

*All in the Downs,*

*Or, Black Ey'd Susan.*

To which are added,

**THE ABSENT LOVER.**

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE,

*The Maniac's Song.*

**HERRING IN SA'T,**

*With the Answer,*



**STIRLING,**

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*All in the Downs.*

All in the Downs the fleet lay 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 ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?  
William, then high upon the yard,  
rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
he sigh'd and cast his eyes below,  
The cord glid s swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air,  
shuts close his pin ons on his breast,  
If chance his mates shrill cry he'll hear,  
and drops at once into her nest  
The noble captain in the British fleet,  
Might envy ed William's lips those kisses sweet.

O 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 that full points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,  
 who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,  
 They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,  
 in every port a mistress find :  
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,  
 thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
 Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,  
 thy skin is ivory so white,  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,  
 let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
 William will to his dear return :  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatwain gave the dreadful word,  
 the sails their swelling bosoms spread ;  
 No longer must she stay on board,  
 they kiss'd, she sigh'd he hung his head,  
 Her lessning boat unwilling rows to land,  
 Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lilly hand.

*The Absent Lover.*

What ails this heart o' mine?  
 What ails this wat'ry ee?

What gars me ay turn cauld as death,  
When I tak leave o' thee?  
When thou art far awa,  
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;  
But change o' fouk an' change o' place,  
May gar thy fancy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,  
Just by yon spreading tree,  
And gin a leaf la' in my lap,  
I'll ca't a word frae thee.  
Syne I'll gang to the bower  
Which thou wi' roses tied,  
'Twas there, by mony a blushing  
I strove my love to hide,

I'll doat on ilka spot  
Where I hae been wi' thee,  
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale,  
By ev'ry burp and tree,  
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
Tho' lovers absent be,  
And when I think I see thee still,  
I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

### *I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane.*

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,  
He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me,  
He's willing to mak me his ain,  
and his ain I am willing to be.  
He has coft me a roeklay o' blue,  
and a pair o' mittens o' green.



The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
and I paid him the debt yestreen.

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer;  
ne'er heed wha' the auld anes will say,  
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,  
wha's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
Our Laird has baith honours and wealth,  
yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
Now we, though we've naething but healt  
are canty and leil evermair.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,—  
wae's me! can I tak it amiss?  
My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,  
he's free ay to aut and to kiss.  
Ye lasses wha lo'e to lament  
your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
Play your pranks—I hae gien my consent,  
and this night I am Jamie's for life.

### *The Maniac's Song.*

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
They say my brain is warped and wrung—  
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,  
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.  
But were I now where Allan glides,  
Or hear my native Devon's tides,  
So sweetly would I rest, and pray,  
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

Twas thus my hair they bad me braid,  
 They bad me to the church repair; I had  
 It was my bridal morn they said,  
 And my true love would meet me there.  
 But woe betide the cruel guile,  
 That drown'd in blood the morning smile!  
 And woe betide the fairy dream!  
 I only wak'd to sob and scream.

*Herring in sa't.*

My daddy is dead an' left me some lan,  
 lass gin ye loe me tell me true:  
 An aft times I maun gang to the barn,  
 and I canna win ilka day to woo.

I hae corn will soon be made meal,  
 lass gin ye loe me tell me now;  
 An' I hae barley to mak some kail,  
 an' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae laid three herring in sa't,  
 lass gin ye loe me tell me now,  
 I hae brewn a torpet o ma't,  
 and I canna win ilka day to woo.

I hae a calf will soon be a cow,  
 lass gin ye loe me tell me now,  
 I hae a pig will soon be a sow,  
 and I canna come ony man to woo.

I hae a house on yonder muir,  
 lass gin ye loe me tell me now;

Three sparrows may dance upo' the floor,  
and I canna come ony mair to woo;

I hae a mare that is coal-black,  
lass gin ye loe me tell me now;

I ride on her neck to save her back,  
and I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a cock that craws fou crouse,  
lass gin ye loe me tell me now;

I hae a cat that will catch a mouse,  
and I canna come ony mair to woo.

I hae a hen wi' a happity leg,  
lass gin ye loe me tell me now;

Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
and I canna come ony mair to woo.

I hae a kebbuck upon the shelf,  
lass gin ye loe me tell me now;

I downa eat it a' myself,  
an I canna come ony mair to woo.

*The Answer.*

What care I for your herring in sa't!  
laddie I like to teil thee true;  
I care nae a fig for your forpelt o' mat;  
fae ye needna come here that way to woo;

As little care I for your hou'e i' the muir,  
een that my lad winna bribe me now,  
Though fifty fouk could dance i' the floor;  
foul fa' me gin that would bring me to.

Sae brag nae mair o' your bûts and your bens,  
 laddie that's no the gate to woo,  
 Though ye had a hunder cocks an hens,  
 they ne'er wad gar me tak ye now.

As for your hen wi the happy leg,  
 laddie ye're either daft or fou,  
 D'ye think that I can dine on ae egg?  
 'deed friend ye're making game o' me now.

Ye say ye've a pig will soon be a fow,  
 laddie I like the truth to tell;  
 When ye brag o' a calf that will soon be a cow,  
 I'm fleed ye're but a calf yourself!

An' for your kebbuck upa' the shelf,  
 hark, an' I'll tell ye how to do;  
 You maun talk o' naething but love for love,  
 for that's the gate a young lads to woo.

For gin I could think ye liket me weel,  
 laddie I tell you truly now;  
 I wad leave my daddy and minny atweel,  
 and blythly the night gang aff wi' you.

PINIS.