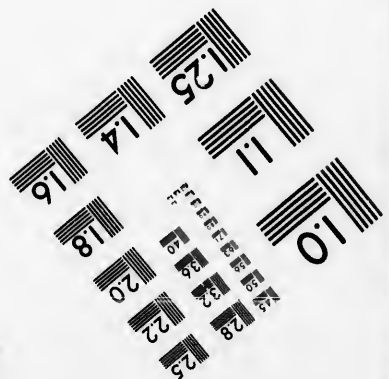
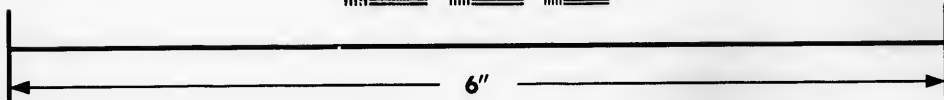
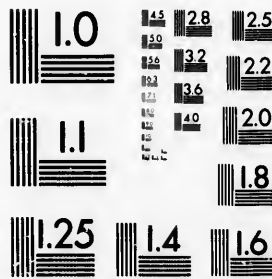


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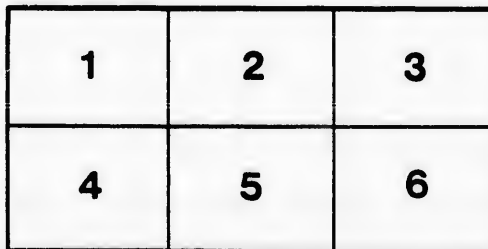
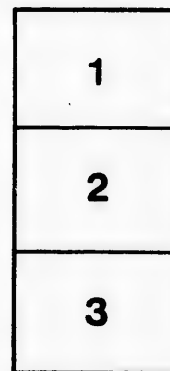
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THIRTEEN

POEMS

ON THE

MILLMAN & TUPLIN TRAGEDY.

By JOHN GAY.



MURRAY HARBOR SOUTH,

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

1888.

→ PREFACE. ←

THE matter contained in this book was not originally intended by the Author for publication; but by urgent request of clergymen, and many other responsible parties, he has concluded to present this little pamphlet to the reading public, hoping the sentiments herein contained will have a moral effect.

Wm. W. Bennett
22,015.

*William Millman's Execution at Charlottetown,
P. E. Island, April 10th, 1888.*

Sadness surely does prevail
All round about our City jail ;
The 10th of April now has come,
And Millman he must meet his doom.

Between the hours of eight and four
The wretch will live on earth no more,
He then will leave us all below—
Too long he lived which causes woe.

Although so young he led astray
A blooming girl out of the way ;
And in a cruel manner too,
He murdered her, no worse could do.

She loved him much, and wished to be
Enrolled among his family,
She willing was to be his wife,
She loved him as she loved her life.

Too good she was for such a man !
Forget the crime we never can !
Prince Edward Island has to-day,
A stain not easy wiped away.

Young Millman hangs to-day in scorn,
And friends and parents have to mourn,
His death will now forever more
Leave stings to pierce some people sore.

A blooming girl of tender years
Has left her parents shedding tears.
Young Millman took her life away,
Which causes him to hang to-day.

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Sad, no doubt, the scene appears,
 To see a lad of nineteen years
 Suspended by the neck to die
 For murder of the deepest dye !

Lord, help us all to look to Thee !
 And pray for grace to keep us free
 From any sin to cause disgrace
 On any friends in any place.

Lamentable it is to tell
 That one so young to-day has fell
 From where he stood, and got a check
 By hemp or rope around his neck.

His life he gave for one he took,
 And sad his parents surely look,
 Great cause they have to-day to cry,
 Their son, they know, must hang and die.

His corpse, no doubt, they will receive,
 To see him dead his friends will grieve ;
 A trial hard they have to bear—
 But William now their cries won't hear.

He now has left this world below,
 And where he is we do not know.
 May God prepare us here to be
 Well prepared to dwell with Thee.

*Cheering Lines to John Tuplin, Father of the
 murdered girl.*

Now lift your heart and hands to God,
 And thank Him for His love,
 In blessing you with health and food
 From stores he has above.

No other friend we ever find
 So ready to befriend,
 He ever has us in his mind,
 On him we may depend.

His love for us is very great,
 And greater none can be;
 And we with God our peace must make,
 Before His face we see.

He loves to see us live aright,
 And serve Him here below,
 He guards us all both day and night,
 And soothes us in our woe.

I hope, my friend, you found it so,
 No doubt of it I have.
 Lord, help us all Thy will to do,
 As Thou alone can save!

Sad trials you have lately had,
 And many for you grieve;
 And you have reason to be glad
 The Lord can you relieve.

An honored name you still have got,
 And face the world you can,
 Your name is free from stain or spot,
 That injures any man.

As such I hope it may remain
 Until you end your days,
 And then I hope you will obtain
 A home with saints to praise.

The Lord who did for you prepare
 Such happiness above!
 I hope when dead to meet you there
 To praise the God of love.

From William Millman to his Parents.

Farewell to you, my parents dear,
I soon must go and leave you here ;
A shameful death I have to die,
Which causes you to weep and sigh.

You loved me well, I must confess,
And wrong I done to bring disgrace
Upon your heads, to grieve you so,
And fill your hearts with grief and woe.

The crime for which I have to die
Has caused you oft to mourn and cry ;
The path I took I know was wrong,
It led me to my shameful doom !

Forgive me, parents, if you can—
A wicked son I know I am,
And don't deserve your sympathy,
But still I hope you pity me.

Your good advice I never took,
And seldom read God's holy book ;
The deeds I done you never knew,
I kept them all concealed from you.

You brought me up in tenderness,
And little thought I would disgrace ;
But Satan led me by degrees
To evil deeds, his ways to please.

Your William now is in a cell,
A gloomy place for him to dwell,
And only has himself to blame
For such disgrace upon his name.

I know you weep both night and day,
 And for your son do humbly pray ;
 You often prayed for him before
 To live to God and Him adore .

The crime for which I am condemned,
 My lawyer ably did defend—
 A cruel deed, I must admit,
 Some evil person did commit.

But who it was you cannot tell.
 My lawyer tried to clear me well,
 But some on oath they pointed out
 The place they saw me on the route.

The lies I told were wrong, I know,
 And they have proved my overthrow ;
 Lies are wrong in any way,
 And dearly for them I must pay.

Oh, do forgive me, parents dear !
 Your pardon now I ask sincere ;
 My parents dear, oh, do forgive
 Your son who did you so deceive !

I soon must go and leave you here,
 The time is drawing very near ;
 I know your hearts will sorely ache
 That I must die in such a state.

A cruel son I know I am,
 To leave you all in grief and shame ;
 If your advice I had observed,
 You might from this have been preserved.

My state is sad, I feel it sore !
 My parents dear, I do implore
 Your pardon and forgiveness here,
 Do grant it now, my parents dear !

I now must bid you all good-bye,
 Which causes me to heave a sigh;
 Your eyes and hearts I know will be
 In grief and tears as well as me.

Dear brothers, now, and sisters, too,
 Your parents' will observe to do;
 Our parents' call we must obey,
 Or dearly for it we will pay.

Remorse and shame it always brings,
 And like an adder bitter stings;
 To disobey our parents dear,
 Will cause us grief and sorrow here,

For doing so I now regret,
 Their good advice I don't forget;
 Regarded them I should have done,
 Instead of doing what was wrong.

A good advice from any friend,
 If well received, we may depend
 Will save us from remorse and shame,
 And bring some honor to our name.

Adieu to all I now must say,
 As soon will come the fatal day
 When I must die a death of shame,
 And leave disgrace upon my name.

I grieve for you, my parents dear,
 For brothers, too, I shed a tear,
 My sisters, dear, I love you well,
 When we shall meet we cannot tell.

Enough is said to you, I think,
 As I am standing on the brink;
 And where I go there I will be,
 I know, to all eternity.

Lines on the Death of Mary P. Tuplin.

Dear friends, no doubt you are in grief,
 And sad your hearts must be ;
 For Mary dear, you often weep,
 Who died so recently.

Her time on earth was brief indeed,
 Quite suddenly she fell ;
 Her death does cause your hearts to bleed,
 And sad it is to tell.

She was seduced and led away
 By one she did adore,
 Deceived she was and led astray---
 The deed we all deplore.

An awful crime it surely was
 To take her life away !
 It is against God's holy laws---
 'Tis wrong to disobey !

Your loving child is now beneath
 The frozen clods of clay ;
 The monster sunk her underneath
 A river near New London Bay.

God help the one who caused her death
 To fall upon his knees,
 And pray to Him while he has breath,
 For pardon and for peace.

Two pistol balls within her head
 Were found embedded there,
 She screamed aloud, and likely plead
 Her precious life to spare.

A cruel heart the wretch must have
 Who did this awful crime,
 A wretch he is not fit to live
 The jury all combine.

Deceived by him, your child was led—
 She little thought that he
 Would with a pistol shoot her dead,
 And sink her in the sea.

But so he did does plain appear,
 And for it he must die,
 He cannot live much longer here,
 With law he must comply.

His state is sad, we must confess,
 His parents feel it sore,
 Their son to hang is a disgrace
 They never will get o'er.

May God have mercy on his soul,
 Is what we all must say,
 And help us all to shun the bowl
 Which leads the mind astray.

Your Mary dear is now at rest,
 We hope, with saints above,
 In robes of white among the blest,
 Before the Throne of God.

May God have mercy on the man
 Who led your child astray;
 She little thought he fixed a plan
 To take her life away.

Enticed she was with him to go,
 Alive did not return,
 Which filled your hearts with grief and woe,
 And causes you to mourn.

Your state is sad, we all admit,
 But how must parents feel
 About their son, who cannot get
 Outside a gloomy cell.

Oh, Lord, have mercy on the man,
 Who now is doomed to hang!
 He now is where he never can
 Seduce with tongue or hand.

May he confess his sins to God,
 And humbly ask of Him
 To wash them in His cleansing blood,
 And make him pure and clean.

A warning may this action be
 To all who heard it read;
 And may we all from guilt be free
 Upon a dying bed.

*William Millman receiving sentence, February
 10th, 1888.*

A solemn sight it was to see
 Young Millman, on the day
 He stood before the judge to be
 Addressed, and told the way

In which he was to live awhile,
 And then how he must die.
 On none at all was seen a smile,
 But many had to cry.

To see a blooming youth appear
 In iron fetters bound,
 Caused young and old to shed a tear,
 And sobs were all around.

The judge himself was shedding tears,
 They run in streams from him ;
 A feeling man the judge appears,
 And always just has been.

He sighed, and then commenced to speak
 To him who was so young,
 Advising him at once to seek
 Relief for what he done.

Sad it is, I must allow,
 To see a lad so young,
 For murder here before me now,
 The worst that could be done.

This Island never had before
 Such reason to be sad ;
 Many hearts in it are sore,
 And caused by you, a lad.

A Spaniard, from a foreign land,
 Could not commit a deed,
 With any weapon in his hand,
 To cause more hearts to bleed.

A blooming maid you coaxed away
 From her dear parents' home,
 And cruelly you her did slay ;
 No worse was ever done.

A hardened wretch you surely are,
 To act in such a way ;
 You now must look to God in prayer,
 Is what I have to say.

Your sentence I must now proclaim,
 And sad my heart does feel,
 And mourn I do for such a stain ;
 And we cannot conceal

You stained the name of parents dear,
 And many friends around.
 And sighs and sobs just now I hear,
 And painful is the sound.

Two months the court allows to you
 To live as best you can,
 The death and date I tell you, too,
 The 10th of April, hang.

And fall you must some time between
 The hours of eight and four ;
 And sad, no doubt, will be the scene—
 And hope to see no more.

And now, while you live here below,
 Prepare to live above ;
 Ask God who can you mercy show,
 And plead in faith and love.

Do pray to him with all your heart,
 And bid this world adieu ;
 You know the time you must depart—
 I now am done with you.

The prisoner then was lead away
 Unto a prison cell,
 And there in gloom he has to stay,
 And none with him to dwell.

Although so hard in heart and nerve,
 He had to shut his ears
 While sentence was upon him served,
 And wet his clothes with tears.

God help him now to see his state,
 And humble make him feel,
 In sorrow he has heard his fate,
 May God his sorrows heal !

A warning to young women by William Millman.

A warning, now, I give to all
Young blooming lassies round,
Be careful with young men who call,
And sweet their words may sound.

Enticed young maidens often are
Their company to keep,
And often fall into a snare
Which causes them to weep.

Young men too often do deceive,
And cause young maidens pain;
And loving parents often weep
For children who are slain.

And sad it is, I have to say,
Deceitful men will strive
To lead their lovers from the way
That all of us must live.

Delighted are some evil men,
If they can find a scheme,
To draw some decent girl with them,
And cast her off in shame.

Disgraceful 'tis for any man,
Whoever he may be,
To use a most deceitful plan,
In ladies' company.

For such a crime I have to die,
With shame I must confess,
I have seduced and told a lie,
Which leaves me in distress.

Beware of men who make pretence
Of love they have for you ;
You all must now have better sense
Than trust as many do.

And shun the men who liquor take,
Their lovers to beguile ;
To such as them no promise make,
As they are base and vile.

This warning is from one condemned—
Few days I have to live—
A foe I proved and not a friend,
And death for love I gave.

*New London (the birthplace of William Millman)
in gloom.*

This morning New Loudon must hang down
her head,

Heretofore she carried it high,
The fame of New London by many was read,
But now many in it do cry.

New London will always remember the date
Of April the 10th, with a sigh,
By causing her name to get such a shake
By one who for murder must die.

The fame of New London has gone far and near,
And sad now it is for to say
That many in it in gloom do appear,
Who once was so blooming and gay.

One of her sons, a blooming young lad,
Has caused all the gloom in the place ;
And many to-day are weeping and sad,
For having to bear such disgrace.

We mourn for New London, so honored a place,
 Well peopled, and they of the best,
 But one cruel wretch the name has disgraced—
 Against what he done they protest.

Many grieve for New London, as it is allowed,
 By many who travelled it o'er,
 To be such a place as makes us feel proud
 No crime ever stained it before.

But now it is stained, and that very deep,
 And sad many in it do feel,
 Great reason there is for many to weep,
 May God their sore hearts come and heal!

New Londoners always was proud of the name,
 And well, no doubt, they might be :
 But one of her sons is now much to blame,
 For disgracing the whole country.

A harmless young lady was coaxed from her home
 By him who her husband should be,
 She never believed that he would do wrong—
 A treacherous lover was he.

No doubt he enticed her with him to go,
 With words that were pleasant and sweet,
 She loved him too well, as he was her foe—
 Which causes great numbers to weep.

He shot her quite dead, and then sunk her in
 A river that was handy by ;
 The deed we all know was cruel and mean,
 And many to-day for it cry.

He got a fair trial and guilty was found,
 And sentenced to hang on this day.
 This morning quite early the rope went around
 His neck and they launched him away.

He hanged for awhile till life was extinct,
 And then the poor wretch was cut down,
 And carried away into a precinct,
 Not far, I am told, from the town.

He now is in death, no harm he can do,
 New London is clear of him now ;
 Too long he remained among them is true,
 Oh, yes ! great numbers allow.

May never the like be heard of again,
 Around her most beautiful shores !
 May God keep us all from what gives a stain,
 And save us from all which deplores.

*Cheering Lines to Mrs. John Tuplin, Mother of the
 murdered girl.*

Respected madam, now I take
 My pen in hand to write,
 These lines I truly hope will make
 Your gloom give way to light.

In sorrow now your time is spent
 For loved ones who are dead ;
 Rejoice you may, and not lament,
 As both of them are laid

Within their graves, so close to you,
 That you may go and see,
 And not regret, as many do,
 Their deeds of villainy.

Your children now together lay,
 And calm is their repose,
 Their sleep is sweet both night and day,
 A happy pair are those.

Your love for them is great indeed,
 Sad tears you often shed ;
 For Mary dear, your heart does bleed,
 As she from you was led

To where she met a sudden death ;
 And cruel was the one
 Who with a pistol stopped her breath—
 No worse was ever done.

Still you have reason to rejoice,
 That she the victim was ;
 As far and near the people's voice,
 Support you in your loss.

The wretch who caused you grief and pain,
 Is now in fetters strong ;
 In dungeon he must now remain,
 Until he meets his doom.

Too long he was allowed to run,
 Cut down he soon will be ;
 To you great damage he has done,
 And that most treacherously.

Still you have reason to be glad,
 As show your face you can,
 And many for you now are sad,
 Both town and countryman.

You now have got the sympathy
 Of town and country too,
 A comfort to you that must be,
 As you have suffered so.

The parents of the wretched man,
 Would sooner now, by far,
 Have neither houses, gold, nor land,
 And be as now you are.

Their names are now disgraced for life,
 And sad they surely feel,
 While you remain a happy wife,
 And unto God may kneel,

And thank him for his love to you,
 In sparing you so long,
 With children kind and loving too,
 Who have no murder done.

May they who still remain with you,
 To God their service give,
 And love Him as we all must do,
 And ask Him to forgive

The daily sins we all commit,
 And He will prove a friend,
 And take us up at last to sit
 Where pleasures never end.

God help us all to live aright,
 And guard us night and day,
 And when from earth we take our flight,
 Be Thou our only stay.

And lead us to a rest on high,
 And give us crowns to wear,
 Lord, help us all in Thee to die,
 And of Thy glory share !

How William Millman spends his time in jail.

My time I spend in sorrow here,
 No comfort do I find,
 Locks and bars are all I hear,
 I closely am confined.

Long months I spend most desolate ;
 As years the months appear,—
 My friends cannot congratulate,
 As crime has brought me here.

I now might be, as many are,
 Enjoying pleasures home ;
 But I have strayed away so far,
 That here I am alone.

A lonely place in here to dwell,—
 As all is gloom within ;
 How sad I feel, no tongue can tell,
 By deeds I tried to screen.

My deeds appear before me now,
 And sad they make me feel,—
 To take a life, I must allow,
 Is awful to reveal.

For murder I have got to die,—
 Confessed I never have ;
 As yet I do the crime deny,
 In hope of a reprieve.

The deed was done, and proved it is,
 And I must die no doubt ;
 No chance I have of a release,
 My sins have found me out.

My sinful course I now regret,
 Too late it is to mend ;
 A just reward I soon will get,
 On that I may depend.

Ashamed I am to ask the Lord,
 To pardon what I've done,
 As I objected to his word,
 Or bow beneath his throne.

I now must leave this world of care,
 A true account to give,—
 Of a reprieve I now despair,
 Few days I have to live.

A Warning to Young Men by William Millman.

Now all young men attention pay,
 While I to you relate
 How I in this cell have come to lay,
 And dismal is my state.

I once was favored with a home,
 Where pleasures did abound;
 But now I lay in here alone,
 With bars and locks around.

No pleasure have I now at all—
 My time I spend in gloom;
 And soon the sheriff will me call,
 To come and meet my doom.

The time I spent on earth, you know,
 Was often doing wrong—
 I warn you all from doing so,
 And shun the giddy throng.

The devil is a cunning foe,
 And snares he always sets
 To bring us in to grief and woe,
 And careless souls he gets.

As now I am for crime to hang,
 A warning take by me;
 For life at most is but a span,
 And spent to God must be.

All idle habits are a snare,
 In which the young may fall,
 My youthful friends, of them beware,
 And shun them one and all.

I now regret the time I spent
 In vice and folly too,
 In places I too often went,
 And joined a wicked crew.

But now I am condemned to die,
 Few days I have to live,
 And well you know the reason why,
 And may the Lord forgive.

A word or two I yet must say,
 You'll slight them, I suppose;
 I soon must give my life away,
 For slighting such as those.

Now, fare you well, my dear young men,
 And may you never be
 Enticed by Satan's stratagem,
 To live and die like me.

From William Millman to his brothers and sisters.

My brothers dear, and sisters too,
 My leave I now must take of you,
 The day is fixed when I must die,
 And leave you all to mourn and cry.

Together now we cannot be,
 As I have not my liberty,
 Confined I am within a cell,
 How sad I feel no tongue can tell.

To think of home while here alone,
 Brings tears of grief and makes me moan ;
 The time I spend in sorrow here,
 Is far too sad for you to hear.

My evil deeds have caused it all,
 And vengeance on me heavy fall ;
 In sin and vice my life I spent,
 And sorely for it I lament.

My brothers dear, and sisters too,
 The path I took don't you pursue,
 Or it will lead you far astray—
 It lead me in this cell to lay.

It truly is a gloomy place ;
 And God I soon will have to face,
 And give account of all to him,
 No use to try one deed to screen.

I grieve to leave you brothers dear,
 We often gave each other cheer,
 But now we part forevermore,
 And for you all my heart is sore.

My loving sisters, fare you well !
 How I grieve I cannot tell,
 For murder now I have to hang,
 Before I am the age of man.

In vice I ran and got a fall ;
 A warning now I give to all,
 To shun the path that leads to crime,
 Or you may get a fall like mine.

From William Millman to his comrades.

My loving comrades, fare you well!
 I soon must leave you all;
 And sad the tale I have to tell,
 To comrades great and small.

My heart is sad and very sore—
 For me I hope you feel,
 Your faces I will see no more;
 To justice I must yield.

The time is short I have to live,
 Cut short my life has been;
 A sad account I have to give—
 And I but just nineteen.

My comrades dear, a warning take
 From one condemned to die;
 All evil ways at once forsake,
 And serve the Lord on high.

Your parents' counsel well observe,
 And God's commands obey;
 God and parents well deserve
 Our service night and day,

To grieve them is an awful sin,
 But such we often do;
 I now do feel a bitter sting,
 For grieving parents so.

I now am here, a blooming youth,
 Within a prison cell,
 For straying from the path of truth,
 And into trouble fell.

Deceitful I have often been,
 And sad for it I feel,
 My evil deeds I tried to screen,
 But I could not conceal.

Advice I now do give to you,
 Accept I hope you will,
 The path I took don't you pursue,
 Nor drink from brewer's still.

Adieu I now must say to all,
 And leave you all behind;
 The time is fixed when I must fall,
 Which tortures now my mind.

A shameful and disgraceful death
 It is I have to die;
 For murder I must lose my breath,
 O, what a wretch am I!

To God my soul I now commit,
 And hope he may receive;
 And, comrades dear, do not forget
 Your hearts to him to give.

To William Millman from his parents.

Dear William, now we must confess,
 Our hearts are grieved and sore,
 Your deeds have caused us great distress
 We never will get o'er.

Your parents mourn both night and day,
 Your brothers do the same,
 Your sisters' bloom will soon decay
 With sorrow, grief and shame.

You ask us for to pardon you,
 We grant it most sincere,
 There's nothing more we now can do,
 But grieve and shed a tear.

Floods of tears for you we shed,
 And sighs we often hear,
 Both up about and in our bed,
 And nothing seems to cheer.

Your parents' hearts are nearly broke,
 We feel in great distress;
 How sad we feel this heavy stroke,
 My tongue cannot express.

The thoughts of you, my loving son,
 Are grievous to be borne,
 To think of deeds that you have done,
 Brings shame, disgrace, and scorn.

A shameful death you have to die,
 Disgraceful to us all,
 Which causes friends to weep and sigh,
 And tears in torrents fall.

A cruel son you are to us,
 Who reared you tenderly,
 We little thought you did possess
 Such vice and cruelty.

Your parents' pardon now you crave,
 Your last request it is,
 We grant it free, and may you have
 The Lord's, who you can bless.

Your parents' love is all in vain
 To save you from your doom,
 We pray and hope you may obtain
 The grace of God, in gloom.

In tears of grief I now must close,
 A father's love I have ;
 The Lord above, He only knows
 How you did misbehave.

Now, fare you well, my loving son,
 No more I now can say ;
 As tears of grief so freely run,
 I put my pen away.

Your loving mother sends her love
 To you, her William dear,
 She prays to God, who dwells above,
 For your conversion here.

Your brothers and dear sisters now,
 Their last farewell they send,
 And to their Maker humbly bow,
 On whom we all depend.

Now, look to God, make no delay,
 Implore him to forgive,
 For soon will come the fatal day,
 When you must cease to live.

Oh, William dear, do now prepare
 To join with saints above,
 I hope when dead to meet you there,
 Such is your mother's love.

To the condemned lad.

My dying friend, I send you these,
 I hope they won't offend—
 And hope you will, upon your knees,
 Ask God to be your friend.

A dreadful crime you did commit,
 And clearly proved it is ;
 The laws of God you did forget,
 Your evil heart to please.

May God have mercy on your soul,
 And cause you to repent,
 And to him now confess the whole,
 Of it you won't lament.

Not guilty you pretend to be ;
 But guilty you are found :
 The jurymen did all agree,
 The judge their verdict bound.

You now are sentenced to be hanged
 The tenth of April next,
 Upon a trap you then must stand,
 For you it will be fixed.

Two months are now allowed to you
 To live on earth below,
 That time, we hope, you will pursue
 The way the Lord will show.

Your parents now are deep in grief,
 And tears of sorrow fall ;
 But God can give us all relief,
 If humbly we will call.

Your parents loved you tenderly ;
 Most cruel you have been,
 To grieve them when so elderly,
 And try your deeds to screen.

The crime for which you are condemned
 Is awful to relate—
 The worst our judges ever penned,
 And dismal is your state.

Confess it now to God above :
 Implore Him to forgive.
 We know He is a God of love,
 Our hearts He will receive.

As now you are so soon to die,
 Oh, do for death prepare !
 Pray earnestly to God on high,
 To hear and answer prayer.

Confess, and give the Lord your heart,
 And He will you forgive ;
 Soon, you know, you must depart :
 Ten weeks you have to live.

Your race below was swiftly run,
 And run it was in sin ;
 No honor by it have you won,
 Nor zealous for it been.

You now are in an awful state,
 And sad you surely feel ;
 A shameful death you now await,
 Within a gloomy cell.

Our fellowmen we may delude ;
 But cannot God deceive :
 He knows our hearts, and will exclude
 Unless we Him believe.

The crime for which you have to die,
 As yet you won't admit ;
 God knows if you the truth deny,
 And He will punish it.

If guilt remains within your breast,
Most awful it will be,
To die not having it confessed,
And set at liberty.

Your time on earth is flying fast,
And soon you will be gone ;
We hope you may be saved at last—
Thank God, it can be done !

The thief upon the cross, we read,
Did there for mercy call,
A voice replied, your prayer I heed,
And save you from the fall.

I now must close, and hope to hear
You died in peace with God ;
His laws to us are plain and clear,
But on them you have trod.

The Bible you have surely read,
And there it plainly says,
If we the word of God will heed,
He'll fill our hearts with grace.

Now commence to read and pray,
As you not long can live ;
Pray earnestly both night and day,
That God may you forgive.

The vilest sinner he can save,
If we will humbly call,
And mercy on us he will have,
And save us one and all.

Young men, a warning take by this,
And give your time to God,
To serve him gives us joy and peace,
When dead, a rest above.

Farewell, my friend, and may you die
In peace with God and man;
With God's commands do now comply,
When dead we never can.

To die with guilt upon your head,
Most awful it will be,
We'll weep and wail, the Lord has said,
Throughout eternity.

