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# Lamentation for the Loss of of the Comet Steam Boat

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## LAMENTATION

For the Loss of the

### Comet Steam Boat.

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O! heard ye the sound of wailing and sadness,  
On the shores of the north where there lately was gladness  
The steam-boats were seen, o'er the foaming waves bounding.

While with them there was joy, as yon point they were  
rounding.

On Thursday, the Comet set sail in the morning,  
From Fort William's shore she was quickly returning,  
To the clide where alas! she was struck by another,  
And sunk in the ocean to rise again never.

Now who has a bosom that ever knew pity,  
Will feel for the mothers, the pale maid of beauty  
Who mourns for her lover, they weep, ah! never  
Will their tears wake the dead who are sleeping for ever.

A moment before, of joy might be dreaming,  
And thinking on home, and a mother's eye beaming  
With joy on the son she so tenderly cherished—  
These dreams are all fled and full seventy perished.

From a grave in the deep there were few that were saved;  
Amongst them a mother of her child was bereaved.  
The hollow rocks rung with her heart's rending wailing,  
My child, ah! my child! She cried, sad and despairing.

But who can foresee what may happen to morrow,  
This moment in joy, and the next full of sorrow;  
And when we least think there is danger surrounding,  
Then oft we have found there was sorrow abounding.

Let's prepare for our change, for time is uncertain,  
And we know not the hour, nor the moment of parting,  
For their homes they had left in hopes of returning,  
Are now scenes of woe, lamentation and mourning.

Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.