

# The Desolate Widow

As down by the sea-side I care-less-ly wan-dered last Sat-ur-day  
eve-ning with calm in <sup>3</sup> the air I spied a fair mai-den ma-king  
sad lam-en-ta-tion In-clined to a rock in sad grief and de-spair.

In sorrowful anguish I heard her complaining,  
Crying, "Dearest Willie, return back to me."  
Then at last she explained, "Never more will I see him;  
My own dearest Willie lies under the sea.

"From the quays of Belfast in a steamship was sailing,  
Bound to Liverpool, we last Wednesday set sail;  
The weather being clear and the land disappearing,  
Our hearts were all merry, delightful and gay.

"The night it came on, a most dark one and dreary,  
The winds they arose to a terrible storm,  
When our captain cries out, 'Boys, look out for a lighthouse;  
This night I'm afraid we will all suffer harm.'

"Some on bended knees heaven's mercy imploring,  
While some were insensible and quite in despair  
With the wild billows rolling and the sailors all swearing;  
Whenever they heard us they mocked at our prayer.

"The seas rolled like mountains; no shelter to flee to  
Our ship by the billows was tossed to and fro,  
With the billows a-roaring, the sailors all swearing,  
And women and children all crying below.

"Two boats were launched out in the wild foaming ocean,  
And safe in one boat was my infant and I  
When the seamen were swept overboard in the ocean.  
Alas, in the deep forty bodies must lie.

“My Willie, being brave, to the ship he returned;  
Having seen me safe landed on the Isle of Man shore,  
To save his own father my Willie he ventured.  
Alas, I am doomed for to see him no more.

“Oh, now I am left a poor desolate widow,  
Scarce twelve months in wedlock, as you can plainly see,  
A-begging my bread among hard-hearted strangers,  
Kind heaven, look down; have mercy on my infant and me.”