

# The Sailors's Complaint

G. F. Händel (1685–1759)

B.c. arr. by Christian Mondrup

**Voice**

Come and list - en — to my Dit - ty, All ye jol - ly — Hearts of

**Basso Continuo**

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4

Gold, lend a Broth - er, — Ian your Pi - ty, Who was once so — stout &

7 6 6 5 7

8

Bold: But the Ar - rows of — Cu - pid, a - lass' has made me —

6 6

12

rue; Sure true Love was ne'er so treat - ed, As — Ian by — scornful Sue.

6 6

2. 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 Sukey walked,  
Near to where our Frigate lay,  
And altho' so near the landing  
I, alas' was cast away.

3. When first I hal'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 stear the Marriage Course.

4. Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,  
Cou'd 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 Sue.

5. 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.

6. 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:  
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.