

## TRANSCRIPT

Murfreesboro, Tenn May the 21st 1863

oh, Mother, I am going to write  
 you a few lines of Poetry I got  
 the other day and if I never return  
 you can see it and Remember me

oh am I then remembered still,  
 remembered too by thee  
 or am I quite forgot by one  
 whom I no more shall see  
 yet say not so, for that would add  
 fresh anguish to my lot  
 I dare not hope to be recalled  
 yet would not be forgot

Had they who parted us but known  
 how hearts like ours can feel  
 they would have spared us both a pang  
 beyond their power to heal  
 I know not if thy heart retains  
 its wanted warmth or not  
 though I'm forbid to think of thee  
 though never be forgot

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Mayest thou enjoy that peace of mind  
 which I can never know  
 if thats denied by prare shall be  
 that I may share thy wo

Where'er thou art my ever wish  
 will linger o're that spot  
 my ever thought will be of thee

If we should meet in after years  
 thou'll find that I am changed  
 my eyes grown dim, my cheek grown pale  
 but not my faith estranged  
 from memory's page the hand of death  
 along thy name shall blot  
 forget forsake me if thou wilt  
 thou'll never be forgot

Friday morning the 22nd

All is well with me how is it  
 with you, Farewell dear Mother

James C. McGregor To his Mother