

LADY FRANKLIN'S LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND.

You seamen bold, that have oft withstood,
Wild storms of Neptune's briny flood,
Attend to these few lines which I now relate,
And put you in mind of a sailor's dream.

As homeward bound, one night on the deep,
Slung in my hammock I fell fast asleep,
I dream'd a dream which I thought was true,
Concerning Franklin and his brave crew.

I thought as we neared the Humber shore
I heard a female that did deplore ;
She wept aloud and seemed to say,
Alas ! my Franklin is long away.

Her mind it seemed in sad distress,
She cried aloud, I can take no rest ;
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give,
To say on earth that my husband lives.

Long it is since two ships of fame,
Did bear my husband across the main,
With 100 seamen, with courage stout,
To find a north western passage out,

With 100 seamen, with hearts so bold
I fear have perished with frost and cold ;
Alas ! she cried, all my life I'll mourn,
Since Franklin seems never to return.

For since that time seven years are past,
And many a keen and bitter blast
Blows o'er the grave, where the poor seamen fell,
Whose dreadful sufferings no tongue can tell.

To find a passage by the North Pole,
Where tempests wave and wild thunders roll,
Is more than mortal man can do,
With hearts undaunted and courage true.

There's Captain Austen of Scarbro' town,
Brave Granville and Penny, of much renown,
With Captain Ross, and so many more,
Have long been searching the Arctic shore.

They sailed East and they sailed West,
Round Greenland's coast they knew the best ;
In hardships drear, they have vainly strove,
On mountains of ice their ships were drove.

At Baffin's Bay, where the whale fish blows,
The fate of Franklin nobody knows ;
Which causes many a wife and child to mourn
In grievous sorrow for their return.

These sad forebodings they give me pain
For the long lost Franklin, across the main ;
Likewise the fate of so many before,
Who have left their homes to return no more.

THE TEMPEST.



We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep ;
It was midnight on the waters,
And the storm was o'er the deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in Winter,
To be scattered by the blast,
And to hear the trumpet thunder,
"Cut away the mast."

We shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death ;
Sad thus we sat in silence,
All busy with our prayers,
"We're lost," the captain shouted,
As he stagger'd down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took the icy hand,
"Is not God upon the waters
Just the same as on the land ?"
Then we kiss'd the little maiden,
And we spake of better cheer,
As we anchored safe in harbour,
Where the sun was shining clear.

CHORUS.

And a shout rose loud and joyous,
As we grasped the friendly hand ;
God is on the waters,
Just the same as on the land.

