

"Crambo verses"

Written New York 1837.

The question now is what is love:
It is blindness in the extreme
It is like the sweetness of the dove
It is like the suns warm beam

Good bye, good bye my dearest
My best my truest love
And to my heart the nearest
My chicken duck & dove.

To Washington my love has gone
And his absence daily I do mourn
Who'll mend his clothes when they
are torn,

For I'm a maiden all forlorn

The stars how brightly do they shine
But love has dimmed this heart
of mine

For I am lonely & forlorn.

For from me is my true love gone

When do you go to Europe?

When money comes if I've good
looks.

I visit Europe with best books.

Sweet are the uses of adversity -
Sweeter far than prosperity.

For the former tries
All that in us lies.

I love you all my cousins
Grey black & white
Of all sorts by the dozens
Which is very right.

See yonder vault of azure blue
It is very, very fair to view
It is so clear, so cold, so pure.
It shines on the rich, & poor.

The ladies are called intellectual
The first I ever heard of it
But I expect you all
Will certainly approve of it.

Phil loves fair Molly, Molly smiles
on Phil.

But Phil can't have Molly, for
him 'tis a dread bitter pill.

I fear poor Molly's not thinking
of you

And will not notice you farther
than to say how d'ye do.

I wonder if Miss Robinson will
come to night.

If she does she want do right
And such a girl as she, I'm sure
will never.

Leave her then in stormy weather

As sharp as the winds are our
wits to night

And we do try with all our might

To write a very witty verse or line

But I'm sure it won't be mine.

Oh Molly Moore I sigh for thee
Under the bough of the Cypress
tree -

When far away for thee I sigh
And Molly, Molly Moore I cry -

I love these cold & wintry nights
I love this raw & stormy weather
But I love not this land of fright
When the Ghosts stalk freely o'er
the heathen -

For amusement to night we
puzzle our fates -

But amusement soon come
to our call -

For the Gods seem opposed, as also
the fates -

So lets go to the old castle hall -

The stars like diamonds do shine
o'er our heads

I guess we all wish we were
safe in our beds -

"While the cold wind blows, & the
snow drifts fast -

O'er many a ship with its gallant
top unfast -

Man is by nature selfish & sordid
& free -

Man subdues nature & ought to
be lauded -

But woman with nature can
never agree -

Oh trust not to her winning smile
Nor her bewitching eyes -

For they are filled with horrid guile
Not half so good as pumpkin pie -

I thought on thee love when far
away -

Thy form seemed to float before
me -

When in the green woods I would
stray -

Or on the shores of the sea -

I shake thought of thee love in
the midnight hours -

When lonely I've sat in the old
castle towers -

My thoughts were all of thee &
thine -

Again thy glances o'er me seemed
to shine -

Farewell, farewell to thee sweet
William King -

King of Aching heart

Oh would that thy love at my
feet thou wouldst fling -

All ⁴going set apart -

Lovely Emma why so sad?

In Asahel's absence would you
have me glad,

To laugh & joke & seem so gay -

When Asahel Hendrick's far away?

Mary, Phil, Julia & Emma,

Emma Mary, Julia Phil,

All together in a dilemma
And all about taking a pill -

About the middle of a summer's
day -

When the ants did pick & play,
And nipped the grass & called out
ba'a -

She went out walking with her
Pa -

Oh gentle lady I fain would sing
But that I would not dare disclose
The thoughts that from my heart
would ring -

By singing wildly through my nose -
Dost thou remember her that parting
hour,

That frosty day & dreaching shower,
The fearful eye, & mournful smile,
That sought my sorrows to beguile.

Farewell, farewell to thee sweet
Molly Moore,
And to thy Sister Susan,
Near again, shall I see thee,
no more more,
The light of thine eye shall I
crave in—

Vanity indeed are all our pleasures,
All our joy, all our bliss—
All our loves all treasures,
The substitute for all we miss—
The moon rose bright in the east
at that most holy hour—
When man & woman, foul &
beast,
adore the eternal Power—

I thought, & I thought, & I thought
again,
Of many things, & many matters
I thought, & I thought, & I thought
again
Of my sailor's bill, & hatber's.

Oh love, oh buck wheat cakes, oh
dinner
Oh Diana, Minerva & sweet
Molly Moore,
I think of you all on the wood
of a sinner,
But the first & the last quite
make my heart sore—

Oh blest be those holy hours of
peace,
However past away,
When my heart it loved the things
above—
And never went astray—

I never will, no never can forget
Those weeks we passed at Venice
Within my heart their joy lingers
yet—
And believe me your true love
Remains—

I thought of days of joy & pleasure
When my young heart was light
When every moment, may all
was bright—
And I told my sailor to take
my measure—

Sweet Alice, sweet Molly, sweet
Bill, & sweet Charley,
Your charms are more I must
sing.

Your presence would soon bring
Though purchased with a bushel
of barley—

It was a gloomy night in the
midst of December,
That a traveller came to our door
He bid us in charity for him
remember—

The virtues of sweet Molly Moore.
How calm & fair appeared she even
To my sad wearied heart,
Her beauties I can scarce believe
Are wholly or in part—

What do you mean to write to us
Words & sense a terrible sight
Sense & nonsense in just proportion
To make my verse one great abomination

Come Billy King & cheer my heart
Come sing up lays of love,
Come sweet Bill King & cheer part
While those stars are beaming above

As o'er the free wave our course we
are steering—

As we sail to a country far dis-
tant & wild

Our hearts like our bark now
boldly careering,

We think of our loved one how
kindly she smiles—

The winds are whistling round us
love,

The distant peal the storm proclaiming
The clouds are gathering o'er us lone
The fearful lightning o'er us
flamed—

~~Adieu~~ us, adieu sweet Laura
Coster,
Bill Emmett's got her & I have
lost her,
Oh Billy may it thou happy be.
Though mine own true love thou
hast taken from me.

How of sea & stars we've had
enough -
And love, & Bill, & Molly,
And all this sentimental stuff
This rhyming, dreaming folly.

Who does Phil love most Molly, or
Alice?
Molly just now claims his heart,
But Alice soon must have her part.
As Sholto fickle he will be,
And neither of them weary.

What means that cold careless glance?
When friends forsake I feared prove un-
kind,
The vacant glance, bespeaks the

vacant mind.

What do you think of apples?
Apples are good, potatoes are better
Phil loves Molly & often has met her.

Will you love me Billy?

In sincerity & truth,
Mary Lowell ever love thee,
Now in these thy days of youth.
And when ye've had trilled about
thee -

What part do you admire most?

What part did you ask me, do I
admire most,

The one that mentions Mary in
every dinner party toast.

Which do you admire most the
Chinese, or Egyptian poetry?

The Chinese poetry I have never
read nor the Egyptian ever,
So to judge I am not able
Any more than this sea stable -

A question I must ask you quite
Do you intend to play the fool?
For her hairs she sighs alone,
While he to her is cold as stone.

Will you marry a lawyer?
If I felt inclined to change my
state
I would not trust his learned pate.

Thy fairy form is always near -
Thy dove-like spirit hovers near,
And when thy form is out of sight,
I will not, cannot be so bright.

Come gentlemen, blades fair,
Let know your sentiment this evening
For fear I shall be in despair,
For oh, I cannot bear this teasing.
In vain have I counted the lady fair
And almost in anger have begun
To despair,
For the cold careless glance too

plainly doth say,
There's no hope for you this way
a day.

Dont fail young man to please the
fair,
That sits so near with auburn
hair,
For she will make a charming
wife,
And make you happy all your life.

Oh when my dear with faultering
sigh,
I felt thy hands bewildered touch,
I could not bid you then good by -
For oh, my heart was filled too much.

The mused moon descends
To inspire our souls with love
And will unto us bend ~~down~~
Some bright vision from above
As o'er the blue wave we gallantly
sailed,
All pleasure, all danger triumph-
antly hailed,

There came across me thoughts of
happier days,
Which if you please I'll give you
in short lays.

But when a new home we shall
find,
May better joys be ours,
And blessings new, of every kind,
Fill up the happy hours.

I clasp your tiny hand in mine
And then I gaze upon thine
angel's face,
Thy tresses of fair hair I twine,
Entranced as I were by matchless
grace.

When gazing on the deep, dark sea,
As we in our bark were steering
And each sail were in a glee
While o'er the waves careering.

What is the meaning of that sigh
Sorrowful you must not be,
The tear that sparkles in thine eye

I'm sure it cannot be for me.

Thy charms are like the stars
Nothing thy beauty mars.

Thou art all loveliness & grace -
Thy charms are pictured in thy face

I love thee more than heart can
tell,

Thou lovely charming, Isabelle,
And long have wished to tell thee so
Oh wilt you be mine, oh, oh, oh, oh,

Around this table may be seen,
Beauties pink, black, blue & green
And as I sit & gaze upon them
I compare each one to some bright
gem.

Oft have I thought of thee love,
And th would you be mine too
No prison should your form confine
Would you mine own love, but be
mine.

Your soaring mind must dwell
In other worlds than this

Will you not to mortals tell,
In what consists your bliss.

What is the most suitable age for
a lady to marry?

Why surely before she has lost,
Ere she all her youthful grace
And before she has bid farewell
To her pretty & charming face.

Upon what do you most love to
think?

At night I love to think
Upon the bright, bright stars
And as I gaze I drink,
And that their hearty words.

What do you think of Emma
Nicholas?

Single blessedness, I'm sure,
Will never be her lot,
So amiable, lovely, & pure,
She cannot be forgot.

What do you think of Eliza Storr?

Will she ever be forsoaken,
By those who reign above?
Sure, you are mistaken,
She's worth an angel's love.

How do like our masters?

His manliness & grace,
Suit his Betrothed's pretty face.

Which do you prefer poetry or
prose?

Why that must ever depend,
Upon the author's dexterity;
To poetry I am a friend,
And to prose with all prosperity.

Whom in the world do you most
admire?

And must I write the name,
Of the sweet butterfly I love,
For she is truly the same.

as she I most admire.

What gives you the greatest
pleasure?

That peace which comes from
above,

Sure all will agree is the one,
That gives greatest pleasure &
Love

Though ambition be the aim
of some.

Written Hamilton 1835-

It was a cold cheerless night in
the midst of December,
As we shall on the morrow
all well remember;

Six good natured minnies were
sitting & writing,
Now & then copying, now & then
fighting.

I'll write about Emma, a
grateful theme,

But to talk of ourselves how
odd it would seem.

Good girl! your modesty I surely
admire,
A thing not very easy to acquire.

The stars shine bright,
Mistake, not this night,
You're a fool down right,
You're a greater you right.

Around this joyful board we sit
In a most delightful fit,
Each beats his plate the point to
hit,
That he may show some real
wit.

Come to the table spread,
But not for a piece of bread
Come the effusions of genius
to view,

as rough as my hat & coarse
as my shoe.

My skull is thick, my brain is
shallow.

Ah so it is you stupid fellow,
If there were hopes you would
I'd be better

It would make us bear with
all your clatter.

Come let us try something
new.

So then from branches to music
we'll tie,

I'm so little from which to
screw-

So let us make haste the Piano
to try.

How are so witty as we,

But we take an odd method to
prove it.

The muse hangs dead on the
tree,

While common sense towers
above it.

This evening hour I dearly love
How joyfully it passes on.

While those below, & those above
Eat bread & butter with lasses on.

Oh Mrs Anne Nicholas, Mrs Anne
Nicholas,

The evening hath full quickly
past,

I saw in my heart you're very
ridiculous.

You poor foolish little lass.

In this verse I'll celebrate
Matilda's fame,

For above all others I prefer her
name;

Her industry, but more her charming
voice I love,

Seemingly like some heavenly
accent from above.

If you will be as good as your
wishes,
I shall like you better than now
But you are so loath of kiddes
I ne'er will like you any how.

And now to be witty & wise,
To be merry & happy as flies,
Above what's left you must ride
I'm there already, bless your eyes.

This ere I'll to the Old woman's
name devote,

For above all others on her name
I dote,

Though sometimes she may witty
seem,

Yet as borrowed we it surely deem
From Shakespear all her ideas
flow,

They are not her own we all do know

Your eyes may sparkle with joke
And yet your brain be dull,
As beauty oft doth hide her

a very empty skull.

Oh never shall I your face forget
Your ugliness so rare is
With yellow hair, eyes all wet
Say what your care is?

Oh what is like old Nick, alas!
Oh mad sakes how can I tell,
A couked monk repeating mass!
Indeed! all thanks! 'tis very well!

Awake! the muse, come hark
awake,

And rouse our slumbering
fancies,

The long, the doleful silence break
And wake us from our trances

'Tis not in outward pomp I show
That others our true wits do know
But in the private walk we find
A friend that's generous, just
& kind.

Helps! oh help you gracious
mine

To compose a second line,
And to a third extend your aid
And guard me from a cross
old maid.

Six were sitting round a table
But now I think were very able
To write a line or two off verse
To edify when we rehearse.
