

N^o 2

James P. P. Paper

Oh Jimmy says it is my heart that's a fountain
Would weep at the wrongs I might lay at your door
Your name is as white as the snow on the mountain
And I would like to preserve them as pure
I will go to my home though the winter winds fan me
I will whistle them off for I am happy within
And the words of Sarah shall comfort and bless me
Nor you villain I won't let you in

When I remember all the girls that I have ^{together} ^{any}
Just like a rooster in the fall exposed to every ^{another} ^{desert}
I feel like one who stands alone some day and ^{startled}
Whose coat is shed whose heart and ^{to} ^{enacted}

Sunday at sea

Feb 7th James P. Paper, Paper

1884

May thy life friend Sarah be bright and alluring
All thy pleasure and prospects be sweet and inspiring
Rich bountiful thy heart oh may all of thy cares
Put light upon you may none of its sorrows
Have thee for its victim but may angels
Attend thee forever thy day and by night
Let thy heart to thy snaker be given its gold
Knowing his precepts and share him in truth
Each blessing he give thee on and when thy ^{the} ^{the}
In grace with the head thou through pleasure living
To his blessed mansion that happy abode
His home in the heavens the home of thy god