

# THE GREAT FLOOD

IN MANCHESTER AND SURROUNDING DISTRICTS,

Which occurred on

SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1872,

And said to be one of the most destructive Floods ever known in this part of the country.

THE thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,  
The rain came pouring down,  
And soon the rivers all were swollen  
In country and in town.

On, on the turbid water rushed,  
Each moment gaining force,  
Carrying everything along  
Which lay within its course.

Men gazed in awe! What could they do  
To stop destruction's hand?  
Alas, when God His power displays  
Man cannot Him withstand.

Soon far and wide the water spread,  
And houses were cast down;  
Chairs, tables, beds, and other things  
Into the stream were thrown.

Large mills were stopped, machines destroyed,  
And goods of every sort,  
Were by the water tossed about,  
As though in savage sport.

Pigs, sheep, and cattle, in their turns,  
Were quickly swept away;  
And farmers saw the cruel stream  
Destroy their new mown hay.

Sad, sad indeed must be the lot  
Of those whose all have gone;  
To-day much riches they possess,  
To-morrow they have none.

Still on the mighty water came,  
Where lay the silent dead,  
And soon, alas! the coffins were  
Uplifted from their bed.

And ghastly forms were now beheld  
Hurrying quickly by;  
Brave men stood awe-struck at the sight,  
And women raised a cry.

Soon every effort was put forth  
To stop them in their course;  
Men drew the bodies on the bank,  
And then the scene was worse.

Ghastly forms of old and young  
Lay open to our view;  
God grant that such appalling sights  
May ne'er be seen by you!

Of all the bodies washed away  
Some sixty have been found;  
And now each one has been re-laid  
Beneath the sacred ground.

Long as we live we'll ne'er forget  
That awful Saturday,  
When from the ground near Philips Park  
Were bodies washed away.

Nor yet unmindful would we be  
Of those who suffered loss,  
But grateful that from harm we're free,  
Help them to bear their cross.