

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts  
From **The Sea, Ships and Sailors**, edited by William Cole, Viking Press, 1967, p. 127  
Originally published in **The Lost Shipmate: Poems of the Sea**, ©1934  
Chorus and tune by Mike Kennedy, ©2009, recorded 10/25/12

## The Wreckers' Prayer

### *Chorus:*

*Give us a little wreck, oh Lord,  
Hal-a-loo, hal-a-loo;  
Give us a little wreck, oh Lord,  
Glory-hal-a-loo-ya!*

Give us a wreck or two, Good Lord.  
For winters in Tops'il Tickle be hard  
With gray-frost creepin' like mortal sin  
And pershin' lack of bread in the bin.  
A grand rich wreck, we do humbly pray,  
Bursting aboard at the break of day  
An' hoven clear 'crost Tops'il Reef,  
With victuals an' gear to beguile our grief. (CHO)

God of reefs an' tide and sky,  
Heed to our needs and hark to our cry!  
Bread by the bag an' beef by the cask  
Ease for sore bellies is all we ask.  
One grand wreck – maybe two?  
With gear an' victuals to see us through  
'Til spring starts up at the break of day  
An' fish strike back into Tops'il Bay. (CHO)

One rich wreck for Thy hand be strong!  
A barque or a brig from up-along,  
Bemused by the twisting tides, Oh Lord!  
For winters in Tops'il Tickle be hard.  
Loud an' long will we sing ye praise,  
Merciful Fadder, of ancient days,  
Master of fog an' tide and reef!  
Heave us a wreck to beguile our grief. (CHO 2X)

Amen!