

Sweet-William

OF

Plymouth,

IN

FOUR PARTS.



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( 2 )  
*Sweet William of Plymouth.*

IN THREE PARTS.

A Seaman of Plymouth, sweet William by name,  
A wo oing to beautiful Susan he came,  
At length he obtain'd her love and good-will,  
And likewise her father admired her still.

Her mother was likewise well satisfied,  
The day was appointed the knot should be tied,  
All friends were invited, but see by the way,  
Sweet Susan she sickned and languishing lay.

They us'd their endeavours to raise her again;  
By leaer'd physicians whose skill was in fame;  
A week she continued, sweet William did grieve,  
Because of his love he must needs take his leave.

All being commanded to sail with the next wind,  
Then leaving his sorrowful jewel behind;  
He said we'll be married when I come again,  
If thou by good fortune alive shalt remain.

So long as I live I will be true to my love,  
And Susan I hope you as constant will prove,  
Never doubt it sweet William, my jewel, said she,  
There's none in the world shall enjoy me but thee.

A tribute of tears at parting they paid,  
Sweet William, the mother, the languishing maid,  
And likewise her father was griev'd to the heart,  
Yet nevertheless for a time they must part.

Away to the ocean sweet William is gone,  
But now we will leave him and shew you anon,

How base and deceitful her parents did prove,  
Who counsell'd their child to be false to her love.

## PART II.

NOW when this young damsel had languishing lain,  
Near five or six months, she recover'd again,  
Whose beauty was brighter than e'er 'twas before,  
So that there were many who her charms did adore.

All did account her that came her to view,  
Her name through the neighbouring villages flew,  
You be the most beautiful creature on earth,  
Although but a fisherman's daughter by birth.

Now she was courted by none of the worst,  
A wealthy young farmer came to her the first,  
And call'd her his jewel, the joy of his life,  
She said, pray be gone, for I'm another man's wife,  
By sacred vows, in the presence of God,  
And if I am false let his heavenly rod,  
Of sharpest correction, my punishment be,  
And therefore begone from my presence said she.

Thence came a young 'squire and call'd or his dear,  
And said he would settle two hundred a year  
Upon her, if that she would be his sweet bride;  
I cannot, I dare not, you must be denied.

Then unto her father and mother, he went,  
When having discovered his noble intent,  
They being ambitious of honour and fame,  
They strove to persuade her, but hall was in vain.

Dear parents, says she, now observe what I say,  
In all things that are lawful I must needs obey,  
But when you would have me perjure'd for gold,  
I dare not submit, to the truth I will hold.

They found that it was but folly to strive  
 So long as she heard her love was alive,  
 To bring to her mind any other but he,  
 Therefore the young 'squire and they did agree  
 To send this young beautiful creature away  
 Along with a lady to Holland, and they,  
 Would tell her love at his return she was dead,  
 So that he some other young damsel might wed.

Then would it be lawful to marry the 'squire,  
 Who did her fair beautiful features admire,  
 This was their contrivance, to Holland they went,  
 Poor creature she knew not their crafty intent.

But since her dear parents would needs have it so  
 In point of obedience she yielded to go;  
 Where now we shall leave her and treat of her love,  
 Who had been gone from her two years and above.

PART III

IN William's long voyage they came to a place,  
 Where he was but a very short space,  
 Ere fortune did favour him, so that he bought  
 A bargain worth hundreds and thousands 'tis thought.

Then laden with riches he came to the shore,  
 Said he my dear jewel whom I do adore,  
 I will go and visit before that I rest,  
 My heart hath many months lodg'd in her breast.

Now when to the house of her parents he came,  
 He call'd for his Susan; sweet Susan by name,  
 But straight her old mother did make this reply,  
 'Tis long since my daughter did languish and die,

His heart at these tidings was ready to break,  
 Some minutes he had not the power for to speak,  
 At length with a flood of tears he replied,  
 Farewel to the pleasures and joys of a bride.

My sorrows is more than I'm able to bear,  
 As Susan departed, sweet Susan the fair.  
 There's none in the world I'll marry since she,  
 Is laid in the grave that was worthy of me.

Their presence he quitted with watery eyes,  
 And went to his father and mother likewise,  
 His own loving parents, and to them he left  
 His wealth, because he of his love was bereft.

Resolved I am for to travel again,  
 Perhaps it may wear off my sorrow and pain,  
 Take take care of my riches, it's treasure unknown,  
 And if I return not then all is your own.

But if I live to see you once more,  
 I make no great doubt but the same you'll restore;  
 My that I will son the father replied,  
 So for this long voyage he straight did provide.

He entered on board and away he did steer,  
 The seas they were calm and the elements clear  
 At first, but at length a great storm did arise,  
 Black clouds they did cover and darken the skies.

The seas they did rage and the winds they did roar  
 At length being drove on the Hollanders' shore,  
 Their ship was all tore and shatter'd indeed,  
 Then on their voyage they could not proceed.

Now while they lay by their good ship to repair,  
 Will walk'd to the Hague and walk'd here and there  
 And as he was walking along in the street,  
 His beautiful Susan he chanced to meet,

He started as soon as her face he beheld,  
 With wonder and joy he was instantly fill'd,  
 Oh! tell me said he, ye blest powers above,  
 Does my eyes deceive me or is it my love?  
 Oh. tell me, said he, ye ye blest powers above,  
 Does my eyes deceive me, or is it my love?

They say she's been buried a twelve month almost,  
 This is my love or her beautiful ghost,  
 And straight he ran to her and found it was she,  
 Then none in the world was so happy as he.

My dearest, says William, ah, why do you roam,  
 What destiny brought you so far from your home?  
 The story she told him with tears in her eyes,  
 Concerning the farmer and squire likewise.

They courted me long but I still said them nay  
 And therefore my parents they sent me away,  
 To wait on a lady, with whom I am now,  
 Because I refused to be false to my vow,

He presently told her of all his affairs,  
 His riches, his sorrows, his troubles and cares,  
 And how he was going a voyage to make,  
 He did not know whither, and all for her sake.

But as he was sailing the weather prov'd foul,  
 The winds they did roar and the billows did roll,  
 Yet nevertheless on the turbulent sea,  
 The waves were so kind they convey'd me to thee,  
 I'll unto the lady and give her to know,  
 That thou shalt not serve her any longer, but go  
 With me to fair Plymouth, where thou shalt be seen  
 As gay as herself, or a beautiful queen,

## PART IV.

HE made quick dispatch and soon brought her away,  
 The seas they were calm and the winds did obey,  
 So that in a short time to fair Plymouth they came,  
 And now he was clearly for changing her name,

He told his father and mother that here  
 By fortune's kind favour he did light on his dear  
 And now prepare for the wedding said he,  
 His father and mother invited shall be

Then unto her parents he lasted at last,  
 And told them the height of his sorrows were past,  
 For since you say Susan your daughter is dead,  
 I have found a beauty with whom I will wed,

And therefore I'm come to tell you the news,  
 I hope that one favour you will not refuse.  
 O honour me with your presence I pray,  
 And come to my wedding, to morrow's the day.

They promis'd they would, and were pleas'd to the  
 To think how bravely they had acted their part. (Heart  
 Now says the mother, I have my desire,  
 We'll call home our daughter to marry the squire,

The next morning sweet Susan was dress'd,  
 In sumptuous apparel more gay than he rest,  
 The richest of silk the world could afford, (board,  
 Embroider'd with gold, which he brought form on

With diamonds and rubies her vesture did shine,  
 For beauty she shin'd like an angel divine,  
 Secure ever was a mortal so glorious and great,  
 And likewise her modestly suited her state.

Now when with the bride down to dinner they sat,  
 Her parents and friends being so lovingly met,

This stately apparel had alter'd her so,  
Her father and mother her face could not know.

A health to the bride round the table did pass,  
The mother of Susan, when taking the glass,  
Did so as the rest, and spoke up with a grace,  
My daughter, if living, had been in her place.

The bride at her saying she modestly smil'd,  
To think that the mother knew not her own child,  
Soon after the bride she arose from her seat,  
And fell on her knees at her parents feet.

I am your daughter, the which you did send  
To Holland, but heaven has stood my friend,  
And plac'd me me secure in the arms of my love,  
For which I may thank the blest powers above.

Her father and mother they likewise replied,  
The 'squire was in earnest to make you his bride,  
But since it's ordained by Heaven's decrees.

We grant you our blessing, rise up from your knees.

Then William spoke up with a suitable voice,  
A sig for the 'squire, bring him to my face,  
For crowns of bright silver with him I'll let fall,  
And he that hold longest shall surely have all.

They wonder'd how he such riches obtain'd,  
Yet still they believ'd in was true in the main,  
Because he appear'd so glorious and gay,

With music and dancing they finish'd the day.