

Written by a child of Philetus Case (1782-1857):

"On the death of my father who died Dec 20th 1857 aged 76

Our father has gone to that world above,
Where spirits do mingle their praises of love,
When the best of all ages surround the bright throne,
And friends here on earth, one to each there made known,

He passed from earth like the mild setting sun,
And we trust did receive the applauded "well done",
Thou hast finished thy course, enter into my rest,
And mine by my grace be eternally blest,

His sickness was short, but rather severe,
And little we thought his end was so near
Until the night previous to our taking his [illegible- hand?],
His a dangerous condition we then did believe,

But when his condition to him was made known,
He seemed not to fear, not a murmur was shown,
But calm and submissive he gives himself up,
And drinks for himself the last bitter cup,

He died so calmly it hardly seemed death,
But for His one reason he'd drawn his last breath,
Steals to my mind what the poet has said,
How easy the [savior?] can make a death bed.

Canton [Connecticut] April 20th 1858

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Transcribed by K. Kowalski, 2021

From the collection of the Mabel Root Henry Historical Museum at the Granville Public library,
Granville, MA.