



LV 72 on station. U.S.
Lighthouse Society Photo

The Graveyard of the Atlantic Ocean

On Diamond Shoals with all its dreads,
There's a flashing buoy and a ship painted red.

With radiobeacon sending out its code
To guide great ships on their ocean road.

Just four miles in from our anchorage ground
Lies the treacherous spot where hundreds have drowned.

From the deck of our ship we can see the great light
From the tower of Cape Hatteras shining out so bright.

It has marked the spot from days of old
Where ships have gone down in numbers untold.

When the storms sweep in from the mighty deep,
When most of the world is fast asleep.

There's a man on watch with our lives in his hands;
He's watching and looking for the dangers we stand.

When ships passing by approach us too close,
Four blasts on the whistle calls each man to his post.

With life belts around us, on deck we stand,
Subject to orders at the Skipper's command.

This September three years ago,
A tropical hurricane swept this coast.

This gallant ship was tried and found true;
It battled the storm the long night through.

It was driven in before wind and waves,
And twice it crossed the sailors' graves.

The storm died down and changed its course;
It was again driven out with an awful force.

The weary crew were weak and worn,
Some were bleeding, some were torn.

They threw the lead their depths to find,
They had left Old Diamond far behind.

Their loved ones on shore were creased with worry and frowns.
Were expecting to hear that their loved ones were drowned.

But we are thankful for a guiding hand
That brought us safely in to land.