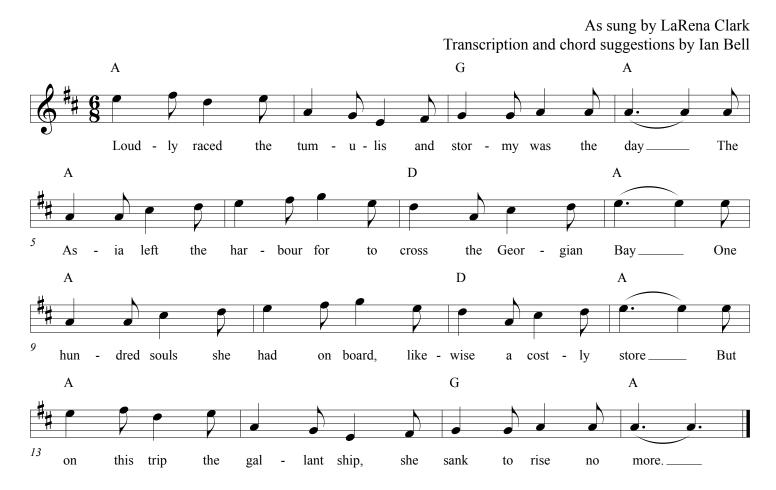
The Wreck of The Asia



For three and thirty shantymen, so handsome stout and brave Were bound for Colin Findle's (?) but they found a watery grave The men cried, "Save the Captain", as the waters round him raged "Oh no", cried he, don't think of me, till all on board is saved.

The cabin boy next passed away, so young so true and brave His parents weep, his body sleeps in watery Georgian Bay I'll ne-er forget McDougall, which was long his honoured name He immortalized our gallant deeds and hands them down to fame

And likewise Billy Christie with his newly wedded bride Were bound for Manitoulin where their parents did reside "Oh had we only left this boat last eve at Owen Sound, Oh Willie dear how come we here, to in these waters drown"

Out in the deep they're fast asleep, their earthly trials are o'er All down the beach, their bones will bleach, along the Georgian shore Of all the souls she had on board, two only are alive Duncas Tinkiss and Miss Morrison, who only did survive

Duncan Tinkess - Mis Morrison, those names I'll ne'er forget Protected by a lifeboat, which five times it did upset Around the family circle now, how sad the news to hear The foundering of the Asia left it's sounding in each ear