

people's praise, if always praise admix'd serve  
what the people but a herd confus'd  
miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
as vulgar, and well weigh'd  
praise and they admire they know not what  
know not whom, but as one leads  
what delight to be by such  
live upon thir tongues and be  
nom to be disprais'd were no  
not who dares be singularly  
intelligent among them and the  
few, and glory scarce of few  
is true glory and renown,  
ng on the Earth, with appreci  
just man, and divulges him  
all his Angels, who with true  
unt his praises; thus he did  
to extend his fame through  
nough to thy reproach mayst  
sk'd thee, hast thou seen mys  
as he was in Heaven, on Earth  
e glory is false glory, at  
things not glorious, men not  
err who count it glorious  
onquest far and wide, to over  
e Countries, and in field  
t Cities by assault: what  
rob and spoil, burn, slaughter  
able Nations, neighboring,  
Captive, yet deserving freedom  
those thir Conquerors, who  
ing but ruin wheresoe'er they  
all the flourishing works of  
swell with pride, and must  
t Benefactors of mankind,  
ship't with Temple, Priest,  
ls the Son of Jove, of Mars  
Conqueror Death discover  
ing in brutish vices, and  
ent or shameful death thir  
if there be in glory aught  
ay by means far different  
out ambition, war, or violence  
eds of peace, by wisdom  
patience, temperance; I ment  
whom thy wrongs with Saintly  
famous in a Land and times  
names not now with honour  
Socrates (who next more mem  
hat he taught and suffer'd  
truth's sake suffering death  
l in fame to proudest Conquer  
if for fame and glory aught  
t suffer'd; if young African  
wasted Country freed from  
deed becomes unprais'd, the  
loses, though but verbal,  
l I seek glory then, as vain  
not deserv'd? I seek not mife  
sent me, and thereby witness  
whom the Tempter murmuring  
k not so slight of glory;  
mbling thy great Father; he  
for his glory all things made

e not proud, though some have called thee  
y and dreadfull, for, thou are not soe,  
r, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, Kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then  
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death thou shalt die  
Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadfull, for, 'thou art not soe,  
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overt  
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And dost with poyson, warre and  
And poppie, or charmes can mak  
And better than thy stroake;  
One short sleepe past, wee  
And death shall be no  
Death be not pr  
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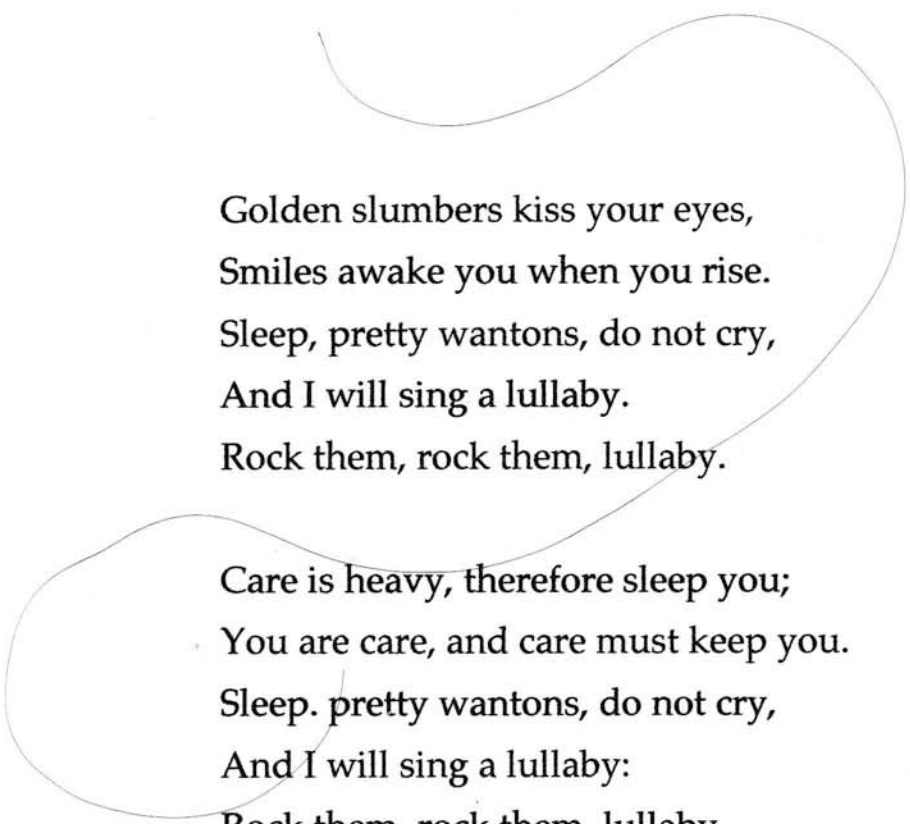
~~Handwritten scribbles and illegible text, possibly a list or notes, heavily obscured by black ink.~~

So both himself and us to glorify,  
I'll pay my fancy, only let me sit.  
Of almost everybody born to die--  
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it.  
I see them all, so excellently fair,  
Or capable of any form at all;  
Like as the sun in a diameter  
You find a bundantly detestable.  
For so to interpose a little ease  
If on a pillory or near a throne,  
Rehearsal of forgotten tragedies:  
All the sad spaces of oblivion,--  
In the retired quiet of the night  
Devoted to the memory of me,  
Ay, in the very temple of delight,  
Me only--cruel immortality.  
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,  
More drenched with gore, more cumbered with the slain,  
And trust me, but you should, though! How much more,  
Which wrapped thy smooth limbs, when thou didst implore?  
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,  
Thou through the woods and through the fields dost stray.  
There must be gods thrown down and trumpets blown:  
The worship of that love through thee made known.

As a fond mother, when the day is  
Leads by the hand her little child to  
Half willing, half reluctant to be  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor  
Still gazing at them through the open door  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please him  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know

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Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,  
Smiles awake you when you rise.  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby.  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;  
You are care, and care must keep you.  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby:  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Here a little child I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand;

Cold as paddocks though they be.

Here a little child I stand,  
Here I lift them up to Thee.

Heaving up my either hand;

For a benizon to fall

Cold as Paddocks though they be,

On our meat, and on us all, Amen.

Here I lift them up to Thee,

For a Benizon to fall

On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

Wae's me, wae's mé,  
The acorn's not yet  
Fallen from the tree  
That's to grow the wood,  
That's to make the cradle,  
That's to rock the bairn,  
That's to grow a man,  
That's to lay me.



Washburne and Washburne

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Section 101

The first part of the document is the title page, which contains the title, author, and publisher information. The title is "The History of the United States" and the author is "John Adams". The publisher is "The American Book Company".

The second part of the document is the preface, which discusses the purpose and scope of the work. The author states that the work is intended to provide a comprehensive history of the United States, covering the period from the first settlement to the present. The author also discusses the sources used in the work and the methods employed in its preparation.

Of Man's First Disobedience and the Fruit

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