



# LINES

*Written on the death of*  
**Sarah M. Cornell.**

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

This lovely girl in youthful pride,  
From virtue's path did stray,  
A vile seducer for her guide,  
And by him led away.

O little thought the simple girl,  
Lured by a villain's smile,  
That he from virtue's height could hurl  
Her down a stream most vile.

She listened to his artful tongue,  
And thought his words were true,  
Till Avery from her bosom wrung  
What she did after rue.

He forced her to confess a flame  
~~Which his foul breath had fanned,~~  
And then to her eternal shame,  
Confessed his love was sham.

Love it was not, but hellish lust,  
That urged this monster dire,  
On Sarah's head his passion burst  
More fierce than flames of fire.

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

His infant children stretched their hands,  
Beseeching her to shun  
His base unhallowed wicked hands,  
Yet still to him she run.

The voice of Heaven was heard around,  
The clouds departed from above,  
The evening showers had wet the ground,  
But she must meet her love.

An inward, warning voice alarmed,  
And to her conscience spoke,  
Still the virtuous girl unharmed,  
Sought nothing to invoke.

She rushed to where her betrayer strayed,  
Yet dreaming still of ill,  
She found him there, and soon 'twas said,  
'Twas heaven's, just Heaven's will.

Her lovely locks with rage he tore,  
And strewed the ground with hair,  
Then to a stack her form he bore,  
And hung the body there.

Cold was the night, and lone the scene,  
No friendly aid was nigh,  
With Sarah's fate to intervene,  
Or heed her dying sigh.

She's gone to regions far away,  
Beyond this world of gloom,  
To wait until that awful day  
When man receives his doom.

The wretch has fled from mortal's doom,  
Who done this deed most vile,  
But one above can pierce the gloom,  
And bring to light his guile.

Ye girls all sound in virgin bloom,  
With youth and beauty blest,  
Beware the crime for fear the doom,  
Of Sarah Maria pierce your breast.

## SECOND PART.

Kind Christians all I pray attend,  
To these few lines which I have penned,  
While I relate the murderous fate  
That did await poor Cornell's end.

Miss Sarah Cornell was her name,  
Who by deceit was brought to shame,  
Your hearts in sympathy must bleed,  
When Shepherds murder lambs indeed.

A Reverend Mr. Avery sure,  
A preacher of the gospel pure,  
Stands charged with murder to the test,—  
Seduction too, in part confessed.

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

But blood for blood aloud doth cry,  
All murderers surely ought to die.  
Five hundred dollars of reward  
To bring this Avery to the charge.

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

Methought I heard a spirit say,  
"Remember Cornell's end I pray,"  
And let no one 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 artful way  
That base betrayer led me astray.  
The best may slip, be cautious all,  
Depraved is man since Adams' fall.

Ye maidens all both old and young,  
Trust not to men's false flattering tongue;  
To know a man, pray know his life,—  
How few there are deserve a wife.

Though doomed I am to awful end,  
I ask the prayers of every friend,  
That my poor spirit may be blest,  
And with my God in heaven to rest.

Now to conclude this mournful song,  
These lines I pray remember long,  
Adieu my friends, pray dont repine,  
Example's yours, and experience mine.