In times like these, when murderers roam And search around for prey, 
To a fearful step to leave our home, 
Last dangerous men betray.

This lovely girl in youthful pride, 
From sister’s José and story, 
A vile snare for her guide, 
And by him led away.

O little thought the simple girl, 
Lured by a villain’s smile, 
That he could mock her virtue’s pride, 
Her down a storm most vile.

She listened to his awful song. 
And thought his words were true, 
Till away from her bosom 
What she did after ran.

He forced her to confess a stain, 
Which by now she knew too well. 
Confirmed her fate was slain. 
Confused her love was slain.

Love it was not, but hatred, but, 
That urged this monster dire; 
On Satan’s head his gules shone. 
More fierce than thrones of sin.

How could she believe this monstrous tale, 
She knew he would deceive; 
That all his promises were false, 
He left a wife to grieve.

His infant children stretched their hands, 
Desecrating her to slain. 
His bare unhallowed wicked hands, 
Yet still to him she ran.

The voice of Heaven was heard around, 
The coldly deposited from above, 
The evening showers had wet the ground, 
But she more met her lore.

An inaudible wailing voice ascended, 
And in her sentence spoken, 
Still the virtuous girl unshamed, 
Sought nothing to invoke.

She rushed to where her ruin or stayed, 
Yet trembling still of it. 
She found him there, and soon was said. 
Tears heavenward, just Heaven’s will.

She freely linked with rags his tore, 
And strove to gain her life, 
Then to a neck her form he hove, 
And hung the body there.

Cold was the sight, and how the scene, 
No decided aid was near, 
With Satan’s face to intercede, 
Or head her dying sigh.

She’s gone to rest from earth away, 
Beyond this world of gloom, 
Till in his arms she doth.

The wrath his deed from mortal’s doom, 
When done the deed most vile, 
Not one above can pierce the doom, 
And bring to light his guide.

Ye prate not loud to virgin bloom, 
With youth and beauty blear, 
Here she cries fair for her doom, 
Of Sarah Maria pierce your heart.

SECOND PART.

Kind Christmas all I pray speed, 
To drive her from which I have pressed. 
While I relate the monstrous tale 
That did await poor Cornell’s end.

Miss Susan Cornell was her name, 
Who by death was brought to shame. 
Your hearts in sympathy may bleed, 
When Shepherd奧nother mills Indeed.

A Reverend Mr. Astra now, 
A preacher of the gospel pake, 
Stood charged with murder to the gall—
Seduction too, in part confessed.

First impulse he was set at large, 
By circumstances from further charge! 
Soon after that the deed was done, 
He ran away the law to shun:

But blood for blind souls doth cry, 
All murderers sorely ought to die: 
Five hundred dollars of reward 
To bring this Astra to the charge.

He soon was taken and with speed, 
We brought to answer for this deed. 
Now in Rhode Island bound he was, 
In May to receive his destiny.

Methought I heard a voice say, 
"Remember Cornell’s end I pray," 
And let me not reflections make, 
Upon my friends for my poor sake.

Let woman’s weakness plead my cause, 
When cruel men break nature’s laws. 
If man by man was so deceived, 
What tongue would not his mercy plead.

Know you but half the awful sight, 
That has betaken me most merry. 
The last day slip, in earnest all. 
Despondence is sin since Adam’s fall.

Ye maidens all both old and young, 
That to men’s false flattering tongues; 
To kind a man, pray know his life,— 
How few there are deserve a wife.

Though deemed I am so awful and wild, 
I ask the prayers of every friend, 
That my poor right may be blest. 
And with my God in heaven to meet.

Now to conclude this mournful song, 
These lines I pray remember long. 
Adieu my friends, pray drown repining, 
Example’s pain, and sorrowing more.