

the Parting Word,

I must leave the lady sweet
Mojeth shall wast before we meet
Winds are fast and sails are spread
Of which leave their ocean bed
Ere the shining day grow dark
Which shall find my shrouded bark.
I through thy tear O lady mine
Read thy hearts parting line

When the first sad sun shall set
Thou shalt see thy looks of get
When the morning star shall rise
Thou shalt wake with weeping
When the second sun goes down
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown
I ought to well that will despair
I miss thy eyes and spall thy hair

At the first evening week
Thou shalt wear a smiling cheek
At the first months second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh
Then in Pickwick thou shalt die
I'll at last in sorrows spits
I amvel makes thee laugh outright

While the first seven mornings last
Round thy chamber belted fast
Many of youth shall fume and part
Hang the girl the always out
With the second week goes round
Vainly shall they ring and pound
When the third week shall begin
I amvel let the creature in

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Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song
But thy lips unweaned as yet
Lisp, How can I forget
How for ever will continue

of the young Salor gear

The ship from a mang as and quickly disappear
Beneath the wild foaming waters on which the ship stood
With scarcely a moment to measure or prepare
The waters closed on him with a wild rushing glare

The sea closed on him no more waves
He sunk in the waters so bright and so green
His body went his deep in the dark
And no mark guide the manner to the young Salor gear

His board he was changed and kind
Be led by his shipmates now moved such he part
But his soul is at rest up to god it has pleasure
And high friends and parents his absence to mourn

He more shall his hope give the helms of the boat
Through the wild west of waters so dark and dark
But his spirit shall sing to his maker on high
While winds on his ocean head shall well to the shore
Atty this be

In each other seasons, then though sure to be
To god which is willing and able to save
The soul though the body should sink in the sea

He left friends and parents and his dear native land
But the world pale as a sailor to roam
By fell seas bow no power and care
His body went his underneath burials cold stone