

# The Cyclone of Rye Cove

Written by A. P. Carter

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1. Oh, listen today and a story I'll tell,  
In sadness and tear-dimmed eyes,  
Of a dreadful cyclone that came this way,  
And blew our schoolhouse away.

*chorus:* Rye Cove, *Rye Cove*, Rye Cove, *Rye Cove*,  
The place of my childhood and home,  
Where in life's early morn I once loved to roam,  
But now it's so silent and lone.

2. When the cyclone appeared it darkened the air,  
Yes, the lightning flashed over the sky,  
The children all cried, don't take us away,  
And spare us to go back home.

3. There were mothers so dear and fathers the same,  
That came to this horrible scene,  
Searching and crying each found their own child,  
Dying on a pillow of stone.

4. Oh, give us a home far beyond the blue sky,  
Where storms and cyclones are unknown,  
There by life's strand we'll clasp this glad hand,  
With children in a heavenly home.