

To see my lady Dido,
Whose locks are like the streamers, and
whose eyes are like the stars.

If not over wise or wealthy,
She is hale, and she is healthy;
And her mind conveys your wisdom to a
heart that takes it in.
So she would ne'er despise me,
Nor think to misadvise me;
But always try to keep me from the whiskey
and the gin.

She is neither cross nor cranky;
She is neither proud nor pranky;
She is neither bluff nor brazen, though she
labours in and out.
So may she ne'er astray go,
As haughty maidens may go;
Nor fall by Pomp or Perfidy, but put them
to the rout.

HALF SQUAW.

Though half a squaw by her mamma,
My love was neat and cleanly.
She ne'er would beg, nor break the law,
Nor cheat, nor dicker meanly.
She drew her baskets, few or more,