

Queen Bee Fundraiser

Thanks to James Peter (Jimpy's Antiques) for the poem which was produced as a Relief Fund fundraiser to assist the survivors who had lost all their personal and household possessions.

*In Nelson we looked for the Queen Bee, for long was the ship on the waters,
We read of her much valued cargo; the long list of sons and of daughters;
The parents and children beloved, leaving homes in the "Country Old"
For new ones out here in the sunshine – this southern land of "Gold"
We peacefully slept in our homesteads, for the Monday's toil was o'er
And we dreamt not then of the QUEEN BEE, though she was near our shore,
But the wires soon flashed the tidings, and our steamers put to sea,
Hastings away to the Sandspit, for there lay the wrecked QUEEN BEE,
All broken was she, and forsaken; a ruined, desolate wreck;
And the big strong waves were sweeping ruthlessly o'er her deck.
But the sought not the wealthy cargo; they looked for the "priceless" freight,
Who had taken the open boats, ah! Who could tell their fate!
So the steamers searched the islets, the nooks and crags around,
Looking, longing, waiting, till some of the lost were found;
But where! Oh, where are the missing! Women and children small.
So Nelson arises to duty; - she "always" obeys the call;
The weak and helpless ever find refuge on her coast
When the "dogs of war" are loosened; and now the "missing boats".
They man their own "Aurora", our Naval Bright Brigade;
Not to meet the Turks or Russians; no, there are lives to save.
The Sappho's crew are searching; good Taylor puts to sea;
Their every aim is "one" aim, - the boats of the QUEEN BEE.
And there were prayers ascending from many a heart and home,
God in his mercy hearing, for He could save alone.
Again the wires are flashing; oh, joy! They bring good cheer,
The missing boats are safe are safe! Their freight will soon be here!
We left our homes and doings, we left the bank and store,
And crowds soon hasten forth to greet them heartily to shore.
An end to all our sorrows, an end to all our fears,
The Nelson Rocks they echoed loud the welcome of our cheers.
We saw the sisters land, and the little new-born child, -
The mother's joy, - God bless them all; 'twas good to see them smile.
And how we sang the "grand old verse", with hearts and voices too;
Praise, praise to Him who blessed all; for surely praise was due.
Now let us hold a helping hand to those who here may live,
'Tis not so blessed to "receive", - the blessing is to "give"
And like the wires we'll let it reach across the great wide sea
To the widow of the "only one" lost through the wrecked QUEEN BEE.
And Neslson's children years to come shall know the August night,
When that fine ship became a wreck, so near the Sandspit Light,
And how the City did fulfil her great namesake's command.
And duty did right manfully, with willing heart and hand.*