



LAMENT ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE

OCEAN MONARCH!

John Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

All you who have a heart to feel, come listen unto me,
While unto you, I do relate what's happened on the sea,
A tale of woe I will unfold, that's caus'd thousands for to weep,
For those that 'neath the billows lie, in death's eternal sleep.

Let's pray to God the souls to save
Of those that sank beneath the wave.

From the port of Liverpool, the Ocean Monarch did depart,
With near four hundred emigrants, with glee and joyous hearts,
But oh, alas! how sad to tell, while on the boisterous wave,
Nearly two hundred emigrants met with a watery grave.

On England's shore the starving poor at home they cannot stay,
Through poverty to foreign lands they are compell'd to stray,
And leave relations, parents dear, for to lament and weep,
While they all danger do endure while crossing o'er the deep.

The ill-fated ship took fire when it had sailed a few hours,
The burning flames were so immense that they defied all power,
O'er the blue waters shrieks did resound most pitiful to hear,
Husbands for wives in frenzy cried, wives for their children dear.

Oh! such a scene was never witness'd by the human eye,
In wild despair to God above for mercy they did cry,
To see the burning flames, what could their inward feelings be?
When they surrounded were by fire in the midst of the deep sea.

No tongue can tell, no pen can write their fright and agony,
Mothers with infants in their arms jump'd in the briny sea,
In madness husbands followed them, and tried their lives to save,
But the waters closed their eyes in death, they met a watery grave

In frenzy, anguish, and despair, with shrieks the air did ring,
In frantic cries husbands and wives to each other did cling,
Children for parents they did cry, but they were all in vain,
For some had sunk to rise no more beneath the raging main.

Now let us pray to God above their souls for to receive,
And in his peaceful mansions in glory let them live,
Let's pray he may reward the men who their assistance gave,
And saved so many creatures from the sad merciless wave.

THERE'S

A Good Time COMING, BOYS!

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray,
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger—
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger—
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming;
Every child shall be a help,
To make his right arm stronger,
The happier he, the more he has—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming.
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger—
And every one shall read and write—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger—
The reformation has begun—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys—

A good time coming—
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming,
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger—
'Twill be strong enough one day—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

