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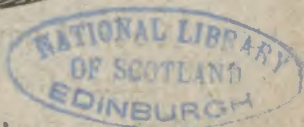
The Northumberland
LIFE-BOAT;

To which are added,

NNA'S COMPLAINT;

AND

The Sluggard.



HADDINGTON:

Printed by G. MILLER & SON, Booksellers.

95

The Northumberland Life-Boat

'TIS night, and hark! the eastern breeze
With fury blows upon the shoar
The thunder rolls,—the rain pours down
And angry billows madly roar!
Now for poor sailors' fate falls many a
And many a bosom's fill'd with anxious

The morn returns—still thunders roar—
Loud blows the wind—the billows foam
Shall sailors greet their friends on shoar
Or see again their much lov'd home
Alas! so dire, so ruthless is the storm,
No chance of safety Hope herself can find

A *shrick* now mingles with the blast
Each sad foreboding proves too true
See, on the rocks a ship is cast,
See, to the rigging clings the crew!

! who the fury of the surge can brave,
 And snatch the sufferers from a watery grave?
 Thy sacred claims now, Pity, urge,
 Now prompt to bold exploit the brave:
 'Tis done—the *Life-Boat* cleaves the surge,
 Intent the hapless crew to save;
 The wreck's approach'd—on board are all re-
 ceiv'd,
 Rescued from danger, and from death repriev'd.
 Blow on, blow on, ye ruthless winds,
 And idly rage, thou troubled main,—
 Snatch'd from your power, the sailor finds
 His much-lov'd friends and home again,
 And blesses oft, with grateful heart, the name
 Of him whose genius did the *Life-Boat* fame.
 That name shall ever live renown'd,
 Alike to Fame and Albion dear,
 Whilst commerce spreads her sails around,
 Whilst British tars the world revere;
 To latest ages still it shall descend,
 And trac'd with the title of—*The Sailor's Friend*.

stands,

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Anna's Complaint.

ON Thanet's rock, beneath whose steep
 Impetuous rolls the foaming deep,
 A lowly maid, to grief consign'd,
 Thus pour'd the sorrows of her mind :
 And while her streaming eyes pursue
 Of Galia's cliffs the misty view,
 Accurst (she cries) that guilty shore,
 Whence William shall return no more !

Thou, cruel war, what hast thou done !
 Thro' thee the mother mourns her son ;
 The orphan joins the widow's cries ;
 And, torn from love—the lover dies.

Ah, William ! wherefore didst thou go
 To foreign lands to meet the foe ?
 Why, won by war's deceitful charms,
 Didst thou forsake thy Anna's arms ?

Alas ! full little didst thou know,
 The monster war doth falsely show :

See, to the rigging clings the crew !

He decks his form with pleasing art,
 And hides the daggers in his heart.

The music of his martial band,
 The shining halberd in his hand,
 The feather'd helmet on his head,
 And coat so fine of flaming red—

With these the simple youth he gains,
 And tempts him from his peaceful plains;
 And by this pomp was William led
 The dang'rous paths of war to tread. m

Fair founding words my love deceiv'd : 1-
 The great ones talk'd, and he believ'd,
 That war would fame and treasure bring,
 That glory call'd to serve the King. -

But wise men say, and sure 'tis true,
 That war is theft, and murder too;
 But had my William thought it so,
 He had not gone to fight the foe. 3

How blest, could Anna see him now,
 With shoulders bending o'er the plough,

walks, about sauntering, or trifling he
 stands, ! gibberish

Toiling, to sow his native fields,
And reap the harvest virtue yields.

Then happier lot would both betide,
A bridegroom he, and I a bride :
But these fond hopes return no more,
For dead he lies on yonder shore.

O ! in that battle's dismal day,
When thou, dear youth, didst gasping lay,
Why was not then thy Anna there ;
To bind thy wounds with softest care ;
To search with speed the nearest spring,
To thy parch'd lips the water bring ;
To wash with tears thy bleeding face,
And soothe thee with a last embrace ?

But thou, amid a savage train,
Wert mingled among heaps of slain,
Without one friend to hear thy sighs,
Or Anna's hand to close thine eyes.

Thou, cruel war, what hast thou done !
'Thro' thee the mother mourns her son ;

See, to the rigging clings the crew !

The orphan joins the widow's sighs ;
 And torn, from Anna—William dies.

The Sluggard.

TIS the voice of the sluggard—I heard him
 complain,
 "You have waked me too soon, I must flum-
 ber again."

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his hea-
 vy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more flum-
 ber ;"

Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
 without number :

And when he gets up, he sits holding his
 hands,

Or walks about sauntering, or trifling, he
 stands,

I pass'd by his garden, I saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and
higher

The clothes that hang on him are turning to rag
And his money still wastes, till he starves
he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had ta'en better care for improving
mind :

He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking :

But he scarce reads the Bible, and never loves
thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " here's a lesson for
me ;

That man's but a picture of what I might be :

But thanks to my friends, for their care in
my breeding,

Who taught me betimes to love working
and reading !"