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Anacostia Community Museum Archives

Solomon G. Brown's Poetry

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IN MEMORY OF ISAAC BROWN.

When we are not thinking or looking for death,
Only just weary with a shortness of breath;
A burning depression, slight pain in the head -
By no means expecting so soon to be dead.

Friend Isaac seemed healthy, hearty and strong,
He had the appearance of living here long;
He was careful in diet, habits and dress,
With slight indication of a spirit depressed.

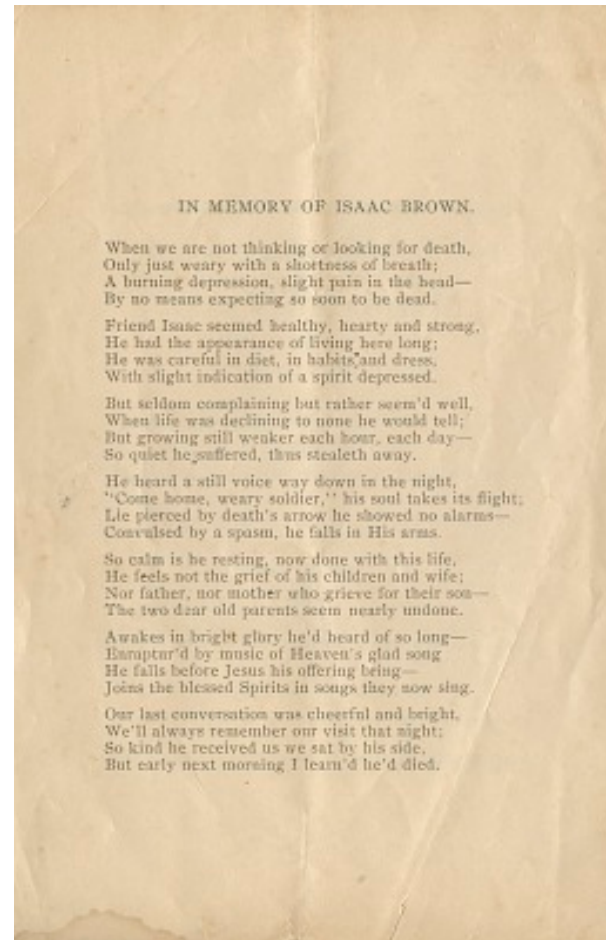
But seldom complaining but rather seem'd well,
When life was declining to none he would tell;
But growing still weaker each hour, each day -
So quiet he suffered, thus stealeth away.

He heard a still voice way down in the night,
'Come home, weary soldier," his soul takes its flight;
Lie pierced by death's arrow he showed no alarms -
Convulsed by a spasm, he falls in His arms.

So calm is he resting, now done with this life,
He feels not the grief of his children and wife;
Nor father, nor mother who grieve for their son -
The two dear old parents seem nearly undone.

Awakes in bright glory he'd heard of so long -
Enraptur'd by music of Heaven's glad song
He falls before Jesus his offering bring -
Joins the blessed Spirits in songs they now sing.

Our last conversation was cheerful and bright,
We'll always remember our visit that night;
So kind he received us we sat by his side,
But early next morning I learn'd he'd died.



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