

A POEM
—ON THE—
WRECK OF THE STEAMER WAUBUNO

—ON THE—
Georgian Bay, November 22nd, 1879.

BY REV. J. T. BREESE, M.A.

AIR: "*The Cottage by the Sea.*"

Come my comrades, stop the rapture
Of your hurried footsteps now ;
Turn aside while I may tell you
How the Waubuno did bow ;
Cruel was the fate that struck her
After laboring many a day,
Nobly plowing o'er the billows,
Through the storm, so bright and gay.

Laughing at the whistling fury
Of proud nature's angry frown,
As she many a stormy hour,
Threat before to plunge her down ;
But her day of youth and glory
Had passed like a cloud away,
Leaving nature as she ever
Was in one strength and proud array.

In the wild storms of November,
She came in an angry mood,
Like a woman in a passion,
Forgetting to be good
But broke forth in storm and frenzy
Of wild frowns that fatal hour,
While the proud Waubuno vessel,
Sank beneath her bitter power.

Captain Burkitt launched her broad sides
In the morn 'fore break of day,
Waited not for tide or sunshine,
He must be in pride away.
Darkness hung then o'er the heavens,
Like a veil on nature's face,
Hiding all the sullen purpose,
That would it that hour deface.