

THE GREAT RACE

BETWEEN

LUMSDEN

AND

STRONG.

O, boys have you heard of the slashing boat race
Between Strong and Lumsden, that's just taken place.
It was on Walney Channel the race has been run,
And the great Blyth oarsman so manfully won.

Success to Will Lumsden, good luck to Will Lumsden
He on Walney channel beat Anthony Strong.

Two hundred pounds was the money they staked,
They went into training, were both wide awake,
The champion of Walney to win he did strive,
But he was defeated by Lumsden of Blyth.

A good deal of money was laid on the race,
And thousands of people to see it take place,
With shouting and bawling they made such a din.
Here's odds upon Lumsden, for Strong cannot win.

Each man was got ready and got in his boat,
And on Walney channel they soon were afloat;
The signal was given, they were off and away.
While hundreds of voices rung out with huzza's.

Both men they pulled out and went steering along,
Lumsden got in advance of Anthony Strong,
And altho' Strong was beaten, he tried hard we know.
To win the great race but he found it no go.

Tho' Strong lost the race he was cheered left and right
His grand style of rowing gave endless delight,
His backers and friends the are all satisfied,
For to beat the Blyth oarsman he manfully tried.

Anthony Strong he is noble, courageous and brave,
He has saved many a one from a watery grave,
And when friends have backed him he ne'er threw them
o'er,

But tried hard to win, and no man could do more.

Now Lumsden has won and we know he will say,
'The brave men of Furness, have showed me fair play,'
They treated me kind, and ne'er tried to do wrong,
Tho' I won their money and beat Anthony Strong.'

About the great race I have said all I can,
And it is not my wish to offend any man,
So just by the way of concluding my song
Here's success to Will Lumsden and Anthony Strong.



SWEET BELLE MAHONE.

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Soon beyond the harbour bar
Shall my bark be sailing far,
O'er the world I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone;
O'er thy grave I weep "good bye,"
Hear, ah hear, my lonely cry,
Oh! without thee what am I,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Sweet Belle Mahone,
Sweet Belle Mahone,
Wait for me at heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Lonely like a withered tree,
What is all the world to me,
Life and light were all in thee.
Sweet Belle Mahone;

Daisies pale are growing o'er,
All my heart can e'er adore,
Shall I never meet thee more,
Sweet Belle Mahone?

Calmly, sweetly slumber on,
Only one I call my own
While in tears I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone;
Faded now seems everything,
But when comes eternal spring,
With thee I'll be wandering,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

