



The Sailor's Complaint.



When I landed first at Dover;
She appear'd a Goddess bright;
From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
And was struck with so fair a Sight:
On the Shore pretty Lukey walked,
Near to where our Frigate lay,
And altho' so near the landing
I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my pretty Creature,
The delight of Land and Sea;
No Man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her Company:
I'd have fain made her my true Love,
For Better, or for Worse;
But alas! I cou'd not compass her,
For to steer the Marriage Course.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,
Had the Heart to use me so;
Till I found by often sounding,
She'd another Love in tow:

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,
 Could have come into my Mind,
 Than to see the Bold—Defiance,
 Sailing right before the Wind:
 O'er the white Waves as she danced,
 And her Colours gayly flew;
 But that was not half so charming,
 As the Trim of lovely Luc.

On a rocky Coast I've driven,
Where the stormy Winds do rise,
Where the rowling Mountain Billows,
Lift a Vessel to the Skies:
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
Little dread I ever knew,
When compared to the Dangers,
In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

So farewell hard hearted Sukey,
I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,
And try in a more friendly Latitude,
Since I in yours cannot be.