



Now I've escaped the Eagles claws
And am from danger free
I'll set my heart to-gether gold
Turn down this leaf and see

Now I've gold and silver store
Bribes from the rich poned from the poor
What worldly cares can trouble me
Turn down this leaf then you see

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by the Maine Historical Society
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Date: c. 1820
Description: Illustrated verse.

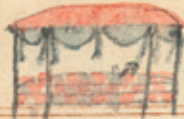


A purse of gold & silver store
 Has cured my Heart Im sick no
 But am from dangers free
 What worldly cares can trouble me



A heart here is oppressed with care
 What salve can cure the same
 Under this leaf there is a cure
 Lift up and see how plain

O man now see thou art but Dust
 Thy gold and silver is but rust
 Thy time is come thy glass is spent
 What worldy cares can Death prevent



Sickness comes on & Death draws
 Help gold or silver else I die
 It will not do for tis but rust
 Turn up and see mans life at

A purse of gold and silver store
 more
 Has cured my Heart Im sick no ^
 But am from dangers free
 What worldly cares can trouble me

[Inside upper right quadrant]
 O man now see thou art but Dust
 Thy gold and silver is but rust
 Thy time is come thy glass is spent
 What world by cares can Death prevent

[Inside lower left quadrant]
 A heart here is oppressed with care
 What salve can cure the same
 Under this leaf there is a cure
 Lift up and see how plain

Sickness comes on and death draws ^
 Help gold or silver else I die
 It will not do for tis but rust
 bust
 Turn up and see mans life at ^