

Let me briefly here rehearse
 In the rhythmic flow of verse
 What I pondered, what I thought,
 What the questions that I sought
 To answer, while I slowly
 Paced the quarter-deck, wholly
 At a loss to understand
 Why some shipmates who on land
 Were quite jaunty, gay and bright,
 Should be now the opposite,
 Seeming weary, pained, distressed,
 And with hopelessness oppressed.

Sailing from the Mersey's port,
 Filled with craft of every sort,
 Swift the *Southwark* speeded on,
 Westward to the setting sun.
 Soon we passed the Isle of Man,
 By the Giant's Causeway ran,
 Rathlin's crags and Tory Isle
 Vanished from our view meanwhile.
 Then we felt the ocean's swell,
 Saw, alas! that many fell
 Under Neptune's nauseous spell,
 Suffered more than tongue can tell,
 Wished they had not gone to sea,
 Longed again on shore to be,
 Shrank from dainties of the board,
 Neither smiled nor spoke a word,
 Glanced about with piteous eye
 For some sign of sympathy,
 Wanted to be left in peace
 Till their sufferings should cease.

Tell us, Doctors, if you know,
 What microbe afflicts us so,
 Turns our gladness into woe,
 When the Sea doth angry grow?
 Makes us savoury dishes spurn,
 And from those who're dearest turn,
 Steal away with trembling feet
 To our stateroom's lone retreat,
 Where unseen we moan and weep,
 Till o'ercome by gentle sleep?

Can your science or your skill
 Not exorcise this dread ill?