

March

George Wilson

2nd 1864

This day had the forenoon match below
and I thought that we was gaming with a ship
and who should come on board George
Wilson and wanted some tobacco & gave him
ten pounds, poor fellow how I wish it might
be so, but we know he is silent in death
On the battle plains — — —

My Susan Ann do you remember that
Horse that I had to lead through the
Woods one night at a party up to
Randall Town

Oh my Esie

Jan. 31st

James P. Pope, Esq.

1864

It was a cold stormy night and the tempest was howling
The snow like shut covered cabin and sky
When Marshall flew over the hill to his darling
And rapped at the window where Jimmy died he
The girl said oh, are you sleeping or waking
Tis a cold stormy night and my coat it is thin
The storm is a howling the frost is a baking
Sarah my darling you must let me in.

No. 2

She said she as she spoke through the window
How could you be waking us out of our bed
To come at this time it is a shame and a sin to
It is whiskey not love that has got into your head
If your heart it was true of my game you would be kinder
Consider the time and there is no body in
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her
Mar — you villain I won't let you in

Thine Over

Smiles, blowing a good stormy night
Esie knows what it is