I can't tell why, but so it is,
When with her I am walking,
Or snugly seated by her side,
Beneath the moonlight talking,
I always feel, as if my veins,
Were fill'd with flowing fire,
And think some Angel hath assumed
The form of Fanny Myer.

She surely is the sweetest flower,
This sunny Isle adorning;
She is in Beauty's firmament,
The golden Star of morning;
And he who wins her for his bride,
May ask no raptures higher;
For home becomes a paradise
When blest with Fanny Myer.

But what are all her charms to me?-
For me they are not shining;
Some gayer bard will pluck the rose,
And leave my soul repining.
Her beauty only kindles hopes,
Which must too soon expire;
And woe will follow, when I lose
My lovely Fanny Myer.

I know she never can be mine;
No arts have I to win her;
She will not listen to my songs,
Nor wear the flowers I bring her;
And yet the homage of my heart,
O, how can I deny her;
Whilst life shall last, I still must love,
My lovely Fanny Myer.