The Ship Obed Mitchell of New Bedford
Capt Peleg S Wing of Dartmouth

Lu Lu

Shines many a maiden
More brilliant by far
With the step of a fawn
And the glance of a star
But heart there was never
More tender and true
Than beats in the bosom
Of Darling Lulu
Her eyes are too modest
To dazzle but oh
They win you to love her
If you will or no
And when they glances meet
With their shy, startled look
Her soul trembles in them
Like light in a brook
There are bright eyes by thousands
Black tresses and blue
But none are so loving
As those of Lulu
And waves of soft hair
That a poet would covet
Lie over her brow
She now nearby blooms
Shows that light silken mass
But when it does play there
How softly it plays
Oh there many a maiden
More brilliant tis true
But none so enchanting
As little Lulu.