LONE IS THE COT

Composed and Respectfully Dedicated to his

ESTEEMED FRIEND

JOHN W. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

BY

EVERETT L. BAKER.

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BUFFALO

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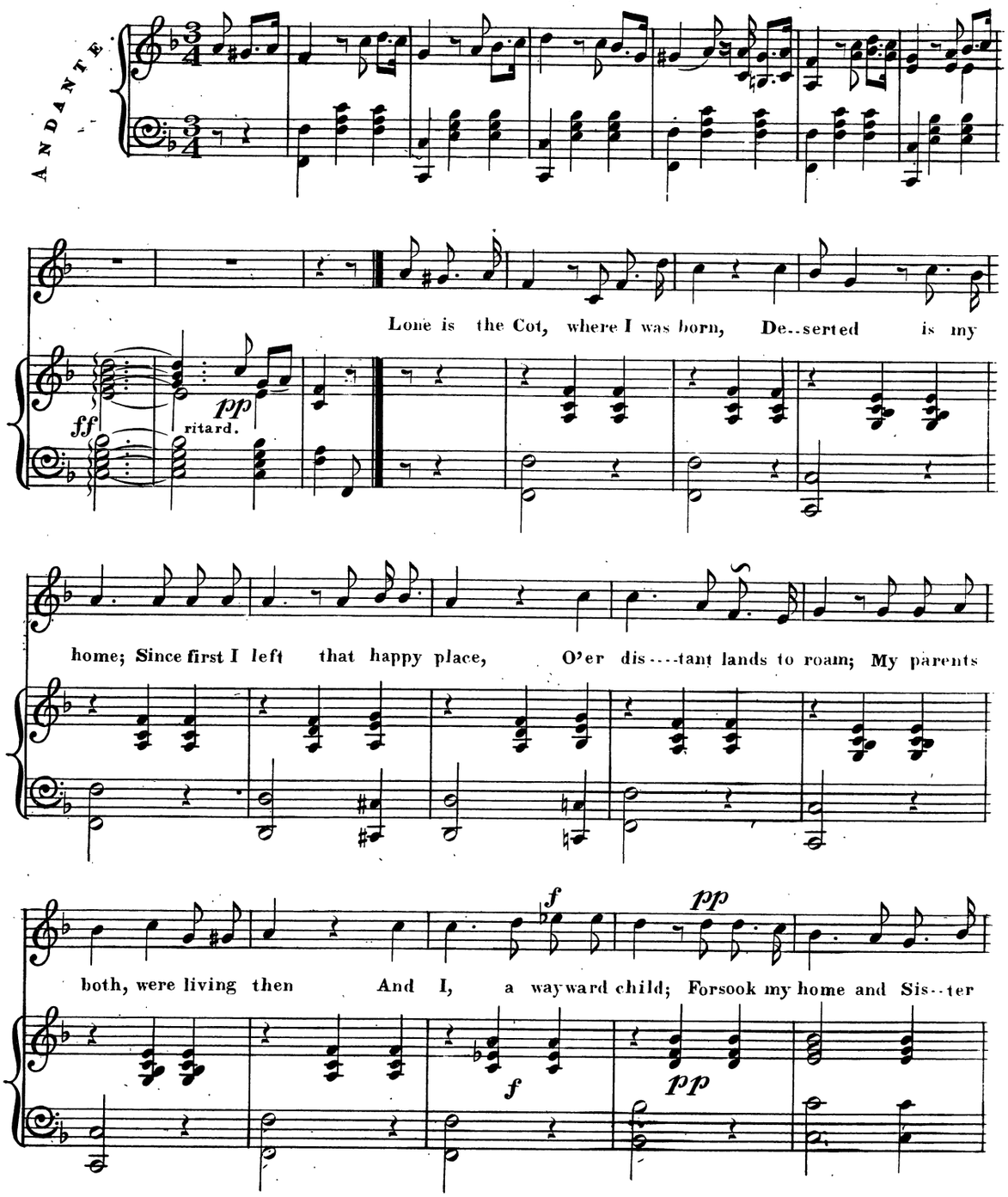

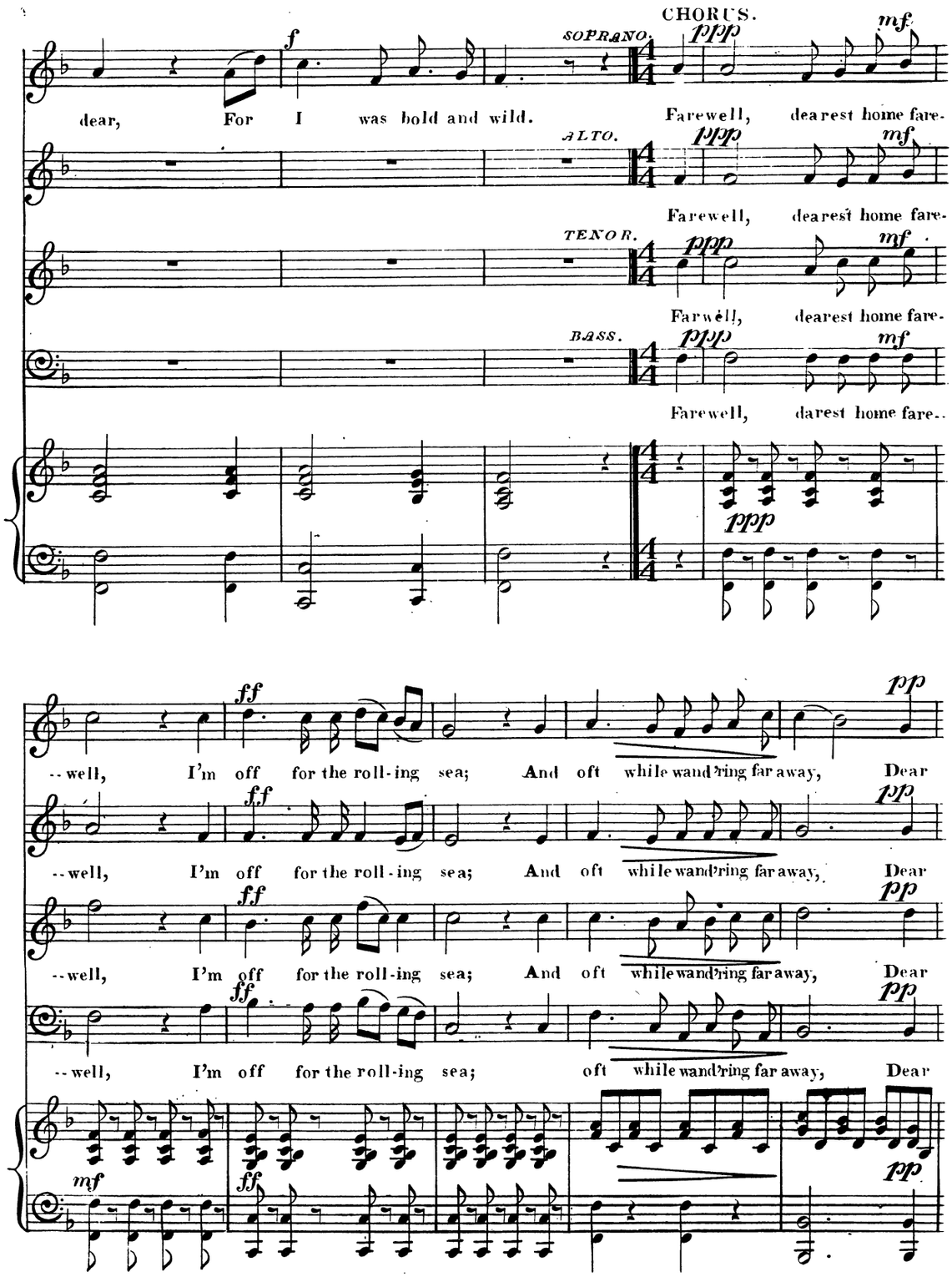

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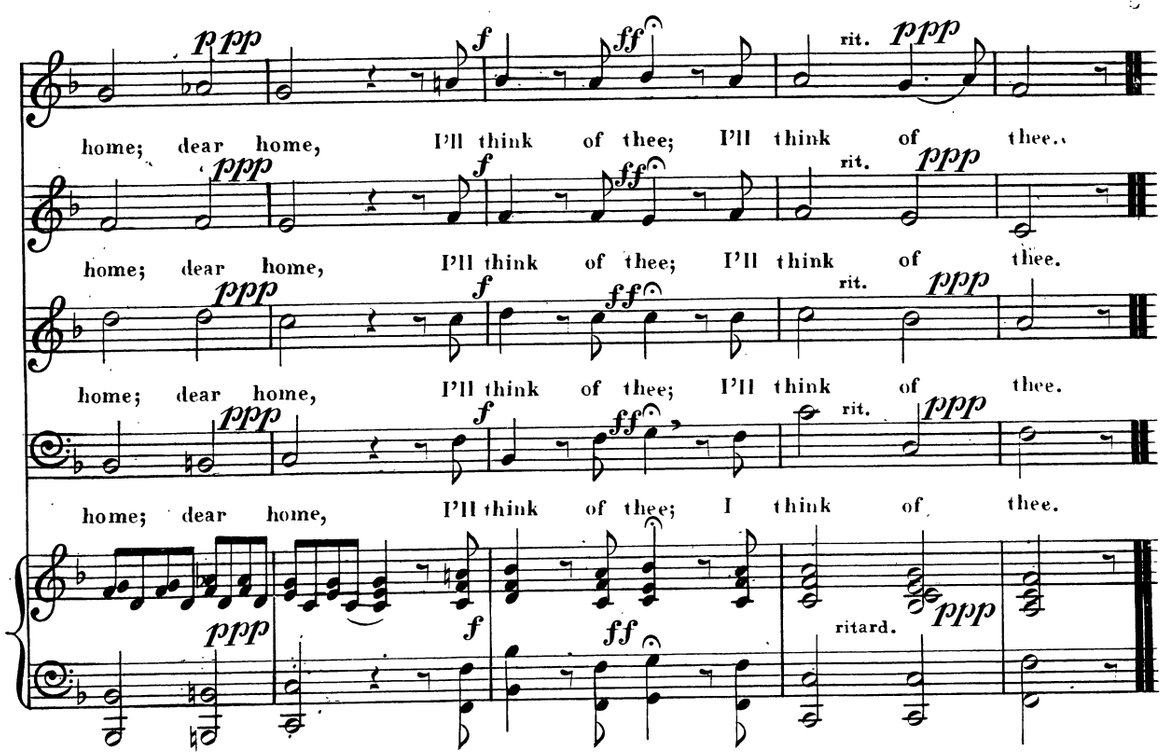

2d VERSE.

My Mother faintly sobbed "good bye"
Her grief no words could tell;
My Sister hung upon my neck,
My Father cried Farewell!
A sailor bold, for many a year
I've wandered o'er the sea;
And oft amid my wildest hours,
Dear home came thoughts of thee.
Farewell &c.

3d

But now returned, at home once more,
To meet them all again,
I find them gone; they're in the grave,
And I alone remain.
In memory, sad thoughts doth steal
In shadows dark o'er me;
And bitterly I mourn the day,
When first I went to sea.
Farewell &c.

S. Pearson Eng'r.