

† To Miss
 As on the banks I walk'd along,
 Amidst the gay and noisy throng,
 Or view the rolling sea,
 * * * passes o'er my mind,
 For none in Dartmouth I can find
 So sweet or fair as she.

From her I have not been a week,
 I long to see that lovely cheek,
 More beautiful than the rose,
 That hand which I so oft have press'd
 That innocent, that lovely breast,
 Fair as descending snows.

Sweet girl, for you I oft have sigh'd,
 And time can never my love divide,
 Or banish thoughts of thee;
 No time can change my firm regard,
 When I shall see no more
 If you'll remember me.

It told upon the raging main,
 I could never to see that face again
 Even there I'll think of thee;
 Yes, then as life should ebb away,
 My last lingering breath should say,
 My only love remember me.

† Any one the coat fits if you please.
 Women and Wine are both divine,
 And all that's dear on earth;
 But they, but mine, I'll care resign
 And yield my soul to mirth.

Each hour that's spent to pleasure lent
 Is properly employ'd;
 But if we have an hour with care
 'Tis so much time destroy'd.

Sweet Panny,
 My Panny is kind, and my Panny is young,
 My Panny is fair and excellent;
 And she lives, but I will not - I must not say where;
 Yet a neat little cot is her dwelling
 I met the loved maid with a blush on her cheek,
 Yes, a blush that no jester dare rally;
 And I sigh'd for the girl, the dear little girl,
 Sweet Panny, that lives in the valley.

My Panny, I found, was the pride of the vale,
 And yet Panny knew not her beauty;
 Contented to carry her milk and her pail,
 And tend on her parents with duty,
 Ah, yes! and I saw her with virtues so rare
 Not vice, nor its charms, dared to rally;
 And I sigh'd for the girl, the dear little girl,
 Sweet Panny, that lives in the valley.

My Panny, the fairest, yet humble and meek,
 I press'd with affection to marry;
 Kissed the tear from her eye, and the blush from her cheek
 And vowed that no longer we'd tarry.
 To the church then I led her and made her my wife,
 Resolved not to stand idly dally.
 For I sigh'd for the girl the dear little girl
 Sweet Panny, that lives in the valley.
 May they live long and be happy.