

Love what will you do

What will you do, Love, when I am going,
With white sails flying?
The seas beyond?
What will you do, Love, when waves divide us,
And friends may hide us,
From being found?
Though waves divide us and friends be chiding
In faith abiding,
I'll still be true,
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy Ocean,
In deep devotion,
That's what I'll do.

What would you do have it distant tidings
Of home confessions,
Should undermine?
And I shivering with salty skies,
Should think other eyes,
Were as bright as thine?
Oh come it not; though guilt and shame
Were on thy name,
I'd still be true,
But that heart of thine, should another share it,
I could not bear it
That would I do

What would you do have when home returning
With hopes high burning, &
With mouth for you -
If my Mark that bounded our foreign foam
Should be lost near home
Oh what would you do
So thou wert spared, I'd shed the morrow
In want and sorrow
That left me gone
As I'd no home there from the wasting billow
My heart thy pillow
That's what I'd do

The Confession

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat in my heart;
The dawning day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest.

I cannot take my rest, father
Though I would fain do so
A weary weight oppresseth me
This weary weight of woe.

'Tis not the lack of gold, father
Nor lack of worldly goods
My lands are full and broad to see
My friends are kind and dear.

My kin are true and true, father
They mourn to see my grief
But 'tis not a kind hand
Can give my heart relief.

'Tis not that many is false, father
Nor that that's false is kind
Though many flatterers swarm around
I know their constant mind.

'Tis not that I am cruel or a thing
That chills my loving breast
Nor that I am a cruel
I've eat, what can't digest.