

Tuesday 8th of April 1817. Beech grove
Written on ~~Tuesday~~ 8th of April 1817. Beech grove

~~So~~ ^{droops} 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 pass'd expreive by...
 Ask not the question Sirs, I make reply.
~~Thus~~ questioned. Led^d with a ^{sadning} ~~grasping~~ 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~~ ^{ever} hear my own
 Bedeck'd with flowers ^{round} 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 ^{slight} ~~light~~ Poplar grows...
 And waves majestic to each wind that blows
~~The~~ ^{seem'd} ~~was~~ defiance to the northern blast.
 Nor fear'd the lightning as the thunders Pap.^d
 But, angry Love. in high vindictive Ire.
 Roll'd round ~~his~~ trunk a liquid sheet of fire
 And tore the rind that graced ^{its} ~~his~~ trunk around.
 In awful shatters to the trembling ground.
~~His~~ Love in thunder answers Led's request.
 "ye green top'd mountains and ye forests dref'd
 ye Hills and dales ye towering oaks give ear.
 Hearken ye Beech. and all ye maple hear

* Signafies a field or plain

Ye green top^d cedars. and ye towering firs
Ye Elms and Locusts and ye Gums give ear
Ye waving forests that bestride the shores
Ye Aldars ^{Pinewood} Cotton and ye Sycamores
Pay strict^t attention to my thundering voice
Ye mounds ^{explor'd} ~~explored~~ and ye hills rejoice
Ye craggy clefts that stand above the flood
Ye forests named & call'd a "field of blood"
Ere long these fields, ^{now} ~~that~~ call'd a field of flowers
Shall hear the yells of two ^{contending} ~~combating~~ Powers:—
~~thus ended Astonish'd~~ I saw: ye gods what can this mean
Cries; ~~trembling~~ ^{trembling} Lea: from the verdant green
^{contending} ~~combating~~ Powers; gods; who can they be
Name them O' Love; and naming let me see —
blat^d still in thunder Love resumed and said
While Pensive Lea. hung her ^{drooping} ~~pendent~~ head
Came to this bower; aramanthine clad:
Behold the warriors. raving fighting mad
War whoops resound the yelling ^{shouts} ~~trumps~~ of death
That human ^{they} ~~feirings~~ hear them pant for Death.
^{effect} High ^{eye} ~~animat'd~~ ^{they} ~~all~~ ~~thirst~~ for blood.
To ~~affair~~ ^{eye} ~~they~~ carpet & thy ruffling flood.
contending; Lea: for thy green clad plains,
Thy hills and forests. and thy wide domains
Thy coves of ^{ease} ~~rest~~, thy cool meandering streams
The roused astonish'd, at the midnight screams.
Silence ^{now} ~~is~~ broke; no more needst thou complain —
See blood in torrents o'er thy vallies ^{Rain} ~~run~~
Then war club raised their hatchet & the knife
Thou human ^{to knives} ~~misery~~ and tis human Life Strife
Thou human ~~feirings~~ see how they destroy
That life ^{which} ~~from~~ ^{heaven} ~~that~~ ^{they} ~~should~~ ~~enjoy~~
The lives which heaven gave to enjoy

Ye green top^d cedars. and ye towering firs
Ye Elms and Locusts and ye Gums give ear
Ye waving forests that bestride the shores
Ye Aldars ^{Linn wood} Cotton and ye Sycamores
Pay strict^t attention to my thundering voice
Ye mounds ^{explor'd} ~~explored~~ and ye hills rejoice
Ye craggy clefts that stand above the flood
Ye forests named & call'd a "field of blood"
Ere long these fields, ^{now} ~~that~~ call'd a field of flowers
Shall hear the yells of two ^{contending} ~~combating~~ Powers:—
~~thus ended Astonish'd~~ I saw: ye gods what can this mean
Cries; ~~trembling~~ ^{trembling} Lea: from the verdant green
^{contending} ~~combating~~ Powers; gods; who can they be
Name them O'Love; and naming let me see —
blatht^d still in thunder Love resumed and said
While Pensive Lea. hung her ^{drooping} ~~pendent~~ head
Came to this bower; aramanthine clad:
Behold the warriors. raving fighting mad
War whoops resound the yelling ^{shouts} ~~trumps~~ of death
That human ^{they} ~~feirings~~ hear them pant for death.
^{effect} High ^{eye} ~~animat'd~~ ^{they} ~~dash~~ ^{thirst} for blood.
To ~~affair~~ ^{eye} ~~they~~ carpet & thy ruffling flood.
contending; Lea: for thy green clad plains,
Thy hills and forests. and thy wide domains
Thy ^{edge} ~~coves~~ of ~~rest~~, thy cool meandering streams
The roused astonish'd, at the midnight screams.
Silence ^{now} ~~is~~ broke; no more needst thou complain —
See blood in torrents oer thy vallies ^{Rain} ~~run~~
Then war club raised their hatchet & the knife
Thou human ^{to knives} ~~misery~~ and tis human ~~life~~ strife
Thou human ~~feirings~~ see how they destroy
That life ^{which} ~~from~~ ^{heaven} ~~that~~ ^{they} ~~should~~ ^{to enjoy} ~~enjoy~~
The lives which heaven gave to enjoy

Envy and hatred horror death & pride
Are their ^{expedients} ingredients trembling Sea. Cried
Are they ^{such} beings mighty Love reply?
~~Suppose~~ ^{their} thunders store them in the sky
Must they Inhabit all my blooming wild
Where grandame nature on my bosom smil'd.
Speak mighty Love? let nature's Children hear
For all's attentive on the wide frontier
Then Love resum'd his thundering voice was heard
Be quiet Sea? and ye mountains cheer'd
Ye trembling hellocks and ye vallies ring
To you glad tidings and great Joy I bring
The gods decreed and their decree is come
Rejoice ye deserts in a Rich Perfume
Ye pinks and roses that are in the bud
Your fragrance offer to the mighty God.
The God of gods; Immortal day shall dawn.
Sea; rejoice, and each spreading lawn
See on thy summits Holy temples rise
Incense and odors wafted to the Skies
High from thy dust see towering Cities grow.
And through thy vallies Prayer & praises flow
See congregations join in vocal strains.
Worthy in Heav'n & worthy of these plains.

~~Sea is the drossy wilderness of the field of Blood. now I call
Kentucky Love is the thunder of the elements, as I term
him from here. and he has been thundering ever since
I commenced the writings of the above Poem.~~

~~Wm. Dunbar~~

A Satyre written January 1811

Matthew

The seventh chapter of this Book.
Shall wave my Introduction
Self righteous mortal, it look.
And see the Lords Instruction
Judge not the Lord himself has said
of evil deeds in Brothers,
For all your works are lifeless dead
You see the mote in others
Draw out the beam thou hypocrit
That is in your own eyes.
And then your admonition, fit
No one of us denies.
You at a mote Intensely strain
As tho. you'd tare your lungs.
The camel Swallow and retain
The shame of lying tongues
You quickly Judge your brothers sins
O weigh them by your own
And then by weight the brother wins.
The seed that you have sown
You do appear like whited walls
That to the eye seem clean. . . .
And yet within those whited walls
Extortion may be seen
Look at your evil heart & weep.
And let my soul alone
A tongue of silence you must keep.
By this you may be known
My heart is soft I fear a God.
My inmost soul and eyes
And when the trumpet sounds abroad
I'll meet you in the skies

Lieut

on the death of Ben Johnson Arnold, an volunteer.
Who died in Franklinton Ohio - 1814

- 1st - Scioto's banks and willows bend
Beneath your surface lies my friend
And zephyrs whispering o'er his grave
Each leaf resounds here lies the brave
- 2^d - Ambrosial winds while ye shall blow
Through eth'ers vault and Ohio.
Still whisper in his little cave
Here Johnson rests here rests the brave
- 3^d - Was it on bleak Canadian shores
Where Thames with ruffled billows roars...
That death with fatal fell disease
Did on his mortal body seize
- 4th - Far from his friends and country torn
So slumber in death's awful bourn
He thinks, awhile before he died
He ~~that~~ reflected ^{thus} and he sigh'd
- 5 - Far far from home I lingering lie
Here ends my days, ~~for~~ I must die
My dear relations far away
I leave the world and you to day
- 6 - I quit the fleeting stage of time
And rise to seek a better clime
But could I see you ere I start
You'd be a cordial to my heart.
- 7 - O mother when I left your home
With Shelby's army for to roam...
How oft did my returning mind
Think of my mother left behind
- 8 - How oft when nights dark gloomy vest.
Had bid the moving army rest.
Then came reflections in my mind
I left my mother far behind
- 9 - And so when painful death he felt.
How did his warm affections melt.
How did Eternity display
To my relief banner on that day
Thou camest

A satyre written January 1811

Matthew

The seventh chapter of this Book.
Shall wave my Introduction
Self righteous mortal, it look.
And see the Lords Instruction
Judge not the Lord, himself has said
of evil deeds in Brothers,
For all your works are lifeless dead
You see the mote in others
Draw out the beam thou hypocrit
That is in your own eyes.
And then your admonition; fit
No one of us denies.
You at a mote intensely strain
As tho. you'd tare your lungs.
The camel swallows and retain
The shame of lying tongues
You quickly Judge your brothers sins
O weigh them by your own
And then by weight the brother wins.
The seed that you have sown
You do appear like whited walls
That to the eye seem clear.
And yet within those whited walls
Extortion may be seen
Look at your evil heart & weep.
And let my soul alone
A tongue of silence you must keep.
By this you may be known
My heart is soft I fear a God.
My inmost soul and eyes
And when the trumpet sounds abroad
I'll meet you in the skies

Lieut

on the death of Ben Johnson Arnold, a volunteer
Who died in Franklinton Ohio - 1814

- 1st - Scioto's banks and willows bend
Beneath your surface lies my friend
And zephyrs whispering o'er his grave
Each leaf resounds here lies the brave
- 2^d - Ambrosial winds while ye shall blow
Through eth'ers vault and Ohio
Still whisper in his little cave
Here Johnson rests here rests the brave
- 3^d - Was it on bleak Canadian shores
Where Thames with ruffled billows roars...
That death with fatal fell disease
Did on his mortal body seize
- 4th - Far from his friends and country town
To slumber in death's awful bourn
He thinks; awhile before he died
He ~~thats~~ reflected and he sighs,
- 5 - Far far from home I lingering lie
Here ends my days, ~~for~~ I must die
My dear relations far away
I leave the world and you to day
- 6 - I quit the fleeting stage of time
And rise to seek a better clime
But could I see you ere I start
You'd be a cordial to my heart.
- 7 - O mother when I left your home
With Shelby's army for to roam...
How oft did my returning mind
Think of my mother left behind
- 8 - How oft when nights dark gloomy veer
Had bid the moving army rest
Then came reflections in my mind
I'd left my mother far behind
- 9 - And so when painful death he felt
How did his warm affections melt
How did Eternity display
A banner on that day

- 10 Must I into its bosom fall
 And leave at once this earthly ball
 Or do I with reluctance go
 Great God: ~~Protect~~, my tears do flow.
- 11 My soul to thee I do bequeath
 My body here I leave in death
 My spirit up to thee shall soar
Protect it. Lord. for ever more
- 12 - He closed his eyes a cheerful grace
 Diffused its radiance o'er his face
 Some Angel whispered. Come! he flew
 And bid Ohio's land Adieu -

Company

In social converse with some bosom friend
 My evening. converse may I daily spend
 To talk of objects that are far from home
 Of mighty Cesar & of falling Rome
 Of Alexander and of Pompey slain
 Of Aristotle how he rack'd his brain
 Of Pope of virgals and of sense refined
 The active genius of the human kind
 Expanded Ideas to the days of yore
 Of Noah's deluge and of long before
 Refer to maxims in some holy Book
 Or earth's meanders that ^{were} sought by cook
 Of seas of oceans and of climes rever'd
 Of great Collumbus when his course he steer'd
 Of hope of fear of Papions and of strife
 Of human misery and of human life
 Of Law of gospel and of virtue Pure
 Of things eternal on fair Canaan's shore
 Of Powder'd Heavens and of Worlds remote
That Through. the Cancaue do in o

Days of my youth.

v 10¹ Books the companions of my early youth.
They taught my fancy ~~for~~ ^{reverse} to ~~lose~~ the truth.
But o' my fancy, it ~~off~~ ^{now} turn'd aside -

And sought out folly which ^{engendered} ~~created~~ pride

2^d ... Pride in my self, to love my self the same
It tickles fancy when ^{we} grasp at fame.
Fame is a shadow when not understood.

But fame's a substance when created good.

3^d ... To youthful genius led my ^{taste} feet to chuse
The happy ^{presence} ~~of~~ of my future muse
Tho' all creation was Kansack's before
By ^{inspired} ~~holy~~ Poets in the days of yore.

4th ... They ^{bring} ~~collected~~ virtue in those ancient times.
And Vice they strip^d of all; but ^{certain} ~~all~~ crimes.

To up I grew in this lone Beechen wild
And had to labor from a little child

Born, like a flower it only blooms to fade
And wastes its fragrance in the desert shade
Hard in the fields beneath the burning heat

My sweat ran freely, what I earn'd I eat
My cheerful spirits oft banold a song.

And felt, rejoic'd, all the whole day long.
Ten years of age before I learn'd to read.

And ten to that before I knew my need.
Thus from a child amidst this beechen soil

I had to labor, and I ~~had~~ ^{had} to ~~toil~~ toil
Wied ^{was} ~~was~~ these woods; when first I saw the shore

In Ninety five a dreary waste before

The deer the Bear the Panther and the fox.
 = This Skulking villian housed within the Rocks.
 10 A Thousand Turkeys walk on hills of green.
 In ~~black~~ black dreses they were always seen.
 The gobling watch word when they day was oer.
 Fly to your Roosts and then ^{was} heard no more.
 11 Till morn. awake them - in their high retreat.
^{Adieu} ~~Goodnight~~ to night, the echo ran so sweet.
 The yelping Squadrons streight to earth would fly.
 Regardlep of the hunter standing by.
 Who with his gun destruction hurled around.
 And laid some gobblers stiff upon the ground.

Bonaparte.

With zeal and Pleasure shall my muse Impart.
 The rise and fall of neighbor. Bonapart.
 His heroes name once blew Immortal fame.
 Now dead to glory hardly bears a name.
 His name has soar'd like some great Eagle high
 Who views the sun and darts along the Sky
 His fame like lightning Spreads to distant land
 Subdued by terror & his high commands.
 Made nations groan made Kings & rulers fea
 Made some his foes & some his friends Sincere.

Tho
 Bu
 His
 Am
 His
 Fro
 Hin
 Lik
 But
 But
 1, 2
 2.
 3
 4. To
 The
 The
 Whe
 An
 To
 Thou

Traversed the Ocean sought the distant foe
Burnt cities many & laid Hamlets low
His hand unhollowed spilt poor human blood
Ambition urging & Pronouncing good -
His vast desires I never knew ~~how~~ no bound,
From old demascus to Italian mounds -
Kind fortune favor'd ^{cut} but he ran too far.
Like Burr. from Congress; made the nations stone
But Heaven forbid and fortune did not smile
But sent the captive to Helenna's Isle

~ "Peace" ~

- 1st Fair Angel of celestial climes -
Surpassing Poets in their Rhymes.
Enthroned in light, child of the Skies;
Supremely ~~in~~ good transcendant wise
2. Permit a feeble voice like mine
To Eulogise the Praise of thine
Like light from darkness thou art seen
Fair as the sun or verdant green
3. Bannish'd from the bairns above
The Fountain head of all that's love
To fly on Seraph pinions here.
To calm my conscience & my fear - - -
4. To stee the troubled sea to rest.
This storm of Passion in my breast.
Whose waves Internally ~~thrust~~ roll.
Their swelling surges round my soul
When Pain is mistak of my heart - -
And grief's Eternal forked dart.
To my relief, O charming Peace -
Thou comest to bid Those Sorrows cease

Hymn

1. May Heaven & earth with one accord
 Unite to Praise the sovereign Lord
 May Sinners now attention give
 While gospel mercy bids them live
- 2^d. May you awake from sinful strife
 And hope for Everlasting life
 May you believe the word of God
 His gospel that is spread abroad
- 3^d. May you unseal your sensual hearts
 That acts the vilest demon's parts
 Will you approach the throne of grace
 To find in Heaven a dwelling place
- 4th. Will ^{you} accept eternal life
 That's free from envy care & strife
 Or will you rather choose a hell
 Where flames of fiery vengeance dwell
- 5th. your unbelief is raging still
 God asks, of you to do his will
 If you refuse Jehovah's call
 Farewell poor sinners one & all

Duty

Almighty God is this thy name
 boeval in Eternal fame
 Before the crumbling earth was made
 Or on its solid centre laid
 Thou Spake & light from darkness sprung
 O'er heaven's high arch its trophies hung
 Catch ~~the~~ mountain raised its lofty head
 And bleating flocks around them fed

Elegy

Engraved on Tombs of heroes slain
Attendant honors still remain
And hovering Epitaphs are writ
Enfringed with gold from human wit
In marble grave yards it is found
Enregistered above the ground
Some mighty Scutcheon to display
Its honor to the blaze of day
Archives of fame does hold it dear
It blooms with spring from year to year
Invincible heroic fame
Immortalise the mighty name
Through craggy mountains & their rocks
Or in old neptunes briny box —
Where naval sons collumbeam tars
Renowned of old like evening stars
Where Patriotic valour glow'd
And to the men of honor flow'd
To eulogise each mighty deed
That did them on to glory lead
Johnson achieved a laurel wreath
Where rolling Thames first drew her breath
And on remote Canadian shores —
Anratema^s on Brittan Pours —
And Jackson too in warmer climes
A thundering note to Europe hymning
Raise raise the tune Britannia^s Queens
The slaughtered carnage at Orleans —
Keep keep your boasting sons at home
Or send them far to distant Rome
Collumba^s land by Heavens decree
All Patriotic and its free

Advertisement

Last Sunday night from me did stray
 Or ~~by~~ by some negro rode away
 A Large bay horse that's shod before
 No brands but is perdegious poor.

He is sixteen hands high I am told

Approaching near to eight years old

His main is long and tail like wire

His fore heads white betwixt his eyes...

He is cat ham'd his hips stick out.

His ribs they seem as they'd come out

His ~~circle~~ circling walk is thro' this court.

He's poor & like a stall feed ghost —

If he don't fatten grow or thrive

The birds must bear him off alive

If through the brush at you he peep.

Pray don't mistake ~~he~~ him for a sheep —

He's ugly and he's huge in size —

And from a colt he had two eyes —

Within his head not far apart.

He stumbles and sometimes do start —

He neighs and walks as horses do...

And on each foot does wear a shoe

He trots and canters very neat...

And if you give him corn he'll eat.

No Prooction did I give —

And if he's lost I hope he'll live

Now where he's gone I cannot tell

But know indeed I wish him well

And if the horse you chance to see

Please send him home in haste to me

And I will give you Thirteen pence

If ~~you~~ Old Charley keeps his sense

Ohio River

Fatal River fatal current
As you roll your silver tide
you have rob'd me of my darling
In your Fatal stream he died
Bending willows waving asiers
Do you know a parents loss
Or ye hills of vast Ohio
Or ye birds that fly across...
Could you feel a palpitation
That entwines my throbbing heart..
Or do you know of others sorrow..
Or did you ever feel the smart
Spring it comes in blooming grandure
Forests robed in crimson green
Does it bring to me that joy
That I oft before have seen
ye it brought some heart felt pleasure
But its quickly snatch'd away
For the loss of my dear babies
Tender Infant gone to day
Mists that rises from the river
Gales that waft my sighs along
Who can stand before death's quiver
Or his mighty arm so strong
This stream, once rob'd me of a father
And I feel an orphans loss..
Now its taken my dear babies..
And my hopes & comforts cross'd..
Wheels of nature that are rolling
So pity Pity me
Or ye starry lamps of Orion
Or galexial company
ye sun beams that do warm the valley
Or Winds that ruffle this fair stream
Do you frown on weeping susan
That disturb her golden dream

Last Sunday night from me did stray
 Or ~~by~~ by some negro rode away
 A Large bay horse that's shod before
 No brands but is persequous poor.
 He is sixteen hands high I am told
 Approaching near to eight years old
 His main is long and tail like wire
 His mane is long and tail like wire
 His fore heads white betwixt his eyes...
 He is cat ham'd his hips stick out.
 His ribs they seem as they'd come out
 His ~~circle~~ circling walk is thro' this sort.
 He's poor & like a stall feed ghost—
 If he dont fatten grow or thrive
 The birds must bear him off alive
 If through the brush at you he peep.
 Pray dont mistake ^{he} him for a sheep—
 He's ugly and he's huge in size—
 And from a colt he had two eyes—
 Within his head not far apart.
 He stumbles and sometimes do start—
 He neighs and walks as horses do...
 And on each foot does wear a shoe
 He trots and canters very neat...
 And if you give him corn he'll eat.
 No Proction did I give—
 And if he's lost I hope he'll live
 Now where he's gone I cannot tell
 But know indeed I wish him well
 And if the horse you chance to see
 Please send him home in haste to me
 And I will give you thirteen pence
 If ^{poor} old Charley keeps his sense

47-M-64

Where is now my dearest Casius
Death has nip'd him in the bud
May his Spirit pure & spotless -
Rest with Israels mighty God
20th April 1816

on the death of S Blackman drown'd in the Ohio
River opposit Cincinnati on his way home
to tenesse from a tour with the missionaries sent
to preach to the Indians

Solemn muse now still be singing.
Of some mighty mournful tale -
While the solemn death bells ringing
Dont let terror turn you pale
Tho. you hear the weeping widow.
For her tender husband scream.
He is drowning in Ohio.
In its fatal rolling stream
See him midst the waves a trying
For to gain the native shore
Hear his mournful lady crying
While the waves does round him roar
See relief in haste a trying
For to gain the fatal place
Where the good man is a dieing
Full of virtue hope & grace
But relief it could not reach him
Time enough to save his life
Tho exertion did beseech for em...
For to ease his screaming wife
Down he sunk into the river
Ground at once in watery grave
His Spirit's gone to God - the giver
He's fallen fallen like the brave
Ohio this fatal current
Did you loose the silver chord
Death their Issued out his Warrant
It with Christ the Lord

Confession

O Lord. how vile is every heart
Prone for to act the sinful part
Prone for to harbor vice & shame
And to blasphemethy August name
We call thy name in question here
Booth vile and base and insincere
We talk of knowledge will and fate
And all that fancy can dictate
Our evil genius soars on high
To find where fate and knowledge lie
We reach beyond the sphere of sense
To search out thine omnipotence
We tire & then ^{we} start again
Like clouds that's driven after rain
Mans. curious soul O Lord is so
Wild as the buck or bounding Roe
We like poor sheep have gone astray
And run in the forbidden way
To the dark mountains roam abroad
And thus forsake the fold of God
Then bring us home kind shepherd bring
Our wondering minds to Christ our King
That we may find Immortal light
Beyond the verge of natures night

A tranquil mind all peace within
Void of offence or any sin
The same in faith & hope do grow
And find a heaven began below.
The heart that's raging in the breast
Like troubled waters cannot rest
Feels hell with all her scorching pains
Where discontent for ever reigns
Ed Charley keeps

Enquiry

What is the news in zion the watchmen oft do say.
Or how is sweet Religion or does it die away
Since you have ask'd the Question. I'll state to you my case
I Pray the God of Heaven to give me love and grace
A poor bewildered traveler. I'm fainting by the way
I've lost the love of Jesus and have forgot to Pray.
Forsook the paths of duty and thus have turn'd aside
The world the flesh and satin has fill'd my soul with pride
My heart it must be hardened by folly and by sin
Or else my eyes were open'd to see how vile I've been
When first I was awaken'd to walk the heavenly road
I thought before the winter I'd safely rest with God.
But O these days are changed in darkness I am cast.
And like old Job in sorrow I would recall the pass'd
But they are gone for ever and that my soul does see
My Prayer to blest Jesus is, Lord Remember me
If I should reach the kingdom it is through sovereign grace
But I am too unworthy ever to fill the place
The golden crown in heaven I fear I shall not see
Sometimes. I'm led adoubting theres none prepar'd for me
Well then my loving brothers and sisters of dry run
When you arrive in heaven your sorrows will be done
If I am left behind you it is but just I say
For your unworthy brother dear sisters ~~pray~~ Pray

When will the untutored Indian tribes
Thy great salvation see
And millions of the Chinese sons.
Announce the Jubilee
When will thy knowledge fill the bounds
Of all the spacious earth
Regeneration roll its rounds
To an immortal birth

Ohio River

Fatal River fatal current
As you roll your silver tide
you have rob'd me of my darling
In your fatal stream he died
Bending willows waving asiers
Do you know a parents loss...
Or ye hills of vast Ohio
Or ye birds that fly across...
Could you feel a palpitation
That entwines my throbbing heart...
Or do you know of others sorrow...
Or did you ever feel the smart
Spring it comes in blooming grandure
Forests robed in crimson green
Does it bring to me that joy
That I oft before have seen
ye it brought some heart felt pleasure
But its quickly snatch'd away
For the loss of my dear babies
Tender infant gone to day
Mists that rises from the river
Gales that waft my sighs along
Who can stand before death's quiver
Or his mighty arm so strong
This stream, once rob'd me of a father
And I feel an orphans loss...
Now its taken my dear babies...
And my hopes & comforts cross'd
Wheels of nature that are rolling
So pity Pity me
Or ye starry lamps of Orion...
Or galexial company
ye sun beams that do warm the valley
Or Winds that ruffle this fair stream
Do you frown on weeping susan
That disturb her golden dream

Ohio River

Fatal River fatal current
As you roll your silver tide
you have rob'd me of my darling
In your fatal stream he died
Bending willows waving asiers
Do you know a parents loss...
Or ye hills of vast Ohio
Or ye birds that fly across...
Could you feel a palpitation
That entwines my throbbing heart...
Or do you know of others sorrow...
Or did you ever feel the smart
Spring it comes in blooming grandure
Forests robed in crimson green
Does it bring to me that joy
That I oft before have seen
Yep it brought some heart felt pleasure
But its quickly snatch'd away
For the loss of my dear babies
Tender infant gone to day
Mists that rises from the river
Gales that waft my sighs along
Who can stand before deaths quiver
Or his mighty arm so strong
This stream, once rob'd me of a father
And I feel an orphans loss...
Now its taken my dear babies...
And my hopes & comforts crop'd...
Wheels of nature that are rolling
So pity Pity me...
Or ye starry lamps of Orion...
Or galexial company
Ye sun beams that do warm the valley
Or Winds that ruffle this fair stream
Do you frown on weeping susan
And disturb her golden dream