

## [Jessy May]

[??] [Dup?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 10, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Jessy [May?], 19th St., Columbus, Nebr.
2. Date and time of interview Nov. 7, 1936 [2?] to 4 P.M.
3. Place of interview At her home
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Living room, simply furnished; various pictures on wall with many trinkets and old keepsakes. House very small and surrounded by many kinds of small beds of flowers and shrubs. [????]

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 10, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Jessy May, 19th St., Columbus, Nebr.

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1. Ancestry English
2. Place and date of birth Near London, England, has no date of birth
3. Family Unmarried
4. Place lived in, with dates London, 1 year; Richland, Nebr., Leigh, Nebr. 1900; Columbus, Nebr. to date.
5. Education, with dates Teachers and business course. Graduated 1898.
6. Occupations, and accomplishments, with dates Teacher 5 years.
7. Special skills and interests Journalism; writing poetry.
8. Community and religious activities Catholic faith; believes in kindness to all.
9. Description of informant Of very medium build, light in weight
10. Other points gained in interview Lives alone but enjoys visits of her friends. Very religious.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Neb.

DATE Nov. 10, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Jessy May, 19th St. Columbus, Nebraska

Album As stars where Jehovah has will'd Like gems, one by one, rise and beam  
Bespangled by Names, thus an Album is fill'd Unfolding its leaves to kind or the skill'd Most  
pleasant to gaze on their gleam. Much pleasure they learn from each page Unsullied each

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Offering giv'n; [?] they who Inscribe; whether simple [??] Like glorious stars thro' Eternity's Age And writ in the Album of Heaven.

(April 27, 1837)

(The following verses and lines are from a Album which is over 100 years old and in the possession of Miss Jessy May.)

[????] "Homesick and unsheltered head Desponding pilgrim, weep not so Three Mansions are before you spread— To one you must, to all may go! Each offers freely and has room For all earth's travelers, rich and poor, The house of God, His Heaven, the Tomb, Have each, for all, an open door.

Go lowly to the House of Prayer, With steadfast faith and contrite breast; Then [shle?] the narrow House prepare For weary limbs a welcome rest. Cherish the three in daily thoughts — The house of God, the Grave, and Heaven, And all by sin and sorrow wrought Take [?] away and be forgiven.

(10/28/1837)

A SMART [?] Cries Vilvia, to a reverend Dean, What reason can be given Since marriage is a holy thing That there are none in heaven! There are no women! he replied; She quick returns the jest Women there are, but I'm afraid They cannot find a priest!

(4/28/1837)

A WISH Oh be thou [?] with all that heaven can send, Long life, long health, long pleasure And a friend.

Religion is a Personal Thing We must think for ourselves, we must believe for ourselves; We must love for ourselves; we must pray for ourselves and We must serve God for ourselves, or be miserable forever. We cannot obey God by proxy; he will not be served by

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the Father of the Brother instead of the Son. He requires everyone's service for Himself.  
"My Son give me thy hears" Less than this he will not accept; more than this we cannot  
give [Reader?] have you done this?

PASSING AWAY It is written on the rose In its full array; Read what those buds disclosed  
"Passing Away" It is written on the skies, Of the soft blue summer day, It is traced in  
sunsets' dies "Passing Away" It is written on the heart, Alas: that these decay Should claim  
from love a part "Passing Away"

RELIGION Holy source of purest pleasure Bliss that never known alloy! Be thy precepts all  
our treasure, And thy practice all one joy. Lead us through this vale of sorrow, Safely to the  
darksome tomb; Then an everlasting morrow Dawning, shall dispel the gloom!

A FRAGMENT Oh would some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as other see us;  
It would from many an error free us.

Lines written by an Insane Man Could I with ink the ocean fill, Were the whole earth of  
parchment made, And every single stick a quill, And every man a scribe by trade, To write  
the love of God alone Would drain the ocean dry: - Nor would the [so oll?] Contain the  
whole The stretch'd from sky to sky:

WHAT IS LIFE? I asked a man of sorrow and of tears Whose looks hold anguish press'd  
him more than years He mused a while, and then distinctly said "Life ia a burden—would  
that I were dead." I asked a christian who had early stray'd From virtues' paths, this was  
the answer made "life is a precious [con?] to mortals given Which if well spent, will be  
renew'd in Heaven." I asked a youth whose cheerfulness of mien Bespoke him happy  
in this active scene, He told me "Twa's a poets' golden dream," And leaving me, rushed  
forward with the stream. I questioned age; it heaved a heavy sigh Expressing volumes,  
this was its reply: "Life in at best but a tempesteous sea That fast rolls onward to eternity."  
I asked myself, a voice appeared to say, "Beware you value it while yet you may 'tis a rich  
gift thy God bestowed on thee Abuse it not 'twas better not to be." May heavenly angels

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their soft wings display, And guard you safe through every dangerous way; In every state may you happy be; And, when far distant— sometimes think of me.

REST FOR THE WEARY There is a tear, for those that weep, There in for all the weary, sleep There is hope, for those who sigh, There is a rest, for those who die. No rest is here from irksome pain One throb transpires- it throbs again But there is rest where willows wave, Yes, sweeter rest beyond the grave. Hope, can the wounded spirit bind And faith, can bid the fainting mind Repose upon thy Saviour's grace But sin can find no resting place. In Jesus' arms we all may rest, And lost our troubles on his breast, No more the soul need long for Nor languish for a rest place.

DELIGHT IN GOD Oh Lord! I would delight in thee, And on thy care depend So thee in ev'ry trouble flee, My best, my only friend. When all created streams are dried, Thy fulness is the same; May I with this be satisfied, And glory in thy name. Why should the soul a drop bemoan Who has a fountain near, A fountain which will every run With waters sweet and clear? No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in thee; I must have all things, and abound, While god is God to me. Oh! Lord! I cast my care on thee; I triumph and adore; Thenceforth my great concern shall be To love and please thee more.

(11/15/1837)

THE SCRIPTURES Hail! sacred volume of eternal truth, Thou best of age— thou guide of wandering youth, Thou art the prize that all that run shall win, Thou the sole shield against the darts of sin. Thou givest the wear rest — the poor man wealth, Strength to the weak, and to the dying health; Lead me, my King my Saviour, and my God. Through all those paths my sainted servants trod, Teach me thy twofold nature to explore Copy the human— the Divine adore; To wait with patience live in hope and fear And walk between presumption and despair. Then shall thy blood wash out the stains of guilt And not in vain for me, e'en me, be spilt.

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### THE LORDS PRAYER

The spirit of the Lords Prayer is beautiful. The form of petition breathes a [filliant?] spirit—  
“Father”

A Catholic spirit— “Our Father”

A reverential spirit— “Hallowed be thy name”

A Missionary spirit— “They kingdom come”

An obedient spirit— “Thy will be done on earth”

A dependent spirit— “Give us this day our daily bread”

A forgiving spirit— “And forgive our trespasses, as we forgive them that [respass?] against us”

A cautious spirit— “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil”

A confidential and adoring spirit— “For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen”

### FRIENDSHIPS

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such things is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts my friends swarm in abundance, but in the winter of my need they leave me naked.

He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of this friend.

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The late Rev. Leigh Richmone, on being urged to write in an album, if it were but two lines, inscribed this distich—"can two lines teach a lesson from above? Yes, one shall speak a volum. "God is love."