

Dear Wife to sweet to think on thee
Whilst sailing on the Deep
May god above protect thee
And thee in safety keep Sunday Eve Nov 21st 1847

Upon this narrow Deck I stand
Of boundless Ocean around me roiling
Far from my home and Native Land
And friends to me so kind and cheering

Through many a gale I have to sail
While thunder on my head is breaking
And Lightning dart from cloud to cloud
Yet hope my Breast is never forsaking Sunday Eve Nov 21st

Though fortune to me prove unkind
To my own Will and wandering power
Whate'er on earth may bet me
But give me hope in my Last hour Sunday Eve April 2nd 1848