Sturgis Library Archives

Winslow Hall Poem, 1812
MS. 40

Extent: One folder in multifolder box.

Scope and content: The collection consists of a 3-page handwritten poem by Winslow Hall of Sandwich dated 1812. It tells of the death of a young man who fell overboard on a ship sailing down the Penobscot River, the effect of grief on those left behind, and encourages the mourners to seek solace in faith.

Biographical note: Winslow Hall (1792-1875) and his wife, Hannah (1800-1865) lived in Sandwich.

Acquisition: Unknown.

Access Statement: Unrestricted. Give credit to Sturgis Library Archives for publication purposes.

Processed by: Stephen Robert Lovell Farrar, 2006. Recataloged by Lucy Loomis June 2026.

Transcription of the poem:

1. Come pleasant youth all blooming fair,
My story now attend and hear;
While I the mournful tale relate,
How a young man met with his fate.
(2.) He left his parents and his home,
Which truly was in Dennis-town
And sought his fortune on the tide
Alas! twas here this young man died.
(3.) Down to Penobscot-river clear
He took a voyage as I do hear
There as the ship to anchor lay
He fell to death an easy prey.
(4.) No foaming billows roar, d around
When this lamented youth was drown'd
No powerful winds to swell the sail
No driving storms no dreadful gales.
(5.) By accident he did fall o'er
And ne'er was seen or heard of more
Alas! the deep and liquid wave
Quickly became this young man's grave.
(6.) His parents soon the news receive
And in deep mourning for him grieve
His early death with tears deplore
Alas! they ne'er will see him more

(7.) Beneath the boistrous sea that frowns
There lies his mauldring corps alone
On swelling waves that root above
Regardless flats yet still will move.

(8.)Departed youth thy days were few
Thy soul has wing'd the heavenly road
Appear'd before its maker God.
(9.) The solemn sentence now is past
To weal or woe his state is cast
God will do right his ways are best
In his decision, we will rest.
(10.) Dry up your tears ye weeping friends
This is the voice which Jesus sends
To call your minds from things below
All creatures comforts soon must go.
(11.) Relations all A word to you
Give up your-selves to God anew
Prepare to follow this dear youth
To realms of everlasting truth.
(12.) Dear readers all both old and young, & young
The news of Death is often told
Prepare for death and the grave
Perhaps your turn will next arrive.
(13.) Ye seamen who the ocean brave
Who venture all upon the wave
When least you think death may be nigh
Prepare I pray you then to die.
(14.) Ye vigorous youth in courage bold
Death may not wait, till you are old
Serve God I pray awhile all is well
And shun the road that leads to hell.

(15.) This is at best a vol of woe
Troubles attend where ever we go
When least we think death sends a dart
The dearest friends alas must part.
(16.) But there's a brighter world on high
Where friends will meet and never die
Where holy joys unceasing flow
Not like our short and joys below.
(17.) While this poor mortal life remains
Let us prepare to meet the change
And then when fleeting time is o'er

At Jesus, feet we shall adore.
(18.) These friends who parted here below
Will meet and no more parting know
All tears be wip,d from every eye
No more to weep no more to die.

Finis.
October the 25 A[nn]o 1812.
Winslow Hall.
of Sandwich