

James C. McGregor Letter

Transcript

Murfreesboro, Tenn [sic] 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

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

Where'er [sic] thou art my ever wish
will linger o're [sic] 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