

A Song the Green Banks of Hudson

Twas Dawn by the green banks off Hudson
 North stream I heard a sweet soft voice and low
 Pass her theme while wandering listening to her
 Great song her notes were so charming all feet
 Stole along she sang off the breezes that gentle
 Do also likewise off the waters that murmured
 As she recounted the lovers that were in the
 Grove who were blest by fair Venus the goddess
 Of Love she mentioned the state that the lovers
 Peruse and kindled the craft that the nymphs have
 To rise And while she sat chanting I entered the
 The green blest by a dusk evening I entered unseen
 She ended her song

Mary Lee Moore

As I staid one a common On Calks Rugged Road
 While the dew drops of morn each prim rose & maid
 Toss'd a poor female whose mental disorder her mild
 Glancing eye and wild aspects betwixt - - - -

On the sward she reclined by the green firm sun
 Rounded at her side sparkling Laisies and snow flow
 ers Abounded to is inmost recess her poor heart had
 been wounded her sighs were unceasing twas many

Ben charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded
 Yet the soft tings of buty still'd played on her cheek her
 Dresses & wreath of hair primroses braided and string
 of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck -

While with pity I gaz'd she exclaimed Oh my mother
 See the blood on the wash tis the blood of my brother

They have torn his poor flesh and they now strip another
 His bones the friend of poor many be more

Though his looks is as white as the foam of the Ocean
 Those ruffins shall find that my father is brave
 His father she cried with the wilds emotion Oh no
 My poor father now sleeps in his grave -

They have told his Death bell they have laid the turf on
 Him his white locks are bloody no did can restore him
 He has gon his gon and the good will Deplore him
 When the blue wave of Evine hide many be more

A lark from the gold blossom fringe that grew near
 Her stone rest and with energy purr'd his lay

Hush, Hush, she exclaimed the Trumpets sounds blew
 The horseman approach English Daughters & way of
 A Smithons twass four while the cabin was burning
 And Ore her pale father & wreck had been mourning
 Go hide with the sea men, ye maids and take warning
 Those ruffins has ruin'd poor many be more