Barm - Baro
1945-52

1.

36 Forensent Street
Pittsburgh, Pa
May 18, 1947

Dear Madam

My name is Edna Lillian Barnett Daughter of Bessie Barnett I am sixteen year of age about a year ago I had a dream conserning your husband I dream of a poem title was Beneath the God I forgot all of it, except those three words I never rember the rest of it. About six month later I tried to rember but I just couldn't think of it and so I say to my self the Lord want me to write a poem of it so your husband was the purest man I knew it kept worrying me so I wrote this poem and decided to send it to you and rember of your husband. He has taken care of us all for the last eight year. So I wish you would please except this poem I am colored, please answer and let me know if you like it please don't get offend

Sincerely your
Edna L Barnett.

Bensoth The Sod

I

Bensoth The Sod Our Late Presdent Lives,
So Clam So Still, But Yet Alive,
All Though He's Gone But Not Forgotten
He Linger Still, In The Heart Of All Nation,

II

The World Is Cruel And In Uproar
Since Our Dear Presdent Depart
From The Face Of God Green Earth
Lord Let His Sprit Through Us Shine
Until We All With In Him Combine

III

We Pray Thee Oord The Sweet Name Of Thy Devine
So Jesus Christ
My Lord And Rediemer Lead Us In The Pass Of
Rachness

IV

Teach Us Our Father Thy Way So That What Ever
We May Do We May Do It In The Name Of God
Lord You Said In Thy Father House There Are Many
Manchans

V

Teach Us Lord So That One Day We May Sitteth At
The Right Hand Of God The Father All Mighty
With Our Late Presden't Franklin D Roosvelt

VI

Purefie Our Souls Like The Lilly Of The Valley
So We Wont Be A Shame To Gather The Master
feet.

As For Our Souls May I Heaven Rest
To God We Open up Our Heart Man

Aruther Edna L Barnett
Written By Christine Barnett
Franklin D Roosevelt

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To Gather at the
Master Feet
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To God we oden up our
Hearts a man

Arthur Edna L Barnett
Written by Christine Barnett
to
Franklin D Roosevelt