THE ENTIRE PUBLISHING PROFITS of the first 10,000 Copies have been devoted to the Relief Fund.

No. 172

WITH TONIC SOL-FA.

This Song may be Sung in Public without Fee or License except at Theatres or Music Halls.

THE SHIP THAT WILL NEVER RETURN

(The Loss of the "Titanic.")



SONG

AND

POEM

Written & Composed

by

F. V. ST. CLAIR.

LONDON,
E.MARKS & SON,
125, Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.
AND 35 ROSOMAN STREET, E.C.

ENT. STA HALL

THE SHIP THAT WILL NEVER RETURN.

Written and Composed by F. V. St CLAIR. Valse Lente. PIANO KEY C. r :m :f | s :- :- | - :- :s it il | s is is | fe it il | s :- il | t il is | r' il it | d' :- :d' it il s if im r if it | 1 :- :- | fe im ir | fe im ir | d' it il Rich man and poor man like English .men died. Copyright, 1912, by E. Marks & Son.



O'er the waves of the ocean she rode,
Four days had gone by since shed left the old land,
With over two thousand aboard;
And then came the crash in the dead of the night,
But none on that ship were dismayed,
They trusted the Captain they trusted the crew,
When ri

And even the women they were not afraid-

CHORUS.

Be British, the Captain cried out from the bridge, Be British and British were they, The women and children the first for the boats— And the Sailors knew how to obey; As long as old England sends ships over sea

The deeds of that night she'll recall

When rich man and poor man went down side by side

Where Rank made no difference for Death levelled all—

CHORUS.

"THE SHIP THAT WILL NEVER RETURN."

By F. V. ST. CLAIR.

HAS the world ever heard such a story since the Loss of the "Birkenhead"? Will the world ever know ALL the story till the sea gives up its dead?

Tis a tale that has staggered Humanity, a story that cannot die it is in the East and to set in the Western sky.

When we think of acts of devotion, when we think of each noble deed, It makes us proud to know that we are a part of the

If makes us proud to know that we are a part of the Bull-loog breed, The breed that has stood the ages defying every shock, We are prouder to-day than ever we were of the blood of the British stock.

ss of Think of the men below there, brave-hearted Engineers
Who went to their deaths like Englishmen—NOT ONE
ON THE SAVED LIST APPEARS—
Keeping the lights a-burning, every man at his post was

Seen,
But their names shall live with the noblest names of our
Mercantile Marine.

Honour the brave departed, speak not one ill word of the dead,
for they died at their posts like the soldiers died on the
Troopship "Birkenhead";
If the Captain erred in his judgment, let only his gallantry
shine—
For remember—To err is but Human, to forgive, Divine.

There's the widows and orphans to see to, left to our care by the dead— There's the homes that are silent in sorrow and the poor little bairs to be fed; Midst the sorrow we've this consolation, from Bandsman to

Stewardess fair,
We can take off our hats and say "Thank God, there wasn't a coward there!"

F. V. St. CLAIR.

Meet Me Once More in Dreamland

CURLY HEAD. (No. 161.)

By J. P. LONG.

Copies of the above 3d. (Post Free) or Five Different Sorts for 1/-

E. MARKS & SON, Music Publishers, 125, Mare Street, Hackney, LONDON N.E.

Telephone No. 1726 Dalston.