

1 Poems Composed by B. Blake
 London Madison County Ohio Dec 25 AD 1871

The Unspeakable Gift,

- No. 1 And will the Lord, thus condescend
 To be my father brother friend
 Yea he himself to me reveals
 And sets upon my heart his seal,
- 2 Jesus our Lord, to save us died
 Upon the cross was crucified
 Three days he laid in a new tomb
 And thereby took away the gloom,,
- 3 He rose, He rose, he burst the bands,
 And forth he went for forty days
 Comforting his disciples next
 And preaching that all men repent,,
- 4 He gives to us his written word
 And of his acts a true record
 He says to us in him believe
 And of his grace ye shall receive,,
- 5 His grace to us is freely given
 For all mankind he wants in heaven
 The way he opened by the cross
 That no man now need to be lost,,
- 6 His precious blood he freely shed
 To give life to souls already dead
 And on our hearts his spirit pours
 And bids us look and ask for more,,
- 7 A lonely traveler here he went
 For three and thirty years he spent
 He came and all the law fulfilled
 Preached, prayed, made known to man his will,,

8 From olives brow to heaven ascends
 From his disciples and his friends
 On his fathers throne now seated
 He pleads for all human created,,

9 Father for all mankind I've died
 Behold my hands my feet my side
 Look on the cross the blood the spear
 Then spare them yet another year,,

10 Twelve men I chose with me to be
 One of the twelve did betray me
 Peter the brave did curse and swear
 I know him not he did declare

11 My life for all I've freely given
 That all may find the way to heaven
 I'll wash and cleanse them with my blood
 If they will give themselves to God,

12 My grace shall bring them safely through
 And they shall prove my gospel true
 I'll be with them in trials severe
 At death I'll take them home to heaven,,

„Adam,, By B. Blake January, A.D., 1872,,

No 2

1 Adam made out of Earth was red
 The last of Gods Creation made
 Though last not least in him we find
 The mightiest man of human kind

2 Honoured by his creator God,
 Over all creation he was Lord,
 And all the beasts that were so tame
 His maker bled to him to name,,

3 The trees the plants, the birds the Bowens
 And all the gay decked lovely flowers,,

The herbs and nuts and berries too
By him were named right and true,"

4 Then into Eden he was sent
To till and dress the land he went
And when to him a wife was given
Eve mother of all that's living"

5 Eve by the Serpent was beguiled
Then Adam ate and was defiled,
Then both of them with guilty dread
When God appeared they from him fled."

6 God, Called, "Adam where art thou
Guilty now he had broke the law
No answer came for he was hid
Of all his purity was rid."

7 A "Black Mist my mind has shrouded
My spiritual sky is clouded
Eden into which I was sent
I'm now drove out and must repent,"

8 I now must dig and toil and strive
By the sweat of my brow must line
Earth, to me will not bring forth now
Unless I dig and sow and plough,

To My Mother in Heaven

No 3

By B. Blake London Madison County Ohio Jan'y 20 1872

Mother, thou art gone to the land of the blest
To heaven where the glorified be
Thou art safe over Jordan at last
The King in his beauty you see,

2 Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
Our prayers and your tears follow me

I am coming dear Mother to rest
The King in his beauty I'll see,,

3

Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
Thy loving voice no more will I hear
I will battle for Jesus nor rest
Till at heavens gate I do appear,,

4 Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
Where the saints and angels do roam
When I cross over Jordan I'll rest
Forever and ever at home,,

5 Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
Jesus stands pleading on the great throne
Tis there the old pilgrims shall rest
When safely they get to that home,,

6 Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
You no more upon earth shall I see,
Shall I forget your prayers for the rest
Of your loved children beside me

7 Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
The pure angels in glory you see
I will follow your footsteps and rest
In glory with you I shall be,,

8 Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
Is ^{there} where the redeemed all shall be
Tis there where all the weary shall rest
When they have passed over the rough sea,,

9 Mother thou art gone to the land of the blest
You are watching and waiting for me
I will tell of the trials I've passed
How kindly my Jesus led me