

LOSS OF THE CAPTAIN.

With the Honourable R. Herbert on board.

Ill fated ship, we mourn the loss,
Of stout hearts brave and true,
The fairest sons of Britans soil
Composed thy gallant crew.

How dire was that dreadful shock
Upon the foaming main,
How awful was the sacrifice,
Gone, ne'er to come again.

But Britan's sons when they shall tell
About this dreadful story,
Will say ye died a noble death,
And all for Britan's glory.

And we around who well had known
Young Herbert in the past,
How dear his mem'ry we'll enshrine,
Ever till life shall last.

We well may sympathise with her,
The widow, sore distrest,
For she hath lost a gallant boy
So soon gone to his rest.

She ne'er will see him, for he lies
Beneath the angry deep,
The mighty ocean rolls above
The grave where he doth sleep.

But O there is a blessed hope,
Which for all will suffice,
Tho' his body rests, beneath the sea,
His soul's in Paradise.