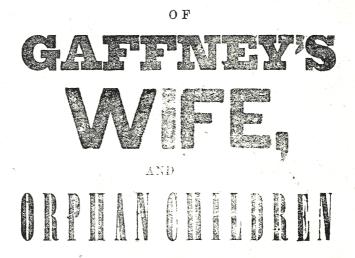


Lines on the sad condition



A poor widow'd mother now lies in distress, Borne down by her sorrows unknown, We all of us feel for her sad wretchedness,

Now her husband James Gaffney is gone; His untimely death has distracted her mind,

It seems but a dream he is dead, The poor little children cling round her knee, Asking their mother for bread.

O, God help poor Gaffney's wife, She is now left in grief and distress; She has lost a kind husband who lov'd her thre' iife, And her children are now fatherles.

The 11th of August we cannot forget,

When Connor committed the crime, The blood of poor Gaffney will have vengence yet,

Heaven will appoint the right time, A husband and father in the prime of his life,

From his wife and his children was torn. The murdorer who used the treacherous knife,

No pity for him can be borne.

For Gaffney's poor children and heart.broken wife,

Great sympathy now must be shown; For now hand\_in\_hand thro' this wide world of strife,

They are now left to travel alone. The poor little baby that yet is unborn,

A father's love never will know,

It will come in the world mid'st scenes so forlorn,

'Twere better if to heaven it did go.

From the bright relms above may Gaffney look down,

On the dear ones that he's left behind, May he be preparing a heavenly crown, For the poor lambs exposed to the wind.

His orphans are greiving they can take no rest They feel that indeed they're alone,

And when they're asleep on their dear mothers breast,

They know theis dear father's gone home. N-27 #