

# LOSS OF H.M.S. EURYDICE.

Mourn for the brave who are in a watery grave,  
Lying in the bed of the ocean;  
For good men and true who have wore the jacket blue  
All England is now in commotion.  
Their vessel has been lost at such a fearful cost,  
By the lives of her crew so brave hearted,  
Quickly they were gone many many fathoms, down;  
God bless them their spirits have departed.

Then morn for the brave lying in a watery grave,  
The man of War's crew so true hearted,  
While the fierce storm did rave they were drowned beneath  
the wave,  
To Heaven their spirits have departed.

The Eurydice was manned by a gallant hardy band,  
Strong men full of youth and vigour,  
For a cruise they had been in their duty to the Queen,  
Exposed to the Winter's stern vigour.  
They were sailing on the main homeward bound again,  
The stories of old England before them,  
No warning was gave they were going to their grave,  
Thousands now pity and deplore them.

On the twenty fourth of March the Isle of Wight they wer  
going past,  
When a fierce storm of snow burst above them,  
That blessed Sabbath day will never fade away,  
From the minds of their friends who did love them  
Thro' the rain and the snow the doomed ship did go,  
With four hundred soul's brave and clever,  
Neath the storm rent skies the Eurydice capsized,  
And she and her crew's gone for ever.

Not a soul in the land but deplore their gallant band,  
Some of England's bravest sons Heaven bless them,  
While the men of Erin's Isle who meet sorrow with a smile,  
Are lying were no friend can caress them.  
They have worn the jacket blue to the Nation could be true  
Our battles in the front would have found them  
The ship they tried to save has been the sailors grave,  
Mess-mates cold and dead lie around them.

It must be hard to part with the dearest of the heart,  
When the wild stormy ocean divide us,  
To know that they have gone whence they never can return,  
Never more to have them beside us.  
The curly headed boy his mother's only joy,  
For whom a bright manhood was dawning,  
Has sank neath' the wave to the Sailors ocean grave.  
And blighted her poor heart that morning.

England we know her Sympathy will show,  
To those who have been left behind them,  
By them we will stand and lend a helping hand,  
And snccour them where ever we find them.  
Since the 'Captain' was lost at such a fearful cost,  
We have not had such scenes so appalling,  
We hope and we pray on that fatal day  
For our Sailors the angel's were calling,