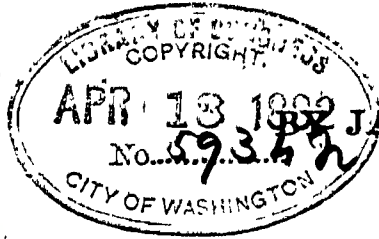


WE MOURN FOR THE CAMBRIA'S PAS- SENGERS.



JAS. E. LARKIN AND MARY HARKINS.

And sung with immense success.

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You Irishmen, both one and all, wherever you may be,
Come raise your voices in sorrow now, come weep and mourn with me,
For the loss of the good ship Cambria, that has sank to rise no more,
With one hundred and seventy-nine on board, bound for our Shamrock Shore.

On the 9th day of October last, from New York we set sail,
On board of the gallant Cambria, with a sweet and pleasant gale,
Each heart was glad, no one seemed sad, as our vessel cut the foam,
To embrace our friends and parents dear, in Erin's lovely home.

Ten days and nights we ploughed the sea, no danger did we fear,
Until our native Irish coast in sight it did appear;
Each man and boy did loudly cry, our toils and troubles are o'er,
We will shortly meet our loving friends all on the Shamrock Shore.

Then down below each one did go, to wait for morning clear,
When a dreadful shock against a rock, it filled our hearts with fear,
The passengers all rushed on deck, while the stormy seas did roar,
While the women's cries did reach the skies, as they sank to rise no more.

While on the crowded deck we stood, each mother clasped her child,
Sighed and prayed, looked for aid, fierce rolled the tempest wild;
Our ship and boom and engine-room, were all wrecked and tore,
And only one survivor has ever reached the Shamrock Shore.

What grief and sorrow will prevail when the news spread far and wide,
How the gallant Cambria, of New York, has sank beneath the tide;
Many a widow and her child, and mother will deplore,
Fathers will weep and sisters mourn for the friends they will never see more.

Armagh, Tyrone and Derry, the County Donegal,
Cavan and Leitrim, thus lament their loss, both one and all,
Sligo and Mayo in grief and woe, while Galway does deplore
The loss of the Cambria's passengers that have sank to rise no more.

While the Cambria was sinking fast, and far from earthly aid,
The Rev. Father Dougherty on deck he knelt and prayed
To God, who rules both sea and land, our precious lives to save,
He and his faithful followers have sank beneath the wave.

Now, to conclude, I'll not intrude, but now will drop my pen,
And one request I humbly crave of every faithful friend,
To offer up your prayers to God both morning, noon and night,
And hope their souls in heaven may shine upon the judgment day.