

A Copy of Verses.

Composed on the Lamentable Accident, which took place at Gosford Pit, (by damp) at Middleton near Leeds, in Yorkshire.



Attend, and hear a tale of woe, a tale both sad and true,
'Twill bid the tear of grief to flow, and ask a tear from you;

All human help is now in vain, assistance came too late,
Then who can sympathy restrain, for their untimely fate.

At Gosford Pit, at Middleton, near Leeds in fair Yorkshire,

A dreadful accident befel, as you the truth shall hear;
The foul air in the pit took fire, and shocking to relate,
It killed thirty men and boys, hard was their helpless fate.

The sufferers ages various were, and some were in their prime,

And some the fathers of families, which now are left behind;

That morning they rose cheerfully, and when they left their homes,

Their fond relations little thought they would no more return.

They left their homes in peace that day, their labours to renew,

But little did they think, indeed, it was their last adieu,
Six hours that day they labour'd hard, but e'er the seventh did close,

Unto their misfortune great the dreadful damp arose.

It did explode like thunder loud, which makes me drop my pen;

But Oh! think on their families, what was the sound to them;

O had your bosom dwelt in theirs, but this we'll not desire,
When shrieks and cries from house to house, the pit had taken fire.

When for to add to their distress, two could not yet be found,

For near five weeks they did remain, in this cabin underground;

And when they did discover them, in the place where they lay,

The one was down upon his knees, a lump of lifeless clay.

O may their friends who're left behind, and are with troubles toss'd,

Be resign'd to their fate, like Job, when he had all things lost,

And may we, what will betide, be able thus to say,
Blessed be the Lord that gave, and also took away.

Farewell, out parents dear, our brothers, sisters, friends;
And though at present parted here, we hope to meet again;

On yonder happy, happy shore, where sin and grief expire,
Where friends are never parted more, and bodies never tire.



The Backsliding Sinner.



When I call to remembrance my former days,
My days were spent in pleasure, my nights in prayer
and praise
But since I've lost my Saviour, my cry has been in
vain,
Yet come Backsliding Sinner, for thou may come again.

I've wandered from Jerusalem down into Jericho,
I've fallen amongst robbers, I've tasted grief and woe;
I'm wounded, I'm bruised, my garments I have stained,
Yet come, Backsliding Sinner, for thou may come again.

Like Jonah I have fled from the presence of my God,
Like Peter, I have denied him, and trampled in his
blood;

Like Judas I have sold him for a little earthly gain,
Yet come, Backsliding Sinner, for thou may come again.

I've sinn'd against his light, I've sinn'd against his grace,
I've drove away his spirit, I've mock'd him to his face;
My sins they cry for vengeance, like those of wretched
Cain,

Yet come, Backsliding Sinner, for thou may come again.

Reflecting with great sorrow, away from grace I fell;
I once enjoyed a Heaven, but now I feel a Hell,
I am sinking, I am dying, I feel increasing pain,
Yet come, Backsliding Sinner, for thou may come again.

Hark! listen to the Saviour's voice, it rolls along the
skies;

It bids thy mourning soul rejoice, it bids thee now arise,
Arise, go to thy Saviour, he will not thee disdain,
So come, Backsliding Sinner, for thou may come again.

He will fold thee in his arms, and wash thee with his
blood,

He will heal all backsliding sinners, and invite thee
with his love;

He pledged his oath that none shall come in vain,
So yet Backsliding Sinner, thou shall come again.

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