All in the Downs. Or, Black Ey'd Susan. To which are added, THE ABSENT LOVE נוסא בידאינכנ א המוחו זמון ביוסמת אסער ברכאי ל I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE. the liphason in site The Maniac's Song.

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> ith the Answer, 1 1 1 1 1



In tachtel son Nerif Tau T Suis to thee. Printed and Sold by M. Randall.

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## All in the Downs.

All in the Downs.

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd, the flreamers waving in the wind, When black-ey'd Sufan came on board,

Oh Lwhere fhall 4 my true love find ? Tell me ye jovial Saitors, tell me true, Does ny sweet William fail among your crew ?

William, then high upon the yard, rock'd with the billows to and fre,

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

he sigh'd and catt his eyes below, The co d glid s twiftly throu his glowing hands, And quick as lightning on the deck he flands.

So the fweet lark high pois d in air,

fluts close his pin ons on his brezft, If chance his mate's fhrill cry heill hear, and drops at one winto her neft The neb ef captain in the British fleet, Might ony ed W hiam's lips those kisses fweet.

O. Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear, ny vows fhall ever true remain. Let me kifs off that falling tear,

we oily part to meet erain : Change as ye hft ye wirds, my heart shall be The taithful compais that full points to thee.

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Believe not what the landsmen fay, who tempt with doubts thy conftant mind,

They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away, 1 con 11 in every port a miltrefs find : "" afaod" Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee to, For thou art prefent wherefoe'er I go.""

If to far India's coaft we fail, in the internet thy eyes are feen in diamonds bright, Thy breath in Afric's fpicy gale,

thy fkin is ivory to white of area in save Thus ev ry beauteous object that I vew Wakes in my foul fome charm of lovely, Sue.

I SPUTE BY LOVE TO MINE Tho' battle calls me from thy arms, let not my pretty Safan mourn; on izoh ilvi Thos cannons roar, yet fafe from harms W

William will to Eis dear return : r of an Il's Love turns aside the balls that round me fly, Left precious tears fliould drop from Sulan's eye. ad smith sigval out

The boatfwars gave the dreadful word, bak the fails their fwelling boloms fpread; No longer must the stay on board,

they kifs d, fhe sigh d he hung his head, Her lefsning boat unwilling rows to land, Adieu, fhe cries, and way d her lilly hand

The Absent Lover ..... and it is an a life and ing What ails this heart o' mine ? our slop put all What ails this wat'ry c'e ?. to zinc .. Inte

The lo'ed ar ?. re

What gars me ny turn cauld as death, so it is be when I tak leave o' thee big must en a When thou art far awa, of so and flot flogsd I Thou'lt dearer grow to me; so a so a flot flogsd I But change o' fouk an' change o' place of a so May gar thy fancy jee, and the so a so a so

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 frac thee. Syne I'll gang to the bower Which thou wi'roses tied, Twas there, by mony a blusning d, stroke W I stroke my love to hide,

i hot batele call me from the

I'll doat on ilka spot and thee, or another of a Whate Ithae been wi' thee, or another of a I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale, as if By eviry burn and tree, said as a arrest sol of Tis hope that cheers the mind, a monsel the Tho' lovers absent be,

And when I, think I see thee still ov itsoid and I'll think I'm still wi thee said that out

I lo'ed ne er a taddie 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 histan, and his ain I am willing to be. He has coft me a rocklay, o' blue, t elis ted W and a pair o' muttens o' green ilis tadW The price was a kiss o' my mould vin Er al 25-7 T and I paid him the debt yestreen. bad radT Lis smithing inour laurer fier feil

Dear lassie, he cries with a jeer; I sunt was built. ne'er heed what the auld anes will say, ow ud Though we've little to brag o'-ne'er fear, ; d. what's gowd to a heart that is wae? Our Laid has baith hopours and wealth, yet see how he's dwining wi' care ; Now we, though we've naething but healt are canty and leil evermained

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile, Tash a with waes me ! can I tak it amiss? 7 90 37 112 20 My laddie's unpractis'd in guile, be's free ay to aut and to kiss. Ye lasses wha lo'e to lament your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife. Play your prank I hae gien my consent, and this night 1 am Jamie's for life.

An' I have

## The Maniac's Song.

I had his suitier agent thei sof L They bid me sleep; they bid me pray 97 at a seal They fay my brain is warped and wruug and I I cannot sleep on Highland brze, w and 20 1 bas

I cannot pray in Highland tongue. B) B Bad I But were I now where Allan glides, and nig west Or hear iny native Devon's tides, the sig a sad I So fweetly would I reft, and pray, I hat Heaven would close my wintry day !

I hee a house on yonder muir, lass pur ye loe me tel me now :

Twas thus my hair they bad me braid point tail

They bade me to the church repair § 1 has It was my bridal morn they faid,

And my true love would meet me there. 120 But woe betide the cruel guile, dw bad and That drownd in blood the morning finite for And woe betide the fairy dream if was a sub-I only wak'd to fob and foream. I won beside the I only wak'd to fob and foream.

## Now we, there is a series as the it. Are cantition in soit in and are cantition it.

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 com 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.

Lie Manacs Dang.

## I hae laid three herring in sa't, lass sin ye loeme tell me now oate and bid va 13

- I hae brewn a torpet o ona'l i mind ym ti y dl i and I canna win ilka day to woo. o y sie roasa
- I hae a calf will soon be a cow, i son I are sub lass gin ye loe me tell me now, in your I are sub
- I hae a pig will soon be a sow, and I canna come ony man to woo never it is it is and it canna come ony man to woo never it is it is it is and it is a solution of the solutio
- I hae a house on yonder muir, lass gin ye loe me tell me now ;

Three sparrows may dance upo' the floor, and as? and [ canna come ony main to woo, is sibled Though ye had a hunder cocks an hens. I hae a mare that is coal-plack, haw 19'91 7961 lass gin ye loe me tell me now; I ride on her neck to save her back, d any tol and and I canna come ilka day to woo. I hae a cock that craws fou crouse, lass gin ye loe me tell me now ;? ausar son I hae a cat that will catch a mouse, and I canna come ony mair to woo by or vel of laddie I like the truth to tell : I hae alten wi'a happity leg, so s to pard by med W lass gin ye loe me tell me now, vor lis A me Which ilka day lays me an egg, and I canna come ony mair to moo-mov to bak hark, an I'll tell ye how to Jo I hae a kebbuck upon the shelf, in that ause woll

laas gin ye loe me tell me now, odt e tedt tol I downa eat it a' myself, an I canna come ony mair to woo.

I care nac a fig for your here that way to woo?

As little care I for your houle is the muir, cen that my lad winna bribe me now, Though fifty fouk could dance is the floor; foul fasme gin that would bring me to. Sae brag nae mait o' your buts and your bens, laddie that's no the gate to woo, unable the Though ye had a hunder cocks an hens, they never wad gar metak ye now some out

As for your hen wi the happity leg, and so shin laddie ye're either daft or fou, D'ye think that I can dine on ac egg? deed friend ye're making game o' me now el

Ye fay ye ve a pig will foon be a fow may I but laddie I like the truth to tell : When ye brag o'a calf that will loon be a cow, I'm flee'd ye're but a calf yourfel

Which ills fire lags me on ecc.

ladaie I like to ten lace true; Leare mea fi fer your firmet o mat

fac ye needta come here thet way to wab.

As little care i for your bout if the noncentible my las wir marke bes after Though tify fout collections, the foor, foul ta me gin first reals bring not to.

An' for your kebbuck upo' the fhelf, 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 lais to woo.

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