

## Johnstown Flood

by Rick Lang

Gather far and near should you care to hear...  
This frightful story that I lived to tell  
Henry Clay's my name and I can rightly claim  
I was witness to that dreadful day...when the great flood swept our town away

The mighty South Fork Dam, was in bad need of repair  
Five hundred feet above the valley floor  
Heavy rains that year had caused a growing fear  
The water from the lake would let go...and surely be the death of us all

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The 31st of May in 1898, I heard a loud commotion in the street  
Men old and young from the top of their lungs  
Hollered "run for the hills the dam has broke...dear Lord have mercy on our souls"

### \*CHORUS

I lost my sister and my brother beneath the rubble and the mud  
Next to my horse I was discovered... still alive  
I'd survived...the Johnstown Flood!

With a thunderous sound the water tumbled down  
And swallowed everything in its path  
Turned homes and factories into a sea of debris  
And those poor helpless souls trapped inside...they were gone in just the wink of an eye

All through the night, town folk fought for their lives  
Some drowned, and some were crushed to death  
For some unlucky ones, the worst was yet to come  
When that tangled mess caught on fire...a fate no words could describe

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When the morning came, there was little that remained  
As the search for survivors had begun  
Now all that is left in this...valley of death  
Are gravestones half buried in the ground...but for the ones they never found