

TRADITIONAL BALLADS

Written by the Narrative Class Class of 2019



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The Fateful Cruise
By Olivia Coppa

Women filled the crowded dock
And men with suitcases in hand.
The shiny new ship stood tall and proud
The sight was—oh, so grand!

Marla, a three-year-old, entered the ship,
Her mother and father stood by
With twinkling eyes and curly hair:
The girl started to cry.

Marla's eyes filled up with tears
Because of the crowd and clatter.
The Titanic set sail on its fateful cruise;
Everyone clapped as they raised the last ladder.

One night Marla soundly slept
Until she fell from her bed.
An iceberg crashed through the ship with a thud—
What caused the sailors dread.

Her father gave Marla his warm coat
As they rushed to the top of the ship.
Water was flooding, lifeboats were lowered.
They could feel the boat start to tip.

“First women and children!” the sailors roared,
As people poured into a boat.
Marla and her mother made their way into one.
Her father was left cold with no coat.

They were huddling, shivering, in the cold boat.
“Where's Daddy? I'm his daughter!”
Her mother's face lay cold and pale
They saw the Titanic submerge into water.

The Ballad of Two Sisters
By Bridget Haselbarth

A Ballad of the Johnstown flood of 1889

Beside the open window frame
There sat a watching maid.
Although in body she was lame,
Her spirit was unafraid.

Her sister Helen sat close by,
Beside the roaring fire,
Her gentle heart, oh 'tis no lie!
Of Love did never tire.

Outside the rain did pour and how—
Oh, how the waters rose!
And broke the dam on Lake Conmaugh,
And through the water flows.

“Oh, Helen dear, there’s something wrong!”
Said Lisa through the swirl.
“The dam might break, the rain’s so strong,”
Exclaimed the worried girl.

Some fourteen miles up from Johnstown,
The flood had thus begun.
It kept on flowing towards the town,
The race was almost won!

But Helen laughed, and said just, “Nay,
It has rained like this before,
And why would now the dam give way?”
But then she heard a roar.

The house did break; it groaned and creaked.
The water flooded in,
And then she heard a frightened shriek
Above the noisy din.

She saw her sister’s head appear,
Above the foaming white.
She knew that Lisa’s end was near,
Her heart was filled with fright.

Ballad

By Justice Kocher

There was a family in Japan—
An ever changing land—
Where not a woman, not a man,
Could live without God's Hand.

The moving turf, the crashing waves
That scattered men like corn,
Would prove much worse than fifty knaves,
To those who still do mourn.

“A giant wall of waters coming!”
The speakers made their call.
The frightened people all went running,
To flee the fearful wall.

And here I tell the story of
A family still mourning
For family members that they love
That died that fateful morning.

The oldest son had run away,
“Oh, run to higher ground!”
But they would not go for half a day,
And they were never found.

The boy and his young brother dashed
Straight to the attic door,
Where they were beaten, banged and bashed
Against the heaving floor.

The water now had reached their nose,
but they knew how to swim.
And still the water rushed and rose.
Their young hearts grew quite dim.

But then the roof broke open wide,
And water swept them on.
They saw some people who had died,
They could not see a lawn.

Water pushed them through the town
Till buffalos they met
And then they knew, they'd never drown
At least that was their bet!

They jumped upon an oxen's back
And rode it through the town,
The oxen needed not a whack,
And through the streets they wound.

They ended up quite safe and dry
But now their parents are dead,
And even though they still will die,
Their story will never be dead.

On the Nature of Man

By Monica Levis

It is a quiet Sunday morn,
With Christmas on it's way.
The sun is rising clear and bright,
Upon this fateful day.

And throughout all of Honolulu,
A peaceful silence reigns.
But that is slowly broken by,
The noise of enemy planes.

Upon the ship Arizona,
They know this is no drill.
And over the water though dimly,
The air raid sirens are shrill.

James Johnson stands upon the deck,
And sees just planes, no sky.
The deck is far below him now,
It seems he's learned to fly.

The deck is not the Arizona's
For that is blown to shreds.
The water beneath him is covered with oil,
Which burns with many reds.

Then he is in the water, but
A pain is in his hand.
He grits his teeth, and swims for shore,
He must get to the land.

As he comes up for breath he sees,
Near him an empty boat.
When he begins to swim to it,
He knows he can barely float.

Just as he gets to it he sees,
Another man quite near it.
And when they both get in they find,
It's sinking bit by bit.

As they are rowing towards the shore,
Some more men come in sight.

James picks them up upon his way,
and saves them from their plight.

And though they made it to the shore,
And although they were saved.
A lot of men were not and so,
The road to war was paved.

I must end my story there, though,
The wars keep going on.
They always have, they go on still,
In present and in times long gone.

Ballad

By Bridget Sheridan

Early in the morning she went to work
On a peaceful breezy day
Walked down the streets of sweet New York
Looking for fun and play

As she walked into the nice warm building
Up to the 98th floor
Into a room with people of her guilding
Each one a different chore

Sitting at her desk she checks the time
8:46 in the morning
The time of day is in its prime
When she hears the warning

With a great crash a buffet of smoke
Crowded the girls vision
Stumbling across the floor she starts to choke
A trail of glass causing an incision

As she was shrouded in darkness
she felt the ground rumble
Visioning a land made of starkness
As her whole world started to crumble.

Ballad

By Micah Volpe

The Romans marched to fight the Huns
They marched to Caladon
To make the king Attila run
On the plains they fought on

The night was cold the shadows long
As Romans marched
The legions marched to the gong
Of the drummer boy

The Huns to fight the Romans rode
To take the city of Rome
Atilla led them on the road

The battle started in the early dawn
With the rush of Rome
The Huns on horses fought
While Rome no horses had

The night was near, the sun was low
Attila was losing he knew
As the army fought on
So Attila withdrew

The sun was low the grass was wet
As the Romans saw that
Attila has run to,
Fight another day.