

# LINES ON THE RAILWAY COLLISION

AT

## BURSCOUGH JUNCTION,

*By which eight persons  
met their Death, and  
Forty injured.*

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Another sad accident we must relate,  
Of those poor railway passengers untimely fate,  
At Burscough near Ormskirk we are sorry to say,  
Many have had their dear lives took away.  
Two trains have met in collision we hear,  
And death and destruction was spread far and near,  
Many a poor man there a sad death did find,  
Leaving poor widows and children behind.

Driven from home, driven to death,  
Upon the railway they gave up their last breath ;  
At Burscough near Ormskirk they all lost their lives,  
God help the orphans and poor widow'd wives.

On Thursday the fifteenth, the night dark and drear,  
The ill-fated train to the Junction drew near,  
Passengers to Preston were sat in the train,  
Little thinking their homes they would ne'er see again.

The train had by some means got on the wrong line,  
Another train coming just at the same time ;  
They came in collision as onward they sped,  
And mingled together were the dying and dead.

The shrieks of the wounded were frightful to hear,  
Their sufferings alas ! must have been hard to bear,  
Starving with cold and in terrible pain,

Many would ne'er see the daylight again.  
The engines and carriages were lying around,  
Signs of destruction covered the ground,  
Those who were there when the two engines met  
The scene at the Junction they'll never forget.

Poor Thomas Looney, the driver we find  
Has left a poor widow and children behind.  
Edward Sutton the guard, alas ! is the same,  
Tho' neither of those poor men were to blame.  
Several from Preston, their dear lives have lost.  
Eternity's river the poor souls have crost,  
Kind Doctor Hall who was there in the train,  
Done his best to relieve those suffering with pain.

About forty were injured on that fatal night,  
It was a most sad and a heartrending sight,  
To see the poor men as bleeding they lay,  
The last breath of life was fast passing away.  
The kind Station Master done his best we are told,  
To relieve the poor sufferers starving with cold,  
And many good men by sympathy led,  
Were helping the wounded and praying for the dead.

It's a terrible death to die you will say,  
Killed in a moment upon the Railway,  
No thought of danger could have entered their mind,  
When their homes & their friends they were leaving behind  
The Junction at Burscough remembered will be,  
When years have gone by our children will see,  
The place were poor souls were all doom'd to die,  
And they'll bless the green turf were the victims now lie.

