



LOSS OF THE AMPHITRITE.

Come list, you gallant Englishmen, who ramble at your ease,
While I unfold the horrors and the dangers of the seas ;
It's of the ship, the Amphitrite, with a hundred and eight females,
And children, crew, and cargo, bound all for New South Wales.

'Twas on August 25th, we sail'd from Woolwich shore,
Leaving our friends behind us, whose hearts were griev'd sore ;
Along the shore away we bore, till friends were out of sight,
Who crying, said adieu, poor girls, on board the Amphitrite.

We sail'd away without delay, and arriv'd off Dungeness,
But when we came off port Boulogne, then great was our distress,
On Friday morning, the fourth day, O what a horrid sight !
Who crying said adieu, poor girls, on board the Amphitrite.

Our Captain found she was near aground, her anchor did let go,
Crying, yet your man and topsails, boys, or soon your fate you'll know :
The raging sea ran mountains high, the tempest did unite,
Poor souls in vain did shriek with pain, on board the Amphitrite.

At three o'clock in the Afternoon, we were put to a stand,
Our fatal ship she ran aground upon a band of sand :
Poor children round their parents hung, who tore their hair with fright,
To think that they should end their days on board the Amphitrite.

Our moments they were ending fast, and all prepared to die,
We on our bended knees did fall, and loud for mercy cry ;
Our ship she gave a dreadful roll, and soon went out of sight,
O ! the bitter cries could reach the skies from on board the Amphitrite

Great praise belongs unto the French, who tried us all to save,
Our Captain he was obstinate to brave the stormy wave ;
But he went down among the rest, all in the briny sea,
'The rocks beneath the pathless deep his pillow for to be.

The crew were toss'd, and all were lost, but two poor lads and me,
For on a spar we reach'd the shore, and dar'd the raging sea ;
But one exhausted by the waves, he died that very night,
So only two were saved 'the crew of the fatal Amphitrite.

So now the Amphitrite is gone, her passengers and crew
O think upon the sailor bold, that wears the jacket blue,
God grant to end the grief of those distracted quite,
Lamenting sore for those no more on board the Amphitrite.

* * The above ship was lost off Boulogne, August 31, 1855, having
on board 108 female convicts, who perished, together with 12 children,
and 13 of the crew !



The Highland Minstrel Boy.

(Sung by Mr. Anderson.)

I hae wander'd mony a night in June
Along the banks of Clyde,
Beneath a bright and bonny moon,
Wi' Mary at my side :
A Summer was she to mine e'e,
And to my heart a joy,
And weel she lov'd to roam wi' me,
Her Highland Minstrel Boy.

Oh ! her presence could on ev'ry star,
New brilliancy confer,
And I thought the flow'rs were sweeter far,
When they were seen with her :
Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
Her glance was full o' joy,
And oh ! her heart was true to me,
Her Highland Minstrel Boy.

I hae play'd to Ladies fair and gay,
In mony a southern hall :
But there was one far, far away,
A world above them all :
And now tho' weary years have fled,
I think wi' mournful joy,
Upon the time when Mary wed
Her Highland Minstrel Boy.

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