

Poem written by "Azile" Bradshaw House Acc. A2.1131AB

Blue Sheet:

The place attended to in this poem is the house and grounds of Mifs Anna Bradshaw. The house was raised in 1739 for her grandfather the Rev. Sam Cook by his people. It has always been invested with much poetical and romantic interest to me. And I have endeavored to express some of the feelings it inspires in these lines which I offer to the gentlemen of the Literacy Club as my mile towards their evening's entertainment. They must not expect entire originality in sentiment or expression for originality is the peculiar gift of genius, but though I may have taken from the scrap box of my memory-material prepared by able and more gifted minds – the into I claim tis my own –

-Elizabeth Bradshaw

The Old House on its one hundred birthday a poem written by Mrs. Eliza A Whittemore. September 1839. "One hundred years ago the house now owned and occupied by Miss Anna Bradshaw was raised by the Parishioners of the North Prescient of Cambridge for their pastor Samuel Cooke grandfather of Meri Bradshaw. The Prescott mas afterward separate from Cambridge and now forms the beautiful Town of West Cambridge. The house of Mr. Cooke with the grounds around is one of the most romantic and delightful places in the cottage. ("Society's the poems Sept.1839).

There are some hollowed spots upon this earth, where nature wakens to melodies birth where to the heart for a memory calls, Last forms of beauty. Where the see light falls with softer glory, and the whispering breeze. Sight wish a holies meaning through the mess that lift their graceful branches to the sky, waving in beauty at the minds pass by; places where music thrills our hearts like strings, of soft Eolians.... Fammed by angels wings, Another is one – and much I love to feel, The Sprit tones sweet o're my fancy steal. O, much I long with poet's pen to trace. The rural beauty of this ancient place, I've claimed up yonder hill at early dawn, to watch the beauties of the opening more, Seen from the east the golden sun beans play. Their matins gambols –left the mount grey. That robed the Earth, giving their own brighter hues, to spire and me, and hills be gemed with dew, In summer noon, I've sought the grateful shade, By those green Elms and fragrant locusts made. And saw me down beneath the leafy bowes Facing with the heart that melted every flower. A sleepy quiet felled the clear bright air. Yet my site whispering of the past were their while form the noontide light my eyes were closed And in half conscious slumber imposed. My dreaming fancy filled the grease with those who set the saplings, where these mess arose, The present seemed a mirror of the past giving reflection far too fair to last. At evening too, I've heard the vesper hymn from the thick boughts harmonies echoing from their green hill I've watched the mslern... stur... seek in its beauty in the clouds after nurtured away my much admiring gaze. Till earth was glittering with the moons clear rays ever the same as morn or noon or night. Memory still feels my soul with visions bright: A holy influence on my mend descends. Bows into worship as to heaven in tends. I long to tell the thoughts these scenes whisper to sing, while soft I touch the meme bling lym. How like a facing spell the thought of years long past away will fill the eye with tears. The heart with solemn joy made softly round we almost feel that there is holy groomed and its holy groomed – with process care times consecrated for a man of prayer. By men who honored God and cherished thou Hi by his grace, to serve he's attains chose. And hundred years of mingles shine and share have in old times vast granary been lewd. An hundred years sped quietly away, tufting the sloping roof with mosses grey, since by a welling people it was named to shelter one whose office they reversed they came with one accord with prayer to bless their much loved Pastors chosen dwellings place And

with their prayers they mingled hymns of praise hallowing the roof, they cheerfully did raise. Where are they now? The people and the priest all, all have gone, the greatest and the least have passed away- the aged and the young the lustering ear and the persuasive tongue all who one filled with joy the house of prayer turn to you church you'd' all are sleeping there dust are the lips that eloquently spoke the words of life – ashes the hands that broke, the sacred symbols of a Savion's love and fed the church with mamma from above; Song have they slept with green earths cold bed Pastor and Congregation still and dead all of their ancient race have passed away save here and there are aged one with grey and several locks slow lottering to the tomb they just remember him who withe bloom of their young beauty , bathed their unfair brows Fraught with the grace their innocence endows at the baptismal fowl; and named them there heir of the church and consecrate by prayers they tell us wondering of than aged man who to their youth feel minds reveal of the plan of man's redemption; **wound or warned** them not to shay from wisdoms paths showed them the narrow may that leads to life. \_ The light of memory falls with **facient** distinctness on earnest calls to love their God in gleesome days of youth and give their hearts to heir in spirit and in truth. They can remember coming once a year with sober footsteps reverently here to answer queries by the good man made to show they knew there duty and obeyed. I think I can clearly see them now with humble courtesy and **restie** bow ever the room with slow and hymn pace how they assured by his smiling face \_ the lesson o'er his blessings kindly given they hasten house confirmed in hopes of heaven.

“Azile”