

W.B. (Song for RMS TITANIC)

Words & Music by Bob

v *Steady in 4; Not too fast*

Verse

G C G

She was proud and she was state-ly and the pride of the White Star Line, the

G G D^b D⁷ G

fi - nest ship that floa - ted and the gran - dest of the grand; on a star-ry night in

G Em Am D^b D⁷

A - pril with her chan - de - liers a - shine, she sank to the tune of her ball - room

G C G Am Em

band. -- Now you've of - ten heard the sto - ry, ma - ny times the tales been told of a

G G D^b D⁷ G

fate - ful mai - den voy - age when so ma - ny lost their life, of an ice - berg that came

G Em Am G D⁷

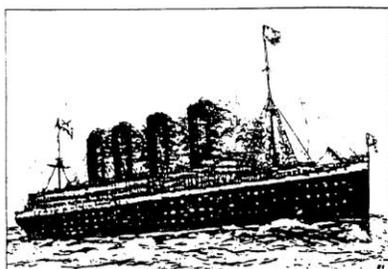
drif - ting from the North so white and cold, and cut the great ship's bel - ly like a

G Chorus G C G

knife. -- Let her be, oh let her -- be, where she's res - ting let her stay, ----

C G D⁷ G

South South East of New - found - land, let the proud Ti - ta - nic lay. -----



RMS TITANIC Drawing by Jan Stevens

BB (Song for RMS TITANIC)

Words & Music by Bob Watson

She was proud and she was stately, and the pride of the White Star Line,
The finest ship that floated and the grandest of the grand;
On a starry night in April, with her chandeliers a - shine,
She sank to the tune of her ballroom band.

Now you've often heard the story, many times the tale's been told,
Of a fateful maiden voyage when so many lost their life –
Of an iceberg that came drifting from the North so white and cold,
And cut the great ship's belly like a knife.

Chorus: Let her be, Oh let her be, where she's resting let her stay:
South south east of Newfoundland, let the proud Titanic lay.

Now the great ship was a symbol of an age that's gone for good,
When Britain ruled the ocean wave and half the landmass too;
There was nothing that could sink her, not a thing that ever could --
They found too late the lifeboats were too few.
And there's many folks who perished as she sank beneath their feet,
And whether of the first class kind, or humble as could be,
Now their souls all rest together, that in life could never meet,
Two thousand fathoms down below the sea.

Chorus

Many times they've tried to find her, now these days they've got the gear
To scan the highest heavens and to search the deepest deeps;
On the cold Atlantic seabed, so their photos show so clear,
They've found where the proud Titanic sleeps.
And there's some who say they'd raise her, bring her trophies back to land,
Along with all the riches that she carried on her way,
And there's some say she's a tomb where man should never lay his hand –
Better leave her where the deep sea fishes play.

Chorus

She was proud and she was stately, and the pride of the White Star line
And her grave's down on the Grand Banks, in the deeps two miles below,
Where she guards her ghostly shipmates that have lingered all this time,
And the iceberg has melted long ago.
Britannia ruled the waves, you'll hear it sung in old-time songs,
Titanic looked so mighty, but she still turned out so frail;
Better leave her be remembered, like the age where she belongs,
Whenever story tellers tell her tale.

Chorus

