



THE
Happy Lovers.

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ITS now I'm return'd from the seas,
Unto my dear Charmer I'll go,
And if she'll consent my bride for to be,
All my riches on her I'll bestow.

For her I have plough'd the salt seas,
Many dangers endur'd for my dear,
And all our engagements were crown'd with
success,
But still her denial I fear.

Like the waves when with tempests they're
toss'd,
My breast heaves with grief and despair;
But yet with my suit, I have hope she'll comply,
So I'll steer off my course to my fair.

To her father away he did haste,
To sue for his daughter so dear;
He kindly consented, his bride she should be,
So married they instantly were.

So here's to this couple so true,
And happy for e'er may they reign;
And here's to all sailors that plough the salt
seas,
That have conquer'd and conquer'd again.

