

JANUARY SALES.

**January, sails unfurling,
The tugs made fast, and out we're towed
Through the lock, into the Mersey
Then it's round the Horn to Call-i-o.**

**January, sails we're hoisting
Goodbye to Shirley & to Sue
Goodbye Nancy, goodbye Katie
All you flash girls we bid adieu.**

**January, sails they're straining
Tug's cast off we're on our way
The Rock light we leave behind us
As we reach cross Liverpool bay.**

**January, sails we're reefing
As we tack round Anglesey
Wind's increasing from the Sar'west
Grey, and wild, the Irish Sea.**

**January, sails are tearing
White water crashing o'er the rail
A banshee through the rigging's keening
In the fury of the gale.**

**January, sails a' shredded
"Let go the anchor!" but it won't hold
The black rocks, and breakers waiting
Our death knell the bell-buoy tolls.**

**"January sales, at auction
Goods washed up upon the sands
From the barque 'The Queen of Erin'
Wrecked and lost with every hand."**