

I'm reports of the
Baptism as the great blessing that
bestowed upon the human race
to those that were in darkness
and they were brought out

The faithful souls that trust in God
And hope they are washed in Jesus blood
Will surely find a resting place
Within the shadow of his grace

An unclean soul condemned to die
An unclean soul in death was I
But Jesus Christ was passing by
And looked on me with pitying eye

Ask for help & he will give
Ask for life & you shall live
Ask for comfort when distressed
He will plant it in your breast

This Indenture made the 14th day of

~~Jan. 1848~~ I enjoyed a long time to be

Once over these hills she loved to roam

But now in heav'n she's found her home

All people on earth she loved so well

She craved that in heav'n they might dwell

It was not on earth that she should stay

For she was made to pass away

Her feet the wise pervertit approved

And God her holy life renewed