

She is away she's away our ships away
 Her sails are all set to brave the rough spray
 Induced from the heart of a cheerful home
 Parted from friends the bright ocean to roam
 United to the spray so fair and free
 And tossed by the billows we ride o'er the sea
 Cheerful home adieu for the waters blue
 All the azure hills will soon hide from our view
 Softly each breath of the breeze passing o'er
 Carries us farther away our own native shore
 Above high above a genius of love
 Pale Dian beams forth through the azure to roam
 Then lights a gold charm on the trackless way
 And spreads a glow like the coming day
 In the ever bright star fairest bequest
 Now shines clear and above from the sapphire west
 Grateful let us as we watch the bright sea
 Enroll her waves far under our lee
 Let us watch our prey till she discovers
 Every hole then well fill till her bends they roll under
 Then then we will track our path once more
 To hail again our own native shore

Lunar Observation taken January 2^d 1846
 Distance Sun 38° 02' Moons 48° 45' Crown 4° 32' 15"
 58° 21' 45" 37° 29' 45° 47' 9° 35' 25"
 136° 43' 15" 75° 31' 97° 32' 19° 07' 40"
 58° 21' 37" 37° 45' 48° 46' 9° 33' 50"
 Sun to Sun 15° 17' 12" 6° 56' to fast
 Moon to Sun 16° 04' 37° 57' 48° 21' 9° 26' 54' mean time
 August 12
 68° 54' 10" D Hor' par 58° 54' = Pro log 48° 52' = 48° 52'
 1st cor 21° 11' suns app alt 37° 57' = Cor 21° 12' = 21° 12'
 2d cor 5° 17' 00' suns app distance time 9.96.59 to fast 136°
 3d Cor 1° 20' 18° 54' 10' 66° 63' 102° 49'
 78° 33' 41' Reduce time
 1.0 3° 20' shps Hor' parallax
 68° 33' 41' 5° 26' mean 59° 13'
 68° 17' 48" = 26° 42' N. H. 8° 56' 59° 47'
 15° 53' 4.0543 pro log 26° 42' 11'
 36 m. 78° 51' pro log 59° 13'
 Sum 9° 29' 32' 1 fourth of this 19 cor moons den
 Cor 9° 26' 54' D m 10° 08' 58° 54' correct
 Long by Lunar 82° 20' W 16 04
 by Chron 81° 41'

Of all the girls afar and near
 The noblest and the most sincere
 Whose looks and words will always please
 Is the bright, smiling, gay, Louise.

Who ever thought a lady's name
 Could fan the feelings to a flame
 Theirs one beyond the Muse's tellin
 Can fire my heart and that is, Ellen.

There's a sweet girl unknown to fame
 Save in her soft enchanting name
 Just like some fabled sylph like fairy
 They always call her black eye, Mary.

But I have writ enough and more
 'Tis time this hurried rhyme was o'er
 Now should you Sirs, ere take a rib
 Select the pretty name of, Lib

will you think a friend when far far
 away