



## The Disconsolate Sailor.

When my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,  
And the world it did frown at my fate,  
What mattered my zeal, or my honoured scars,  
When indifference stood at each gate.

That face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,  
Shews a different aspect to me,  
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,  
I hied me again to the sea.

I thought 'twas unjust for to pine at my lot  
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,  
I pack'd up my trifling remnants I'd got,  
And a trifle, alas ! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
Which over my shoulder I threw,  
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,  
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,  
And when the wide main I survey'd,  
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,  
And fortune a slippery jade.

I swear if once more I can take her in tow,  
I'll let the ungrateful world see,  
That the turbulent winds, and the billows could  
shew  
More kindness than they did to me.

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