

# Grace Darling

*Parts of the poem by William Topaz McGonagall*

As the night was **beginning to close in** one rough September day  
In the year of 1838, a steamer passed through the Fairway  
Between the Farne Islands and the coast, on her passage **northwards**;  
But the **wind** was against her, and the steamer laboured hard.

There she laboured in the **heavy sea against both wind and tide**,  
Whilst a **dense fog** enveloped her on every side;  
And the mighty billows made her **timbers creak**,  
Until at last, unfortunately, **she sprung a leak**.

And the **screaming of the sea-birds** foretold a gathering storm,  
And the passengers, poor souls, looked pale and **forlorn**,  
And on every countenance was depicted woe  
As the "Forfarshire" steamer was pitched **to and fro**.

Before the morning broke, the "Forfarshire" **struck upon a rock**,  
And was dashed to pieces by a tempestuous shock,  
Which **raised her** for a moment, and **dashed her down again**,  
Then the ill-starred vessel was **swallowed up** in the briny main

Around the windlass on the forecastle some dozen poor wretches **clung**,  
And with **despair and grief** their weakly hearts were rung  
As the merciless **sea broke o'er them** every moment;  
But God in His mercy to them Grace Darling sent.

By the first streak of dawn she early up had been,  
And happened to look out upon the stormy scene,

And she descried the wreck through the morning gloom;  
But she resolved to rescue them from such a perilous doom

Then she cried, Oh! father dear, **come here and see** the wreck,  
See, here **take the telescope**, and you can inspect;  
Oh! father, try and save them, and heaven will you bless;  
But, my darling, no help can reach them in such a storm as this.

Then old Darling yielded, and launched the little boat,  
And high on the big waves the boat did float;  
Then Grace and her father **took each an oar in hand**,  
And to see Grace Darling **rowing** the picture was grand.

And as the little boat to the sufferers drew near,  
Poor souls, they tried to **raise a cheer**;  
But as they gazed upon the heroic Grace,  
The **big tears trickled down each sufferer's face**.

And nine persons were rescued almost dead with the cold  
By modest and lovely Grace Darling, that heroine bold;  
The survivors were taken to the light-house, and remained there two days,  
And every one of them was loud in Grace Darling's praise.