

To my beloved wife
Rachel Jane Underwood
On the occasion of our Silver wedding
January 7th 1864

How strange are our wanderings, in vain do we mate
Of our plans for the future, regardless of fate,
Mid sunshine and sorrow, mid pleasure and gloom,
All checked is life 'till we pass to the tomb.

When I left all I loved in the old Bay State,
I thought not to find here in Texas a mate,
More dear and more constant, more loved than a brother,
For whom I would leave both father and mother.

Life seems but a dream, so fleeting and fast,
Reviewing the scenes through which we have passed,
Of the days of our childhood, - the school and the play,
Till we reach'd the grand Climax, our own Wedding day.

Poem written by Ammon Underwood

On the swift wings of time thou swiftly has sped,
Twenty five years since the day we were wed!
In this very same house, - this very same room,
You stood as a bride, (R) and you as bridegroom!

And the Company then present, so joyfull and gay,
You remember them dearest, - O where are they?
Our friends well beloved, Your own loving brothers?
No witness is here but my dearest of Mothers.

True my own dearest, but you have not forgot,
The Milbourns, Lundason, Wilson and Scott, -
The latter the judge who tied the hand knot!
Twenty five years ago, was it not?

And Jager and Howland O where are they?
(a) Their journey has ended they're passed away;
And Dismore has gone, his career had an end,
None remain but three children of Milburn, my friend.

In this very same house, all our children were born.
Four to us remaining, the others are gone
To their Redeemer and Father, the home of the blest,
Born dearest we'll meet them, may we then find rest.

And peace and reunion, no wars will be there;
No parting, no sorrow, no sin-blighting care.
No affliction nor sickness, no suffering or death
Praise the Father of Mercies with our last lingering breath.

our Country! our Country! Great God now defend!
His war fratricidal, bring them to an end,
Give us liberty and peace; O hasten the day,
That our evening of life may glide calmly away.

M. Underwood.