

²
Poems of John Tyler, President of
the United States 1841-1845.

Speed on my vessel^x

Air - Oh, no; I'll never mention him.

Speed on my vessel, speed thee fast,
Swift o'er the briny sea,
I'm going to my home at last,
Where there's peace and rest for me.

My back of lips, long tempered Tossed
Now seeks a place of rest,
Where memory of the past is lost,
And sunshine fills my breast.

Now at the harbor's open gate
The auspicious eyes are strained,
The "wee ones" all will set up late
And sigh for me detained.

Then on my vessel speed thee fast
Swift o'er the briny sea,
Home rises on my ^{sigh} ~~home~~ at last,
And there is rest for me.

^x written on his resignation from the
U. S. Senate in 1836.