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Title: **old-Clark-letters-23**

Provenance: **Owned originally by Ruth Benley, and then by Ralph Clark, and now Alesha Clark, digitized by Kimball Clark of Kindex at the 2017 Ezra T. Clark Reunion**

Category: **Document**

Person:

Date:

My Favorite March 11th 1863

4

1

I hope you, I not be drousy

I am has sent me here to you

While I do preech [preach] for all your sakes

For to declair [declare] what he has done

Nor think I am too noisy

My arrend is like angles

If I should keep you all awake

That told the shepard of the son

5

2

Tis true I have no wisdom

And if you will believe me

To preech [preach] without my loving Lord

These blessed news I have to tell

But leaning on his bosom

How Jesus has died for. you

I have instructions from his word

To save you from a burning hell

6

3

O Jesus now stand by me

All though [Although] I am a stranger

And take the fear of man away

you have come to here me preech [preach] and pray

I hope the is no danger

In hearing what I have to say