1860, 1863, 1869 Mary H. [illegible]

SIDE ONE

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

W Spencer.

To the young folks at Ivy Neck

Green hill Farm
11th Mo 13th. 65

The foregoing is forwarded — and on this wise it has happened — Your beloved Grand Father spending part of the evening with your Aunt Hannah & myself, in the course of conversation between them reference was had to the journal of a Tourist in Wales, in which poor "Gelert's" Grave was mentioned, & accompanied with the Poem — this your Grandfathers Eye glanced upon with pleasure, saying he had promised to send you a Copy — to which I responded, that I would copy it for you. — It contains this excellent "Moral" — that we think before we act — & more especially, how greatly benefitted should we be, if in all our thoughts, these were brought to the footstool of our Redeemer; how great would be the blessing! — & what a World would this be to live in? if our Actions were all sanctioned by Him, at whose Advent was sounded by the Angels, that glorious Anthem, "Glory to God in the highest — on Earth Peace, good will to Men?" —

your Affectionate great Grand Father
Israel W Morris

GELERT.

A pathetic ballad story. —

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave — a Lamb at home,
A Lion in the chase?

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied,
When near the portal-seat
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.