

Transcript of National Poetry Month Celebration

Emily Hello everyone and welcome back to the Bowne House Podcast. My name is Emily and I am here with David. Today we are honoring National Poetry Month by reading two poems written by Bowne family members. The first was written by John Bowne in about 1692 to a love interest after his second wife died. David could you read it for us?

David Dear p: my real friend is gone unto his rest
Unto whom I did unfold the secret of my brest
And he did mee advise to one I'd little known
Who then with mee did sympathys and she became my owne
But she is gone to her eternal rest
And hee alsoe, where they are ever blest
Now wee are left Its soford so to bee
Why thou not become a wife to mee
But hearken yet what I desire of thee
Its what in truth may honorable bee
Plese to give anser in reallatee
that I may know what is thy mynd to mee
I hope I shall In chastetee remain
Till in truth's order I may thee obtain
Be pleased in tru love thy anser for to send
To him who resteth in true love
Thy honest hearted friend

Emily Thank you. Now our second poem was written by Samuel Bowne Parsons in 1841 to honor the death of one of the Fox Oaks. These two oak trees in Flushing were the very ones where Quaker founder George Fox gave a sermon in 1672, so they were very important to the area. David, could you read it for us?

David The ancient oak lies prostrate now,
Its limbs embrace the sod,
Where in the Spirit's strength and might,
Our pious fathers trod;
Where, underneath its spreading arms,
And by its shadows broad,

Clad in simplicity and truth,
They met to worship God.

No stately pillars round them rose,
No dome was reared on high;
The oaks their only columns were,
Their roof the arching sky;
No organ's deep-toned notes arose,
Or vocal songs were heard;
Their music was the passing wind,
Or song of forest bird.

And as His Spirit reached their hearts,
By man's lips speaking now,
A holy fire was in their eye,
Pure thought upon their brow;
And, while in silence deep and still,
Their souls all glowing were
With heartfelt peace and joy and love,
They felt that God was there.

Those pure and simple-minded men
Have now all passed away,
And of the scenes in which they moved,
These only relics lay:
And soon the last surviving oak,
In its majestic pride,
Will gather up its failing limbs
And wither at its side.

Then guard with care its last remains,
Now that its race is run;
No sacrilegious hand should touch
The forest's noblest one.
And when the question may be asked,
Why that old trunk is there?
'Tis but the place in olden time
God's holiest altars were.

Emily Thank you again for joining me, David. We will leave you all to interpret these poems as you please. Visit our website, www.bownehouse.org, to stay up to date on all our latest videos! I hope you all will join us again in two weeks!
