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In Memorium,

Poor tired hands, that toiled so hard for me,  
At rest before me now. I see them lying;  
They toiled so hard, and yet we could not see  
    That she was dying,  
Poor rough red hands that toiled the livelong day,  
Still busy when the midnight oil was burning.  
    Oft toiling on until she grew the gray,  
        Of day returning

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If I could sit and hold those tired hands,  
And feel the warm life blood within them beating,  
And gaze with her across the twilight lands,  
    Some whispered words repeating.  
Poor tired hart that she had weary grown,  
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping  
    How still it is to sit her all alone,  
        While she is sleeping.

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Poor patient hart(?), that deemed the heavy care,  
Of drudging household toil its highest deity;  
    Dear hart and hands so fearless still and cold,  
How peacefully and dreamlesley shes'e sleeping,  
    The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,  
        And leave me weeping.

Augustus Wilson sr. ,

Clarkstown

Lycoming Co., June 18<sup>th</sup>/94

(?)

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Day by day we saw her fade  
    And slowly sink away,  
Yet in our harts we often prayed  
    That she might longer stay.

Farewell, dear mother, thou art at rest  
And shall forever be.

You could not stay on earth with us.  
But we can come to thee.

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Lonely the house and sad the hour  
Since thy dear form has gone;  
But, Oh, a brighter home than Ours,  
In Heaven is now thy own.

[On edge of sheet]  
I miss thy kind and loving hand,  
Thy fond and earnest care,  
My home is dark without thee,  
I miss thee everywhere.

[On bottom of sheet]

List of names, each truncated at the beginning, followed by numbers