



# The Death OF PARKER.



Ye gods above protect the widow,  
And with pity look down on me,  
Help me! help me! out of trouble,  
And out of all calamity.  
For by the death of my dear Parker,  
Fortune to me has prov'd unkind;  
Tho' doom'd by law he was to suffer,  
I can't erase him from my mind.

Parker he was my lawful husband,  
My bosom friend I lov'd so dear:  
At the awful moment he was to suffer  
I was not allowed to come near.  
In vain I ask'd, in vain I strove,  
Three times o'er and o'er again,  
But they replied, you must be deny'd,  
You must return on shore again.

The first time I attempted my love to see,  
I was obliged to go away,  
Opprest with grief and broken hearted,  
To think that they should say me nay.  
I thought I saw the yellow flag flying,  
A signal for those that are to die,  
A gun was fired, as they required,  
As the time it did draw nigh.

The boatswain did his best endeavours,  
To get me on shore without delay,  
When I stood trembling and distracted,  
Ready to take his body away.  
I thought his trembling hand did wave,  
As a signal of farewell;  
The grief I suffer at this moment,  
No art can paint nor tongue can tell.

My fleeting spirit I thought would follow  
The soul of him I lov'd so dear,  
No friend or neighbour would come nigh me,  
For to ease my grief and care.  
Every minute I thought an hour,  
Till the law its course had run:  
I wish'd the doleful task were finish'd  
His imprudence had begun.

In the dead of night, when it is silent,  
And all the world are fast asleep,  
My trembling heart, that knows no comfort,  
O'er his grave does often weep.  
Each lingering minute that passes o'er  
Brings me nearer to him I adore,  
Where we shall shine in endless glory,  
Never to be parted more.

Farewell, Parker, thou bright genius,  
Thou was once my only pride;  
Tho' parted now, it wou't be long  
Ere I be buried by thy side.  
All you that read my tender ditty,  
Dont laugh at me, in disdain,  
But look down with eyes of pity,  
For it is my only claim.

*Pollock, Printer, North Shields.*

