

Tuesday 8<sup>th</sup> of April 1817. Beech grove  
 Written on ~~Tuesday~~ 8<sup>th</sup> of April 1817. Beech grove

To ~~fall~~<sup>drop</sup> the pen's narration of the page.  
 To record folly and to record age.  
 To record truth ~~and~~ thus to lay in store  
 A moral lesson from the days of yore  
 What days are these that's paper expressive by.  
 Ask not the question Sir, I make reply.  
~~Thus~~ questioned. Led with a <sup>sadning</sup> ~~groaning~~ sigh.  
 Must all my vallies. thus neglected. lie  
 Must all my hills. my dales unsettled be  
 Answer ye gods. and trembling answer me;  
 How long in silence, must I here remain  
 A goddes. blooming and a goddes reign  
 Within my garden as I sit alone  
 No voice I hear nor. ever hear my own  
 Bedeck'd with flowers <sup>round</sup> all my head; I grace  
 And spread a carpet o'er my blushing face  
 I view my forests. and rejoice to see  
 That o'er my head ~~they~~ spread a canopy.  
 To grace my brow the <sup>slight</sup> ~~light~~ Poplar grows.  
 And waves majestic to each wind that blows  
~~The~~ <sup>seem'd</sup> ~~wave~~ defiance to the northern blast.  
 Nor fear'd the lightning or the thunders Pap.  
 But, angry Love. in high vindictive Ire.  
 Roll'd round ~~its~~ trunk a liquid sheet of fire  
 And tore the rind that graced <sup>its</sup> ~~his~~ trunk around.  
 In awful shatters to the trembling ground.  
~~His~~ Love in thunder answers Sea's request.  
 "Ye green top'd mountains and ye forests dres'd  
 Ye Hills and dales ye towering oaks give ear.  
 Hearken ye Beech. and all ye maple hear

\* Signifies a field or plain