

There is a lady whom I love
All other girls she's far above:
She's fair, she's bright, and there is none
So kind as she, "There's only one
Miss Tweedy".

Ah! she my Valentine shall be!
For when she's by, I cannot see
The charm (as other men have done)
In Mary fair; to me "there's only one
Miss Tweedy."

Miss Jennie is a queen of girls,
With brilliant eyes and hair that curls;
For Leeds she'll do; for me there's none
Compared with Belle. "There's only one
Miss Tweedy."

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