



**Titanic**

**By Valerie Dohren**

Fair maiden of the ocean deep   
This mighty vessel lost to sleep  
A jewel `neath a moonless sky  
`Twas fate that she so soon would die  
  
Against the ice her doom was sealed  
Just ten percent of it revealed  
As close against its buried side  
With grace and dignity to glide  
  
The greater part was hid below   
For so it be with frozen snow -  
A jagg`ed fortress `neath the sea  
A dark, unseen catastrophe  
  
Her belly slashed, then set to die,   
(Upon the ocean bed to lie) -  
Into her hull the ocean gushed  
People and objects swirled and crushed  
  
But no-one listened to her cries   
Nor even to her calls did rise  
And none acknowledged all her flares  
Nor sought to answer all her prayers  
  
Two hours and forty minutes passed   
With all her charges holding fast  
Just twenty lifeboats, not yet filled,   
(And fifteen hundred hearts were stilled)   
  
Water seeping into her heart   
Tearing her very soul apart  
Invincible of White Star Line  
She lurched, she groaned, with severed spine  
  
O`er time a saviour ship arrived   
To aid the ones who had survived  
To take them thus into her care  
A ship of safety anchored there  
  
But in the darkness of the night   
In ice-cold waters void of light  
Bounced scattered souls upon the waves  
Descending to their watery graves  
  
Then all the while, when hope was gone,   
In calm repose the band played on -  
`Nearer My God To Thee, ` they think,   
As, with grace, she started to sink  
  
One hundred years her memory   
Still lingers `neath the raging sea  
Within the hearts of all bereft  
Of those whose lives have long since left  
  
They said that sink she never could   
But oh, dear God, she surely would!   
Invincible of White Star Line  
She lurched, she groaned, with severed spine  
  
And though one century has passed  
Lost souls in memories are cast  
Their eyes as stars in heaven dwell  
Reflected in the ocean`s swell  
  
With tales of life and secrets kept  
Of those who loved and those who wept  
Your stories you will never tell  
Farewell, my friends, farewell, farewell...  
  
The sun upon the shimm`ring sea  
Will ever your companion be.

**Titanic (The Unsinkable Ship)**

**by Kim Robin Edwards**

What people believed in 1912.  
Was a myth in the truth, placed on a shelf.  
Was the unthinkable, unsinkable..  
The forty six thousand gross tons of steal.  
Would never kneel or break its bow.  
The ship could never sink or rust.  
Was rumour going round, we all could trust.  
The crowd showed up to celebrate.  
As the ship was Christened to show its fate.  
But The White Star Line was cruising fine.  
When it hit a berg, under a darkened sky.  
There it lie, with many to cry.  
At the bottom of the sea she'll die.  
They said the Titanic could never sink.  
Their opinion a myth, now she's on the brink.  
With forty six thousand gross tons of steal.  
The voyagers finished their final meal.  
To the bottom of the ocean they went.  
A many to cry, while she made her descent.  
The Titanic was a ship in trouble.  
But now a myth, and a pile of rubble.  
At the bottom's where she made her grave.  
A sigh of relief, for the lives they saved.  
To the rescue, and on the double.  
Titanic was a ship in trouble..  
Her maiden voyage, now turn the page.  
Thousand of people, in a fit of rage.  
The news it read that we all should mourn.  
The Titanic's passengers, their lives were torn.  
A myth of truth placed in the news.  
The unsinkable ship. Would never lose.