

BLACK-EY'D
SUSAN'S
GARLAND,

IN

FOUR PARTS.

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BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

PART I.

ALL in the Downs a fleet was moor'd,
 the streamers waving in the wind,
 When Black-Ey'd Susan came on board,
 oh where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me you jovial sailors, tell me true,
 if my sweet William, if my sweet William fails
 among the crew.

William aloft upon the yard,
 rock'd with billows to and fro
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 he sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord flew quickly through his glowing hands,
 and quick as light'ning, and quick as light'ning,
 on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark poised in the air,
 shut close her pinions to her breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 and drops at once into her nest.
 Each noble captain in the English fleet,
 might envy William, might envy William's lips
 with kisses sweet.

Oh Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 my vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 we only part to meet again;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 the faithful compass, the faithful compass that
 still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 with doubts they'll fix your constant mind,
 They'll tell that sailors, when gone away,
 in every port a mistress find.
 Believe them not where'er they tell you so,
 for thou art present, for thou art present, where-
 soe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breasts are like Africa's spices small,
 thy skin as any ivory white,
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 wakes in my soul, wakes in my soul fond
 charms of lovely Sue.

Though battles call me from thy arms,
 William shall to his dear return,
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harm,
 my pretty Susan do not mourn;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 lest precious tears, lest precious tears should drop
 from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 the sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 they kiss'd; she sigh'd, and hung her head.
 The list'ning boat, unwilling, rows to land
 adieu, she cried, adieu she cried, and wav'd her
 lilly hand.

PART 2.

Through a grove I took my way,
 sweet recreation for to take,

A charming maiden fair and gay,
 for her true love sad moan did make,
 In a sweet bower, near a pleasant green,
 dress'd like a goddess, dress'd like a goddess, or some
 beautiful Queen.

To this poor maid with sorrow fill'd,
 I went to ease her of her smart,
 But when my person she beheld,
 she said, kind sir, I pray depart ;
 What business have you here to trouble me,
 or to be scoffing, or to be scoffing, at my
 misery,

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
 why should I make a scoff at thee,
 I do perceive thou art in love,
 and I should wish it were for me.
 Sweet lovely creature tell me but your name,
 for your sweet charms, for your sweet charms do
 my senses inflame.

Susan, that is my name, said she,
 who am oppress'd with grief and woe ;
 My dearest love is gone to sea,
 but where he is I do not know ;
 My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears,
 I have not seen him, I have not seen him, for
 these many years.

Dear mistress Susan, I do protest,
 I think I know the same young man,
 Has he not a mole upon his breast,
 likewise his name is William Lamb,

And if he be the same I'll tell you plain,
 that all your sighs, that all your sighs,
 are truly spent in vain.

That is the man who is my dear,
 pretty sweet Susan did reply,
 You make me tremble for to hear
 of my dear love's inconstancy ;
 But such a thing can surely never be,
 for he admires, for he admires no other maid
 but me.

That's your mistake, sweet charming fair,
 for I will let you understand,
 William is married I do declare,
 to a young maid in New England,
 And rais'd to be a man of high degree ;
 therefore forget him, therefore forget him, since
 he is false to thee.

If this be true that you have said,
 then all my joys are laid aside,
 I am a poor distressed maid,
 none other shall make me a bride,
 Since he is false a maid I'll live and die.
 but still my heart, but still my heart,
 to the sweet William's nigh.

If I could but my William view,
 who is across the watery main,
 Then I my mind would soon impart,
 to him who breaks my heart in twain,
 And she who is bride I'd love her too.
 though he is false, though he is false, my love
 to him is true.

PART 3.

WHERE is sweet William, where is my dear?
 toss'd by the billows to and fro,
 Sometimes as high as mountain tops,
 then sinking in the waves below,
 Thus like my troubled heart, the ship does move,
 and like my wandering, and like my wandering
 fancy it does rove :

Sometimes in silent sleep I see
 the ship in full spread sails come in.
 With watermen so neat and trim,
 for to convey me safe to him,
 Come hail the ship, ye sailors tell me true,
 if my sweet William, if my sweet William's
 now alive with you.

Then I see him swiftly fly,
 for to receive me in his arms,
 Susan says he, welcome on board,
 I do admire thy beautiful charms ;
 A thousand kisses on me he does bestow,
 while the ship softly, while the ship softly,
 is waving to and fro.

Millions of raptures I enjoy,
 fair Helen with all her beauty bright
 By Paris could not be admired more,
 than I by William, my heart's delight,
 But when I awake, like Rosamond fair, I see
 love's but a fable, love's but a fable,
 all my contentments see.

How does my heart thus panting lie,
 when I do find it out a dream,

William is on the ocean wide,
 not by his Susan to be seen;
 O Neptune, pray be kind unto my dear,
 and quick convey him, and quick convey him
 here my soul to cheer.

Boreas, instead of blustering winds,
 breathe out a sweet and pleasant gale,
 That softly o'er the purling streams
 my dearest love may safely sail;
 You mermaids, with your harmony so sweet,
 charm my sweet William, charm my sweet Wil-
 to his silent sleep. (liam

And when they to the harbour come,
 wind gently whisper in my ear,
 Like unto lightning I will fly,
 William, thy constant heart to cheer;
 The boat, so willing, rows to the ship's side,
 calling sweet William, calling sweet William,
 to receive his bride.

Into my arms he straight will fly,
 saying, my dear do not complain;
 Though I have been absent many day,
 yet I am returned to my love again;
 I am thy William join'd to thee by oath,
 nothing but death, nothing but death
 shall ever part us both.

PART 4.

SEEING sweet Susan's loyalty,
 tears down his cheeks did drop amain,
 My dear, behold on my right breast
 you know there grows a certain mole,

Let not thy heart be fore oppress'd ;
 there is the broken piece of gold,
 Which we did break upon a certain day,
 when we did part, when we did part,
 and I did fail away.

Sorrow and hardship I went through,
 while I was on the raging main ;
 Now my dear beloved Sue,
 I am return'd to thee again :
 No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
 but live at pleasure. but live at pleasure
 with my lovely bride.

Susan in a swoon did faint
 at William's feet, I do declare,
 Soon he reviv'd his charming faint,
 there was a happy, loving pair ;
 William and Susan sweetly pass along
 to Plymouth church, to Plymouth church,
 where multitudes did throng.

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,
 and twenty maidens in rich attire,
 A glorious sight for to behold,
 music play'd sweet to their desire,
 To accompany the bride and bridegroom there ;
 now they are joined, now they are joined
 a sweet and happy pair.

F I N I S.