

A Farewell Address to John Marygold
Master of the full-rigged Brig Defeat, bound
for the head waters of Salt River

- 1 John Marygold the day is lost,
Ah! How it makes you shiver
You might have known November first,
Would make your blossoms wither,
- 2 Now call your crew, upon the deck
And speechify them well, John,
And tell them how upon this track,
One Merrill sent you, all on,
- 3 And tell them John as up you go
The salty waters gliding
Why on the Brig Defeat so slow
Together you are riding
- 4 That notwithstanding all your tack,
And still in cracking others
That Almonds, are hard nuts to crack
And the cracking you it smothers
- 5 You said that we were turn-coats John
Our coats were wrong side outwards

Our principles were on our backs
And you were going southwards

6 You find you were mistaken John
You go now at your peril
What the people have decided on
Is to send a Man, one Merrill

7 Our coats all fit us snugly John
And yours fits you still snugger
And dear John must put it on
As you go up Salt River

8 Where now are all the plank roads John
That you would build the People
If they'd send you to Madison
To vote, and drink, and prattle

9 The plank roads are dissolved Dear John
Into thin air like gas
But not like you, who ever knew?
You could dissolve an Ass.

10 You said we were Know-Nothing John
The fact you did describe
But then Dear John, we know enough
To send you up Salt River

11 Farewell to you as up you go
Your fragrance round you throng
You'll walk the deck, as white as snow
And sweat like ore, a mowing,

12 Farewell to you a long farewell
Farewell to you forever
In "H^o England" though scarce from frost
Yet here it makes you wither
O On the wing

Mrs Fowler	\$4.40	paid 2.00
Daniel Fowler	4.22	
"	1.08	paid 1.50
Sutton Fowler	4.14	
Daniel Dick	.75	
Elias Dick	1.87	
James Niles	1.41	
Elizabeth Fowler	2.10	

Burg Defeat

