

Sabbath Sept 13th 1847
 This is the Day the Lord has made
 He calls the time his own

How many thoughts will be directed to this
 Ship, how many prayers will be offered up
 for those on board of her this day,
 parents will think on their children
 Wives of the dear partners of their bosoms
 Brothers of Brothers & Sisters of Brothers
 children of fathers, that are, tossing on
 Life's stormy sea, but there is but
 one that will, that will watch over us
 with a holy and undying Love, he
 will guard us while we sleep & while
 we wake he will hold the stormy
 sea in his hand and cast it out
 with just Judgment in him we
 will put our trust hoping he will
 deal with us kindly & give us redemption
 for our sins & wickedness through Jesus
 sake that he will enable us to return in
 health & safety to those we love after
 a long & hard voyage on the deep
 that we may enjoy our earning with those
 that have look long with a wishful eye
 for our safe return he with whom our God
 now & for ever more

John Winslow
 Bark J.....
 ASPER

Sail on Sailing my gallant Bark
 As swiftly blow the breeze
 As swiftly thro' my aching heart
 untill this life shall cease
 Upon this narrow deck I stand
 Far from my home Far from my Land
 Feb 14 1847

this is the world of strife and pain
 but who shall say that he
 is fit to live this earthly race
 and come and dwell with the

though tempest howl & seas affright
 my soul with horror filled
 if thou but speak one word of peace
 the tempest shall be stilled

Written Sept 10

Sweet sister breathe a prayer for me
 While I the Ocean roam
 that you will bear me safely through
 to reach that happy home

that God will bear me safely through
 this world of sin and woe
 that when Death comes that I may wing
 my soul from hence below

that with our happy saviour there
 our days in peace may glide
 blessed by his hand in peace and love
 live with him side by side

Sunday eve Sept 14th
 Dear Brother I have breathed many prayers
 To that high throne above
 That thou mightest safely return from sea
 To those thou so fondly loved
 I have prayed that thou mightest be home
 this world of care and sin
 that so when Death shall call for you
 The glorious prize thou mightest win

Barth
 Frida Aug May 2nd 1850