2. Believe not what the landsmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,  
They tell thee, sailors when away,  
At every port a mistress find;  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present where so e'er I go.

3. The battle calls me from thine arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn,  
The cannons war, yet save from harm,  
William shall to his dear return,  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

Transcribed by G. Dooley from manuscript in Jane Austen's House Museum collection (7:10).  
Unidentified handwriting. Transcribed as appears with no alterations (including infelicities in LH).