

26 98 Wrote at St. John's River Bay of Fundy -
while I lay there wind bound - Sept. 1781
where the City of St. John's was built

I'm almost sick & tired to death
With staying in this lonesome place
Where every day presents itself
With just the same dull looking face

2
O had I but some kind fair Friend
With whom to chat of hours away
I ne'er would care how blew the wind
Nor tedious should I think my stay

3
Ah - that was once my happy lot
When I with house & home was blest
I'd then a fair Companion got
Of many a female Charm possessed

4
Yes - dearest Sally - you was fair
Nor only fair but kind & good -
Sweetly together did we share
The blessings heaven on us bestowed

5
Nor scantily did heaven show & down
Those gifts which render life a blessing
But did our cup with plenty crown
And kept us from what was distressing

6
Till base Rebellion did display
Her banners foul with false pretence
Then kindly Heaven took you away
From evils which have happened since

7
And careless one - when I had lost
Of all its blessings - far the best
Did teach me justly at my cost
The worth of what I once possessed

8
Tis often so - we do not prize
The present good at its just rate
But gone we see with other eyes
What was its worth when 'tis too late

9
Now one verse more fair Ladies mine
And there'll be one a prize for you
'Tis of a way I sometimes spend my time
When I have nothing else to do