

In Memoriam,

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 saw the gray
Of day returning.

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 heart that she had weary grown,
That death came all unheeded o'er it creeping,
How still it is to sit here all alone,
While she is sleeping.

Dear patient heart, that deemed the heavy care,
Of drudging household toil its highest duty;
Dear heart and hands so pulchless still and cold,
How peacefully and dreamlessly these sleeping,
The spotless shroud of rest about them fold,
And leave me weeping.

Augustus Wilson Sr.,
Charleston.

Lycoming Co., June 18/94
Penn.

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May by day we saw her fade
 And slowly sink away,
 Yet in our hearts we often pray'd
 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't come to thee,
 Lonely the house and sad the hour
 Since thy dear form has gone;
 But Oh, a brighter home than ours
 In Heaven's above thy own.

O Miss May kind and loving friend,
 Thy fond and earnest care,
 My friends I dash without thee,
 I miss thee everywhere.