

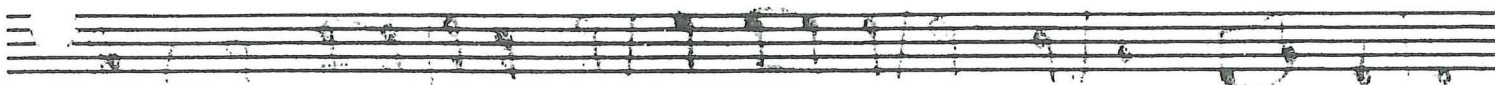
Three Drowned Sister's,



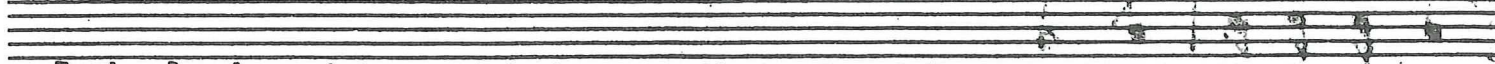
Let truth and wisdom guide my pen, while writing to the son's of



Men, a sorrowful happening to relate, concerning three young sister's fate.



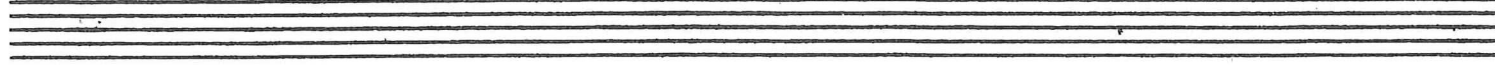
'Twas on the teenty-forth of June, and summer's flower's were all in bloom,
The month, the day, the year, the time, 'twas eighteen hundred and sixty-nine.



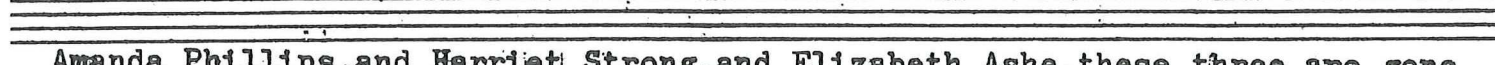
Dark clouds and tempest had arose, their fearful content's to disclose,
The lightening flashed, and all around, oft times the thunder shock the ground,



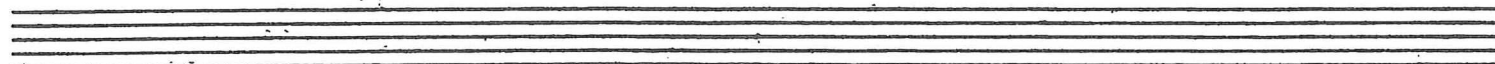
'Twas just before the day discribed, to gather round these three did ride,
In God's own house they did prepare, with young John Ashe, to worship there.



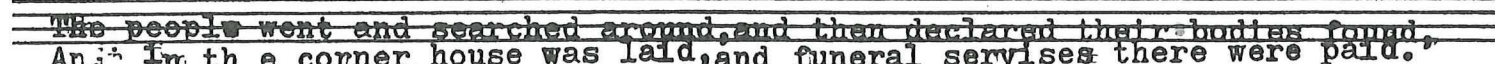
The hymns and praises then they sung, as they rode back to Washington,
They tried the swelling stream to ford, which sent their spirits to the Lon
LORD.



Amanda Phillips, and Harriet Strong, and Elizabeth Ashe, these three are gone,
The roaring currant stopped their breath, and left their bodies, cold in death.



When these sad tidings had gone round, that these three ladies had been drowned
It filled their friends with deep dispare, and overwhelmed their hearts with
care.



The people went and searched around, and then declared their bodies found,
And in the corner house was laid, and funeral servises there were paid.



Take warning all you friends who weep, that God's commandments you do keep
His gracious hands on that last day, will wash your woes and cares away.



CS

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