

October the 8. 1871

There is a spot to me most dear
where I can go & weep
a place where I would like to be
if I was only there to day,

but I must wait & be content
till my Dear Son can go
for with the fever he has laid low
five long weeks or more

but laying on my bed one night
praying for my Son
when all at once a small voiced
thy Son shall live be not affea^{id}

but I must leave the Bartlett Spring
when five long weeks are past
and then I go to my good home
where I will have a rest

but Oh what has took place
since I came away from home
that little Bud the God ordained
to take it to him self. R C
the little babe is dead