



**Smithsonian Institution**

*Anacostia Community Museum Archives*

## **Solomon G. Brown's Poetry**

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An ardent admirer of wisdom and light,  
His highest ambition was to be on the right.

His words were well chosen, indeed they were few,  
None could conjecture the things which he knew;  
For chosen acquaintances affections were strong,  
Uninfluenced by stations, but lasting and long.

Whate'er positions he'd consent to accept,  
In any book-keeping his accounts were correct;  
Attention on meetings and always in place,  
Would greet every member with smiles on his face.

A constant companion, a true-hearted friend,  
Was never insulting, he would not offend;  
But peaceful and quiet, with malice t'wards none,  
Amongst his own circle he'd join in their fun.

Was fond of good speaking and loved a good song,  
Would give good attention, sit quiet and long;  
Devoted, kind teacher, a loved of school,  
Paid great attention to observe every rule.

We won't fail to miss him, his place won't be filled,  
The "Lamb's in the bushes," be ever so still,  
One may be brought from somewhere around  
And be very handy, BUT NOT ISAAC BROWN.

His dear little children will miss him from home,  
They wonder why father so far away roam;  
The wife feels it deeply - her grief can't express-  
She grieves o'er his absence and finds little rest.

Today we assemble to mingle our tears,  
For one we have honored and mingled for years;  
Expressing our sorrow and tell of our love;  
We feel he's in Glory with Jesus above.

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