

19 Dec 1877

Maggie → Nora

Will return never no more.

Then let us try and prove faithful
In all our little ways
And ever be humble and prayerful
And ever Gods love and praise.

Your friend as ever
Maggie M. Thompson.
Richmond
Apr. 19th 1877.

Miss Nora E. Crockett.
Logan City
Cache Co.
Utah.

Lines written in Payson.
Dec. 11. 1877. by Miss Nora Crockett.
Entitled.

Over the hill to the Grave Yard.

One Monday night, as from meeting we walked
Heber, Astel and I, about the Grave yard we talked
Heber said that, ^{to} the Grave yard.
We dared not go at night,
Unless some one was with him, to keep
him from fright.

She and I said we would go for fifty each.
He said he'd give it, if the Grave yard was such.
We started that way but didn't expect to go,
Until the hill we reached,
And to turn back we wouldn't do.
So onward we went over sage, bush and briar.
On, on we went over rocks sticks and mire.
We kept our eyes looking in the direction all the ^{way}
So if we saw anything we could run away.

And when in sight of the Grave yard we came
We took hold of hands to be ready to run.
Over the steps we silently went.
But kept all the while on the grass our eyes bent.

We went to the first grave and read what was writ
And then to the bin and put our hands on it.
So homeward we turned and over the steps again came
We walked very fast but we didn't run.

We were not scared until the foot of the hill then!
We looked behind us and saw two men.
We ran for home as fast as we could run,
And when we'd look, there the men come.
When we would run they would run too
And when we would walk the same they would do

And when we got home in the gate we went,
And we stopped to see where the men went,
And then they stopped and asked where we were ^{going}
We told them all about it, they meant to do us no harm

But they thought that we were stealing eggs.
Upon the hill in their barn.
Well, this is the truth if it is in a rhyme
I would tell more but I haven't time.

M. W. T.
Richmond

Apr. 19th
1879.

To my Friend:

When the days are dark and dreary,
And I look back in the past,
I feel very sad and weary,
And my heart beats thick and fast.
It is then I think of a bonnie lass,
And of the happy hours we spent
When we were in our victory class,
And in the places where we went,
But those days are past and gone,
And the blissful hours are over,
And the joyful spots upon the lawn