

What pen can well report the plight
Another of Seafarers, describing Evil Fortune

What pen can well report the plight
Of those that travel on the seas?
To pass the weary winter's night,
With stormy clouds, wishing for day;
With waves that toss them to and fro,
Their poor estate is hard to show.

2. When boistering winds begin to blow
On cruel coasts, from haven we;
The foggy mist so dims the shore
That rocks and sands we may not see;
Nor have no room on seas to try,
But pray to God and yield to die.

3. When shoals and sandy banks appear
What pilot can direct his course?
When foaming tides draw us so near,
Alas! what fortune can be worse?
Then anchors hold must be our stay,
Or else we fall into decay.

4. We wander still from luff to lee,
And find no steadfast wind to blow;
We still remain in jeopardy,
Each perilous point is hard to show;
In time we hope to find redress,
That long have lived in heaviness.

5. O pinching, weary, loathsome life,
That travel still in far exile.
The dangers great on seas be rife,
Whose recompense doth yield but toil.
O Fortune, grant me my desire:
A happy end I do require.

6. When frets and spates have had their fill
And gentle calm the coast will clear,
Then haughty hearts shall have their will,
That long have wept with morning cheer;
And leave the seas with their annoy,
At home at ease to live in joy.