

POETRY BY EDWIN RANDALL (AKA EDWARD, EDGAR)

(March 14, 1855 – May 19, 1873)

Edwin Randall was probably the collector and author of the items in the Summitville Ghost Town ledger. He was only 18 years old when he died, and I am not sure of the reason for his early death. Most of the poetry is signed by him, and also the drawings in the ledger are signed by him. Here is the complete collection:

<https://www.rae.org/essay-links/summitville/>

His poem about the Trail of Tears is called The Indian's Adieu and I find this full of emotion, hope and sadness.

THE INDIAN'S ADIEU

Adieu to the grave where my fathers do rest

For I must be going alas to the west

I've sold my possessions my heart's filled with woe

Alas I must leave all, Alas I must go

Adieu to the tall Oak, that pleasant green shade

Where I spent my childhood in innocent play

My dog and my hatchet, my arrow and bow

Alas I must leave all, alas I must go

Adieu to the scenes which do bind me like chains

As on my gray pony I pranced o'er the plains

The deer and the turkey will trace through the snow

Alas I must leave all, Alas I must go

Adieu to Rynogrally(?) That low broken stream

No more shall I visit the except in a dream

Likewise, to green bushes where cranberries grow

Alas I must leave all, Alas I must go

Adieu to the road which for many a year

I've traveled each Sabbath the gospel to hear

The news was so charming, it please me so
O'er the great Mississippi Alas I must go
Adieu to the white friends who taught me to pray
And worship my maker from day unto day
Oh, pray for poor native whose eyes overflow
With tears at our parting, it grieves me to go
Adieu, I have severed my last earthly tie
I am bound for the west with my Savior to die
A white marble pillar will point out my tomb
But Jesus will guide and take me up home

Edward Randall

DREAMLAND

Come sit by my side in the twilight
O girl with the violet eyes
And we'll dream while far on the hill tops
The sunset splendor dies
Come lay your head on my shoulder
Your little hand in my own
And dream that the world is an Eden
That holds us two alone
Let us build us an airy Castle
In the Summerland of dreams
We will cover its lofty turrets
With the gold of the sun's last beams
We will have there the brightest blossoms
And the sweetest singing birds
And their songs shall be just the echo
Of our softly spoken words

We will walk by the shores of the ocean
That girts our dreamland in
With the thought of the world's commotion
Its bustle and busy din
But all that shall be calm and quite
In that Dreamland home of ours
With never a care or sorrow
To mar the peaceful hours

THE GAL WITH THE WATERFALL

As you march about the town
On any winter day
You see the lads and ladies dressed up
In fashions gay
Some are short and some are stout
While others are lean and tall
But the one that always takes any eye
Is the gal with the waterfall
The other day I chanced to stroll
In Payboro for ice cream
I never shall forget it
I thought how it was a dream
This dashing belle came in
For leaving with a loudly bawl
I thought it was a vulgar sin
For the gal with the waterfall
(This is my best guess, the original is barely legible in places)

DREAMS OF YOUTH

The sun in all his state appeared
And woke the glories of the day
And with his bright effulgence cheered
A thousand realms beneath his sway
I looked and to my ravished eyes
Arose a landscape spreading fair;
All blending with the misty skies
It faded from the vision there
Those forest lands and sunbright bowers
On that October's dreamy day
Seemed one voluptuous sea of flowers
Stretching itself away – away
And far along a beauteous vale
A sunny river opened wide
While here and there a swelling sail
Was born upon the silvery tide
It minded me of that bright land
And that divine immortal river
Along whose banks on either hand
The tree of life blooms on forever
And nearer by – neath ancient trees –
A flock is resting on the green
Fanned by the fragrant morning breeze
That plays athwart the rural scene
Thus, after long tumultuous strife
By many a care and grief oppress
Perchance amid the groves of life
The worn and weary are at rest

ESTRANGED

Only one look of grieved surprise,
Yet I know that all is o'er
She never will lift her trustful eyes
To mine, confidingly, more,
I am shut by fate from mine Eden out
And may never enter again:
She has learned to view me with eyes of doubt
And my pleading is worse than vain.
But how can I bear this bitter grief
This dreadful weight of woe
The thought that she doubts of my truthfulness
The most cruel thought I know.

Edwin Randall

WE YET MAY MEET AGAIN

We yet may meet again
Though sorrow's cloud is o'er us now
And I must soon depart
Perhaps for years in foreign lands
To roam with aching heart
We still may hope that happier days
In store for us remain
And, though we part in anguish now,
We yet may meet again.
Ah! Well I know, when far away,
You will think of us,

The truth is in thy gentle voice,
And breath: I live for thee!
Then faithful still in every cline
We'll wake the chasing strain:
Though distance may divide us now,
We yet may meet again!

I AM LONELY SINCE MY MOTHER DIED

I am lonely since my Mother died
Though friends and kindred gather near
I cannot check the rising sigh
Nor stay, stay the silent heartfelt tear
Of earthly friends she was the best
My youthful erring steps to guide
Oh! Do not smile because I wail
I am lonely since my Mother died
You may not deem me brave or strong
To let these tears so often flow
But you who have lost a mother's love
Or tell the pain of my sad woe
Could but call her back again
And kneel once more down by her side
I would love her better than before
I am lonely since my mother died
Oh, you who have a Mother dear
Yet not one word or ad give pain
But cherish, love her with your life
You ne'er can have her like again

Then when from earth she is called away
Across death's dark and troubled tide
With me and pain you need not say
I am lonely since my mother died

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WITH SORROW TIME CAN COPE

Tis said with sorrow time can cope
But this I feel can ne'er be true
For by the death blow of my hope
My memory immortal grew
By day or night, In weal or woe
That heart, no longer flee
Must bear the love it dare not show
And silent ache for thee
Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sign
While day and night roll darkly by
May the Ruler of Heaven look down
And my darling, from evil defend!
May she ne'er know adversity's frown!
May her happiness ne'er have an end
Sunbeam Rosebud

My Darling! If ever fondest prayer
For their weal availed on high
Mine will not all be lost in air
But give you peace until you die
There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight
By day that form their joy supplies
And dreams restore it through the night

TO MEMORY – ROSEBUD

Oh Memory! Torture me no more
The present is all o'er-cast
My hopes of future bliss are o'er
In mercy, veil the past
Why bring those images to view
I henceforth must resign!
Ah! Why those happy hours renew
That never can be mine?
Past pleasures double present pain
To sorrow adds regret
Regret and hope are both in vain;
I ask but to – Forget!