

In many a Scottish town to-day, Where Christmas time pass'd light and gay,

Weeping takes the place of joy, For friends whom death can soon destroy

A Railway Bridge across the Tay, By the rude storm is carried away And a passenger train passing o'er

the stream, Was swept away and no more seen.

The Railway Bridge o'er the river Tay With a passenger train is swept away, There women and children hastening home,

Two hundred lie beneath the foam.

O'er the swift river the bridge it lay, For Railway trains that pass'd that way,

Two miles across the foaming tide, Travellers from Dundee would ride. None of danger e'er did droam. So safe and firm the bridge did seem, But that sad day the cold dark wave, Was doom'd to be the travellers grave.

From Edinburgh to Dundee, They all were going gay and free, Enjoying themselves at christmas time Thinking of friends in foreign clime, Two hundred in that fatal train, Many will ne'er be seen again. The wind was strong, the storm was high.

As on the bridge the train did fly.

Suddenly the bridge gave way, And fell into the stormy spray, None escaped to tell the tale, Who travelled on that fatal rail. Not one moment they had to spare, No warning for the last sad prayer; All was gone like a passing dream, And lay engulphed in the stormy stream.

The train was seen to quickly fall, It meant certain death to one and all, At the Station thousands gathered round,

For friends that night could not be found:

They wrung their hands in deep despair,

Mother's and children both were there Enquiving for those who beneath the waves,

So soon had found untimely graves.

May their souls be in heaven now, Unto its decree we all must bow, At Christmas time 'twas hard to die, When all kind friends are waiting nigh. This terrible sudden accident, Where poor souls to eternity went; Will be remembered many a day, By those on the Banks of the River Tay.

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