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

Speed on my vessel!

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

Speed on my vessel, speed thee back,
Swift o'er the burning sea,
I'm going to my home at last,
Where there's peace and rest now.

My bark of life long tempest 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 anguish eyes are trained,
The "free ones" all will set up late
And sigh for me detained.

Then on my vessel speed the last
Swift o'er the burning sea,
Time rises on my home at last,
And there is rest for me.

X

Written on his resignation from the U.S. Senate in 1836.