

Eunice Cutts Boston

May 22 1796

to her husband

~~A virtuous woman is a crown~~

A virtuous woman is a crown

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lie it accordingly

Beauty is but a blossom va

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Eunice Cutts her Book Boston may

Christmas Day

What Words, what Voices, can we bring
Which May our Accents raise,
To welcome thy mysterious King,
And sing a Saviour's Praise
O'tis too little all we can
For this unbounded Love
All that was ever wrote by Man,
Or sung in Hymns above
Finis

Eunice Cutts Boston May

18 1796

Curiosity is the first spring
of knowledge

Curiosity is the first spring

Curiosity is the first spring

Curiosity is the first spring

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Good Friday

No Songs of Triumph now be sung,

Cease all your Sprightly Airs;

Let Sorrow silence every Tongue,

And joy dissolve to Tears.

If at this Sight we don't repent

What other Sight can relent

Ingrateful shall we not relent, move.

And pay him Love with Love;

Finis

Eunice Cutts Boston May

29 1796

*Do unto all men as you would
do unto you*

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Do unto all men as you would

Eunice Cutts her Book June 3^d 1796

Another

Dear Saviour oh what ails this Heart
Sure 'tis of Stone, it cannot smart
Not yet relent the Death of thee
Whose Death alone could ransom me
Can I behold thy Pains so great
Thy dying Sighs thy bloody Sweat
Canst thou pour forth such Streams for me
Should I not drop one tear for thee

Thine

Sunice Culls June

2 1796

and center of the
mirror

Envy is the rack of the body

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Easter Day

If Angels sung a Saviour's Birth,
On that auspicious Morn,
Then let us imitate their Mirth
Now he again is born,
Himself he humbled to the Grave
Made Flesh like us to them.
That we as certainly shall have
A Resurrection too

Finis

Lunice Cutts June

3 1796.

than Gold

Freedom's a dearer property

Freedom's a dearer property

Freedom's a dearer property

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Freedom's a dearer property

Whit Sunday

He is come, let every Knee be bent,
All Hearts new Joy resume,
Let Nations sing with one consent,
The Comforter is come,
O blessed Spirit not a soul,
But does thy influence feel,
Thou dost our darkning Sins controul,
And fix our wavering zeal,

Finis
Eunice Cutts June
4 1796

(esteem)

Goodness leads to universal

Goodness leads to universals

Goodness leads to universals

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Goodness leads to universals

Another

Come Holy Spirit come and breathe
Thy spicy Odour on the Face
Of our dull Region here beneath,
And fill our Souls with thy Sweet grace.
Come and root out the pois'nous weeds,
Which over run and choke our Lives,
And in our Hearts plant thine own Seeds.
Whose quickning power our Spirit
Finis

Lunice Cutts June
7 1796

He is poor that's never con

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The Beggars Petition

Sit, the frowns of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years
And many a furrow in my grief worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears

You have erected on the rising ground
With tempting aspect drew me from my road
For plenty there a residence has found
And grandeur a magnificent abode

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor

Lord

[illegible]

Continues

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor

Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread

A pamper'd menial drove me from the poor

To seek a shelter in a humbler shed

Oh take me to your hospitable dome

Keen blows the wind and piercing

Short is my passage to the friendly tomb

For I am poor and miserably old

Should I reveal the Sources of my grief

If soft, humanity e'er touch'd your breast

Your hand would not withhold the kind relief

And tears of pity would not be repress'd

Q. Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Judge not by outward appear

Continued

Heaven Sends misfortunes why Should we repine
This Heaven has brought me to the State you see
And your condition may be Soon like mine
The child of Sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age
Lur'd by a villain from her native home
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide Stage
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

is crafty

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Knowledge without justice

Continued

My tender wife Sweet Mother of my care
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree
Fell long fell a victim to despair
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the Sorrows of a poor old man.
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door.
Whose days are dwindled to the Shortest Span,
Oh give relief and Heaven will bless your Store.

Finis

Eunice Cutts June

16 1796

estate nor their
wealth
Envy none for their health their

Envy none for their health their

Envy none for their health their

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Elegy
Thomas Russell Esq^r

On ho Sacred to worth and virtue be the muse
That now attempts to raise a good mans name
In this reproachful world
Where scandals blistering tongues oft worth abu^{se}
And bury with their dust their fame
No monument need tell a Russell liv'd
In such or such a day
Nor e'er enrol the deeds he'd done
The deeds themselves will say
The orphan from his bounty rais'd
With gratitude his goodness will explore
While poverty's dire sons with heavy sighs

Modesty is more engaging than beauty

Modesty is more engaging

Modesty is more engaging

Modesty is more engaging

Modesty is more engaging

Modesty is more engaging

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Modesty is more engaging

Modesty is more engaging

Continued

Too feeble with my pen can I describe
The loss his family his friends receive
The sweet remembrance of his life will leave
The best conviction of his worth
The silent tear the friendly sigh
By nature and by friendship taught
The wails moan the infants cry
All All by dire afflictions caught
See Commerce droop her prosperous head
And o'er her favorite moor
See the proud bargues with half raised pendant
Signal of grief
No more shall foreign friends

upon a thistle
grew
None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

None yet ever knew figgs

Continued

With emulation strive to gain

His honest aid

His worthy partners with his life now ends

And leaves a name unstain'd

Sweet consolation to the rising race

To improve or imitate

And when grim death their waried limbs embrace

Like him enjoy a happy state.

Finis

Eunice Cutts June

#

29

1796

depends

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

On providence all accidents

& hope for the best

Provide against the worst

Provide against the worst

Provide against the worst

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Provide against the worst

Continued

And pour'd expression o'er the vacant face
Bade the dark eye with sense and softness roll
And lips of roses breathe the feeling soul
The damask cheek with kind affections glow
And the mind's whiteness light the skin of snow
Here the fair brow by noble views refined
Shines the bright mirror of the faultless mind
No Sullen of the weed attracts the glance of scorn
No blooming charm conceals the envious thorn
With pity's dew the eye of radiance flows
With Learning gem the breath of bulby glows
Happy the child whose green unpractised years

gain
Quietness with content is great

Quietness with content is great

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Quietness with content is great

Quietness with content is great

Quietness with content is great

Quietness with content is great

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Quietness with content is great

Continue

The guiding hand of parent fondness rears
To rich instruction's ample field removes
Truncs every fault, and every worth improves
Till the young mind unfolds each secret charm
With genius bright with cherish'd virtue warm^{rise}
Like the Spring's blast the lovely plant that
In grateful odors to the nurturing Skies
But the neglected being of adage
Who careless waffles the morn of life away
Though deck'd in lavish nature's blooming dyes
The Scorn of wisdom and of fools the prize
Glances in disgrace in powerless beauty mourns

Riches are uncertain blessings

Riches are uncertain blessings

Riches are uncertain blessings

Riches are uncertain blessings

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Riches are uncertain blessings

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Riches are uncertain blessings

Continued

While from her view the eye of judgment ^{turns}
So the light Poppy fills the coxcombs gaze.
Vain of her streaked robe, and painted mien
In Life's short Spring each transient ^{display} grace
And narrows enamour'd of the coxcombs gaze
Yet should the wise approach her tawdry down
And lend his bosom to the phantom flower
No latent sweets refreshing powers dissonse
But drowsy dullness veils the tickling sense
Till in disgust he spurns her lifeless charms
And flings them ruffled from his loathing arms

to play the knave
Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Some go fine and brave only

Genie Butts her book

Sin and sorrow are constant

Sin and sorrow are constant

Sin and sorrow are constant

Sin and sorrow are constant

Sin and sorrow are constant

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Sin and sorrow are constant

Sin and sorrow are constant

Eunice Cutts her Book July 25

blessings

Time is the most precious of all

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Those who do nothing will soon leave

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