

## The Trader

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Come all ye seamen bold, I pray, and listen here awhile to me,  
And landsmen, too, while thus I do relate to you our sad ditt-ee.  
It would melt each heart while I impart to sing these doleful lines  
all o'er:

A ship of fame, Trader by name, was lately wrecked upon our shore.

November on the twenty-first from Galway town our ship did sail;  
The weather being calm and clear, we had a sweet and pleasant gale.  
Our jovial crew, pleasant to view, no thoughts of danger did we fear,  
For London town straight we were bound, our course intending there  
to steer.

Seven seamen bold, you may behold, it was our jovial companee,  
Our numbers few but kind and true, we lived in great tranquility,  
One hundred tons and forty more, it was our gallant vessel's load  
Of corn and wheat as we thought fit, our gallant ship she was  
well stowed.

The night before in our cabin, as our brave captain sleeping were,  
He thought a voice called him by name and these sad tidings did declare:  
"Your ship and crew and cargo, too, shall in the storm be cast away,  
Your family you ne'er shall see." He dreamt it thrice e'er break of day.

Next morning straight, just by daylight, as our brave captain he arose,  
He saw a storm a-gathering and in the north so fast did close.  
He gave command to every hand to mind their post as they did before,  
But oh, alas, the storm increased; we never reached that wished-for shore.

Soon did the waves like mountains rise; not knowing then well what to do,  
Along the shore our course we bore till we came near the Point of Stroove.  
Our ship was good and might have stood, although tempestuous winds did blow,  
Till by a shock upon a rock which caused our helm off to go.

Now our sad fate who can relate, as we lay on the ocean wide,  
In great distress as you may guess, being tossed about by wind and tide,  
The powers above we did implore the swelling billows for to still  
Death did appear as we drew near the  
Our boat was gone, all hope was done, and pale death to us drawing near.  
But oh, our cries would have rent the skies when overboard our mainmast fell;  
With heartfelt sighs and watery eyes we bade our friends a long farewell.

All o'er our ship the waves did wash; we thought in triumph we would rise

To mansions high above the sky where us poor pilgrims there would dwell.  
Our wives and all our children small on earth we never shall see more,  
But hopes to meet, when God thinks fit, to join that bright celestial corps.

The people there from everywhere came flocking round the sight to see:  
Seven heroes' corpse[s] upon the shore, the Trader'a doleful companee.  
It's in Dunboe they're lying low, and there you'll see their green, green  
grave.

No friends were near, but strangers there we buried them in sweet Articlave.

Now to conclude and make an end, no more at present will I speak,  
But I'll lay down my tender quill, more learned than me it for to take,  
And hope that they, like Shakespeare, may tell their distress  
From Songs of the People, Henry

A broadsheet ballad of 1827