

















A new Song on the melanel oly loss of the Emigrant Ship,

## Anglo-Saxon.

On her passage to America.

I call on every lrishman to listen to my song About the Anglo-Saxon it wont detain you 1 can oil every frisaman to insten to mysong About the Anglo-Saron it wont detain you Iong. Two hundred and fifty Emsgrant's from Ire-land did set sail. They bid adieu both men and crew to poor oid Granuaile.

From Liverpool this ship set sail for Quebee and Montreal. In a fog on the 27th of April they could not see at all, Near to Cape Race our good ship stuck most dismal for to view. The waves did dash, the ship d.d crash, and then she went in two.

To see the mothers dressed in white tossed on the bring wave. Saying aloud to heaven and the crew their children then to save. No one was there to save the wreck no, no, nor time to pray. They were oppre.sed poor Irishmen at home they could not stay.

The Good ship went in pieces 'midst raging dashing spray, All were distressed and moaning upon the rag-ing sea, The mothers screaming loudly—my infants,

husbands save, husbands save, While their shrill cry, woul | make you sigh-they sank beneath the wave.

Captain Burgess had the engines immediately reversed, While sever 1 of thos: Emigrants stood shiver-ing and undressed ; That eruel treacherous cragy rock had lurked based the wave

beneath the wave, To finish Devastation's work on Irishmen so

brave.

Poor Irishmen are wasting now on sea as well as land, Between war and tribulations they can't much longer stand ; They fought, 'tis true, for England, a thousand battles o'er, But now they'tre leaving Ireland, ne'er to re-turn more.

The American war going on abroad which tills the land with lood, While thousands are going from Kinsale, for want of work or food; Their houses in Saint Patrick's land are level-ed to the ground, And good men now so happy once, are no where to be found.

The masts and spars and rigging went just as she broke in two, The boats belonging to the ship could hold but very few; The drowning bodies floating round would pierce your hearts full sore. May the Lord have merey on their souls they were from country tore.

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