

**Object ID:** *MG0828\_SeriesE\_F07*

**Document:** *Transcription of a poem by Thomas Welsh and Frederic W. Pangborn*

**Transcription:**

The following lines were composed by Lieutenant Thomas Welsh, and were copied from an old Album, in which he had written them, on the eve of his departure for the Mexican War.

Farewell! Farewell! The time draws nigh,  
And I must hie away,  
The war note sounds – which bids that I  
The summons should obey.

I've forced my way through one campaign,  
Through strife and blood prevailed,  
Through conflict, where four thousand slain  
Attest how fierce assailed.

Though wounded, and borne from the field,  
Still life's blood fills my vein,  
And future fame has been revealed  
To urge me on again.

Then Adieu! Adieu! 'Till the war is o'er,  
'Till battle's rage doeth cease,  
'Till glittering fame hat sank before  
The joyful sound of peace.

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General Thomas Welsh died from so called “lung fever” at ten minutes past six o'clock August, 15<sup>th</sup>, 1863, at the residence of Charles O. Lockard, Esq., Cininnatti [sic], Ohio, a former Columbian, enrou [sic] to his home from Vicksburg, Miss.–from which town General Welsh had been taken by boat, after the siege of Vicksburg, at which time he contracted his illness/

His widow, Annie E. Welsh, attached the well known following lines to the above verses of Thomas Welsh after his death.

“” “Dead at his post of duty.” ‘Tis enough’  
What finer eulogy? All the boast  
Of pomp and glory seems but idle breath  
Beside the quiet dignity of death,  
Where death and duty bland – solution most  
Complete of all life's problems. “Tis enough.  
Dead: and at his post.”



[Transcribed by REC, November 2020.]

**Scope and Content Note:**

*Typed transcription of a poem written by Lieutenant Thomas Welsh on the eve of his departure for the Mexican War. Poem consists of 4 stanzas, 4 lines each. At the bottom of the page is the announcement of the death of Gen. Welsh and the seven lines that Annie Welsh added sometime after the poem first appeared in Harper's Weekly, 2 January 1892. Poem by Frederic W. Pangborn. See also MG0828 SeriesB F09.*

