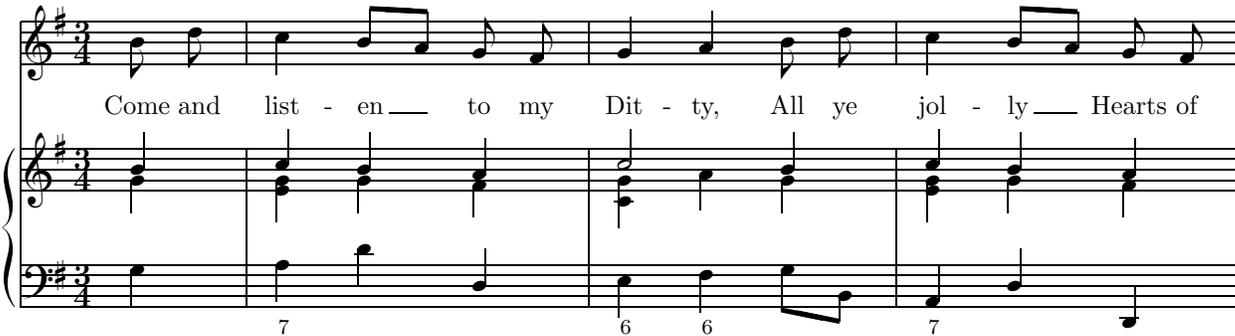


# The Sailors's Complaint

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

7 6 6 5 7

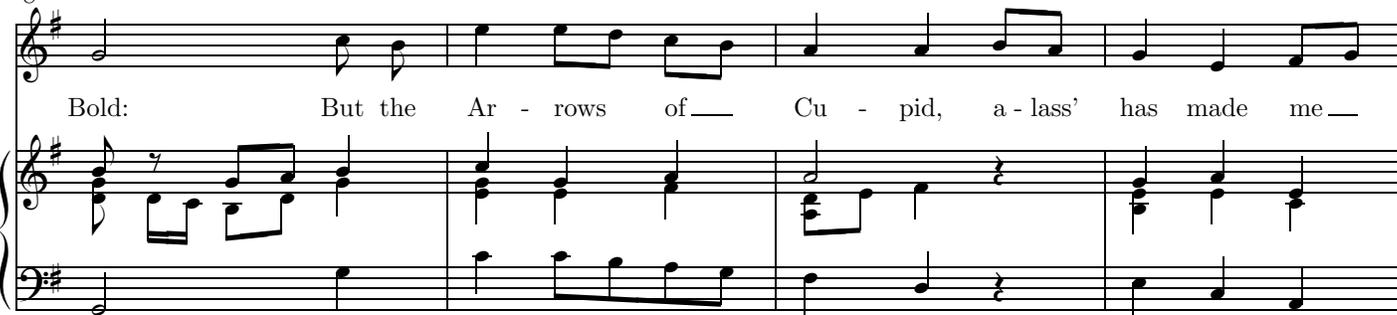
4



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 steer 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.