

THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION

At Halifax, two vessels rammed,  
In 1917 A.D.,  
The one a deadly cargo held,  
Her bulkheads jammed with T.N.T.

'Twas shortly after 9 o'clock,  
That frosty bright December morn,  
When with a sudden awesome sound,  
The universe was split and torn.

At Bloomfield School I did attend,  
The classroom we had just entered,  
No orders did the teacher give,  
She had not time to say a word.

Mid plaster, dust and flying glass,  
We found the stairs and then the door,  
We thought it must be Judgement day,  
Or Germans bringing hellish war.

The memory of the sights I saw  
I cannot from my mind erase,  
My mother looking for me then  
Could hardly recognize my face.

We knew not what had happened yet,  
But rumours flew both thick and fast,  
And so we trudged with many more,  
Escaping from a second blast.

6, 9 and 10, we children three,  
Could scarcely realize our plight,  
My father went to work that morn,  
But did not come back home that night.

We stood awhile in frosty fields,  
And then we went back home again,  
Because our house was damaged so,  
Some kindly neighbours took us in.

My mother searched day after day,  
Through all the halls then being used,  
For injured, dying, and the dead,  
To give up hope, she did refuse.

Ten days went by before we heard,  
My father had at last been found;  
Down at the dry-docks, 'neath the snow,  
Iron girders wrapped his body 'round.

Till Gabriel's horn shall call us all,

He lies beneath the maple tree,  
Near where Titanic's victims sleep  
In quiet Fairview cemetery.

words - music by  
Charles Wesley Peckley  
Master of "The Strongest Singers."