

**Extract from a book of letters written by Captain Phillip Vibert**  
**On board the ship Gaspe in 1828**

**Valentine to a lady**

**My dear your eyes they shine so bright  
They are like dead whittings in the night  
Your arms are brawny, brown, and tough  
Your shin like hog's back rough  
Your voice the screech, owls does excel  
Your breath a pole cat's is as well  
Your mouth a sparrow's is my dear  
It reaches but from ear to ear  
In you such charms at once combine  
I choose you for my valentine**

**Answer**

**Your wit is pert, like an oyster knife  
The bluntest I ever held in my life  
It cuts and it hacks at a terrible rate  
And is just an emblem of your empty fate  
So take my advice and the honour decline  
For you never, I know, shall be my valentine**

**Valentine**

**Betty, oft you've know me stop  
When you've been bundling of your mop  
Your rosy cheeks and arms so plump  
Make my poor heart go thump and thump  
Then dearest Betty, now incline  
Unto you faithful valentine**