

A BALLAD by the late Lord DORSET, when at Sea.

To you fair La - dies now at Land, We Men at Sea_ in - dite; But first wou'd
have you un - der - stand, How hard it is___ to write: The Mu - ses now, and
Nep - tune too, We must im - plore_ to write to you; With a Fa la, la,___ la,
la, The Mu - ses now, and Nep - tune too, We must im -
plore___ to write to you; With a Fa la, la,___ la, la, la.

But tho' the Muses should be kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* cause the Wind,
To rouse the *Azure* Main:
Our Paper, Pens, and Ink and we,
Rowl up and down our Ships at Sea,
With a Fa la, la, la, la,
Our Paper, Pens, and Ink and we,
Rowl up and down our Ships at Sea,
With a Fa la, la, la, la.

Then if we write not by each Post,
Think not that we're unkind;
Nor yet conclude that we are lost,
By *Dutch*, by *French*, or Wind,
Our grief will find a speedier way,
The Tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a Fa la, &c.

The King with wonder and surprize,
Will think the Seas grown bold;
For that the Tide does higher rise,
Then e'er it did of old:
But let him know that 'tis our Tears,
Sends floods of Grief to *White-Hall* Stairs,
With a Fa la, &c.

Shou'd Count *Thoulouse* but come to know,
Our sad and dismal Story;
The French wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,
Where they can get no Glory:
For what resistance can they find,
From Men as left their Hearts behind,
With a Fa la, &c.

To pass our tedious time away,
We throw the merry Main;
Or else at serious *Ombra* play,
But why shou'd we in vain,
Each others ruin thus pursue,
We were undone when we left you,
With a Fa la, &c.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
That dyes in e'ery Note;
As if it sigh'd for each Man's care,
For being so remote:
Think then how often Love we've made,
To you while all those Tunes were play'd,
With a Fa la, &c.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let *French-men* Vapour, *Dutch-men* Curse,
No Sorrows we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Nor who's our Friend, nor who our Foe,
With a Fa la, &c.

Thus having told you all our Loves,
And likewise all our Fears;
In hopes this Declaration moves,
Some Pity to our Tears:
Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
We have too much of that at Sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la,
Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
We have too much of that at Sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.