Tinkiss, their names I can't forget, Protected by a lifeboat, which five times did upset. The boat was seen to hold eighteen, which into her did climb But it upset and down they went, there were seven at one time

But in the deep their bodies sleep, their earthly trials are o'er. And on the beach, their bones do bleach, along the Georgian shore. Around each family circle, how sad the news to hear! The foundering of the Asia, left sounding in each ear.